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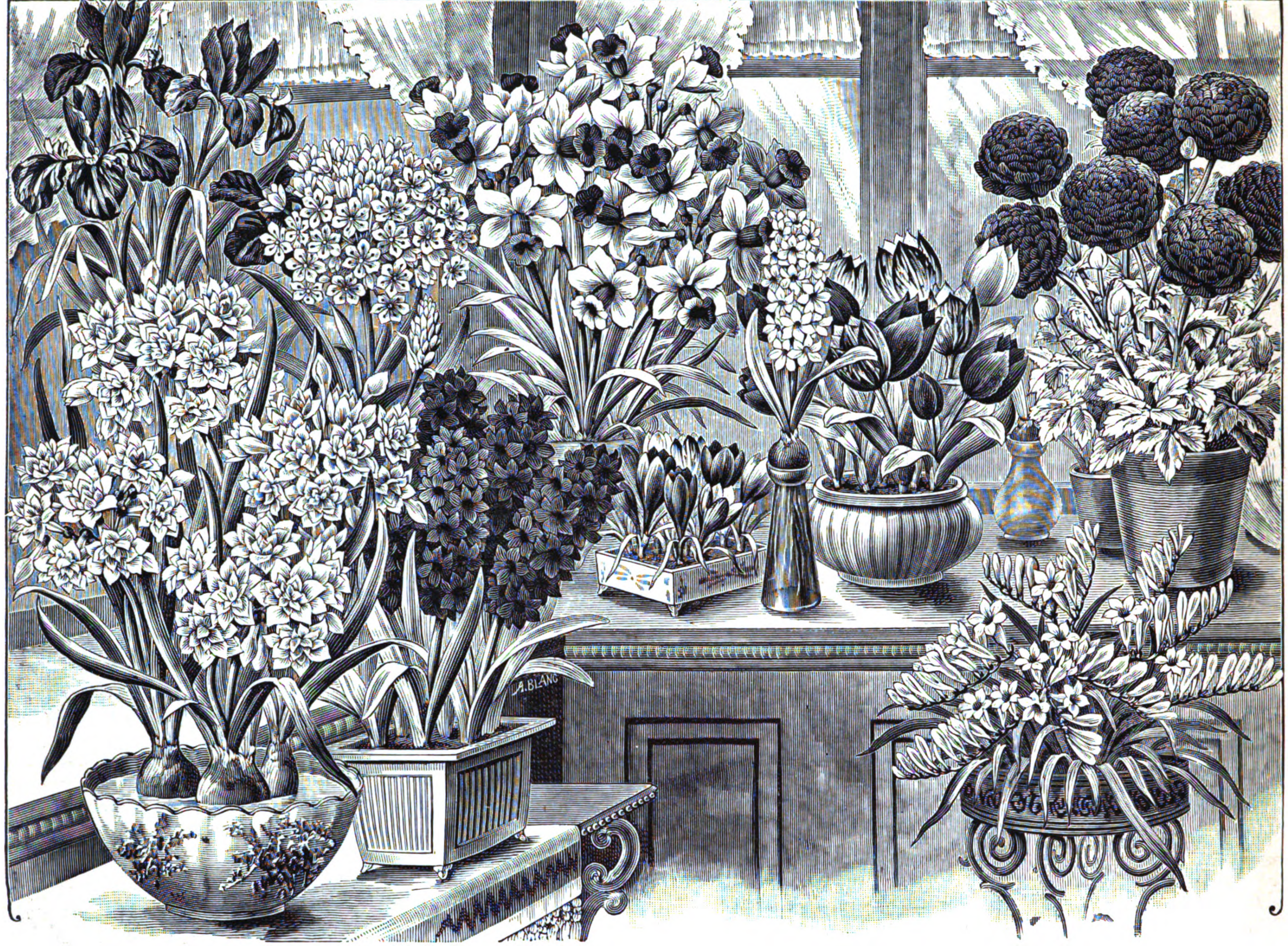

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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ASPIDIUM EFFESUM

NATURE'S LACE WORK

By Nancy Mann Waddle

WILD flowers transplanted usually take kindly to civilization. Seen in the forest, these shy, sweet blossoms, with their faint and evasive perfume, seem infinitely delicate and beautiful; but when growing amidst Petunias, Dahlias and Roses they are apt to strike us as odorless and insignificant. Theirs is largely the charm of environment; but those other natives of the

ADIANTUM WEIGANDII

wild wood—Ferns—preserve a stronger individuality. Though decorating a ballroom they yet suggest the heart of the woods. Seek them through dim forest aisles. The sun can scarcely penetrate the shade of the trees. A little lost spring trickles o'er the wet lichen-covered rocks of a narrow ravine. Does not the silence, the faint, woodsy odor of decaying leaves, tell you that this is the very spot for Ferns?

No plant is so grateful to the eye, so fitting for decorative purposes. They have been called "nature's lace work"; but no conventional lace pattern can express the delicate irregularities of the countless varieties of Ferns. The family of vascular Cryptogams, to which belong Ferns and Mosses, is enormous. Of Ferns alone there are nearly three thousand distinct species. They are found in most parts of the world (save in dry areas and the extreme polar regions), but they attain their highest development in the humid tropics. The greatest number of Ferns is discovered in South America, Australia, Polynesian Islands, African Islands and tropical Asia. The process of Fern evolution is very slow. They wrote their history on the rocks of the carboniferous period, and these impressions are so distinct that they have been classified into species. Consider for one moment the vast forests of Ferns that produced the carboniferous coal beds; they must have been illimitable.

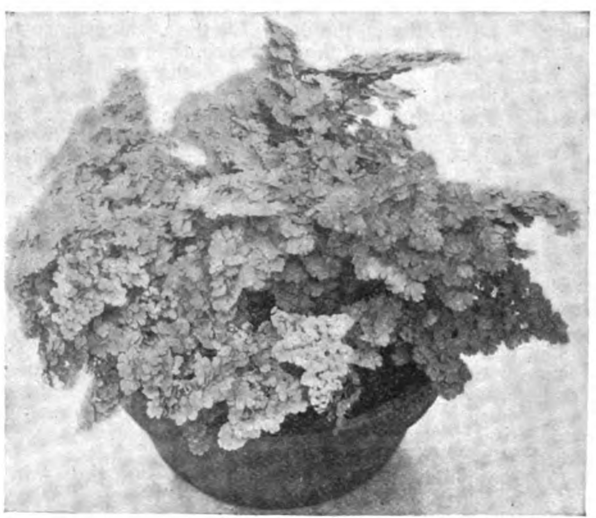
One reason why these flowerless plants are so interesting as a study is that their organic structure and method of reproduction are so different from anything else in the plant creation. Other plants flower and bear their seed; but Ferns having no flower can produce no seed. There is a species of so-called "flowering Fern," which I will speak of later. "Flowering Fern" is a mistake in nomenclature; the so-called flower is simply the fructification borne in such a way that it resembles a flower-stalk. The seeds, or more correctly spores of Ferns are, save in very rare cases, found on the under side of the fronds. In some species they are produced on every frond; in others, some of the fronds are fertile, that is, bearing spores, while others are barren. Here again arises a dispute among botanists, some maintaining that it is against the course of nature for leaves to bear seeds, and, therefore, fronds cannot be classified as leaves. I dare say the opposing botanists contend that Cryptogams "are a law unto themselves."

The method by which a Fern is reproduced is extremely curious. After the sporangia, that is, the sacs containing the spores, have burst, the spores that have fallen in fruitful ground will, in time, produce not the little plantlet one might expect to see, with its curious, circinate vernation, but a tiny, transparent green body which appears upon the surface of the soil. This is called the prothallium. On it are the organs of reproduction, and after sufficient time the little plant emerges from this scale. The family Filicæ (Ferns) contains any number of strange and beautiful species. The collection at the World's Fair is very fine, and no doubt a great many readers of this article will have, or have had an opportunity of seeing it.

Among many wonderful species the Bird's-Nest Fern is especially remarkable. They have been brought from Queensland, Australia and Japan. The leaves are straight, smooth and glossy, and in the Australian species are five or six feet long. The fronds are utterly unlike a Fern, but somewhat resemble a banana leaf. An extremely odd member of a great family is our native walking Fern, Camptosorus Rhizophyllus, a most inveterate little traveler. The fronds are long, slender and undivided, tapering to narrow tips, which bend to the earth and take root. From these roots the new plant springs, so that this Fern may be said to grow in a series of leaps. It must be sought with patience, and is usually found where rocks abound. It is, however, hardy, and not difficult of cultivation. Then there are the magnificent Tree Ferns, which rival the Palms in grace. They are the natives of tropical latitudes, where their thick, columnar black trunks are often used in the airy architecture of the tropics. The trunks are crowned at the top by long, drooping fronds, which are graceful to the last degree. The varieties we commonly find in our greenhouses are the Dicksonia Arborescens and the Dicksonia Antartica from Australia, and the Alsophila Australis from New Zealand. The remarkable Staghorn Fern is a native of Australia, and an epiphytes. This Fern has been called a parasite because the trees upon which it grows invariably die. It does not, however, accomplish this by absorbing the nutriment, but by completely enveloping the trunk and choking the tree to death. It takes many years to accomplish this. Its growth is very peculiar. It produces one sterile frond and one fertile one a year. The sterile frond, which is of a brownish color, lies upright against the tree, while the fertile frond, which is bright green, with the under-side of the leaf a dusky white, projects from the base of the sterile frond, and branches exactly like the horn of a stag. The fertile frond dies yearly, but the sterile one lives indefinitely.

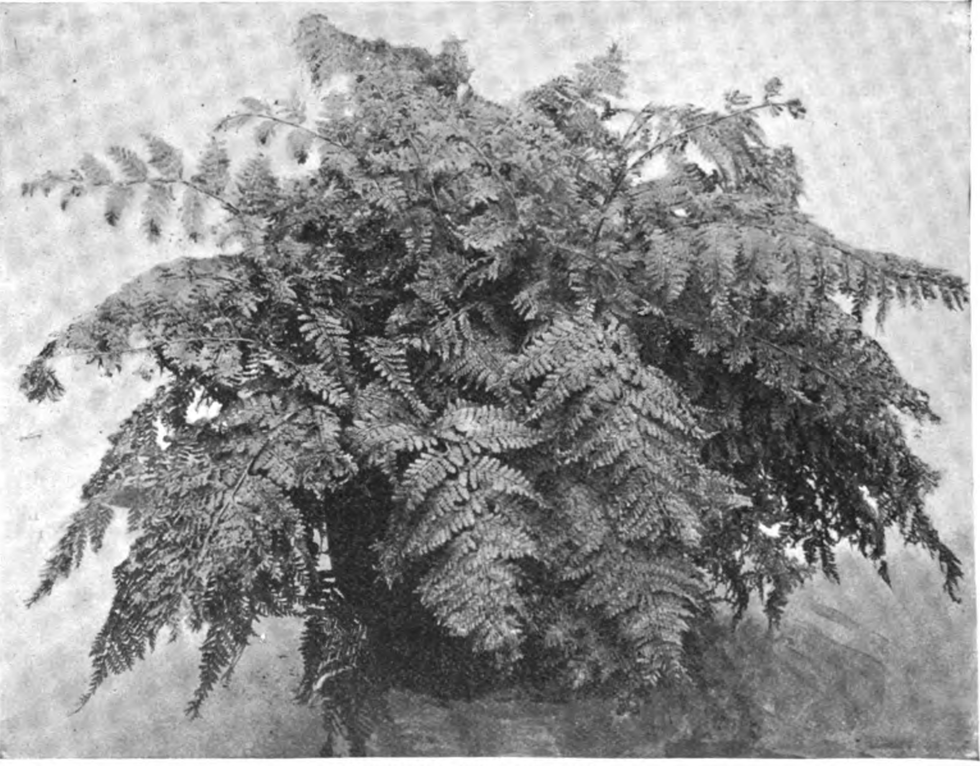
For the benefit of those who wish hardy Ferns to ornament their grounds I give a small list of those they will find most satisfactory. By a little experimentation and research they can easily add to this list, but I trust that he who is ambitious of a complete Fern collection has several acres at his command. Our handsomest native Ferns undoubtedly belong to the genus Osmunda, commonly known as the "flowering Fern." There are three species: the Royal Osmunda, Osmunda Claytonia, named for its discoverer, and Osmunda Cinnamonea. This species derives its name from the fertile fronds which fructify in the fall, and whose sporangia are a deep, rich cinnamon color. There is a pretty little legend connected with the name Osmunda, some historian of folk-lore stating that a boatman, Osmund, once saved the life of his king, when hard pressed by foes, by concealing him among the tall Ferns of a tiny island. The Osmundæ are among the few Ferns that will grow in the sunshine. An exquisitely-graceful little Fern is the Pellea Gracilis. It is a charming sight to see the delicate, pale green fronds springing from the tiny crevices of great rocks and fringing their hoary sides. The Pteris Aquilina (species of Bracken) may be found everywhere. It is thoroughly cosmopolitan—a citizen of the world.

I believe the commonly-accepted theory is that it derives its name from the long, bold fronds, resembling the sweep of an eagle's wing. This is, however, a mistake. If you will cut across the root of the Bracken you will discover certain dark spots which were supposed to represent an eagle.



ADIANTUM BELLUM

Of the Lastreas we have quite a number of species. They are handsome Ferns and love the bogs and marshes, which are the favorite abodes of L. Cristata and L. Thelypteris. The Cystopteris Fragilis is a beautiful Fern, small but exquisitely graceful. It is found in rocky places. Lygodium Palmatum, also called "Hartford Fern" and "New Haven Fern," is a pretty climbing plant; it is seen to best advantage when grown in baskets and growing wild in Connecticut. Of the species of the genus Woodsia, the chain Fern, "Woodsia Virginica" receives its common name



MICROLEPIA HIRTACRISTATA

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from the arrangement of the spores on the pinnæ. The Adiantum Pedatum (Maidenhair), our loveliest of Ferns, is most satisfactory, being found everywhere and being easy of culture. I must not forget the Dicksonia Punctilobula nor the tall, beautiful Struthiopteris (Ostrich Fern), the evergreen Aspidium Acrostichoides or the Polypodium Vulgare, all of which any amateur, who will study the situation in which they are found and the soil they love best (for these details are not of minor importance), will be successful in their culture.

Do not put Ferns that grow on rocks in shadow out in rich, sunny soil, and expect them to thrive. And do not imagine that by tearing Ferns up by the root and transplanting them in mud you will have a successful fernery. Although these denizens of the forest are not particular they will really succeed better in soil composed of leaf-mould, loam and sand. For greenhouse Ferns of easy growth I would recommend Chrysophylla Gymnogramme—the gold and silver Ferns. They are not difficult of growth and are very ornamental. They require good drainage. The roots growing near the surface of the soil they should not be planted deep. Temperature from 65° to 70°. Asplenium Bulbiferum is the most satisfactory of the Aspleniums. It is a viviparous plant, that is, on the leaves are produced little bulbs. The fronds to which they cling can be pegged down, and the bulb will soon root; or when of sufficient size they may be gently detached and replanted. I have grown them successfully all winter in a temperature of about 70°. The Adiantums, perhaps, elicit more admiration than any other species of the genus Filicæ. Adiantum Farleyense is considered the most beautiful of cultivated Ferns. It increases rapidly, but requires a very warm temperature and a moist atmosphere. The Nephrolepsis Exalta is an extremely graceful Fern, not at all difficult of culture. Of the Pteris, the Pteris Victoria is superb, tall and graceful, with the centre of the fronds variegated with silver white. Easy of culture.

In the cultivation of Ferns there are a few cardinal rules to be observed. Almost all Ferns, with few exceptions, love shade and moisture; the sunshine may wither the fronds, and the plant never again recover its tone. In potting, the pots should be filled a quarter of the way up with broken pieces of crock, then fill with sand, leaf-mould, a little loam and charcoal. They thrive best in an open soil. Never water the fronds of the gold and silver variety; in fact, it spoils the appearance of some Ferns for their fronds to be sprayed. Do not repot unless the soil has become sour and the Fern is not thriving. Although a moist atmosphere is necessary, still should the plant have been watered so as to show signs of mouldiness immediately decrease the water supply and give plenty of air. Always bake the earth in which you plant Ferns.

Ferns are more interwoven with song and story and folk-lore than any other plant, and many superstitions are connected with them. The Princess Ilse was hidden by tall Ferns when she watched the witches dance in the haunted brocken. Ferns fringed the stream whence Undine arose. It is especially with the Bracken that most superstitions are connected. It is supposed that on midsummer eve the Bracken bears a flower, and exactly at midnight the "mystic Fern seed falls." He who is so lucky as to secure this prize henceforward walks invisible at will, and, like the possessor of Balzac's "*peau de chagrin*," has but to wish, and lo! that which he would is his. This Bracken seed glows with a fairy sheen that none may mistake it, and so important a talisman is it that the Prince of Darkness sends forth his powers of evil to guard it, and his is a stout heart, indeed, who dare enter the lists against them.

It is painful to recount the instance of skepticism in Henry the Fourth, when Gadshill trustingly exclaims: "We have the receipt of Fern seed, we walk invisible," and Chamberlain scoffingly replies: "Nay, by my faith! I think rather you are more beholding to the night than to Fern seed for your walking invisible!"

Ferns have probably less economic value than most other plants. They were at one time in great use medicinally, and decoctions made from the roots of certain varieties were supposed to possess great healing properties. A certain faith in their "magick might" probably assisted the cure.

The true Fern lover is as much interested in their history as in collecting specimens of them for his herbarium, or in growing them that they may ornament his grounds. They are very accessible. Many varieties grow in the country all about us. Although they do not gladden us with the silken textures, brilliant hues and delicate perfumes of flowers, they make so exquisite a background, and are so extremely decorative that we cannot dispense with them. Ferns are so vastly interesting as a study that they must commend themselves even to the most indifferent. That they have always been particularly interesting to those fond of the mysterious need not be wondered at when we consider the haunts in which they are usually found:

"'For there,' she said, 'did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their sylvan court.'"

WHAT IS WRITTEN IN A WOMAN'S FACE

By John Lambert Payne

It may be safely assumed that no one possessing ordinary intelligence or powers of observation looks for the first time into the face of another without forming some judgment of the character of that person. It is instinctive to do this. Every face has lines of writing in it which tell of forces that lie in the mind and govern the life, although, by the eyes of one, the inscription may be better distinguished, and more of the traits be decipherable, than by the eyes of another. Very few persons have classified a code of rules by which they proceed in this matter, or could explain how or why they reach conclusions; they simply move by a process of intuitive reasoning applied unconsciously. Yet it is quite possible to be guided by fairly well-defined laws, capable of reasonable explanation to all but the most stubborn of skeptics. I am not insensible to the risk incurred of being charged with charlatanry if I should try, in an unpretentious way, to present some of the indexes to character that are impressed in human faces; but I have resolved to disregard that, and only bear in mind the fact that a majority of readers are interested in the matter of face-reading, and win from it a considerable amount of innocent entertainment.

FIRST, as to types—considered broadly and liberally: There will certainly never be an agreement among men upon a standard of beauty as found in a woman's face, since tastes in this respect are governed very largely by the rule of opposites dealt with in the March number of the JOURNAL. But we know that artists everywhere, and in all times, have presented their highest conceptions of feminine beauty in models with round and full faces. In such a countenance there is written a pleasant and companionable nature, a disposition toward ease in life, abundant vitality and the absence of keen intellectuality; it is the exact opposite of the oval face, with receding cheeks, angular nose, close-fitting lips, high perceptives, slightly receding forehead and pointed chin, in every lineament of which is inscribed nervous and restless energy, both of mind and body. The former wears well and retains its pleasing curves away along in life, while the latter becomes sharper as years multiply, and is associated with activity and enterprise to the end. Between this round face and the angular type is found the face which seems to me the most beautiful of all. In it is seen those qualities which a boy likes to have in his mother: of sympathy joined with clear judgment, of beauty made conspicuous by a strong personal character. It is the face which no one could delineate, but concerning which one often hears it said: "It was not artistically beautiful, but there was something in it which was deeply interesting." Now, what is usually written in these "interesting" faces is just what most men admire far beyond the qualities of the fashion-plate beauty—a wealth of motherly love, an unwavering domestic constancy, an abundant common-sense and a bright, inspiring, amiable disposition. It is a face which does not fade with years.

DESCENDING to the analysis of single features it will be instructive to look critically at the writing in the forehead. It is not always an easy thing to measure by the eye the actual width or height of this portion of the head, because of the volume of hair which often encroaches toward the eyes; but it is fairly safe to conclude that the size of a forehead has a direct relation to brain capacity. This is subject only to qualifications as to intensity and activity which need not now be considered. For all purposes within the range of this sketch it may be said that a high and broad forehead denotes intellectuality, with an acute nervous temperament, although only too often lack of balance. A slightly-sloping forehead indicates availability of talent, and when the slope is caused by high perceptives lying over the eyes it may also be taken as showing powers of keen observation. If the slope is found without this fullness over the eyes it may be accepted as the evidence of weak reasoning powers, for the forehead is undoubtedly the seat of the mental faculties. Mirthful women, with a fine sense of the ridiculous, are usually marked by a distinct prominence at what may be called the upper corners of the forehead. Fullness in the centre, partly covered by the hair, suggests good nature and friendliness, while roundness between the hair line and the centre of the head plainly indicates abounding generosity and sympathy. Most women have an active appreciation of the artistic and decorative, and hence it is that in most faces is seen a plumpness over the eyebrows. A noticeable development about half an inch above the outer end of the eyebrows is a characteristic of pronounceably musical persons.

COMING to the eye I fear I shall have to disappoint those who regard this as the chief feature in which to find an indication of character. To my mind it suggests much less than several other parts of the face, and is of much less importance than its environment. Removed from its socket it would give but a feeble clew to the general expression of the face in which it had been the conspicuous and unquestioned centre; so that the physiognomist prefers, while not ignoring this wonderful organ, to base his opinion on what he finds elsewhere. It may be said, however, that large eyes seldom go with selfish, mean, secretive or revengeful natures. Brightness is, generally speaking, the proof of good health rather than of mental acuteness. Loquacious people, fond of talking and using effective language, have large eyes; but the quiet and reserved usually have the brighter optics. As between light and dark eyes I should care to go no further than the broad statement that the former often accompany mild, sentimental and superficial natures; while the latter suggest deep and strong emotions. It would be impossible, however, to lay down a rule in this regard. Beyond this the eyes of a woman depend for their beauty and expressiveness very largely upon other and overshadowing features. The lashes with their color and length, the eyebrows with their color and shape, the forehead and its lower contour, the nose and its relationship to the forehead, the cheeks and their curves, the complexion and color of the hair—all these elements have a direct and important bearing on the eyes as seen by the face reader. The quickness of the eye undoubtedly tells the difference between a sluggish and active mind; but at the risk of my reputation I must candidly say that the mere color or brightness or size of the eye has never had a prominent place in my rules for reading faces. Fullness above the eyes, with large, rolling eyebrows, plainly shows the faculty of fixing the value of anything.

I FEEL that I am dealing with copper-plate writing when I reach the nose. It is the best index of character I know of. If I saw a woman with a small nose, lacking a substantial bridge and inclined to turn upward, I should say, without a moment's hesitation, that she was sensitive, prone to suffer from trifles, wanting in real self-esteem, shy, and perhaps fickle. If to this type of nose you join light and silky hair, with blue or gray eyes, you are apt to have either a thoroughly spoiled creature or one who, from supersensitiveness, is utterly unfit for independent living in this rugged, matter-of-fact world. If, on the other hand, I met a woman with a full Roman nose, broad and high at the bridge and not too sharp at the end, I should immediately feel myself in the presence of one who had a strong personality, and who was possessed of those attributes of mind which are summed up in the familiar term "a good judgment." Such a nose denotes shrewdness, aggressiveness and independence. Joined with wiry hair, heavy, overhanging eyebrows and a head high above the ears, it provides all the essential elements for the strongest kind of a thinker—probably a crank. I like to see a large nose, although if I married a woman with such a feature, and she also had a curling upper lip, high perceptives and coarse hair, I should never expect promotion in the household beyond the nominal rank of lieutenant. Large noses belong to leaders and natural rulers. I have never seen or known of a woman of great talent who had a delicate and unobtrusive nose. Having outlined the characteristics which accompany small and large noses, the reasonable conclusion is that a straight organ is a compromise between these two. So it is, and, all things considered, it is the best nose for a woman. It stands for the happy medium between extreme humility and dominating force of character. There is another feature in the nose which demands special treatment, because of its importance and infallibility as a clew to character. When the nose is wide and full between the bridge and the forehead, so full as to give the skin a drawn appearance between the eyes—somewhat in the shape of the letter Y—it may be taken as the undoubted evidence of an acquisitive and saving nature. If there should not be an indentation at the point where the eyebrows meet it may also be safely assumed that the woman with such a characteristic will have the faculty of remembering and attending to details. In financial matters she will proceed on the prudent plan of caring for the pence, with the assurance that they will surely grow into pounds. Other things being equal she should become the wife of a man who could not appreciate the worth of money, or whose generosity might lead him to profligacy and wastefulness. She would make a capital business woman, or an overseer in some position where the mastery of minutiæ and a vigilant eye on little leaks became a prime qualification.

THE mouth is more expressive than the eyes to the skilled physiognomist; it is a feature which reveals nearly as much of character as the nose, and sometimes much more. For example, a thick upper lip, protruding prominently above the lower, and having a sharp curve upward, is the indication of a bad and stubborn temper. It is the predominant feature of a spoiled child carried into adult life, and is as infallible a clew as the upturned nose; it ruins every notion of beauty in the face, and it is the plainest possible sign of an imperious and unhappy nature. On the other hand a protruding lower lip, turning downward, is generally accepted as the evidence of sordid tastes. A small mouth goes with a narrow mind and extreme sensitiveness, while a large mouth is often joined with liberality of mind but coarseness of manner. A close-fitting mouth, revealing sharp, straight lines, is associated with inflexibility of purpose and sternness of disposition. Full lips, by a reversal of the rule, suggest cajolery and flippancy; if the angle at the corners of the lips points downward it implies a serious and pessimistic temperament, while an upward pointing angle is the characteristic of light-heartedness. One may, however, have as much of real sympathy behind it as the other.

HAVING analyzed in a superficial way the more conspicuous features of the face it is worth while observing how these indexes answer to national characteristics. Take, for example, the Scotch, who are known the world over for shrewdness, prudence, persistency and strong personality. In their faces we find prominent noses, with that peculiar Y formation at the juncture with the eyebrows, to which I have alluded; high perceptives, receding foreheads, coarse hair, firm lines about the mouth and the general indications of physical vigor. Whenever these features are not so marked the person may hardly be considered as typical of the Scotch people. So, too, with the Germans, who have some qualities in common with the Scotch. The round, plump faces, which one sees so frequently in Teuton women, accord with the love of ease, abundant vitality and general motherly nature which distinguish a large portion of them. By contrast observe the French. The quick-moving eyes, dark hair, sharp noses, prominent perceptives, curling upper lips and full, round chins, which characterize the women of that nation, are in keeping with the diplomacy, cunning, daring, quick wit, temper and high spirits which make them unique. It would be unprofitable to argue out this point just now, but in passing it is worthy of note that the Indians, who all seem alike in their ways, are also singularly alike in facial contour. If one should find an Indian woman unlike the familiar type of her race it would be reasonable to expect striking differences from her tawny sisters in habits and cast of mind. This much might be said respecting the typical American face: That the prominent nose, the sloping forehead, the fairly large mouth, the full eyes and predominance of the oval type, are the natural characteristics of an aggressive, talented and shrewd people, agreeable in manners but keenly alive to the main chance. It is a composite face, made up of qualities taken from Puritan, English, Scotch and German sources.

TO sum up it must be apparent to every observant person that the rules here outlined do not cover all the elements in a face which afford a clew to character. There is a something in the countenance of one woman, as compared with another, which cannot be defined, but which stands for the refinement of manners and gentle birth. I am not a believer in lineal aristocracy any further than it may leave the stamp of nobility in the heart; yet there is a something in the face—it may sometimes be so small a thing as the care of the teeth—which tells of inborn politeness and sustained association with well-bred men and women. It is useless to say that environment does not play an important part in the moulding of any face, much less a face so delicate and impressible as a woman's. It does. No one who studies faces fails to see it and make allowance for it. The daughters of poor and toiling parents often excel in those points which attach to the beauty of physical vigor; but for loveliness of face, delicacy of complexion and what the French call *distingué*, you must look in the homes where refinement, education and social amenities have for generations prevailed. I know this is not a popular thing to say, yet the truth had better be told; I know, also, how some of the superficial graces of womanhood grow light in the scale when weighed against the worth of devotion, unselfishness and genuine Christian charity. I am speaking, however, only of the character-signs written in the face. So, too, there is something in the play of the features, when they are active, which throws a strong side light on all else that is written in the face. It is then that the scorn, or the suspicion, or the sweetness and candor of a heart speaks in the eyes and mouth. All this is important, as modifying or intensifying the traits which stand out in the features I have so imperfectly dealt with.

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"We girls want a good time without a man in it"

A GENTLE MATCHMAKER

By Kate Tannatt Woods

[With Illustrations by Frank O. Small]

ALL the dwellers in the garrison at Fort Turner were fast asleep save the sentinels, a restive watch-dog in his kennel near the river bank, and a father and daughter in a neat cottage facing the parade-ground. The father was Major Ashton, the commanding officer of the Post, and the young lady was his only child, Dorothy.

The library where they sat was unlighted save by the glow of a half-slumbering fire. The girl, but little more than nineteen, was seated on the broad arm of her father's chair. Her pose was easy, graceful and natural, and her white gown, with its soft sash of India silk, fell in rippling folds, just touching the Turkish rug beneath her feet. Her chief beauty and attraction could not well be described, for regularity of features she did not possess, and yet every one said: "What a charming girl Miss Ashton is!"

Her complexion was beautiful, her dimples deep and mischievous, and her eyes full of latent fire. Dorothy laughed merrily over her nose, and called it "the small uncertain," since it did not accord with any description ever given of noses—artistic, historic or classic. She was a winsome, lovable and noble girl, and the true secret of her success was her irreproachable manners. Her politeness being innate, there was nothing to be put on or off, and no possible danger of forgetfulness. For years she had been accustomed to adulation, attention and praise, which might well turn any head not thoroughly balanced.

"She is unspoiled—absolutely childlike," said her friend Kate in speaking of her, "and too genuine to understand deception and intrigue in others."

Ever since Dorothy could talk she had enjoyed her "confab hour" with her father unless duty called him far away. They had a common sorrow which bound them closer and closer as the years went on. In the room over the library, where they were sitting, was Dorothy's mother, whose life had been one of nervous dread ever since the death of her first-born and only son. He had left her one morning radiant with life and was brought to her still in death in a few hours. His usual morning bath in the river proved fatal while his mates were looking at him. Since that dreadful day Mrs. Ashton's nerves were in a constant state of irritation, and her wishes were as variable as the climate.

"Well, papa, it is all settled," said Dorothy, as she patted with her slender fingers her father's hair. "We are to leave at five. No noise, no confusion, and you are not to stir from your bed. Kate is upstairs getting her beauty sleep; she is such a comfort; do you know she cheers mamma wonderfully with her bright fun?"

"She is indeed a rare girl, and I believe this expedition is planned to present your paragon, Kate, to your saint, Celia."

"Yes, dear; they are sure to love one another. It will all be so new over there at Mission Ledge—the queer school, with the half-breed children, and the straggling babies of forlorn settlers. Do you know, daddy darling, I think it is a little hard for our Kate to see us petting and fondling each other? She adored her father, and when he died she came very near dying too. I want to make this the very happiest summer of her life."

"Ah, my pet, remember the words of Charlotte Brontë: 'Happiness is not a potato to be planted and tilled.'"

"Charlotte Brontë was morbid, poor thing; but happiness does grow. Why, you have planted a great many seeds yourself all over our land, and your madcap daughter is trying to follow your example."

"My madcap daughter succeeds well in the home garden, but would you mind telling your foolish old pa what particular kind of happiness you will plant, when you insist on my consent to this long excursion without an escort of gentlemen?"

"Yes, daddy dear. We girls are woefully tired of soft speeches and silly compliments. Maude and I know every step of the way. Kate is a true soldier's sister and ready for any adventure, and poor little Grace Hilton will follow wherever I may lead. It will be such fun to steal away and leave Shally Dunlap and Betty Butterfield to marvel and wonder; your good old Pudge will care for us. We girls want a good time without a man in it, and Pudge is not much of a man, you know—just a good-natured, fat, obedient machine."

"Take care, young woman, how you abuse my young officers and my devoted orderly. Who would ever recognize the gallant Lieutenant Dunlap as Shally, or Lieutenant Butterfield as Betty?" asked the Major, with a smile.

"No one need do so but you and the girls. Dunlap does shilly-shally so, one cannot help it, and as to Lieutenant Butterfield, he is so dainty and finikin with his gloves, neckties and patent-leather pumps, one cannot avoid calling him Betty."

"Do you know that both of these men face danger without flinching, and once out on the plains both are ready to do or die? Pray do not add to the cant one hears about drawing-room heroes, my love, for the man who is daintiest in the drawing-room may be the most daring when duty calls him. Do you remember General K——, whom we used to call the 'Kid-Glove General'?"

"Yes, papa."

"Could any land boast of a braver soul than he possessed, or could any country mourn more sincerely for a fallen hero?"

"I am rebuked, dear," said Dorothy, with a tender caress, "well rebuked; but it is so hard to have such men talk nonsense to you, as if you were a canary bird to be fed daintily, or a figure in a shop window to be admired."

"I quite understand, my daughter, and you have often pleased me by your tact in putting an end to such small talk. But now for bed, Dorothy, my queen, and let me caution you a little about this trip. Trust to your horse, which knows the way well, on your return. Plant all the happiness seeds you choose, either there or here, but avoid risks for yourself, or you will wreck your foolish old pa."

"Bless you, dear," said the girl, bending over him fondly; "here are three kisses on your brow, for luck, and four on your lips, for love. Good-night, daddy darling."

"Good-night, my precious daughter."

Major Ashton mused by the fire a few moments after her departure, and then quietly removing his shoes, he stole softly away to his own room. His last act was to see that his invalid wife was supplied with every comfort. She was under the influence of an opiate, and never knew how much tenderness and sorrow were blended in his face as he bent over her for a mute good-night.

Contrary to his daughter's instructions the Major was up betimes the next morning, and stole softly down to the stables to examine the saddles and girths of each horse. His orderly, Perkins, nicknamed Pudge by Miss Dorothy, was given strict orders to watch over the bright quartette, and on no account to delay in bringing up the horses for the return trip beyond the hour of four P. M. While the Major was thus occupied Dorothy and Kate were pouring coffee in the Major's kitchen, lest any unusual commotion in the dining-room should awaken the invalid. Maude, and "little Grace Hilton," as she was universally called, joined them there just as Major Ashton appeared upon the scene.

"Oh, you naughty man," exclaimed Dorothy as she dropped a sandwich to greet him, "what made you get up?"

"A sense of duty," said the Major as he greeted the girls in turn. Every one of them honored the Major. Kate, who was seated on the edge of Aunt Krepp's white pine table, sprang down to be polite and proper, Maude whirled about, eating a sandwich, because she must, while little Grace protested that she could not swallow one mouthful so early in the morning.

Dorothy was omnipresent. She poured coffee for her father, drank some herself, packed small sandwiches for each saddle pocket, directed Aunt Krepp's movements concerning the lunch-box the orderly was to carry, and joked and made merry with every one. Thanks to the Major they stole away without being observed. It was a glorious morning. The early dew hung upon every twig and blade of grass, while an orchestra of birds sang like an invisible choir above and around them.

"This is living," said Kate, as she let her horse free for a short gallop, followed by Dorothy. Maude remained behind with little Grace, who was too timid to make a fine horsewoman, and too sensitive to overcome a feeling of neglect if left to herself.

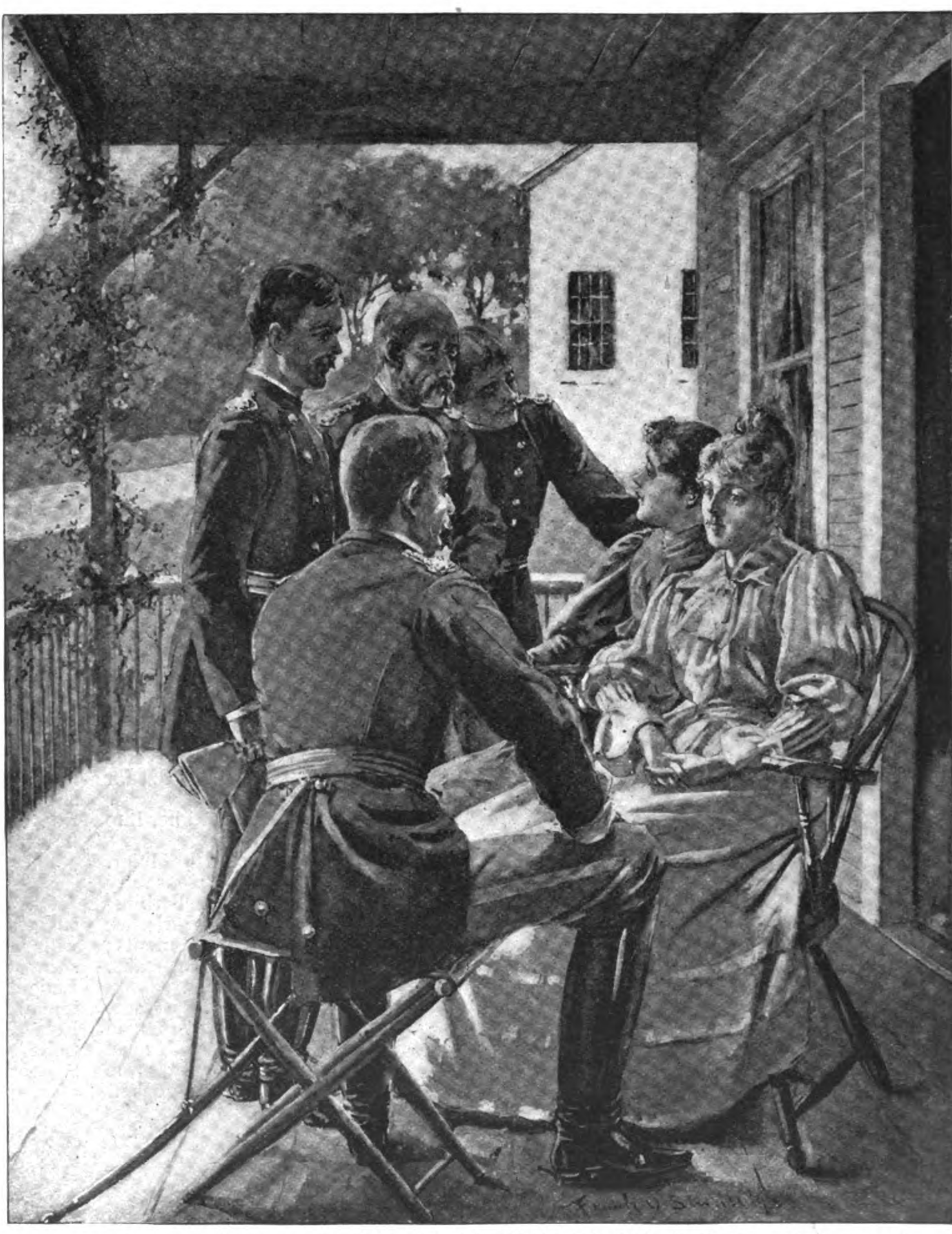
The girls had previously agreed to take turns in looking after Grace.

When Kate and Dorothy had taken a brisk trot, "just to feel the earth under their feet," as they said, they lingered a little to permit the others to join them, when all rode side by side.

"Now tell us," said Kate, "about Mission Ledge; I am in a receptive mood and this glorious air is like elixir. Sweet maid Dorothy, tell us the tale."

"It is brief," said Dorothy. "The Chaplain, as we all call him, was once a Presbyterian minister in the East; he was 'broken down,' as they say there, and came out here for his health. He had lost his wife, and his daughter, Celia Ostend, was in college. The old gentleman amused himself by establishing a school about twenty miles from our garrison for the children of the settlers and such half-breeds and Indians as chose to attend. The school increased wonderfully. You cannot see a house from the Mission, and yet the schoolroom is full; where all the children come from is a puzzle. Some are boarders—charity, of course—others walk for miles to attend.

"The summer Celia graduated her father went East, sold out his small property there, and bought the farm at the Mission, which once belonged to a Swedish farmer.



"After dress parade every one of the injured gallants was ready to do the girls homage"

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Mr. Ostend has enlarged the buildings and has made many improvements, some wise, and some otherwise. It is all very well for him; when he is not teaching the 'home heathen,' as I call them, he is buried in his beloved books and Utopian plans, but dear Celia bears the burdens. She superintends the laborers, looks closely after the finances and is continually watching over the father. If it were not for the soul's outing, which she gets through her painting, music and her horse, I think the dear girl would die for want of companionship. She never complains, but papa observed how thin she was growing the last time we went to the Mission."

"How old is she?" asked Kate.

"Just twenty-three. Girls, I have a happy thought. The school has a vacation soon; suppose we bear her away to the fort and make a jubilee for her."

"To be sure," said Kate.

"The very thing," said Maude. So they chatted until they came to the half-way earth work which the soldiers had erected to please Miss Dorothy.

"Now, my dears," said she as she sprang to the ground, "here we must eat our sandwiches, drink our cold coffee, have Perkins tighten the girths and then push on. Grace, child, you look tired; take the first cup of coffee, and in future mind your captain when she orders you to take breakfast, whether you wish it or not, before starting on a march."

"I shall be all right now," said Grace. "I was getting a little tired—the rest of you are more used to long rides."

"Of course we are, Chick," said Dorothy. "See here, Perkins, change those saddles, and let Miss Grace take my gentle, adorable Céleste. No, Grace, not a word of protest; I wonder that it had not occurred to me before."

Once more away they went on, with much laughter, many jokes, and heartfelt thanks from little Grace, who said Céleste was like a rocking-chair after the hard-bitted Timothy Lark, whose antics in his earlier years had given him his name.

When they reached the Mission and entered the gateway Celia Ostend came flying down to meet them. The school had been dismissed, and Celia, who had been painting near a window, had been the first to discover them.

"Oh, papa," she said, as she ran down the staircase, "Dorothy is coming with some friends—dear girl, how kind she is."

Acquaintance ripens rapidly in youth, and soon all the girls were chatting in Celia's room, where her paint-brush, still wet, told the guests how she had been employed.

"Now let me order dinner for you," said Celia, "and then we will enjoy every precious moment."

"You must see the cook, girls," said Dorothy when Celia left them; "she is a character, I assure you—a veritable Indian squaw, with the features of an old hag, and the temper of a fiend. Saint Celia manages her charmingly, and as I am a favorite with her we shall doubtless get a good dinner."

"Do you mean to say that she refuses to cook sometimes?" asked Kate.

"Yes, frequently; then Saint Celia calls in the older pupils, and after a time Kisbeth exorcises her demons and goes to work again."

Kisbeth evidently agreed with the officers at the garrison that "nothing was too good for Miss Dorothy," for the hungry girls sat down to a repast which might well tempt an epicure, and Dorothy, who saw Kisbeth peering through a chink in the kitchen door, took occasion to plant another happiness seed by saying in tones sufficiently loud for the old cook's ears: "Did you ever taste such delicious fried chicken, girls? No one can ever serve it equal to Kisbeth. I must go and thank her after dinner."

The listener, who thus refuted the old adage, gave a grunt of approval, and proceeded to anoint her straight hair with some grease in order to be in full dress to receive her distinguished visitors.

After dinner Dorothy and Celia went to the latter's room for a quiet chat while the Chaplain took the other girls about the grounds and made his cherished pupils sing for their benefit.

When Celia's father, long months before, had bade her pack up all her belongings for a new home in the West the girl never complained. She bade her old school-friends adieu, and so deceived her father by her cheerfulness that he remarked to a friend how easy it was for the young to be pleased with new scenes. "They will all fill her young heart," he said, "but as for me, I am plucked up by the roots."

"What is this upon the easel?" asked Dorothy, when the friends were alone.

"Only a picture of Paradise Lodge, which you can see from papa's window. It was his first home here, and the wild clematis has made the little log house a bower of beauty. It is an order, my Dorothy, and will soon go to Philadelphia to return to me in creature comforts for our next long winter."

"Dear Celia, how tired you must be with all this planning and working."

"No, never of the work, Dorothy. I am sometimes lonely. Here we are and here we must stay. One of these days some happy party coming here to spy out the land will find over there in our little Mission yard a small stone and on it will be: 'Celia Ostend, spinster, aged sixty-seven.' I hope it will not be over that; if one must live alone sixty-seven is long enough."

"Stop this moment," said Dorothy, as she placed her white hand upon her friend's lips. "You shall never be sacrificed, dear. One of these days, when some other good missionary like your father decides to take up this work, I shall see you in your own home with friends and children about you, and the coming man will be almost as proud as I am of Saint Celia."

"Saints never murmur, Dolly, and yet I always groan a little when you come; forgive me. Do you know what has happened here?"

"No, love.'

"Papa has spent the last dollar of his principal in purchasing more land; the deeds are in my name, and here must I dwell forever cutting out flannels for the children, or painting pictures to meet our wants. If it were not for the kind friends who send donations for the Mission and my extremely close, not to say parsimonious management, we could never succeed. The dear father does not know that one dollar is so much smaller than ten."

"Celia, you must come to us for the remainder of the vacation; you are quite worn out, and you know how papa enjoys your society."

"Kisbeth might rage."

"Never mind; the storm will be spent before you return, and change you must have."

At four o'clock the little cavalcade left the Mission, the Chaplain and Celia going with them to the edge of the sunflower grove, where kind good-byes were said, and the girls rode forward once more with the sunflowers towering above them. It was darker now than in the morning, for the moon had not yet risen, and the roadway reminded one of a deep, dense wood. On and on they went until the moon rose higher and higher, and the whip-poor-wills uttered their half saucy, half mournful notes.

Dorothy and Kate rode in advance while Maude and Grace were closely followed by Pudge, whose generous dinner, acting as an opiate, caused him to yawn wearily as they moved along.

"Dorothy," said Grace in a half whisper, "do you think it is quite safe here?"

"Perfectly, child; there is not a hostile Indian within fifty miles, thanks to our brave General Crook; and white men never come to Fort Greeley without permission, or on business."

A little later, when Kate was mentally revolving a poem and Maude was quietly thinking of some letters she must write on the morrow, Grace again asked Dorothy if she thought it quite safe.

"Come ride with me, dear," said Dorothy. "I do not know the meaning of the word fear. Kate, dear, trot back to Maude and let me take this gentle little Grace under my wing."

As the little Grace was Dorothy's senior by some three years, Kate laughingly assented and wheeled her horse into line near Maude. Even in the dim light Dorothy could see that her companion's face was unusually pale, and in order to divert her she began a rattling fire of conversation about an opera party which had taken place the winter previous.

"Think of it, Gracie—sixteen of us on horseback, actually riding thirty miles to Orla to see and hear 'Boccaccio'! It was great fun. We had rubber capes on for the last fifteen miles, and you never saw a wetter party, but we joked and made merry, with the rain pouring down the backs of our necks and our eyes smarting from the drops. Lieutenant Oberlin, who is our basso profundo, roared out parts of the opera, Shally Dunlap lisped out a tenor, although we knew he was dying to be profane, and dear, dainty Betty Butterfield croaked a dismal little croak. It was a delightful trip and not one of us took cold. Army people always seem to have special protective saints."

"Oh, Dolly, look!" exclaimed Grace, and Dorothy turned her head just in time to see a horseman coming close upon them from the path through the sunflowers on Grace's left hand, while poor Grace reeled in her saddle and must have fallen but for the protecting arm of the intruder.

"Oh, papa, you have frightened her into a faint."

"So it would seem," responded the Major. "Come on, Doctor, our little pleasantry has turned out disastrously. Here, Perkins, take Sentinel. Fall back a little, girls, we will put her down here for a few moments; now, daughter, for your smelling salts. The poor girl is exhausted."

Dorothy was the first to assist Grace, and soon Dr. Sedgwick, the only man in the garrison the girls regarded with awe, was bending over her administering some remedy which he discovered in his pocket.

"She will be all right soon, Major. Miss Dorothy, you had better be close to her when she opens her eyes. We might be taken for highwaymen, and the young lady's nerves are rather upset."

Grace was a long time in rallying, and it was at last deemed wise to send Perkins forward for the spring wagon, while the party walked their restive horses about, awaiting its arrival.

Two long hours before Perkins could return with the wagon, and then poor Grace was lifted in carefully, with her head so weak and dizzy that she gladly rested it upon Dorothy's shoulder. In due time all reached home in safety, where Grace, after a sound sleep, berated herself for her folly, and Shally Dunlap walked about with his head in the air because the young ladies had snubbed him.

"Well, Miss Dorothy, so you run away from your friends, do you?" asked Lieutenant Butterfield with his adopted and adapted English drawl.

"Yes," replied Dorothy calmly.

"You doubtless found it the perfection of pleasure without gentlemen."

"Yes," said Dorothy, "we did; and it was perfection until a man spoiled our fun by scaring Grace out of her senses."

"And the surgeon, did he help?" this in an injured tone.

"Oh, he proved useful after the mischief was done," responded Dorothy.

"Papa," said Dorothy the next evening after the visit to Mission Ledge, "your madcap daughter is coming out in a new rôle."

"Bless me, how alarming! If there is anything on the earth, or the waters under it, which you have not tried pray tell me what it is?"

"Not if you scoff, dear."

"I will be as solemn as the sphinx."

"Well, I have learned something."

"Nothing unusual about that, my dear."

"I have discovered something."

"What is it? Have you made the important discovery that you can command a regiment better than you can control the nerves of a frail woman?"

"No, daddy darling, we both learned that long ago. I have found out that Celia Ostend was evidently ordained to be the wife of some good man."

"And you propose to assist or interfere in the fulfillment of Heaven's decrees? You are growing audacious, girlie."

"No, you sarcastic old dear; I am just going to hurry up the decrees a little, papa. To give my meaning in plain words, I intend to be a matchmaker for once—just once."

The Major pretended to be overcome, and Dorothy was only saved from falling by clasping him tightly about the neck.

"My dear, would you kindly mention your victim?" said he with a sigh, which contradicted the mischief in his handsome eyes.

"Now, papa, don't mock. Let me invite Celia here for a visit, and let me also choose my messenger to bear the invitation. Poor Celia was so sad yesterday; she is pining for society, and I wish you would send Dr. Sedgwick for her."

"Bless my heart, child, the Doctor is not a marrying man, he has told me so a dozen times. There is some story of his trying to get shot when he was out with Custer just after he buried his young wife and child."

"He shall be shot now, papa, and Cupid shall be marksman. Say yes, and let me send for Celia. I had a long chat with the Doctor coming home with poor Grace; and, papa, if we should make those two people happy, I would order out the band, run up the American flag and shoot off my own ten-pounder."

"Young woman, who commands Fort Greeley, I should like to ask?"

"One Major Ashton, a brave man, sometimes called 'Fighting Dick'; he has the dearest, kindest heart in the world, and his madcap daughter loves him through and through. Daddy darling, may I send for Celia?"

"Yes, yes, poor, henpecked man that I am, I will send for you, and will pretend to the Doctor that he confers a special favor by going, but mark my words, Miss Dorothy Ashton, if evil comes of this the sin is yours."

"All right, papa; it is only another happiness seed, and should it fall on stony ground we can wait."

Little dreamed the quiet surgeon of the fate in store for him as he dutifully performed the task assigned him. He did not return that night, but late on the following afternoon two people came prancing into camp, and Dorothy knew when she saw her friend's bright face that the long ride over the prairie and through the sunflower grove had been a happy one.

* * * * * * * * *

One year has passed. The stone once suggested for "Celia Ostend, spinster," will never be erected. A woman with snow-white hair manages affairs at Mission Ledge, and only last week cards were issued for a wedding in the little chapel at Fort Greeley. The bride will be "Saint Celia" and the groom Thomas Upworth Sedgwick, U. S. A.

"Now, daddy darling," said Dorothy, as she drew her father into her own room to see the wedding dress just sent on from New York, "what do you think of your bad child as a dispenser of happiness and a matchmaker?"

"I think," said the Major as he stroked her silky hair, "that she is just the dearest girl in the wide world."

THE QUESTION OF ALLOWANCES

By Annie R. Ramsey

THE world waited many centuries for a Comenius to show it that "we learn to do by doing," and it has waited two more to let this golden rule of pedagogics filter through the minds of men and become a law of life. Even yet there are people who do not grasp its workings and have no idea that it can be lived practically and be made the spring of all our movements toward our children's training. I shall not stop to speak of its minutiæ—only of its action in one direction—that of the care of money.

HOW few fathers and mothers are willing to trust their small, or even their grown children with a stated monthly sum, out of which is to be provided all the necessities of the wardrobe. This unwillingness is shown quite as much by the very rich as by the very poor, and men who open their purses generously for each childish demand—who think nothing of offering ten dollars to a child to have its tooth pulled, or twenty-five dollars for a term of perfect lessons, are sometimes the last to see the wisdom of giving half these sums regularly, each week or month, and exacting that it shall be spent wisely by the recipient. I say wisdom advisedly, for every man does his wife and daughters a grievous injustice when he denies them the wholesome lessons of self-control and economy. But to give these lessons he must never divorce the gift from the conditions—they should go hand in hand, under the inflexible rule that the sum, big or little, must cover such and such expenses. The lessons can never be learned if the child knows that money will be advanced before it is due, or that "papa" and "mamma" are willing to make up deficiencies. I know no more delightful experience than to spend one's own money in one's own way. It makes the old idea of pittances and "windfalls" seem poor indeed, and on this score alone it is unjust to deprive a child of the "romance and variety of its own small income." As to the wife's right to an allowance there is much to be learned even in this country—the woman's paradise though it be. Why do men think a woman never needs any money of her own? How would the lord of creation relish the situation if the tables were turned and he were dependent upon his wife for every sixpence—yes, and often had to render an account for the way he spent it? Not long ago I was in the parlor of the house of a merchant prince, when the mistress of it said in reply to a proposal for a trip that would cost one dollar: "I will speak to Mr. —— about it." And though I smiled, I sadly contrasted her condition with that of her cook, whose slim, but independent purse the millionaire's wife might envy.

Will you tell me if this woman did not do as much to earn her living as either cook or chambermaid? She bore the responsibility of the household; she cared for the children with a service no money could have bought; superintended their lessons, their morals and their manners; entertained friends, kept up social relations for the whole family and, in short, spent her life and her energies in making her husband's success of value to him. Did her board and clothes fill the measure of her just demands? Can you get cooks on that basis?

THERE is a side of the subject which directly benefits the man; few women are deliberately extravagant after the education gained from managing their own dollars, knowing what each one will do, and how hard it is to make money. We hear condemnation of the extravagant wife when a man fails, but it might be more just to ask what the wife knew of her husband's finances, or whether she were simply receiving, like a child, an unquestioned bounty.

If a woman has a certain sum given her regularly, and knows she must keep within it, she cannot be more extravagant this year than last, nor can she live and dress beyond her husband's means unless he is so weak as to give her more than he can afford.

We do not need an Edward Bellamy to look backward from the serene heights of 2000 A. D., to tell us that the time is coming when the moneyless wife of a rich man will be unworthy of our civilization—and people then will treat as a myth the story of the wife asking for a dollar and being met with: "Why Mary, what can you want with a dollar—don't you have all you need?" In that happy day no woman will confess to another: "My husband is generosity itself—he spends everything I wish on the house and tries to give me all the pleasure he can—but, oh dear, I never can get any money for myself—any little sum for the many things the children and I need—without a positive fight." Nor will be heard the answer, as too often now: "Oh, my husband is just the same, but I take it out of the market purse and put it down to 'sundries.' He never knows, or if he does notice and scold I have the things anyhow." Fine training in honor, this!

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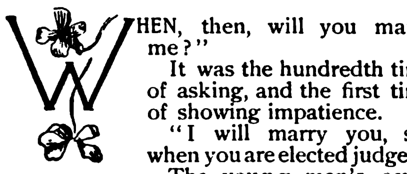
TWO FACES SELDOM SEEN

The Daughter of a President, and the Widow of a Soldier

THE DAUGHTER OF ANDREW JOHNSON

By M. V. Moore



WHEN, then, will you marry me?"

It was the hundredth time of asking, and the first time of showing impatience.

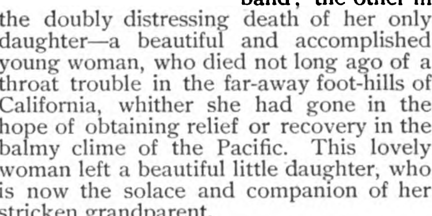
"I will marry you, sir, when you are elected judge!" The young man's eyes flashed sharply.

"And I," he retorted, "will have you when your father is elected Governor of Tennessee!"

"A Rowland for an Oliver!" The speakers were David T. Patterson, a clever young Democratic lawyer of Tennessee, and Martha Johnson, eldest daughter and child of Andrew Johnson, who was at that time the apparently hopeless candidate of his party for the Governorship of his State. The time was the night before the election, and the place the parlor of the Johnson homestead at Greenville, Tennessee.

Whether both these young people had private knowledge of the Democratic victory which was to sweep their State on the morrow, or whether they were merely amusing themselves with "lovers' perjuries" for Jove's and their own amusement, cannot be known, as the wedding day was settled for them by the result of the election, and their marriage was solemnized at their Greenville home on the thirteenth of December, 1856, David T. Patterson having been elected judge with the same unanimity, and on the same ticket with his future father-in-law.

Before her marriage Miss Johnson had passed much time in Washington. During her father's service at the capital as member of Congress, she was placed at school at Georgetown, where she was near enough to be with him constantly, and from which place she made frequent visits to the White House, where she was a great favorite of President Polk.



MRS. PATTERSON

In her girlhood Miss Johnson was regarded as a great beauty, and Judge Patterson received the warmest congratulations on his marriage to the clever, beautiful girl.

After their marriage the young couple lived at Greenville until 1862, through the first shocks of the war. Then, as the strife about their home was so fierce, it was deemed advisable that Mrs. Patterson should join her father's family at Nashville, Andrew Johnson's official home as Military Governor of Tennessee, to which President Lincoln had appointed him in recognition of his loyalty to the Union. Here the family remained almost continuously, until Johnson's removal to Washington upon his election to the Vice-Presidency.

After the death of Mr. Lincoln in 1865, when it became suddenly and unexpectedly necessary for the Johnson family to occupy the White House, it was a mooted question as to who should or who could properly discharge the duties incumbent upon the "mistress." The wife of the President had neither desire, inclination nor strength sufficient to appear in society, and she withdrew from all its general demands on the plea of ill-health.

Mrs. Johnson had two daughters just at the prime of life, and at a period when most women desire to impress themselves upon the world, if they care at all for society. One of these daughters was Mrs. Stover, wife of a plain, East Tennessee farmer, and the other was the subject of this sketch, Mrs. Patterson. Neither of these ladies cared at all for social relations or distinctions, each preferring the quiet of family and home life to the exacting demands and empty honors of their necessary position at the head of the social life of the nation's capital, especially at such a time as witnessed their summoning. Mrs. Stover, however, being both unable and unwilling to preside, the duties of the mistress of the White House fell upon Mrs. Patterson. How well and how faithfully she met the obligations imposed upon her the history of the times tells well. Among the many good things which may be said of her one is that she retired from the position leaving fewer enmities, jealousies and criticisms than would have been possible to any one else returning to private life from such exalted station, when the *entrée* thereto had been with so little previous social training.

When she first took the reins of government of the White House into her hands Mrs. Patterson is quoted as saying: "We are plain people from the mountains of Tennessee called here for a short time by a national calamity. I trust that too much will not be expected of us." Whether expectations were great or small, having made her excuses she cared little, and proceeded to do what she felt it her duty to do. Her invalid mother and her two young children occupied what time she could spare from her housekeeping and social duties. The White House was in a deplorable condition of dirt and general disorder, owing to its frequent, and often unavoidable ill-treatment during the war. Carpets and furniture had alike been destroyed by muddy boots and careless treatment, while every room was pillaged of its ornaments. One of Mrs. Patterson's first duties was to restore the house to its orderly and proper condition. The conservatories were restocked, and then Mrs. Patterson made herself unique and famous in one special particular: she was not only the first, but the only mistress of the White House who opened the parlors and conservatories to the continuous inspection of the public, regardless of days.

It is doubtful if there is in America another woman who has trod in so many paths of fame and fortune and personal grief combined—one who is approaching the grave under the chastening influences of so many real heart sorrows. She is the last survivor of the immediate family of President Andrew Johnson. Of Mr. Johnson's ancestry and other near kinships but very little is known. He had three sons and two daughters born to him in marriage. Four of these children have, sad to say, already filled untimely graves, and all without living issue, although two of them had been married. The survivor, Mrs. Patterson herself, has but recently passed through two new seasons of bereavement: one in the death of her husband; the other in the doubly distressing death of her only daughter—a beautiful and accomplished young woman, who died not long ago of a throat trouble in the far-away foot-hills of California, whither she had gone in the hope of obtaining relief or recovery in the balmy clime of the Pacific. This lovely woman left a beautiful little daughter, who is now the solace and companion of her stricken grandparent.

Alone with this little child and its father, Mr. Landstreet, a Baltimorean, and a servant woman, Mrs. Patterson now occupies the old Andrew Johnson mansion in Greenville, Tennessee, where she was born sixty odd years ago, and which she took as her share of her father's estate, purchasing also from the estate the furniture, pictures and extensive library of the mansion.

Mrs. Patterson's only son is married, but is childless.

Mrs. Patterson lives a life of almost complete retirement, caring little for visitors and still less for visiting. She takes little or no interest in the political fortunes of the present day. In religion she is a Presbyterian.

Among the many cherished souvenirs of the past which Mrs. Patterson has in her parlors in Greenville is a massive and costly set of silver, presented to her father in token of his services to the Union, from the loyal citizens of Tennessee, while Andrew Johnson was Military Governor of the State.

Another rare and beautiful souvenir of her father's career is a richly-bound volume of testimonials, presented by New York City officials. She has no souvenirs of her life at the White House, nor does she delight in discussing that chapter in her history.

Pictures of her father, both in oil paintings and in photographs, showing him at various periods of life—adorn the walls of her rooms. The home of to-day contains the little parlor where the marriage ceremony was performed. Visitors are ordinarily received by Mrs. Patterson in her sitting-room, where a high screen of quaint and unique Japanese work stands before the little window, shutting out the street view. Here in her loneliness, day after day, sits this historic woman. Although time and fate have dealt harshly with her, they have not seriously marred the lines of comeliness and grace in her face.

Beneath the masses of dark, iron-gray hair that, in plain and simple old-time coiffure, cover the generous brow above, there are still seen the sweet, patient, benign and handsome features.

THE WIDOW OF STONEWALL JACKSON

By Mrs. Jefferson Davis

NO character is so difficult to depict as that of a lady; it can be described only by negations, and even these do not convey the charm and beauty which positive virtues impress upon us. This thought has been suggested to me by the request for a sketch of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson. Outside the limits of the States in which she has lived little more has been known of her personally than that she was infinitely dear to her heroic husband, and that she bore him a little daughter, who sat on his bed, cooing and smiling, "all unknowing," while he was slowly entering into the rest prepared for him.

Mary Anna Morrison—this was Mrs. Jackson's maiden name—was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. R. H. Morrison, a Presbyterian minister, and the first president of Davidson College, North Carolina, which he founded, and which still remains as his living memorial. Dr. Morrison graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1818 with President Polk and many other prominent men. Mrs. Morrison was one of six daughters of General Joseph Graham, of Revolutionary fame, and the sister of the Hon. W. A. Graham, who was successively Governor of North Carolina, United States Senator and Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore. Mary Anna was one of ten children born to the couple. Dr. Morrison, on account of his large family, removed to a quiet country home near to several churches, at which he officiated for his neighbors as occasion demanded. The society about their home was of exceptional refinement, and the associations of the family were with the best people.

In due course of time the girls married Southerners who afterward became—or then were—men of mark, such as General D. H. Hill, General Rufus Barringer, Judge A. C. Avery and I. E. Brown. In 1853 Anna, with Eugénie, her youngest sister, made a visit to their eldest sister, Mrs. D. H. Hill, at Lexington, Va., escorted thither by one of her father's friends. General—then Major—Jackson was at that time engaged to Miss Elinor Junkin, to whom he was soon to be married. He was a frequent visitor to General Hill's house, and became so friendly with the cheery little country girls that he rendered them every social attention in his power. Major Jackson left Lexington for rest in the summer vacation, but in August suddenly returned and spent the evening with his young friends, listening to their songs and parrying their teasing questions. In the morning they learned that he had married and gone on a bridal tour that day, so shy and reticent was the grave young Major, even to his intimates. After the marriage of her sister, Eugénie, to Mr.—afterward General—Rufus Barringer, Anna remained at home for three years.

In the interim Major Jackson lost his young wife, his health failed, and he went abroad to recuperate. After making an extended tour he returned, and wrote to Anna in such ardent fashion that every one but the object of his affection suspected his state of mind. Soon after he followed his letter, and on the 16th of July, 1857, they were quietly married from her father's home. The young couple set out upon an extended Northern tour, returning only in time for the session of the Military Institute, where the Major's duty lay. Major Jackson soon established himself in his own house, and his young wife, in the privacy of their home, pursued the busy tenor of a Southern woman's way. Before the expiration of a year a little daughter was born to the young couple, which was not long spared to them. Their lives seem to have flowed on unruffled by domestic dissonance. Her husband's letters call her his "gentle dove" and his "sunshine," and she gives, in the life of her husband, which she published a little over nine years ago, a pretty picture of her sitting, at his request, and singing "Dixie," so that he could learn the air. After four years had passed the dread realities of war broke over the young people. Major Jackson was summoned to take the cadets from the Virginia Military Institute to Richmond for occasional service. This first military duty was followed by his offering himself to the Army of Virginia. After a short time he went into the regular Confederate service, and then the young wife was sent to her father, as it was too lonely for her to remain in Lexington.

Here practically ended her married life, save for a few happy weeks at Winchester in the earlier part of her husband's service, and an occasional visit to his camp. These, and the loving letters he wrote to her, were all that was left of her domestic joy. She does not seem to have lost heart, however, but looked forward patiently and prayerfully to a happy ending of her many trials and deprivations.

When, in 1862, little Julia was born Mrs. Jackson met, alone and uncomplainingly, her illness. The baby was five months old before there was a lull in the fierce strife in which General Jackson was so powerful a motor, which allowed the young wife to take the child to its father, and she, with the infant and a nurse, went to find him in the field. After jolting over miles of new-made road Mrs. Jackson at length found shelter and the comfort of her husband's companionship; but this indulgence lasted only a little over nine days. The dreadful call to arms was issued to confront General Hooker's advancing army, and the non-combatants were ordered on to Richmond. General Jackson hurried fasting to the field, after a hasty farewell, expressing the hope that he might find time to return to bid his dear ones a loving Godspeed; but this privilege was not to be granted. Time passed, and the roar of battle shook the house to its foundations, and Mrs. Jackson was forced to leave the scene of her happy reunion while a procession of litters, bearing the wounded, was being brought into the yard for medical attendance. Haunted by the memory of carnage and death the poor young wife, with a child's faith and a woman's anguish, left her treasure on the battle-field. Then came the death wound, and after nearly a week's unavoidable detention Mrs. Jackson reached her husband's deathbed. Spent with the anguish of his wounds he lay dying, too near the silence of the grave to do more than murmur to his wife: "Speak louder, I want to hear all you say," and feebly to caress his baby with a whispered: "My sweet one, my treasure," while the innocent smiled in his dying face. Then was the heartbroken wife and mother given strength to minister to both these objects of her love. From her firm lips the dying hero learned that the gates of Heaven were ajar for his entrance. Controlling her bitter grief she sang for him the sacred songs on which his fainting spirit soared upward to its rest. When all was over, and she had followed him to his grave, she again sought her father's roof, and there hid her bowed head among her own people, to live only for her baby. In strict retirement the young widow husbanded her means until her daughter was grown a pretty, graceful young woman, and then, to promote her child's happiness, the mother emerged from the privacy in which she had lived since her husband's death, and visited both the Southern and Northern States. In the course of time Julia became engaged to a young Virginian, Mr. Christian, of Richmond, and a few months later was married to him. Shortly after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Christian removed to California, whither Mrs. Jackson accompanied them. They returned a short time later to Charlotte, N. C., where they took a house and lived together. Now, however, the widow's next trial was imminent. Mrs. Christian was attacked by a prostrating fever and succumbed after bearing her illness with great fortitude. She died in her twenty-seventh year.

MRS. JACKSON

Mrs. Jackson for a time was stunned and inconsolable. Eventually she occupied herself by writing a biography of her husband. When the book was finished she came to New York, and, having secured a publisher without difficulty, gave the tragic and tender history of her hero's life to the world.

Then, for the first time, the writer saw her and was much impressed by her cheerful and simple personality. The most impressive thing about her was her spirit of resignation and contentment; in fact, I left her with the feeling expressed at the outset of this sketch—that the most difficult of all tasks is to depict a lady in private life; her influence is powerful, but so gently exercised that one does not confess it.

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THE LOWLIEST FLOWER

By Madeline S. Bridges

Nay, not too low!
Pale, tender flower, half hidden in the grass;
The sun and dew, and kindly winds that blow
Will find you as they pass.

Nay, not too low!
Pure, humble life, whose wayside graces meet
Few friendly eyes. God's watchful angels know
How fair you are—how sweet!

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS OF AUTHORS

By John Habberton

When I was asked to write about the religious beliefs of authors I was obliged to confess that I never had thought authors' religious views differed from those of other people of average intelligence; but upon looking into the question a little closer, I found, to my astonishment, that many persons were of the impression that authors as a class were irreligious. It then seemed to me that something should be said on the subject.

First, it is necessary to insist that the entire body of authors does not differ, mentally or morally, from other men whose work it is to transform any kind of raw material into expressions of ideas. Like painters and sculptors, blacksmiths and carpenters, their abilities vary; some are artists, others artisans, mechanics or mere experimenters, but their sole business is to express ideas in words. The greater the idea, provided it be original, as few ideas are, the greater the man, if he express it well. But, as every general reader knows, few authors profess originality of thought; newness or improvement of treatment is their principal purpose. The man who writes a sermon is as truly an author as the poet, historian or novelist; but that his work is published *vivâ voce* from the pulpit does not save him from suspicion, and, perhaps, a trial for heresy, if he announce an absolutely new idea. It is his duty and purpose to present more clearly or attractively some ideas which have been the basis of millions of other sermons; he merely gives old ideas new expression in words. The word of all authors is technically like his, so if the preacher be not suspected of irreligion, why doubt other authors?

As to authors out of the pulpit I can say, from large acquaintance with them, that they are quite as generally and consistently religious as any other men. Why shouldn't they be? Does any one seriously believe that there is anything in the mere act of writing that can make the immortal part of man irreverent, and doubting, and blind? Probably a full half of all the authors of whom American readers know anything are novelists; among these are too many who are mere panderers to the selfish and unclean, but compared with the general throng their number is very small. The average novel is the average person's handbook of manners and morals, and novels of avowed or implied irreligious tendency are so few that each is detected and soundly belabored by other literary men, called reviewers. To authors—novelists—does the reading public owe the strongest and most popular impersonations of the doubting soul whose way is made clear, and who in the meantime is true to the principles of life taught by the Founder of Christianity. The most popular of American novelists has long been—not some brilliant analyst, some lurid romancer who has rushed in where angels fear to tread—but Mr. E. P. Roe, a man of strong mind and sincere religious faith and life, who was not only satisfied, but proud to ignore highly artistic work which he might have done, and to write simple religious truths in a manner which the simplest reader could comprehend. As to women who are novelists, the many with whom I have the pleasure of claiming acquaintanceship are quite as generally members of churches, in proportion to their number, as any other class of their sex.

Indeed, it is inevitable that a sub-profession, like that of story-writing, which compels constant study of human nature as it is or as it ought to be, can help keeping the student in contemplation of the Higher Power which controls the plans and lives of men and women. Pagan authors were reverent in the presence of the gods or of fate, as they variously called the influence which they all recognized, and authors of the present day are quite as true to the Power to which all believers appeal when their own strength is insufficient. That not many of them write stories distinctively religious is true; on the other hand, how would we have the enormous mass of religious literature of the day—greater in bulk now than ever before—but for authors, for men and women who have something to say and the impulse and ability to put it into print?

The religious literature of the United States has reached a volume which astonishes even those who know it most familiarly. Religious magazines and weeklies equal the secular periodicals of the same periods in number, and among the contributors are many whose names are well known to general readers.

Perhaps the current suspicion as to irreligion among authors is traceable to a few books, by prominent writers, that have expressed opinions contrary to those held by many church members regarding the age of the world, the method of creation, and the "six days" of Genesis, as well as subjects more closely approaching the formula of the Christian faith. Again, though, it must be said that the principal offenders in this respect have been devoutly religious members of different communions, and that secular writers, who followed where these led, have had exemplars whom many churches still hold in respect. Darwin, against whom nearly all churches have hurled bolts of wrath, was always a deeply reverent man, and lived according to the precepts of Christianity, although right living is hundreds of times harder than believing right. Thomas Paine, a million times called an infidel, was certainly not a church-goer, yet in the town in which I live, and in which he lived for years, he used on Sunday afternoons to call people together in a grove and earnestly urge them to follow the injunctions of Jesus—preach "lay" sermons not at all unlike many which the most orthodox preachers find necessary to-day. All men who think much also wonder, and while wondering, most men doubt more or less, but if occasional doubt were irreligious, who would be worthy to cast the first stone at the many writers who have criticised, not religion, but such features of the churches as are wholly the handiwork of man?

Passing from reason to facts, I must insist that so far as my own acquaintance extends in the literary fraternity, authors are quite as religious as any other class. As my knowledge of them has come as much through accident as through personal selection, I must believe that there is no better nor purer set of men and women. I know exceptions, but it should be unnecessary to say this of any profession or class. The popular impression may date back to the time when much was written about "Bohemian" writers, but the "Bohemians" never were numerous in this city, the literary centre of the country, and among them were almost no authors who could write well enough to secure publishers. Authors, as a body, are intelligent, respectable men and women, who abhor peculiarities or notoriety, and who like to "drop the shop" and live in harmony with their neighbors, doing whatever reputable people do. They go to church quite as generally as those among whom they live, worship in apparently the same manner, divide according to their denominational preferences, or attend such services as seem to them most beneficial. They contribute freely to the support of churches, send their children to Sunday-school, and in all other ways conduct themselves like ordinary human beings, as they are, and not a special social class, which they are not or never were. The use of names in an article like this would be offensive to the owners, and invidious beside, for I could give a long list of them which would probably not include a fourth of those who, in New York alone, show all outward semblance of being as religious as their fellows. It cannot be denied, on the other hand, that many may be classed among the careless and unbelieving, but their faults and weaknesses are those of human nature, and not at all peculiar to authorship.

I will go farther, and say that I know of no other class nor profession in which religion, such as there is, is less a matter of form or custom, or in which it is more based upon intelligence, sincerity and the desire to live better and more useful lives. Few men of any class but the "experience" cranks are given to talking of their inner life; but even were authors to unbosom themselves to the world on this subject, their talk would not convince any one. Every one, from pastors down, judges men's religion by their lives, and it would be impossible, by this method, to bring an indictment for irreligion against American authors. The creed of some individual writer may not meet the views of some individual critic, but classes are not to be judged in that way. "The tree is known by its fruit." Men and women whose daily life at home, in business and in the social circle, according to the principles which have made them and their neighbors alike in manners and morals, should be credited with springs of action equally good. When exceptions are specially noted, it is merely because the authors, through their profession, have attained to a publicity which attracts attention—a publicity extremely distasteful, by-the-way, to the best as well as to the worst of them.

In short, there are not in authorship, any more than in banking or blacksmithing, any associations or tendencies which should make its members less religious than other people, and they are not. The vagaries of a few romancers are the cause of all doubts on the subject.

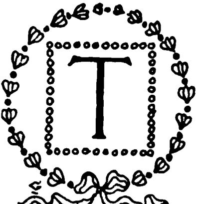
GIRLHOOD

By Amelia E. Barr

An exquisite incompleteness;
The theme of a song unset;
The weft in the shuttle of life;
The bud with the dew still wet;
The dawn of a day uncertain;
The delicate bloom of fruit;
A plant with some leaves unfolded;
The rest asleep at the root.

HEARTBURNS OF MODERN SOCIETY

By Felicia Holt



The young girl begins to feel the heartburns of modern society before she has left school. A schoolmate has finer clothes or comes to school in the family carriage, while she has to walk. One goes to the opera, to which the parents of the other cannot afford to take her. The chagrin of the poorer girl is not because she greatly desires these things, but rather because their enjoyment by the other gives that other a certain superiority of position. The constitution of human nature is such that the keenest pangs are not those of want, but those which arise from seeing another possessing what we cannot have.

Later on, the young girl, having left school, is made wretched through the greater attentions paid, or supposed to be paid to a rival. She broods on this and necessarily magnifies it to herself. The mistake we all make is in the point of view. Of an acquaintance of one hundred persons perhaps ten have a superior position to one's self and ninety an inferior; but we are sure to fix our attention upon the ten rather than upon the ninety. We will compare our lot with those who are a little higher up the ladder, and the result is discontent. A similar comparison with the greater number who are lower down would give us content.

Society is insincere; its purpose is to flatter and at the same time to annoy. It says one thing to the ear and another to the sense.

"I went to the fancy ball as one of Cinderella's ugly sisters; I wore a false nose and had such fun!"

"Oh, how capital! I know you must have done the part well, dear. But why wear a false nose?"

A little exaggerated, perhaps, but true to human nature in principle.

Am I too hard? Look around you—study your acquaintances. I won't say friends, for we do not expect to find many who deserve that sacred name among the giddy throng who make up modern society. Listen to any conversation you please and you will find it to consist of a dissertation on the frailties and shortcomings of the talker's and listener's dearest friends (?). If the subject is a woman it is her gown and complexion that receive their share of criticism; if a man, his manners. The door is scarcely closed upon a visitor before the company he has left fall upon him or her, tooth and nail. The country fellow who was asked why he always stayed last replied: "I would not be the first to go for anything, nor would you if you knew how they talked about you after you leave."

It may seem an outrageous doctrine to preach, but it is an undeniable fact that the sooner we give up expecting sincerity in the world the less disappointments we will meet with, for truth is not a welcomed guest in society, and in that atmosphere we must learn to conceal our feelings. The mad bull with which Mrs. Pipchin threatened Little Paul Dombey is ever ready to gore us if we ask the most innocent questions. If we would be successful we must learn to dissimulate; we must never be weary, never sad or never too serious, for the world desires to be amused, and the innocent who wears her heart upon her sleeve soon proves such a feast for the daws that she repents of her folly. And having learned to be other than ourselves, we must remember that every one is playing the same game, and that it is scarcely worth the candle to fret unduly when one seems nearer the winning-post than ourselves. Let us realize that the woman in society "never is but always to be blest." The attainment of each goal is merely the vantage-ground from which she looks forward yearningly to the next. Mrs. A aspires to the position of Mrs. B; she reaches it and immediately discovers Mrs. C a little farther on; she is relatively in the same state of unrest as before, and having ceased to think of Mrs. B entirely, makes herself miserable by thinking of Mrs. C. A repetition of the same process brings the aspirant up to Mrs. C's position, only to show her Mrs. D a couple of rungs higher up. Hence, everything is uncertain; no woman feels entirely sure of her grade in the social scale. She is always on the lookout for slights where probably none are intended. You may cry out all you like against it; every man and every woman knows the truth of what I write; the struggle for precedence begins at court and ends in the kitchen. To this end, and to answer this unworthy curiosity, reporters are constantly at work to fill the demand for news. We read with indignation and chagrin that our dearest friend has "entertained elegantly," and reflect that we had no card while some of the merest strangers were her honored guests; we mentally determine to leave her out on the first opportunity, and from that moment coolness and restraint tincture our manners. The more honest of us enter the lists with a certain shame-facedness, but we soon warm up to our work, and ere long we can give as well as take slights. The bell rings, the curtain goes up and every actor takes his or her place. Society is at home; we are not very sure of our parts, but one rule we hold to—let no one get ahead of us; we are as good as some and better than most; therefore it behooves us to play with skill, that the heartburns may not be our portion, as they undoubtedly will be if we relax our vigilance for a moment, for it is like a great caldron—this modern society of ours.

In mercy's name, reflect on the sufferings of those who, while they are refined and intelligent, have not the necessary qualifications to shine. When small talk and compliments are required they must be quite silent or retire, for there is no place in Fashion's hall for the thinker; it is only "words, words" that great autocrat demands, and they must be of the lightest kind.

For those of us who have reached the sober side of life this is as well, but I must deplore the condition of society for the sake of those who come after us. Our children, near and dear, we train to be loving and generous; in the nursery we give them the ideas of self-abnegation; but when we usher them into society we practically bid them be false to all our early teaching. Epictetus tells us: "Always remember, then, and have it in mind, that a better man has the advantage of a worse, in that direction in which he is better, and you will never have any indignation." I am well aware that the philosopher is now out of fashion, but he gives us a great truth; he gives us in the above sentiment good advice; he bids us live for higher things, to set our faces in a right direction. If we attain to the pinnacle of fashion are we saved from the ills of life? In the race we are constantly outstripped by the unworthy; then why persist? We are in constant danger of being eclipsed by some more brilliant star, shine we ever so brightly. It is true one cannot reform this evil, but one can do his or her part. We live not alone unto ourselves, but unto our neighbors, blessing or cursing each one that we meet. Thackeray says it is reserved for women to give the bitterest and cruelest stings—that they alone can shoot an arrow whose poisoned barb will rankle even unto death. Shall we not, then, as women, rise and prove ourselves worthy of better things? Surely there is something higher and nobler than outdoing one another or making a fellow-creature wretchedly uncomfortable. Many otherwise good women make society intolerable by persistently snubbing every woman of whom they may not happen to approve as members of their "set," forgetting entirely that their set is composed of atoms utterly insignificant, except that they bear fashion's seal. Surely it is but a paltry ambition to desire to be the best-dressed person, the best dancer or the greatest flirt in society; and yet how many there are, and will be, who endure much suffering for these distinctions, and by their conduct increase the heartburns of modern society.

THE NEW STRAUSS WALTZES

In the next issue of The Ladies' Home Journal, the October number, there will be printed, in their entirety, a new set of waltzes composed especially for the Journal by Eduard Strauss, the famous waltz-composer, and conductor of the Court balls of the Emperor and Empress of Austria at Vienna. The set comprises four distinct waltzes, and is pronounced by competent musical critics to be the most tuneful dance-music composition ever written by Strauss. The composer has entitled them "The Dancing Waves Waltzes," and they will be found to be full of that sparkling rhythm and grace which have made the name of Strauss famous. These waltzes are entirely new and have never been played in public save, by special consent, before the Royal Court of Austria at a private concert. The rendering upon this occasion was so successful that the waltzes received four encores from the Royal audience, and the composition finally served as the music for the opening waltz of the Royal ball. These waltzes, as in the case of all the musical compositions which appear in the Journal, are exclusively printed in this magazine, and cannot be obtained in any other form. The Journal series of musical compositions will be continued in subsequent issues during 1893 and 1894, and will, it is believed, meet with a continuation of the favor already accorded the printed productions.

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THE COAST OF BOHEMIA

By William Dean Howells

[With Illustration by Frank O. Small]

[This story was commenced in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for December, 1892]

XXXII—Continued

HY Nelie! Miss Saunders! Is that you?" said Dickerson in a sense of surprise. "Why, where in the world—well, this *is* something like 'Willy, we have missed you'; I've just come. What was the matter out there? Somebody trying to scare you? Well, there's nothing to be afraid of now, anyway. How you do pant! But it becomes you. Yes, it does! You look now just like I've seen you all the time I've been gone! You didn't answer any of my letters; I don't know as I could have expected any different. But I did hope—Nelie, it's no use! I've got to speak out, and it's now or never; maybe there won't be another chance. Look here, my girl, I *want* you—I love you, Nic! and I always d——"

He had got her hand, and he was drawing her toward him. She struggled to free herself, but he pulled her closer.

Her heart swelled with a fury of grief for all she had suffered and lost through him. She thought of what her mother had said she ought to do if he ever spoke to her again; there came, without her agency almost, three swift, sharp, electrical blows from the hand she had freed; she saw him reeling backward with his hand at his face, and then she was standing in her own room, looking at her ghost in the glass.

Now if Mr. Ludlow knew he would surely despise her, and she wished she were dead indeed; not so much because she had boxed Dickerson's ears as because she had done what obliged her to do it.

XXXIII

IT is hard for the young to understand that the world which seems to stop with their disaster is going on with smooth indifference, and that a little time will carry them so far from any fateful event that when they gather courage to face it they will find it curiously shrunken in the perspective. Nothing really stops the world but death, and that only for the dead. If we live we must move on, we must change, we must outwear every motion, however poignant or deep. Cornelia's shame failed to kill her; she woke the next morning with a self-loathing that seemed even greater than that of the night before, but it was actually less, and it yielded to the strong will which she brought to bear upon herself. She went to her work at the Synthesis as if nothing had happened, and she kept at it with a hard, mechanical faithfulness which she found the more possible, perhaps, because Charmian was not there for some reason, and she had not her sympathy, as well as her own weakness to manage. She surprised herself with the results of her pitiless industry, and realized for the first time the mysterious duality of being, in the power of the brain and the hand to toil while the heart aches.

She was glad, she kept assuring herself, that she had put an end to all hope from Ludlow; she rejoiced bitterly that now, however she had disgraced herself in her violent behavior, she had at least disgraced no one else. No one else could suffer through any claim upon her, or kindness for her, or had any right to feel ashamed of her or injured by her. But Cornelia was at the same time puzzled and perplexed with herself, and dismayed with the slightness of her hold upon impulses of hers which she thought she had overcome and bound forever. She made the discovery, which she was yet far too young to formulate, that she had a temperament to deal with that could at any time shake to ruins the character she had so carefully built upon it, and had so wholly mistaken for herself. In the midst of this dismay she made another discovery, and this was that perhaps even her temperament was not what she had believed it, but was still largely unknown to her. She had always known that she was quick and passionate, but she certainly had not supposed that she was capable of the meanness of wondering whether Mr. Ludlow would take her note as less final than she had meant it, and would perhaps seek some explanation of it. No girl that she ever heard or read of had ever fallen quite so low as to hope that; but was not she hoping just that? Perhaps she had even written those words with the tacit intention of calling him back! But this conjecture was the mere play of a morbid fancy, and weak as she was, Cornelia had the strength to forbid it and deny it.

At the end of the afternoon she pretended that she ought to go and see what had happened to Charmian, and on the way she had time to recognize her own hypocrisy, and to resolve that she would do penance for it by coming straight at the true reason of her errand. She was sent to Charmian in her studio, and she scarcely gave her a chance to explain that she had stayed at home on account of a cold, and had written a note for Cornelia to come to dinner with her, which she would find when she got back.

Cornelia said: "I want to tell you something, Charmian, and I want you to tell me what you really think—whether I've done right or not."

Charmian's eyes lightened. "Wait a moment!" She got a piece of the lightwood and put it on the fire which she had kindled on the hearth to keep the spring chill off, and went and turned Ludlow's sketch of herself to the wall. "I know it's about him." Then she came and crouched on the tiger-skin at Cornelia's feet, and clasped her hands around her knees, and fixed her averted face on the blazing pine. "Now go on," she said, as if she had arranged the pose to her perfect satisfaction.

Cornelia went on: "It's about him, and it's about some one else, too," and she had no pity on herself in telling Charmian all about that early, shabby affair with Dickerson.

"I knew it," said Charmian, with a sigh of utter content, "I *told* you, the first time I saw you, that *you* had lived. Well; and has he—turned up?"

"He has turned up—three times," said Cornelia.

Charmian shivered with enjoyment of the romantic situation. She reached a hand behind her and tried to clutch one of Cornelia's, but had to get on without it. "And well, have they met?"

"No, they haven't," said Cornelia crossly, but not so much with Charmian as with the necessity she was now in of telling her about her last meeting with Ludlow. She began: "They almost did," and when Charmian in the intensity of her interest could not keep from turning around to stare at her, Cornelia took hold of her head and turned her face toward the fire again. Then she went on to tell how it had all happened. She did not spare herself at any point, and she ended the story with the expression of her belief that she had deserved it all. "It wasn't boxing that little wretch's ears that was the disgrace; it was having brought myself to where I *had* to box them."

"Yes, that was it," sighed Charmian.

"And I had to tell *him* that I could never care for him, because I couldn't bear to tell him what a fool I had been."

"No, no; you never could do that!"

"And I couldn't bear to have him think I was better than I really was, or let him care for me unless I told him all about that miserable old affair."

"No, *you* couldn't, Cornelia," said Charmian solemnly. "*Some* girls might; *most* girls *would*. They would just consider it a flirtation, and not say anything about it, or not till after they were engaged, and then just laugh. But you are different from other girls—you are so *true!* Yes, you would have to tell it if it killed you; I can see that; and you couldn't tell it, and you had to break his heart. Yes, you *had* to!"

"Oh, Charmian Maybough! How cruel you are!" Cornelia flung herself forward and cried; Charmian whirled around, and kneeling before her, threw her arms around her, in a pose of which she felt the perfection, and kissed her tenderly.

"They had tea together in the restaurant of one of New York's vast hotels"

"Why didn't you let me see how you were looking? How I have gone on——"

Cornelia pulled herself loose. "Charmian! Do you *dare* to mean that I want him to ever speak to me again—or look at me?"

"No, no——"

"Or that I'm sorry I did it?"

"No, it's this cold that's making me so stupid."

"If he were to come back again this instant I should have to tell him just the same, or else tell him about that—that—and you know I couldn't do that if I lived a thousand years."

Now she melted, indeed, and suffered Charmian to moan over her, and fortify her with all the reasons she had urged herself in various forms of repetition. Charmian showed her again how impossible everything that she had thought impossible was, and convinced her of every conviction. She made Cornelia's tragedy her romance, and solemnly exulted in its fatality, while she lifted her in her struggle of conscience to a height from which, for the present at least, she could not have descended without a ruinous loss of self-respect. In the renunciation in which the worshiper confirmed her saint, Ludlow and his rights and feelings were ignored, and Cornelia herself was offered nothing more substantial than the prospect that henceforth she and Charmian could live for each other in a union that should be all principle on one side and all adoration on the other.

XXXIV

CORNELIA did not go to pass that week in Lent with Mrs. Westley. When she went, rather tardily, to withdraw her promise, she said that the time was now growing so short she must give every moment to the Synthesis. Mrs. Westley tacitly arranged to cancel some little plans she had made for her, and in the pity a certain harassed air of the girl's moved in her she accepted her excuses as valid, and said: "But I am afraid you are overworking at the Synthesis, Miss Saunders. Are you feeling quite well?"

"Oh, perfectly," Cornelia answered with a false buoyancy from which she visibly fell. She looked down and said: "I wish the work were twice as hard!"

"Ah, you have come to that very soon," said Mrs. Westley. They were both silent, till she added: "How are you getting on with your picture of Miss Maybough?"

"Oh, I'm not doing anything with that," said Cornelia, and she stood up to go.

"But you are going to exhibit it?" Mrs. Westley persisted.

"No, I don't know as I am. I should have to offer it first."

"It would be sure to be accepted; Mr. Ludlow thinks it would."

"Oh, yes; I know," said Cornelia, feeling herself get very red. "But I guess I won't offer it. Good-by."

Mrs. Westley kept the impression of something much more personal than artistic in Cornelia's reference to her picture, and when she met Ludlow a few days after she asked him if he knew that Miss Saunders was not going to offer her picture to the Exhibition. He said simply that he did not know it. "Don't you think she ought? I don't think she's looking very well of late; do you?"

"I don't know; isn't she? I haven't seen her," he began; he added anxiously: "When did you see her?"

"A few days ago. She came to say she could not take the time from the Synthesis to pay me that little visit. I'm afraid she's working too hard. Of course she's very ambitious, but I can't understand her not wanting to show her picture there, and trying to sell it."

Ludlow stooped and pulled the long ears of Mrs. Westley's fashionable dog on the rug at his feet.

"Have you any idea why she's changed her mind?"

"Yes," said Ludlow. "I think it's because I helped her with it."

"Is she so independent? Or perhaps I am not quite discreet——"

"Why not? You say she didn't look well?"

"She looked—worried."

He asked, as if it immediately followed, "Mrs. Westley, should you mind giving me a little advice about a matter—a very serious matter?"

"If you won't follow it."

"Do we ever?"

"Well?"

"How much use can a man be to a girl when he knows that he can't be of the greatest?"

"None, if he is sure."

"He is perfectly sure."

"He had better let her alone then. He had better not try."

"I am going to try. But I thank you for your advice more than if I were going to take it."

They parted laughing; and Mrs. Westley was contented to be left with the mystery which she believed was no mystery to her.

Ludlow went home and wrote to Cornelia:

"DEAR MISS SAUNDERS: I hear you are not going to try to get your picture into the Exhibition. I will not pretend not to understand why, and you would not wish me to; so I feel free to say that you are making a mistake. You ought to offer your picture; I think it would be accepted, and you have no right to forego the chance it would give you, for the only reason you can have. I know that Mr. Wetmore would be glad to advise you about it; and I am sure you will believe that I have not asked him to do so.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. LUDLOW."

Cornelia turned this letter in many lights, and tried to take it in many ways; but in the end she could only take it in the right way, and she wrote back:

"DEAR MR. LUDLOW: I thank you very much for your letter, and I am going to do what you say.

"Yours sincerely,

"CORNELIA SAUNDERS."

"P. S. I do appreciate your kindness very much."

She added this postscript after trying many times to write a reply that would seem less blunt and dry; but she could not write anything at all between a letter that she felt was gushing, and this note which certainly could not be called so; she thought the postscript did not help it, but she let it go.

As soon as she had done so it seemed to her that she had no reason for having

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done so, and she did not see how she could justify it to Charmian, whom she had told that she should not offer her picture. She would have to say that she had changed her mind simply because Mr. Ludlow had bidden her, and she tried to think how she could make that appear sufficient. But Charmian was entirely satisfied. "Oh, yes, that was the least you could do when he asked you. You certainly owed him *that* much. *Now*," she added mystically, "he never can say a *thing*."

They were in Charmian's studio, where Cornelia's sketch of her had been ever since she left working on it; and Charmian ran and got it, and set it where they could both see it in the light of the new event.

"It's magnificent, Cornelia. There's no other word for it. Did you know he was going to give me his?"

"Yes, he told me he was going to," said Cornelia, looking at her sketch with a dreamy suffusion of happiness in her face.

"It's glorious, but it doesn't come within a million miles of yours. Mr. Wetmore isn't on the committee this year, but he knows them all, and——"

Cornelia turned upon her. "Charmian Maybough, if you breathe, if you *dream* a word to him about it I will never speak to you. If my picture can't get into the Exhibition without the help of friends——"

"Oh, *I* shan't speak to him about it," Charmian hastened to assure her. In pursuance of her promise she only spoke to Mrs. Wetmore, and at the right time Wetmore used his influence with the committee. Then, for the reason, or the no reason that governs such matters, or because Cornelia's picture was no better than too many others that were accepted, it was refused.

XXXV

THE blow was not softened to Cornelia by her having prophesied to Charmian, as well as to herself, that she knew her picture would be refused. Now she was aware that at the bottom of her heart she had always hoped and believed it would be accepted. She had kept it all from her mother, but she had her fond, proud visions of how her mother would look when she got her letter saying that she had a picture in the Exhibition, and how she would throw on her sacque and bonnet and run up to Mrs. Burton for an explanation and full sense of the honor. In these fancies Cornelia even had them come to New York to see her picture in position; it was not on the line, and yet it was not skyed.

Her pride was not involved, and she suffered no sting of wounded vanity from its rejection; her hurt was in a tenderer place. She would not have cared how many people knew of her failure if her mother and Mrs. Burton need not have known; but she wrote faithfully home of it, and tried to make neither much nor little of it. She forbade Charmian the indignation which she would have liked to vent, but she let her cry over the event with her. No one else knew that it had actually happened except Wetmore and Ludlow; she was angry with them at first for encouraging her to offer the picture, but Wetmore came and was so mystified and humbled by its refusal that she forgave him, and even comforted him for his part in the affair.

"She acted like a little man about it," he reported to Ludlow. "She'll do. When a girl can take a blow like that the way she does she makes you wish that more fellows were girls. When I had my first picture refused it laid me up. But I sha'n't let this rest; I'm going to see if that picture can't be got into the American Artists."

"Better not," said Ludlow.

"Why?"

"Oh—I don't believe she'd like it."

"What makes you think so? Have you seen her?"

"No——"

"You haven't? Well, Ludlow, *I* didn't lose any time. Perhaps you think there was no one else to blame for the mortification of that poor child."

"No, I don't. I am to blame, too; I encouraged her to try—I urged her."

"Then I should go and tell her so."

"Ah, I think she knows it; if I told her anything I should tell her no one was to blame but myself!"

"Well, that wouldn't be a bad idea." Wetmore lighted his pipe. "Confound those fellows! I should like to knock their heads together. If there is anything like the self-righteousness of a committee when it's wrong—but there isn't, fortunately."

It was not the first time that Ludlow had faltered in the notion of going to Cornelia and claiming to be wholly at fault. In thought he was always doing it, and there were times when he almost did it in reality, but he let these times pass effectless, hoping for some better time when the thing would do itself, waiting for the miracle which love expects, when it is itself the miracle that brings all its desires to fulfillment. He certainly had some excuses for preferring a passive part in what he would have been so glad to have happen. Cornelia had confessed that she had once cared for him, but at the same time she had implied that she cared for him no longer, and she had practically forbidden him to see her again. Much study of her words could make nothing else of them, and it was not until Ludlow saw his way to go impersonally in his quality of mistaken adviser, from whom explanation and atonement were due, that he went to Cornelia. Even then he did not quite believe that she would see him, and he gladly lost the bet he made himself at the sound of a descending step on the stairs, that it was the Irish girl coming back to say that Miss Saunders was not at home.

They met very awkwardly, and Ludlow had such an official tone in claiming responsibility for having got Cornelia to offer her picture, and so have it rejected, that he hardly knew who was talking. "That is all," he said stiffly, and he rose and stood looking into his hat. "It seemed to me that I couldn't do less than come and say this, and I hope you don't feel that I'm—I'm unwarranted in coming."

"Oh, no!" cried Cornelia, "it's very kind of you, and no one's to blame but me. I don't suppose I should care, only—" She added deep in her throat, "I hated to have my mother—but I am rightfully punished."

She meant for the Dickerson business, but Ludlow thought she meant for her presumption, and his heart smote him in tender indignation as her head sank and her face averted itself; it touched him keenly that she should speak to him in that way of her mother, as if from an instinctive sense of his loving and faithful sympathy; and then somehow he had her in his arms, there in Mrs. Montgomery's dim parlor; he noted, as in a dream, that his hat had fallen and was rolling half the length of it.

"Oh, wait!" cried the girl. "What are you doing—you don't know. There is something I must tell you—that will make you hate me——." She struggled to begin somehow, but she did not know where.

"No," he said. "You need not tell me anything. There isn't anything in the world that could change me to you—nothing that you could tell me! Some time, if you wish, but not now. I've been too miserable, and now I'm so happy!"

"But it's very foolish, it's silly! I tell you——"

"Not now, not now!" he insisted. He made her cry, he made her laugh; but he would not listen to her. She knew it was all wrong; that it was romantic and fantastic, and she was afraid of it; but she was so happy, too, that she could not will it for the moment to be otherwise. She put off the time that must come, or let him put it off for her, and gladly lost herself in the bliss of the present. The fear, growing more and more vague and formless, haunted her rapture, but even this ceased before they parted, and left her at perfect peace in his love, their love.

He told her how much she could be to him; how she could supplement him in every way where he was faltering and deficient, and he poured out his heart in praises of her that made her brain reel. They talked of a thousand things, touching them, and leaving them, and coming back, but always keeping within the circle of their relation to themselves. They flattered one another with the tireless and credulous egotism of love; they tried to tell what they had thought of each other from the first moment they met, and tried to make out that they neither had ever since had a thought that was not the other's; they believed this. The commonplaces of the passion, ever since it began to refine itself from the earliest savage impulse, seemed to have occurred to them for the first time in the history of the race; they accused themselves each of not being worthy of the other; they desired to be good, and to live for the highest things.

They began this life by spending the whole afternoon together. When some other people came into the parlor they went out to walk. They walked so long and far that they came at last to the park without meaning to, and sat on a bench by a rock. Other people were doing the same: nurses with baby-carriages before them; men smoking and reading; elderly husbands with their elderly wives beside them, whom they scarcely spoke to. It must have been a very common, idle thing, but to them it had the importance, the distinction of something signal, done for the first time. They stayed there till it was almost dark, and then they went and had tea together in the restaurant of one of the vast hotels at the entrance of the park. It was a very Philistine place, with rich-looking, dull-looking people, travelers and sojourners dining about in its spacious splendor; but they got a table in a corner, and were as much alone there as in the park. Their happiness seemed to push the world away from them wherever they were, and to leave them free within a wide circle of their own. She poured the tea for them both from the pot which the waiter set at her side. He looked on in joyful wonder and content. "How natural it all is," he sighed. "I should think you had always been doing that for me. But I suppose it is only from the beginning of time!"

She let him talk the most, because she was too glad to speak, and because they had both the same thoughts, and it did not need two to utter them. Now and then he made her speak; he made her answer some question, but it was like some question that she had asked herself. From time to time they spoke of others, but it was in relation to themselves; without this relation nothing had any meaning.

When they parted after an evening prolonged till midnight in Mrs. Montgomery's parlor, that which had been quiescent in Cornelia's soul stirred again, and she knew that she was wrong to let Ludlow go without telling him of Dickerson. It was the folly of that agreement of theirs about painting Charmian, repeating itself in slightly different terms, and with vastly deeper meaning, but to a like end of passive deceit, of tacit untruth; his wish did not change it. She thought afterward she could not have let him go without telling him, if she had not believed somehow that the parallel would complete itself, and that he would come back as he had done before, and help her undo what was false between them; but, perhaps, this was not so. Perhaps, if she had been sure he would not come back, she would not have spoken; at any rate he did not come back.

XXXVI

CORNELIA was left to no better counsels than those of Charmian Maybough, and these were disabled from what they might have been at their best, by Cornelia's failure to be frank with her. If she were wronging Charmian by making her a half confidante only, she could not be more open with her than with Ludlow, and she must let her think that she had told him everything until she had told him everything.

She did dishonestly try to do so, from time to time; she tried to lead him on to ask her what it was he had kept her from telling him in that first moment of their newly-confessed love, when it would have been easier than it could ever be again. She reproached him in her heart for having prevented her then; it seemed as if he must know that she was longing for his help to be frank; but she never could make that cry for his help pass her lips where it trembled when she ought to have felt safest with him. She began to be afraid of him, and he began to be aware of her fear.

He went home after parting with her that first night of their engagement, too glad of all that was to feel any lack in it; but the first thought in his mind when he woke the next morning was not that perfect joy which the last before he fell asleep had been. His discomfort was a formless emotion at first, and it was a moment before it took shape in the mistake he had made in forbidding Cornelia to tell him what she had kept from him, because he knew that she wished to keep it. He ought to have been strong enough for both, and he had joined his weakness to hers from a fantastic impulse of generosity. Now he perceived that the truth, slighted and postponed, must right itself at the cost of the love which it should have been part of. He began to be tormented with a curiosity to know what he could not ask, or let her suspect that he even wished to know. Whether he was with her or away from her he always had that in his mind, and in the small nether ache, inappeasable and incessant, he paid the penalty of his romantic folly. He had to bear it and to hide it. Yet they seemed flawlessly happy to others, and in a sort they seemed so to themselves. They waited for chance to make them really so.

Cornelia kept on at her work all the more devotedly because she was now going home so soon, and because she knew herself divided from it by an interest which made art seem slight and poor when she felt secure in her happiness, and made it seem nothing when her heart misgave her. She never could devolve upon that if love failed her; art could only be a part of her love henceforward. She could go home and help her mother till she died if love failed her, but she could never draw another line.

There was going to be an exhibition of Synthesis work at the close of the Synthesis year, and there was to be a masquerade dance in the presence of the pictures. Charmian was the heart and soul of the masquerade, and she pushed its claims, to the disadvantage of the exhibition. Some of the young ladies who thought that art should have the first place went about saying that she was for the dance because she could waltz and mask better than she could draw, and would rather exhibit herself than her work, but it was a shame that she should make Miss Saunders work for her the way she did, because Miss Saunders, though she was so overrated, was really learning something, thanks to the Synthesis atmosphere; and Charmian Maybough would never learn anything. It was all very well for her to pretend that she scorned to send anything to a school exhibition, but she was at least not such a simpleton as to risk offering anything, for it would not be accepted. That, they said, was the real secret of her devotion to the masquerade and of her theory that the spirit of the Synthesis could be expressed as well in making that beautiful as in the exhibition. In the meantime, Charmian had Cornelia come and stay with her the whole week before the great event, and she spent it in a tumult of joyful excitement, divided between the tremendous interests of Ludlow's coming every night to see Cornelia, and of having them advise with her about her costume. Ludlow was invited to the dance, and he was to be there so as to drive home with her and Cornelia.

In the meantime Charmian's harshest critics were not going to be outdone if they could help it in any way; they not only contributed to the exhibition, but four or five days beforehand they began to stay away from the Synthesis, and get up their costumes for the masquerade. Everything was to be simple; you could come in costume or not, as you pleased, but the consensus was that people were coming in costume, and you would not want to look odd.

The hall for the dancing was created by taking down the board partitions that separated three of the classrooms, and hanging the walls with cheese-cloth to hide the old stains and paint-marks, and with pictures by the instructors. There was a piano for the music, and around the wall rough benches were put, with rugs over them, to save the ladies' dresses. The effect was very pretty, with palettes on nails high up, and tall flowers in vases on brackets and a life-study in plaster by one of the girls in a corner of the room. It all had the charm of tasteful design yielding here and there to happy caprice. This mingling of the ordered and the bizarre expressed the spirit, at once free and submissive, of the place. There had been a great deal of trouble, which at times seemed out of all keeping with the end to be gained, but when it was all over the trouble seemed nothing. The exhibition was the best the Synthesis had ever made, and those who had been left out of it were not the least of those in the masquerade. They were by no means the worst dressed, or when they unmasked, the plainest, and Charmian's favorite maxim that art was all one was verified in the costumes of several girls who could not draw any better than she could. If these were not on the walls in one way neither were they in another. After they had wandered heart-sick through the different rooms, and found their sketches nowhere, they had their compensation when the dancing began.

The floor was filled early, and the scene gathered gayety and brilliancy. It had the charm that the taste of the school could give in the artistic effects, and its spirit of generous comradery found play in the praises they gave each other's costumes, and each other's looks when they were not in costume. It was a question whether Cornelia, who came as herself, was lovelier than Charmian, who was easily recognizable as Cleopatra, with Ophidian accessories in her dress that suggested at once the serpent of old Nile and a Moqui snake-dancer. Cornelia looked more beautiful than ever; her engagement with Ludlow had come out, and she moved in the halo of poetic interest which betrothal gives a girl with all other girls; it was thought an inspiration that she should not have come in costume, but in her own character. Ludlow's fitness to carry off such a prize was disputed; he was one of the heroes of the Synthesis, and much was conceded to him because he had more than once replaced the instructor in still-life there. But there remained a misgiving with some whether Cornelia was right in giving up her art for him; whether she was not recreant to the Synthesis in doing that; the doubt, freshly raised by her beauty, was not appeased till Charmian said that Cornelia was not going to give up her art, but after her marriage was coming back to study with Ludlow.

Charmian bore her honors graciously, both as the friend of the new *fiancée*, and as the most successful mask of the evening. In her pride and joy she set the example of looking out for girls who were not having a good time, and helping them to have one with the men of her own too constant following, and with those who stood about, wanting the wish or the courage to attach themselves to any one. In the excitement she did not miss Cornelia or notice whether Ludlow had come yet. When she did think of her it was to fancy that she was off somewhere with him and did not want to be looked up. Before the high moment, when one of the instructors appeared and chose a partner for the Virginia reel, Charmian had fused all the faltering and reluctant temperaments in the warmth of her amiability. Nobody ever denied her good-nature, in fact, whatever else they denied her, and there were none who begrudged her its reward at last. She was last on the floor, when the orchestra, having played as long as it had bargained to, refused to play any longer, and the dance came to an end. She then realized that it was after twelve, and she remembered Cornelia. She rushed down into the dressing-room and found her sitting there alone, bonneted and wrapped for the street. There was something suddenly strange and fateful about it all to Charmian.

"Cornelia!" she entreated. "What is the matter? What has become of Mr. Ludlow? Hasn't he been here to-night?"

Cornelia shook her head, and made a hoarse murmur in her throat. There seemed to be some sort of weight upon her, so that she could not rise, but Charmian swiftly made her own changes of toilette necessary for the street, and got Cornelia out-of-doors and into her coupé, which was waiting for them, before the others descended from the dancing-room, where the men stayed to help the janitor put out the lights. As the carriage whirled them away they could hear the gay cries and laughter of the first of the revelers who came out into the night after them.

(*Conclusion in October* JOURNAL)

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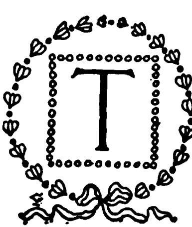
THE "BLIND READER" AT WASHINGTON

By Alice Graham McCollin



WENTY millions of articles of mail matter pass through the Post-Offices of the United States each day, and nearly half a million of letters are received annually at the Dead Letter Office, because of a deficiency in address or postage, or because of illegibility of penmanship. Ninety-five per cent. of the latter are delivered to their consignees, and only five per cent. thus become actual dead letters, *i. e.*, are returned to their writers.

These ninety-five per cent. constitute what are known as "live letters," and their handling is the work of one of the most important of the departments of the Dead Letter Office in Washington, D. C., the presiding

Mrs. Collins, "The Blind Reader"

genius of which is Mrs. Patti Lyle Collins, impersonally known as "the blind reader," from her wonderful ability in deciphering unintelligible addresses and localizing miscalled places.

Daily packages of letters come from the post-offices in each of the large cities to the Dead Letter Office, and are handled first by the clerks, who select those requiring only ordinary attention in the matter of correction, and put aside all others for Mrs. Collins' inspection. These she examines, and in every possible case completes the address, and arranges for the forwarding to the addressee.

Some of the errors are merely matters of incompletion, others are of misspelling, of a wrong association of ideas, or of peculiar and often phonetic spelling. Letters addressed in foreign languages are greatly to be preferred to those addressed in Anglicized Hungarian or Americanized Russian.

A very ordinary error, of which the following is but one of innumerable instances, is the miscalling of Bellevue. An envelope addressed to

Mrs. C. R. Salisbury,
Mount View,
Laramie Co.,
Colorado,

was returned with the stamp, "No such office in State named." Mrs. Collins' extensive knowledge of the likely errors of humanity soon enabled her to forward the letter to its proper address. A letter addressed to

Sanitarium,
Cedir Creek,

was forwarded at a venture to Battle Creek, Michigan, where Mrs. Collins had seen a large sanitarium advertised.

Another example of an incorrectly-addressed letter, which, though marked "In haste," took a longer time in its correction, is the following: It was directed to

Mr. James H. Gibson,
Mason City,
India,

and is originally postmarked Baltimore, Maryland. Although it bore but a two-cent stamp it was sent in the Indian mail, and was stamped with no less than fourteen postmarks before it reached its destination of Mason City, Iowa—Indiana having first been searched for a town of that name.

A pencil-addressed envelope, bearing postmark "Paducah, Ky.," is addressed in an unformed writing to

Miss Dora Flemler,
Tossy Tanner,
Texas.
No. 523 14th St.

Corsicana, Texas, was tried at a venture, and Miss Flemler duly received her epistle.

Another Kentucky citizen addresses, in a bold, clear handwriting, an envelope to

Mr. W. W. Lacy,
Lacy Jane,
Lynne Co.,
Kansas.

It takes something more than ordinary intelligence, surely, to correctly forward this to La Cygne, Kansas.

An example of an incomplete address was found in a letter postmarked New York City, and addressed in a very refined and cultivated hand to

Miss Isabel Marbury,
Care of Mrs. J. D. Sprague,
Stock.

The decidedly local flavor of the names induced Mrs. Collins to suspect Massachusetts of the ownership of this "Stock.," and Stockbridge was successfully ventured upon. Another sample of this kind of error bears the stamp of the "Senate Chamber, Washington," on the envelope, and is directed to

Mrs. A. T. Paddock,
The Washington Cottage,
8th Avenue and Webb St.,
North Asbury.

The spacing of the last line gave Mrs. Collins reason for believing, when the letter came to her for correction, that the address was incomplete, and as there was room upon the envelope for the word Park and the abbreviation N. J. she forwarded it after but short delay. Senator Paddock explained, afterward, that he had been interrupted before he had completed the address, and had forgotten to return to it before mailing.

Another sample of an unfinished address was an envelope, bearing a five-cent stamp, and directed to a lady at

No. 3 Calverley Parade,
Tunbr———

Perhaps the reader has suspected the address to be Tunbridge Wells, England, as the event of its delivery proved.

The peculiar name of the building to which an envelope, addressed to a firm of lawyers, was directed:

The Jerry Rescue Block,
N. Y.,

was recognized by Mrs. Collins, who had once visited in Syracuse, N. Y. The letter was sent to that city and at once delivered to its owner.

A letter sent to an American lady in Paris, France, care of "Credit Lyonnaise," was returned with the curt inscription, "Warsaw, Etats Unis." This was sent by Mrs. Collins to the Postmaster at Warsaw, N. Y., with the query: "Can this letter be delivered from your office?" and was promptly answered in the affirmative.

Deciphered to mean Havre de Grace, Maryland

A letter for Williamsburg, Brooklyn

An example of peculiar, if phonetic spelling, is the following, which requires considerable ingenuity by way of deciphering:

Mr. Werlinty Rutkoski
Cikepu Kornsors
Levynwortch
Co.

Mr. Werlinty Rutkoski, of Kickapoo City, Leavenworth County, Kansas, in due time and thanks to Mrs. Collins' efforts, received the letter which this envelope inclosed.

A number of hieroglyphics reading, as far as decipherable,

Adres Tomie laki
Rokheseer Noiorth
Godman Staye
G Brielenye Ruk
Nort Amerykae
Antony Baruski

was delivered, without further clew, to Antony Baruski, North Goodman Street, Rochester, N. Y.

One of the prize conundrums was an envelope, bearing in the lower left-hand corner the necessary postage, and addressed to

Anton Korkos
Onaston
Kabrisiti
230.

Intended for a party in Rochester, New York

Antony Korkos, at Cambria City, Johnstown, Penn., P. O. Box 230, received the letter through the clever efforts of Mrs. Collins.

Riekzbier
Stiejt Kanedika

was understood correctly to be Roxbury, Connecticut.

Stadell
Mr. Wm. Ernst
Eiernworgs
Newkestl

is intended for Mr. Wm. Ernst, ironworks, New Castle, (State of) Delaware.

Another peculiar specimen of this class was addressed:

Mi. Ilugos Eni
Bruklin
Vilene Bur
Vajt Einna
N'179

which, being interpreted, was:

Mr. Itugos Eni,
No. 179 Washington Ave.,
Williamsburg,
Brooklyn.

Al Signore
Francesco Ceciro
Bere
Avergrasson

was the extraordinary rendering of

Frances Ceciro,
Havre de Grace,
Md.

The wrong association of ideas is often responsible for misaddressed envelopes. One example of this kind was found in a letter addressed to

Niagara,
Pratt Co., Kansas.

As there was no Niagara in the State a certain Saratoga in that county was tried successfully.

Another specimen of this class was found in an envelope addressed to Goose Bay which was intended for Duck Creek.

Considerable ingenuity is often needed to trace out this misapplication of thought, and one of the most interesting of such cases was a letter addressed to the

Rev. M. G. Wells,
Johnstown,
Tenn.

As there is no Johnstown in the list of State post-offices, Mrs. Collins was for a moment in a quandary. Upon reflection, however, she remembered that at Greenville, Tennessee, there used to be a little shop, in front of which hung a sign, "A. Johnson, Tailor," this being the native place and employment of Andrew, afterward President Johnson. The association of Johnson with the town had made of Greenville Johnstown, and

The solution: Cambria City, Johnstown, Pennsylvania

Mr. Wells received his letter after a short delay.

In 1889 the steamship "Oregon," it may be remembered, had the ill-fortune to seek the depths of the sea as an abiding-place, and although a large part of her mail was brought to the surface, it was in such a water-soaked condition that it was deemed impossible to deliver it. By dint of perseverance, the closest application and the aid of powerful magnifying glasses, Mrs. Collins succeeded in reading and deciphering the addresses of the greater part of the letters, and they were speedily forwarded to their destinations. Often even the most powerful magnifying glasses would show nothing more than a few blurred angles, and it was in such cases that Mrs. Collins' peculiar genius found its freest play. Probably no task ever achieved by her was more difficult of accomplishment.

One of the most valuable of the acquirements which are Mrs. Collins' possession, is the knowledge of the city locality of almost every street in this and most other countries. One has but to mention a street to her, with the exception, of course, of those named Broad, High and Market, to have her, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, tell at once the city in which it is. This knowledge has come as the result of her work, and of travel and observation.

One way of writing Kickapoo, Leavenworth County, Kansas

An instance of this occurred a few years since, when a postal addressed simply to a name and street was received at the Dead Letter Office. As there was no indication on its face of either the city, county or State of the addressee, the back was consulted for information as to the addressor. It told the story of a poor old woman in England, who, after having written again and again to the address given her by her son, had taken this means of attracting the attention of the postal officials, hoping that some one would be both sufficiently interested and capable to find means of forwarding it to

Finally delivered to Roxbury, Connecticut

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its destination. Mrs. Collins was the interested and capable "some one." Glancing at the name of the street, she wrote below it, "Augusta, Georgia," and had the great satisfaction of learning later that the mother and son were once more united, and through her instrumentality.

During the *régime* of the last Postmaster-General a letter was received from a woman, also in England, asking that the address of her brother, who had gone to Massachusetts fifteen years before, be sent to her. The only clew to the man was his name and the information that "he was a weaver." Mrs. Collins undertook to send the address. She learned first the location of factories in Massachusetts where weaving was done, investigated in which of these there were Englishmen employed, and finally found the man. His sister's letter was delivered to him, and his address duly forwarded to England by the Post-Office Department. Some time later a letter was received at the Dead Letter Office postmarked Scotland, and addressed simply to the street and number, U. S. A., of the beforementioned weaver. Thanks to Mrs. Collins' remarkable memory, the name, town and State were promptly supplied and the letter forwarded.

An interesting portion of the Dead Letter Office is the room in which an accumulation is made of those articles on which an insufficient amount of postage is paid, or which have been incompletely or wrongly addressed. It is a most heterogeneous collection, ranging in kind from skulls to confectionery, and in value from one cent to one thousand dollars. Sales of these articles are held annually, after they have been held for claim for over two years, and after every effort has been exhausted to find the owners the parcels become matters of public investment. Most of the packages contain articles of too small value to be sold separately, so parcels containing the contents of several packages are made up and sold at an average price of sixty cents each. The attempt is made to have the articles in each package worth that amount. The original wrappers are removed from the parcels, and new ones, on which is written a description of the contents, substituted. This description is also entered in the auctioneer's sales book, and from this description, not from a personal examination, the purchase is made. The sale is held in December, before the holiday season, and continues for about a week. The proceeds, like the money found in unclaimed letters, are delivered to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General for deposit in the United States Treasury.

Unclaimed periodicals are regularly distributed, by order of the Postmaster-General, to the various charitable organizations in the District of Columbia.

A prominent feature of the work of the Foreign Division, and one that commands admiration, is the deciphering and correcting of superscriptions. Frequently foreign correspondents use their own language in writing the names of our post-offices, and letters with such inscriptions as "Cayo Huess" (meaning Key West), and "Baie Verte" (for Green Bay) are found. The geographical divisions of the United States are apparently unknown to the majority of the inhabitants of the countries of other continents, for in a large percentage of the addresses the important matter of State or Territory is omitted. An Italian, writing to a friend here, was apparently under the belief that the Empire State was the whole of this country, for he addressed the letter to Chicago, New York, adding "Dove si trove" (wherever he may be found). From eight hundred to three thousand ordinary foreign letters arrive daily, all of which undergo inspection as to previous treatment, and if worn in transit are officially sealed. If found to be "dead" they are distributed according to country of origin and then returned, with letters of transmittal, to the respective postal administrations.

A little biography of this now world-famous official may be interesting to those who like to find daily proof of the ability of a clever woman to provide for herself without special training. Mrs. Collins was the only child of a wealthy Mississippian, who, appreciating the facile brain of his daughter, gave her exceptional advantages of education. Having a natural talent for, and delight in languages, she was allowed full opportunity, both of instruction and travel, for the development of this faculty. She was married while very young, and after but a short experience of married happiness, was left a widow with three children to support and educate. At about the same time her father died, after suffering severe reverses of fortune, and Mrs. Collins added to her cares by undertaking the support of her invalid mother. To earn and retain a home for these she turned first, as so many of our afterward successful women do, to teaching and to literary work. But finding—as again women are apt to do—that the pecuniary recompense was in lacking proportion to the energy expended, and deciding that there must be work more remunerative elsewhere, Mrs. Collins finally accepted a position in the Post-Office Department, which led speedily to promotion, first to the post of assistant translator and later to her present position.

WHEN THE SPANISH-NEEDLE BLOOMS

By Albert Bigelow Paine

When the sunflowers are a-dying on the hollow and the hill,
And the goldenrod is budding, kind o' waiting like until
Frosty mornings have unfolded all its regimental plumes,
There's a little inter-regnum when the Spanish-needle blooms.

Now the nights are growing chilly, and the mornings cool and calm,
And the days are sweet and sunny, filled with nature's pungent balm;
There's a rare intoxication in those aromatic fumes,
When the sunflower is a-dying and the Spanish-needle blooms.

There's a mist upon the meadow in these dreamy autumn days,
And the world is bathed at evening in an amethystine haze.
There is joy in mere existence that the raptured soul consumes,
When the goldenrod is budding and the Spanish-needle blooms.

Oh, the fallow fields of autumn, they are full of drifting gold,
And 'tis there I seek for treasure like a cavalier of old,
For the jewels of her sunsets—for her casket of perfumes—
For the priceless joy of living when the Spanish-needle blooms.

THE CONDUCT OF A GUEST

By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

It does not require a Solomon to draw up a code of laws for the conduct of a guest. One may say, "It is not a difficult rôle to play," and yet any one who has had the least experience in entertaining knows that one guest may be a kill-joy and another an inspiration.

As almost all matters of etiquette are founded upon a regard for the feelings of others, and the desire to give pleasure by our presence, it should not be beneath our notice to study the conditions of success.

Some one has aptly said that, "Politeness is surface Christianity." One of the most stringent rules of courtesy is promptitude in replying to an invitation. A ready acceptance is flattering, and a regret may be so worded as to convey sincere reluctance on the part of the writer, and yet an opportunity be given to extend the attention to some other friend.

Having accepted an invitation to dine, lunch or visit at a friend's house, to quote a well-known society leader, "Nothing less than your own funeral should prevent your keeping your engagement!" Punctuality is said to be a "royal virtue," and the heads of the nations set the example of the most minute exactitude in that respect, I am told, as a matter of pure courtesy. Nothing is more trying to the tempers of hostess and cook than a belated guest, and no one has the right to sacrifice others to his convenience.

At a large dinner one's paramount duty is, of course, to make one's self agreeable to the persons next whom one is seated, and this may often be done more effectually by being "a good listener" than by the most brilliant conversational gifts on our own part. At a smaller gathering, where conversation is more general, one's hosts will be gratified to have one share with them the responsibility of entertaining their other guests, and will appreciate any such effort on our part. Were selfish enjoyment our only motive we could not better insure it than by trying to give pleasure. Every virtue may become a vice, it is said, if carried beyond proper limits, and a good talker is often tempted to monopolize the conversation, and is then universally considered a nuisance.

Eli Perkins says that, "A bore is a person who insists upon talking of himself—when we want to talk of ourselves." One should not make one's self unduly conspicuous, but where self is forgotten in the effort to promote the pleasure of others good taste is rarely offended.

It is also quite as important to show ourselves responsive to any effort made to entertain us. We should be easily amused, and let it be seen that we have come with the expectation of enjoying ourselves.

If any one seem to be overlooked, or shyly hold back from participation in the general conversation, it is kind to appeal to such a one as though his or her opinion were of interest or value.

If any accident occur, of course a guest sees nothing, but maintains a discreet absent-mindedness.

It is now happily out of fashion to speak a word of adverse criticism of any one in public, and one so transgressing is pronounced "bad form."

If possible, it is better to partake of everything that is passed, or, at least, to take some upon one's plate. A young or inexperienced hostess, observing that her guests decline certain dishes, thinks that she has made an unfortunate selection, unadapted to their tastes, or, if one says by way of apology, "I have already eaten so heartily," she at once reproaches herself with having provided too bountifully, and recalls all that she has heard about the "bad taste" of those who thus err.

Neither let us apologize for our appetite in taking some of everything, since that also implies her too generous provision. The "golden rule" is an unfailing guide.

It is well to improve any occasion of complimenting the delicious or tempting nature of the viands, and an enthusiastic and spontaneous expression of pleasure or admiration at the beauty of the table arrangement, or of any article upon it, does not come with bad grace from a guest, where the feeling be sincere and it be not done in a "gushing" manner.

I have heard it said that such remarks were in bad taste, and appeared as though one were not used to luxurious surroundings. I do not believe they ever gave offense, and such things are treasured by the hostess and recalled with pleasure, while my experience has shown me that those who live most luxuriously have the keenest appreciation of beautiful things elsewhere, and are the most forward to express the pleasure that beauty in any form gives them.

Upon leaving the table a guest is not expected to fold his napkin as, of course, it will not be used again.

If it be necessary to withdraw early, or before the rest of the guests, it should be done as quietly as possible, and the farewell to one's host and hostess unstereotyped and as expressive of pleasure as may be consistent with truth.

In replying to an invitation to spend a few days, or more, at a friend's house it is a common error, if obliged to decline, to suggest some other time when one may be at liberty to accept. Such suggestion is supposed to convey the idea that one cannot resign one's self to the disappointment. It often places a hostess in a most embarrassing position. It would be considered a rudeness to reply thus to an invitation to dinner or luncheon, and yet it would be much simpler to repeat such occasions of entertaining a friend than to plan twice for his reception at one's house for a visit of several days. Regret may be expressed so that it may suggest a desire for a repetition of the invitation, while leaving the hostess free to act according to her wishes or convenience. A prompt reply is especially important in such cases, since the plans of the hostess are contingent upon the answer she receives, and, possibly, those of some of her other friends as well.

A telegram stating the exact time of one's arrival is often a satisfaction to a hostess, even if it has been previously agreed upon. It is an assurance that nothing has occurred to alter the original plan.

It is, of course, superfluous to suggest that a guest is bound by every law of courtesy to conform in everything to the habits of the family as far as possible.

Punctuality at meals, a proposal to withdraw to one's room under the pretext of letter-writing, if it be suspected that the hostess has something to occupy her particularly, or even to relieve her of our continuous society, a readiness to be easily amused or interested—all contribute toward making a welcome guest. An unselfish spirit is always the best guide. The room allotted to visitors is generally a dainty one, and often contains choice articles which require careful use. Often cherished belongings are taken from accustomed places to minister to a guest's comfort or pleasure. A guest will, of course, keep the room in an orderly manner, and handle its pretty accessories with due regard to their delicacy.

Some people seem to think that because they are visitors they need only be the recipients of attention, making little or no effort themselves to be entertaining, while others are the life of the house.

It is one of the unwritten laws of courtesy that a guest shall hold his or her talents, accomplishments or powers of entertaining at the service of the hostess, and be ready with cheerful alacrity, but with no shade of ostentation, to comply with the slightest intimation on her part of her desire for assistance. Every one should be able to make some contribution to the general enjoyment.

I have in mind one bright little woman, for the pleasure of whose visits all her friends contend. She comes like a burst of sunshine, and every member of the family hails her with enthusiasm. She pays a preliminary visit to the confectioner's, remembering the children in the household. She always happens to have with her the last new book of which the world is talking, and her fund of games, riddles and anecdotes is inexhaustible. She never fails to have some fancy-work on hand, upon which she stitches industriously and with intense interest whenever there happens to be a dearth of other occupation, or suddenly remembers an amusing story that she has brought with her to read to us. Best of all, she is ready for anything, and enjoys everything. She is fond of driving, tennis, billiards, cards, round games with the children—nothing comes amiss. She is interested in the little girl's doll, for which she will make "a love of a bonnet," and in the boy's collection of stamps or butterflies, which she admires and wonders over to his heart's content. Every servant is her devoted slave, for she remembers them all by name, has a bright word for each, and her ready thanks alone confer an obligation, so graciously are they spoken. There is a universal protest when the time comes for her to leave us, but she has always made an engagement elsewhere, which we suspect is prearranged, lest she be over-persuaded to "wear her welcome out."

This last idea is to be commended, I think, for a friendly hostess can hardly do less than urge a longer visit when her friends talk of leaving, unless others are expected; and a previous engagement made, so as to be a little elastic, relieves the situation. Such a provisory sort of arrangement enables one to prolong one's visit if it be really desired by all parties, or will serve as a reason for not accepting, if our invitation seem merely prompted by politeness. A bit of sentiment in the form of a "guest book" is sometimes the fad of a hostess. One should welcome any opportunity to give her pleasure.

There is one suggestion that ought not to be needed, and yet is of such importance that it were best, perhaps, not to omit its mention. It is that a guest should hold sacred anything that he or she may have learned of the family life, or of the peculiarities of any member of a household where hospitality has been accepted. A person visiting at different houses cannot be too careful to avoid repeating anything that may reflect in the slightest degree upon his entertainers, or satisfy the ignoble curiosity of one at the expense of another. Such social traitors there have been, but their popularity is usually short-lived, every one rightly judging that nothing secures his immunity from like treatment where no honorable reticence can be counted upon.

The custom of feeing the servants upon one's departure from a friend's house appears to be in questionable taste, but it has become almost universal, and principle must sometimes make concessions to popularity where the matter does not involve a question of serious right and wrong. In England an omission of this custom would be regarded as an evidence either of parsimony or of ignorance, and we are such an imitative race that we eventually follow whatever we know or imagine to be the usages of polite society in the "mother country."

It has always been considered a point of etiquette for a guest, immediately upon returning home, to write a polite and cordial note of thanks to his or her late hostess for the pleasure of the visit.

It is often extremely difficult to be truthful and kind, considerate and sincere, at the same time, but the fusion of these qualities is possible to those whose lives are based upon great principles. Charity leads us to see the best side of those with whom we come in contact. Unselfishness brings to us the pleasure that all feel who try to promote that of others, and courtesy predisposes one to an amiable frame of mind and a readiness to receive enjoyment from whatever is offered us.

If "cleanliness be next to godliness" courtesy cannot be very far removed, since it embraces much of our duty toward our neighbor. It is like oil upon the wheels of life, preventing friction, and is thus a distinct factor in human happiness. If these "three graces" of charity, unselfishness and courtesy accompany a guest the success of the visit will be a foregone conclusion.

THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS

Are ofttimes the girls who can sing or play well. Hundreds of girls cannot, however, afford the cost of a vocal or musical training at the best conservatories. The Ladies' Home Journal has, however, made this possible, by offering to every one of its girl readers a free musical education, entirely at the expense of the magazine. Eighty girls were so educated last season, and how they accomplished their desires is told by themselves in a little book which will be cheerfully sent to any girl who may send for it, by

The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia, Pa.

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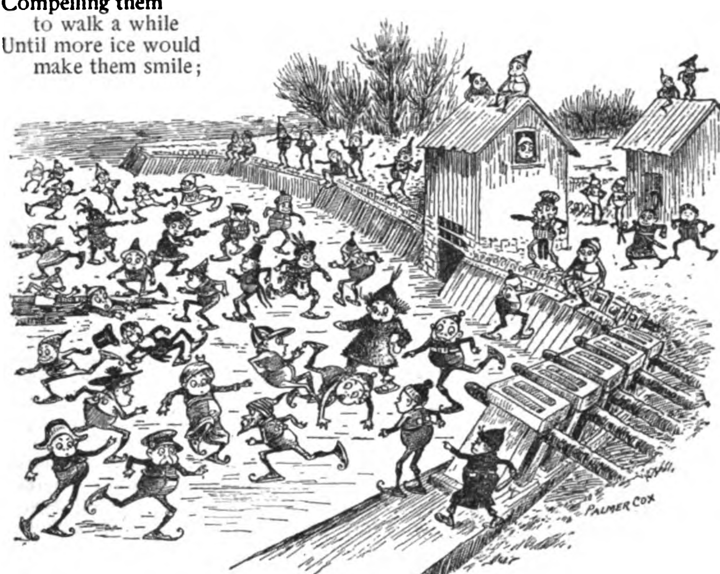
THE BROWNIES 'ROUND THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

IN TWELVE STAGES: TENTH STAGE

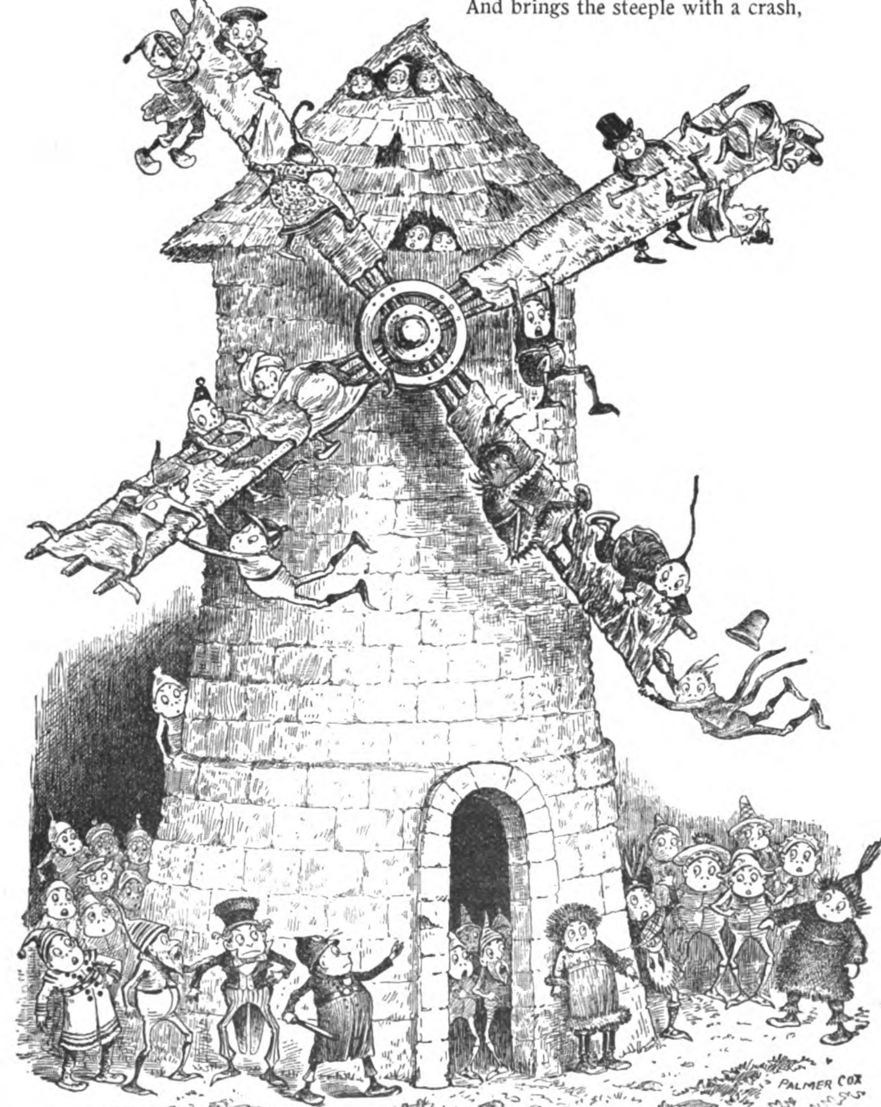
THE BROWNIES IN HOLLAND AND RUSSIA

The winter season
worked around
Before the Brownies
Holland found.
They traveled half way through the land
On skates, a free and happy band.
At times a dyke would be their road,
At times a meadow overflowed,
Then up a river they would train
Until it narrowed to a drain,
Compelling them
to walk a while
Until more ice would
make them smile;



If through a sad mistake a few
Went in the stream, as people do
Who sometimes overestimate
The strength of ice beneath the skate,
Their comrades would not leave them there,
But every risk and danger share,
With willing hand and courage good,
Till every one in safety stood.
While in that country moving round,
Commenting on the sights they found,

Said one: "This turned in days gone by
To grind the farmer's wheat and rye,
But disconnected now with stone,
Or working-gear, it stands alone,
Affording shelter to the mice
When winter coats the land with ice."
At length some daring ones began
To climb the mill, and boldly ran
Upon the roof, then worst of all
Upon the vanes to freely crawl,
Until one-half the Brownies there
Had found a place to perch in air.
'Tis strange, indeed, how storms can rise
As though at once from cloudless skies;
'Tis strange how squalls capsize the boat
Just when it seemed to safest float,
And strange how soon, through groaning trees,
There came that night a sweeping breeze,
And struck with force that ancient mill
That had for
years been
standing still,
Nor turned
a sail nor
made a pound
Of flour for
the people
round.
No one was
more surprised,
no doubt,
In all the
country
thereabout
Than were
those
Brownies,
grave or gay,
Who to the
vanes
had found
their way.
And now
soon learned,
to their regret,
The mill
had life
within it yet.
They had small choice of what to do
As round and round it wildly flew,
They simply had to be content
To travel with it as it went.
It was not just the sort of ride
They would have asked one to provide,
But they were not consulted here
And had no chance to interfere
With the arrangement or the plan,
Or novel race that now they ran.
It did not prove a simple gust,
To bend the grass and hurl the dust,
But such a wind as rends the ash
And brings the steeple with a crash,



They paused to stare with wondering eyes
Upon a windmill large of size.

And though the rust had time to spoil
The journals that now screeched for oil,
As if complaining at the part
They played against all rules of art,
The mill did greater stir display
That hour than in its perfect day,
And had there been some grain inside,
The town would soon have been supplied
With flour from
the smoking stones,
That joined the wheel
with creaks and groans.
But Brownies,
as before was told,
Are not the kind
who lose their hold,
And so through all
their circling trip
But few, if any,
lost their grip,
And even when
the vanes gave out,
As some soon did,
and flew about
In wild career
before the blast,
The Brownies still
were clinging fast,
And though they suffered many a shake
They reached the ground without a break.
Then one remarked: "I think 'tis time
We traveled to some other clime."

On Russian ground
no lengthy stay
The Brownies made
to work or play.
Said one: "If we
had not to go
Across this country,
as you know,
While circling the
terrestrial ball
We'd hardly give the place a call.
From poorest peasant up to peer
There's too much secret plotting here,
Too many mines and bombs concealed
In city, village, road and field,
'Tis hardly safe to touch a brier
Or twig, lest it should wake a fire
That would not leave a foot or hand
Or head intact of all the band.
However dark may be the night
A sentinel will pop in sight,
So we're compelled to hide away
Through hours of night as well as day.
They stand on guard o'er mill and mine
O'er bridges, boats and pipes of wine.
Some stand to guard the ruler's bed,
More watch the baker make his bread,
For fear some poison he might throw
With vengeful hand among the dough;
More watch the chemist while he tries
The coffee that the cook supplies;
The horse is guarded on all sides
On which the Czar at morning rides,
For fear they'd deck it well at night
With cartridges of dynamite
To scatter him around the street
The moment that he takes his seat."
Of Moscow, as they hurried through
The land, the Brownies gained a view.
There on a bridge the wondering band
Before the Kremlin paused to stand
And mark the many-towered pile
That glowed in Oriental style.

Once while they crossed a lonely waste
A pack of wolves the Brownies chased,
For miles and miles, well was their need,
They scampered at their highest speed
Through broken ground of every kind
And still could hear the howls behind,
Now sinking to a muffled wail,
Now rising louder on the gale,
Until the frosty hills around
Gave answer to the awful sound.
But as the pack with bristling hair
And open mouths and fiery glare,
Above a snowy ridge appeared,
A friendly tree the Brownies neared,
For this they ran, and well they might
With half a hundred wolves in sight,
And each prepared to stow away
A breakfast with but small delay;
The hugging, climbing, scratching now,
As each one sought to gain a bough,

Might bring the smile to every face
Had this not been a serious case,
That did in earnest manner plead
For mystic exercise indeed.
If that old tree that long had grown
Upon the frozen plain alone,
Had been designed with special care
To meet the need of Brownies there,
It hardly could have better showed
Its fitness for the lively load.
Through all that night with hungry eyes
The wolves sat glaring at the prize,
In hopes some branch would snap at last
With overweight, or else a blast
Might shake a shower from the tree
And patience would rewarded be.
At length, as night her mantle rent,
The wolves appeared to catch the scent
Of something on a distant hill
That seemed to promise better still,
So in a trice the siege was raised,
And all the Brownies, much amazed,
Descended from the tree in haste
And made away across the waste.

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AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

MY summer vacations always seem to lead me to places where the air is full of the flavor of fairs, bazaars and festivals, and just now I am in the very smoke of the battle. We are all, I think, familiar with the general scope and character of these events. Either some country church gives a fair, or the "Village Improvement Society" discovers that its roads are badly cared for, and it holds a bazaar.

NOW, in a general sense, nothing whatever should be said in criticism of these affairs, but in one particular aspect I think there is room for argument. It is perfectly permissible for the people of a country town or village to wish to improve their churches, roads or what not. Healthy churches and good roads are essential to the smallest community. Pardonable, too, is it that rural communities should ask summer visitors to assist in the strengthening of their institutions. And the visitors from town are always ready to do this so long—and here is the point of criticism—as they are not imposed upon. But, as a rule, they are. And the imposition generally lies in the exorbitant prices asked for trivial articles at these fairs or bazaars. Now, to ask a price in excess of the value of an article sold at a fair is, to my mind, just as much of a robbery as if the excess amount were taken out of the pocket of the buyer. And because it is done in charity's name does not lessen the offense one particle. Some people—and very good people, too—have a mistaken notion that any license is permissible if taken for charity's sake, whereas, as a matter of fact, from no other cause should such license be more strictly eliminated. A reasonable margin of profit on any article, whether sold at a store or at a church fair, is always permissible. Stores are not sustained, nor are fairs held for the sole purpose of enjoyment. But there is a limit to honest profit, and this fact seems to me overlooked by the majority of people in charge of fairs and festivals. A man resents an imposition just as much if practiced at a church fair as in the world of merchandise, and the gravity of the offense on the part of the offender is not a whit lessened by the fact that it is committed for the benefit of church work or charity; in fact, it is heightened by that very fact.

I HAVE repeatedly attended these bazaars in the hope that under different auspices I might find different methods. But I have yet to find an instance where the attempt to perpetrate an imposition was absent. Articles at fairs are, at their very best, as a general rule, poor enough specimens of what they purport to be. Buyers rarely purchase these things because of their intrinsic value: it is more for the cause which they represent. Therefore, if anything, the price should meet the spirit. To charge, as I have been charged, from fifty cents to one dollar for a *boutonnière*, which represented only the cost of picking the flowers out of the fields, is robbery pure and simple. On two different occasions that I distinctly remember where I was asked fifty cents for not five cents' actual worth of flowers, I was laughingly told by the young lady to whom I tendered a bank-note that, "We never give change at this fair, and gentlemen, like yourself, won't insist upon it, we know." It was not enough that I was overcharged, but I must be twice robbed, and this, in each instance, in a church and in the name of charity! Is it any wonder, I ask, that it is so difficult to induce men to attend bazaars and fairs? They know what is in store for them if they attend. They know that the innocent "25 cents admission" represents an exit costing all the way from $10 to $25, in proportion to their good nature and capacity of undergoing the strain of being robbed. I am calling this practice by its proper name, because I think it is time that the great and noble works done for honest charity in this country should not be asked to suffer, as many of them are undoubtedly suffering to-day, from this and other forms of abuse practiced in the name of charity. And I do not believe that the managers of charitable fairs really have an accurate realization of the rapidly-growing aversion on the part of men for these events. If they had this knowledge I think they would apply the remedy without delay before the intolerance becomes too deep-seated.

THESE bazaars and fairs are generally managed by women, and that is why I write of the subject on this page, since the remedy of this system of charitable imposition lies in the hands of women. Nor do I confine my allusions in any sense to the festivals held in summer-time in the country. Similar events in the city during the winter are conducted on no better principles—in fact, I may say they represent even greater transgressions in the way of extortions. It is in no respect creditable to a charitable or religious institution that it allows its steeple or roof to rise above the ground, or widens its works and influence by the means and methods commonly practiced at bazaars or fairs. Nor can I see how any self-respecting woman can willfully place a price upon an article that she knows in her heart represents at least two or three times its honest value. And yet Christian women do these things, as both you and I know—women, in all other respects, upright in every motive. They do it because they believe that the cause in which it is done excuses the action, forgetting the fact that charity, of all things, was never intended to be a tool for dishonest practices. Nothing will bring fairs more quickly into disrepute, among men particularly, as the extortions allowed to be practiced at them. The managers who resent lottery and gambling schemes at fairs quietly blink at the practice of extortionate prices, as if the latter represented a less graver sin.

WHY, when we hold a fair, bazaar or festival, whether we do so in hamlet, town or city, can we not conduct it on honest business principles just as commercial transactions are carried on in the outer world? Precisely as a woman resents an imposition practiced on her in a dry goods house or millinery emporium, so do men, who buy at fairs, object to imposition there. The only difference is that at a fair a man is compelled to submit, while at a store a woman can receive retribution. And there is no meaner nor more contemptible action than to take unfair advantage under the cloak of charity or religion. Any form of good entertainment, of whatever nature, is an honorable means for a worthy end, so long as equal value is given for value received. American men are, by their breeding and nature, charitable, and no nation of men is speedier to come to the relief of the helpless or needy. A good cause will win an American man's interest and sympathies at once, and to the extent possible with him he will respond to a worthy call—more particularly, perhaps, if that call comes from a woman. But many men resent the unfair methods constantly practiced to reach their pocketbooks in the name of charity. Any man will give far more generously when he recognizes that he is approached on fair lines. Nor does he care to receive value when he gives. The average man, when he gives to charity, would rather give outright. But when an equivalent is presented, then he asks and demands that such equivalent be what it purports to be—nothing more, but nothing less.

RECENTLY a method has been developed among certain organizations that promises to accomplish a vast deal of harm to the general cause of charity if it is continued. It is the practice of sending people tickets by mail for balls and entertainments of all kinds, and then, whether they are used or not, rendering an account with a request to "please remit." Last winter this practice was insisted upon until it almost became unbearable except that requests for remittances can be more quickly destroyed by the recipients than they can possibly be written by the senders. One satisfaction to be derived from this matter is that of three entertainments given on this plan in Philadelphia last winter, all were financial failures, in two of the cases the receipts not even paying the expenses of the artists and hall hire. When we arrive at that point in our history where our charities shall be meted out to us we shall reach that stage where fewer charities will be self-supporting. The charity forced upon us is not the charity that will meet with much response. There is enough money in this country to sustain all worthy charities, and the spirit is not wanting. But every fair-minded person will agree, I think, with me when I say that we must be allowed to decide for ourselves to whom we shall give, when we shall give, and what shall be the extent of our charities. Requests for charity are always permissible. If charities were not brought to our attention we should never know of their existence. But let the giving be optional. To force people to give where they do not desire, or more often cannot bestow, is an excess of zeal and judgment.

THERE are some people—good people and well-intentioned I have no doubt—who err greatly in the matter of certain charities in which they are interested. They are apt to be over-zealous, and in their zeal they fail to exercise judgment. That it is a laudable thing to be engaged in charitable work of any kind no one will gainsay. But to be charitable is like being good—you can overdo it. We all know men and women who are so good as to be positively annoying with their goodness. So people can be too zealous in charities. Merchants, constantly besieged to donate goods, feel this pressure. Mrs. —— is a good customer of —— and Company, and the firm does not feel that it can afford to offend Mrs. ——'s request "to donate something." If it stopped with Mrs. —— the thing would not be so bad. But it doesn't. Mrs. —— has prototypes without number, and the larger the house the larger the drain and demand. No merchant can possibly accede to all these demands with any regard for his own interests. And yet he cannot offend Mrs. ——. So he is compelled to resort to falsehood and say "business is bad," "trade is dull," "people pay slowly," and similar business excuses familiar to many ears. And there's where charity makes liars of some men. But these people do not see the harm done.

I THINK that women do not fully realize the strain that is placed upon many of our city merchants during the autumn and winter months by the demands of churches, societies and organizations for contributions to fairs and bazaars of every kind. I call them demands, for in many instances they are that pure and simple. "I wouldn't mind these things so much perhaps," said a merchant to me not long since, "if these societies and churches came to me and sought my charity. But they don't; they simply demand it. I hardly feel I can refuse, and so what is there left for me to do?" I liked the delicate consideration of one woman who told me last autumn: "In all my solicitations for our church I particularly avoid those stores where I am a large dealer. I know, if I go there, they do not like to refuse for fear of a possible loss of custom. That is not the spirit in which a merchant should give, nor a woman should receive. Therefore, I ask others to go to these stores, while I solicit at the places where I am comparatively unknown." This is the true spirit, but how many of our women are so thoughtful? As a rule, the fact that a woman trades with a certain merchant makes her feel at liberty to go to him and seek his aid in her charitable work. There is room in this matter for a great deal of thought at the hands of the many worthy "Ladies' Aid Societies" which flourish in our churches, and under whose auspices the majority of church fairs are given. Solicitations of charity have become in all too many instances nothing more nor less than a mild sort of blackmail. This "stand-up-and-deliver" method practiced upon our merchants should be stopped. Our commercial houses are only individuals after all; for the most part they are willing to contribute to the maintenance of churches and organizations. But they resent being demanded to do so, or being placed in a position where refusal means embarrassment. Business competition is so keen that profits grow smaller each year, and a merchant cannot afford to give away many of his goods. A little consideration on the part of our women will do much in this matter.

WHEN I think of the methods of most of our charities I cannot help feeling sometimes that a goodly portion of them are misdirected, or, if not exactly misdirected, might be turned into channels where they would do more good. It often is a mystery to me that the charitably-inclined have a way of looking at a distance instead of more closely at home. Last winter, for example, we covered ourselves with international glory by sending breadstuffs to the starving in Russia. It was a laudable thing to do; a beautiful thing. Yet I could not help wondering why we did not send some breadstuffs only a few squares away in our cities, where hundreds of families were starving just as well as in Russia. In the same newspaper in which I read of this transport of food to Russia I read of the poverty and starvation in one of our great Western cities. We work ourselves into a frenzy of pity for the suppressed prisoners of Siberia, and hold meetings expressive of our indignation. And yet we overlook the tortures of thousands of young girls going on all around us under the "sweating system" practiced in our great cities. The uneducated and illiterate of the Asiatic islands commanded our sympathies and spare change last winter, and committees were appointed by churches to collect funds to send the means of educational enlightenment to that far-away section of barbaric influences. And yet hundreds of boys and girls were turned away from the evening schools in New York City because of limited accommodations!

THE trouble in our charities is that while many of us are willing to give, only a few are willing to dispense and supervise our own charities. I think if more of us came closer to the heart of the world we would understand its beatings better. We associate charity too often with giving to the very poor, while, in reality, the very poor are ofttimes better provided for than are those who are just a little above this class, and frequently are given and have less. I believe that the moderate poor suffer more in this country than do the abject poor. For the latter we provide institutions of shelter. "But," says some one, "the other class can go there, too." Ah, my friend, how little you know of the world and of adversity. God grant that you may never know what it is to have a certain share of this world's goods, and then have that taken from you. But, if ever you do, you will know better what I mean when I ask more charity for the made-poor. This is a land of reverses, where the family riding in its carriage to-day seeks employment to-morrow. And fault or mistake does not always lie at the bottom of these reverses of fortune. And even where it does God knows that the mother and daughter were the least concerned in it, and yet often, too often, they suffer the most.

IT has always been a dream with me—a dream I hope I may be permitted some day to carry to its realization—to see created a magnificent charity that shall be conducted on strong, capable lines exclusively for the relief and elevation of those brave women who, by some reverse or calamity, find themselves adrift on the cold world. What these women suffer God only knows. The world knows not of them. Their cry rises only to a God whose workings they cannot understand. Their wondering supplications are known only to them and their Creator. Their cry of "How long, how long?" is not heard on the public squares nor the street-corners. Their sobs are stifled, their heart-breaks are felt only by them. They suffer in silence; they cannot speak. The world more often thinks them happy than sad. With thousands of women the gentle pride of birth and breeding is their only possession. Even hunger cannot set that aside! The charities of the world reach them not, and more is the pity. Far keener than the suffering of the very poor is the lot of these, the made-poor of our country. The organized charities of our day are not created for these. They must be reached by individual hands. There are women whose breeding prevents them from asking for a helping hand. But how God-like seems that hand when it is stretched forward to them in true sympathy and assistance.

TO seek and help this class should some charity devote itself. As we prepare our homes this opening autumn for the long winter evenings let us think of this phase of life around us. Let us look around and see whether some one is not hungering for what we have in plenty and could share. It may not always be money; it may, perhaps, be advantages we can bestow, pleasures we can share, sympathy we can extend. Happiness in a darkened life is not always brought by the clink of gold; it ofttimes comes sweeter in the form of a loving message, an invitation to some pleasure, a division of some advantage, a joy which we can impart. A heart bowed down with care is ever susceptible to the smallest attention, the merest thought, the slightest remembrance. The small courtesies of life are often the sweetest.

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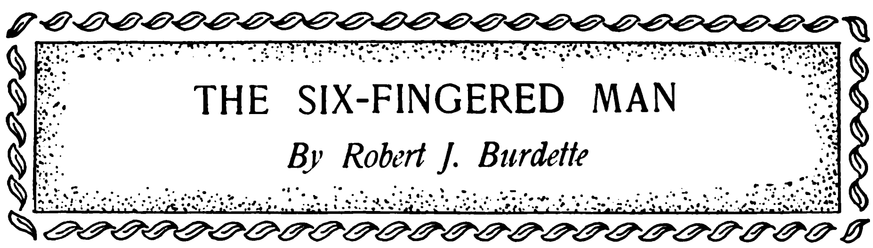

EVERY reader of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has observed the easy and graceful facility with which some people can accomplish the apparently delicate ceremony of the introduction of two strangers to each other by a third stranger. This social phenomena is oftenest seen in public places and on public conveyances. I was recently making a journey across a small portion of this planet, sitting alone by the car window and hoping that nobody had taken the upper flat in my compartment, when a man whose freshness chilled me, seated himself opposite me, threw his feet airily upon the seat beside me, saying in a loud tone and with extravagant hospitality, "Make yourself at home!" He explained to me, as I received his advances with somewhat "cold respect," that a young lady of forty-eight summers was occupying the lower floor of his section, and had appropriated his seat for her baggage-room, while at the same time she had transformed the entire premises into a cold storage apartment. The man said that he had sat amidst her luggage until the cold chills began to run up and down his back, and he had no doubt he was even now on the direct road to an attack of pneumonia. He then went on to inform me, in that easy, confidential, autobiographical turn, that he lived in Kolusa, Tipton County, when he was home; he had been married twice, and had five children—all born to him by his first wife. "Three boys," he said, and remained for a moment or two in silence, when he suddenly looked up and added, "and two girls." You cannot imagine what a load was lifted off my mind when I learned what those remaining children were. You see he hadn't told me, and I felt a little delicate about asking. The man noted the look of interest on my face and went on with his narrative. His first wife was a woman of very despondent temperament; as good a woman, he said, as ever lived, but was always afraid something was going to happen; always worried about the children or something. She was a good mother to the children, too; but then she was never well—always sick with some kind of complaint; get out of bed to-day, well over an attack of one thing, and go back to bed to-morrow with something else. This, the man said, made it almighty hard for him.

HE sighed so deeply at the remembrance of the hard lines through which he had passed that I sympathized with him, in pitiful phrase of murmured condolence, and asked him if this continuous illness seemed to affect his wife any?

Oh, no, he said; not so much as it did him; she appeared to get sort of used to it like; but it was different with him. He had to nurse her a great deal of the time, and that kept him up nights and kept him about the house a good deal during the day, and came mighty nigh breaking him down. People used to wonder how he stood it. His wife didn't seem to realize how hard it was on him, and when he'd speak of hiring a nurse she would say they couldn't afford it, and she'd rather have him, anyhow. I said his was indeed a sorrowful case; that some women were very obtuse about these things; they didn't stop to think, and even when they were dying didn't appear to care how much trouble they made a man. Oh well, he said, he didn't believe his wife was heartless, or if you come to that, really thoughtless about it; she just didn't seem to realize, being a woman, how hard these things are on a man. She didn't try to make it any harder for him than what she could help, but she didn't realize how a sick wife about the house broke into a man's time and kept him away from his business, nor how much of the care of the house she threw upon him. His first wife was a good woman and had been a good mother to his five children, but she never seemed to know what a care she was to him. I felt the tears coming into my eyes as I told him how it warmed my heart to meet a stranger and find him so magnanimous and unselfish; his defense of his dead wife was something beautiful. The man thanked me, and said he liked to do the square thing by everybody. I looked around for that pleasantly suggestive case of surgical instruments, heroic size, which they carry on the cars, labeled "axe, saw, hammer." I could not see it and I suppose they are not furnished the sleeping-cars, on account of the temptation that would present itself to the porter to use them when he wanted to get the passengers out of bed about one hundred and twenty-five miles before reaching their respective stations.

BUT just here another stranger entered the section, rather timidly explaining that he had a mortgage on the sky parlor, which he would like to foreclose as soon as the porter got that far down the docket. The man with the inconsiderate wife who was sick all the time, took my valise from off the seat beside me and welcomed the stranger with a hospitable alacrity. "Sit right down there," he said. "You won't crowd anybody. Let's see; I don't know as I ever see you before. What is your name?"

The stranger said his name was Simpson; Abel Simpson, and he was from Wyalusing.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the martyr, "I'm glad to know you, Mr. Simpson. Let me make you acquainted with—I don't know your name?" he added, with an interrogation torpedo leveled in my direction. I supplied the desired autobiographical data and he completed the introduction: "I want you to know my friend, Mr. Simpson"; then he wanted Mr. Simpson to know his friend, Mr. Me, and then concluded the touching picture of newly-cemented friendships by introducing us both to our mutual friend. "My name is Benton," he said, "Jefferson Benton; just call me Jeff; everybody calls me Jeff——"

And then he took up his parable once more and rattled away, but I don't remember much, if indeed I heard much of anything my new-found old friends said after that. I heard Mr. Simpson promise to call him Jeff, exacting from him, in reciprocity therefor, a pledge to address him evermore as Abe; then, as the third member of this trio of dear old friends who had never seen or heard of one another in their lives before, I signed the agreement to say Jeff and Abe, and in response to their appeal for my own nickname, I basely dissembled, and told Damon and Pythias that there was no good nickname for my Christian name, and Dionysius was too long to be used on anything but a hook and ladder truck, but they might call me "Birdie."

BUT now I was interested only in my old friend, Abe Simpson. And not in what he said, but in what he was; for whom he might be I didn't care a copper. When I grasped the hand of this staunch old friend of mine I was astonished to observe that I had a whole handful of fingers swept within my grasp. I could not help glancing at the honest hand of my good old friend after I had relinquished it, and lo, all my half-awakened suspicions were realized. Here was a man among ten thousand. Among all the friends whom my soul has grappled to itself with hooks of steel by the charm of a three-minute railway introduction, Abe Simpson stands out in vivid relief against the commonplace background of a legion of friends with normal anatomies. He is the only friend I have in all this world who has six fingers on each hand. When Abe Simpson shakes hands with you he does it in no half-hearted, short-fingered way.

NOW, there is a man worth knowing. A man, every inch of him. I looked at him with ever-increasing interest. Here, I thought, is a man with a pedigree. Biddle and Astor and Winthrop, Quaker and Knickerbocker and Puritan may come to this friend of mine with their hats under their arms and ask after his health. For I looked into a book older and truer, and about better people, than Burke's Peerage, and hunted up Abe's family. I found that he had an ancestry older than "the boy preacher." His "gre't-gre't-gre't-grandfather" was a Gittite, a Philistine of the Philistines, and a Goliath by birth. For in the Book—II Samuel, XXI, 20, I read: "And there was yet a battle in Gath, where was a man of great stature, that had on every hand six fingers and on every foot six toes, four and twenty in number; and he also was born to the giant."

Now, the giant was the redoubtable Goliath. Abe Simpson was a good man to his fingers' ends, I judged from his conversation. He had none of the mean, small race-prejudice against the "Chosen People" which is the mark of little souls, although he had sore cause to feel bitterly toward them, because David killed the great Goliath, and Jonathan, a nephew of David, slew this terrible Philistine Sullivan with the multitudinous fingers and toes. But although several times I intentionally and with marked purpose turned the conversation Old Testamentward, and spoke of the past glory of Israel in the field of military achievement, Abe Simpson never once displayed the slightest bitterness; no long-slumbering dream of revenge was awakened in his breast as we calmly discussed the deeds of the puissant David.

HIS forgiving spirit was charming in its modesty, too. He did not flourish his pardon of his family's enemies and conquerors in a printed proclamation, as a king or a president would do; he just said nothing about it. That was noble in him. I fear me if some man slew my grandfather, from whom I had inherited more digits than the famous old lady who wore "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," the extra fingers would cause me to remember my slaughtered grandsire every time I astonished some gentle manicure. I fell to wondering greatly if the more there was of a man the more of a man he was? If that was one reason why great big men as a rule are good natured and big hearted—there are exceptions like John Sullivan, but the exceptions prove the rule. It is the little fellows usually who are quick tempered as terriers and lively as wasps—frequently in the same way of liveliness. If the extra finger does any good in softening the temper and mellowing the disposition I know some men who should be grafted with fingers all the way up their arms.

ABE SIMPSON didn't appear to mind the extra fingers, nor yet to be proud of them. I couldn't see that they were of the least use to him. I noticed that when he thrust his hand into his pocket the extra finger stuck out, and with the thumb sticking out at right angles on the opposite side, gave his hand the appearance of having a hilt to it. When he hung up his overcoat I saw the wrists of a pair of dogskin gloves projecting from a pocket. Straightway I fell to wondering if he had his gloves made to order, or if there were six-fingered people in the world in numbers sufficient to justify the glovers in manufacturing for the trade choice and assorted lines of six-fingered gloves. Which one did he call his "little finger," I wondered? If he were a base-ball pitcher would that auxiliary finger enable him to invent some new inexplicable, cork-screw curve that would baffle the keenest gaze of any but a three-eyed batter? What a "phenomenon" he would be! Why, I thought, oh, why was not my friend, Abe Simpson, born a Paderewski? How much better would it be for a brilliant and gifted pianist to have more fingers and less hair? The chords he could reach and combine, the runs he could make, the birdlike trills and the complicated and intricate passages he could execute to the despair of the five-fingered artists! And then see what an impulse would be given musical thought; there would be published a new work on "six-finger exercises" and we would have "duets for four hands and twenty-four fingers." How many things a man might do if he had but six fingers. He could always have a "finger in the pie" even when there was an additional pie—one more than the average man could compass.

AND yet it occurred to me, as I sat watching my old friend, Abe Simpson (and wishing that I had been his lifelong friend for a quarter of an hour instead of a scant five minutes, that I might feel sufficiently intimate with him to ask him a few of the confidential conundrums with which I was catechizing my own ignorance), that the possession of six fingers would bring with it some disadvantages. Think of having your ears boxed, if you were a child, by a teacher with an extra finger with an additional tingle in it. Think of fighting a boy who could clutch two fingersful more of your hair than you could grip of his. And if your fingers, as the fingers of some people are, were all thumbs, what a burden would be the superfluous thumb. And then there appears to be a singular fatality hanging over the uneasy hand that wears three pairs of fingers. I can think just now of but two eminent six-fingered people in history; one was the son of Goliath, and the other was a woman, beautiful, accomplished, admired—a queen of England, Anne Boleyn. The giant was slain in the prime of his life and Anne Boleyn was beheaded in the bloom of her beauty and womanhood. How much better had it been for these two distinguished children of history had they had each an extra head, rather than a supernumerary finger.

I don't suppose I will ever meet my friend, Abe Simpson, again, when I might have courage to ask him to solve all these problems for me. Jeff Benton I will meet, scores and thousands of times. Isn't that always the way? The man for whose deeds and thoughts and opinions you don't care a copper, whose reminiscences are commonplace to dreariness, meets you at every turn and crossing in life. But the man who is interesting to his fingers' ends is either taciturn as a sphinx, or else talks about anything in the world rather than himself. Oft as I get aboard a railway train or steamboat I will meet my friend, Jeff Benton, with his tireless mouth and slumbering brain, but I have shaken hands with my dear old friend, Abe Simpson, in all human probability, for the last time.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
And a couple of fingers over, good Horatio,
I shall not look upon his like again."

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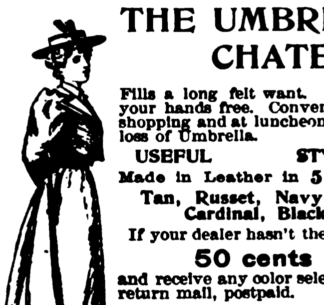

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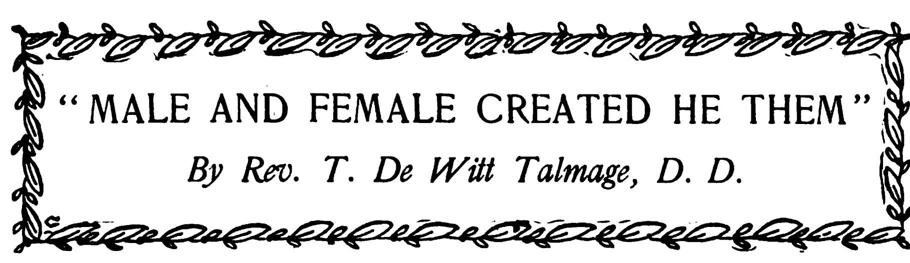
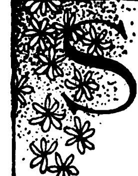


"MALE AND FEMALE CREATED HE THEM"

By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.



SINCE my connection with the editorial staff of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL many letters have come to me from its readers requesting me to devote an article to the question of "Woman's Rights." I have not responded to this desire because I did not feel the importance of the subject. The pressure, however, has continued, and at the suggestion of the editor of the JOURNAL I heed the wishes of my readers.

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THE TWO EMPIRES OF HUMANKIND

TO me all discussions of the subject of "woman's rights" or the "superiority" of man over woman are as tiresome as they are uncalled for. God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work, and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine, so entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word? You come out with your stereotyped remark, the man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau, and Elizabeth Browning, and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was the more capacity to love than in John, the disciple, and Robert MacCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Summerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martin, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled it into two hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of Heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say, "This is the line, and that is the line." My theory is that if a woman wants to vote she ought to vote, and if a man wants to embroider and keep house he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislature how high a brown thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height or depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will finally settle the whole question. When a woman is prepared to preach she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her.

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WOMEN WHO INJURE THEIR SEX

I KNOW there are women of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own, or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights, and we know very well that they, themselves, are fit neither to vote nor to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, nor to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. The best rights that woman can own she already has in her possession. Her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation. The grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot-box, and the congressional assemblage, and the legislative hall.

THE WOMAN'S BALLOT OF TO-DAY

WOMAN always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him president. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station, who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put, had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship. The right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to me to be a feeble thing. Take your husband for example. He is a Christian man, a man of intelligence. He comes up to the ballot-box and drops in his vote. Right after him comes a drunkard, or a man ignorant of not only what his vote means, but lacking in the capacity to even read the ballot in his hand. He drops his vote and it counteracts that of your husband. His vote means just as much as does that of the man of your home. But if in the quiet of home-life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

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EXISTING RIGHTS; NOT ABSENT WRONGS

MY chief anxiety is not that woman have other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. Take the grand and all-absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever yet disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while; but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in the world. Every man knows as well as I do that this outside world, the business world, is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gougings. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold fidgety. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Oh, my good woman, thank God you have a home, and that in it you may be queen. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Your abode may be of the humblest, but you can, by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in all our great cities—humble, two stories, four plain, unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood, and yet the men who live in them would die rather than surrender them.

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ANGELS OF GOD ABOUT IT

WHY? It is home to each one of these men. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of Heaven are let down to this house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels, as those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. The children may come up after a while and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters to spell out that height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and magnitude, and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E. What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen of such a realm? Why the eagles of Heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say the sun never sets upon the English empire; but on this realm of woman's influence eternity never marks any bound.

QUEEN OF THE HOME

ISABELLA fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema; but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and earth itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities. When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you do not think of Catherine of Russia, nor of Anne of England, nor of Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway—sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to God, whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her, and as she went in all Heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! mother!" Ah! she was the queen.

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HOME ABOVE THE BALLOT-BOX

NOW, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this sort of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen, and common council, and sheriffs, and constables, and mayors, and presidents. To make one grand woman as I have described, how many thousand would you want of those people who go in the round of godlessness, and fashion and dissipation, distorting their body until in their monstrosities they seem to outdo the dromedary and hippopotamus—going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested of the police—their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons, and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life to temporal and eternal damnation? Oh, woman, with the lightning of your soul strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. I have not one word to say against good society, no matter where or in what form it may be found. But let those whose natures crave more sociability than do those of others first see that the society into which they enter is good, the atmosphere pure and clean, the influences elevating, and not degrading. In much of the society of to-day these elements are more conspicuous by their absence than for their presence, and that is why women, and especially mothers, cannot be too careful.

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FROM THIS TO THAT

GOD calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give to God your heart; give to God your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to Him for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth—father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no! Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand, and He will say: "You stood by me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of His hand and the storm will drop; and another wave of His hand and midnight shall break into midnoon; and another wave of His hand and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure-houses of Heaven with robes lustrous, blood-washed and Heaven-glinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel by the Red Sea; and with Deborah, who led the Lord's hosts into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air, and Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle-wounds of the Crimea, you will from the chalice of God drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

T. De Witt Talmage

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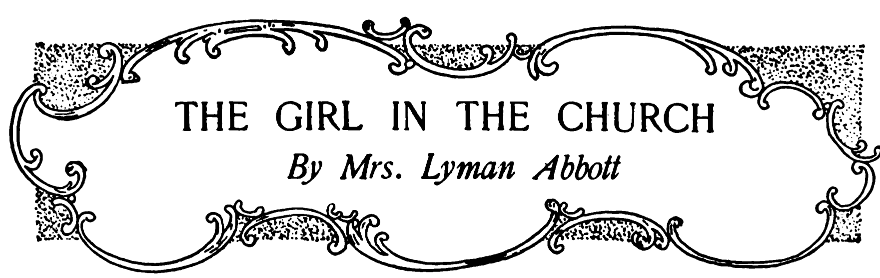

FIRST among all human institutions is the home, and next to it in sacredness and importance is the church. All the qualities which make up a noble, pure and efficient home should find their place in the church. A home in which there is no daughter lacks an element which cannot be otherwise supplied, and a church that is not enriched with the qualities which belong to the young girl is poor indeed. Her hopefulness, her enthusiasm, her honest belief that what she wants to do she can do, make her at once the inspiration and the reliance of the other members of the great church family. It is her voice in the choir which best stirs the congregation to express its devotion in sacred song. There is a ring of joy in it that cannot be gotten from either man or instrument, and which is not lost even when her heart is moved by sorrow, and a tender pathos gives sweetness to her tones. She loves to sing out her gladness and her sadness, and many a soul finds solace in her interpretation of anthem and hymn. It is her face, with the clear, questioning eye, the responsive smile and tear, which helps the preacher, when older and more self-controlled faces give him no response. If sometimes she be listless and even frivolous, when once her attention has been caught and her conscience stirred, she is quick to atone for her heedlessness and ready to acknowledge her fault, and is a most loyal disciple. The Sunday school depends upon her for that elder sisterly teaching and affectionate persuasion which wins the little ones to listen to the gospel message. She becomes the ideal, and her personality is impressed upon her scholars beyond the possibility of measuring. Many a boy is kept from evil because his chivalrous heart has been won by his Sunday-school teacher, and reverence and truth become a part of the child's character, not so much because they are taught, as because they are lived by his heroine.

MAKING THE CHURCH BEAUTIFUL

BUT beyond these more commonly recognized duties there is so much for our young girl to do that one would find it easier to enumerate the few things she cannot do, than the many she can. As in the home her deft fingers add many touches to make the house beautiful, so in the church her fingers, though it be only in the arrangement of a few flowers, or the draping of a curtain, add that indescribable and subtle charm which transforms a cold and forbidding place into one where human hearts are touched by God's goodness as it is expressed in all forms of beauty. What might not be done in the many village churches, and in those barren ones in the far-away country towns, if the girl in the church were permitted or encouraged to freshen and make cheerful the house of God? A building kept closed six days in the week, and warmed and lighted in the very cheapest way, is sure to be damp, or to be stifling with gases and smoke unless more than ordinary care be taken to ventilate and clean it. It is a wise divine law which orders that disuse in most things should be more destructive than use. Open the churches oftener and they will be less worn and shabby in appearance. There are many things which a young girl, if once she set her mind to them, could do to make the assembling of the people for worship and instruction less of a duty and more of a joy. Adornment for the sake of pride is bad, but there can be no reason why the efficiency of the church should be hindered by accumulations of dust and signs of shabbiness. There is absolutely nothing religious in unsightliness.

CARE OF CHURCH BELONGINGS

IN the Episcopal church the care of the altar is often assumed by a group of young girls. They see that it is kept free from dust, that the linen used about it is as pure and white as anything earthly can be, that the church year is observed by appropriate colors on altar and reading desk, that all the silver is in order for use, and is safely put away after service. The same girls, or another group, will provide and arrange flowers for Sunday and other holy days, and after these flowers have added their beauty to the hour of worship will distribute them to the sick or the sorrowing of the parish. Flowers sent in this way carry not only their own cheering loveliness, but a message of sympathy and comfort from the church to those who may be in sore need.

Under certain conditions many of these same services in the Roman Catholic church may be rendered by young girls, but greater sacredness surrounds the altar there than in Protestant communions, and handling the consecrated vessels and dressing the altar are attended with more careful supervision, and are largely done, as well as directed, by persons especially set apart for religious service.

In non-ritualistic churches there is at once less and more for young women to do in the care of the church building and its contents. Flowers, of course and always, it should be their pleasant task to bring to every service; and let not the Sunday school nor the prayer meeting be forgotten. In small towns, where there is no public greenhouse, the home window gardens will furnish enough. One potted plant in blossom, standing in a small jardinière, on which ferns are growing, will be very pleasant to the eyes of the people who come to church on a cold, snowy morning. And then the hymn-books and Bibles which give the church so untidy an appearance! Their raggedness and irregularity, especially in the back pews, often strike the stranger with a provocation to mirth which is decidedly unbecoming to the place. Why not give these books, as well as the Sunday-school library, into the care of a few capable, order-loving young girls, who should bind up the broken backs and smooth out the dog-eared corners, and see that, at least on Sunday morning, the Bibles and hymn-books can stand up straight?

GIRLS AS MINISTERING ANGELS

HOW helpful to a pastor a society of young girls could be, if under his guidance they were accustomed to carry messages of loving thought to the lonely, the sick and the sorrowful! Because this ministry had not been made a definite part of the church work came the need of such an organization as the King's Daughters, and what ought to have strengthened the church has been allowed, perhaps, to weaken it. Unless a minister can bring the "Circles" of King's Daughters to become a recognized department of church work, he may expect to lose a large part of the religious momentum which comes from combined effort. And in many cases this united power can be best secured when the individual worker is under the immediate direction of the pastor. The young worker's service may be saved from ostentation by his tact, and a hint from him of how to do it may make her kindness more welcome to the recipient. A half hour a week spent in reading to an aged saint, whose eyes are fast closing upon the things of this world, and yet whose heart clings with strong affection to the things that have been dear in the time of health and vigor, would give any young girl a rich reward, and she may render many gracious services to hospital inmates by reading and singing to them, and by carrying to them gifts of flowers and fruit, or a trifle of jelly or broth made by her own hand. And beyond ministering to the saints there is much that the young girl may do for those whom we are, perhaps, too ready to call the sinners. The church is more and more learning its true mission. Raphael, Hunt, Hoffman may in one age and another picture the Christ with beckoning arms, with healing touch, with forgiving love, but it is the living church of to-day which must best portray the Redeemer calling, healing, blessing. And in that blessed work our daughters are privileged to have a large share. It is argued that young girls should not be allowed to feel the burden of sorow and sin, but they know it well fictitiously in novel and in play. They shed their tears and indulge their little rages over imaginary victims and villains. It would be far better for them to wipe away a few real drops of grief from the eyes of others, than to shed so many false ones of their own. They fancy they would love martyrdom, because they see it so finely exhibited in stage tragedy, but they would better sacrifice a little of themselves in daily service, than to lay themselves on an unreal altar, and manufacture for themselves a large halo therefor. Their ardent sympathies must not be allowed to burn themselves out in fires kindled for show. The young girl may safely take an hour or two of her weekly holiday to teach in a sewing-school or to lead in wholesome amusement the children whose only other recreation is found in vicious associations on the public street. What more beautiful thing could a young girl of leisure do than to take a kindergartner's training, and carry all the power that she gains by it into some forlorn neighborhood, gathering about her the neglected children, too small for the public school, and too large to be kept in the poor rooms they call home?

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETIES

FORTUNATELY, both for the instructor and the taught, there are now used more scientific methods of teaching sewing in our mission schools than have been practiced for many years. With the art of needlework there is given training in cleanliness, order, precision, and the young teacher finds herself instructed in the very act of instructing others. The children learn gentle manners and politeness; are practiced in singing sweet and uplifting songs, and in many other ways feel the refining influences which the young girl of the church carries with her. In friendly societies, working-girls' clubs and kindred organizations, our young girl, besides having classes in cooking, in dressmaking, millinery and other sorts of handicraft, leads her "less fortunate" sisters from their fascination in the "dime novel" to a real enjoyment of Dickens, Scott and Shakespeare, and gives them an acquaintance with many noble writers of our own and other times. Just now she will find our own country's history a very interesting theme for her "one evening a week" with the girls.

With her natural implement, the needle, our heroine has a large field to cultivate. It will be a labor of love with her to make the fine embroideries which are used about the altar and the reading-desk, to add dainty adornments to the church parlors, the rooms in the parish house, and to memorial rooms in hospitals where she is blessed in having an interest.

Although it commonly belongs to the matrons of the church to take the larger responsibility of preparing and giving out work for the poor, the assistance of the younger women is much to be desired in that work, as it is carried on in "Dorcas and Employment Societies." They are thus trained to take the places which their mothers must soon leave. Our methods of dispensing charity are fast becoming more rational, and the young girl who is to be the leader in future philanthropic work must not only be deft with fingers and self-sacrificing in spirit, but must be sagacious to devise, and wise to direct plans for the truest helpfulness, avoiding all schemes which, under a guise of kindness, are destroying the poor by "pauperizing" them.

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

QUITE in the best line of true philanthropy is the "Penny Provident" plan for inducing small savings. To manage a "station" of this order would be beautiful work for a young girl who likes to deal with precise things. Among the members of a friendly society, a working-girls' club, or the children of a mission school, the stamp system of accounts is very fascinating, and pennies acquire a value they never had before. The support of a child in some "school" or "home" in foreign lands, especially in India, where childhood is surrounded with such sorrowful conditions; preparing a box of clothing for the family of a missionary who is far away from necessary supplies; making gifts for a Christmas tree to gladden the children in some isolated school among the "poor whites" or the Indians—indeed, as I have said, it is impossible to name the things which are good for the young girl in the church to do. In mission work, whether it be for those around the corner from her own home, or for her far-away sisters in heathen lands, she may find scope for her ingenuity and her industry.

A perfect character can never be found in one human life, but a group in which one contributes patience, another hope; where one suffers and is strong, and another is fervent in spirit; where one is impulsive and eager to act, and another is cautious and prudent; where each brings her gift for the sharing of the others—in such a company of God's children His own perfection finds its fullest expression. For this reason "bands," and "societies," and "guilds" are valuable. Meeting often together, bearing one another's burdens, and sharing one another's joys, they grow together into a fuller, richer life. The sewing done in the missionary meeting is not the most valuable part of the work, and the girl who takes her work home, or associates only with her "set," is impoverishing herself and defrauding others.

And what can I say to the young woman who lives in the midst of all this joyful opportunity without having the best thoughts in her aroused so that she can no longer be satisfied with making herself ready for pleasures, from the fatigue of which she recovers only to prepare for fresh ones? What a caricature of life is such an existence! How utterly forlorn misfortune and bereavement leave a heart stayed on such flimsy supports! But nothing can greatly disturb the real blessedness of a soul set on helping others. This strong staff of service is nowhere more surely found than in some religious organization.

In every form of work in which the Christian church is engaged—and what good work is there in which the church is not engaged?—there is something for the young girl to do. That pastor who knows how to inspire and guide the daughters of his flock is sure to be a good shepherd, and the sons and the parents will follow, if they have not led the way, and the church will become a true family in Christ.

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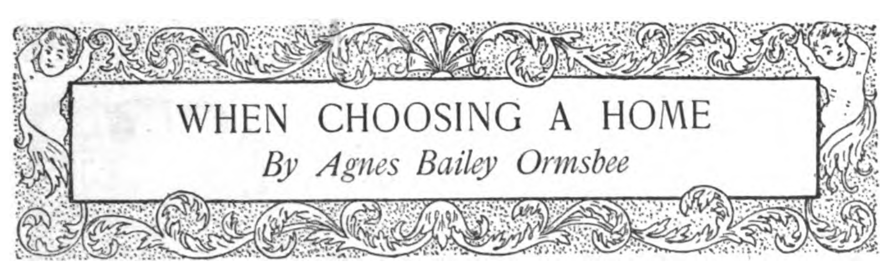

WHEN CHOOSING A HOME

By Agnes Bailey Ormsbee

THE memory of the first home, no matter how simple and unassuming were its appointments or how small its size, clings to its founders throughout their life. The first home was hallowed by that rare happiness when unity in interests and tastes was most assiduously cultivated, when mutual deference each to the other lurked in even the veriest trifles, when time itself seemed to stand still and give leisure for the sympathetic efforts, the trustful talks and brave plans that form so large a part of early wedded life. Aimless nothings, the cynic calls these, but to the founders of a home they are priceless, growing more treasured as the busy years slip by, adding each its share of lustre in the halo that crowns the memory of a happy home. It matters not how prosperous the wedded life become, how cultured, how notable, it is to those first years in an obscure, even meagre home, that the thoughts invariably turn as to a fair picture, its imperfections lost in the golden atmosphere of memory that floods the picture like the haze of Indian summer weather.

The choosing of the first home gives a great opportunity to secure a harmonious setting to the quiet joys of home life. The first point of all to be decided definitely is how much of the family income should be spent for shelter. It is not unusual to leave the settling of this important point to chance, to a pretty house suddenly found, or to the location of friends. No one wants the remembrance of his and her first home to be clouded with bitter or sad memories of financial disaster, and the first step to prevent this is carefully to gauge one's needs by one's income. It would not be possible to say definitely how many dollars ought to be spent, but a rule that is safe is not to use more than one-fourth of the family income for a house. It is better to spend even a lesser amount when it can be done without unwise sacrifices. Having settled the amount to be used for rent or interest, the real cornerstone of a home has been laid.

A HEALTHFUL location is the most important point to be settled, and one that should never be set aside for any reason. Some streets in a village, town or city, by reason of the better condition of the soil, are more healthful than others. Houses built on low, swampy ground are never healthful because the ground is ill-drained; and no architectural beauty of the outward building or fineness of hardwood and tiling in the inner finish can counterbalance damp cellars, which are constant allies to fever, rheumatism and other enemies to good health and good spirits. Some consideration must also be given to the surroundings. While the house in question may be beyond reproach the condition of some neighboring grounds may be such as to make the house unsafe or unpleasant. Houses outside of cities that face either east or west are not only the pleasantest but the most desirable. This is because such a situation is apt to place the majority of the chief living rooms on its sunny sides, thus adding immensely to the comfort and cheerfulness of the people of the house, as well as to their general good health. Detached houses must have some few sunless rooms, but the arrangement should be such that northern rooms need not be hourly occupied during the day. City houses that face the north or south have the longest floods of sunlight. The advantages of either position are about equal, except that the householder who chooses his house on the south side of the street will find it more labor to keep his steps and sidewalk cleared during the winter than his opposite neighbor. The worst location for a city house is to have the southern side a wall of brick and stone, through which the sun cannot stream in winter, and then to have the ordinary summer breezes blow from the same quarter, thus keeping the house cheerless in winter and close in summer. The healthfulness of the location having been thoughtfully considered, the attractiveness of the street itself and the general aspect of the house may assume their proper weight in the scale of choice. Compromise is necessary to every problem, whether political or domestic, and those who search for the ideal house will never find it. They must compromise on one that nearest approaches their ideal, and in this compromise each household has its own idea of what is necessary. The one point that should not be yielded is healthful location. Stately rooms or elaborate carvings may be sacrificed, but not the possibility of sunny, sweet air.

THE inspection of houses is most wearisome business, but one from which few would really care to be exempted. While the general survey of the rooms, their number and size, is the first natural step in looking over a house, it is apt to be given more thought than the sanitary condition, upon which rests more fully the actual comfort of a home than upon anything else. The inspection of plumbing should be thorough. In the first place, look and see if each set bowl, sink, closet and slop-bowl has its own trap. This trap is quickly recognized by its shape, and is of importance because it should be always full of water, to prevent the passage of sewer gas through the escape pipes into the air of the rooms. It is a large pipe, curved like an exaggerated letter "S," and in its lowest point should have a stopper screwed in, through which all sediment and filth that settle there can be removed. Notice if the traps appear to be in good condition, and if the putty or cement, much used for joints to cover the connecting of the traps to the pipes and the pipes to the bowls, is reasonably firm. See if the faucets turn off and on properly. The ventilation pipe is equally as necessary to healthful plumbing as the traps themselves. This should be a large iron pipe, connecting with the sewer pipe in the cellar, and extending up through to the roof of the house. This pipe should be connected with the top of the curve of every trap under set bowl and closet. When water is poured through a trap which has no ventilation pipe the column of water all runs down to the sewer on the principle of the siphon, leaving the trap empty and free for the passage of gas. The admission of air on the top of the curve breaks the suction of water and leaves the trap filled. This water in the trap prevents the passage of gas into the rooms, and the ventilating pipe carries it to the roof. Traps under set bowls are seldom ventilated, but if a large ventilating pipe runs from the main trap under the closet to the roof the danger of sewer gas in rooms is slight. There is a simple test to discover if the traps leak gas. Pour five cents worth of oil of peppermint into the lowest bowl or closet of the house. Close up the room, and if the traps leak in a few minutes the pungent odor will be perceptible in the basins of the upper rooms.

WHEREVER a house is found whose cellar is unventilated and damp, with mouldy fungi on its walls, or if its drawers and closets have tell-tale greenish or grayish white spots, and that musty smell, smelled once always to be remembered, do not live in it.

In country houses, which rarely have modern plumbing, there should be an equally careful investigation of the water supply and drainage. Some idea of the soil in which the well is dug should be gained in order to examine intelligently whether the water is fit to use. Beside this, the disposal of the waste of the household should be keenly investigated, lest this should befoul the water and make unhealthy an otherwise agreeable home. The cistern which generally supplies the water for domestic washing and cleaning should be looked after. This water is not so liable to be impure, but the pipes that carry the water from the roof into the cistern get rickety in their joints and need repairing, lest unexpectedly the cistern "run dry." It is well, when one is acting as inspector, to find out if the pumps actually pump.

THE convenience of a house for carrying on the ordinary work of a household is next in importance to its sanitary condition for satisfactory living. If the means are moderate and the housewife strong and ambitious, she may choose to do her own work. Sufficient closets and cupboards, properly placed and arranged, mean a great saving of both health and strength, and are none the less desirable if there are to be one or many servants. There is neither Christianity nor economy in allowing household work to be heavier than is necessary, even though its execution be by hired hands. While the mistress of a house thinks with pride of her tasteful parlor and cozy library, let her not forget to see to the kitchen.

The convenience of the kitchen for its use is but one part of the consideration which should be exercised. Economy in heating must be thought of, and the requirement of individual houses in carpets, curtains, beds, bric-à-brac and the thousand and one things which are included under the term "furnishings" must be carefully weighed in the scale of choice in accordance with the means and tastes of those who are to make up the family.

IN cities there may be found a peculiar arrangement of houses called English basements. In these the cellar is in the front of the basement, the kitchen in the rear, while the dining-room is at the rear of the first floor, with a small reception-room in front. The main parlor is on the second floor, and the chambers take up the rest of the house. There is a great deal of up and down stairs to such houses, and living in them is uncomfortable and difficult unless at least two servants can be kept. There is also a disadvantage in furnishing them, for it requires more furniture and carpeting for the parlor and reception-room than for one ordinary parlor, and either one or the other is superfluous. City houses where the kitchen, dining-room and pantries are on the same floor are the most desirable. No home is more economical in its first demands upon the purse than the city flat, renting from fifty dollars a month down to twenty dollars. Moderate-sized and cheap flats have many conveniences built into or furnished with them, while the proverbial smallness of the rooms gives ample reason for scanty furniture. Beside this, they are easy to do work in, everything being near at hand and all on one floor. On the other hand, there are many disagreeable things in flat life which it is well to recognize in the start. There is little privacy, because each room opens into another, and in illness or any other emergency that demands absolute quiet it is about impossible to shut off any room. The nearness of neighbors and the combined and varied smells produced by the cooking in so many families are at times almost unbearable. Single flats are more comfortable on this account than double flats, the odors and sounds being proportionately lessened. The janitor service is another source of trouble. It is frequently inadequate, often unpleasant and sometimes dishonest.

The same care in the investigation of plumbing in flats as in houses should be followed as far as possible, while the reasons for sunny rooms are equally potent. The ground flats are the least desirable, and their central rooms, when lighted by an air-shaft, are gloomy, while top floor flats, once you are there, are the lightest and the quietest and have the pleasantest outlook.

APARTMENTS are another means of living in large cities. These usually consist of two or three rooms and a bathroom, the tenants either going to some other house or restaurant for their meals, or patronizing a restaurant established in the same building. To live in such apartments, whose rooms are generally larger than the majority of rooms in flats, is pleasant, and frees the wife from the annoyances and cares of housekeeping. This freedom may sometimes be an advantage, but the division of housekeeping with a public restaurant is alien to real home life. There is a great waste of time consequent upon waiting to be served in a restaurant, and meals are apt to cost double what they would if prepared in a family kitchen. In stormy weather it is not agreeable to go out for meals, and in illness, unless there are arrangements for "light housekeeping," a home in an apartment becomes a dreary mockery. In towns people of modest incomes often establish their Lares and Penates in part of a house. These tenements, in houses built for two families, are usually convenient and fitted with the modern plumbing. If the house was originally intended for one family the arrangement of rooms, closets and the like is not always acceptable. Tenements of this sort are not quite as cheaply heated as flats, and the upper tenement requires the carrying of coal, scuttle by scuttle, up one flight of stairs, as there are never any coal-bins nearer than the woodshed on the ground. But such tenements, with windows on every side, are pleasanter than any city flat and ordinarily far healthier. The chief objections to them lie on social grounds. There is likely to be friction with the other tenant, and all the more so if it is the owner who lives below stairs and rents the upper floor. There is much to annoy both families in the situation, and it does require great tact, especially on the part of the housewives of both families, to steer the domestic barks in such shallow water. The answering of the front door bell—there is often but one—is one source of irritation, and cleaning the walks another.

Select a home, if possible, with the idea of living in it for a length of time. Repeated changes are neither pleasant nor profitable, and the spirit of home life dies out if it be carried too often in moving vans or degraded by imprisonment "in storage."

At last the abiding-place is chosen and the lease is ready to sign. Here again be vigilant. Always read a lease over and see if it is in accord with your understanding of the matter, and with such verbal agreements as may have been entered into. Have any promise of special repairs and all agreements concerning the plumbing and window glass written in the lease. It may not be necessary with some owners to be so explicit, but it is prudent and will save unlooked-for annoyances. Finally, having established yourself in a rented home, try to treat it as if it were your own. Do not drive nails in the walls at random, nor mar the paint, nor gouge the woodwork.

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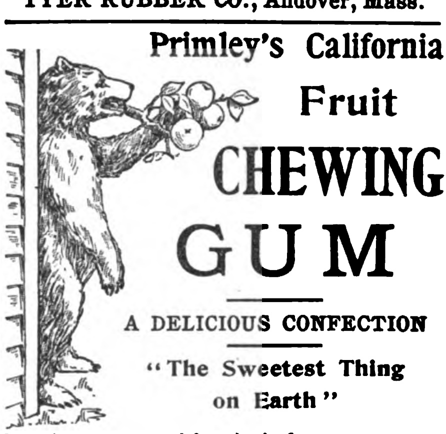

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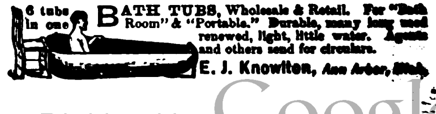

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FURNISHING A MODERATE HOME

By Helen Jay

THE first resolve which the average man and woman should make in furnishing a home should be that they will wait until after their marriage before buying any of their household belongings. The custom of selecting some article of furniture for a bridal gift is becoming so general that the young housewife who is too premature in her purchases is apt to be troubled by unnecessary duplicates. She will never regret, however, following the example of the maidens of Holland who, long before an engagement dawns upon their horizon, begin to fill their "dower chests" with household linen of all kinds. There are also other articles which can be secured with advantage as soon as the home itself is obtained.

AMONG these are window shades. It is always best to have them exactly alike throughout the house. In case of removal they can be used to greater advantage, and the general effect is more satisfactory. Light yellow or buff holland, without fringe, lace or any decoration, are the most durable. Sash curtains are the best substitutes for more costly window hangings, and are a convenient addition to more elaborate draperies. These, too, should for economic reasons be alike throughout the house. There are two materials of which they may be made to advantage, cheese-cloth in its original color and white Swiss muslin. In the first instance narrow ball-fringe is an almost necessary addition. Both of these fabrics launder easily and do not fade nor cast an unpleasant light in the room. If the young wife that is to be wishes to invest in something that will not be given to her on her bridal day, yet the possession of which will add greatly to the comfort of her home, let her lay in a supply of kitchen belongings. Bits of Turkish toweling and crash picked up at bargain counters can be made into cloths and towels for kitchen use, so that when housekeeping becomes an actual fact much loss of time will be avoided.

WHEN the time comes for the householders to take possession of their home it is helpful to bear in mind this paraphrase of an old saying: "The kitchen is the stomach of the house; the bedroom the lungs, the sitting-room the heart and the parlor the brain." The first objective point then is the kitchen or seat of the physical well-being of the household. The average woman commences housekeeping without a maid, therefore she should study the economy of time and labor as well as that of money. In this view of the case an oilcloth on the kitchen floor becomes a justifiable expense. Few women are strong enough to keep a bare floor properly scrubbed, and a carpet absorbing the odors and greases of cooking is an abomination. It is a good plan to buy brown oilcloth for this purpose, as it shows wear less readily than other colors and blends better with the woodwork. To be sure this seems like a little thing, but attention to details is an essential in the harmonious evolution of a home. In buying this oilcloth the housewife's labors will be lessened if enough more is bought to cover the closet floors. Few kitchens are commodious—for this reason a flap table which, when not in use, can be folded up and fastened against the wall, is a positive boon. If not obtainable in the shops one can be easily made by taking a dressmaker's stationary cutting board as a model. The top of this table should be covered with white marble-cloth, and if the closet shelves are covered with the same material they can more easily be kept clean and sweet. Besides this table two chairs are needed for the kitchen. They should be made entirely of wood, as cane seats are treacherous things and repairing them expensive work. Small cooking utensils are kept in better condition if hung. A wide, painted board, made after the model of the small keyracks sold in fancy shops, can be hung by means of picture-hooks fastened in the top edge back of the table. On it small hooks, such as are used by upholsterers, can be screwed in rows. There is no better harbor for knives, spoons and small tinware. Back of the sink should hang the dishpan, soaprack and small scrubbing broom. The ordinary kitchen has two or three closets. It simplifies the work to devote each of these to a definite purpose. For instance, in one place the ironing-board, irons, etc.; in another everything used in baking, and in a third the paraphernalia of the ordinary work.

A VALUABLE addition to the icebox in summer and the best substitute for the same in winter can be made by placing a wide shelf upon iron brackets on the outside wall of the house level with one windowsill. Wire netting should be tacked on three sides, and another shelf or board laid across the top. This upper board should slant after the manner of a roof. The amount of ice saved by this simple contrivance is astonishing. Custom has banished from the modern kitchen one of the best friends of the housewife in our grandmothers' day, and that is the large woodbox shaped like a flat-bottomed fish-basket minus a cover. It will cost but a trifle and will hold enough coal and kindling wood for an entire day. A small shovel hung on one end will save the back and arms of the housewife, who often finds the coal-scuttle a heavy burden. If only one room can be properly equipped for its functions let that room be the kitchen, for if a woman hopes to become a good housekeeper she can succeed only by having suitable means for the learning and practice of her profession.

THE dining-room is next in the order of location, if not in that of importance. In the ordinary house this is apt to be a dark room, therefore yellow furnishings are desirable. Bright in themselves they are the best substitute for sunshine and make a good background for glass and china. Many writers advocate a stained floor for this room, but I beg to differ from accepted oracles. In the first place if properly done it will cost about six dollars, and must be renewed every second year at great inconvenience and added expense. The simple wiping-up, of which we are told, consists in the housewife getting down on her hands and knees and going over every bit of the exposed surface with cloths wet with kerosene and water. This must be done at least once a week. Matting is just as cheap to begin with—needs no renewing and is quite as clean and more easily cared for. Then if the dreaded moving-day comes it can be taken to the new home and made to do duty again, whereas the painted floor must be left behind. In furnishing a house it is well to buy an entire roll of matting, and distribute it between the dining, sitting and bed rooms. Rugs for these rooms can be secured very cheaply if the housewife will follow the example of her grandmother and cut and sew together strips of rags of different colors. By the use of dyes white and even soiled pieces can be made into solid colors for borders or stripes. In every large city there are men who still use the old hand-looms and make the veritable rag-carpets of Colonial days. One pound of rags will make one square yard of carpeting, and the cost of weaving is less than forty cents a yard. Three breadths neatly sewed together with deep bands of solid colors at each end, and a centre in the old hit-and-miss joining, will make an artistic piece of furnishing, and one that will wear better than any but the most expensive rugs. Lace curtains, no matter how cheap they may be to commence with, are always costly in the end. They soil quickly and are not easily laundered by the amateur. No matter how carefully they may be handled three or four washings render them unfit for use unless, of course, they are of the more expensive qualities. Japanese cotton crêpe, on the other hand, lined with cheese-cloth will last for years without fading, and requires no outlay to keep it in good condition. Nothing is prettier for a dining-room than curtains of this material in pale yellow dashed with geometrical designs in black and gilt. In many houses there are cabinets above the mantels, but the absence of one can be atoned for by a curtain to match those at the windows, hung by a small rod, fastened under the frieze, and just escaping the mantel-board. Plates hung upon the walls, with cups and saucers and other bits of china on the mantelpiece, will add the color necessary to the yellow background. Many housewives fail to take advantage of the decorative powers of their table furnishings, and shut in closets articles which, if exposed to view, would add greatly to the beauty of their dining-room.

IN buying furniture for the dining-room, as well as for any other room, it is well to select good wood and avoid cheap gilding and carving. A strong plain oak table and a sideboard made in Colonial style, without any furbelows in the shape of glass or shelves above the wooden top, are the best investments for the shopper of to-day. Such a sideboard combines the good offices of serving-table, buffet, and miniature linen-closet. Four high-backed oak chairs, in addition to the articles mentioned, are all that is necessary for this room.

IN furnishing a bedroom we must remember that we have to do with the lungs of the house and, therefore, must place no obstructions to the entrance of pure fresh air. For this reason curtains may be more properly dispensed with in this room than in any other. The bedstead should be of metal. Very pretty ones are now made of iron enameled in different colors with gilt or brass knobs. The most restful color for the eyes and brain is green. The curtains, if they can be afforded, should be of the Japanese crêpe, which is daintiness itself in this coloring. Besides the bedstead a small chiffonier and a deep chest of drawers, with two chairs are all that will be required, but a washstand and screen to stand before it are desirable additions. Above the chest of drawers a long, narrow mirror can be hung crossways, and you have a serviceable combination of a bureau and dressing-table. It is better judgment to invest in comfortable springs, mattress, pillows and blankets than to fritter money away on painted cologne bottles and elaborate toilet-sets. The coverings of chiffonier, bureau, washstand and bed should be easily laundered, for absolute cleanliness is one of the conditions of restful sleep.

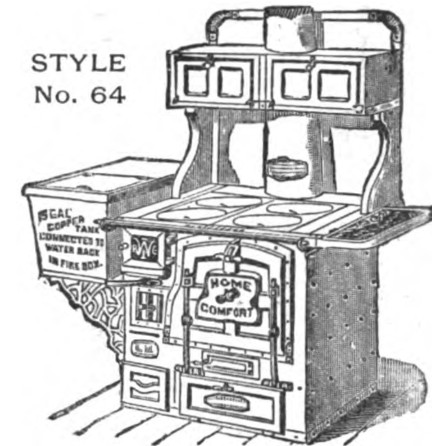
THE sitting-room is the heart of the home, therefore in it must go the family portraits, the sewing-machine and work-basket of the mistress, the desk of the good man, the reading lamp and the stove, if a stove be a necessity. Nothing gives a more homelike air to a room than a centre-table with readable books and magazines upon it. Red is the most durable color for the furnishings. Grass-cloth curtains will be found very satisfactory, with red felt for table-covers. A lounge, which can easily be converted into an extra bed, can be made by buying a cot with a mattress to fit it. The legs should be cut off about three inches and the whole covered with a Bagdad. With easy chairs for Darby and Joan the sitting-room is complete.

THE parlor is the brain of the home and blue the intellectual color. The logical inference is plain but generally no color is more perishable. It is possible, however, to have a blue parlor and yet consider economy. The end may be attained by the use of light blue Japanese cotton crêpe in combination with terra-cotta corduroy or by the friendly services of denim. Curtains can be made of either material at about the same cost, but while the crêpe needs no decoration the denim must be embroidered or the effect will be very dull. This embroidery, however, may be inexpensively done with cotton floss in outline stitch in dull yellow, white or terra-cotta. For the ordinary parlor a carpet is the best floor covering. Body brussels in light coloring and small designs is the wisest choice. A low bookcase made of pine stained with ebony is the best substitute for a cabinet. A curtain like those at the windows protects the books from dust and adds a pretty bit of color to the room. In spite of the beguiling advertisements of furniture houses, which promise an entire parlor suit for seventy dollars, it is more satisfactory to pick up odd pieces here and there. A sofa will be the most expensive article to purchase. A lounge of rattan, with cushions covered either with the denim or corduroy, is easily moved and dusted, and harbors no moth. Two armchairs to match, with one rocking-chair and one small "reception" affair, with a table are all the furniture necessary for such a room. Nothing so beautifies a parlor as an open fire; many, however, consider them an unattainable luxury. The fact is that a small grate costs less than a stove, and that the hottest, cleanest kind of a fire can be made of coke, an entire cauldron of which costs three dollars. It can be bought at any gas-house and will last an entire season, granted, of course, that it is not in constant use. The prettiest hangings between parlor and sitting-room are reed portières. In warm weather they are cool-looking and in winter do not exclude the heat from the adjoining room.

The bathroom floor should be covered with oilcloth, with a rug at the side of the bathtub. The clothes-hamper, towel-rack and a small chair complete the necessary furnishings, but a small wall cabinet for bottles containing medicines will be found a convenient addition to these items. If there is not much closet room a shelf upon iron brackets with a cretonne curtain makes a convenient place in which to keep the best broom and dusters.

IF the home is a small house the lower hall should be covered with oilcloth, and the icebox placed near the kitchen door. The other halls and staircase are most satisfactory when carpeted in light body brussels. An inexpensive substitute for a hat-stand is a bamboo window seat, with a cushion covered with yellow mohair plush. Above this can be hung a long, narrow mirror framed in oak, with brass hooks at the sides. An umbrella-stand in brown glaze, and yellow vestibule curtains will add very much to the completeness of effect. If, on the other hand, the home is a flat, oilcloth is the best hall covering, with a strip of carpet like that on the stairs laid in the centre. The articles I have mentioned can, of course, be added to at pleasure.

HOME COMFORT



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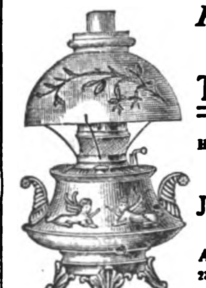

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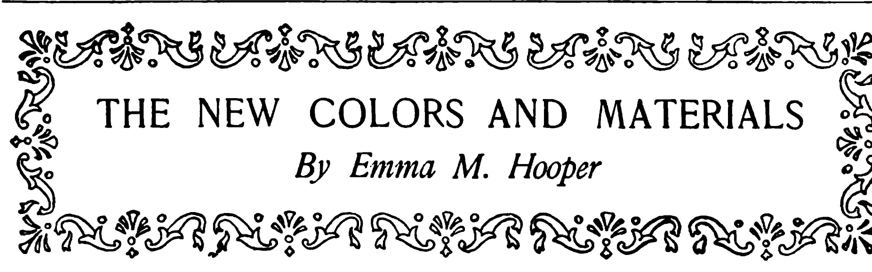

THE NEW COLORS AND MATERIALS

By Emma M. Hooper

As soon as the warm days of August are past inquiries come in regarding the materials and colors for the fall and winter. By this time summer gowns have lost their first freshness. In many portions of our country there seems to be no autumn, and we are obliged to jump from summer fabrics to winter clothes, and the latter are sufficiently attractive this season to urge us to hurry the task of fall and winter dressmaking. Amid the new color-cards prepared for the dry goods trade green stands out as the color of the coming season, then browns, old rose tints, purplish reds, greenish blues and clear red in the order named.

Names for the New Colors

During the season many of the colors are spoken of by name, and as the latter does not often indicate what the shade really is, I subjoin a list of the chief shades and the French names by which they are known: Russe, a dark bluish green; Emeraude, clear emerald green; Mousse, a medium olive; Sphinx, medium grayish or mignonette green, also of the tint known as réséda; Muguet, a very yellow light green; Lagune, a light sea green; Volga, light water green; Serpolet and Caspienne, two yellowish stem greens. Of these Russe, Emeraude, Sphinx, Mousse and Lagune are the taking shades. Among the browns are Vison, a bright golden shade; Tobac, light tobacco tint; Modoré, a medium reddish brown; Marron, a rich and very reddish shade; Sparta, champagne color; Beige, grayish tan, and Castor, a fawnish light brown. The old rose tints are exquisite in tone. The two great novelties in this color are Walkyrie, a bright shade strongly pink, and Sigurd, a dark purplish cast. Then come Diogène, lighter than Sigurd, but with the purple cast; Lotus, a bright old rose; Aubusson, a delicate and more pinkish shade; Bengale, the palest of old rose that is almost a pink. A line of electric or greenish blues shows two favorites: Saphirine, dark greenish blue, and Libellule, a lighter tone of the same. Then follow up the scale, Lumineux, Azurine, Olympia and Loie Fuller, the latter being a greenish sky blue. Azur and Ciel are clear, pale sky or baby blue without the greenish tinge; Alpin, a medium light faded, antique or old shade, and Léman, a paler shade of Alpin. Two new shades that are already shown in made-up costumes in Paris are Giroflée, a bright, rich red, having just a suspicion of terra cotta, and Merisette, a deep brownish old rose without a hint of pink. Of the purple shades there are Ascanio, medium reddish purple; Ophelia and Verveine, lighter and pinker shades of Ascanio; Violetta, very dark reddish purple; Mauve, pinkish lavender; Evêque, bishop's purple, a clear dark tint; Digatale and Lobelia, two light pinkish heliotropes of the peculiar cast called antique or old shades. Henri II, a purplish red; Ribés, reddish pink; Roi, bright crimson; Provins, clear, bright garnet or wine color; Grenate, a yellowish garnet, and Tangara, a clear, dark cardinal red. Yellows are not as well represented as before, though Epis, a light shade; Cérès, a lovely gold, and Mais, a yellow cream, are all fashionable tints. Three grays are shown, Argent, silver gray; Nickel, a darker shade, and Palatine, clear medium gray. Only one white is admitted, Ivoire. Two navy blues claim recognition, Marine and Matelot. But one clear pink ornaments the new card of sixty-six colors, and that is Corail.

Combining the Shades

In combining colors green appears as the all-important factor, as it is the one color that goes with everything. Green and brown, tan, black, gray, purple and even blue will be seen, but when undertaking combinations remember there are shades and shades, and where a yellowish green may jar, a grayish green may harmonize admirably. The new old rose shades will go with brown, gray, green, black and purple, but if not blessed with an eye for harmony in colors, get some one who is, to put such shades together. Golden browns and the light greenish blues look well together, and a dress of the lovely Merisette is Frenchy with a vest—nothing more of it—of the green shade Volga. There are so many sallow complexions that it is well to know that both yellow and old rose shades tend to make one look fairer and clearer. Shades of orange are only becoming to a pale brunette. The greenish blues can be worn by blondes alone.

Novelties in Dress Goods

The basket serge and cord weaves will be first in the fancy of fashionable women. Rough and changeable effects will be good, and sleazy weaves that are heavy in appearance, though light in weight. The Loie Fuller, or striking changeables named after the lights and shades thrown by electricity, and the agile American dancer now in Paris, will undoubtedly have a good run here, though the most exclusive modistes in Paris have already given them up. However, there are more conservative changeables than these, which are sure of popularity here. These are shown in cord or repped goods with contrasting hair lines dividing every cord or cluster of them. Again the ground is shot and the cords plain, or the surface is dotted with tiny spots of a contrasting color or shade. Other goods only show a glimmer of a second color when in movement. Silk and wool dress goods show lines and dots on the plain warp of silk, which gives the material a sheen and lightness of weight that only appears with the admixture of silk. Plain and fancy black goods will be remarkably good this season. Novelties and extreme effects will be high-priced early in the season, but medium-priced materials are opened from October first. The hop-sackings, also called Panama canvas and basket checks, are back again in plain, two-toned and changeable effects. Some very heavy goods are aptly named after the north pole. All apparently heavy goods are soft and light in feeling. Plain and diagonal serges are figured, shaded, cross-barred, striped, dotted and shot. All cords are good that are round, whether they call them reps, bengaline, crystal, poplin, whipcord, épingline, etc. Crépon effects are good in novelties, but not in cheap goods, and pointille—tiny dots—and small broché figures in contrasting colors on silk or wool have met with the buyers' approval. Mixed suitings in rough effects are already being ordered by modistes, who claim that the very fashionable dressers will patronize them well. Bordered goods are in demand in Paris, having returned with the 1830 skirts that are so often trimmed with bands. A new cork-screw weave is called *drap de Paris*. Genuine basket cloth of a firmer weave than hop-sacking ranks with the stylish dress materials, and sail-cloth is another version of the weave. Ladies' cloth appears in over two hundred shades, and of a medium weight for dresses and capes. Storm serge for hard wear will not be ousted in spite of newer fabrics, and now comes in dark green, brown and lead gray, as well as navy and black. Plaids are shown freely in Paris, but were also last spring, when they would not obtain here. Armure grounds are rife in fancies, but in plain goods the serge, reps or hop-sacking weaves reign. In dress goods the craze will undoubtedly be for greens and browns, followed by reddish purples and greenish blues, with old rose, light green and the bright reds for vests, to tone up the deeper colors. Black has taken a decided upward bound of late for second-best gowns.

Novelties in Silk Fabrics

Silks will retain their foremost place for gowns, waists and trimmings. Black silks will be more worn than they have been in years, but in bengaline or satin weaves, as satin duchesse, merveilleux, *satin de Lyon*, satin antique, *peau de soie*, Rhadamés and *poult de soie*, plain and crystal bengalines. Black and colored satin will be especially stylish for trimmings. Fancies in moiré antique are rare and expensive but are to be had; moirés never go out of style in Paris, but rise and fall here too frequently to suit retail or economical buyers. Figured brocades having small designs will be good for house costumes and combinations; this applies only to black, as the fashionable colored silk is of the changeable effect. Heavy black surahs are always in demand, as they wear better than any other medium-priced silk, though the silk of the season has a satin surface. Gros-grain and *failles* are out of the race, though there is a tendency among the manufacturers to revive the latter if they can. Colored satin changeables show two colors only or ombre effects, which shade from deep to light effects across the fabric, sometimes including three or four colors softly blended together. Taffetas and surahs in changeable effects are a craze. They may be shot, in dot or striped effects, small figures or glacé, but two or more colors must show. These fabrics are variously known as iridescent, glacé, luminous, electric, rainbow, Loie Fuller, changeable, incandescent, etc., but all mean the same. Silk vestings for flat vests are of large, corded bengaline, dotted or striped.

Velvets and Velveteens

Velvet for dresses, capes, millinery and trimmings is the fiat of Dame Fashion, which is the more easily obeyed when we remember that velvet enriches all other fabrics and is universally becoming. There are plain, changeable and ombre velvets; also the *miroir* or looking-glass velvet, which has a surface that seems polished, so highly reflective is it. Silk-dotted, corded, silk-striped, bouclé and cross-barred velvets rank with the novelties, but the plain or *miroir* will lead. Do not expect to get a nice velvet under $1.50 to $1.75 in plain, or $2.50 for a changeable, for you will come to grief if you do. Velvet is much higher than two years ago, and there are many poor makes in the market. A good velvet should have a high lustre, even and close pile and not break when folded. When velveteens first came out they were crude to what they are now in colors and finish, though they always wore well. Now they are in exquisite evening shades, as well as in black and all of the medium tints. They are used for dresses, capes, evening cloaks, fancy jackets and trimmings. In using velvet or velveteen see that the pile of each piece of a garment runs the same way, which should be down. The best of velveteen runs from $1.00 per yard, and is twenty-four inches wide, though some qualities commence as low as fifty cents per yard at retail. Velveteens are also used for small boys' suits, men's smoking jackets and a light weight for millinery. Rather than a poor velvet use a good velveteen, but a nice velvet is a beautiful and rich material, and one which will be popular in 1893-94.

Use of Combinations

The economical and extravagant shopper will both wear combinations this season from choice as well as necessity. Velvet will be put with silk and woolen fabrics, as velvet jacket fronts, girdle and bias bands on the skirt, silk vest and draped collar and full puffed sleeves, round waist and skirt in 1830 style of wool, revers on jacket of velvet that may end as flat revers, in a second piece, however, over the shoulders. Again, satin is used in place of velvet, and the vest may be of a shaded satin showing the shades of the woolen gown and satin trimming. Changeable silk trimmings accompany changeable wool, and plain velvet, or changeable velvet and silk will brighten up a plain woolen gown. Fancy sleeveless jackets of velvet will be worn with a changeable silk waist having full sleeves and belt. The skirt may be of a woolen goods in color like the velvet, or black satin skirts will be found stylish to wear with jackets and waists of bright colors. Where a gown is to be made over, or only a small remnant of woolen goods is available, the skirt, a gored or bell shape, is made four yards wide, with two bias bands of velvet or velveteen, each two inches wide at the edge, round waist back, with short Eton jacket fronts, folded belt, deep cuffs, sleeve puffs and revers on fronts of velvet or velveteen; draped collar and vest of bengaline or taffeta silk. Four and a half yards of velveteen, four and a half yards of forty-four-inch goods and a yard of silk are thus used.

The First Fall Gown

By the last of September many women feel that they must have a new dress. It is early for a nice fall suit, perhaps, but they are safe in getting a black wool gown that will be a stand-by for all seasons. Have this of a serge or cord weave, or with a tiny silk figure that brings it among the class of fancies. Pay $1.00 a yard if you expect to get decent wear out of it, and make it up with black satin trimmings, satin duchesse or merveilleux, at $1.25. In buying black goods it pays to get the best that you can possibly afford. Have your skirt four yards wide, an easy-fitting bell, and see that it clears the ground; trim with two bias bands, two inches wide, of the goods piped on each side with satin. Or you may prefer a circular flounce to the knees, with a band at the top and bottom. Have a round waist with short Eton fronts, or a pointed "habit" bodice, if too stout for this, with large Directoire revers of satin reaching to the top of the shoulders and flaring out over the sleeves; folded belt, if a round waist, and draped collar of satin, also a piping on the wrists, and stitch the edges of the satin accessories. Full vest shirred at neck and waist, or all of the fullness may be gathered up in the centre under a bust bow of two pointed ends and a tie-over of bengaline, or changeable silk of a becoming color, bright red, old rose, bright green, greenish blue, yellow or reddish purple being the colors. If black is unbecoming to the wearer have the draped collar of the silk. A tiny cape to match should be lined with the silk, and have a satin ribbon neck ruche. Such a gown may be worn the year round, in the house as well as on the street. It only needs a large black hat of leghorn loaded with feathers, and with a velvet flower under the brim to complete a striking and effective costume.

Editor's Note—Miss Hooper's answers to correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on page 31 of this issue of the Journal.

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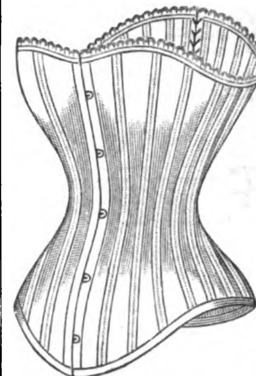

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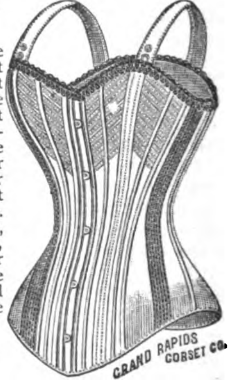

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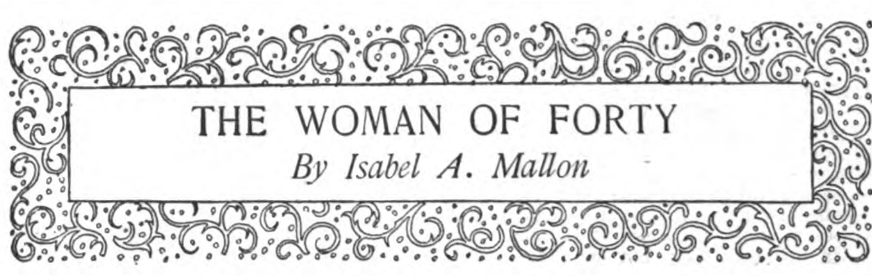

I GENERALLY end my talks about clothes with a tiny sermon, this time I am going to begin with one. The American woman who has passed her first youth seems to have an idea that it is no longer her duty to look well, or to dress well. This idea is particularly prevalent in small places, and I cannot think of one that I consider more absolutely wrong. The woman over forty should look her best—if she has husband and children, for their sakes; if she nas none, then it becomes her duty to look as well as possible for the sake of all the rest of the world. She has the advantage over the younger woman of being matured in mind and body, and it is her privilege, and should be her delight to bring out all the graces she possesses to the best advantage.

Rich materials are at her command, and as experience has taught her when she should use them there is seldom much danger of her being overdressed. The received best dress for the woman past forty was, for a number of years, a very severe black silk one, made without any decoration unless it should be a flat jet trimming. Such a gown as this was calculated to bring out every angle of the thin woman's figure, and every extra pound of flesh that belonged to the stout woman. The trouble was not in the black silk, but in its method of making. Every graceful device of folds and drapery; every soft trimming in the way of velvet or lace belongs to the woman of middle age, and yet, curiously enough, too often she does not seem to value that which is her right and that which will make her look younger and more elegant.

About the Styles

THE average dressmaker who attempts to make a gown for a stout woman makes it as close fitting as possible, as bare of trimming as can be, and nine times out of ten, even if she makes the sleeves full at the top, she fits them in, after the manner of a glove, below the elbow, so that every particle of flesh on the arm is held down, and the hands are made extremely red. The result of a tight-fitting bodice is a red face, consequently the stout woman should not wear one, but instead should select that which, while it fits her well also permits every ounce of flesh to stay in its proper place. Equally unbecoming to her is a tight-fitting skirt, and for that reason one with not only a little fullness around the top, but with a fold or two arranged across the front is advised.

Dress for a Slender Woman

A DRESS for a slender woman who has seen forty-five summers is shown in Illustration No. 1. The material is black silk with a small red figure upon it. The skirt is cut in the usual round fashion—not the exaggerated style—and it is trimmed with seven flounces of silk, rather scantily gathered, and ranged above each other until they reach quite above the knees. The bodice is a smoothly-fitted one of plain black silk with the lower portion made after the coat fashion, the skirts being added to it. It is closed with large black jet buttons, and has for its decoration an Empire cape of black guipure lace which extends far down on the full sleeves. These sleeves are decidedly wide at each wrist, and where they are split open in the outer seam a fan of lace flares from them, and two buttons are on the upper side near the edge. A high collar, really a black ribbon stock, is the neck finish. The bonnet is a very small black felt one, faced with red silk and having just in front, between bows of black lace, a fan arrangement of scarlet silk.

FOR A SLENDER WOMAN (Illus. No. 1)

Gown for a Stout Woman

ILLUSTRATION No. 2 shows what I have seen to be a suitable gown for a stout woman over forty-five. The material used is dark blue cloth, and the skirt, which is rather full, does not have its fullness simply in the flare about the lower part, but shows it extending up at the sides and the back. The decoration consists of five double folds of black satin, which, starting at the bottom and being an inch wide, have about two inches between them. The bodice is a round basque coming just barely below the waist, and having for its finish a double fold of satin like that on the skirt. Down the front is a draped gilet, very soft and full, of black satin, and at each side is a square jacket front of the blue, outlined with black satin, and having tiny black satin buttons in groups of three above the fold. The sleeves are quite full at the top, shaping easily to the arm, and are trimmed with three folds of satin and two sets of the small satin buttons. The bonnet worn is a very small poke of black satin, with two medium-sized blue feathers tied with narrow black satin ribbon, poised just in front, and it has black satin ties. The long coat effect, which on the stout woman brings out her hips in extreme prominence, is avoided by this basque which, although it is short, does not of necessity give a short-waisted look, and as it is round does not bring out any part of the body in special prominence. The finish—that is, the satin fold—being black, is quiet.

FOR A STOUT WOMAN (Illus. No. 2)

In Choosing Materials

THERE has always existed the theory that a stout woman must wear stripes and a thin woman must wear plaids, but this, like a great many theories, has really no solid foundation. Plaids cleverly combined with plain stuffs make most becoming gowns for stout women, and I have seen slender women in that most pronounced stripe, black and white, look extremely well. Very severe materials severely made are not at all becoming to the woman who has passed her first youth. In decorations, no matter how beautiful the flat jet or steel passementerie may be, unless it is combined with a softer stuff it cannot be recommended as a garniture. Lace is essentially suitable to the woman of forty, for it conceals her faults, is rich and elegant looking, and will tend much to soften the face and give a general air of refinement. Velvet is also to be advised as a decoration, but many hanging ribbons, fancy clasps or elaborate belts are out of taste.

The rich brocades that are obtaining for coat bodices, as well as satins and silks that stand alone, are commended.

Suggestions for Thin Women

THE thin woman may make of her slenderness a beauty, by wearing a bodice that tends to make her shoulders look broader and a much-trimmed skirt that gives to her height and presence. About her waist there must be no trimming, so that its natural smallness can be brought out. English and French women realize that at forty, dress begins to play a large part in their appearance, and that it is only when one is very young that the effect of colors, of lines and of combinations require little thought. Properly enough, the young French girl is called "Mademoiselle Mousseline," for the severe simple material that is thought of in connection with her is only suited to extreme youth.

New or bizarre colors are considered the privilege of the extremely young woman. Flaring blues, brilliant greens, glowing pinks or deep yellows seldom look well on a middle-aged woman. She can always wear the rich, deep colors; and that she is being catered to nowadays is shown by the popularity of royal purple, of deep petunia and of the daintiest grays imaginable. Black and white are always in good taste, and the mother of forty-five may, at her daughter's wedding, wear a white brocade when the daughter herself is gowned in white satin. Of course, the great difference is in the making, and where the young girl's bridal gown should be high-necked and long-sleeved and devoid of trimming, her mother's dress may be as elaborate as the modiste's art can imagine and develop.

About Her Waist

THE numerous fancy belts are a great temptation to the woman of forty, but whether she is stout or thin she must avoid them if she wishes to look well dressed. If she is naturally slender one will tend to make her waist look wasp-like, and if she is stout it will seem to have drawn in the flesh just at the waist line at the expense of other portions of her body. In saying fancy belts I do not mean the soft silk or folded ones of any material, but I mean those of leather, canvas, or whatever may be the belt usually chosen by a young woman to wear with a plain cloth get-up.

The stout woman should remember that trimmings carried up to the shoulder, high sleeves and bretelle effects all have a tendency to increase the height, and that should be her aim in dressing.

About Her Bonnets

THE woman of forty-five can always wear a pretty bonnet. It can have upon it a bit of bright color; it may glitter with gold, steel or jet passementerie; it may have a bit of fine lace upon it, and it may be new in its shape, but it must always suggest richness rather than frivolity. Care should be taken to suit the bonnet to one's face, and if one has a long, slender face the bonnet should be arranged to make a soft framing, while if one has a broad, full face the bonnet should be sufficiently large, and its trimming arranged to give a high, rather than a wide effect. Ties should always be worn, even if because of a plump throat they have to be very narrow. Nothing gives a woman quite so ridiculous an air as an unsuitable bonnet fastened on like that which is worn by a girl of seventeen, and with the hair flying all about.

A Few Last Words

THIS has been a little talk to the women who are apt to neglect themselves as far as their personal appearance is concerned. I wonder if they ever think that by being careless they mortify their children? And yet, my dear general woman, this is true. Many a good, kind, loving mother has made her son or her daughter extremely unhappy by appearing not as well dressed, or not as considerate of the ways of the world as her children have a right to expect. We are told in the good book about the respect due to parents, but you and I and that other woman have a right to respect our children, and not to cause them to be mortified by our personal appearance. This may sound a little cruel, but I am sure you will see its truth if you will only remember the times when you have seen your boy's or your girl's face flush because "mother didn't look like other ladies." Will you take my little sermon to heart?

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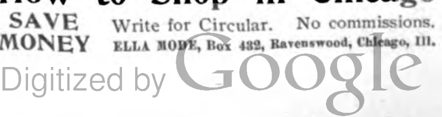

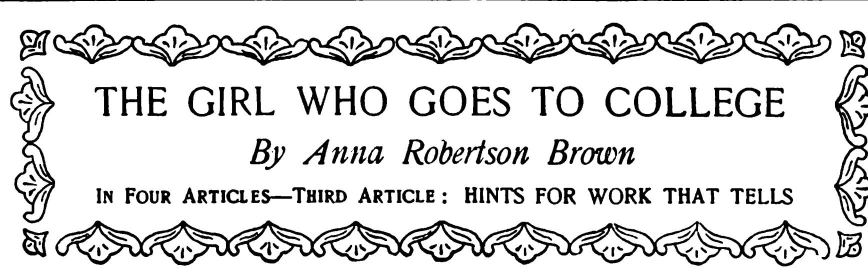

THE GIRL WHO GOES TO COLLEGE

By Anna Robertson Brown

IN FOUR ARTICLES—THIRD ARTICLE: HINTS FOR WORK THAT TELLS

HOW can I make the most of college?" asks every earnest college girl. "How can I do the best and most effective work?" Briefly: Prepare each recitation as if it were your last chance for knowledge. Perhaps it will be, to master that one thing. Hunger for learning, and eat that which is good. Each kind of study needs a different plan of attack. In language dig out roots. Get their primitive force. Afterward it is well to look at the altered meaning of words in special connections, and their literary value. Keep the object of the text in mind; notice what it teaches about life. In French and German learn to speak and write fluently. In science collect facts, mass them, classify them; then practice drawing up your own hypotheses. In mathematics get the logic drill. When reciting, rise, stand straight and speak out clearly, using a quiet, natural tone of voice. Adopt what some one calls "a vigorous attitude toward your audience," that is, the attitude of having something to say which you intend to say in a plain, direct way. If you have nothing to say sit still. Never get up and ramble; that is a theft of other people's time. An honest student who says, "Not prepared," is much more respected than the dissembler who tries to conceal the fact. A teacher can forgive the one; the other is despised.

RECITATIONS AT COLLEGE

CULTIVATE self-possession. Unexpected turns of questioning ought to be a delight, not a bugbear, since they give the thorough student freer play. Cultivate charm of manner in reciting. That is a matter of being unaffected, unconceited, sincere and enthusiastic. Believe in what you have to say. Never assume knowledge which you do not have, but on the other hand, if well-prepared, do not be intimidated nor overawed; be ready to tell what you know. Be modest; be independent, but also hold yourself open to conviction. College is a place in which to grow and to change one's views. Never resent a correction, but find out the truth of it. Never be discouraged by a failure; make each day an advance on the day before. If a point in one day's lesson is obscure get it cleared up before going farther. Do not give it up; pegging at it is what conquers. Make every recitation in which it is possible to do so, tell in some human way. By that I mean, do not recite mechanically; appeal to some noble human emotion or instinct. A grand impromptu speech on Arminius, which I once heard, clings to my memory as no other college talk has done. The one who was speaking believed in Arminius, thought him a hero, and made us all feel the inspiration of her sympathetic appreciation and admiration. If you will follow these very simple hints for reciting you will be surprised yourself at the result, and your work will become invested with true power.

Ask questions. Inadequate teachers do not like that, but the capable teacher always does. Give your whole heart and mind to the recitation of the hour, and come out of the room in a glow.

LECTURES AND NOTE-BOOKS

GO early. Sit where you can see the blackboard and hear the speaker. Have all your writing materials in order; then take full notes. The way to take notes is to listen intently for the outline topics in a lecture, and then to put down the chief thought under each topic, so that your notes, when completed, will be a syllabus of what has been said. Copy all diagrams, charts and schemes put upon the board, and see that your copy is an accurate one. Some girls keep good notes without rewriting, but if you copy the notes you have made put them in a book, and in clear, succinct form. It is always possible to take satisfactory notes from a good lecturer. A good lecturer is one who has taken time to put his thoughts in shape, and who tries to tell of the most important things he knows in the space of one hour. Be quiet in the lecture-room. Do not rustle your paper, tear off sheets and move about in your chair. Get every word of the message you have come to hear, and let other people get it, too.

Write up your notes when the material is fresh in your mind. Take pride in making them an adequate outline of the subject they contain. Label them so that you will not have to hunt through a pile each time you go to class. Glance carefully over your notes before going to recitation, and supplement them by outside reading.

HOW TO USE THE LIBRARY

USE it every day. The power to use a library marks the degree of training one has had—often the culture to which one has attained. Master the practical details of the library—its system of classification and cataloguing, its shelf-arrangement (if you have access to the books), and its general divisions. There are certain departments in a library that one should learn how to handle quickly—subject and author catalogues, bibliographies, dictionaries, encyclopædias and other works of reference. These are the books to be touched and tasted, but not devoured. Learn where they are kept, and do not trouble the librarian when you want them. When you have a few odd moments go down and look over the departments in which you are least interested. College libraries are usually select. Few poor or unnecessary books are included, so that a glance over the shelves gives one at least the titles of the best books in a given direction. This picked-up knowledge often turns out to be invaluable when one is in a hurry to get unusual information. Memory says, "That book you saw by chance last year will help you." Find out what treasures your college library contains in the way of mediæval MSS., old or rare books, fine plates and engravings, letters, historical documents and autographs. Prowl around. That library is the heart of the college; it has more to teach than all the class-rooms, and time invested in it brings very large returns.

RANGE OF READING

DO not have a narrow range of reading. Keep in touch with current literary and scientific matters, by glancing over the tables of contents and the leading articles of the best periodicals. Get out into the full swing of the world's thought by investigating sermons, pamphlets, political orations, music scores, art books, archæology, folk-lore and economics, as well as books bearing upon the direct academic studies. Absorb literature as you do the air you breathe—the greatest works in every language of which you are master. Have only one care: when by chance you get hold of a book, or part of a book, which your instinct tells you is not pure, drop it, and never be ashamed to say that you have done so. It is possible to have a superb literary training without ever having read an evil book. It is wonderful how delicately a healthy, right instinct distinguishes in this direction. And a pure taste once formed, it is impossible to read anything against which it revolts. Of course, in many masterpieces there are objectionable passages. This is apt to be the case in the older writers, and in nearly all mediæval works. But these passing flaws, belonging to ruder times and more outspoken ways, are scarcely noticed. They are very different from the poisonous atmosphere exhaling from some modern books about which a review tells one enough to know that they should be let alone. Above all things discourage in yourself the habit of reading carelessly or aimlessly.

HOW TO READ

IN reading in connection with your work obtain your information as nearly as possible at first hand. If you have a paper to write on Tennyson read a brief biographical sketch of him—for those details one cannot invent—but not another word about him. Read his poems instead, and tell what you yourself think of them. Practice getting the full meaning of a page at a glance, without reading the separate words, and the practical import of a book by a rapid turning of the leaves. Look through many books in this way and make mental jottings of their contents. Eschew, as a rule, all reading which is neither a vital heritage of the ages nor a guide and commentary to present life. Even for recreation I would not read utter trash. Choose a book of dainty humor for amusement, or a thoroughly good novel. In all your reading notice the attitude of the author toward life, particularly toward its most solemn events. If, in your studies, it is necessary to read sarcastic or infidel books, learn to read them without being soured by their bitterness or disturbed by their unbelief. Faith is a good thing to cling to, and sarcasm, says Carlyle "is the language of the devil." Cultivate independent judgment and criticism of what you read. There is only one way that I know of to do this: to read few books about books, to think out your own ideas about every book you read, and to talk it over, if possible, with a thoughtful friend. Ask yourself of each book read: Is it just? Is it true? Is it sincere? Has it a worthy aim? A forcible style? What has it taught me to do, or to do better? Is it worth remembering?

WRITING ESSAYS AT COLLEGE

"I HATE to write essays!" is the cry that goes up from nineteen out of every twenty girls. But essays must be written; all colleges require them. However strictly scientific the subject upon which you write, tell the facts in an interesting way. As for literary papers I would take time to choose a good subject, not taking any one haphazard. Choose a fresh, vigorous, inspiring subject, one about which you know something, and one which you yourself believe in and enjoy. Good essay teachers realize the value of this point, and give a wide range of subjects; unthinking ones take a class of one or two hundred college girls and set a single topic for them all. The one essential thing in essay-writing is to have something worth saying; the next is to say it briefly, forcibly and simply. But where do people get things to say? What fills the hidden cisterns of the mind? Just four things: reading, observation, thought and experiment. Keep an eye on life. Never allow it out of your sight, then it will grow easier to describe its attitudes and phases. Love nature and humanity, and remember eternity. For a subject I would take the most vital thing I knew or cared for in the required line, and then I would say what I could about it in a natural way. Writing for the college magazine is good literary practice. About ways of working, it is a good plan to jot down ideas as they come, to keep a note-book or envelopes of slips, and to make a short outline of one's intended paper. Always begin an essay, by-the-way, in time; that means, the moment you decide upon a subject. The best essays grow. To keep clear of trifling I would consider every subject, so far as possible, in relation to its final significance—its eternal outlook; such earnestness is a source of power. By that I do not mean never to be funny. Humor is a great gift—genuine, kindly humor—not cynicism nor wit that wounds, that jests at sacred things or that says things that are untrue in order to raise a passing laugh. In orations and debates write out with thoroughness what you wish to say, commit it perfectly, and then deliver your argument or oration with dignity, persuasion and fire. Never read; it is ineffective. Scorn every mere trick of oratory; do not rant. Never use a figure of speech that is not necessary to complete or to illustrate the thought; never make a superfluous gesture nor shed a forced tear. Eloquence is just being convinced of the truth and importance of what one has to say, and then saying it simply and impressively. Sincerity and earnestness are the best gifts.

BEHAVIOR DURING MEAL HOURS

THIS is work that tells in a different direction, but it should not be overlooked. Many girls think college meals a bore. The girls at their table are not congenial; to eat takes time from work, and they go through their daily dinners with disdain. Never mind if the others are not congenial; we cannot go through life in cotton wool. Perhaps they have had fewer advantages than you. I think it is the bounden duty of every college girl to be agreeable at table. More than that, charming, fascinating! That means be in time. Do not come down late and make the others wait on you. It means to be daintily dressed, with an air of receiving company, even though the hour be seven A.M.; clean, fresh, hair in order, buttons on, gown brushed and unfrayed, with some simple girlish adornment. Make the hour æsthetic. Take trouble to be entertaining, ready in graceful repartee, or with a bright story or flash of fun. Be quick and thoughtful in the quiet serving of others. If you are by nature silent and slow of speech listen well. No matter how tired you are, or even ill, never say so. Steer clear of all personal remarks, and try never to say an unkind or irritating word.

CLIQUES THAT HELP

AS long as girls exist they will probably be done up, like books, in sets. Just a word about these cliques. The common interests, the freedom in fun, the hearty fellowship and the enthusiastic friendships are the right side of cliques. The wrong side is the cold stare, the quickly-turned shoulder and the disdainful remark to the other girls who are not in that particular set. College cliques gradually resolve into two leading ones, the intellectual and the social. The social set dominates because those whose chief pleasure is to charm and amuse each other make a more homogeneous whole than the independent thinkers who are living and working out separate problems for themselves. The leading clique sets the fashion, moulds public sentiment, and influences the current college tone. Now this power should tell in the right direction. Let this set maintain order and respect to the faculty, not only to those whose brilliant talents command the admiration of all, but also to those equally worthy, whose eccentricities are too often made the subject of unkind jests. Let your set, girls, stand for sympathetic and gracious womanliness, and for whatsoever things are good, and beautiful, and true.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Brown's fourth article, which will appear in the October JOURNAL, will discuss for "The Girl Who Goes to College" the question of "When She Leaves."

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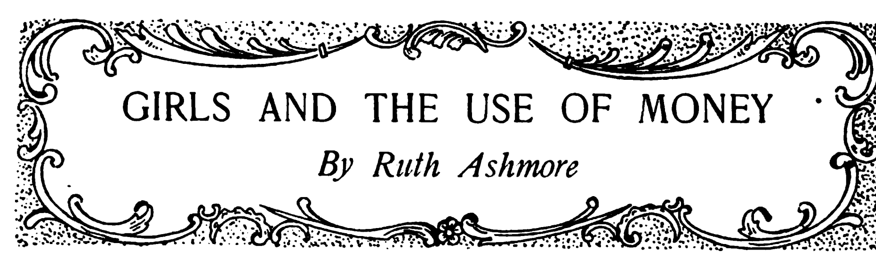

GIRLS AND THE USE OF MONEY

By Ruth Ashmore

I AM moved, my dear girls, to speak to you about money because so many of you sinfully waste it, and so few of you know its absolute value—the value it has, not only in making life easy, but in making kindness possible. Somebody wrote a long time ago, though I see this is claimed by some modern writer, that women get money in three ways—through the dead hands of their kin, through the living ones of their kin, or through their own working ones. I am going to talk to the girl who is my dearest friend, and who gets her money by her hands, or, as the hands and the brain have so much in common, by her wit. She works hard to earn her money; she hasn't learned yet that just as much work may be done easily and quietly as is done excitedly, and if the first method is followed her nerves will not all be unstrung. What has this to do with money, you are asking? I will tell you. Very often it is when we are nervous, excited and tired we throw our money away in foolish things.

A JUST COMPLAINT

THE girl who is earning her money by working says with a sigh, when she buys a hat that is too extravagant or a box of sweets that she doesn't need, "Well, I worked hard enough for this money, I may spend it as I please." That sounds reasonable, but she ought to want to spend it in the right way. She ought to think of the days when possibly sickness will come—then does she want to feel that she hasn't a dollar in the world and that she is being taken care of by people on whom she has no claim? Or there will come a day when everybody else is going for an outing; will she have to decline because she hasn't saved any money? I know she has earned it; I know the fine hat, or the fine gown may be very tempting—but the mere fact that she has given her life—so many hours of it, her strength and her nervous force to get this money, should make her cautious in taking care of it.

"Shall I be mean?" asks a sensitive girl. No, my dear, but I tell you it is just as well to remember the old proverb about being just, before you are generous. There is no generosity in contributing to a floral piece for some dead comrade and owing a bill to your washerwoman; there is no generosity in treating all the girls you know to ice cream and having to catch cold because you haven't a thick flannel petticoat on, the reason being that you have no money to buy one. The girl who is talked of as generous with money, is, I am sorry to say, too often very foolish with it. She is ready, when she has it, to lend it to whoever asks her, to give to whatever is going on, and when it is gone she either suffers from its loss in mortification and tears, or else she herself becomes a borrower. The wise girl is the one who honestly pays her debts, and who tempers generosity with sense.

HOW THE MONEY GOES

JUST a little at a time; five cents more at your luncheon for a cake that was neither digestible nor strengthening; ten cents more for some folly that gave you no pleasure, and a dollar more that your name might be on some subscription list. You went on this list to buy flowers for the dead, or a wedding present for the living, not because you wanted to, but because you were afraid to say no. You didn't like to think that anybody would call you mean. Now it is much meaner to give away money that of right should be put some place else than not to give at all. It goes for a silly frock that is above your station in life. You tell me that it cost you thirty-five dollars; your opportunities for wearing it are very few and far between. Only in the evening after the office is closed, and then only if somebody asks you to go out. So between times it is carefully folded and locked away, and your thirty-five dollars is spent, and for it you are not even getting a percentage of pleasure, while in three months' time your gown will be old-fashioned. Now, if you must spend that thirty-five dollars, it would have been better for you to have added a dollar a week to your board and gotten a larger room with more air, and then you would have had a good interest of better health and better temper.

Somebody once said that women had so little sense they never saved any money until they were past thirty. I don't believe that about my girls, and I am going to urge on them again and again to learn to use their money judiciously; to have a little saving, no matter how small it is, and to keep adding to it all the time.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR MONEY

I DO think that as you earn your money you have a right to spend it, but I also think that as a clear-headed girl you ought to have some thought for the future, and so there should be a little money to take care of you if the people who employ you should fail, or if you should be taken ill. I have seen in some of the big shops of New York how the girls who stood behind the counters put their money into the savings bank, depositing from a penny up to five dollars, according to the amount of wages they received. Each one was saving with an object; some to get their winter dresses, some to have money at Christmas, some to go off for a vacation. Now, my dear girls, I have not a word to say against saving for some object, but first of all arrange the little nest egg for that dim, dark future, which, pray God, may never come to you.

The best way to save is a very old-fashioned way. It is putting the odd pennies, the dimes and the half dimes in the money box, which must not be opened until it is full, and then its contents must be carried to the savings bank and another box started. You will be surprised to see how much you can save in this way. Probably the best illustration I can give you of the possibilities of the savings box is a funny little story about it.

THE STORY OF THE SAVINGS BOX

THIS especial savings box was given as a joke at Christmas time to a woman who had to work for her own living and who had many claims on her. One had to put ten cents in and the box opened when it held ten dollars. After she got home from the gay Christmas tree, she looked at the funny little bank in which there had been put a new ten-cent-piece to start with, and she thought to herself, "I will make this my generosity box; the bank shall give pleasure always to somebody." She would walk home rather than ride for the purpose of saving ten cents that she might drop it in the bank, and her delight at getting ten cents in change ought to have made the giver very happy. Soon the little box opened and ten dollars in dimes was taken out. At the bank they gave her a gold piece for it. She wrapped it up, put it in her purse and said: "It doesn't belong to me, I'll wait and see who ought to have it." Then there was another, and another, and another, until she had four beautiful gold pieces, and all the while she was paying her just debts and this money was somehow saving itself. Then there came the day when the child of some one she knew and loved was dying; poverty was in the house; the undertaker has no respect for that, but the four gold pieces came out, were given to him and the little dead form was laid away, and the bank had done its first generous act. A month afterward there was another ten-dollar-piece. The girl who sat near her every day, who was young, who was pretty and who was going to be married, came to her with her story of woe. She had not money enough to buy her wedding dress. The little gold piece danced as if it were delighted; it came out of the dark purse, bought the pretty stuff, the pretty hat, and there were two pairs of willing hands to do the sewing. When the little bride came down the church aisle her friend laughed to herself, for the sunshine struck her and it looked as if about her head there was a halo of gold pieces. This good little bank has kept up its work, and not a dollar saved in it has done anything for the woman whose delight it is, but it has proved to her, as it ought to you, that even where one hasn't much money it is possible, if one is careful, to be magnificently generous.

ABOUT BORROWING MONEY

THERE is a girl among you who is—I am obliged to say it—dishonest. When the wages she has earned come to her she spends them all and the rest of the week she is borrowing ten cents from you, twenty-five from somebody else, five from somebody else. A girl I know who sits at her desk from eight o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, told me that she had kept an account of the small sums borrowed from her and never returned, and that in four years they had amounted to sixty-five dollars. The chronic borrower, that is, the one who only abuses money and never realizes what it represents, is, to my way of thinking, undesirable even as an acquaintance. She loses all sense of moral obligation and concludes that she has a right to demand of you what she will. The best thing to do is to neither borrow nor lend. Yet you say, "Sha'n't I stand by a friend in trouble?" Certainly, my dear girl, but the friend in trouble is not apt to be the chronic borrower.

THE USE OF MONEY

MONEY is of use to feed and clothe you as comfortably as possible, to keep you well and to make you happy. It is of no use if it is spent before it is earned, or if it is thrown away on nonsense. I wish the girl who works understood the economies of life as well as does the girl whose money is given to her and who doesn't gain it by labor of any sort. She doesn't throw away her money buying first this book and then that—books which serve for an hour's entertainment and are then cast aside; no, she buys a ticket in a library and then she can get all the books she wants. She doesn't want every overtrimmed hat and elaborate gown that she sees, for her mind is educated to the knowledge that certain things are not suitable for certain times, and that her gowns and hats must be chosen with reference to her surroundings. She doesn't spend her money on ridiculous pastry, but she eats wholesome food that is going to add to her strength and give her health. At the largest restaurant in conjunction with a big store here in New York, I looked at the piles of cream puffs, the slices of pie and the meringues, and I said to the caterer, "Why do you furnish so many of these?" and he said, "Because these are what the girls want, and they are the things they will give their money for, while a nice piece of bread and butter and meat would be cheaper, and a bowl of soup or a glass of milk cost less." Now I want my girls who are working to think about this. They are not using their money well when they spend it so that it ruins their health and weakens their bodies. A slice of bread and butter, a bit of cold beef and a glass of milk, or a bowl of soup and a piece of bread and butter, taken for your luncheon will do more to make you earn more money, by making you stronger and more capable, than all the meringues and cream puffs that were ever created. You look a little pitifully at me and ask, "Sha'n't I ever have some sweets? I like them." Well, yes, once in a while, but just remember that you are a worker, and that you have got to feed your body and your brain so that they will stand by you when you most require them. It makes me heartsick to see how some of you use your money on these foolish things that do not satisfy hunger, and which, after they have been eaten a sufficiently long time, make you look pale, pasty and positively ugly, because Nemesis invariably follows in the form of dyspepsia.

A FEW LAST WORDS

I AM afraid, my dear girls, that this is all very prosaic, but that you earn much money and throw much of it away in a most foolish manner is unfortunately true. Facts are stubborn things, and you and I, who have to face life's actualities, cannot afford to ignore them. I am anxious for you to learn to use your money wisely; to get from your earnings the greatest possible comfort, and to be able from them to be first just, and then generous. I would like to think of you as good financiers; those people who know what each cent is worth and who dispose of it to the greatest advantage. I don't want you to be what is called stingy, but I want you to be honest. It is something that mothers seldom teach their daughters, for, as we all know, in the past comparatively few girls were earning money, and even fewer had to take care of themselves; but the times have changed, and now as you get your wages I want you to think out how it is all to be disposed of. You may be as philanthropic as you can, as generous as you care to be, but even if you only wish to make a business success of life you must be honest. You want to be honest in the work you give your employer so that your wages are earned honestly, and once earned you want to spend them honestly. You want to make, as was written years ago, the stealing of your purse mere trash, but the taking of your good name a crime before the law. It is the great virtue of the business world, is honesty, and to us who are in it it must be worn like a jewel, so perfect in its color that no man dare question its reality. Will you assume it?

A GIRL'S GREATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 29 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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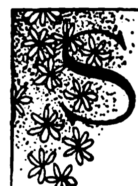
HEART TO HEART TALKS



SINCE we last had our cozy little time together in this corner a new experience has come to me—an experience I have not had for many years. I am now a housekeeper. I live in my own hired house. So all that are housekeepers will feel that I sympathize with them. I have just passed through the experience of moving. I have a mind to tell you how I am enjoying some old pictures I have not seen in many years. They have been packed up. I cannot tell you how I felt when I saw them—it was like touching vanished hands, for almost all my household goods were gifts from friends, and as one gift after another was taken out—oh, the memories that thronged! The pictures that used to adorn my parlors had to go up-stairs to be hung in the library or in my own room. Some of them did not look as fresh as they once looked, but I draped them with soft drapery and tried to hide the ravages of time, and they seemed to be so contented to be with me.

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THE NEW HOME

ALL the time I was furnishing this house the words "thoroughly furnished" were constantly in my mind. The great St. Paul said: "Whose house are we?" and then in another place you find an exhortation to be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works." So I put them together—"Whose house are we?—thoroughly furnished."

And I kept saying to myself: "Now, what good will it be if I have a nice house thoroughly furnished, if I am bare?" And so all the new furniture was very suggestive of new desires—new love, new hope; for all this is heart furniture. Then I thought in regard to this hired house of what Emerson said, that the ornaments of a house are the people who visit it, and so I assure you I am not without lovely ornaments. I like a house that likes to have company, that seems to say: "Do sit down and stay a little while." There are houses that do not look as hospitable as they might. They are grand, but somehow you do not care to stay, and they do not look as though they wanted you to stay. I am sorry for those houses.

Before we could get the parlor "fixed" (the furniture had not come) I had palms, and ferns, and flowers moved in because the carpets were down, and I wanted the rooms to have a living look, and they gave it that look. How well I remember old houses in the past, where I did not have such furniture as I have to-day, but I always felt I could make up with the joy vines, and so I had the joy twined around old pictures, and would make the rooms look pretty with what could grow. Habits of a lifetime cling to you, so in place of joy (though I have joy growing in the same room where I write to you—my pretty workshop, as I call it) I have palms. So many of you write to me wishing you could see me, I thought you might like to know something of my surroundings, and you can imagine me writing to you not in an office, but in the quiet of a pleasant home.

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THE LOSS OF GIFTS

DURING the time of getting settled I missed something that was valuable to me and so instituted a search. When I felt so badly because I could not find it, I said: "It is so hard to lose a gift." In that moment the thought came to me how God must feel when He sustains the loss of our faith or our hope. I know we only think of ourselves and say: "I have lost my patience," or "I have lost my faith," or "I used to be hopeful, but I have lost my hope"; but would it not be well for us to think how God feels at the loss of His gifts? Ought we not to say: "Oh, He shall not see me careless of His gifts; He shall not sustain the loss of my faith and hope; I will search and find it again"? I remember years ago that when I lost anything, the way I helped myself was by repeating:

"It is not losing much
That is not losing Thee!
Who art as present in the strife
As in the victory."

DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED

ONE writes me and signs herself "A Sinner," and asks me what she shall do. I had just read such a lovely prayer by a little girl in a heathen land: "Jesus, I thank Thee that my sins are all drowned in the River of Life!" I am so glad they can be all drowned. I once heard a minister say that that sea gives not up its dead. I think so many are troubled about their past life—their past sins. I was greatly helped one day by reading this sentence from Phillips Brooks: "The only way to get rid of a past is by getting a future out of it. I am sure it would help us if we could only see that often sin is a perversion of good; that, as is so often the case, the very sin came from a part of our nature that God made: a sense of justice, strong affections or something that, if only turned in the right direction, would have made us whole. Do not think there is no good in you; there is, or there would be nothing to appeal to." If the one who signed herself "A Sinner" could have seen me after I read her letter! She made me think so much of the way I felt when younger than herself. I, too, was afraid; but, my dear child, God is love. Come to Him as you would to a mother. Why He loves us so He has sent His own Son to find us. No one could be so sorry for us as God. I imagine you in your homes as you describe them to me, and I often wish I could see you and talk with you, and then I remember there is One who loves you so much more, and He is with you. I felt very much for one young girl who is so tired of housework, who says her life is so monotonous, and there is nothing but work for her. How glad I am that she takes the JOURNAL, for that does come once a month and brings so much that is bright to the lonely country girl. As I read of the life of this young girl, to whom the work has become so distasteful, I thought of what a wonderful transformer love is, and the workshop so uncongenial looks so different if the work is done out of love for some one who has our whole hearts. While thinking of this I opened another letter, which told me of a Circle called "Willing Hands," and the writer wished me to send a line to the Circle, and all I could think of was:

"Take my hands and let them be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee!"

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CHRIST'S HUMANITY

THEN I went back in imagination to another correspondent—a discouraged, dissatisfied country girl—and I wondered if she might not ask that she really come to love Christ in such a human way (for He is always human, and tries so hard to get close to us), and then I thought how she would wash the dishes and do all the other housework with the spring that love gives to our very feet and hands! If you would always remember that there is One who loves you, who will never be discouraged with you. Only think of having a friend that you cannot discourage, and it is written, "He shall not be discouraged." You see that is the reason that He can bear all He has to bear with this sinful world. He sees something we do not see. Why even I thought of the good time coming when that young girl wrote: "My life is so monotonous, I am so tired of it." I knew it would not be so always, and I knew that how, in the midst of it all, an inner life could come that would change the outer life, and that is the meaning of the watchword of our Order of the King's Daughters. In His name—doing the old duties for His dear sake, for His own approbation. But, you say, is He interested in washing dishes and all the drudgery of household work? I answer, "He is interested in all that pleases you, in all that tires you; He is interested in the formation and growth of your character, and the same priceless thing is made through all the drudgery of every-day life."

He who was willing to paint His great truths with such simple pictures as the woman leavening the meal; the sower casting his seed into the earth; He it is who knows how hard you have to work and how irksome is its drudgery sometimes; He it is who bids you, even there, come day by day to a fuller knowledge of Him and His love which casts out discouragement.

PEOPLE WHO ARE ANTAGONISTIC

I HATE him because he says such disagreeable things to me. Are they true? They may be or they may not be. I wonder if we see how much of this spirit we have without giving expression to it. Now there is no doubt but some people are what we may call antagonistic to us; they always bring a depressing atmosphere with them. They say things that hurt us. Perhaps if we should look carefully into the matter they wound our vanity—our self-love. They are sure to tell us something we do not wish to hear. They criticise us, and we feel we are appearing to the worst advantage, and I think as I said, there is more of the feeling "I hate him" than we are conscious of, and it is far more difficult to deal with than the consciousness that some one hates us. Now you may say: "How can I help my dislikes? You do not expect me to like everybody?" Of course, not with a complacent love, but it must be a love of pity. We are told to love our neighbors as ourselves, and you know if you are disagreeable you somehow find an excuse for it, and though provoked at yourself you are glad to find others who are not half as hard on you as you are on yourself. But I think this disposition to hate anybody will have to be taken from us. Fenelon says it is only perfection that can bear with imperfection. If we were more like God we should bear. He suffereth long and is kind. He never hates us—He only hates evil, not people. Now hate is a very good thing if we only put it in the right place. Ye that love the Lord hate evil. Hate the sin, but love the sinner. Now will you not, who write me the spirit of hate is in you, will you not be saved from sin first yourself, and then filled with such love you may thus save others?

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THE WORLD'S FAIR

BEFORE you reach my page for this month I shall have been to great Chicago, and talked with Daughters there of another building than the beautiful buildings I expect to see in the Western city. There is an unseen temple going up, that you and I are to be stones in—indeed pillars of. I do not know how many of my Circle, or of the large number outside of my Circle, read and loved the royal soul that has so lately passed into the great beyond; but you who loved Phillips Brooks read over again his sermon, "The Pillar in God's Temple" (you will find it in his volume entitled "The Candle of the Lord"), and you will get some idea of my feelings as I turn my eyes toward Chicago. I know the glory and honor of the nations are being sent to the World's Fair, but I know also that all that is material will sooner or later pass away, and I am thinking of another city into which they will bring the glory and honor of the nations, and where there shall in no case enter into it anything that "worketh abomination or maketh a lie," and the foundation of that city is to be laid in us now. Knowing as I do how many of you are deprived of the books I advise you to read, let me quote a sentence in the ending of the sermon I have just laid down: "In what strange quarries and stone-yards the stones of the celestial wall are being hewn! Out of the hill's sides of humiliated pride, deep in the darkness of crushed despair; in the fretting and dusty atmosphere of little cares; in the hard, cruel contact that man has with man; wherever souls are being tried and ripened in the whatever commonplace and homely ways—there God is hewing out the pillars for His temple. Oh, if the stone can only have some vision of the temple of which it is to be a part forever, what patience must fill it as it feels the blows of the hammer and knows that success for it is to simply let itself be brought into what shape the Master wills." Oh, you precious Daughters, if you could only see that to be beautiful is so much more than simply seeing the beautiful (and yet if I could I would have you see everything beautiful), but if you are beautiful—if you will only submit your will to God—if you will only ask to be like Him, there is not a beautiful thing in His universe that some day you will not only see but own. If you will only take my little verse and pray it, and pray it until you mean it, oh, such surprises of joy will some day be yours that you cannot conceive of now:

"Give me Thyself from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in Thee be lost,
But give Thyself to me";

or take the spirit of these lines as your prayer:

"Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Only I sigh for thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence and reign alone
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee."

Margaret Bottome

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(Extract from letter written by Mr. Wm. Steinway.)

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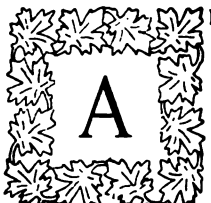
OPENING THE WINTER HOME

By Maria Parloa



AFTER the rest and semi-picnic life of the summer the housekeeper must face the problem of preparing her home for the winter. What she shall do will depend considerably upon the place and the style in which she lives. In the Southern States and in the States and Territories on the Pacific coast the same kind of preparation that one makes in colder climates is unnecessary. The woman who lives in a flat will not have to dread the duties that fall upon her sister occupying an entire house in either the city or country. Still, some responsibility and work of this kind come to all housekeepers. In this brief article it is impossible to enter into all the details of this preparatory work. There can be mentioned only some of the most important things upon which the health, comfort and happiness of the family depend.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT FUEL

OF course, the fuel question is, in a cold climate, one of the most important of all. In the country, where wood is the fuel used, the head of the family must see to it that the supply is brought from the forest in ample time to become thoroughly seasoned. It should then be so piled in the sheds that what is needed from day to day can be taken away without causing the rest to tumble down in a confused mass. Unseasoned wood is both expensive and a source of many trials of patience. Green wood burns slowly, smokes and gives out little heat, a large part of the heat being absorbed by the moisture in the wood. For fireplaces and heating-stoves the pieces of wood should be thick. The same amount of wood in the form of a log will last four times as long as if split up in fine pieces. Of course, there will be fine wood required for starting these fires, and some to mix in with the coarse cuts, to lighten the fire. The wood for the cook-stove should be cut a little short and split fairly fine. There should, however, be some coarse wood to use when a slow, steady fire is required. The greater part of the fuel for the cooking-stove should be well-seasoned hardwood. North or South, East or West, if wood is the fuel used for cooking purposes, there should be no uncertainty in regard to the supply.

THE COAL SUPPLY

WHEN coal is the fuel of the household there is less care in getting the winter supply. Still, there are many things to consider. Coal is a mineralized vegetation, of which there are many varieties. The two kinds most in use are anthracite and bituminous. The anthracite is the most thoroughly mineralized of all the varieties, and burns without flame. Good anthracite will contain upward of ninety per cent. of carbon. It will be hard, brittle, black and lustrous. Coal that has a brownish, dull look, and that will scale off, will be unsatisfactory—not burning well, nor giving the proper amount of heat. This is what is termed slaty coal. There is great waste, because of the large proportion which is not combustible, and it is unwise to buy at any price this kind of coal for household purposes. The anthracite coals are known by the ashes as white-ash or red-ash coal. The red-ash burns more freely than the other, leaving but few cinders. If the chimneys do not have a good draught the red-ash is desirable; or white and red may be mixed, as one would mix soft and hard wood. The red-ash is always the more expensive. If the furnace has a good draught get large coal, but if the draught is poor use a finer coal, or some fine with the regular furnace coal. The coal for the cook-stove should be rather fine. Grates and heating-stoves will take coal of larger size; but as it is not always convenient to get these sizes consider the cooking-range before the other stoves or the grates. Soft coal breaks so easily that the size in which it is delivered to the housekeeper does not make so much difference; still, it should not be in such large pieces that it will be necessary to break them. When it is possible the supply of coal for the year should be purchased in the summer, when the prices are low. If you cannot receive the coal in the summer months the purchase can be made with the understanding that it is to be delivered, at a certain price, in the fall. The kindling wood should be well-seasoned, hard and soft, mixed and split rather fine. Charcoal is the most satisfactory kindling for coal fires, and in large cities is no more expensive than wood.

PUTTING IN THE FUEL

SIMPLE as the matter of putting the coal and wood in place may seem to be, it is quite important that it be done right. The coal and wood bins should be swept free from dust. The wood-bin should be in a dry part of the vault or cellar, and should be entirely separate from the coal. If the wood must be put into the cellar through the same opening as the coal the wood should be delivered first, and all the chips be swept from the coal-bin after the wood has been removed. If wood is thrown upon the furnace coal there will be frequent periods of anxiety throughout the winter, for the chips will send the odor of burning wood through the house, giving one the impression that the building is on fire. If the coal chute is in one of the cellar windows the side of the house must be shielded by tacking pieces of old carpet all around the window. Coal dust is very penetrating, and the house must be protected against it. Close all the registers and pin newspapers over them; shut the cellar doors and open the windows; close the house windows. Many housekeepers have the coal sprinkled with water before it is put into the cellar; this prevents the dust from rising, but there are some slight objections to this custom. As soon as the coal and wood are all in sweep the sidewalk, and if it is of a washable material clean it with plenty of water, using the hose, if you have any. Have all the bits of coal picked up from the lawn and around the coal-hole. When the dust settles brush and dust the cellar, washing the windows, shelves, stairs, etc. See that all the coal openings are properly fastened.

PREPARING FOR FIRES

ALL the chimneys should be inspected and the flues cleaned; moreover, if there are any repairs needed they should be attended to now. Have all the soot and ashes swept from the chimney. If the smoke-pipes of the kitchen and other stoves have been up all summer take them down, and have all the ashes and soot removed. Clean out, also, all the fine ashes in the stove flues. If the house is heated by stoves and grates have them taken from their place of storage; and if you have a shed or back room have them cleaned and blackened there and then set up. Remember that this is the busiest time of the year with the stove men, so do not let your work go until the last moment. Engage the men at least a week or two before you will need them. The furnace should have been cleaned out late in the spring, but if this has not been done have it done now. See that every flue is thoroughly freed from dust. Examine the smoke-pipe, to see that no repairs are needed. Have a competent man inspect the furnace, to see that everything is in perfect condition. Remember that many fires are caused by defective flues, and do not let a false idea of economy govern you in this matter.

DISPOSING OF THE ASHES

THERE must be provision made for the ashes which are produced during the winter. If you live in a large city this is an easy matter, as the city carts take away all refuse matter at least once a week. If there is no such provision, and the ashes must accumulate through the winter, arrange some place in the cellar or yard where they can be kept in a compact manner. Nothing gives a house a more forlorn, untidy look than heaps of ashes in the yard, and when all the other refuse of the house is added to this the sight becomes almost unendurable. No amount of adornment on the inside of the home can offset this blot. If the ashes are taken away once a week flour barrels will answer. They must be renewed several times during the winter, as the ashes dry and loosen the staves.

If, however, the ashes and other refuse must be kept in the yard a large bin can be constructed at a slight expense. Have the bin made long, the back higher than the front. Put a large swinging door at one end. This is to be used when the bin is emptied in the spring. Have several hinged covers for the bin. Paint this structure a color that blends with the house, fence, etc., a dark green being appropriate. The paint is necessary to preserve the wood and will make the place less conspicuous. In the spring this bin can be cleaned out, and one or two barrels left in one end to be used for coal ashes, or any other refuse that must be carted off from time to time. The other end can be used for garden tools. If fast-growing running vines are planted at the end of this bin it may be converted into a thing of beauty in the spring and summer.

HOUSE REPAIRS AND PLUMBING

IN nothing is the old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine," truer than in the keeping of the house in good repair. The catch of a blind is broken, and when a high wind comes the blind is beaten against the house, breaking the thin slats, which it may cost considerable time and some money to have replaced. A few shingles are loose, and the rains and melting snows of winter work under them and down to the plaster, paper and furniture of the rooms below. Look carefully over the outside of the house; see that all the fastenings and the brick, stone and woodwork are in good condition; that all the drains are clear and protected. See that the glass in the windows is replaced, if broken, and that the catches of the windows are all right. Look at the plumbing; flush all the pipes and see if there are any leaks. Watch to see if the water runs off rapidly; if it does not examine the opening to the pipe to see if the stoppage is caused by lint. A long button-hook is a good thing with which to remove such obstructions. If from the kitchen and pantry sinks the water still flows off slowly the pipes are probably stopped with grease. In that case put two quarts of washing soda in an iron pot or old basin, and add eight quarts of boiling water. When the soda is melted and the liquid is boiling hot pour it out into the sink pipes. If the sink is iron, soapstone or wood just pour the hot soda-water in; but if it is copper or zinc pour the hot liquid through a funnel, so that it may not touch the metal. Should any of the water or waste pipes be in an exposed place where there is danger of freezing, wind strips of old flannel around them.

STORE-ROOM AND CLOSETS

THE store-room in winter and spring is of greater importance than in summer and fall, when fruits and vegetables are plentiful and cheap. The store-room should be well lighted and ventilated. Take everything from this room. Examine all the stores and take note of those which should be used first. Have all the receptacles for food washed, wiped dry, and put into the sun to air. Brush every nook and corner of the room, then wash all the paint and woodwork. Let the room stand the greater part of the day with the windows and doors open. Meantime make a list of the amount and kind of stores you require, and assign a place for each thing. From time to time, as these articles are obtained, check off the list. It is not yet too late for the housekeeper who wishes to do so, to put up peaches, pears, quinces, apples, tomatoes and many other things. Every store-room should have a supply of rice, tapioca, macaroni, barley, granulated and cut sugar, whole spices, whole herbs, some canned peas and corn, dried peas and beans, gelatine, flavors, etc. It saves the housekeeper a great deal of time and trouble to have these things on hand in such quantities as she can use to advantage in her family. If she has a cold room in her cellar it will be wise to put in potatoes and apples by the barrel. The closets in the house should be taken singly, the contents examined, and aired or washed as the case may be, and the closet thoroughly cleaned and aired.

AIRING THE BEDS AND BEDDING

EVERYTHING connected with the beds should have a thorough cleaning and airing in the fall. Later in the year it is not so easy to expose blankets, mattresses, etc., to sun and air as one can do it now. If the blankets have been put away in some substance having a strong odor it may require more than one day on the lines to make them perfectly odorless. A clear, windy day should be selected for this purpose. If there is a suitable place in the yard spread some furniture covers on the grass and lay the mattresses on them; then beat well with a rattan, turning the mattresses when one side has been beaten, and then beating the other. Hang the pillows on the line, but in the shade. If you have no shady place wait for a sunless, windy day to air the pillows. The heat of the sun draws the oil from the feathers and gives a disagreeable odor to the pillow. Beat the pillows well. Hang the blankets on the lines, shaking them well. While the bedding is airing brush and wipe the bedsteads. If the bed-linen has been packed all summer spread old sheets on the floor of a sunny room and spread the folded linen on these. Open the windows, and at the end of a bright day the linen will have lost any odor or dampness that it may have acquired during the summer. Comforters or down quilts, if they are used, must be aired like the blankets.

The window screens, when taken out, should be brushed and numbered, and a memorandum of the numbers kept. Put the screens where it is dry and there is no danger of anything being pushed against them. If there are double windows have them brushed and washed carefully, and wash the permanent windows on the outside before putting on the outside windows, as they cannot be cleaned till spring.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Parloa's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Everything About the House," will be found on page 30 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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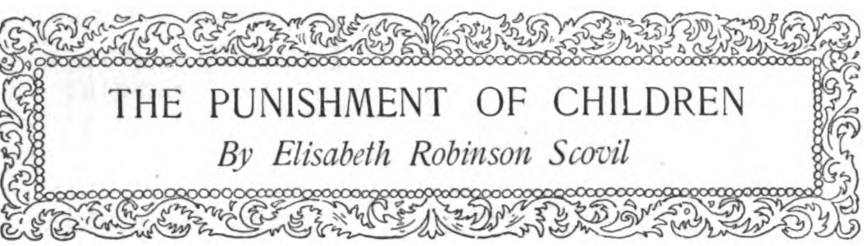
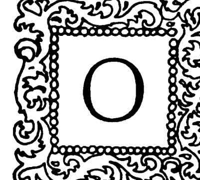


THE PUNISHMENT OF CHILDREN

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil



ONE of the most difficult questions parents have to decide is that of the wise punishment of their children. The father, usually, is so little at home that he is regarded as a kind of Court of Final Appeal, and has little to do with the actual government of his offspring in their daily life. This necessarily falls to the mother, and on her devolves the distribution of rewards and punishments, and the meting out of justice. It is one of the responsibilities of motherhood that she cannot escape, and perhaps the most arduous one. She needs help from the fountain of all wisdom to do it well. The tender-hearted mother shrinks from deliberately inflicting pain of any kind upon her child. The passionate and thoughtless one does not hesitate to do so from a momentary impulse of anger or vexation, with little regard to the ultimate effect upon the recipient. Children are quick to feel injustice. Long before a child can put his thoughts into words, or even formulate them distinctly in his own mind, he knows when he is punished unjustly and resents it. This feeling of resentment is one which should never be called into being if the punishment is to have the desired effect.

HUMAN beings are so constituted that pain and suffering seem to be the only means of effectually deterring us from wrong-doing until a higher motive can be brought into play. This penalty of discomfort follows the breaking of any of the so-called laws of nature. It has not been affixed to them by an arbitrary decree but results inevitably from the constitution of their being. If we eat more than the digestive organs can deal with comfortably our gluttony is followed by dyspepsia and a long train of resulting evils. It is the same in the moral world. If we habitually tell lies to save ourselves from present shame or embarrassment we find that the fibre of our character deteriorates until we cannot speak the truth even when we wish to do so. We suffer far more than we could possibly have done from any temporary pain which the acknowledgment of our act of wrong-doing would have brought to us. It is this connection between cause and effect that we wish to impress upon children in our dealings with them. Their minds are not sufficiently mature to be able to follow the links in a chain of reasoning, and therefore we have to bring it home to them by some short and ready method suited to their capacity. Physical pain was long almost the sole means adopted to this end. In the light of modern advancement in educational methods we may well ask if this cannot be supplemented by other instruments and only used when others fail? Suffering of some kind there must be, if the corrective is to be efficacious, but it need not always be corporal.

WHAT is the object of punishment? Not to relieve the angry feelings of the inflictor of it, not to pain and shame the child who receives it, but to help him to do right in the future. It is to bring home to him clearly, in a form that he can understand, the inseparable connection between wrong-doing and suffering, and by this means to help him to avoid falling the next time he is assailed by temptation. If the penalty is greatly in excess of the misdemeanor the recollection of the fault is swallowed up in self-pity, and all that remains is a burning desire to commit it again as a compensation for all that one has undergone because of it. Amendment is the object of correction, whatever form it assumes. If the punishment seems to follow as a natural consequence of the nature of the offense, there will be a hesitation as to repeating it from a fear of the inevitable results which have been seen to flow from it as a stream from its source. This mode of treatment requires earnest thought and painstaking endeavor for its successful application. It puts hasty blows, angry words and arbitrary commands out of the category of available means of discipline. It demands ingenuity in devising ways of adjusting the relation between the fault and its punishment, yet it is possible to do it, and it is abundantly well worth the doing. The mother will be repaid, not only by the abounding love and confidence of her child, but by seeing him gradually learn to govern himself. As he grows older the necessity for constant interference will cease, and he will be capable of guiding his own actions judiciously and rationally, only requiring loving advice to assist him in his efforts. The wise mother will try all the arts of love before she resorts to corporal punishment.

ONE of the worst influences that can be brought to bear in the formation of a child's character is the constant alternation of overindulgence and severity. Sometimes he is allowed to do exactly as he pleases with little oversight and no effectual restraint. His whims are yielded to, his faults are unnoticed and his weaknesses encouraged. When this license results, as it is sure to do, in his doing something which is disagreeable to his elders he is severely punished for actions similar to those he has committed often before without calling forth any symptoms of displeasure. Children do not bear the extremes of heat and cold a bit better than plants do. They need a steady glow of warmth and kindness, to be surrounded with a sense of never-failing love, while at the same time they are braced and steadied by the certainty that they will not be permitted to overstep certain well-defined bounds. Nothing is a greater comfort to a child than to feel certain that no means no, and yes means yes when uttered by the voice of authority.

IT is said of the mother of Murillo that she loved her children into obedience. There are some women who have a genius for loving, and for inspiring love, as others have a genius for painting. They are the rare and noble souls, sent perhaps to show us of what human nature is capable could it always be at its best. These are able to govern their children through their affections. It may be that through the subtle influence of heredity the youthful minds are peculiarly susceptible to this gentle guidance. Happy indeed are those who can make love the fulfilling of the law. It is the goal toward which we should strive. If we do, or abstain from doing any action because we wish to please, or fear to displease one we love, we act from a far higher motive than if we simply desire to gratify ourselves, or to escape from punishment. It is the ideal that we should keep before the children; leading them from the seen to the unseen, from the wish to please us to the endeavor to do right because it pleases God and is in conformity with His laws. If we can found their obedience upon the rock of principle we need not fear for them in after life.

THE question sometimes arises whether children should be punished by others than their parents. Punishment is not an end but a means to an end—the curing of the fault. If I see the property of another in peril is it not my duty to save it if he is not near to take care of it himself? Yet I must be very careful not to injure it so as to make him wish I had left it alone. If he has made me responsible for it it is for me to do the best I can under the circumstances. When parents delegate their authority, as they do to teachers and to relations and friends with whom they leave their children in charge, the power of correction, or punishment, for the words ought to be interchangeable, goes with it. Otherwise it is best that the offender should be dealt with at headquarters. Under our present school system it is difficult for the parents to select the persons to whom they must entrust the education, so-called, of their children. In this hard strait the only remedy is to keep the child's confidence, to note carefully the influence which the training he is receiving is having upon his character, and to try to counteract any injurious effects by redoubled efforts at home. While upholding the teacher's authority as far as it is legitimately exercised, and no farther, the child should be encouraged to bring his own actions to the test of his sense of right and wrong, which by the time he has reached the school age should be sufficiently developed to guide his conduct with some degree of certainty. The teacher means to do her duty faithfully, but she is often tried beyond her strength. Having more pupils than she can properly teach or care for, she is apt to be hasty in her decisions and unwise in her judgments. It would help her very much if, instead of criticising afar off, the parents were to go to the school occasionally, or to ask her to their homes, and talk over with her the dispositions and idiosyncrasies of her pupils, and let her into the secret of what they had found the best means of managing them.

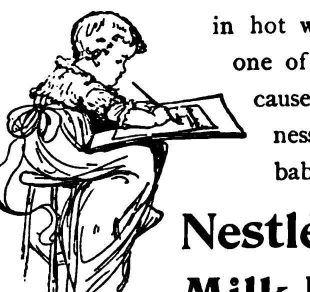
As punishment is such a delicate and difficult operation that it taxes the wisdom of parents to the utmost to perform it so that it may effect the object in view, the power to inflict it should be jealously guarded. Elder brothers and sisters ought not to be allowed to tyrannize over younger ones, and servants should be forbidden to punish except by reporting the culprit. Punishment other than a verbal reproof should be administered only by the parents.

WHEN a child does wrong we should try to probe to the spring of the action and apply the remedy there. If he disobeys we should ask ourselves whether the obedience we demanded was reasonable, and whether to render it did not require him to overcome a temptation beyond his power to resist. To dress a child in spotless attire, and send him out to play with the injunction not to soil his clothes, is as futile as to tell him to swim without going near the water. Contact with Mother Earth, which his imperative instincts compel him to seek, makes obedience impossible. Dress him sensibly and let him get face and hands dirty; they will wash. If it seems necessary that he should be made more careful, instead of taking off the soiled clothing, scolding him, shaking him and re-dressing him, let him wear the offending garments for a time until he is ashamed of their condition, and make him understand that if he is careless he must abide by the consequences. If a child takes sweet things surreptitiously it may be because he does not have a sufficient quantity of saccharine matter with his daily food. Give him more sugar or jam at his meals and a little candy after them. Many persons can recall the uncontrollable longing for sweetmeats which haunted their childhood. At the same time make the offender understand that he has for a time forfeited your perfect confidence; that you would have given him what he wanted had he asked for it; so he has been foolish as well as greedy, and that no manly man seizes what he wants without stopping to ask whether he is getting it rightfully or wrongfully. He will appreciate the force of your argument, and the next time the doughnuts tempt him he will be far more likely to resist than if he had been whipped for taking them. That inward monitor which we call conscience is with the boy when we cannot watch him. If we can arouse that and keep it on the alert we have provided a better safeguard than the fear of punishment.

IN our dealings with children we should be very careful not to lower their self-respect. To find fault with, or scold a child before strangers is an unpardonable error. Many estimable persons seem to think that the golden rule has no bearing on their relations with their children. There are those who shrink from a harsh word, or even an expression of disapproval, as others do from a blow. To a sensitive child it is an ordeal beyond words, certainly beyond any words he can summon to express his feelings, to have his faults dragged to the light and commented upon in the presence of guests. Reproof should be reserved for moments of privacy if its effect is not to be lost in resentment at its utterance, or in the shame that attends its public reception. In devising means of punishment we must be cautious to do nothing that can inflict mental or bodily injury, remembering that improvement is the end at which we are aiming. To shut a child in a dark room may lay the foundation of a nervous terror of darkness which will haunt his after life and give him many moments of unnecessary discomfort. Never frighten a child in any way by word or deed. Fear never gave birth to steadfastness of purpose, or true amendment of life. It may deter for a time from open wrong-doing but when the pressure is removed the old habit is resumed—the source of the act has not been reached and purified. Depriving a child of food, as sending him to bed without his supper, is strongly to be condemned as a means of punishment. A sufficient quantity of nourishing food is as essential to his well-being as the air he breathes. To permit him to remain hungry for hours is wanton cruelty, serving no good end. If he has been guilty of aggravated gluttony, or has deprived a smaller child of some delicacy by force, it is just that he should be made to go without dainties himself—the punishment fits the offense—but plain food should never be withheld. Teachers should avoid keeping their pupils after school is over. It is equally hard on both parties, and encroaches unwarrantably upon the time the children need for rest and play. In the middle of the day it interferes with the dinner hour, and renders an unhurried meal an impossibility. If the teaching is made so attractive that they love to learn it will be unnecessary. When a child has been promised a pleasure he should not be arbitrarily deprived of it because he has committed a fault which has not the slightest connection with the enjoyment in question. If the deprivation follows naturally as the effect of his wrong-doing it is just that he should bear that consequence, not otherwise.

IS corporal punishment ever justifiable? It is, exactly as a surgical operation is justifiable when all other means have been tried and failed. To whip a child for every trivial offense renders him callous and blunts his sense of right and wrong. If he wantonly inflicts pain on others he must be made to feel pain himself. It is the stern law of retribution whose working he cannot escape in after life. Willful cruelty, persistent disobedience may be punished thus, but it is a serious matter to run the risk of arousing the passions rather than of convincing the reason.

Impure Milk



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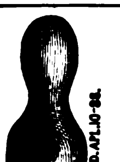

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DRESSING OUR LITTLE WOMEN

By Isabel A. Mallon

ALL women love to arrange the dresses for a little child because, while she is still a tiny tot, she may be made to look very picturesque. Beautiful materials may be used for her that would be in very bad taste for the little women over seven years old. When I say beautiful materials I do not necessarily mean very expensive ones, but I do mean that the fashionable coarse laces, the broad sashes, and if her mother fancies it, a coat of rich bengaline, are permissible on the small lady whose years are not many. Picturesque designs are eagerly sought to make beautiful the little people, and, curiously enough, these picturesque effects are not picturesque in its careless sense, but are decidedly prim and quaint.

A LITTLE PURITAN MAID (Illus. No. 1)

For her gowns, after white has been laid aside, soft cashmeres of gray, wood or steel blue are fancied, and occasionally one sees a toilette made of old rose or of the faintest shade of yellow. However, this, of course, is the gown selected for a festivity, and not the one preferred for general wear. Pretty plaids are specially liked for the girl of seven, and with such a gown she will almost invariably have a coat of the same material, with very wide Empire revers, faced usually with a bright color, while her hat is a large felt one, trimmed with rosettes, wings, or, if she is a very careful little girl, feathers.

The shoes and stockings of the small women continue to be black, the former being for state occasions of patent leather, and for general wear of soft kid. On very small people the heel is represented by an added thickness to the sole, but with the growth there comes a low, flat heel which permits running and walking without fear of tripping.

A Little Puritan Maid

A VERY pretty little costume, decidedly suggestive of some sweet Puritan maiden, is shown in Illustration No 1. The material of the gown is pale gray cloth of a very light weight. It is quite long, in fact almost touches the ground, and is shirred on to a yoke of gray bengaline, overlaid with coarse white lace. The full sleeves, which are, by-the-by, very full, are of the bengaline, shaped in to fit the little arms, and have deep frills of lace falling down over the hands. On each side of the gown, under the arms in the seams, is set a long loop of ribbon, and through this is drawn a broad gray ribbon sash, which is tied in a stiff bow and long ends at one side, quite near the front. The close-fitting Puritan cap is made of the bengaline, and has a band of lace lying back on it, while its ties are of gray ribbon. Of course, this dress is to be worn at the time of year when a coat is not required, or it may even take the place of a coat.

For the Little Sister

THE wee little maiden looks up to "sister"—that sister of seven years—with great respect, and cannot quite understand that, while her dresses are made long, sister's are much shorter; and then, that the dear mother's are longer again, but she supposes it is all right. Sister's skirts come some distance below her knees, but do not reach to her ankles, and sister's costume, while it is pretty, seldom shows the lace or velvet which is on the smaller woman's.

One of her prettiest gowns is made of dark blue stuff, with a scarlet polka dot in it. The skirt is quite plain, being simply finished with a deep hem, and is, as shown in Illustration No. 2, of the received length. The bodice is a round one, gathered in to the waistband, and then split up in the centre of the front, and turned back, faced with the same material, and permitting a tuck chemisette of scarlet silk to show from the neck down to the waist line. The revers are so arranged that a V outline is produced. The sleeves are in two full puffs, the upper ones being of the stuff and the lower ones of silk, the silk being drawn in and smocked at the wrist to form a narrow ruffle finish. The hat worn with this is a low-crowned, broad-brimmed felt one of dark blue, with high loops of scarlet ribbon. The coat which will be put on when the colder days come is of heavy, dark blue serge, lined throughout with scarlet silk; it reaches quite to the knees, and is made with a rather full skirt, the semi-loose, double-breasted front being closed with large, black gutta-percha buttons.

For Her Cloak

WHILE heavy serges and smooth-faced plain cloths are liked for cloaks or coats, the large plaids, especially those in golden brown and scarlet, are much in vogue for general outdoor wear. The children who go out to play in the fresh air require comfortable cloaks that will not easily soil, and although they need, as do all one's belongings, a certain amount of care, still a coat should be possessed that does not make the little wearer unhappy all the time. The long plaid cloak, double-breasted, closed by serviceable buttons, and with a cape or a hood lined with a bright color, is a most desirable one for the sort of wear that your little maid or mine will give it when she is out in the sunshine, playing and romping, and in an unconscious way realizing how good it is to be alive and well.

The Other Sister

BETWEEN the little maid of three and that very large one of seven comes sister Dorothy, who is probably five. In dressing her there is a little more license than in dressing sister herself, but her belongings are not so fine as those of the tiniest girl. She will wear this winter a golden-brown stuff dress that hangs full and soft from a yoke of darker brown velvet. Across the front of her dress, that is, way up where the yoke ceases, is a broad ribbon band that seemingly confines the fullness by a fancy clasp just in the centre. Of course, as her gown fastens in the back, this strip of ribbon is really sewed securely to position and extends from one under-arm seam to the other. Her sleeves are full, and shape in to her arm, while above them, and making her look much broader, are cape epaulettes of the brown velvet. The skirt has three tucks and a deep hem as its decoration. About the neck is a stock collar of ribbon velvet. The hat worn with this dress is a light brown felt with a Tam O'Shanter crown of darker brown velvet, and a bunch of brown feathers at one side. This design, you can see in Illustration No. 3, is liked by wise mothers because it gives absolute freedom to the little figure.

FOR DOROTHY, AT FIVE (Illus. No. 3)

About Her Underwear

WARMTH, not weight should be the motto to guide a buyer in the selection of underwear for little as well as big people. A great many mothers very sensibly make for their little women petticoats of cashmere trimmed with tiny ruffles of ribbon, or else tucked with a honey-comb stitch. These are, of course, to be worn over the warm flannel skirts, which are usually made very plain, and then both skirts fasten to the same underwaist. Merino shirts and drawers are preferred, but it is not necessary to have the little shirts long-sleeved and high-necked unless one is living in a very rigid climate. Muslin or cambric drawers are made quite wide and decidedly short in the legs. The stockings are almost invariably held in position by suspenders, although there are people who claim that the suspenders are not as desirable as the old-fashioned garters. However, these questions of what is and what is not healthy, must be decided by each mother for her own small people.

FOR A GIRL OF SEVEN (Illus. No. 2)

If the winter is very severe finely-woven cashmere stockings may be gotten, but as bitter cold winters are rather unusual with us a good quality of cotton is generally warm enough. When the weather begins to get cold or there is snow on the ground, the long leggings made of kid and buttoned their entire length are recommended, not only for their warmth, but because they keep the little legs from being splashed by water, or getting damp when snow-balling is to the fore. Mittens of kid, lined throughout with soft furry stuff, are easy to put on and take off. As even the most careful child is likely to lose her gloves it is a wise mother who sews a ribbon on the end of each and then runs this ribbon up through her coat sleeve, fastening it securely to the top.

A Few Last Words

WE are all anxious for our little maidens to have a happy childhood, and this can best be given to them by making them drink in the sunshine and breathe plenty of pure, fresh air. Health ought to be one's birthright; if, unfortunately, your little woman is delicate, be sure you will not make her any stronger by keeping her in a hot house and letting her breathe vitiated air. Dress her comfortably and warmly, let her go out and walk and play in the park, let her draw a sled, or toss a ball, or drive a hoop, or do anything that will exercise all her body and give her not only strength, but happiness at the same time. Wise mothers do this, and the result is that ill-health is unfashionable, and our coming woman is healthy in looks and wealthy in goodness.

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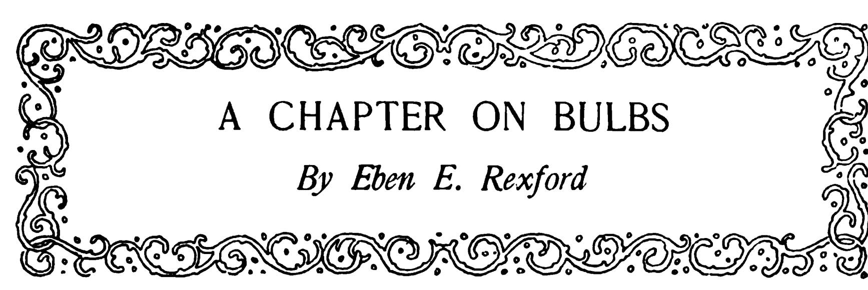
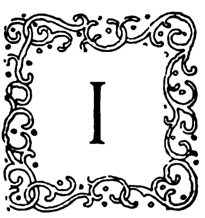


A CHAPTER ON BULBS

By Eben E. Rexford



I HAVE repeatedly said that no garden is what it ought to be without a collection of hardy bulbs. Every year strengthens my belief in this, for each year sees my bulb-beds increasing in beauty, and the flowers coming at a time between the going off of the snow and the growing of those of early summer, a time that would be barren of beauty and brightness without these bulbs. By growing a good collection of bulbs the season of bloom can be extended considerably over a month, as these plants begin to give flowers as soon as the snow melts away, and continue until the coming of the earliest border plants.

Every amateur florist who grows plants in the sitting-room window in winter will be sure to want some bulbs for midwinter blooming. But not every one who tries her hand at this phase of gardening succeeds with it. Many and bitter are the complaints that come to me of failures. There need be few failures, however, if certain rules that are easy to carry out are followed. Bulbs are easily cared for, and the expense of obtaining them is slight.

CARE OF THE YOUNG BULBS

THEY are of the easiest cultivation, and once established they require but little attention for some time to come. I do not find it necessary nor advisable to take up Hyacinths and Tulips yearly, as a great many persons do. It is contrary to nature to do this. I let my plants remain in the ground undisturbed, until there are several young plants about each old one. Then I take them up and remove the young bulbs, planting them in beds by themselves, and planting the old ones or throwing them away, according to the condition they are in. If in the least decayed I do not care to replant them. It will be seen that, with this treatment, there is but little work required in caring for bulbs. Of course, it is necessary to manure the beds each season. This is generally done in the fall, just before cold weather sets in. I spread cow-yard refuse over the beds to the depth of two or three inches, and work it into the soil as thoroughly as possible with a sharp-toothed iron rake. If the bulbs are planted as deeply as they should be there is not the least danger of injuring them. The manure should be rotted well and as fine as possible. The older it is the better, for there will be fewer seeds of weeds in it. Just before the coming of cold weather I spread a mulch of coarse manure over the beds to a depth of six or eight inches. In the spring watch the beds closely, and as soon as you see the bulbs peering up through the soil remove the covering. Please do not misunderstand me here, and think I mean to say that the bulbs should not be uncovered until they appear through the mulch. I do not mean that. Dig into the mulch and get at the soil of the bed in your lookout for the plants. If you were to wait until they reached up through the six inches of covering given their bed they would be so injured by its removal that many of them would fail to blossom and some would die outright. As soon as you see them in the soil under the covering take away the mulch carefully. Very likely there will be cold nights after you do this. If so, cover the beds with blankets or old carpeting, first sticking stout sticks into the soil here and there to prevent the tender shoots from being broken or injured by the weight of the covering.

TAKING UP THE BULBS

SOME persons tell me that they take up their bulbs because they do not like to have bare beds in the yard during the summer. They want them out of the way so that other plants can be grown there. I want to tell them that many other plants can be grown in the bulb beds without removing the bulbs. Nearly all annuals have roots that do not strike very deep into the soil, and these can be sown or planted among the bulbs without interfering with them in the least. Do not disturb the beds until the bulbs have ripened their foliage. This may oblige you to wait until June, but you can have your plants for these beds growing somewhere else, ready for use as soon as the place is fit for them, so that but little delay will be experienced. When the leaves of the bulbs have turned yellow you will know that they are ripe, and then you can go over the surface of the bed with a sharp iron rake, scratching the soil well to the depth of its teeth; then set out your summer-flowering plants, and you will find that they will do very well there.

WHEN TO PLANT BULBS

BULBS should be planted in fall as soon as they can be procured from the dealers. Catalogues are sent out in August, as a general thing, and by sending in your order as soon as your catalogue comes you will be likely to receive your bulbs so that they can be put into the ground in September. Do this, if possible, for while it is true that bulbs can be planted up to the setting in of cold weather, it is equally true that the earlier you can get them into the ground the better it is for them. If planted early they become firmly established before winter sets in, and are in prime condition for spring's work, while late-set plants will not have accomplished all they would like to do in fall, consequently they will not give such large, fine flowers in spring. In preparing beds for bulbs spade the soil up to the depth of a foot at least. Make it fine and mellow. Work a liberal quantity of old and well-rotted manure into it. Never make the mistake of using fresh manure. Locate the beds where there is good natural drainage, if possible. If not naturally drained artificial drainage must be provided if you want good flowers. Bulbs are very much injured by a soil in which the water stands late into the spring. They soon decay in a heavy soil.

To drain a bed that would be too low without artificial drainage throw out the soil to a depth of a foot and a half, and fill the bottom of the excavation with old refuse, which will prevent the soil you throw back from settling down into the pit firmly, as it did before. The coarser this refuse is the better, as more cracks and crevices will be left, through which the water from the soil above can run off. After putting six or eight inches of drainage material in the bottom of the bed of course the soil which was taken from it will more than fill it when returned to it. This is all right, because your bed should be higher in the centre than at the sides, so that water from melting snow and spring rains will run off readily.

BEST SOIL FOR BULBS

THE best soil for bulbs is a loamy one that contains a good deal of sand. Such a soil will never become hard in dry weather as clay soil will. The size of your beds will depend upon the quantity of bulbs you intend to put in them. All catalogues contain full instructions, which will enable you to calculate to a nicety the number of bulbs required in beds of any size, therefore you need not order more than you want, nor lack any, if you take the trouble to do a little figuring before making out your order. If you want the best results plant each kind and each color by itself. By "best results" I do not mean that you will get any finer flowers by following this advice, but that the artistic effect will be much more satisfactory. Where there is a random mixture of colors the result is never pleasing. Pleasing effects are secured by planting together colors that contrast and harmonize, but such effects can only be secured by ordering bulbs in which the colors have been kept by themselves. A "mixed" collection will contain all the colors common to the kind of bulb ordered, and you never know what you are going to get until the plants are in bloom. If you get bulbs assorted as to color you can decide on how to plant them, knowing in advance what effects can be worked out with them. But "mixed" collections have to be planted without any regard to results. It is true that it costs a little more to get bulbs in which the colors are distinct, but they are so much more satisfactory that I would always advise buying them in that way. It is money well invested.

HYACINTH AND TULIP BULBS

THE Hyacinth is one of the best bulbs for general planting. It seldom fails to bloom well if properly cared for, and its rich colors make the lawn bright for many a spring day, and its fragrance "sweetens all the air." Pretty effects may be produced by planting masses of contrasting colors near each other. It comes a little in advance of the Tulip. Of the latter flower there are several quite distinct classes: Early and late, Parrot and Bybloem. Some are single, others double. The range of colors is wide, and such colors! Scarlets and crimsons that glow like silk, yellows that seem concentrated sunshine, purples and pinks and pure whites, and many varieties with such wonderful combinations of these colors that it is useless to attempt to describe them. The catalogues attempt to do that, but fail to make you comprehend what magnificence there is in a bed of Tulips until you have seen it in all its brilliant color.

DAFFODIL AND CROCUS BULBS

THE Daffodils come in cream and white and bright yellow mostly, but a few varieties show tints of red and scarlet. Some are single, some double—all desirable. These are most satisfactory when planted in clumps here and there about the yard.

The Crocus is charming anywhere, but seems most so when seen peeping up through the grass here, there and everywhere, as if scattered carelessly by nature's own self. The Snowdrop is a dainty thing, often showing its pretty face before the snow is gone.

BULBS WORTH GROWING

IT is not necessary for me to enumerate all the bulbs worth growing in the garden, because the catalogues will give full information concerning them at greater length than I can, because I have something to say about forcing bulbs in winter, and space is limited. I will therefore conclude what I have to say about bulbs out-of-doors by advising those who intend to plant some of them the present season to read their catalogues carefully before ordering.

Never pot a bulb like the Hyacinth or Tulip and place it in the window as soon as potted. If you do you may be sure of failure from the start. The action of heat and light will cause the top to start at once, while there are no roots to support a top, consequently the plant that seems to be doing well for a short time will soon dwindle and fail from lack of nourishment. Roots must be secured first; then top growth will follow, naturally and healthily. Therefore, if you want good flowers from your bulbs in winter you must pot them and set them away in a dark, cool place for roots to form, before they are brought to the light. Do this, and you can always count on having good flowers if conditions are favorable for their development. Ignore this advice, and you can as surely count on disappointment. A cool, dark cellar is a good place to store your potted bulbs in while forming roots. If you have no such place for them give a place as near like it as possible. Darkness is imperative, and a low temperature is conducive to a healthy formation of roots. If those who think these directions savor of the "whims" they attribute to a great many gardeners will only stop to think that by potting bulbs and giving them a chance to form roots in the dark, and at a low temperature, they are imitating the processes of nature, perhaps they will be less inclined to consider such treatment whimsical.

BULBS FOR WINTER FORCING

SOME bulbs will form roots in a short time. Others will take weeks to do it in. Examine your plants before you bring them to the light, by inverting the pot and slipping the ball of earth out. If white roots have formed a network about the soil you can safely bring the plants to the living-room. Water cautiously at first, and do not keep in too warm a place. Bulbs do best when kept moderately cool. The flowers will not last long in a warm room.

Single Hyacinths are preferable for forcing to double varieties. So are single Tulips. Roman Hyacinths are very fine, and I prefer them to the ordinary sorts because of their more graceful habit of growth and greater quantity of bloom. The Narcissus is a favorite with every flower-lover, and no window should be without two or three pots of it. The popular Chinese Lily belongs to this family. The most popular flower for winter forcing, however, is the Bermuda or Easter Lily—L. Harisii of the catalogues. With the treatment advised below nearly every plant will bloom, provided, of course, the bulbs are sound and well ripened.

Take nine and ten inch pots, and put about four inches of ordinary compost in the bottom. On this put three or four bulbs, according to their size. Cover with compost and water well; then set the pots away in a cool and shady place. It is not necessary to put this plant in the cellar for roots to form. As soon as the top begins to grow fill in about it with earth, and keep up this filling in until the pots are full of compost. The reason for doing this is that roots are sent out from the stalk above the bulb, and in order to properly nourish these roots and afford the plant the strength it needs, the bulbs must be planted low in the pot. This does not seem to be as generally understood as it ought to be, and it is the neglect to provide for these roots that brings about failure in most instances. Bulbs in the house like a moist air, and air that is as fresh as it is possible to give them. In a close room, where the life is burned out of the air, they will not bloom well. They ought not to be expected to. Syringe them daily; water as needed. Let down the window at the top, or open a door or window in some room adjoining that in which the plants are kept, and give them a breath of pure, fresh air every day. With this treatment, if the directions given above as to potting and starting are followed, it is an easy matter to have a fine show of bulbs in the house for a month or more in mid-winter.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Rexford's answers to his correspondents, under the title of "Floral Helps and Hints," will be found on page 27 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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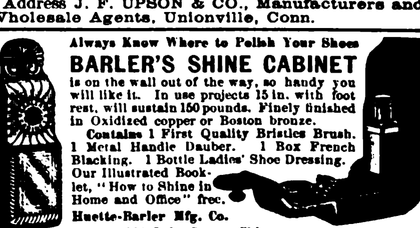

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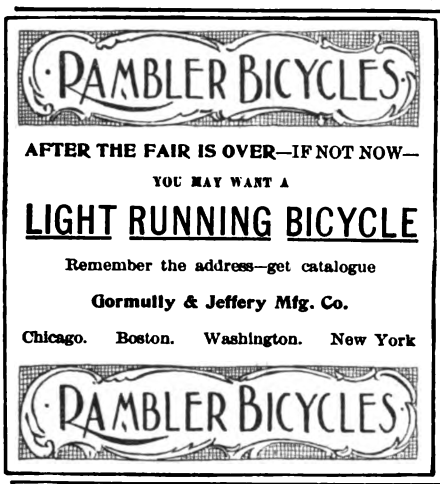

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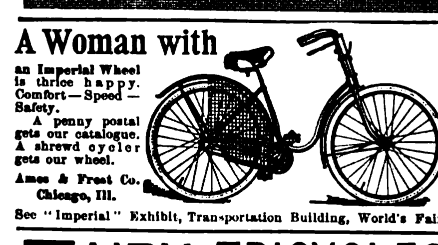
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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E REXFORD

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer any question relating to flowers or their culture—EBEN E. REXFORD.

K.—The old "Ragged Robin" is catalogued as Nigella.

MRS. J. K. B.—I am unable to say why your Cyclamen fails to grow.

MRS. U. W.—The plant from which you sent a flower is a variety of Œnothera or Primrose.

MRS. W. M. ELTON—I find that nothing is so effectual in exterminating ants as powdered borax. Make it very fine, and sprinkle it about the plants and over them.

MRS. L. C. H.—This correspondent writes that she finds the Cinnamon Vine hardy in Ohio by covering it with from one to two feet of earth as soon as freezing weather is due.

MRS. H. K. L.—I can send you the book you want for $1.50. For a succession of flowers for cutting I would advise Nasturtium, Sweet Pea, Poppy, Mignonette, ever-blooming Roses, Coreopsis Lanceolata, and the Clematis Flammula.

PEORIA—For a small garden I would advise Phlox, Pansies, Nasturtiums and Mignonette, with Sweet Peas and Poppies to cut from. Pansies do not flourish in a greenhouse. The Tuberose is of no use after having given one crop of flowers.

MINNA—The leaf is Jessamine. Give a rich, sandy soil; water well when growing; give a sunny location. The plant can be kept in the cellar over winter. Use sand, leaf-mould and loam in about equal quantities for ordinary potting. The "i" in Jessamine has the short sound.

G. B.—Othonna Crassifolia is a good hanging plant, having bright yellow flowers. Saxifraga Sarmentosa is another good plant, with dark olive leaves marked with white. Moneywort and Tradescantia grow well under unfavorable conditions, and are very pretty for use on brackets.

MRS. J. L. G.—Wild Violets are small, and do not bloom much beyond a short spring season. The cultivated varieties are larger, many are quite double, and they bloom at intervals during the season. I do not know what causes perfume in flowers. I don't think any one does. It's there. That's all we know about it.

MRS. G. R. SMITH—Dry off your Oxalis, and let the roots remain so for at least two months; then repot, give water and light, and in a short time the plants will start into growth again, and by fall be in proper condition to begin winter flowering. If allowed to bloom freely all through the season they will not be in a condition to bear winter flowers.

M. B. K.—The old Cabbage Rose is catalogued as the Provence Rose. It is far superior to many of the new varieties. What you call the Velvet Rose is, I presume, the old hardy June Rose called George the Fourth, one of the finest Roses I ever grew, but, like many another good old plant, relegated to the background, because more pretentious, but less meritorious rivals have appeared. I do not find it in any catalogue.

S. S. S.—It is not advisable to divide the bulbs of the Amaryllis, because a disturbance of the roots interferes with the proper development of the plant. I cannot understand why it is that as soon as a young bulb appears at the side of an old Amaryllis, or a new plant near an old Calla, plant-growers are so anxious to remove them. Why not let them grow and make the old plants more attractive by adding to the amount of foliage?

MRS. H. E. S.—Buds of the Hibiscus will blast if the soil is kept too wet, also if allowed to get too dry. Sometimes they drop if the plant becomes root-bound. This plant requires a great deal of attention when grown in pots. I prefer to plant it in the border, and take it into the cellar in winter. It does best in a half shady location, and should have a rich soil. In the house, in winter, it requires a moderate temperature, and it must be showered frequently or the red spider will soon ruin it.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER—The "rest" of plants is simply a cessation from active growth. Some plants insist on a resting spell, and refuse to grow for a time; others respond to the efforts of over-kind amateurs and grow until they exhaust themselves. Most plants will remain in a sort of standstill condition for a time if too much water is not given. Watch the plant and when it shows a tendency to slacken up on growth assist it by withholding the supply of water that you have been in the habit of giving it.

MRS. C. W.—Tuberoses should be started in March or April. Plant the bulbs in sandy soil, moderately rich, first cutting off the old, dried roots close to the fresh part of the base of the bulb. Keep quite warm until growth begins; then give a sunny window and a moderate amount of water. They ought to bloom in September if kept in pots. A seven-inch pot will be large enough for the plants to flower in. Start in a five or six inch one, and shift after about six weeks or two months. The old roots bloom but once.

MRS. W.—Fuchsias like best a soil of leaf-mould, with some sharp sand mixed in. Provide the best of drainage. Do not give young plants large pots to begin with, but shift from time to time, as the roots fill the old pots. Water thoroughly, and be sure to never let the soil become dry, or the plants will receive a check from which they will not fully recover during the season. Shower the foliage daily, taking care to see that the moisture gets at the under-side of the leaves. Give a half shady place, and when buds appear apply a fertilizer at least once a week. The plants will bloom until October or November; then withhold water until the soil is somewhat dry, and put them in the cellar to winter. Give only enough water to keep the soil from getting as dry as dust while in winter quarters. Bring the plants up in March, and give plenty of water, and they will soon make a vigorous start. Cut back at least a third, and repot as soon as growth has fairly set in.

J. M. K.—Green lice are not, as a general thing, harmful to plants having thick and fleshy leaves. Scale is what attacks such plants almost always. The kerosene emulsion, so frequently advised in these columns, is very effective in ridding plants of this pest. For the aphis, or ordinary green plant-louse, fumigation with tobacco leaves or stems is most effective. I do not think the "standard" or grafted Rose would be hardy with you. I would advise the Provence varieties, as being among the hardiest kinds we have, and very sweet and beautiful. If these will not grow with you I know of nothing that will. You might also try some of the hardier hybrid perpetuals, like Magna Charta, Captain Christy, Mrs. Charles Wood and General Washington. These, if cared for as advised in a recent talk on Roses in this paper, will give you some fine flowers in fall, when the other kinds spoken of would be without a blossom. For hardy perennials I would advise Hollyhocks, Phlox, Spireas Palamta and Rosea, Dicentra, Delphinium, Coreopsis Lanceolata, Gaillardia Grandiflora, Iris in variety and Aquilegia. Lilacs do well in almost any soil.

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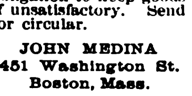

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ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS

BY MAUDE HAYWOOD

Under this heading I will be glad to answer, every month, questions relating to Art and Art work. MAUDE HAYWOOD.

A SUBSCRIBER, A. S. AND OTHERS—Addresses cannot be given in this column, nor any special firms nor dealers recommended.

KINGSLEY—A thoughtful little book on china painting is that by Professor Sparkes, published in England, and obtainable in this country.

J. W.—You can procure modeling wax from any large dealer in artists' supplies. It needs to be slightly warmed in order to make it pliable.

A. E. M.—If your query relates to oil-paintings, for purple flowers mix Antwerp blue and crimson lake with white in various proportions. In very dark flowers omit the white in the shadows. (2) For the pink of apple-blossoms use scarlet vermilion mixed with white.

EMMETT—The method of applying raised paste is by a finely-pointed brush. It is difficult to manage at first, but proficiency can be acquired with a little practice, and if the work is worth doing at all it is surely worth while to take some little pains to learn how to do it properly.

C. P. AND A. S.—With regard to restoring or preserving oil-paintings an expert should be consulted. Different causes will occasion cracking, so that advice cannot be given without knowing all the circumstances. In any case no one without experience on the subject can safely attempt to treat the pictures.

A. G. H.—I do not recall a handbook that would help you; there are not many of the kind published. (2) For small pieces wax modeling is cleaner work and more suitable for an invalid. It involves no trouble in keeping the models in working order. The wax can be obtained from any large dealer in artists' supplies.

C. L. C.—The maul-stick is employed to steady the hand while painting. (2) Linseed oil is used to rub into an oil study to prepare it for a second painting. It is also mixed with copal varnish and spirits of turpentine, in order to form a medium for use with the colors. (3) Use a good spirit-varnish, such as mastic, for the pictures.

DAISY—The subject of china painting for beginners was treated in the JOURNAL in 1891, commencing in the March number and running through six or seven issues. The materials and firing for china are apt to run into considerable expense. In order to avoid the risk of spoiling your work I think you would save money in the end by having a few lessons from a good teacher.

C. L. E.—"The Chilly Cupid" is a fanciful picture, of which photographs can be obtained in the stores all over the country. In the centre of the painting is a brasier of burning coals on a background of snow. On the one side kneels a cupid, his bow thrown down, with hands outstretched, warming them over the fire; on the other side a girl is kneeling, with drapery blown by the wind, also warming her hands over the embers.

S. L. R.—The address of the Boston Society of Decorative Art is 222 Boylston Street. Write direct to the societies for their rules and regulations relating to contributors. The usual custom is for the society to take a ten per cent. commission on all sales of contributed work. The Woman's Exchanges also sell work in a similar fashion. There is a directory published containing a complete list of these exchanges, and an account of the system under which they are carried on.

E. C. D.—Your sketches are plainly by an untrained hand. For pen-and-ink work the lines are very much too close together; they hardly give the effect of pen strokes. Study any pictures or illustrations you may have within your reach, and notice particularly how the effect of distance is obtained by finer lines and massing of detail. Good practice for you would be to draw some of the common objects about the house, making them quite large, and with bold, vigorous strokes. In landscape sketches, such as yours, it is a mistake to outline all the forms with hard, heavy lines.

ELMAR—Your questions cannot be fully answered in this column; they would require too much space. (1) Procure a handbook on coloring photographs. There is one in the Winsor and Newton series. (2) A very simple method of enlarging to a scale is by drawing squares on the picture to be copied, and then ruling squares of the desired proportion larger upon a clean sheet of paper, upon which the drawing is to be made; by this means the details can be accurately reproduced. For instance, if the size of the picture is to be doubled, the drawing contained in a half-inch square in the original must occupy a square one inch in size on the enlarged copy.

R. W.—Many men and women possessing the talent of perseverance, and with only moderate artistic endowments, have attained a certain success as illustrators, but, of course, not in the highest branches of the art; for in the latter great natural gifts, as well as much study, are required if proficiency is to be attained. On the other hand many fail, and sometimes those whose natural abilities are above the average. The precise reason is not always quite apparent. In many cases, undoubtedly, personal character has as much to do with success as artistic talent. In illustrating the power of rendering one's subject in the most effective manner is one of the principal characteristics required.

M. L. C.—The number and the sizes of brushes required for an oil-painting outfit depend entirely on the scope of the work to be undertaken. The most necessary colors are black, white, raw umber, burnt sienna, raw sienna, yellow ochre, scarlet vermilion, crimson lake, rose madder, indigo, Antwerp or Prussian blue, cobalt, emerald green; and of the yellows, the cadmiums, if they can be afforded, and also lemon yellow; the chromes, except for decorative work, in cases where permanency is not an important matter, should be avoided. Besides these a palette and palette-knife will be required, also a medium, which can be made by mixing equal parts of copal varnish, linseed oil and spirits of turpentine. For lilac mix Antwerp blue, crimson lake and white.

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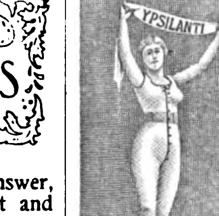

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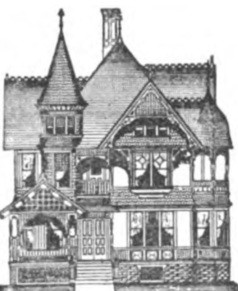

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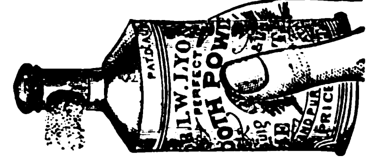

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Under this heading I will cheerfully answer each month any question I can, sent me by my girl readers—RUTH ASHMORE.

ORCHID—A girl of twelve should wear her dresses to her ankles.

RUTH E.—In meeting a gentleman on the street a lady bows first.

VIOLET—In calling on two people at one house it is proper to leave two cards.

VIOLET—All that I can advise to give you a good color is that you live regularly, eat regularly and exercise regularly.

J. C.—In writing a letter to your doctor commence it, "Dear Dr. Smith," and sign yourself, "Yours cordially, Annie Jones."

NANCY—A salad is served after the roast and before the sweets. (2) My favorite history of France is that written by M. Guizot.

PERPLEXITY—With the announcement cards, which are sent the day after the wedding, the "at home" cards should be inclosed.

PANSY—I do not think a girl of sixteen should receive men visitors. (2) Braid your hair, loop it and tie it with a narrow black ribbon.

PRIMROSE—Try bathing your face in very hot water, and drying it gently afterward, to rid it of the heated feeling of which you complain.

AN ORPHAN—I certainly do think it improper for you to correspond with a young man whom you do not know except by reputation.

MARIE AND OTHERS—Your questions are answered in the article entitled, "The Girl About to Marry," published in the May JOURNAL.

B. P.—I do not think a man has any right to kiss a girl unless he is going to marry her, and even then he only has the right if she gives it to him.

DORA H.—Your sweetheart is quite right in objecting to your going out with a married man; indeed, if I were in his place I would stop it altogether.

INQUIRER—Cards announcing a wedding should be sent out the day after, and usually they are sent not only to intimate friends, but to acquaintances.

A. S.—When you are going out with a man friend and expect him at a certain hour, you should be all ready, having your wraps and your gloves on.

ELLA B—Write a note to your sweetheart and tell him you are sorry that you were disagreeable, and be very certain that the making-up time will soon come.

ADELE—I do not believe that the lashes grow after one has reached womanhood. (2) The best way to make the eyebrows darker is to use a crayon pencil upon them.

H. S.—When a gentleman is introduced to you it is sufficient for you to bow. You should not shake hands with him unless you are in your own house, and the hostess.

ALICE—Have the butter rolled in small balls; put each on an individual butter-plate placed at each plate. The old-fashioned salt-cellars are especially liked just now.

ALLIE AND MANY OTHERS—I must beg of my girls not to ask me anything about depilatories, as I cannot advise the use of any of them, as they are all more or less dangerous.

S. AND S.—If a man friend should offer to take you into the supper-room, and you wish to go, simply say, "Thank you," and accept the arm which he will probably offer you.

ARTHUR—In sending wedding invitations to a widow and a grown-up daughter a separate one should go to each. The sons of a family usually receive separate invitations.

MAY—The cold cream to which I refer is not a patent prescription of any kind, but a simple cold cream that may be gotten in any drug store, and in any quantity desired.

J. T.—The Irish crochet is done with a needle, and with very coarse thread; the tatting is done with a shuttle, and while the thread is coarse it gives very much the effect of lace.

PATSY—I cannot advise you, under any circumstances, to use rouge. It may interest you to know that a great many judges of beauty consider a clear, pale skin very desirable.

ZILLA—It is very dishonorable to accept the attentions of a young man, and to allow him to believe that in accepting him as your sweetheart you mean to marry him, when you do not.

GERTRUDE B.—The dizziness and dreaminess of which you complain are decidedly suggestive of your being in a bad condition physically, and I should advise your consulting a physician.

MARY G.—It is not in good taste to rock violently or to show nervousness by twisting the hands. (2) Débutante is pronounced as if spelled "day-bu-tant," with a very broad sound to the a.

L. F. D.—For the waterproof that has become stiff and harsh I can only advise that you send it to a rubber place, where it is possible, as it is such a good one, that they may be able to soften it.

MRS. W. R.—It will be quite proper, as your mother has been dead a year, for you to lay aside your mourning for one evening and to wear your wedding dress at the wedding of your intimate friend.

PEGGY—I think, as you gave your photograph to the gentleman without much thought, there would be no impropriety in asking him for it, and telling him that you wish to give it to his betrothed.

LEONORA—If the hair does not grow naturally low on the temple and forehead I do not think anything will make it come there. Thank you very much for the kind words you say about me personally.

A. C.—If the young man persists in calling on you when you do not wish to see him simply send down word that you beg to be excused. After you have done this once or twice he will certainly comprehend.

RUSTIC GIRL—A girl of sixteen does not usually have visiting-cards, nor wear a veil unless it should be a thick one to protect her face. She generally wears her hair plaited, looped and tied with a black ribbon.

FLORENCE DOMBEY—If the hair is naturally curly I do not think, unless it is oiled, it can be made to stay straight. Most of us are only too anxious to have naturally curly hair, and I fear you do not appreciate your blessings.

V. K.—At an informal wedding it would be quite proper to go up and wish the bride all happiness, and congratulate the groom. If you are unacquainted with either one mention your name to the best man, and he will present you.

DORA S.—Put a little vaseline every night on the callous spot on your finger. I have many friends who, in their devotion to needlework, have gotten just such hard spots, and in every case they have found this simple remedy desirable.

E. R.—It seems to me that while your father is willing to send you to school the best thing for you to do is to take advantage of your opportunities, and after you have left school to endeavor, if it is necessary, to earn your own living.

HELIOTROPE—I think the nicest thing to send to a man who is graduating is a little note congratulating him on his success. I fully agree with you in thinking that men find flowers troublesome, and, after all, it is the thought that they desire.

CALIFORNIA—In using almond-meal simply throw it in the water in which you bathe your face or your entire body. Its effect is to soften the skin, and it is not used absolutely upon the face. (2) It is not necessary to acknowledge a New Year's card.

MAUD—I do not think that love is a matter of surroundings, and, notwithstanding you have lived in the city, if you truly love a man and have his love in return, you will be just as happy in the country, which always seems to me like God's own land.

SAN FRANCISCO GIRL—The host does not take in the hostess; instead, he takes the lady who is the honored guest, and who has been selected by his wife. The hostess goes out last of all with the gentleman to whom she wishes to show the greatest honor.

GLADYS R.—I must confess that I have very little sympathy with your desire to earn money, and your feeling that it must be in a way that it will not affect your social standing. When one's social standing is secure anything that one does that is honest is honorable.

MURIEL J.—When a man friend thanks you for a pleasant evening, answer, "I think we have both had a pleasant time." (2) When a stranger is introduced to you in your own house you should, of course, present her to the other members of the family who are present.

CLAUDINE M.—I do not think it proper for a young lady to receive men visitors alone. (2) In writing a regret it is not necessary to state your reason for non-acceptance, but it is rather more courteous. (3) It would be in very bad taste to wear evening dress to a matinée.

PANSY B.—I know of nothing that will whiten the hands so well as washing them in very hot water with silver sand at the bottom of the basin; then, after they have had a good soap bath, dry them softly, and rub cold cream on them, wearing gloves the remainder of the night.

E. H.—The gentleman is doing what is courteous in thanking you each time for the pleasant evening you have given him. (2) No matter how near the place of amusement may be if the friend who takes you prefers to bring a carriage it must be regarded simply as an extreme kindness.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS—I was very much interested in your letter, and judging from the impulsive disposition shown I should think you had selected exactly the man whom you ought to marry, for he will temper your quickness with deliberation and thought, and a happy union will be the result.

A. B. C.—Jelly or layer cake of any kind is eaten with a fork. (2) The hostess shakes hands with all her guests. If a friend brings a stranger to your house and presents him to you, you should certainly greet him by shaking hands with him. (3) Your card-basket should be on the table in the hall.

HYACINTH—In eating cheese take your knife, cut off a small bit of cheese and place it upon a bit of bread, and convey it to your mouth in this way. (2) Radishes and olives are eaten from the fingers. (3) A soft cake is eaten from a fork, but a hard cake is broken off and eaten direct from the fingers.

ANNIE L. G.—Articles were published in the June JOURNAL giving suggestions as to suitable gowns to wear to the World's Fair. (2) A schoolgirl should not wear much jewelry—perhaps a brooch, a ring or a bangle, but each should be of the most inexpensive kind. I hope you will have a very nice time.

FLO—If, when walking, you should meet two gentlemen, and bow to the one with whom you are acquainted, the other would, of course, raise his hat. If, when walking with a man friend, you should meet a gentleman who is an acquaintance, but whom your escort does not know, both men bow, out of respect for you.

MAY L.—I think for the sweetheart who is working way off, working and waiting and hoping, I should have a regular day for sending my letters, then he would know when to expect them. Thank you very much for your pleasant letter to me, and my most earnest hope is that you and your sweetheart will be very happy together.

M. K.—It is not in good taste at a funeral to attempt to speak personally to those who have been bereaved. (2) One always thanks a gentleman for any courtesy. (3) In asking to be excused from the table you make the request of your hostess. (4) If one is unfortunate enough to upset anything on the table one certainly expresses regret.

M. F.—In taking a single meal in a hotel it is customary to pay for it in advance, unless you are well known there. One may order one's dinner as one wishes, that is, all at once, or order the soup and fish, and then after, the roast and salad, and the dessert as is desired. One is not obliged to have any course unless one wishes.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS—Your letter, written to me from Maryland, the State in which I was born, gave me great pleasure, and made me very happy because it assured me that I had been of a little bit of help in the world. Sometimes it seems as if life were all work and no play, and then words like yours come, and life seems good and beautiful, the sunshine bright, the sky blue and the rainy day of despair and trouble a thing of the past. God bless you and yours and make you happy.

COUNTRY ADMIRER—Your cards are used for visiting or for sending with any little gift that it may be your happiness to present to some one. (2) A finger-bowl is used after dinner or at any meal where fruit is a course; it is only necessary to put the tips of your fingers in it, and to dry them on your napkin. (3) Raw oysters are served on the half shell and eaten from a fork. Bonbons are taken from the dish with a spoon and are eaten from the fingers. (4) I do not think white canvas ties would be in good taste at a dance; they are essentially an out-of-door summer shoe.

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WERE given a free musical and vocal training at the expense of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL last season, and this autumn and winter over one hundred other girls will be similarly educated at the best musical conservatory in America at no cost to themselves or their families. This will be made possible for every girl who wishes, and if she will write to the JOURNAL she will be told all about the matter, and how the other girls succeeded, as told by themselves. Write to
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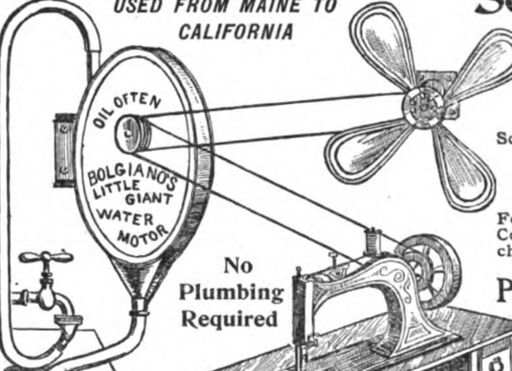

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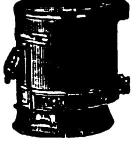

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EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE

BY MARIA PARLOA

MISS PARLOA will cheerfully answer, in this column, any question of a general domestic nature sent by her readers.

SUBSCRIBER—Nearly all wall-papers are light. With your dark woodwork I would advise the use of a light ground with some design in colors.

MRS. L. A.—If the wall-paper in your sitting-room is soiled rub it with thick slices of stale bread. Grease spots may be removed by pasting with wet French chalk.

AUBURN—Make a flour starch by mixing one cupful of flour with one quart of cold water. Pour two quarts of boiling water on this and add one tablespoonful of salt and three quarts of cold water. Strain this through a piece of cheese-cloth. Wash the black sateen in this; then rinse in a strong bluing-water. Partially dry the dress, hanging it in the shade; then iron on the wrong side.

ANNA B.—If your mantels and hearths are marble wash the former with a soft cloth and warm water, and if you find any stains rub the places with powdered emery. Wash the hearths with soap and water, and if they are badly stained scour with any of the fine scouring soaps, or with soap and powdered emery. Tile facings and hearths are kept clean with soap and water. If the mantels are of wood rub them with a damp cloth, then polish with turpentine and oil.

MRS. F. G. R. AND B. S.—Inks are made of so many different substances that it is impossible to tell what will remove the stain, without a knowledge of the ingredients of the ink. Chemists say that an analine indelible ink cannot be removed by any chemical agent. Indelible ink made with nitrate of silver can be removed by washing the mark with a solution of hyposulphite of soda or by moistening it with a solution of chloride of copper and then washing in liquid ammonia. Of course, after the stains are removed the fabric must be thoroughly washed in several waters.

S. M. L.—If you wish to have the chocolate sweetened in which you dip your creams it will be necessary to have a *fondant*. This is made by boiling sugar and water together—two gills of granulated sugar and one gill of water—for about twelve minutes. When this syrup has cooled to about blood heat beat it with a spoon until it becomes a thick white mass; then work it with the hands until it is soft, like putty. Add enough of this to the melted chocolate to sweeten it. This syrup must not be stirred nor shaken from the time it begins to boil until it is cooled. I think you will have no more trouble if you follow these directions carefully.

A READER—I know of two articles that come under the head of snowballs—a pudding, and a cake with cocoanut frosting. The pudding is made of cupcake batter, steamed in small earthern cups, such as are used for baking pop-overs. These little puddings are taken from the cups and rolled in sugar, and then sent to the table heaped on a dish; hence the name of snowballs. The cups may be bought at a kitchen-furnishing or crockery store. (2) A delicate white cake is cut in small squares, and covered with a boiled icing, after which it is rolled in grated cocoanut until the form becomes round. Perhaps this is what you have in mind. (3) It is always wiser to inquire at a large kitchen-furnishing store for cooking utensils, rather than at a variety store.

MRS. M. A.—On page 26 of the February number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, you will find an article on correct service at the table, which I am sure will be helpful in solving some of your perplexities. Good authorities differ on many of the points in question, so that you will find conflicting statements in the different articles on table etiquette. (2) The waitress should stand at the left of the carver, and take the plates from that side. (3) Dishes to which the guest is to help himself should be offered by the waitress at the left side. (4) Yes; the tumblers, etc., should be at the right side of the plate. (5) This is one of the points on which people differ, some contending that the soiled plates should be removed before the meat and vegetable dishes, while others always remove the meat and vegetable dishes first. (6) The waitress should go to the left of each person when brushing the table.

A FRIEND—It would be impossible for me to say what color your portières should be, as more than the color of the carpet must be taken into consideration. So many kinds of materials are used that one would have to see the room to decide in this matter. Why not visit some of your own stores and see what you can find? You might write to some of the large stores in Chicago or New York for samples of goods of moderate price, which could be used for portières. (2) I think an open bookcase and some comfortable low chairs would give the desired air of home comfort to the room. (3) Certainly, a full set of wooden furniture is proper for a bedroom. The fewer draperies there are in a sleeping-room the better. A plain straw-matting would be good in the room, but if you wish to use a woolen carpet get one in gray and blue. (4) The toilet-covers may be white, or white with pink embroidery. I would not use blue. Use pink ribbons to tie back the white curtains.

CHAPPA—I am afraid that my suggestions of dishes may come too late for your stag party. However, here they are. Since you can be in the kitchen to superintend things yourself it will be possible to have a most successful little supper. Remember that men like hot, savory dishes, and that they prefer the simpler kinds:

Broiled Shad or Salmon, Maître d'Hôtel Butter
Boiled Potato Balls with Parsley Butter

Roast Capon, Bread Sauce
French Peas Cauliflower, au Gratin

Celery Salad

Deviled Biscuit Cheese
Olives India Chutney

Ices Small Cakes
Coffee

FLORIDA—To remove the thick oil from your mahogany table wet the surface with spirits of turpentine, and rub with a flannel cloth. It may require several applications of the turpentine and much hard rubbing, but if you are persistent it will cleanse the wood. To polish the table use beeswax and turpentine dissolved together—only enough turpentine to soften the beeswax. Moisten a flannel cloth with this, and rub the table, being careful not to put the wax on thickly; then rub with clean flannel until a smooth, soft polish is attained. Hard rubbing is one of the most important things in polishing a wooden surface. (2) Try scalding the sideboard with hot soda-water, and let it stand in the open air, in the shade, for a few days. (3) Hot vinegar would be a good thing with which to scald boards. It will take a little time for the odor to pass off, but I think it will remove all traces of the other bad odor that troubles you. (4) The linen articles mentioned in the December JOURNAL are to be found in at least two Boston stores. I think you could get the same things in other stores. If you wish the addresses I have in mind they will be forwarded to you if you will send me a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

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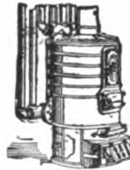

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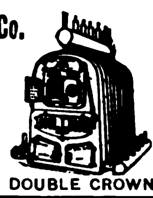

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Under this heading I will cheerfully answer each month any reasonable question on Home Dressmaking sent me by my readers.
EMMA M. HOOPER

GERTIE P. C.—Read answer to "Mrs. C. H. D." Wear a white or colored silk blouse.

D. E. F.—Read answer to "M. O. B." The skirt should be from three and one-half to four yards wide.

JESSIE McL.—Cheese-cloth, cotton crêpe or cashmere are suitable for tableau figures in Grecian or classic costumes.

BOY'S MOTHER—Read answer to "Mrs. C. V. G." The cloak material is Henrietta, basket-cloth, cashmere or Bedford cord, and the cap of silk.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER—The January and February numbers contained full instructions in regard to cutting lining, fitting and finishing basques and skirts.

BIRDIE G.—Line the Swiss with plain lawn, or for coolness let it remain unlined, and make the waist with the French or bag seams to avoid scratching the skin.

SARAH G.—Your organdy should be lined with taffeta silk or lawn and trimmed with lace and satin ribbon. (2) Do not wear white suéde ties when on the street.

MRS. C. H. D.—Wear white lisle hose with white canvas ties and a white serge suit; also a white broad-brimmed sailor hat, white veil and chamois or white suéde gloves.

NETTA P.—I am sorry you felt grieved at not receiving a personal letter in time to have your costume for the date mentioned, but you failed to add the name of the State to your address.

E. J. H.—This is entirely too late to be of service to you. As the July number contained an article upon lace dresses you evidently have secured the desired assistance before this date.

MRS. C. V. G.—Dress a boy a year old exactly like a girl, except that he may wear a round lace cap, in place of the infants' cap bonnets. (2) For a fall cloak and cap have white, blue, tan or brown.

MRS. J. C.—Your little boy's white serge sailor suits can be dry-cleaned by a dyer or washed at home, using the same precautions as you would for nice underwear. The blue can be treated in the same manner.

MRS. S. B.—Your questions in regard to remodeling lace dresses were answered by an article in the July number. The newest materials for a draped collar and girdle are ombre shaded piece or ribbon satin or velvet.

BESSIE—Your letter simply had to take its time. Letters for this column are answered in their turn. No letter is answered by return mail, and a personal reply requires a stamp to be inclosed in the letter of inquiry.

TOO POOR—Read article on lace dresses in the July number. (2) If a new subscriber you can order the January and February numbers of eighteen hundred and ninety-three, which contained descriptions of cutting and making basques and skirts.

NEW SUBSCRIBER—Alter your brown brocade with the panel, vest and girdle described for "M. M.," using changeable satin of brown and green or plain satin duchesse of the brown shade. (2) Trim the crêpon with *miroir*, a changeable velvet.

MRS. T. S.—I can only repeat what has often been said, that if your silk is of a good quality it should be sent to a dyer's to be redressed, as they can remove the creases, and it is impossible for you to do so with water and a hot iron without removing the lustre.

MISS KATE Q.—Veils are very much worn and should match the hat or its trimmings. (2) Silk gloves are not much worn in our country, except in the South, but suéde gloves are much cooler than glacé kid. For ordinary wear the lisle suéde-finished gauntlets are excellent.

YOUNG GIRL—Wear on your summer dresses a round neck having an erect narrower frill or a wider falling ruffle of lace or a turned-over collar. (2) At eighteen your dresses for the street should be full-length (two inches above the floor), while evening gowns may have a demi-train of four inches.

M. O. B.—If the cape comes fully to the hips it will answer better than the jacket, but if any shorter it will prove unbecoming. (2) Make full puffs of Swiss, or new plain material to the elbows, with cuffs of the embroidery below. Add a turned-over collar and bretelle ruffles of embroidery, and a ruffle of the same to the edge of the skirt to lengthen it.

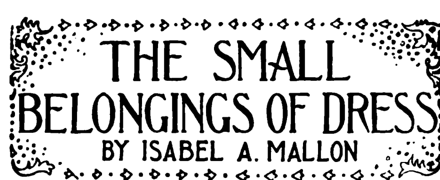
ECONOMY—It would be impossible under any circumstances to answer in the June number a note written on May nineteenth. (2) You can trim challie slightly or very elaborately with silk. (3) Other inexpensive materials are crêpon, cotton crêpon, cotton crêpe, crêpon (all wool), batiste, organdy, etc. (4) On the cotton dresses use it for an Empire girdle and draped or stock collar.

MRS. J.—If your silk is of a good quality I would advise you to send it to a dyer's to be redressed. If you prefer doing the cleaning at home soap-bark would be better than the other one mentioned. To simply freshen up the silk it is well to sponge it on the right side with diluted alcohol and water, using a wad of the silk. Then hang it up to dry, and when nearly dry press on the wrong side with a warm iron over a black piece of cloth or cambric.

H. C. F.—I presume that you have made up your lace ere this, but if not you can use four yards of lace for the skirt and the remainder for sleeve puffs or deep cuffs, getting plain net for the round waist and cuffs or puffs. You can match the mesh of the net for the plain material. Have a round waist slightly full or in surplice style; trim with a bertha of lace edging and draped collar; Empire belt of black satin. (2) Your sister might get grenadine, as it is more fashionable than lace.

DOROTHY Q.—When in haste for an answer inclose a stamp and ask for a personal reply. The proper trimming would have been changeable green and purplish satin and cream point de Genes lace, velvet and lace, or satin ribbon and lace. (2) Any of the round waists described at various times in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL among the new designs given in the "Hints on Home Dressmaking" would prove appropriate, though you do not say if it is intended for street or evening wear.

M. M.—Your scant challie skirt must have the centre front cut down and a panel of green China or surah silk inserted, twenty-four inches wide at the lower edge and nine at the upper, fitting it with two darts. Add Empire belt, V, and draped collar of the green. Rip out the plaited back, cut off the demi-train and gather the skirt at the top. The surplice front is correct, but wear the skirt belt over the waist. Use the lace or silk for a ruffle crossing the back and following the outline of the lapped surplice fronts, and add full sleeves having lace or silk cuffs.



MRS. MALLON will cheerfully answer, in this column, any possible question concerning the belongings of a woman's wardrobe, sent by her readers.

ALICE—The pointed lace hood is again seen on the silk and satin long coats, but is this year so well-shaped and so full that one could, if one wished, draw it over one's head.

ROSE—A combination that is said to be fashionable, and which, nevertheless, is a very odd one, is that of deep red and pink, but it will take a very admirable modiste to make such a contrast a success.

J. W. A.—For wear with pink gowns the mode ordains that pale gray undressed kid gloves, gray silk stockings and gray undressed kid slippers, with full pink satin rosettes upon them, shall be chosen.

T. W. D.—A curious brooch shows a bar of gold on which is seated a parrot made of emeralds and diamonds, and apparently fastened to the bar by a drooping chain of gold. This at least has the virtue of oddity to recommend it.

MARIE—If your hair is fair one of the gold daggers, having its handle thickly encrusted with turquoise, will look pretty stuck through it; if your hair is dark choose one that has bright yellow topazes instead of the blue stones.

CHARLOTTE S.—To freshen a black lace gown it is advised that you add to the bodice square jacket fronts of green velvet, outlined with black jet, and insert full black velvet sleeves. This combination is always in vogue, and is usually becoming.

DOROTHY N.—A white mull dress made after the Empire fashion would be prettiest if it had a full, loose front, only confined by the broad ribbon belt. To stand out as they should the sleeves will either have to be of silk, or the mull must be stiffened.

L. M. D.—The young girl who is to be married must, no matter how beautiful her neck may be, wear a high-necked and long-sleeved bodice. Much ingenuity is shown in the getting of picturesque sleeves, which tends to make the gown look extremely pretty.

S. H. R.—The knot of hair, which is fancied just now and which is quite low in the neck, is of crimped hair, softly turned around in a coil. It is not as pretty as the braided knot, and as it strongly resembles the old-fashioned waterfall it cannot claim novelty as a recommendation.

N. A. L.—The inch-wide silver ribbon is still fancied for the hair, where it is usually wound around the knot and tied in a very perky bow with the ends standing up in a most assertive fashion. While fillets of ribbon are still noted they have not the same popularity that is given to the ribbon band and bow.

A. D. H.—The very general fancy for the Empire house dress, with its round, open neck, has made the lace or crêpe scarf almost a necessity, unless one is going to remain in the same room all the evening. Women who realize the possibility of the scarf are looking at the pictures of their grandmothers, and arranging them after the same graceful fashion.

SISTER—The somewhat heavy white undressed kid glove, that was so much worn last season, is again chosen for wear with severe cloth costumes, or with cotton ones; as they are the veritable mousquetaire shape without buttons, there is wisdom in buying them a little loose so that they can be easily assumed.

KATE—A very smart hat is of fine black straw, bent to suit the head, and having under its wide brim three rosettes of ribbon that seem to shade from a light to a deep pink. About the crown, which is high and narrow, are bands of velvet shading in the same way, and the ties are of pink velvet ribbon, one being a light and the other a dark color.

WHITE—Small side combs of amber or tortoise-shell studded with diamonds or pearls are fancied by women who wear their hair parted and drawn down at either side of the head. If it is wished a comb to correspond can be worn in the back hair, but this is by no means the rule, the two little side combs being considered quite sufficient decoration.

H. B. E.—Deep fringes are again in vogue, and are liked falling about a bodice after the fashion of an Empire cape, from the shoulders in epaulette style, and across the front of an Empire gown. When this last arrangement is chosen the fringe should be very nearly a yard deep, and being placed just across the bodice portion, falls far down on the skirt and sways to and fro with every movement of the wearer.

S. L. N.—It is said that on the other side of the water the use of rouge is increasing, and for that reason the heavy Russian net veil continues in vogue; it has the effect of subduing the color and making it seem merely a natural pink. Certainly these veils are not becoming, and if they were worn during the winter for their warmth, it might be suggested that, for the same reason, they might be cast aside during the summer.

HANOVER—Without any doubt the Empire capes and the broad revers will be in vogue during the season. Very often the revers are made of a corner of the fabric, so they are neither hemmed nor bound; frequently they are folded to form a broad jabot, but quite as often they are spread out as far as possible in the utmost simplicity. People who are wearing mourning often have no trimming on their gowns except an Empire cape or the wide revers, which are then made of black crêpe and give the necessary tone to the entire gown.

LAURA—There is a fancy for the old-fashioned mourning rings, those made of hair deftly designed to represent a weeping willow, a funeral urn or some equally cheerful subject. Indeed, there is a positive craze for all odd jewelry, and women are much prouder of possessing something that is absolutely unique, and yet which has no pecuniary value, than of owning the most expensive kinds, for which only money is required. Curious old watches are liked on chatelaines, and the fact that the greater number of them do not go does not seem to take away from their desirability. A modern watch is worn to show that we know the value of the time at present, an antique one to suggest that we appreciate the value of the past.

MARIAN R.—It is interesting to know that the Queen of England gave, among her other wedding presents, to the Princess Marie, various pieces of stuffs made in Scotland and in Ireland, and a superb specimen of Honiton lace. Among the other presents received by the Princess was one from the Royal School of Art Needlework. It was a bedquilt of blue linen, lined with salmon-pink satin and beautifully embroidered in water-lilies and true lover's knots. Almost everybody, that is, everybody of great importance, has so much silver given to them when they enter the holy state of matrimony, that it is most delightful not only to have a change but to have that change in the direction of something that is at once useful and pretty.

Desiring to give the admirers of Ivory Soap an opportunity to contribute to its literature, the manufacturers offered prizes for the best twelve verses suitable for use as advertisements. 27,388 contributions were received. To the following was awarded the

SIXTH PRIZE.

At the edge of the village a neat cottage stood,
The home of the widow La Rue;
It was small, but so clean it fair shone in the sun,
From parlor to kitchen, straight through.

And the widow herself was as bright, and as sweet
As an April washed flower might be;
Rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, as she took from the line
Snowy garments, a picture was she.

It befell that the deacon, a widower sad,
Passed by, and his lone, loving heart,
At the sight of that picture was pierced through and through
By that roguish sprite, Cupid's sharp dart.

Now his home and his children are cleanly and neat
Beyond the lone man's wildest hope;
And the widow with smiles lays the cause of her bliss,
To the use of the pure Ivory Soap.

BELLE DEVLIN, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Comfortable Because They Fit

Comfort is essential. The beauty of the outer clothing depends upon the comfortable fitting of the under-garments. Well-dressed people wear tailor-made clothing, comfortably-dressed people wear Union Suits, insuring health, comfort and a good-fitting foundation upon which to build the tailor-made man or woman.

Comfort First All in one piece, easily adjusted, no wrinkling at the waist (as when the old-fashioned two garments are worn), warm and pleasant to the skin.

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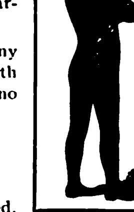

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Special attention is called to this celebrated brand of Bleached Muslin, which for fineness and durability is unsurpassed. This cloth is manufactured with great care, particularly for

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in 36, 41 and 45 inch widths, and

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is guaranteed not to Crack or Turn Yellow.

Inquire for this brand, and take No Substitute.

In purchasing garments ask for Pride of the West.

For sale by all leading retail Dry Goods dealers in the United States.

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Easily takes the lead in the procession. The rapidity with which it has come to the front shows that the public appreciates a Comfortable and Easy-fitting garment, that will render perfect support to the back and form. Can be worn with satisfaction by all classes, at any occupation or recreation. Well-made, from good material and fast colors, in Steel and Button fronts. Made in Sateen, Jean, Flannel and Gauze, for Ladies, Misses and Children. Approved by Physicians, and commended by Dressmakers as the best garment to be worn in dress fitting.

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Canvassers do well with this garment. Its Merits make work easy, and employment profitable. To see one is to like it, and to wear one is to be delighted.

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The only perfect low-priced Waist made. Sizes, 3 to 12 years. For sale by all first-class Dry Goods Dealers. If unable to procure in your town send to us for sample, inclosing 25 cents, or 35 cents for the better grade.

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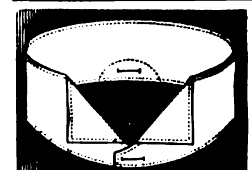

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Book on Cacti, 116 pages, 10 cts.
Catalogue free. A. Blanc & Co., Phila. CACTUS

THE OPEN CONGRESS

In which any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered when addressed to the editor of "The Open Congress," care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

FRANCES—The gentleman should always be introduced to the lady.

SYBIL—Mr. Bok is by birth a Hollander, and Mr. Curtis an American.

ETHELINDA—Jenny Lind died at Malvern, England, on November 2, 1887.

WELLS C.—"Millenarianism" is the doctrine or belief in the coming of the millennium.

BERKELY—Whitelaw Reid is the editor and proprietor of the "New York Tribune."

GRANDMOTHER—The Psychical Research Society is an English, not an American society.

MANAYUNK—The mean annual temperature of the Tropical Zone is 80 degrees Fahrenheit.

WINCHESTER—When an engagement is broken all the letters and presents should be returned.

CORA—An article upon the celebration of wedding anniversaries will shortly appear in the JOURNAL.

ALMIRA—The annular eclipse of the sun in October will be visible over the western half of North America.

CHARLOTTE—Postal cards are not mailable if they contain language of a threatening or defamatory character.

E. A. G.—There would be no impropriety in your carrying an alligator satchel, even though you are in mourning.

ELIZABETH—Compounded titles, such as Major-General or Vice-President, should have both words capitalized.

RUTLAND—The basis of the money system of all civilized nations is gold or silver, or both, in a ratio fixed by law.

DERBY LINE—The new Consul-General of the United States in London, England, is General Patrick Collins, of Massachusetts.

NANNIE—The "vegetable marrow," spoken of by English people, is a variety of the smooth yellow pumpkin sold in this country.

IVORY C.—It is not customary for ladies and gentlemen to walk arm in arm during the daytime unless the lady happens to be an invalid.

BAR HARBOR—The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1835. He is a graduate of the University of New York.

WEST—For information concerning the "Daughters of the Revolution" write to Mrs. D. Phœnix Ingraham, 64 Madison Avenue, New York City.

LARAMIE—"At home" upon a lady's visiting-card signifies that she will be at home and ready to receive visitors upon the day and during the hours mentioned.

W. K. A.—The total number of visitors on the opening day of the World's Fair at Chicago, was two hundred and ninety-five thousand, three hundred and thirty-two.

WALNUT HILLS—Full directions for giving an "afternoon tea" were given in the March issue of the JOURNAL, a copy of which will be mailed you upon receipt of ten cents.

SCHOOLBOY—The Columbian postage stamps form the third special issue of stamps in this country. There are sixteen stamps in the issue. They will be in use only during 1893.

FORT HAMILTON—The term "Crackers" originated with the negroes of the Southern States who gave the name to the poor whites. It is not, however, considered a term of opprobrium.

MAIDEN—The title "Infanta" is given to all the daughters of the King of Spain except to the eldest, when she is heiress apparent. The masculine form "Infante" is given to all the sons except the eldest.

MANY SUBSCRIBERS—The latest and best picture of Mr. Bok was made by Mr. C. M. Gilbert, photographer, 926 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, at which place they may be obtained at twenty-five cents each, postpaid.

GEORGIANA—Mrs. Harrison died at the White House, Washington, D. C., on October 25, 1892. (2) The library and reading-room at the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, are open to the public free of charge on weekdays.

DICK—The Jubilee stamps will only be in use during the year 1893. (2) Rice paper is of Chinese manufacture; it is made from the pith of a certain tree resembling the elder, and not from rice as you erroneously supposed.

JOHN—Applications for United States Patents must be addressed to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., and signed and sworn to by the inventor. Models of the invention are not required, except in special cases.

JANE—Mr. Folsom, the father of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, met his death by being thrown from a carriage in which he and a friend—not Mr. Cleveland—were driving. Mrs. Cleveland has dark hair, and may almost be called a brunette.

C. J. W.—Colorado is called the Centennial State because it was admitted to the Union in 1876. (2) Mr. H. C. Bunner gave the name "The White City" to the World's Fair buildings; Mrs. Candace Wheeler gave the name "A Dream City."

NATALIE—"To boycott" is to let alone. A certain Captain Boycott, agent for an Irish nobleman, was so much disliked by the people that they refused to sell to him, to work for him, or to do anything for him, consequently he had to leave Ireland.

ANTHONY—A bimetallist is one who advocates the use of a double metallic standard in currency. (2) The only requirement for membership in the "Daughters of the Revolution" is that the applicant can trace her descent from the mother of a soldier or sailor of the Revolutionary war.

M. P. L.—Tortoise-shell is polished in the following manner: Large discs are cut from ingrain carpeting and placed together until a wheel is formed about five inches in thickness. The shell is first rubbed with this wheel, then polished upon a fine canton flannel wheel made in the same manner.

NORTHAMPTON—In making the U. S. flag, the "Stars and Stripes," the Union or field should be one-third the length of the flag; each stripe should be half as many inches wide as the flag is feet long. (2) Kentucky is called the Blue Grass State because the soil of a large part of the State rests upon blue limestone.

SALLY—The word "*nostalgia*" means home-sickness. It comes from the Greek "*nostos*," return, especially home, and "*algos*," pain. (2) The term "*dilettante*" is usually applied to an admirer of the fine arts, an amateur in music, painting, etc. It is also sometimes applied contemptuously to an affected admirer of the fine arts.

CITIZEN—The term "morganatic" denotes the marriage of a man of high rank to a woman of lower station, which is contracted with the stipulation that neither she nor her children shall claim his rank or property. It is also used as a noun to denote a husband or wife who has agreed to such a marriage contract. Such marriages are quite common in Germany and Russia.

R. J. G.—In bookkeeping one side of an account is called the credit (Cr.) side, the other the debit (Dr.) side; "by" is the sign of entry of the former and "to" of the latter. When you sell to a customer he is your debtor, and you enter the amount on the debit side of the account; when you buy from him he is your creditor, and you place the amount to the credit side of his account.

ISABEL—The Infanta Eulalia (pronounced Oolalee, with the accent on the lee) is the youngest daughter of ex-Queen Isabella, and aunt of the present youthful King of Spain. She was born in Madrid in 1864, and was about four years old when her mother was dethroned and exiled. The Infanta Eulalia and her husband live in Madrid; they have had three children, two of whom (both boys) are living.

W. B. C.—The Post-Office Department is not responsible for the loss of a registered letter, although the special receipt given might be supposed to indicate that the Department would be. Special precautions, however, are taken with registered mail matter and as a rule any lost articles may be traced. (2) According to the census of 1890 there are 30,554,370 females and 32,067,880 males in the United States.

SALLY L.—The Republican National Convention of 1892 met at Minneapolis, Minn., on June 7, 1892. On June 11 Senator Wolcot, of Colorado, nominated for President James G. Blaine; R. W. Thompson, of Indiana, nominated Benjamin Harrison. On the first ballot Harrison was chosen for reëlection. At the evening session Whitelaw Reid was nominated for Vice-President. The nomination was made unanimous.

PINK—Pale blue, pink, lilac, or any of the delicate shades are appropriate for evening gowns for young girls, but nothing is quite as pretty as white. (2) Ilma di Murska, the prima donna, died several years ago. (3) The late James Gordon Bennet's only daughter married a Mr. Isaac Bell, of New York. Mr. Bell died there on January 20, 1889. (4) The present James Gordon Bennett resides in Paris, France.

MRS K.—The first cases of cholera in this country in the epidemic of 1892 appeared on August 31, when the steamship Moravia arrived from Hamburg, reporting twenty-two deaths and cases on board. Strict quarantine was enforced, but on September 14 it was officially announced that five cases of Asiatic cholera had occurred in New York City. The disease did not spread, however, and the epidemic was soon at an end.

MISS W.—The custom of placing crape on the door of a house where there has been a recent death had its origin in the ancient English heraldic customs, and dates as far back at least as the year 1100 A. D. At that period hatchments or armorial ensigns were placed in front of houses when the nobility and gentry died. The hatchments were of diamond shape, and contained the family arms quartered and colored with sable.

FANNY—The fashions in riding skirts remain about the same from year to year, but the styles of the hats and jackets worn are constantly changing. We think we are safe in saying that the more nearly the riding costume comes to resembling masculine attire the more fashionable it is considered to be. The length of the riding skirt is a matter of choice as well as of necessity. Very long habits are not considered safe, consequently they are not often seen.

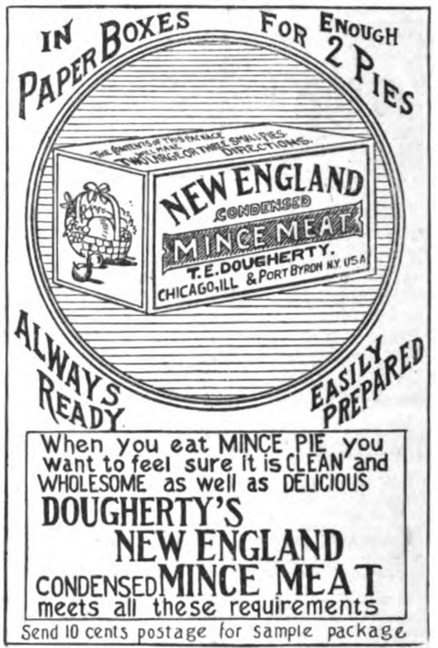
ASHEVILLE—Mr. George W. Childs is married but he has no children. (2) The Chinese language is a monosyllabic tongue of many dialects. It is composed of only about 500 words, as we should distinguish them in writing, all of them ending in a vowel sound or in a nasal. These words, however, are increased to 1500 by differences of the tone of utterance. The mode of writing is by signs that represent each a single word in one of its senses, or in a certain set of senses.

JENNIE—The number of bridesmaids, ushers, etc., for a wedding is optional. The groom always provides the bride's bouquet and also those for the bridesmaids. If your wedding is to be early in November the chrysanthemum would be a pretty flower for the decorations and also for the bridesmaids' bouquets. The groom usually presents the bridesmaids and ushers with a souvenir of the occasion; generally it is some small article of jewelry. The wedding invitations should be sent out about two weeks before the ceremony is to take place.

ATTENTIVE BOY—There are many ways in which a boy may earn money while attending school, provided he makes up his mind to be industrious, and to rise early in the morning. He might begin by telling the people whom he knows that he will be glad to render them service, outside of school hours and on Saturdays, at ten cents an hour by running errands, addressing envelopes, etc. He must always bear in mind that all work is ennobling, and he must learn to think of something beside the money value of his time. If he learns to do the work entrusted to him systematically, promptly and energetically, he will be laying a good foundation for his future, as well as earning some money.

EDWARD—For an evening wedding the groom and the ushers should wear full-dress suits, white gloves and white lawn ties. Their *boutonnières* should correspond, so far as the flowers are concerned, with the bridesmaids' bouquets. When a wedding is to take place in the country small cards are usually inclosed with the wedding invitation, stating at what hour the trains will leave and return. A wedding breakfast is usually a very substantial meal, consisting of at least two hot dishes; the rest of the breakfast may be cold. Ices, salads, fruits, bonbons, fancy cakes and the wedding cakes should comprise the menu. The table decorations are usually white, though sometimes very delicate shades of pink or blue are used.

SUBSCRIBER—Beatrice Cenci, who was born in 1853, was one of the daughters of Francesco Cenci, an Italian nobleman noted for his cruelty to his children. His cruelty to his daughter Beatrice became so unendurable that she formed a plot for his death, which, however, proved unsuccessful. A second plot was successful and he was murdered in his bed by a nail being driven through his eye and another through his throat. The nails were afterward removed, and his body thrown in an alder tree. For many years no suspicion was attached to his family, but finally they were arrested upon evidence given by a washer-woman. One of the servants who was captured confessed, as did two of Francesco's sons and Lucretia, Beatrice's sister, when the three were tortured. After being severely tortured Beatrice, too, confessed her share of the crime and suffered death with the rest, she alone being beheaded; she was buried in the Church of San Pietro in Montario. Some writers claim that she was innocent of the crime imputed to her and that she was the victim of a terrible plot.



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Capital and Assets, $225,000

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When at the World's Fair, do not fail to see our fine exhibit of Self-Heating Folding Bath Tubs and Improved Water Heaters, in Manufactures Building, Ground Floor, Sec. "N." Send 2 cents for catalogue, illustrating full line.

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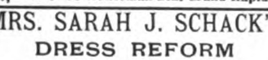

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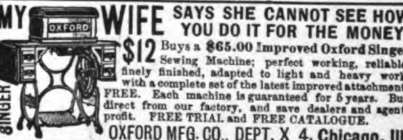

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