

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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## The Home and Personality of

# Joan of Arc

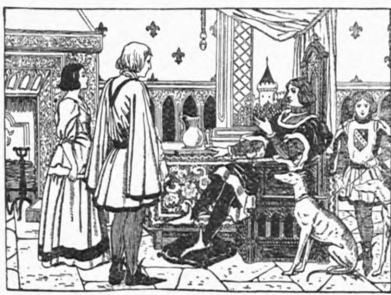
By  
Emma Asbrand Hopkins



JOAN OF ARC ACCLAIMED BY THE PEOPLE



JOAN OF ARC TAKEN PRISONER AT COMPIÈGNE



JOAN AND HER UNCLE BEFORE SIRE DE BAUDRICOURT—MAY 13, 1428



JOAN IDENTIFIES THE KING AT CHINON—MARCH 9, 1429



JOAN MARCHES TO ORLÉANS WITH AID—APRIL 27, 1429



JOAN WOUNDED AT TOURNELLES—MAY 7, 1429



JOAN MEETS CHARLES VII AT TOURS—MAY 13, 1429



JOAN OBTAINS EXEMPTION FROM TAXATION FOR DOMRÉMY



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JOAN RECAPTURES BEAUCENCY



CHARLES VII CROWNED AT RHEIMS—JULY 17, 1429



JOAN SOLD TO THE ENGLISH—NOVEMBER, 1430



JOAN PUT TO TORTURE—MAY 9, 1431



JOAN CONDEMNED TO DEATH—MAY 29, 1431



JOAN BURNED AT THE STAKE AT ROUEN—MAY 30, 1431



ESTLING beneath a wooded hillside, in the province of Lorraine, lies the little village of Domrémy, the birthplace of Joan of Arc. The main street of the hamlet is a part of the great national highway, which just there runs along a terrace overlooking the valley of the Meuse. Behind the houses rises the forest, and in front stretches the greensward of the meadows extending in light and shadow to the opposite hills. At the upper end of the village, beside the church, stands the picturesque cottage wherein was born, to Jacques of Arc and Isabeau Romée, on the night of January 6, 1412, the little daughter whose name shines out as the brightest illuminated figure upon the pages of mediæval history.

The valley of the Meuse is one great garden land, and stretching north and south, not far from the frontier, it has been for ages the highway of the nations, or the theatre for many of those movements which have decided the character of France. Curiously enough the types of those alien nations, which have at various times held this favored land, are preserved, to a certain extent, among the peasants who inhabit the peaceful valley. In Domrémy to-day walk the tall, commanding, fair-haired figures so characteristic of the German across the border, but with features which suggest the profile on a Roman coin, dug up but yesterday on the neighboring hillside. Talking with the villagers in their homes you find you are meeting not only the physique of the German, and the indomitable energy of the Roman, but, also, the keenness, the vivacity and freedom-loving traits of the French.

Domrémy has changed but little during the four centuries and fourscore years which have rolled away since that winter's night of the Epiphany. It was a farming village in Joan's day; it is a farming community still, with its hillsides marked with the varied tints of the grain fields, and meadows dotted with the flocks of grazing sheep or herds of cattle. It is a country big with the story of the past, a country filled with the inherited traditions and some of the superstitions of the nations which have occupied it in turn, a land well suited to form the background in a picture, whose prominent figure is the historic Maid of Orléans.

Jacques of Arc was one of the most prosperous farmers in the village. He owned his modest home and some twenty acres of meadow, field and woodland, and had an income of about one thousand dollars a year. He was a much respected citizen in the small community, performing many of those duties now relegated to a mayor, or a justice of the peace, and entertaining, in a humble way, the pilgrims who passed along the great highway.

It is truly said that great characters are the children of unusual mothers. Joan of Arc was no exception to this almost universal rule. Isabeau of Arc was a woman evidently far in advance of her village associates. She had a brother who had been educated for the clergy; she possessed some little property in her own right; and what was, perhaps, rarer still, she signed her name with the title of Romée, only taken by those who had made the pilgrimage to the eternal city. The broadening influences which must have thus acted upon her character can only be fully appreciated when one contemplates the rather narrow life of the Lorraine peasant woman of to-day. Do we not find in the historic record of the life of the daughter, then unborn, some suggestion of these broadening spiritual influences which must, even from the first, have differentiated her from the other children?

The family of seven, three sons and two daughters, lived in the vine-covered cottage beside the mill on the plot of land adjoining the church. The house has scarcely changed since repaired by one who knew Joan, and were it not for the sculptured details above the door, the tall spruce trees which shelter it, or the well-kept inclosure, there is nothing to

distinguish it from the other farmhouses in the village. The arrangement of the rooms is typical of the Lorraine home, and the interior is in much the same condition as on the morning when Joan set out upon her mission. The sculptured portal opens directly into the living-room with its black oaken ceiling and the wide-mouthed fire-



VILLAGE OF DOMRÉMY

place. In this room Joan was born, and here the family life went on as we find it to-day in the other Domrémy homes.

Joan was a happy little girl, beloved by all the village, and with an early home life as simple and apparently uneventful as that we see to-day along that village street. She arose with the birds, with brother or sister made the fire, pattered barefooted across the grass to the brook for water, and assisted in the preparation of the frugal breakfast. Noon-day found the family afield, for in the peasant home the work is divided among old and young, and all have to share it.

With the other children she rode the horses to water, and, as it came her turn, drove the flocks and the herds of the village to a common pasturage ground in the meadows toward Neufchâteau.

As we sit beside the door of the cottage watching the sunset fade and the twilight fall there comes from across the stream and along the highway beneath the poplars a faint tinkle and patter, growing louder and more distinct at the turn beyond the bridge. It is the flocks and the herds coming home once more, coming just as they have probably been doing every summer night in the twilight since Joan herself last drove them home. As they reach the church part turn to the left, for the barns at the mill, and the others continue down the street, the tinkle of the bells growing fainter as bands of animals detach themselves from the mass on reaching their own barn door. It requires but very little imagination to re-create Joan in the barefooted, sturdy-shouldered, dark-eyed lass who follows in their train.

The peasants, too, come in from the fields, stooping picturesquely beneath a pile of fagots, or a basket piled high with greens. Then the fires are lighted, the flickering light shines out across the falling darkness, the table is spread for the evening meal, and the work of the day is done.

What stories could be told to us by the walls of the Arc cottage if those rooms could speak. These are the thoughts which come to us as we stand in the narrow room called Joan's, and the past comes sweeping back. We can picture her looking out of the little latticed window at the white church walls, as they show beneath the garden trees, and recall her pious devotions at the evening hour when she fell asleep with all the gentle confidence of her childhood faith, never dreaming of any future beyond the quiet life apparently marked out for her in that Lorraine valley.

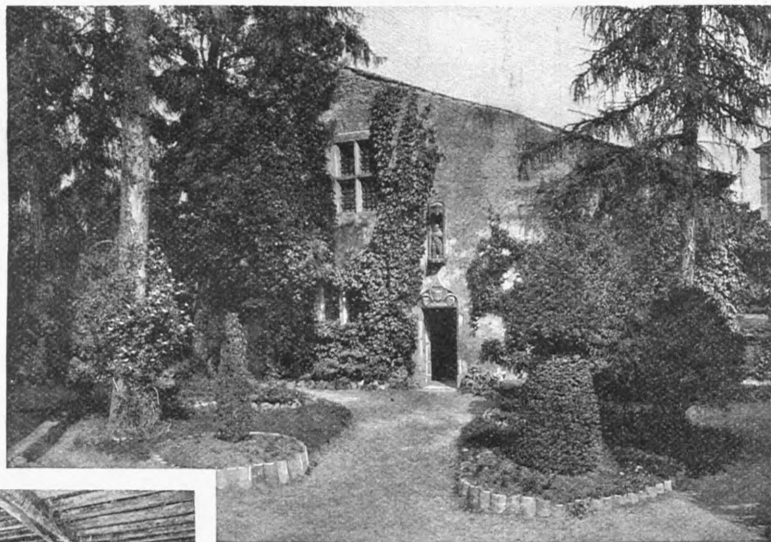
A pious child was little Joan, with a creed most simple and homely, no doubt, in expression, but born of the intensity of character which made martyrs in the earlier days. On Sunday mornings, as the bell from the little white church sent forth its peal, the peasants of the village assembled for worship beneath the dim arches of the cool interior. Attentive faces, toil-marked, but peaceful, look up at the good curé who to-day leads the service, and the voices which rise in the responses, though husky, are earnest and true. The chapels within the aisles are filled with the pictures or statues so typical of the peasant religion, but it is noticeable that the girls of modern Domrémy remain longest in devotion beneath those arches wherein is marked in quaint Gothic letters, "Here Joan was Baptized," "Here Joan Received Communion," "Here Joan Used to Pray." The neighborhood is full of shrines where the little girl went often in devotion, and on which in the spring time the peasants hang decorations and wreaths. On feast days and festivals not one in the parish was merrier than our barefooted girl, as, dressed in her simple, homespun gown of blue, she danced with the other children around the fairy-tree, or wove garlands to test their fortunes at the spring. The games and plays of these children had something of a quaint and unusual character, for legends and superstitions were handed from one generation to another, and the children wove them into their happy life. The childhood of Joan was peaceful, happy and industrious, and filled with an abundance of healthy exercise,

leading to that hardy, iron physique which was later to astonish veteran warriors. Hers was a sweet, winsome, trustful character, and from her face shone a soul as fresh and pure as the purring little brook which ran bubbling beside her home.

Domrémy, because a part of Lorraine, was warmly loyal to France, but only a quarter of a mile across the fields was Greux, with its inhabitants hotly Burgundian in sentiment, and, therefore, ranked by the loyal villagers of Domrémy as the enemies of the King. Rumors of the great war and the English invasions now and then reached the hamlet from travelers over the highroad, and party spirit often ran high across the meadows. Joan and her brothers took an active part in the differences of opinion between the children of the hamlets, and juvenile battles were frequently the outcome. At last the war was brought to their very village, and Jacques of Arc and his family fled to Neufchâteau until things were safer in their home land. These were some of the things which taught Joan, child though she was, the deadly peril which threatened her native land. Although far removed from the area of the great campaigns yet news came more frequently to the Arc cottage as the years rolled by. In that living-room much was discussed concerning the condition of France by the old men, as they gathered before the crackling logs on the winter nights. The pilgrims and the villagers often grew eloquent as they recounted the conflicts which made the provinces run red with fire and sword. Joan, spinning by her mother's side, heard all these things, pondered over them, and pictured them as only children can. What wonder that, hearing these recitals night after night, listening in open-eyed marvel as her soul grew big with patriotism—filled with all the fire and enthusiasm of the impressive age—what wonder that the condition of France

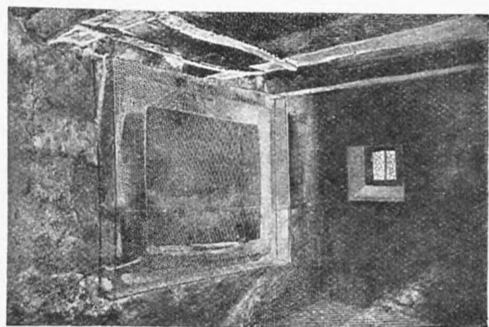
became her daily converse, and the soul was prepared for the inspiration which was to come in Joan's visions and voices.

She had reached the age of thirteen when she saw her first vision. It happened while she was in the meadows at play with the children, and it seemed to her that some one said, "Joan, hasten home, your mother wishes you." She ran to the house, and, finding her mother, asked, "Did you want me?" "No," said the mother. Seeing her error the little girl started back to her playmates, when



HOUSE IN WHICH JOAN WAS BORN

suddenly a transparent, shining mist appeared in front of her, and out of the mist came a voice telling the strange tale, to this country girl, that she was destined for another life than that of the valley; that great wonders would be accomplished through her instrumentality, and that she, of all the girls in France, was the one chosen to fulfill the ancient prophecy and reestablish the Dauphin on the throne of his fathers. That to accomplish all this she would leave home, become a great warrior, lead the armies as chief of division, and that all should follow her guidance and counsel. Whereupon the voice ceased, the shining mist faded slowly away, and the little maid was left standing in the pathway dazed and wholly overcome,



JOAN OF ARC'S SLEEPING-ROOM

scarcely knowing what to think or believe. Day and night these apparitions came, again and again, and for the next five years the girl remained in great perplexity.

As she grew older the visions became more frequent, urging her to her mission and chiding her apparent delay. The voices were particularly urgent when the news came along the highroad that the English had encamped around Orléans. That was what the village elders had been dreading to hear, for it seemed to them that when the enemy held the valley of the Loire all was lost to France. Then it was that the poor girl could neither eat, sleep, nor occupy herself with the daily duties. When the heart is full the lips speak out; Joan was no exception, and one time meeting a playmate on the village street she said: "Michel, there is between Croisey and Vaucouleurs a

young girl, who, within one year, will yet crown the Dauphin King of France."

At last some of Joan's statements reached her father, who was naturally very much surprised and angry, not only to feel his bright little daughter was becoming the laughing-stock of the village, but to think that, perhaps, she was losing her mind. In no uncertain manner he reproved the girl, calling attention to the presumption she was showing in urging her ability to go to war and command armies. He warned her of the moral dangers which lurked in the camp of the men-at-arms, and threatening, if she did not cease her foolish dreaming, to take her to the brook and drown her with his own hands. Hardly knowing what to do, or how to combat the subtle influences which seemed to be surrounding his daughter,



VILLAGE CHURCH AT DOMRÉMY

he determined to marry her to one of the young men of the village, but Joan quickly put an end to his hopes in that direction.

One day, while alone in the wood which crowns the hill behind the village, Joan heard the familiar voices, and once again the vision appeared in bright array. In tender, urgent tones the voices pictured the condition of France, and the apparent inaction of the maid, the cities which were being devastated, the provinces torn asunder and the death of the brave men, the valiant and true of the realm. Then the modesty, simplicity and the humility of the peasant girl were apparent as she pled her inexperience, her ignorance of martial life, or her power over the rough troopers. Still the voices urged her on; urged her to leave home, to forsake her family, the good curé, and the peaceful life in the valley. They directed her to the chateau and commandant at Vaucouleurs, and closed with the inspiring statement that it was but the will of God which led her onward, and all should be as He commanded.

Few of us can realize what it meant for Joan to leave that home life, and, against the wishes of all in the hamlet, go out into the wide world of which she knew so little. Only a faith as great as her unusual character could have brought her to do it—an implicit trust in her directing, guiding God. Father and mother might be against such a step, the one with dire threats and the other with tears, yet while Joan wept in secret she did not falter, but went steadfastly onward into a future to which her voices called her.

As the months went on, and now and then the news came back to the little hamlet, it was no longer the woes of France which the villagers could discuss as they gathered in the living-room of the Arcs. For now the maid was no longer looked upon as the dreamer, for had she not achieved success with Baudricourt at Vaucouleurs, with the Dauphin at Chinon, before the council at Poitiers, or in the wonderful attack which raised the siege at Orléans? Then came the joyful tidings that the Dauphin was on his way to Rheims, and half Domrémy went out to meet the troops at Challons and to go up to the coronation in the great cathedral city. Was it a proud and haughty warrior maid with a spirit vain from the honors heaped upon her, that greeted the village folk? Far from it, the Joan whom they saw at the head of the troops was the same frank, winsome, unselfish creature they had known in her childhood home.

This was the keynote of that character which has left its impression forever upon the national life of France. A sturdy, honest, trustful creature, remaining, in the midst of successes which would have turned the head of many an older warrior, the same serene, transparent character.

Everywhere throughout the Republic, in the footsteps of the maid, are monuments and statues to her valor and renown. Each year brings forward an additional number of plastic examples, while few of the great annual exhibitions are opened in which some reference to her history is not displayed. But it is not the statues which each great city is hastening to erect in her memory, nor the paintings which adorn the gallery walls, nor yet the national monuments which rise on the green hillsides of Domrémy, Vaucouleurs or Rouen which best keep fresh the memory of the maid. Her grandest monument is the spirit of liberty which she left as her great inheritance to the French people, and upon that, as upon a massive foundation course, rises the superstructure of the grand united nation of to-day.



ANOTHER VIEW OF DOMRÉMY



# FEEDING A CITY LIKE NEW YORK

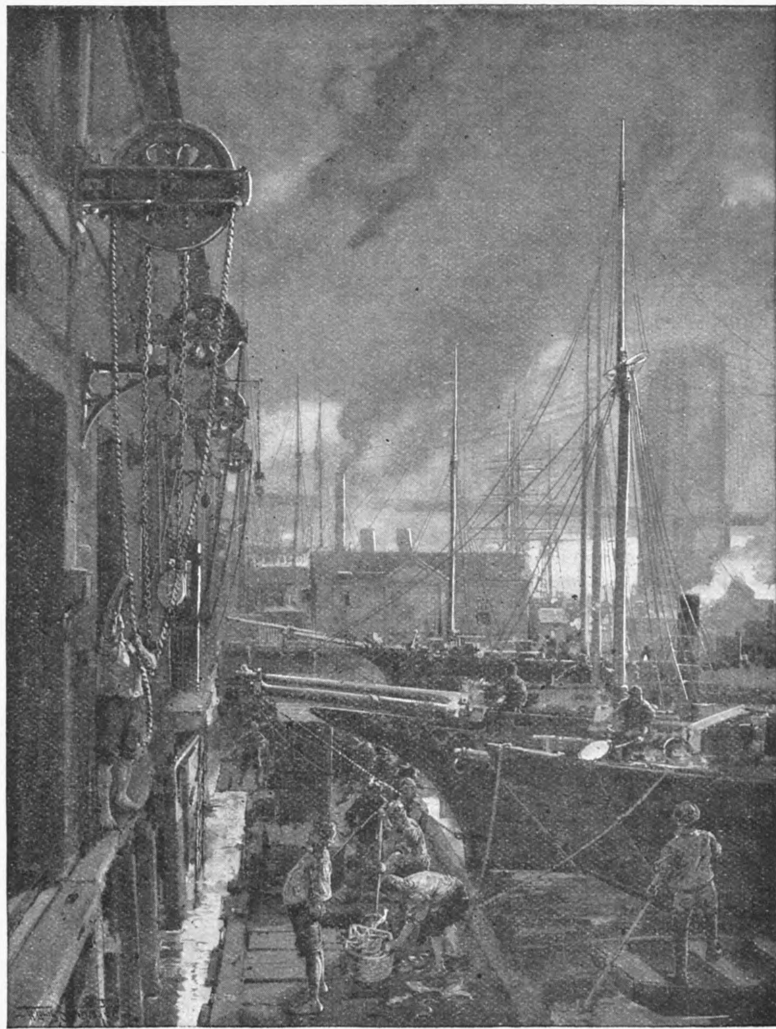
By John Gilmer Speed

DRAWINGS BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.

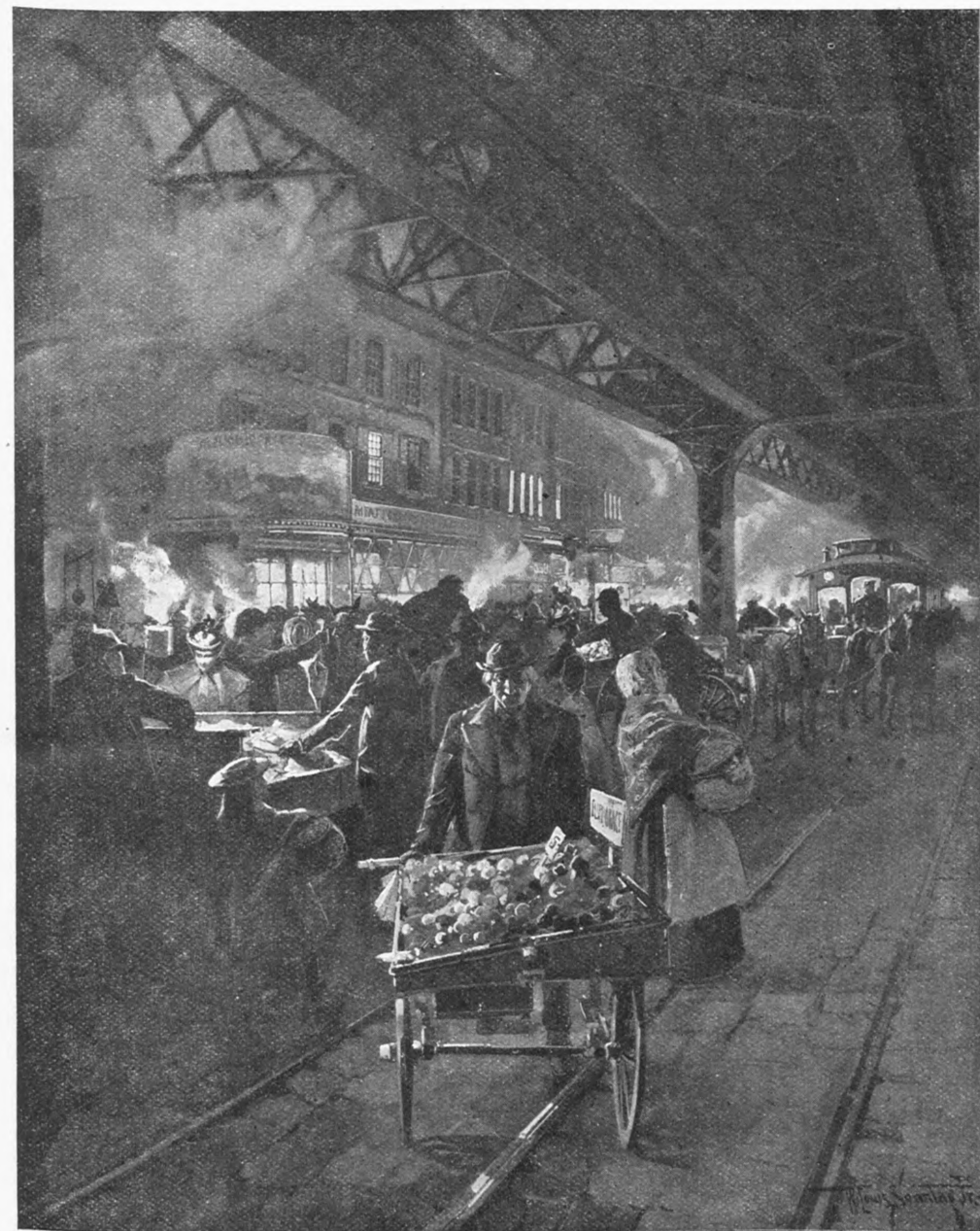
IF THE city of New York and the neighboring district, which we have begun to call the Greater New York, were to be besieged or in some other way entirely cut off from the outside world, and therefore deprived of the food supplies which in normal times come in daily in great quantities, how long would it be before the pinch of hunger would be felt? That is a very hard question to answer, for the reason that there are such inequalities of purchasing capacity in New York society that some go hungry in times of greatest prosperity for lack of means, while the very great majority eat more than is good for them. Undoubtedly the number of those who always go hungry would be increased after two or three days of a

the arrangement and disposition of food the Parisians are specially distinguished. But the food supply in New York could be made to last as long as the Paris siege lasted, and the people would still be comfortable.

No observant and contemplative man can walk the crowded streets of New York, at a time when he himself happens to be hungry, without wondering how under the sun these vast multitudes are fed, and how the



FISHING BOATS UNLOADING AT FULTON MARKET, EARLY IN THE MORNING

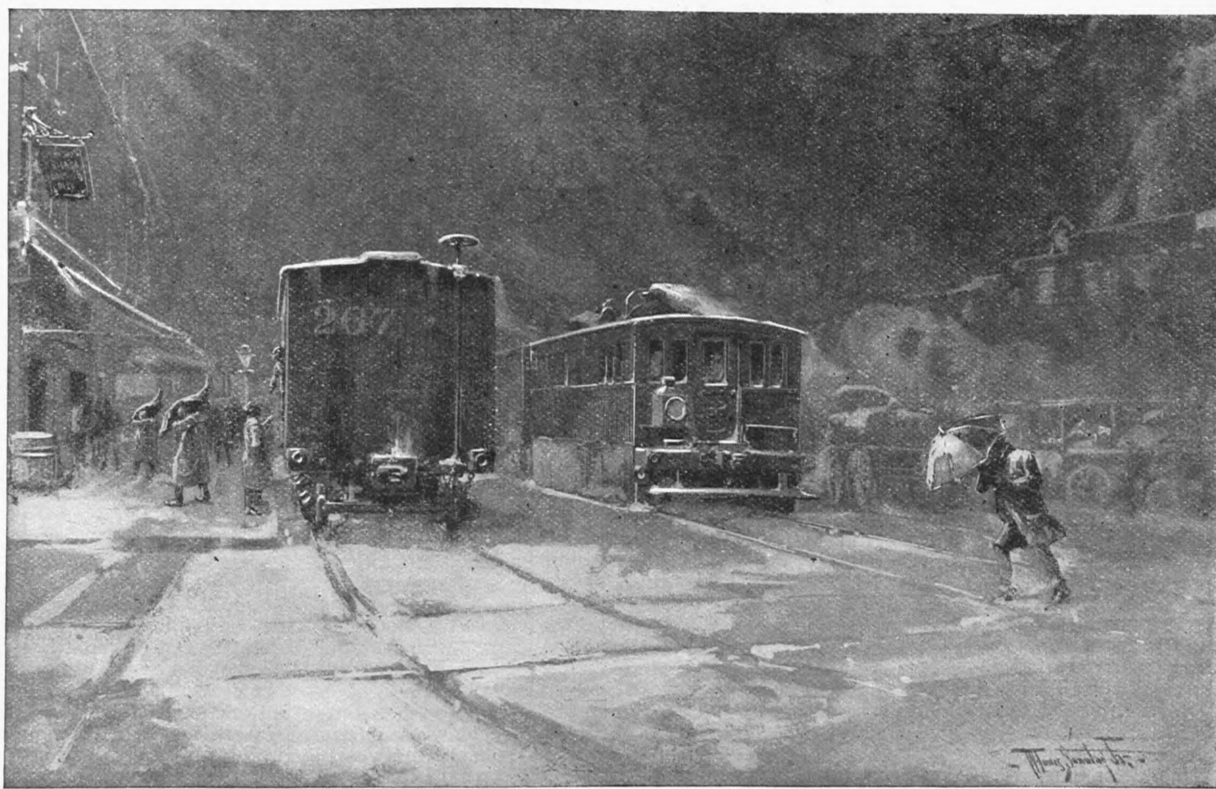


SATURDAY NIGHT AT A POPULAR SIDEWALK MARKET—ON NINTH AVENUE

great city in which they live is provisioned. If such a man will be led by that speculation into an examination of the machinery by which this is effected, and a view of the statistics of the results, he will quite certainly be surprised at the vastness of the undertaking, the success of its accomplishment, and the magnitude of the quantities of food consumed by the people day by day. Until such an investigator has gone pretty deeply into the subject he will not be prepared to say that the food supply could last longer than a week. He would be apt to recall the

famous blizzard of March, 1888, and say the people suffered before three days had passed. And so they did; but they suffered mainly because supplies could not be distributed; and then again, 1888 is not 1896—not by a great deal. There were cold-storage warehouses then, to be sure, but the capacity now is ten times greater than eight years ago. In these cold-storage warehouses there are every day in the year supplies of some things great enough to last for a year. Having mentioned this before going to the other branches of my subject, I must say something of the vast value that these cold-storage warehouses are to economical and comfortable living. Fruits, fish, meats, eggs, butter, and so on, which in times of abundance would spoil and be wasted, are now kept to be sold to the consumers when they are in need of them, and also to yield some profit to the producer besides. In the old time surplus supplies of eggs, vegetables and fruits were absolutely wasted, doing no human being any good whatever. It is well known that the industrious hen finds it pleasanter to lay eggs in abundance at certain seasons. Hens are nothing if not fashionable, and, therefore, at those times all the hens are rivaling each other in this fruitful industry. The consequence is that there are soon more eggs on hand than the world cares to eat. Under the old order these eggs were wasted or sold for a price so low that it did not pay to take them to market. Then in the off season, at the times when the dames of the poultry-yard find it more fashionable to change their plumage than merely to lay eggs and cackle the joyful intelligence to an appreciative world, eggs, under the old dispensation, would be so high in price that they were beyond the means of any save the rich—fifty and sixty and seventy cents a dozen, for instance. Now in times of abundance eggs are put away in cold storage and withdrawn as needed in times of stress, with the result that the consumers can always get what they need at a reasonable outlay, and producers can always get a fair profit for their crop. Here is a great and gratifying accession of wealth—more than a hundred of millions of dollars a year on eggs and other perishable food, it is estimated—an accession with a dual capacity for good, for, like charity, it blesses him who gives and him who receives. As I have spoken so particularly of eggs it may be interesting to state just here that New York consumed in 1894 eighty million dozen eggs, and for these the consumers paid \$14,400,000, or eighteen cents a dozen. The hens of the neighborhood of New York, helped by those in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, Kansas and other States, contributed this generous supply.

siege, and then day by day this number would increase until the public authorities would feel compelled to take possession of the food supplies and distribute them among the people. But still the question has not been answered as to how long the supply usually on hand would last if not replenished. With the exception of milk and some other things, which will presently be enumerated, the supply of meat, poultry, hardy vegetables and fruits would last for two months at the present rate of consumption. If all the supplies were taken charge of at the beginning of a siege—and this could easily be done—the food within New York could be made to last for four months at least. The siege of Paris lasted only four months. Before two months had passed, high and low, rich and poor had learned what hunger was. And, as is well known, the French are the most thrifty and economical people in the world. In



FROM REFRIGERATOR CAR TO COLD-STORAGE WAREHOUSE

Before taking a glance at the machinery by which the food supplies are distributed among the people let us take note of the quantities needed, so that we may have some idea of the magnitude of the problem that has been solved. In looking at these figures the reader will see where in a case of siege a scarcity would first be felt. The con-

sumption of wheat flour averages 70,000 bushels a week, and the supply averages 975,000 bushels. The wheat flour, therefore, would last fourteen weeks, but as there is generally a vast quantity of unground wheat in the elevators in New York harbor—something like 29,000,000 bushels—it would be a long time before New York people would have to go without bread. Of corn-meal about 10,000 bushels are consumed weekly, and the supply is something like 500,000 barrels. The supply of buckwheat flour in the early winter is usually about 65,000 sacks, and nearly all of this is used up before warm weather. Oatmeal is used in great quantities, 6000 bushels being consumed each week; the supply is usually great enough to last for six months. Of beans, after the crop has been gathered, the supply coming to New York varies from 100,000 barrels to 150,000 barrels. That quantity, be it large or small, is usually eaten by the people of New York and the neighborhood thereof. This supply is four times greater than that consumed in Boston and the outlying towns—the home of the bean-eaters. In these staples, comparatively unperishable, it will be seen that New York is abundantly supplied. But as man cannot live by bread alone let us see some of the other things which are supplied in great quantities.

**POTATOES** are eaten in vast quantities, the consumption being 24,000 bushels per day, every day in the year. To supply this demand the product of 90,000 acres of land is needed. The potato crop begins coming to New York in quantities in October, and the large arrivals continue till May. During that period the stock on hand usually amounts to about 300,000 bushels, or fifteen days' supply. Potatoes, therefore, in case of the stoppage of supplies would be one of the first things to give out. There are two great potato markets in New York, and at these places the retailers purchase their supplies. Potatoes fluctuate greatly in value, and nearly all who deal in them, sooner or later, make speculative ventures in them. From near-by parts of New Jersey and from Long Island the potatoes are brought to market in wagons; from New York State and other more distant points the tubers are brought in barrels and sacks in boats and by train. The supplying of this indigestible food is an amazingly great industry, and the consumers in New York pay for what they use about \$13,000,000 each year.

Great as is that sum it is less than what the eggs cost, and less, also, than is paid annually for butter, and only a little in excess of that paid for cheese. The butter sold in New York brings annually \$18,200,000, the amount being 290,800 pounds a day. Of cheese 300,000 pounds are sold a day, and for this is paid \$10,000,000 every year. New York is a great distributing point for butter and cheese, and it is quite difficult, in the absence of records kept for the purpose, to say exactly how much is consumed in the metropolitan district. While mentioning these two products of the dairy it is interesting to note that the value of the milk consumed in New York annually is \$16,250,000. This represents the consumption daily of 297,000 gallons of milk, 5600 gallons of cream and 1200 gallons of condensed milk. The handling of this milk supply is of great importance to the railroads running into New York, and all of them have special trains to accommodate this traffic, which is done almost exclusively in the night, as nearly all of the milk is delivered by the dealers to their customers before breakfast in the morning. It is nearly always a matter of surprise to hear what a vast interest in the country that of the dairy is; that \$44,450,000 should be spent in New York alone for milk, butter and cheese indicates the magnitude of the industry tolerably well.

**WHEN** we approach the meat markets we get into very large figures at once, and we also arrive at one of the most serious economical problems confronting the people in the United States. Of dressed beef, in 1894, there was brought to New York 152,979 tons, or 305,958,000 pounds, representing 509,930 live steers. And of live stock this was the record for the same year: cattle, 564,932; hogs, 1,656,434; sheep, 2,436,742; calves, 284,783; cows, 10,646. The dressed mutton and pork brought from the West was about the same as that slaughtered here; the dressed veal brought in was greatly in excess of that slaughtered in the city, though most of this did not come from the West, but from comparatively near by. Even the farmers prefer to slaughter their own calves because of the cheaper freight on a carcass than on a live animal. Veal does not keep well even in cold storage—it is quite spoiled by freezing—and therefore the supply is never much beyond the daily consumption. Of all this meat how much of it is consumed in New York, beyond the veal, it is difficult to say, but probably in value it does not very greatly exceed that paid for milk, butter, cheese and eggs, namely, \$58,850,000. The remainder is sent abroad, the exportation of meat to Europe from the port of New York being immense. The people who live about New York are quite peculiar in one regard—they one and all demand the very best cuts and will buy nothing else. These good cuts represent but a small portion of a beef; of course, the butchers cannot afford to lose what they cannot sell fresh, so all of these rejected parts are cured or corned, and so sold in New York or sent abroad. This demand for the good cuts is not a new thing in New York, but it is increasing all the time, notwithstanding the fact that as it grows the price of good beef rises. The inability of butchers to dispose quickly of what are considered the inferior parts of the beef makes their business quite hazardous, and men with small capital are more and more forced out of it. A beef which weighs when dressed 1500 pounds will furnish but 60 pounds of tenderloin and 150 pounds of sirloin. These choice cuts, it will be seen, represent but a small part of the whole. The problem of cheaper meat will be helped to a solution more quickly by those "cunning in cookerie" than by either lawmakers or statesmen who attempt to juggle with the inevitable logic of supply and demand. A good cook can make of the four-cent cuts dishes quite as palatable, and quite as wholesome, as many that are served out of beef that costs twenty-five and even fifty cents a pound, the latter being a moderate price for fillets.

**NEW YORKERS** also eat a great quantity of poultry. Live poultry arrives at the rate of from 40,000 to 80,000 per week. This includes chickens, turkeys, geese and ducks. One day in March, 1894, when I was gathering statistics for this article, twenty-three carloads, containing 76,000 birds, arrived. The dressed poultry that arrives in refrigerator cars is about four times as great as this. If it were not for the demand on the part of the Hebrews for live poultry, which can be killed according to their religious regulations, this business would be

inconsiderable, and comparatively few live birds would be brought into the city. The Hebrews purchase eighty per cent. of the live poultry brought to market. The wholesale centre for live poultry is at West Washington (Gansevoort) Market, and on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, from four in the morning till midday, the Jews and those who supply them are active in the transactions in fowls. Dealers who keep only dressed poultry get their supply once a week or so. In the better parts of New York there is scarcely a place of supply which does not display an advertisement, "Philadelphia poultry." As a matter of fact not more than one per cent. of the New York poultry supply comes from the State of Pennsylvania. It is likely that Philadelphia eats pretty nearly all of her own chickens. But this representation is not dishonest. The term has come to include all poultry of a very high grade. In Philadelphia the people have always been nice in their taste and have demanded only the best. Generations ago they learned that clean feeding produced in fowls good and sweet meat. They therefore fed fowls properly and did not let their meat become tainted with the refuse of the barnyards. So Philadelphia chickens became famous for their quality. But chickens properly attended to anywhere else are just as good, and therefore they are, with propriety, called "Philadelphia poultry."

The cold-storage warehouses begin to accumulate poultry in September. Before the end of November they have in them at least a seven months' supply. A chicken can be kept for twelve months without injury to its flavor. Game in great quantities is kept in the same way, and quail, grouse, partridge and pheasant are to be had long after the closed season for each has begun, and when it is illegal under the game laws to keep, sell or serve them. The authorities know so well, however, that such game can be kept in cold storage long after the killing time has passed that there is no longer an entirely strict enforcement of the game law in this particular.

**LITERATURE** and tradition have placed an undeserved reproach upon the manners of the fish market. Fish dealers do not deserve to be spoken of unkindly, for they are as polite as other men of their kind, and their stalls are specially attractive. Fulton Market is the great depot for the reception and distribution of fish in New York. The great bulk of the supply comes to town from the first of April to the end of September. The fresh-water fish and such other varieties that will not keep in cold storage are disposed of as quickly as possible, and at whatever prices they will fetch. After the first of June such fish are peddled about the streets in wagons, and sold at prices suspiciously low. The hardier kinds, which do not deteriorate by being frozen, are stored whenever the demand is less than the supply. The total fish supply for a year is about 45,000,000 pounds—I quote Eugene Blackford, a most competent authority—and this includes 11,000,000 pounds of codfish, 5,000,000 pounds of bluefish, 4,500,000 pounds of halibut and 25,000,000 pounds of thirty or forty different varieties. Of this supply of fish 35,000,000 pounds arrives within the six months before named; 25,000,000 pounds of this is consumed during that time, and the remaining 10,000,000 pounds is frozen. As another 10,000,000 pounds comes to market during the other six months it will be seen that 20,000,000 pounds in all are consumed during what in the fish market is the off season. This smaller quantity brings a larger sum than the greater quantity of the preceding six months. The fisherman with his pole and reel may know by his catch what is the season of the year, but in the fish market, with its refrigerating attachment, all seasons are pretty nearly the same. Ninety-five per cent. of the fish that come to market are dead when they arrive; the other five per cent. are alive, and are kept alive in water till killed for cooking; a small proportion of these are killed in the presence of the luxurious gourmets, who will have what they want no matter what the price. A live fish brings from four to ten times the price of a dead one. The great event of the fish market in New York is the trout display on the first of April. On that day fishing is permitted to begin. How the thousands of speckled beauties on review in Fulton Market by daylight of that first day happened to be there has always been a mystery too hard for human penetration. There is no closed season for oysters nowadays, and they are freely eaten all the year round, the old idea about the months with "r" in them having been long since abandoned. But when the warm weather sets in the consumption of oysters falls off almost to nothing. Oyster dealing in wholesale, it may be remarked, is a distinct business from fish dealing on the same scale, and the markets are in quite different parts of the city. But the retailers always deal in both. When the demand for oysters falls off then these same dealers are kept busy with the merry clam. But the consumption of clams is not nearly so large as that of oysters, and its first place does not last longer than three months. Ninety per cent. of the sea food consumed at summer watering-places near New York is bought in Fulton Market.

**I** HAVE spoken of the bulk of the food supplies consumed in New York except the vegetables. Those that are perishable are shipped to commission merchants, who sell them to jobbers and retailers. When the demand, and, consequently, the price, falls, such things, when possible, are placed in cool storage, not refrigerating rooms, but rooms cool enough to arrest decay without freezing. It would be quite impossible to get at the miscellaneous vegetable supply, except for particular days, as the supply varies very greatly, and no one has been at the trouble to keep the record. Then, again, there are old-fashioned features to the vegetable market, preserved alone in that branch of trade of all those engaged in feeding the multitudes in the great city, for the farmers from Long Island and near-by parts of New Jersey come in their wagons, and at the various markets—West Washington Market chiefly—dispose of their truck to the retailers. This is the only old-fashioned method of marketing that has survived the changes of recent years. At the West Washington Market, when early vegetables are ready to be harvested, there arrive 500 wagons every night, save Saturday. These wagons carry, on an average, ninety bushels each, which makes a weekly total of 270,000 bushels a week of green vegetables brought to that one market alone. That probably represents one-third of what garden truck comes in each week during six or seven months in the year. Probably the yearly consumption is something like 40,000,000 bushels. This does not include potatoes, onions, turnips and some other of the hardy vegetables, but represents the total of the

green things gathered for immediate consumption. The supply of some kinds of green vegetables in storage is generally large enough to last for several weeks.

More pains are taken with keeping fruits. They fetch higher prices, and the owners can better afford to pay the storage charges. The fact that these perishable farm products are kept in such great quantities in these warehouses recalls the fact that the warehousemen are generally also bankers, and that they always stand ready to lend money on fruits or vegetables stored with them and pledged as collateral. Indeed, I was told by the most prominent of these in New York that there was no better collateral than oranges, or apples, or pears, or potatoes, or eggs, or butter; and he even assured me that he advanced money on strawberries, the most perishable fruit that is ever handled in the market.

**THE** greater part of the hauling of the vegetables and meats from the warehouses and from the farms is done at night, and frequently, indeed, every night save Saturday, processions of wagons rumble over the stone pavements to these great places of distribution. Some strive to get to the markets just before the opening at 3 A. M. and others arrive much earlier, put their horses into stables, and go to bed for a few hours in one or another of the neighboring hotels which are chiefly kept for the accommodation of marketmen. Toward daylight, but before it, whether it be winter or summer, the activity at the markets begins, for then the wholesalers and jobbers begin to fill orders received by post the night before and momentarily coming by telephone. A trifle later the large purchasers among the hotelkeepers and the retail dealers begin to arrive. These are disposed of very expeditiously, for such purchasers almost invariably come with lists prepared and know tolerably well what they want. Later come the marketeers for family consumption. The aggregate of these is large, for many men and women delight in looking about the markets, and feel that the time they spend in this is repaid by the bargains they secure. It is a pity to say it, but truth compels the observation, that in nine cases out of ten these bargains are mere delusions. But the marketeers who go directly to these great depots for their supplies do not represent five per cent. of the housekeepers. Probably, however, another fifteen per cent. are still supplied directly from these great central stations. They send their orders by postal cards, supplied by the dealers; give their orders to the delivery wagons, which call at the houses at stated times, or send for what they want by telephonic message. The quick delivery of letters and the increased use of the telephone have together created this revolution in marketing methods. The other eighty per cent. of the people are supplied from the numerous shops for meats and vegetables in every neighborhood, however poor, however grand. Bayard Street has its little butcher shops, and Fifth Avenue also. In the great markets the rush of business is over before the wholesale merchants and the bankers have finished their breakfast. Long before that time the small retailers have been to market, and have returned with their supplies, which are arranged on the counters. All of these principals, for the retailer is always his own purchaser, are up long before the lark, for they have driven to the market, have bought what they need and are usually back again before half-past six.

**NOTWITHSTANDING** the cold-storage facilities there are always by the end of the week quantities of food which it would not pay to put away over Sunday. This must be sold or thrown away. Precious little of it is thrown away. Every Saturday night there are two or three great popular sidewalk markets held, and at these all manner of food is disposed of. The marketmen toward night of Saturday sell to hucksters and peddlers all that they do not care to put away till Monday. These men hurry off to the places where the open-air markets are held, and backing their wagons to the curbstone make a counter on the sidewalk by resting two boards over two barrels. Then each one erects a kerosene torch and he is ready for business. The largest of these markets is in Tenth Avenue, and stretches from Thirty-fourth Street to Forty-second Street, on either side of the way. The scene becomes exciting by half-past eight in the evening, and lasts till close to midnight. Crowds of people, most of them women with baskets, promenade up and down looking for something for the Sunday dinner. They do not pounce down on the first thing that attracts their attention, but usually go the full length on both sides, noting the supply and the prices. After such a promenade a careful housewife is prepared to spend her money advisedly and to the best advantage. At such a market a prudent purchaser never gives without parley what the seller first asks, for experience has taught the observant among them that in such places prices are very elastic, with a wonderful capacity to shrink. There is not in New York a more animated scene than this Saturday night market in Tenth Avenue. When it rains on Saturday night it is a bad thing for the health of the town, for much of this food is not disposed of for immediate consumption, but is kept over till the following week, and in a very damaged condition hawked about the streets.

The problem of feeding the New York multitudes is a great one, but I trust that what has been said in this article shows that in the main it is satisfactorily solved. And I trust, also, that the statistics I have given bear out my statement that in case of siege New York could live in reckless abundance for two months, in plenty for four months, and even manage to get along without emulating the Chinese appetite for rats for half a year.



## LEAVE SOMETHING TO THE FANCY

By Edith M. Thomas

**I** COULD never say what splendor, white, like the rising soul of the frost, shone on the hill one autumn morning, and filled up the intervening distance with misty brightness. I thought I discerned angels, or radiant presences of some sort, walking among the chestnuts and pines that crown the bold ridge to the east. However, I took but one glance in their direction, not wishing to understand by what means such luminous and splendid effects were produced. We should not spoil our mysterious distances by too alert scouting on the part of the inquisitive eye. We should leave something for fancy to conjure with—something to be woven into the fabric of dreams.



### DAWN IN THE COUNTRY

*By Eulalie Fyler Andreas*

THE sun is lifting up its head  
And nodding to the world;  
The morning-glory's left its bed,  
Its petals pink unfurled.

Dawn chased away the will-o'-wisp;  
The owls no longer see;  
The bird-notes float out clear and crisp  
From yonder willow-tree.

The brook is rippling fresh and bright  
Along the deep ravine,  
Past violets blue and violets white,  
Past ferns and grasses green;

The dew has left the clover sweet  
Where bees begin to hum;  
And to the poppies in the wheat  
The butterflies have come.

So waken, ere the scene is gone!  
Refresh your weary eyes  
Upon the beauties of the dawn  
'Neath summer's country skies.

### A DAIRY IN THE MEADOW

*By Alice Crary*

THERE'S a dairy in the meadow that I just found out  
to-day  
As I chanced to pass along the grass, in wondering,  
dreamy way,  
I saw a cowslip by me, and the whole truth came to me,  
In hazy, mazy outline, that my thought explored to see.

The buttercups were standing with their shining bowls  
full filled  
By a gilt-edged mass all gleaming, as if the sun had spilled  
A little of its sunshine, in a dazzling, dripping ray,  
Adown the streaming splendors of a sultry, summer day.

The milkweed held its liquid with sealed and certain grasp,  
The high stems were the quart cans; the silky leaves the  
clasp,  
And I'm certain by the richness of the cream that trickled  
through,  
No water had been added—not the smallest drop of dew.

The daisies were the milkmaids. They wore spotless  
ruffled caps,  
Which they pulled securely 'round them to take their  
morning naps,  
And their faces shone so brightly o'er their tidy green  
print dress  
That the meadow-lark flew downward to give them a  
caress.

The breezes are the coolers; they are fanning by the hour,  
So butter keeps its firmness, and cream is never sour;  
While the water drips and gurgles from a faucet in the sky  
To wash the tiny milk-pails for the smiling sun to dry.

The dairy in the meadow is beneath a sky so blue  
That a little shine from Heaven seems to try and glimmer  
through.  
You'll discover it, I'm certain, if you look some sunlit day  
For the fairy little dairy in the meadow by the way.

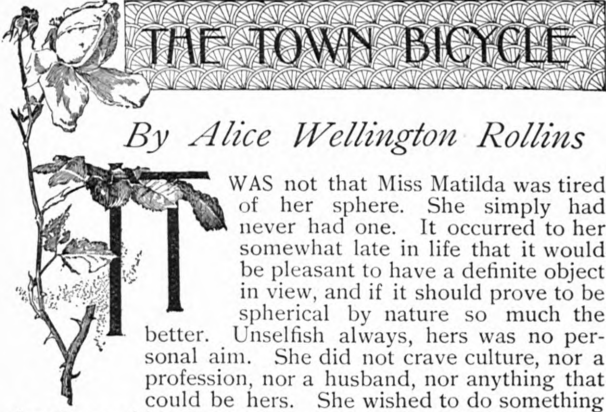
### THE SLEEPING OF THE WIND

*By Charles B. Going*

THE great red moon was swinging  
Alow in the purple east;  
The robins had ceased from singing;  
The noise of the day had ceased;  
The golden sunset islands  
Had faded into the sky,  
And warm from the seas of silence  
A wind of sleep came by.

It came so balmy and resting  
That the treetop breathed a kiss,  
And a drowsy wood-bird, nesting,  
Chirped a wee note of bliss;  
It stole over fragrant thickets  
As soft as an owl could fly,  
And whispered to tiny crickets  
The words of a lullaby.

Then slowly the purple darkened,  
The whispering trees were still,  
And the hush of the woodland harkened  
To a crying whip-poor-will;  
And the moon grew whiter, and by it  
The shadows lay dark and deep;  
But the fields were empty and quiet,  
For the wind had fallen asleep.



## THE TOWN BICYCLE

By Alice Wellington Rollins

IT WAS not that Miss Matilda was tired of her sphere. She simply had never had one. It occurred to her somewhat late in life that it would be pleasant to have a definite object in view, and if it should prove to be spherical by nature so much the better. Unselfish always, hers was no personal aim. She did not crave culture, nor a profession, nor a husband, nor anything that could be hers. She wished to do something for the world. The world, of course, meant Boxtton.

There was one difficulty. She did not like to admit the present existence of a flaw in Boxtton. To try to improve it would imply that it needed improving, and Miss Matilda had always considered the village of Boxtton quite perfect of its kind, and the kind quite perfect of itself. What did it not possess? It had a meeting-house with a spire, a schoolhouse, a fire company with red shirts and buckets, a common, a grocery store with one corner in it for a post-office, and even a small circulating library, emanating from the "sitting-room" of Maria Follansbee. Miss Matilda would not have advocated the acquisition of anything which might have been had before, but which Boxtton had been without. The acquisition of something new, however, something which other towns never had had till recently, seemed to offer no insult to the past, and to be merely a proper deference to the present and a noble legacy to hand down to the future.

Such a thing was the bicycle.

True, no one in town could afford to buy a bicycle. What was worse, Boxtton had no leisure class able to devote Saturday afternoons to the enjoyment of a bicycle. No, it was certain that no individual in Boxtton was well adapted for the bicycle craze.

But the town, as a town? Why not have a public bicycle, as we have a public library or a public school? The town could own it; the people could hire it by the hour, and Boxtton hold up its head with the cities that had boulevards. True, the dreadful thought did cross her mind that if ever such a day did arrive, everybody would want the bicycle on the same afternoon, and there would be only one. However, she decided that sufficient unto that day was the evil thereof. Her duty was to provide the bicycle. Others might quarrel over it as they pleased.

A bicycle was expensive, she knew that. And they could not increase the town taxes, and they had no village millionaire to subscribe the whole amount. But they could give a strawberry festival, and the children could pick huckleberries, and she, she—Miss Matilda—could take a boarder.

She had often thought it a pity not to take boarders in the roomy, old-fashioned house, with the neighboring woods, and the splendid well, and the fine apples, and the excellent croquet ground. Admirable woman that she was, she had never regretted that a certain aristocratic sense of fitness in reigning supreme over such a mansion had cut her off from adding another source to her income; but she had always been haunted with a sincere sympathy for the boarder that might have been, cut off from the splendid privilege of dwelling, even for a few weeks, in the green pastures of Boxtton. Now, however, that she had a motive outside herself, and outside any personal or individual prejudices in favor of other towns, she felt justified, for the honor of Boxtton, in assuming the rôle of a compensated hostess.

It was Samuel Barstow who first checked her enthusiasm. "Is it a goin' to be a feller's or a gal's wheel?" he asked suddenly.

Miss Matilda was startled—she had not known there were two kinds—but only for a moment.

"Both," she answered firmly.

For in the brief instant of shock she had decided to take two boarders. She had always wanted to, and now it was her duty to.

So a few evenings later there appeared in a city paper the advertisement:

"WANTED—A boarder with a bicycle."

For with true New England thrift Miss Matilda had no sooner decided on a boarder than it occurred to her what a saving it would be if the boarder should bring a bicycle with him. This would serve the double purpose of inspiring the villagers by frequent exhibitions of the wheel in motion, and save the expense of their having to take lessons when their own town bicycle should finally be installed in—

By-the-way, where should it be installed? There was no livery stable, and if left in the schoolhouse the children would handle it and "muss" it. Thomas Paxton had a shed, but it was exposed to the weather and the machine might suffer. Miss Matilda finally decided that she would lock it up in a large old glass-covered and curtained cabinet in her parlor. The curtains should be kept drawn back, so that occasional callers should always have the stimulus of being conscious that Boxtton owned a bicycle. Then, as she said, by watching the boarder on his wheel the Boxttonians would soon become expert in the projected use of a wheel of their own. Besides, a bicycle boarder would not have the contaminating effect upon Hiram that a mere boarder might. Miss Matilda had seen signs in her nephew of aspirations for a dress-suit that she wished to quell. That Hiram was really pining for that of which a dress-suit is merely a symbol, for that to which the possession of a dress-suit would entitle him, never entered Miss Matilda's head. She supposed it to be the clothes themselves that appeared to Hiram so desirable. But if a real city boarder should appear among them in the bicycling costume, which she understood to be exceedingly simple, Hiram might see that city folk did not attach such value to city clothes, and so be gradually weaned from his dangerous predictions.

Hence it happened that Grahame Johnson read in the evening paper: "Wanted—a boarder with a bicycle."

It tickled his fancy. He could answer all the requirements. He had always been a boarder, and he had recently bought a bicycle. But what was their idea? Would they want to borrow the bicycle? Or did they want a boarder with an object in life that would keep him most of the time away from home, and therefore away

from meals? At any rate, it was worth finding out. He might, at least, secure material for a New England dialect story. So a few days later he took part of the journey by rail and the rest on his wheel. Had he known Miss Matilda's preference for a boarder in simplicity of costume he could not have looked tider, hotter or dustier than he did when he finally appeared at her front door. It was an attractive front door, that is, it would have been if it had been standing open into the wide hall, with the breath of June and June roses blowing through it. But at the moment it was shut fast, and when his knock was finally responded to, there was an ominous and thunderous unbarring of a bolt, implying that a June rose would have hard work to send in even a whiff through a crack.

But behold! When it did open the June Rose had been behind it all the time. It was clad in pink, and it had cheeks like a girl, and it was good to look at.

"Excuse me," he stammered. "I am the new boarder."

"Excuse me," she said sweetly. "But you can't be, for I am the new boarder myself."

"Oh," he said faintly. "This, then, was not his hostess."

"Then I think I must be a newer boarder."

"I will call Miss Matilda," said the June Rose, incapable of coping with this logician. Would he come in?

Of course he would come in. He had come to stay. The June Rose walked across the hall.

"Miss Matilda, another boarder has come."

"Very well," said the unsurprised Miss Matilda, rolling up her knitting. "I expected him."

For Miss Matilda was not of those who advertise and wait. She knew that all that would be necessary was for her to announce that she would take boarders. Of course they would come if they were once permitted.

"Good-evening," she said politely, as she entered the south parlor.

But even her self-possession nearly gave way as she encountered the unkempt young man of the highway. She had desired simplicity of costume for Hiram's sake; but really—really—she didn't know that bicyclists never brushed their hair.

"Where's your trunk?" she said tersely.

He assured her it was coming on the next train. It would never do to let this excellent lady suspect that he had merely come to reconnoitre.

"Then you can go right up to the room next to Hiram's, and—"

Miss Matilda was about to add, as she had to her first boarder, "Take off your things," but he looked so distinctly as if everything had been taken off that could be, that she hesitated. It seemed more appropriate to tell him to "put on his things," for she never allowed even Hiram to come to the table in his shirt sleeves, but poor fellow, his trunk hadn't come.

In half an hour they were all at the tea-table, luxuriating in the pleasant sense of a stimulating novelty. The cold ham was pink and thin and delicious, the biscuit had "risen" properly, and the waffles were done to a turn. Miss Matilda was the only unexcited person present. Things had turned out exactly as she had intended they should, and she was content.

The June Rose was agreeably stimulated by the prospect of more fun than she had anticipated. Mr. Grahame Johnson believed himself in Paradise.

And Hiram? Hiram was a surprise. Grahame had expected a lean, lank countryman, devoted to corn; and behold, he was a student from a Western college, merely seeking rest and recreation in the friendly tilling of his aunt's pastures as a diversion. Mr. Johnson felt a little afraid of Hiram. His name was against him, but everything else appeared to be in his favor. Why Mr. Johnson was not agreeably surprised at finding the other young man attractive seems unreasonable; but it had a reason.

After tea they walked in the garden—the sweet, old-fashioned, rose-scented garden, and the June Rose explained to him the program for the season.

"I've found out her idea. She wants to give the town a bicycle. And she means to pay for it by her boarders. Not out of the profits, mind you, she isn't going to charge herself with the expenses; she is going to turn over to the town every cent we pay her. She says, 'Lor, child! What with all this garden sauce, and the well, and the apples, and the corn, it won't cost anything to keep you.' What troubles her is the meat question. Meat in the country is 'dear,' and not always to be had even at that. So you must tell her to-night that you never eat beefsteak for breakfast, but prefer just coffee and a 'biscuit.' Then we must manage to be away a great deal at dinner-time—bicycling, you know."

"Together?" interrupted the young man joyfully.

"And then we can come home to an early tea"—the June Rose ignored his allusion to companionship—"and have cold ham and sardines. You see she will get on beautifully."

"She," murmured Grahame.

"Yes, she. It's no matter about us. I am determined the town shall have that bicycle—I mean, those bicycles, for she wants two. Then we must arrange to stay till very late in the season—"

"I will," assented Grahame eagerly.

"And then, when we get ready to go, we must present her with our bicycles!"

At this culmination the June Rose looked triumphantly at the newer boarder, as if she had achieved a masterpiece of diplomacy.

"Well, really—"

"Yes, really. We can assure her that they are in good condition, and I'm sure she will not mind their being second-hand, she admires them so. Papa is going to give me a new bicycle for Christmas anyway; and I'm perfectly sure you will never be satisfied with a '96 when you see what improvements a '97 will have; so you see we might as well be generous with the old ones."

"Perhaps she would want a '97, too," murmured Grahame feebly.

"Oh, no! I'm quite sure she would be satisfied. And if you shouldn't want to give yours away, surely you would let her have it very cheap under the circumstances?"

"Certainly, certainly!"

"Then it's a bargain," and the June Rose tripped away—to ask Hiram about something.

And the next evening they walked a little in the garden. Grahame had generously lent Hiram his bicycle, and had been astonished to see him mount it with ease and ride away.

"I wish young Lochinvar would ride back to the West," he thought, and he added to the June Rose:

"They're not so innocent as you think. Hiram knows all about a bicycle."

"Hiram? Of course Hiram knows. The only reason he hasn't his own bicycle is because he was generous and left it to his younger brother when he came East."

"Well, you needn't be so sarcastic. I haven't any younger brother to leave mine with."

"No, you are to leave yours with Miss Matilda. Even if Hiram can ride, the town can't. Miss Matilda wants the town to ride."

An amused fancy kindled Grahame's imagination. He projected a cartoon for some comic weekly, representing a town on a bicycle. Yes, he was getting rural material for literary purposes; only, as he thought with another inward smile, he was getting it, not from the country people, but from a city visitor. However, he conquered his smile and asked:

"Do you think the experiment is succeeding?"

"Succeeding? Of course it's succeeding. I hope you don't mind very much about the beefsteak?"

"No, I don't mind very much so far. Hiram is probably used to cultivating literature on a little oatmeal, and you seem to be as much of a June rose as ever. Only I'm a little afraid of turning myself into a Grahame 'biscuit' before the season is over."

"But it is such a paradise!" and her eyes wandered over the verberna bed. "And to think there is never a serpent in it!"

"Oh, but there is! I regard Hiram in the light of a serpent."

"Hiram! Hiram is a dear, a dove and an angel. He has promised to give half the crop of his turnip-field to the bicycle fund."

"That's nothing. I'm willing to give my entire share of the turnips."

"Oh, no! She couldn't expect you to give up beefsteak and turnips both. I'm sure she wouldn't."

And so the bicycle fund grew and grew. Miss Matilda was entirely undisturbed; she simply let affairs take their own way. She had set the ball rolling, or rather the wheel rolling, and the boarders were doing the rest. That was as it should be. She denied them nothing—in fact, she even added crullers to the frugal breakfast. But their interest in the fund did not seem to need fanning. The strawberry festival was a great success, chiefly owing to the fact that the June Rose ordered twenty boxes sent to her mother, while the other boarder, for lack of a mother, ate, himself, as many saucerfuls at ten cents a plate. The Rose had imported a large number of friends, who cheerfully paid fares and expenses amounting to two or three dollars that she might reap the benefit of their ten cents admission. Everybody said it was beautifully managed. The Rose had announced that she should pay for everything and only hope to make legitimate profits; but when she went the rounds to bargain for the berries and the sugar, and the cream and the cake, the silver quarters that she dutifully drew out of her little purse to bear witness to her willingness to pay, clung so lovingly to her little gloved fingers (mind you, I don't say that her fingers clung to the money), that farmer, farmer's wife and groceryman at once announced their firm intention not to accept a cent. Then they went and paid ten cents admission to look at their berries and sugar, and cream and cake, as arranged for the festival, and ten cents more for the satisfaction of seeing how they tasted in such novel surroundings, and then, because they tasted well, ten cents for another plateful. Oh, yes! It was beautifully managed.

And so the fund grew and grew. Grahame bore patiently the depletion of his purse and the sacrifice of his beefsteak, but when the Rose suggested that he begin deliberately to earn for the fund, and give up riding his bicycle in the afternoons to hoe corn for Farmer Platt at fifty cents a day, he demurred.

"Can't I make you understand that if we give her our bicycles at the end of the season there isn't any need of raising a fund?"

"Of course there isn't any need. But it's such fun to see the money accumulate! And you can always buy more things to go with it: tools, and lanterns, and cyclometers, and waterproof capes, and lunch-baskets."

"Well, if you must have money to accumulate, I promise to pay fifty cents a week into the fund for the privilege of riding my own bicycle till the time comes to give it up, if you'll allow me to let Farmer Platt hoe his corn without me. There may be less corn for the market, but if there is I promise to eat canned corn next winter."

"But if there isn't any corn how can there be any corn canned?"

"There can't. That's the advantage, don't you see? Wouldn't you be glad to have canned corn eliminated from the market?"

"Yes, if I could have mushrooms instead."

"Very well, you shall eat mushrooms if you'll only let me ride my wheel in peace till the time comes to give it up."

So she graciously accorded her permission.

But the fund idea was too fascinating. The next day she had formulated a new plan.

She would help gather in the crops. She could pick berries and cut the fresh vegetables—and—oh, glorious new idea! She could preserve the strawberries left over, and jelly the currants, and churn butter for market, and make ever so much! She could help Hiram—

This was too much. She was not only going to stop riding with him, but she was going to begin lingering with Hiram.

"Didn't I point out to you the other day that there was no need of a fund at all, as we are going to present the town with our wheels?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"It's such fun to see the money accumulate! And they are sure to want something."

"Well, I want something, too."

"What do you want?"

He came very near telling her, but prudently postponed it and merely suggested:

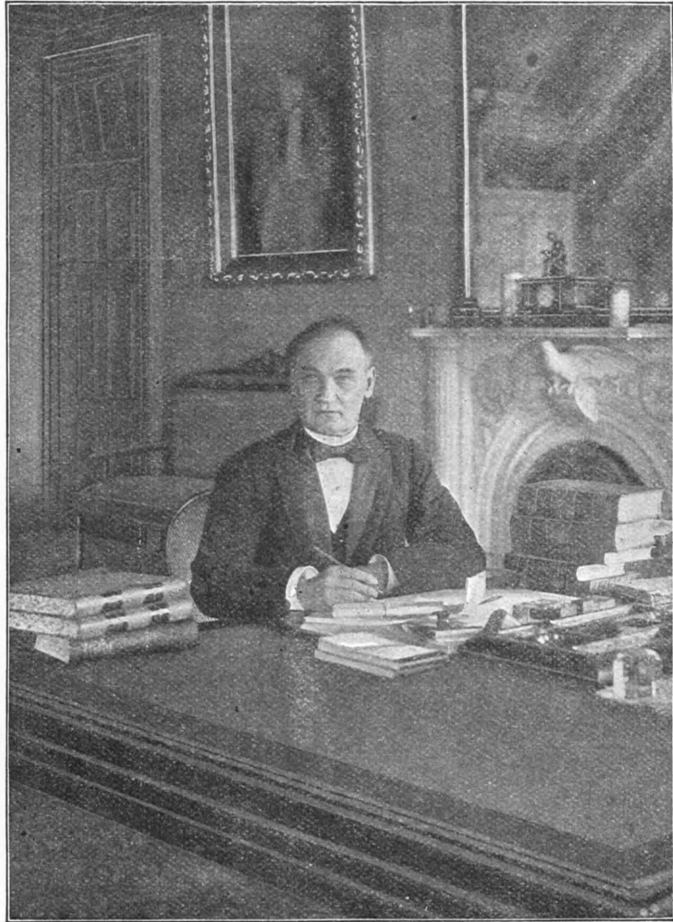
"I want to murder Hiram."

Still Hiram went unmurdered to the end of the season, and gradually the fund craze died away as the hot July weather made churning butter seem less enjoyable than rides through the cool woods. In due time the boarders departed, leaving their wheels behind them, and the town passed a vote of thanks to Miss Matilda for the effort she had made in its behalf. The following summer Mr. Grahame Johnson and the June Rose came back, as he had once gracefully expressed it, "together."

"Do you know," he said to her as they walked up the garden path again, "why B is my favorite letter in the alphabet? It's because it turns a 'ride' into a 'bride.'"



SECRETARY OF STATE RICHARD OLNEY, AT HIS DESK



SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY JOHN G. CARLISLE, IN HIS OFFICE



[Photographs by Frances B. Johnston, Washington, D. C.]

# THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

By Hon. Benjamin Harrison

\*VII—THE SECRETARY OF STATE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS ARTICLE



HE business of the Government is transacted through eight Executive Departments. The heads of these departments constitute the Cabinet, and they take rank at the Cabinet table in the following order: On the right of the President is the Secretary of State; on his left the Secretary of the Treasury; next to the Secretary of State is the Secretary of War, and opposite to him the Attorney-General. Next to the Secretary of War is the Postmaster-General, and opposite to him the Secretary of the Navy. Until the creation of the Department of Agriculture the Secretary

of the Interior had the foot of the table to himself; now he shares it with the head of the new department, though the breadth of the table is hardly sufficient to receive two seats. The "cabinetmaker" who designed the table did not allow for the growth of the official family. Already a further addition is being urged—a Secretary of Commerce and Manufactures—and if he comes into being a new table must be provided. Perhaps an extension table may be the thing—everything in this expansive land should be expansive.

The Secretary of State is popularly called the head of the Cabinet; and in affairs of ceremony and in the order of succession to the Presidency—in the event of the death of the President and Vice-President—is such. He is often the ablest and most experienced statesman in the Cabinet, and this personal element, if present, gives him a natural preëminence among his associated advisers at the Cabinet table. But in no other sense is he a head as to any department save his own. He does not select his associates, may not even be consulted as to their selection, nor can he direct anything in their departments.

The Secretary of State has been often named from the list of those who were competitors of the President for the Presidential nomination. In the case of Mr. Lincoln, whose great powers were little understood by the country when he came to the Presidency, the choice of his great competitor, Mr. Seward, for Secretary of State was a very wise and a very brave act. The choice gave confidence to those anxious patriots—perhaps a majority of the loyal people, certainly so in the Eastern States—who had yet to learn that this plain, great man from the West was unmatched in wisdom, courage and intellectual force. It was a brave act because Mr. Lincoln could not fail to know that for a time Mr. Seward would overshadow him in the popular estimation; and a wise one because Mr. Seward was in the highest degree qualified for the great and delicate duties of the office. A man who is endowed for the Presidency will know how to be President, in fact as well as in name, without any fussy self-assertion.

THE American Colonies, when serious differences with the mother country developed, found it necessary to have representatives in London, to present and support their petitions for the redress of grievances, to observe and oppose threatened Parliamentary action, and to keep the Colonial assemblies advised as to all happenings that affected the interests of the Colonies. These "agents," as they were called, also looked in some measure after the commercial interests of the Colonies. It was a sort of consolidated diplomatic and consular service. Franklin served several of the Colonies in this capacity. The First Congress, in 1774, made use of these Colonial agents in the presentation of an address to the King. In 1775 Congress constituted from its members a committee to conduct the foreign correspondence, called the "Secret Committee of Correspondence." A little later a "Committee of Foreign Affairs" was organized. Foreign correspondence was conducted through these and other committees, or by the direct action of Congress. The inadequacy and inefficiency of this method—if that can be called a method which is certain and methodical in nothing—became so apparent that in January, 1781, Congress inaugurated measures for the establishment of a Department of Foreign Affairs, and in the following August Robert R. Livingston, of New York, was chosen as the first "Secretary for Foreign Affairs." It must be recalled that the Congress then exercised all executive powers, and so the rules of the new office required the Secretary to lay all matters before Congress, and to "transmit such communications as Congress shall direct." He was permitted to attend Congress "that he may be better informed of the affairs of the United States and have an opportunity of explaining his reports." Mr. Livingston took office September 23, 1781. After a brief exercise of the office he submitted to Congress some suggestions for the better conduct of its business, and in February, 1782, Congress adopted resolutions providing, among other things, that the official designation of the Secretary should be "Secretary of the United States of America for the Department of Foreign Affairs"; that the letters of the Secretary to the Ministers of the United States and to the Ministers of foreign powers, relating to treaties or other great National subjects, should be submitted to and receive the approbation of Congress before they were sent; that plans of treaties, instructions to our representatives and other like papers, the substance of which had been approved by Congress, should, after being reduced to form, be again submitted to the opinion of Congress. The office was not well designated. The Secretary was rather the "Secretary of Congress" than the "Secretary of the United States of America"; but the substitution of a Secretary for the committees that had before our foreign affairs in charge was a step in the direction of the establishment of an Executive Department of the Government.

IN JUNE, 1782, Mr. Livingston resigned to accept the office of Chancellor of the State of New York. We do not wonder that with a salary of only four thousand dollars he should have said he was compelled to draw upon his private fortune to support the office. That has been the fate of all, or practically all, of his successors; for, while the salary of the office has been for many years just twice that received by Mr. Livingston, eight thousand dollars, the expenditures necessary to maintain the social position which custom has assigned to the office are greatly more than the salary. A Secretary of State, who maintains an establishment and entertains the foreign Ministers and the general public with the generous hospitality now expected of him, will owe much gratitude to his majordomo, if at the end of a four years' term he has not contributed from his private fortune to the support of his office a sum greater than the salary he has received. This is an evil, for it may happen that the man best fitted for the office may refuse it—or leave it as Livingston did—rather than sacrifice a small private fortune to social demands. Dinners were, in Livingston's time, as now, diplomatic agencies, as well as imperative social events.

John Jay was Livingston's successor in office, and entered upon his duties September 21, 1784. He continued in office—though never reappointed by Washington—for some time after the adoption of the Constitution, and though commissioned as Chief Justice of the Supreme

Court, September 26, 1789, discharged his duties in the State Department until February, 1790, when Thomas Jefferson, who had been appointed Secretary of State while in Europe, returned and took the office.

THE first Act under the Constitution establishing the department was approved July 27, 1789. It was called "The Department of Foreign Affairs," and its principal officer "The Secretary for the Department of Foreign Affairs." On September 15 following another Act was passed changing the designation of the department to "The Department of State," and that of its principal officer to "The Secretary of State." It seems that the dropping of the word "foreign" from the designation of the department was significant of a purpose to charge the Secretary with some domestic duties and powers as well. For we find that legislation followed very soon providing for the filing of applications for patents in the State Department, and the keeping of the patent records therein.

The Department of State was also made the repository for copyrighted books, had the supervision of the census and of the publication of the census reports, and in a measure the supervision of the Territories. All of these domestic functions were, in 1849, transferred to the Interior Department; and the matter of copyrights, at a later period, to the Librarian of Congress.

The office force of the Secretary of State now consists of the Secretary, three assistant secretaries, one chief clerk, six chiefs of bureaus, seven translators, one clerk to the Secretary, fifty-five clerks of the various classes, four messengers, and about a dozen laborers, making a total of about eighty-two persons; the aggregate of their annual salaries being (1894) one hundred and eighteen thousand six hundred and twenty dollars. A solicitor is assigned to the department, as its law officer, from the Department of Justice.

A BUREAU is, in American usage, a subordinate department, to which particular matters are assigned with a view to a prompt and orderly administration. The names of the bureaus in the State Department will sufficiently show, in a general way, how the work of the department is conducted. They are the Bureau of Indexes and Archives, the Diplomatic Bureau, the Consular Bureau, the Bureau of Rolls and Library, the Bureau of Statistics and the Bureau of Accounts. When it will further facilitate business the work of the bureau is assigned to divisions, over which there is a division chief. Thus in the Diplomatic Bureau, to Division A is assigned the correspondence with specified nations; to Division B that with certain others, and so on. This correspondence goes first to the Bureau of Indexes and Archives, where it is opened and an index of it made; then to the chief clerk, who sends it either to the Secretary or one of the assistant secretaries, or directly to the Diplomatic Bureau, as the nature of it requires. This bureau either originates the necessary answers or prepares them under instructions. These answers are sent to the Secretary, and, if approved by him, are signed and sent to the Bureau of Indexes and Archives to be indexed, and thence again to the Diplomatic Bureau to be mailed. This is what is called "red tape"; it is, in fact, necessary method, for it is essential that the action of the department shall be recorded, and that an index shall furnish a ready reference to such action. Perhaps this sample of routine is enough—more might be tiresome.

Important dispatches, relating to International differences or declaring a National policy, are prepared by the Secretary, and are sometimes the subject of a Cabinet discussion, and are always, I think, the subject of a conference with the President. That this was so from the beginning appears from such notes as these addressed by Mr. Jefferson to Washington:

"Mr. Jefferson has the honour of enclosing for the perusal of the President, rough drafts of the letters he supposes it proper to send to the court of France on the present occasion. He will have that of waiting on him in person immediately to make any changes in them the President will be so good as to direct, and to communicate to him two letters just received from Mr. Short."

\*Previous articles of the series by ex-President Harrison published in the JOURNAL: Introductory, December, 1895; "The Constitution," January; "The Presidential Office," February; "The Duties of the President," March; "The Enforcement of the Law," April; "The Veto and Treating-Making Powers," May; "The Pardoning Power and Impeachment," June, 1896. Other articles of "This Country of Ours" series will appear in successive issues of the JOURNAL during the year.



# Friendly Letter to Girl Friends

\* VIII—By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney

**D**EAR GIRL FRIENDS: In natural order of our talks we come now to consider beauty; the "clothing" that we women-folk instinctively desire; that must grow upon our very selves; that can never be put on with any "taking thought."

"Beauty is but skin deep." That is a skin-deep saying. Beauty is heart deep. It is out of the heart we desire it. It is out of the heart it grows. This is not a mere saying like the other. It is the fact and secret that we are eager to penetrate. There is, indeed, a skin-deep beauty; a mere unearned, unloved, unloving inheritance; but out of some heart, through some life-earning it must always have been originated and evolved. The grandest beauty may wait, its secret glory not shown forth, for a lifetime; covered in with a plain, even ungainly exterior, as a noble building is roughly boarded up while it is being carefully wrought to its perfection. Many a woman goes through the world like this. Or the true beauty may be so tender in its beginnings that it needs to be hidden, shielded—not made sign of before its time—lest it should be spoiled and perish in the exposure. So the final heritage waits, while a present outer poverty is permitted, which, like the opposite condition, may have come down through some strain of ancestry; the outer betrayal of a far-back, inner want. Of such waiting, a little further on, a wonderful loveliness may be born. A plain woman, with beauty in her soul, has often been the mother of a marvelously beautiful child.

**I** KNOW very well that to young, untutored feeling, craving the actual and immediate, this is like saying, "There is nothing to be done for you about it, in your own person, and in this present life. If this outward chance of beauty has not fallen upon you you must just submit to the deprivation; you must reconcile yourself to being excepted from all that is most charming and beloved. For it is very true that, practically, and by ordinary appraisal, the plain and homely do not count among the blessed. The world's beauties make no place for them. The very first, in the Beatitudes of the Mountain, does, if we read it, as I think we may and should, with a comma after the fourth word. I think it is promise and compensation for every kind of poverty. I think it is not a put-off, but a realization. I wish I could assure with such interpretation every homely or only uncomfortably half-well-looking girl. For it is the latter to whom a tantalizing possibility is given—who has only "just escaped" prettiness—who suffers most the struggle and temptation of the continual effort to make more of it, and the continual reminder that she can neither alter her stature nor contour, nor one tint of her coloring in the whole range between white and black. If she could there would still be the elusive something which neither shape nor color seizes or conveys. She must stay as she is.

**M**UST she? Perhaps that is just where true Christian science comes in. So I am not going to talk to you now of the hidden beauty of goodness. You are not quite ready to be satisfied with that. You are saying, "Oh, it is easy to talk; but it would be easier to be good if one were pretty; there would be something to live up to!" Many a girl has said or thought that. Therefore, it is no intangible thing, no shadow, that I shall try to tell you of; nothing impersonal and abstract. It is the direct, outworking, positive force of the innate love of beauty. Beauty is a seed in the nature. It will germinate, bud, leaf out, blossom. If the beauty is inside you, and alive, you will—some time, somewhere—be a form of beauty. How else did God make out of His own beautiful thought, the beautiful world? You have only got to live, love on, and wait. You shall have your birthright. Certain of this, will you care if even it does not wholly come to you within the threescore years and ten? When you come of age you shall possess your estate. Only—never barter it away for a mess of pottage you happen to be hungry for. Never even think of doing so.

**I**T IS a law, and it inevitably has its way, that the instinct of the beautiful fulfills itself. But it must be a thorough—a clear through—living thing. Beautiful impulse will become beauty, beautiful thought will ultimate in beautiful expression. Lovely feeling will give lovely play of countenance and gesture; it does so even in spite of actual deformity, while deformity remains; in the long run it will conquer blemish, and supersede it with comeliness. The promises and declarations that we relegate to the sphere of which we are so vaguely ignorant, and call the immaterial, are as simply literal as the axioms of science. "Seek first the kingdom that is within, and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." There cannot be things without spirit; it is spirit that continually materializes into things. Life shall forever be manifest in the forms of life. "God giveth a body as it pleaseth Him, and to every seed His own body." Countenance is the setting forth of that which is contained.

"All the same my nose is a snub, and a snub it will remain," says the girl with a grievance. I am not so sure of that, unless by your persistent consciousness you keep it inflexible. I have seen noses change—in fact, nothing is surer to change. From the baby's little soft, pudgy protuberance to the man's clear, proud aquiline—what more certainly records development? A nobleness in character will shape—or it will go hard with the rule of relation—the index feature from the plebeian to the princely; strength will breathe through the nostrils; elevation will assert itself even to the modifying of a cartilage. I have seen it done; at any rate such a harmony established through the growing harmonic force of the personality, that outline was subordinated to accordance and attest.

\* The first of Mrs. Whitney's "Friendly Letters to Girl Friends" appeared in the JOURNAL of December, 1892. Subsequent ones were published in the issues of March, August and November, 1894, February and December, 1895, and June, 1896. Others will be given during the present year.

**L**OOK upon all beauty that you can appreciate and enjoy as your own already; the embodiment for you of your inward affection and desire; the thing of which you shall yet be part. Lose your separateness as fast and as much as you can in the lovely consciousness of the all to which you belong. If your friend is beautiful she is so with the beauty that is as truly yours as hers, if you can be glad in it as your own. "Love your neighbor as yourself," and you shall have as many selves as you have neighbors. All life that you enter into you live. "The meek inherit the earth." "They who seek only their own life, lose it."

The all to which you both belong is the widespread beauty of God. I think the pure love of the outside beautiful is not only a grace and a happiness, but a very means of grace into ourselves. Eyes which look largely, gladly, upon natural sweetness and loveliness, grow large with looking, sweet and serene with satisfying. A face uplifted and outdrawn from itself in the great delight of skies and clouds, woods, fields, waters, takes its curves in harmony and expansion with the spirit feeling, and gathers in to its very conformation—which is continual conforming—an answering, corresponding fairness, coming in by the way of the soul, and making countenance. Still more the generous heart, the noble life, the tender kindness work from within, and render their presentment.

"Handsome is as handsome does" is not mere antithesis and epigram. It is a practical truth. We are continually changing; our bodies are continually taking new form; our souls determine what kind of form, and toward what completeness. Have we inherited physical beauty to begin with? We may waste and lose our inheritance. Do we bear a stamp of something ugly that we have never been? In our own life lies the redemption, the power of removal. The ugly does disappear; the beautiful does replace it. Nothing lasts that is not inherent; nothing is inherent that shall not grow; "hidden, that shall not be revealed." Matter is made fluent that spirit may shape it. The things that pass away make room and opportunity for the things that do not pass away. And how much rather would one be of the slow, ennobled growth from sure reality than wear the passing likeness of something never integrally one's own; how much rather from simplicity and plainness unfold to the finer revelation than from young bloom and charm, that fail of reinforcement, drop to that pitiable advertisement of failure, the mere wreck and fragment of a has-been-pretty woman.

**H**OW much time—how much thought—may we in honest conscience give to these things: to the bodily care that is needful not to fall into a neglect which is deterioration? How much may we study method, how much pains may we take to make and keep the best of ourselves physically? We all know it is quite possible to attend to our bodies so far as health requires, and yet stop short of the attention which would improve; would work outwardly with that great law of development from within—not hinder its illustration. How much must we think about our looks? Just enough, I believe, as with our clothing, to express ourselves truly. A woman who loves beauty cannot be satisfied with an incomplete or ungraceful adjustment of herself. She simply cannot tumble herself together anyhow; she cannot gather up her hair as may happen, without regard to line and contour which its arrangement should agree with and advantage; she knows it is left pliable to her will and handling to this very gracious end. She can stop short in nothing of care and niceness which she finds needful and possible for doing justice, giving fair chance, to her idea of herself in characteristic manifestation. She wants, at least, to "look like herself"—the best she knows and can demonstrate. We all have a degree of sympathy with the young girl chidden by a severe relative for curling her hair. "If the Lord had wanted you to have curly hair He would have made it so," was the rebuke. "He did when I was a little child," she answered quickly. "Now, I suppose, He thinks I am old enough to attend to it myself."

So with gentle and elegant training, in voice, gesture, carriage, control of feature. A woman who loves grace will not consent to use herself awkwardly. Certainly there is always something left for ourselves to do. We are not all "born so" in every little thing. The perception and the adaptive power are a gift also. There is a leading, even by these; and we may care—until the care becomes solicitude, or until it conflicts with something higher. There we must stop. It is in precedence, in engrossment, that the command lays its restraint upon us. The lower things shall not crowd out nor thrust down the higher. It is very simple; a child need not mistake. Absolute honesty, tolerating no false device; faithfulness in occupation of mind and time; strictness with one's self, as to the conscious "seeking first"—these are the "higher powers," subjection and loyalty to which will keep us safe. If we transgress these we miss the way even to our own lesser object.

**I** HAVE in mind a woman whose life I knew, from her girlhood to her threescore years of age and more; what those years made of her was proof and example of all, in fact and principle, that I affirm. She was an intense lover of all beauty, and as a young girl she was exceptionally plain. She had cleverness and quickness of mind and fingers; fancy, ingenuity, that might have so been turned to personal ends as in fair degree to compensate for lack of original attractiveness. But there was little money at her command, and almost less of time; her prosaic home duties kept her relentlessly in the round, day by day, week after week, of homeliest service. She was Cinderella, without the beauty-gift, or the fairy godmother. But she had a grand, womanly soul, as ever woman had. In her was a germ of strong and perfect life, like the life in some rich kernel—that cares not how hard may be the shell inclosing it. It is bound to come up into the light. The first years of her womanhood went by. She had no youth, it seemed to lookers-on. She gave it up, and let it go. She had scarcely any society. She had few books, and little leisure for them. But nothing escaped

her observation. Events about her, character, the outcome of circumstance, the working of motive and result, were apparent to her clear common sense and judgment, and pronounced on by her honest conviction, in such way that she became influence and authority. In justice, she was grand; in largeness, in generosity, she was queenly; in sympathy, in kindness, she was of the heavenly; and all these abounding in her, carried their impression with her presence more and more.

**H**ER daily life, cramped and fettered as it long appeared, was "a liberal education." Little by little her outer circumstance enlarged; there is a law in this also, and a promise. "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." She was set in a freer place. Her wise, honest taking of step by step led her out of the hindrances and the limits into broader opportunities; she had more to enjoy, more to give; and her joy and her sharing were as one. For visible beauty she surrounded herself with flowers. They loved her, and grew for her as they would grow for scarcely anybody else. Her heart-grace came out at her fingers' ends in her sweet care, and blossomed exquisitely about her. She identified herself with loveliness; and so we all identified her. Such result was enough, if it were all. But the wonderful physical miracle was also wrought in her very own person. Time brought its changes; youth had gone by; middle age came on; other women faded; she brightened, strengthened, unfolded into light. The face altered; gray hairs appeared. But every change was in the order of an advancing dignity, content, power, purity, comeliness; growing old became her; good taste, set at liberty, declared itself in her quietly becoming attire.

"How handsome Mary grows!" we said. In all the essentials of fine face and bearing she was of a striking seamliness at the last.

**Y**OU see I am not preaching to you a hard endurance only, but a confident expectation—a glad patience in the process of fulfillment. Content is not hopefulness; it is a quiet, strong assurance that the passing phase is a rich continent of coming good. "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content," says Saint Paul. "Therewith" is a pregnant word. It is the consolidation of two. Put the two distinctly in their mutual relation. "I have learned—there—to be content—with-it." "State" is not final, irrevocable; it is "stage." Paul, the apostle, knew that; it was the secret of his serenity. "At whatsoever point I am—on my way to all things—I am, with the brief condition and for the time of it, content." Why not, since the "shall be" of me is all contained in the "is now"?

You are not to quench yourself—to beat down relentlessly your beautiful desire as a forbidden thing—but to keep it pure, and hold it as a promise. Every lovely, innocent desire is a promise. "My people shall be satisfied with My goodness," saith the Lord. We are not tyrannized over, put down, by the strong hand, but led tenderly by the willing, the wishful heart. God is Himself desirous for us in our own longing. The great command is to love Him, not against, but with, all our own heart, and soul, and strength. Just as we are made to be, and so to want to be, in every good and blameless thing, we are to wait trustfully our completing. The desire is the beginning of the making. We cannot miss of it, except by our own contradiction and interference.

**A**NXIETY delays and thwarts in nothing more certainly than in this thing that we are considering. "I make the best I can of myself, and then go away and think no more about it," said a sweet, strong woman whom the world knows in her grand written words, when I asked her once of her conscience in this matter. There was even more in her answer than she considered at the moment. "Of myself." Not of somebody else. She accepted herself, and did not strain nor worry to be different. That is a great secret. And I will tell you girls that another is not to be too closely self-inspective, to see how you are coming on. It is as bad for the beauty of the body as for that of the soul. Grow, and don't think too much about your growing. Concern yourself rather with your best than with your imperfections. Look at yourself in a good, encouraging light. Your best aspect is what is meant for you finally to wear. Another lovely spirit, whom I knew well, and who in her day also moved the world with beautiful thought, said once: "I think everybody ought to have a becoming looking-glass; one may not look any better, but one behaves a great deal better!"

"But there are ever so many excellent people who do not grow good-looking. They wrinkle up and fade out, just like the rest of us." There is a mistake somewhere in that—either in your apprehension or in the excellent people themselves. There are wrinkles and wrinkles. There is a gentle softening, a sweet relinquishment; and there is a reluctant pining, a perishing out of something that ought to have remained. A great many people grow old because they think they must, or because they are afraid to. And somewhere—with the most of us—there has been a break, a failure, in that which should have had its "perfect work." "The law is perfect, and just, and good." Live in as close harmony with it as you can, and trust the rest. That way you will come the nearest possible, in this present time, to the glory that shall be revealed. Here, at best, we have the foregleam.

*Adeline D. T. Whitney*

## LURING SONGSTERS TO EARLY MATINS

By Mrs. Hamilton Mott

**A** YOUNG Japanese naturalist tells of an ingenious device employed by bird-fanciers in his country, whereby they cause a certain greatly-admired thrush or lark to commence his singing much earlier than is his natural wont. This they do by partially screening a bright light set not far away from the bird's cage. The hour is three o'clock in the morning, and the artless bird is induced to believe that the sun is already risen and that the season is later than it is in reality; and, therefore, he begins, *con amore*, to sing the love ditties due at a later time.



# THE WIFE OF BEN BOW

\* A TALE OF BROOK FARM

By Hezekiah Butterworth

Author of "The Ghost of Graylock," "Brook Farm," "How Longfellow Wrote His Best-Known Poems," etc.

DRAWINGS BY W. L. TAYLOR



LOSE by the bowery old country roads of West Roxbury is the historic town of Dedham, Massachusetts, in whose woods, fields and old houses New England still lives. The Dedham woods still grow green, and shade the silent Charles River, and the old Fairbanks house, built in the year 1636, is yet visited, and especially by artists on account of the beautiful trees in its yard.

On the border of the Dedham woods, some sixty years ago, there lived a young farmer by the name of Benjamin Bow. His wife was a hard-working woman of simple tastes and habits. She had very strong sympathies and antipathies, and these gave her individuality, and she came to be known among the farmers as "The Wife of Ben Bow." The farm of Ben Bow was on a lonely road between Wigwam Pond and the Charles. It yielded a bare support. The wife of Ben Bow helped her husband in the field and meadow, and rarely left the place.

One summer day two of the amiable philosophers who were frequent visitors to the Brook Farm community rode into the Dedham woods and called at the solitary farmhouse of Ben Bow. They were young ladies, and were looking for Indian pipe, a remedy then famous for the cure of certain nervous diseases. The lonely wife of Ben Bow received them kindly, and went with them into the near woods, and found plenty of the looked-for waxy plant amid the Creeping Jenny, boxberry leaves and liverwort of certain hollows among the rocks. The poor woman gathered it eagerly, like a slave. She would not let the young ladies touch it until she had prepared it for them by cleaning the roots.

"I understand all these things," she said, "and it is not often that I have the chance to do polite ladies like you a favor. I wish I could see such folks oftener. Ben is good to me, but it seemed as though I should go distracted sometimes before the little one came, I was so much alone. My heart hungers for friends. But, then, I have the river, and the ponds, the trees and the birds, and my dear babe. Nature is pleasant here, and I ought to be grateful with that little heart. Where do you live?"

"At Brook Farm."

"I want to know. You are some of those book people who are trying farming there. I wish you would let me come over there and help you sometimes. I would be willing to work for nothing for the sake of company. I make beer out of roots; it is good for the blood, they say. Come in and have some. I wish I had something better to offer you. They tell me that your people do not eat meat."

The two young ladies followed the wife of Ben Bow into her humble home. The root beer was excellent. As she was passing the rustic beverage the glass fell from her hand, and broke.

"I'm so unfortunate," she said. "My right hand isn't steady. See there, I have lost my middle forefinger."

She raised her hand, and moved the fingers, showing the misfortune. The two visitors looked at it with real pity, for they had already found kinship in the heart of the woman.

"I lost that finger by an accident when I was a little girl. It got crushed in the mill, and the doctor came and took it off. My hand has never been steady since—kind of paralyzed. But I can strike with it a hard blow. It is in light work that it trembles and fails. My arm isn't over-steady, and sometimes I think my brain isn't over-right. I sometimes fear that I may become touched in mind. Have you a doctor among the folks at Brook Farm?"

"Yes," said one of the ladies. "If you will return our call I will have him look into your case, and it shall cost you nothing."

"You talk from your heart," said the woman. "I have often wished I could find some persons of learning to speak to. There are many things in this world that I do not understand."

"There are many things that none of us understand," was the humble confession of this pupil of the philosophers. "There are some things that even George Ripley does not know."

The woman looked very much surprised.

"I have some thoughts of my own, and Ben says they are queer. It seems to me that there is an inward world, and that everything is governed by the law of the spirit of life, which is the law of the inward world. All of the oak for a hundred years is in the acorn—in the inward principle. All of the golden robin, its joy, its feathers, and song, is in the egg—the inward principle. It seems to me that things come down from Heaven through the inward law and principle—through the mysterious agent we call life. The Ought, which is the law of the Eternal Spirit, is written in every soul. It is living revelation. Now, when life begins to grow, it comes out of the inward world, and when we die it is to go into the unseen regions of life, or to the inward world whence we came. That world tends upward. I believe that the whole universe of life will be our home, and I believe—I'm glad Ben is not here—that animals have souls. I study over these things when I am alone."

The ladies heard this rustic philosophy with sympathetic interest, whether or not they believed it. They dreamed that they had found a priestess, and they had.

"You are one of us," said Miss Needham. "You are seeking truth."

"May you be blessed for saying that," said the woman. "That makes me happy in my immortal and inward nature, that will one day leave the form that adapts itself to outward nature here."

The two ladies spoke of Kant's views of apperception, or the soul's consciousness of itself, its thoughts and creations. The woman listened eagerly.

"I never saw the soul as I do now," said she. "'Apperception,' do you call it? That makes one see the spirit. Oh, I am so glad you called! Ladies, listen.

\* The story is substantially true. I have taken the story-teller's license in giving it form, making some changes in names and places, adding a little here and there for the sake of the movement of the narrative, but the psychological incidents remain intact. I give them as the honest and simple witnesses believed them to be. I have never known any one to fully credit the tale, except one physician, who said: "I can believe it all; it is not stranger than a birthmark, or the stigmata of the Middle Ages. Mental impressions, if the faith be perfect, may be a death stroke."—THE AUTHOR.

I believe that when I die I can come back again. I believe that if I were dead, and you were in danger, I could give you warning."

There was a faint cry in a cradle that had been partly covered, and that the visitors had not noticed.

"My baby is waking up. He generally sleeps two hours at this time of day. I feel safe to go out and leave him, if I don't go too far, for the dog watches and gives the alarm when he awakes."

She took out of the cradle a beautiful boy.

"How I do love that child!" said she. "It is the life of my life. If I were dead, and any one should abuse it, I would defend it. Such things do happen in the inward world."

The two young women rode away from the place.

"There is nothing new in the woman's thoughts," said Miss Needham, "but it does seem strange that she should have reasoned thus."

"Miss Needham," said the other, "there is something very strange, very strange indeed, about the wife of Ben Bow."

In the Indian summer days our two Brook Farm friends, whom we will call Mary Needham and Hester Fifield, rode again to the Dedham woods, among the falling leaves, wild grapes and gathering flocks of birds, and called on the wife of Ben Bow.

She received them gratefully, and said that her babe had been ill, and that she had hardly left the place since their former call.



"Sarah's hand! . . . It met me at the door and struck me on the forehead"

"I have thought much over the matters of which you talked," she said, "and I have wished to come over and call on you, for my hand and arm have become swollen. See." She held up her hand, from which the middle forefinger was gone. The visitors marked the appearance of the hand very distinctly.

"I have had," she added, "some strange experiences of late. My soul at times has seemed to soar away, and be in other places. I sometimes think that I am not constituted like other people. You know that I believe that the body is merely a mass of organs adapted to the needs of the soul—the means of communication between the outward and inward world. It is the inward world that is the source of all mysteries, as the bloom of the rose is but the rose principle in the outward world, bodied forth. I shall go in some day, and it will not be long, and they will shut the door. But I can come out again." She pressed her child closely to her heart. "I can come out again, at least in appearance. What the soul sees it sees; I do not mean that these bones or that this or that dress or shoes can come out again. But the inward world will be a reality then, and all its mysteries now will then be a part of life."



BEN BOW'S WIFE

The two ladies invited her again to visit Brook Farm. She came one still November day, while the summer splendor lingered, bringing her babe with her. One of the men of the Community, Dr. Fifield, who had had a medical education, examined her hand and arm, and gave her advice and a prescription. They never again saw her alive, and here begins the inexplicable mystery of "The Wife of Ben Bow."

The ladies did not belong to the original Community of rustic philosophers at Brook Farm. The charm, possibly the romance, of the little Community drew many visitors there, and Miss Fifield having a brother, and Miss Needham a sister there, they liked to be much with the people who were making the novel social experiment. But they found their thought more stimulated by the poor wife of Ben Bow than by the learned and glowing conversations of Margaret Fuller, or of Alcott, whom they also knew. They had heard this woman say that the Ought which was written in the soul of every man was the true law of life. This they could understand, and they began to build up a bit of philosophy upon it, which made them interesting, though they had learned it in the bush, and had hardly had an idea before, except such as had been endorsed by wholesome Mt. Holyoke or Catherine Beecher's prudent school. So they began to study the Ought between them, which they decided came out of the "inward world," and evolved into infinite consciousness, and they became numbered among the speckled birds of the stream-cleaved meadows of Brook Farm.

But a darker problem haunted their minds. This, also, came from the poor woman in the bush. Does the soul have power after death which it can exercise over the living? They talked of this by themselves, for the amiable disciples of Kant and Fourier did not regard any such old-fashioned speculations as this as a part of their transcendental investigations. The Communists, or Transcendentalists, as they came to be called, had gathered to study those things that transcended human experience, but the topic of a ghost was ruled out as a matter of vulgar superstition, although ghosts were still believed in by the people at large at this time to make lively many old New England houses and cemeteries. So our ladies talked of the Ought in the symposiums of the parlor, and of avenging spirits by themselves, and a year passed amid the lights of agreeable speculations and the shadows of apprehensions, and the leaves came out of the inner world expanded, breathed the air, turned red and crisp, and fell, in the bowery groves of peaceful Brook Farm.

It was a dark, still night of one of the short days of December. Snow had fallen. There had been made a fire on the hearth in the keeping-room, whose noble proportions may still be seen. Without, the crystals in the thin snow were glistening in the moonlight. There was heard the gallop of a horse's feet up the high bank before the door, where are now seats on the terrace under the trees. There followed a sharp rap on the door. Miss Needham, who was at the time in the room alone, hurried to answer the call.

"I am Ben Bow," said the man at the door. "Call Dr. Fifield. My wife is dying."

Miss Needham called the Doctor, who left with Ben Bow for a keen-aired ride through the Dedham woods.

Dr. Fifield returned late. In answer to Miss Needham's inquires, for the young lady had awaited him, he said:

"The woman will die. A strange thing happened. Don't let's speak of it to-night."

The next evening Dr. Fifield, in a gathering about the fire in the parlor, related the strange thing that happened.

"That woman," said he—"the wife of Ben Bow—was at death's door. She asked for the women who had called on her from the farm, Miss Needham and Miss Fifield, I suppose. She said, gasping, 'Tell them I am one of them.' Her hands lay out on the bed, and she would raise the one from which the finger was missing and look at it pitifully. My heart ached for that poor woman. There was a nurse there whose name was Cone. As I was sitting by the bed the child cried. The dying woman started, and said with a look that was fearful: 'Margaret Cone, Margaret Cone, if you or any one else ever injure that child, this dead hand will appear to you, or to whoever it be.' She lifted the hand from which the forefinger was missing. I have seen that scene ever since. There seemed to be something of hidden meaning in it—something like a prophecy. Then she grew calm, and lay uttering poetry. I heard her say:

"There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found;  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground."

"There is something strange, very strange, about the woman—her very nickname haunts me—'The Wife of Ben Bow.'"

"If she dies who will care for the child?"

"Margaret Cone, the nurse. So Ben Bow said when I told him that his wife must die."

"I hope she will be good to it," said Miss Needham.

"Well, I have now to repeat to you the dying woman's last words to me. She said: 'Tell my two friends at Brook Farm to come and see my child. I shall know if it is treated well.' She added, 'I shall know.'"

Miss Needham and Miss Fifield planned to call on Ben Bow and see the child, and to attend the funeral. But there came a fearful, drifting snowstorm, and a rounded year passed before they heard again anything of the family of Ben Bow, except a notice in a newspaper that he had married Margaret Cone. They then had a call from one of the farmers in Dedham woods.

"I hate to trouble ye," said he, "and about a matter that don't concern me directly. But Ben Bow's wife—his second wife, she that was Margaret Cone—they do say that she treats that child—the first wife's child—just awful, and they say that you were friendly to the first wife of Ben Bow, and how that Mrs. Bow, afore she died, requested you to look after the child. I came over to inquire if what they say be true. If it is so you are needed. By good rights the child ought to be taken away. The selectmen have considered the matter, and they advised me to come here, and see if the two friends of the mother of the child couldn't do something. Beg your pardon, I mean no harm. This is a hard case."

Miss Needham and Miss Fifield heard the pitiful story with real sympathy and promised to call on the child at once, and the man went away with a hopeful face. I do not know how it was, but this story seemed to affect the two young women strangely after the man had gone. They pitied the child, but that was not all. The woman's strange words on the sunny summer days came back.

Miss Fifield would raise her right hand at times, and look at it nervously, as if not sure that it was not *her* middle forefinger that had gone. The prophetic words that the lone woman had uttered were vividly recalled, and Miss Needham almost unconsciously repeated them. Neither of the ladies was superstitious, but each seemed to live in an apprehensive atmosphere.

"I wish I had that child here," said Miss Fifield, "and that we were not under any obligation to call there tomorrow. I would gladly help the child for its own and its mother's sake, and would take it into our school, but I have no wish to meet the new wife."

"But we must," said Miss Needham, "and we must not shirk our duty. I dare to be plain-spoken under necessity, and if there be any one that would make me resolute to face with the truth it would be a stepmother who would abuse a defenseless child. Whatever happens I shall do as the mother requested. Sometimes I seem to feel her will upon me. Did you ever think of that?"

"Yes, but it must be only fancy."

"It may be, but I seem to live as under an impression. There is a cloud before me. I wish to be free from the influence. I feel as though something dark were going to happen."

"So do I."

"And what causes this shadow—this eclipse of life? You cannot think that it is the dead wife of Ben Bow?"

The two women left Brook Farm in the late morning, and rode over to the Dedham woods, and arrived at the house of Ben Bow early in the afternoon. They were coolly and inquiringly received by the new wife, Margaret Cone Bow.

"What may your names be?" said the woman cautiously.

"Hester Fifield and Mary Needham," answered Miss Needham firmly.

"And where do you live?"

"At Brook Farm."

"Oh, you do! Do you belong there?"

"We spend much time there. We have relatives there who are members of the Community."

"Dr. Fifield one of them?"

"Yes," said Miss Fifield, "and that is why I am here. I am his sister."

"And what brings you here this cold day?"

"We knew Mrs. Bow, and she asked us to take an interest in the welfare of her child."

"Ye didn't know that I was here, did ye?"

"We read in the papers that Mr. Bow had married again."

"Well, one mother is enough for one child. When the dead Mrs. Bow wants to see ye she'll send for ye. I'm sure I have no wish to ever meet ye again in this world or any other. Do you mean to tell me by coming over here on a cold day like this that I am not competent to take care of that child, though he is the worst youngster I ever knew? I am breaking his will. It is my duty to see that that child's will is broken, and there was never another such a stubborn boy as that. But I have about succeeded in breaking his will. I have made him stop crying for his mother. She was an airy-minded, no-account woman, anyway. Benny, come here."

A child somewhat more than two years old came into the room from the kitchen. He had a thin face, high forehead, and a bashful, pitiable face.

"Here, boy, these women folks have called to see ye. Speak up good and tell them who your mother is."

The boy hesitated.

"Speak up and tell 'em, or you know what you'll get when they are gone!"

"Sarah!" The boy burst into tears. "Sarah Bow!"

"Did you ever see the like of that for willfulness? Don't you see what a time I have? Boy, that ain't your mother's name. That was your dead mother's name—she that lies out on the hills in the cold, without a gravestone, and will never have one if I can help it. That woman was never no good to Ben Bow. Stop that whimpering now, and tell these young women who your mother is. Not Sarah, now, mind. Say, what was *that*?"

There came a heavy rap on the front door.

"There have been strange noises about the house ever since Sarah died," said the woman. "Let me go and look out of the window and see who is there. That door hasn't been opened since Ben banked up the house."

Margaret Bow went to the window and threw up the curtain, and stood silent. She presently said:

"There don't seem to be anybody there."

She sat down in an old rocking-chair and began to rock violently. She looked disturbed, and she presently said:

"Now, I am going to tell ye how bad that child is."

There fell a succession of loud, echoing raps on the door. Margaret Bow looked around wildly. A gust swept by the corner of the house. The two ladies turned apprehensively toward each other. The boy shared the fear, and came hesitatingly to his stepmother, and buried his face in her lap.

"What do you come to me for? You told these folks that Sarah was your mother. If Sarah is your mother let her look out for ye and protect ye."

Raps fell upon the door, almost causing the house to shake. Another gust of wind whirling the lone leaves swept around the corner of the house.

"Here, take the brat," were the words of Margaret Bow, as she pushed the child from her. "Let me go and open the door."

The visitors heard Margaret Bow unlock the door and slowly open it. They felt a sharp gust of wind sweep into the rooms. They heard a door in the entry fly open. There followed an awful shriek, a heavy fall. They opened the door of the room. Margaret Bow lay on the floor, moaning. They tried to lift her, but she was convulsed. They asked her what had happened. She at last gasped:

"Sarah's hand!"

"What—tell us?"

"It met me at the door, and struck me on the forehead here. It was her hand—I knew it—I can't tell ye how. Send for Ben."

She curled up in a heap on the floor and lay motionless.

"Where is your husband?" asked the ladies over and over, but they received no answer. They asked the boy, but he could only answer:

"He's chopping wood," but where he could not tell.

"The woman is dying," said Mary Needham. "She must not be left alone. You go over to Brook Farm and call the Doctor, and I will remain here with the child."

At sunset Ben Bow came home, and Dr. Fifield and his sister met him on the road and told him all that had

happened. They entered the dreary house, and found Margaret Bow lying unconscious where she had fallen. The Doctor examined the prostrate form.

"She is dead," he said.

"What was it?" asked Mary Needham.

"Paralysis," said Dr. Fifield.

"No, it were not," said Ben Bow. "That warn't no paralysis."

"What then?" asked Miss Needham.

"It were a conscience stroke. I know that woman's soul. I know things that I wouldn't want ter tell. You may call it what you will—it were a conscious stroke. She's been a-hearin' noises. People who have wrong in their souls have haunted minds. Poor critter, may the Lord forgive her; she was constituted so."

"She said that Sarah's hand came and struck her on the forehead," said Mary Needham. "Her forehead does look strange."

They took up the form and laid it on a bed. Her hair fell over her high forehead and white face.

"I'll go and call the neighbors," said Ben Bow, "and then you may go. You were good to Sarah, and you mean well, and I'll send for ye to come to the funeral. Maybe you'll take the boy into your school."

"Dr. Fifield, what does this mean?" asked Mary Needham that night, after the phalansterians had listened to the tale before the log fire in the great parlor.

"I do not know. It is impossible for me to answer, but the science of psychology will one day explain such problems as these—perhaps in a hundred years from now."

A country funeral fifty years ago was an awesome event. I can see such a one now—the preparations of the neighbors for the feast after the soul-withering ceremony; the watching with the corpse nights, often by lovers; the house-cleaning; the spreading of the bed-furnishing on which the person died, in the back yard; the making of black crape veils; the bringing in of chairs from the neighbors; the parson in his study preparing his discourse; the putting of the body into the coffin "the day before"; the geese waddling in a row along the road (they did it at other times, as well, but were only noticed then); the telling of the honey bees in hives; the coming of the parson; the opening of the coffin lid; one o'clock; "A man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble!"; the long discourse; "Relatives and friends are now invited to take a last look of the deceased"; the re-shutting of the coffin lid; the long procession of carriages; the horses that "acted contrary" in that procession; the fall of the clod of earth on the coffin; the sexton at work with his spade; nightfall; faded and gone.

Margaret Bow's funeral was one that a generation has not forgotten in the simple country towns. Her strange death had not excited the kind of attention that such an event would now; many people fifty years ago in the rural districts believed in warnings, haunts, death-fetters, evil eyes, and "wonders of the invisible world." But nearly all of the people of the town and near towns filled the house and yard, and the parson came near one o'clock, with his discourse on the Divine Mysteries, well prepared.

Dr. Fifield, his sister and Miss Needham rode over to the place in the morning, and the ladies prepared the body with suitable dress for the last rites, and waited the ceremonies which would begin with the opening of the coffin lid.

The clock struck one. The sexton, who had been given the "charge of the funeral," made his way through the crowd, and opened the coffin lid. He started back, staring. What had happened? An elderly woman arose and bent over the coffin. A strange look came into her face. She stood there until a wild expression came into her eyes. She then sank down into her chair, and whispered:

"Something has happened—she don't look natural!"

Others looked, and shut their eyes and turned away. The good old deacon now came forward, and looked down. He, too, seemed to receive a shock. He turned around and said:

"She don't look natural at all. She ought not to be seen. I would shut down the lid again. Send for Ben."

Benjamin Bow came, leading the child by the hand. He lifted the boy up in his arms, and bent over the dead face. One glance, and he uttered a cry:

"Sexton!" said he, "she is changing. Close the lid."

Dr. Fifield leaped to his feet as the sexton came forward. He looked into the coffin. On the upper part of the white face and forehead there was the impression of a hand as black as ink. *And the middle forefinger was gone!*

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## OF WOMAN AND OF LOVE

By Junius Henri Browne

HOW true it is that when love rages, common sense is extinct.

Before a woman can be compromised she must compromise herself.

When a man sees no way out of a difficulty there is always a woman's way.

A woman can achieve more by ten minutes of gentleness than a man can by an hour of violent bluster.

It is so unnatural for a woman to be selfish that when she is so she is apt to be thought more selfish than any man can be.

A man seeks and demands a woman's first love. A woman feels most secure when she feels that she has a man's last love.

An honest avowal of love is always considered by a woman, whether she reject or accept it, as the highest recognition of her womanhood.

There may be nothing new under the sun. But there are many new things under the moon which we all pretend to see and which nothing would persuade us to speak of.

The purest and best of women always show the deepest and tenderest compassion for their fallen sisters. For a woman to be without sympathy is to be a woman without the highest trait of womanhood.

# THE OTHER SIDE OF ROBERT BURNS

By Arthur Warren

**G**REAT men taken up in any way are profitable company," says Carlyle. The dictum is not disproved when we "take up" "Rantin' Rovin' Robin," although most of his critics seem to have agreed upon forgetting the good there was in his character. There is just now a burst of centennial celebration of Robert Burns, but, as if through some tactless enthusiasm, or some

and he never deceived himself, nor permitted others to be deceived about his own failings. Perhaps he made himself appear more reprehensible than he really was. There was a morbid quality in his nature, and he also had a keen sense of the ridiculous. The combination allowed him to spare no one—himself least of all. The popular impression has never allowed itself to go much further than Burns' confessions. But it is possible to go much further and find a great deal that is admirable in the character of the "Ploughman

boy, undeterred by hardship, unspoiled by fame; courageous, frank, sometimes boisterous, often ungovernable, fickle in love, staunch in friendship, generous always, detesting sham and pretense, falling often into evil ways, and yet reverencing goodness and purity and sacred things. A contradictory character, if you will, but it was made that way, and nothing ever seemed capable of training it. And, at any rate, from its combination of contradictions it most generously enriched the world with an unmatched gift of song.

Given a youth of unusually ardent imagination, filled with a love of beauty and song; endowed with tremendous manly vigor, while yet in his early teens; born with a reckless, generous, jovial spirit, mingled with a turn for satire, a keen love of fun, a delight in melody and musing; an intensely affectionate nature always craving for sympathy; place him in the midst of a hard, grinding life; batter him with the hardest, most unsympathetic Puritanism, which he clearly sees that you do not practice; yoke him to the plough, and stifle all his highest aspirations, and what do you expect to make of him in the rural Scotland of the seventeen hundreds?

The family name was not "Burns," but "Burnes," or "Burness." Robert was the first to change it. Perhaps he thought his chosen form the fitter for a poet's service. Perhaps it is. His father was a gardener on a gentleman's estate. He was subsequently a farmer in a small way. The elder



MOSSGIEL FARM

[Where Burns wrote his first book of poems]



COTTAGE IN WHICH BURNS WAS BORN



"ROBIN'S" FIRST HOME OF HIS OWN

[The Back Causeway, Mauchline; in the two upper rooms of the first house on the left Burns and his wife made their first home]

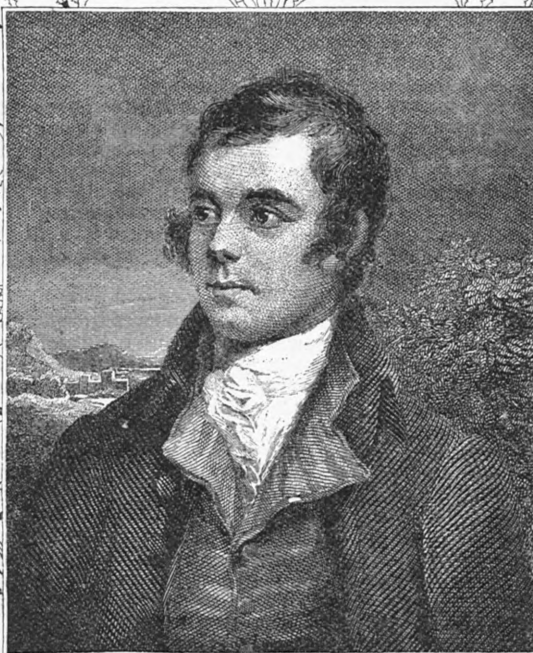
strange desire to emphasize a certain popular impression of the man, the commemoration is not of his birth but of his death. We have the curious spectacle of the English-speaking world jubilant over the hundredth anniversary of the disappearance from the planet of one of its great poets! If this be not so it is puzzling to know why the centenary of a man's decease and burial should be charged with festive exercises. The occasion might spur some of us with a desire to celebrate the poet's advent in the world. The characters of most men are apt to reveal what the searcher looks for. If we look for courage, honesty, big-heartedness, the championship of the oppressed and needy, and the power to achieve greatness in the face of almost every circumstance of opposition—and these are surely manly qualities—we shall find them in Robert Burns, in spite of many writers and much popular unbelief. Burns is one of the poets whose works are more praised than read, and whose character

laid upon a human nature having most of the defects of the Celt. Living was hard to get, morals were discussed more than they were practiced, and though preaching was universal it was too often accompanied by hard drinking.



JEAN ARMOUR'S BIRTHPLACE

[The Cowgate, Mauchline; in the little low cottage on the left, near the end of the street, Burns' wife was born]



Robert Burns - Poet

Burness was a man of ordinary school education but uncommon insight. Robert always felt for him a profound veneration. He was "the toil-worn cotter," "the priestlike father," "the saint, the father, and the husband," of "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Robert's mother, Agnes, was a loving, hard-working, intelligent woman, whose mind was stored with Scottish ballads and traditions upon which the poet's mind was fed from infancy.

Robert was the eldest of seven children—four boys and three girls, all of whom were brought up to help at the farming. Robert received from his father thirty-five dollars a year for his labor, minus the cost of his home-made clothes. That was the utmost of his earning until he published his first book of verse. Robert began his schooling in his sixth year. He was at that time a serious, contemplative lad of rueful countenance, not a favorite with anybody, and given to brooding over eerie tales of ghosts and brownies and kelpies, and such small deer, and so filling his mind with superstition, legend and romance that even when he was a man he would say that he sometimes caught himself glancing suspiciously at dark corners, or looking under the bed for bugaboos. The books he most delighted in as a youngster were the "Life of Hannibal," and anything he could find about Sir William Wallace.

Farming had to alternate with schooling, and at the age of fourteen Bobbie was as skillful at the plough as any grown man in the country. He was a strong lad, and he became an exceptionally strong man. He was as remarkable



WHERE "TAM O'SHANTER" WAS WRITTEN  
[Ellisland Farm, the poet's home from 1788 to 1791]

has received more aspersion than understanding from the world. Comparatively few of those who talk so much about him now comprehend either his Ayrshire dialect or the thousand contradictions in his character. Every one agrees that he is one of the most famous of poets who has written in English—or in perversions of it—yet even in Scotland there is to-day but a minority which understands and appreciates all the curious twists and turns of his phrasing, and the world over there are not many persons who trouble to think of the Scotch bard as anything more than a reprehensible character. In the outburst of comment which memorializes the centenary of his death more is said about his faults as a man than about his merits as a master of song. That is because Robbie was never over-modest. He was no hypocrite. His verses abounded with his own confessions. Burns was no saint. Everybody knows that, and most of his commentators, in sudden accessions of virtue, delight to pelt his memory with stones. There has been too much pelting. Nobody ever lashed himself more pitilessly than Burns did. He hated hypocrisy in others,



THE DUMFRIES HOUSE IN WHICH BURNS DIED

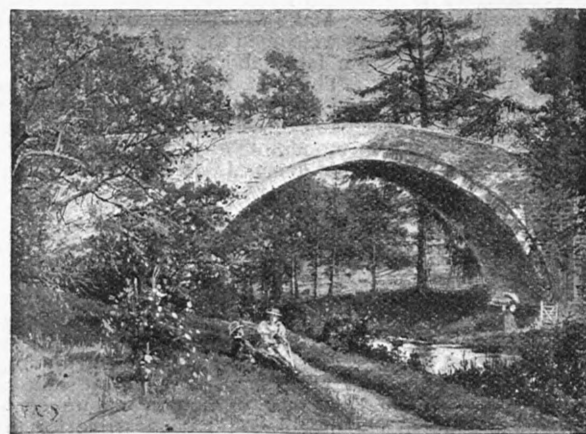


THE POET'S BOYHOOD HOME

[Mount Olliphant Farm, where Burns spent his early youth]

Some communities seemed to live on cant. The air was rent with the squabbles of sects, whose pretensions seldom squared with their daily lives. In such a community Robert Burns was born. He came into the world on the twenty-fifth of January, 1759, in a rude, clay-built cottage, two miles to the south of Ayr, and in the immediate neighborhood of the Kirk of Alloway, and the Auld Brig o' Doon. A week after his birth the house was nearly destroyed by a gale, and baby Bobbie and his mother were carried through the storm to the shelter of a hovel near by.

Storms of one sort or another followed Burns from his cradle to his grave—storms of adversity, of joviality and melancholy, of persecution and flattery, of enthusiasm and passion, of remorse. He remained what nature made him—a big



THE AULD BRIG O' DOON

for his physical vigor as for his high spirits and love of jollity, even in his early teens. His father was, all this time, getting deeper into money difficulties, which finally wore him out. Robert, even as a lad, felt most keenly

for his father's distressing circumstances, and he showed a sympathy which was far beyond his years. The father, in turn, encouraged the boy in his studies, and permitted him, when he was fifteen, to spend two weeks before harvest time, and a week after it, with his old teacher, Murdoch. Young Burns devoted that holiday to brushing up his English grammar, and in beginning a course of French reading. He had already studied French, and was soon able to read French prose quite easily.

HE HAD read much, and read well, by the time he was sixteen. "A Select Collection of English Songs" was his constant companion. He carried it in his pocket, read it as he walked to and from his work, as he guided the plough, as he drove the farm-cart. He lived in his imagination. His daily work was wholly uncongenial, but he never indulged in complaint. He knew he was fitted for something beyond manual labor, but just what he did not know until he had reached the early twenties, and he never, even when he became famous, tried to escape from the grinding life where his duty lay. Feeling, as he did, the weight of misfortune, the heavy burdens of daily labor and suffering, as he did, from over-sensitiveness, he must have had great strength of character and force of will to have borne up so sturdily. His early life was bitterly hard, and the recollection of it never faded from his mind.

Burns' manners were never uncouth, but whatever they were he polished them at a dancing-school when he was seventeen. The manners of that time were far more elaborate than those of our day, and Robert's training in them proved to be of much service when he had won celebrity, and went up to Edinburgh to associate with the learned and fashionable folk of that city.

Three months before his father died, in 1784, Robert and his brother took a farm called Mossgiel, in the Parish of Mauchline. It was a farm of one hundred and nineteen acres, and the rent was four hundred and fifty dollars a year. They took the place to make a home for their parents, who had lost their own holding. Robert was then twenty-five years of age. He remained four years at Mossgiel. They were not prosperous years from the farming point of view. Those four years threatened the prosperity of Robert the farmer, but they developed the highest energies of Robert the poet. For it was while living at Mossgiel that he gave to the world the work which established his fame. It was here, also, that his character showed in its brightest lights. It cast dark shadows, too, but it is not my intention to write about them. Too much has been made of that branch of the subject by other writers. They seem determined to have us forget the best side of "Rantin' Robin."

IF WE are to learn any good thing from Burns' life it is a lesson of pluck, and though not enough has been made of this aspect of Bobbie's character it was shown in his thorough-going belief in the soundness of his literary judgment. I was on the point of saying "his professional judgment." But we must remember that literature was not a profession with Robert Burns. He did not abandon farming in order to become a poet, but in order to become a gauger in the excise department and thereby to earn a steady income for his family. His poetry made him famous enough, but it brought him very little money. The revenue that his pen earned him amounted to less than five thousand dollars all told.

I have spoken of his pluck. Well, here was a young fellow born with a gift of song which he had to train unaided. He was poor; he had to get his education as best he could; he had to work hard at the hardest kind of uncongenial employment; he felt the promptings of a poet for years before he burst into song, and his lot was cast in a hard-grained community where poetry was but lightly valued, and where a "fellow who wrote verses" was bound to be classed among the ne'er-do-wells. But he was not deterred from his faith in his own powers. He stuck to his farming in order to make a living, and he developed his poetic genius in order to gratify his love of song. No amount of hardship—and he encountered a great deal of it—diverted him from the great object of his life. It is literally true that he often composed verses while he was guiding the plough. And his ploughing was none the worse for that. There was not a better ploughman than he in all Ayrshire. He did not neglect one duty because he preferred another. If he had had what, for lack of a better phrase, we call a moral balance he might have made more of his life. But we have to take him as we find him.

IT IS a mistake to suppose, as many do, that Burns was altogether given up to gallantry and carousal. He was not, and he never pretended to be, an exemplary character. Whatever he did he did with all his energy. He was a creature of emotions and strong passions. His nature was undisciplined. The right influences for the discipline of such a character as his were but seldom around him. The influences he knew were all too severe and repressive on the one hand, or all too lax on the other. He was subject to moments of fiery enthusiasm, and to days of acute remorse. But, for all that, he worked, and worked hard. He used to say that he could not conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. "Make work," he would say, and he made it. He always welcomed the winter time, which gave him a respite from farm labor and enabled him to follow his poetic bent. This fact, together with the other that his life was, from his birth, a stormy one, had much to do with his poetic habit of celebrating Nature in her sternest and wildest moods. He wrote but little of summer and sunshine, and much of winter and gray days:

"When biting Boreas, fell and dour  
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r."

Many persons have fancied because Burns had no patience with "the unco' guid," and because he lashed all canting brothers with his satire, that he had no reverence for religion and for whatever was sacred to straight-thinking people. There could be no more erroneous judgment of him. Most characters have two sides, but Burns had any number. We must get that fact firmly into our minds or we will never understand the man we talk so much about. Only ignorance of human nature could prompt any one to ask how it could be possible for the poet who wrote "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and his versification of the Psalms, to also have written "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Ordination," and certain roistering songs. But Burns' mind was, like the sea, stirred by every wind that chanced to blow. He would have a dozen moods a day, and his muse expressed herself with corresponding variation.

ON THE other hand, Burns was honestly touched by real evidences of devoted living, and especially among the poor. The old Scotch habit of family worship always appealed to him, and he would suffer no one to make sport of it. There were some recollections that were sacred to him through life, and one of these was of his father, who, as the household gathered around the ingle, would kneel, saying simply, "Let us worship God," and then, with patriarchal grace, read from "the big ha-Bible." And all this was something more than a memory, for when Robert had won wide recognition as a poet, and all Scotland was flattering him, he passed the tedious weeks of a long illness in a study of the Scriptures. "I have taken tooth and nail to the Bible," he said. And then he ordered from a bookbinder in one of the big towns an octavo Bible "in the best paper and print, and to be bound with all the elegance of your craft." It was during this time, in one of his dark moods, feeling that poverty must always be before him, he said, "But I have sturdily withstood these buffetings many a hard-labored day, and still my motto is, 'I Dare!'"

Burns ever contemplated with indignation the inequality of human conditions, and the contrast between his own worldly circumstances and his intellectual rank. He expressed this thought a thousand times, in a thousand ways, as, for instance, in "Man was Made to Mourn," and in the "Epistle to Davie."

AFTER three or four years at Mossgiel it became clear that the farm could never yield more than a bare existence for so many persons, and Robert decided to lighten the establishment of his own charges. He proposed to seek his fortune in the Indies, and send back money to help his relatives. But luckily for Scottish literature he did nothing of the sort, though he more than once set forth from home. His departure was prevented by various mischances. This was the gloomiest period of his life. The narrative of it is depressing and need not be given here. It has little to do with his poetry, except that the misfortunes which pressed upon him prevented him from emigrating, and thereby preserved to Scotland the man who was to be her chief of poets. The case is not covered by saying that these particular misfortunes were due to Burns' own folly, for everybody and everything seemed to combine against him at that time, as if to make it impossible for him to do what he thought was right. He was treated with contempt and literally persecuted. He was suffering from the attacks of enemies and from the pinch of poverty. Had it not been for one or two appreciative friends the world would have known nothing of his powers of song. As yet he had published nothing, but he had written much. The friends who remained staunch urged him to print his poems and thereby try to "raise the wind." They subscribed for copies and induced others to do the same. Thus encouraged, Burns entered into treaty with a printer at Kilmarnock, and straightway set about the composition of new poems for the projected book. Six hundred copies of the volume were printed, subscriptions were obtained, and, after all expenses were paid, there remained to the poet a profit of about one hundred dollars. Very soon the West of Scotland was ringing with the poet's praise. He had heretofore been known only to the peasantry; he now became known to persons of rank and learning. He was much sought after. He was invited to some great houses. He was introduced to a society which he had never before approached. But he proved himself fully equal to his new opportunities. He remained simple, manly and independent; his manners were fully as good as those of his new friends, and nothing was more remarkable than the fluency, the purity, and the originality of his conversation. His financial position, however, had not improved with this pleasant recognition. He was still in the midst of many harassing troubles.

HAPPILY a second edition of his poems was brought out. It included some newer pieces, and it attracted the attention of the best minds in Scotland. To produce this edition Burns was induced to visit Edinburgh, and there he was lionized. The Ayrshire ploughman had become recognized as the first of Scottish poets. The brightest, the richest, and the highest of Scottish society opened their doors to him, fêted him, day after day, night after night, during his stay there. His book was selling well, but he was spending little. Through all that triumphant visit he lodged in a garret in an obscure quarter of the town. Success did not rouse in him extravagant desires, it did not turn his head, it did not commit him to the mistake of forsaking his usual life for a metropolitan career. He needed no one to whisper to him reminders of whence he had risen and whither he was to return in the flush of his fame. Edinburgh idolized him, and yet he was unspoiled by the fire of praise. Sir Walter Scott said of him: "Burns expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness, and when he differed in opinion he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment."

Burns had left home vilified, miserably poor, and comparatively unknown. He returned after some months the most famous man in Scotland, and with a good sum of money in his possession. Of this money he gave a third part—a thousand dollars—to his brother, who was hard-pinched. Mauchline, which had set its face against him six months before, was now proud to welcome him. But the spirit that had preserved its balance in Edinburgh was not likely to lose it in a small village. He did not stay long at Mauchline, but went to another district, where he took a farm at a place called Ellisland, investing in it the remainder of the capital which he had brought from Edinburgh. His much-discussed marriage with Jean Armour had meanwhile taken place. Burns has been hotly assailed because of his alleged indifference to his wife, but the fact is that he was ardently fond of her. For the rest, "his heart was the merest tinder," as one sympathetic critic—a countryman of his—has said. It is hardly true, though, that "any pair of eyes were bright enough to set it in a flame." Burns himself put the case thus: "When I meet with a person after my own heart I positively feel what an orthodox Protestant would call a species of idolatry, which acts on my fancy like inspiration." But it was chiefly fancy, and it would rouse his poetic desire to write verses of adoration. We are not always to take him seriously in this respect. It is not fair to think of him merely as a roistering, dissolute ploughboy. He was the most excitable of poets, and in

his passions not one of the strongest of men. But Jean Armour was true to him, and his true affection never really turned from her. Jean worshiped him—literally worshiped him. And when we study her devoted life we must agree that there must have been much that was admirable in the character of a man who was adored by so true a woman. Burns' biographers have paid too scanty attention to all this. There is no use in apologizing for the defects of Bobbie's life, but there is such a thing as insisting too heavily upon them. And, at any rate, if Burns had been a different sort he might never have bequeathed to the world his rich gift of song. Instead of throwing stones at his grave we can, amid all these centennial exercises, take the view held by so pure a mind as that of Wordsworth, who said of him: "It is probable that he would have proved a still greater poet, if by strength of reason he could have controlled the propensities which his sensibilities engendered; but he would have been a poet of a different class, and certain it is, had that desirable restraint been early established, many peculiar beauties which enrich his verses could never have existed, and many necessary influences, which greatly contribute to their effect, would have been wanting."

WE MUST judge any man by the age in which he lived, and by what he did. What did Burns do? He purified Scottish song! He found it a repository of villainess, he made it a fountain of inspiring and enduring melody. He glorified the lives of the people. And, though you may think it strange, I find diligent Scotch teetotalers upholding Burns as the temperance reformer of his age. And so stern a moralist as the late Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, was once heard to say that, "The poet who wrote 'A man's a man for a' that' within six months of his death, and who kept the excise books without blot or mistake, was not very far gone as a man."

The three or four years which Burns spent at Ellisland with his wife and children were, in some respects, the happiest period of his life, in spite of occasional lapses into the melancholy which had haunted his youth. He welcomed Jean to their new home in the song beginning:

"I hae a wife o' my ain,"

and soon after that he exclaimed:

"O, were I on Parnassus' Hill,  
Or had of Helicon my fill,  
That I might catch poetic skill  
To sing how dear I love thee!"

And then there was that charming song: "My wife's a winsome wee thing." While at Ellisland he was also in the excise service, and in this duty he often rode two hundred miles a week on horseback. How he managed to do all this, and attend to his farm and write his poems, is a problem to modern bards and farmers. But he did it. He worked hard for the support of his family. He was a wonderful worker. In the course of his brief life he gave to the world six hundred and fifty poems. And all the while he was an industrious farmer, and in the latter years an exciseman! Here at Ellisland, pressed as he was with his various duties, he wrote some of his best poems, including "Tam o' Shanter," "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut," and "To Mary in Heaven." Too much has been made in the thousand stories of Burns' life of the "Highland Mary" episode, and too little of what he really felt for Jean Armour, and of Jean's intense loyalty to him and devoted care of him. The real facts about Highland Mary will never be known. They comprise the one episode of Burns' life which is veiled in mystery. But one can study the poet's life closely enough to see that the persecution which in the early days seemed to hopelessly separate him from love drove him to Highland Mary for solace, and that Mary's sudden death idealized that Highland lassie in his memory. There was not much more to it, and Jean never troubled herself about it. There has been a sad waste of popular sympathy over Highland Mary. It is to loyal Jean our thoughts should turn. Burns' love for her and for his children was very great. That is a pleasing picture of him handed down by one who saw him "sitting in the summer evening at his door with his little daughter in his arms, dandling her; and singing to her, and trying to elicit her mental faculties." The little girl died in the autumn of 1795, when her father's health was failing.

BURNS was then living in Dumfries. He had given up farming in order to devote himself wholly to an excise appointment which would yield more certain returns, though even these were small enough. In November, 1791, he sold out at Ellisland, under favorable terms, and with the proceeds removed to the town of Dumfries, to the second floor of a small house in the Wee Vennel, now called Bank Street, subsequently shifting to a detached house in the Mill Vennel, now called Burns Street. For the brief remainder of his life he lived on a small salary of from three hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty dollars a year, earned as an excise officer. In July, 1796, the protracted illness from which he had been suffering became so acute that he was advised to go to the seaside as a last resort. He went off to Brow, on Solway Firth. All his thoughts at this time were of his wife, whose condition was such as to warrant his fears. His anxiety for her increasing, he hastened back to Dumfries. He was so weak on reaching home that he could hardly stand. Barely able to hold a pen he wrote a note of appeal, begging his wife's mother, who was estranged from her daughter, to come on to Dumfries, as Jean was in urgent need of her care. They were the last words he ever wrote.

Let us not forget that the expiring effort of the failing genius was impelled by tender anxiety for his loving wife. In his dying hours he begged her, if his mind should wander, to touch him and thus recall him to himself. It was as he wished. The touch of his Jean was the last sensation which Robert Burns carried with him to eternity. He died on the twenty-first of July, 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. On the day of his burial his son, Maxwell, was born. The little fellow lived less than three years.

The Scottish admiration for Burns was so great that his widow and children (three sons and two daughters) were not suffered to know want. A subscription of six thousand dollars was immediately raised for them. Four years later, that is to say, in 1800, Currie's well-known edition of the poet's works appeared. This realized seven thousand dollars more for the family. These sums made a snug fortune in those days. Duly invested, the amount yielded an income for the modest though comfortable maintenance of Jean and her children. Jean Burns survived her husband thirty-eight years.



# THE LYNDON POLKA

By Frances F. Moore

Composer of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL'S prize waltz composition, "The Aberdeen Waltzes."

## INTRODUCTION.

8:

*p* *mf*

1 2

To CODA.

*mf* *Brillante.*

*f* *Risoluto.*

1 2

*p* *mf* *f* *p* *molto legato.*

*cres.*

*dim.* *cres.*

*f* *D. S.* *CODA.*

*accel. al fine.* *cres.* *cen.* *do.* *f* *fff*



## THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JULY, 1896

### A YOUNG MAN'S QUESTION

**T**HE mystery of the sexes, puzzling as it is to the wisest and oldest, is apt to be particularly so to the young man between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. During those years he is very apt to first centre his attention upon girls, and if he is at all inclined to be serious of mind he concludes that the average girl is rather a silly creature. He is, in fact, more apt to misunderstand her than he is to read her aright. A young man of this type writes:

"Why is it that in so many cases, I might almost say the majority of cases, a quiet, well-behaved, earnest-minded, religious young man's society is ignored by so many girls, and the company of giddy, idle and senseless youths preferred? So often have I found that I have seen young men of the former class obliged to seek the company of either married women, widows, or women of maturity. Young fellows, worldly-minded, flippant of speech, lively of manner and not infrequently given to flirtation, are accorded a hearty welcome by girls, while they ignore, avoid or make fun of the other type. I speak now of girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty. Not only does this condition of affairs exist in the city in which I live, but it is equally true of other cities where I have visited. Why is this?"

No one can deny that this young man, when he says that the young man of flippant talk and lively manner is preferred by many girls to the young man of serious mind, is, to a large extent, correct in his view. But he overlooks the reason for it.

**A** GIRL, when she is between the ages of eight and sixteen, is in the playtime of her life. When she reaches sixteen the consciousness that she is a young lady comes to her for the first time. She begins to look at things differently. She has discarded short dresses, and she feels that she should, in some way, maintain the dignity of her longer frocks. She tries, perhaps, to reason out certain problems for herself. But while she is passing through the years from sixteen to twenty she is not apt to reach a point where she takes anything very seriously. She may try to do so, but, as a rule, the effort remains but an attempt. The glitter of life attracts her: its substantial part conveys, as yet, only an indefinite meaning to her. She is simply a girl—nothing more and nothing less. She regards young men as allies in her pleasures, as companions in her girlhood frolics. She takes few things seriously because she has not the capacity to do so. If life does not appear to her entirely as a joke its serious import is certainly lost upon her. She is living her girlhood, and she is apt to think most of its pleasures. She is attracted mainly by the bright side of things; the dark side of life concerns her not. She instinctively feels that there is a more serious side to life, but not understanding it in any way, it has little meaning to her unless she is compelled to experience some great sadness or pass through some overwhelming sorrow. Trials and sorrow often prematurely develop the girl into the woman. But, otherwise, the girl of sixteen is light-hearted, merry,—and, above all things, thoughtless. That thought should precede action does not occur to her. Once in a while we meet a girl of whom it is said, as I recently heard it remarked of one, that she has the judgment of a woman of forty with the charm of a girl of twenty. But such cases are rare; as a rule, the charm exists but the judgment is lacking. A girl of nineteen or twenty is a young girl, with life before her, but with every one of its doors closed.

**I**T IS only natural that to a girl of such an age the young man of bright conversation, flippant and meaningless though that talk may be, has an indefinable attraction. She would far rather have it that he can dance well than that he can recite Emerson to her. It is the dancing time of her life, and not the Emersonian period. She is apt to notice a man's clothes more than his character. She likes the man better who pays her a pretty compliment than the one who says something serious. The former pleases her girlish vanity; the latter she does not know how to take. The present of a box of candy appeals far more strongly to her than does the gift of a book. She does not stop to consider that the book might do her infinitely more good than the candy. She has not arrived at the age when such an idea would come to her. The young man who pays her graceful attentions is pleasing to her: she does not seek to penetrate beyond the mere compliment. And why should she? Young men are simply one form of her amusement: she does not take them any more seriously than she does anything else. The young man of presentable appearance, who dresses well and has a command of the small talk of society, is her girlish Jack-in-the-box. The more attention he pays her, the more he flatters her, the better she is apt to like him. The earnest young man who has ambition, who studies and learns, whose talk is sensible rather than light, is a bit tiresome to her. She may admire his high purposes so far as she can grasp them. She may respect him. But if she is going to a party she does not want his company. She passes him by for the other fellow who is graceful in the dance. And is she to be blamed or to be censured for this? Not a bit of it. While she is a girl she does as a natural, healthy girl should: she lives her years of enjoyment and gets as much pleasure out of them as she can. For this she is a girl. It is all well enough for us who are older to grow impatient at the point of view which the average girl takes. We are apt, in such thoughts, to forget that the greatest charm of a girl, after all, is her girlishness—this very indifference to the more serious side of life. Many of us want our girls to be more serious. Yet how much, if we are honest with ourselves, do any of us care for a girl with the head of a woman on her shoulders? The spectacles of maturity do not become girlish eyes.

**T**HE serious-minded young man of twenty-five looks at these girls, and thinks them, as I have said, either silly or thoughtless. But he, in his own immaturity, is incapable of correctly realizing that a young man matures much faster than does a girl. If he has laid aside his dancing-pumps, silver-knotted cane and conspicuously-colored cravat at twenty-two he must not expect that the girl of eighteen or nineteen shall have laid aside her pretty party-dress and white slippers. It would be unnatural if she did. But if he will watch her after she counts her years with the figure two he will observe that slowly but surely a process of gradual development takes place in the girl whom he believed to be without thought or reason. And equally sure will be his discovery that the companion of her dances is not so eagerly welcomed by her as once he was. He will then gradually discover that the girl is not the light-minded butterfly that he thought her to be. She becomes interested in other things: conversations which bored her a year or two earlier now begin to have some meaning for her. She begins to regard the internal value of things. She looks at young men from a different standpoint. The young man who can simply dance well does not represent the same thing to her. She begins to look for something else in the young men who come to her. The woman has simply begun to develop; the girl is ceasing to be.

**G**IRLS must be taken for what they are, what it was intended they should be, and not always for what some of us would have them to be. Girlhood comes to a woman only once, and if a young man cannot understand that a merry heart and a frivolous nature are inseparable from girlhood he ought to seek young women who have left that period of their lives behind them. I confess that the senseless youth of nineteen is a trial and a thorn in the flesh, but I must also confess that the young man of twenty who tries to be serious on all occasions is, likewise, an affliction. There is no sense in a young fellow maturing so early and so fast that he passes, without any intermediate stop, from boyhood to manhood. Boys of eighteen or nineteen are equally as trying as are girls of the same age, and they are not a whit more sensible. I believe in a young man being earnest of purpose and serious of motive, but I do not believe in his being too earnest or serious before he reaches years of understanding. An immature earnestness and an undigested seriousness are pitiable things—they are unfortunate for their possessor and are burdensome to others. A young man must be a boy before he can become a man, just as a young woman must be a girl before she can become a woman. We must always be our age—not behind our years, but, likewise, not too much in advance of them. The world does not like old young people. There is a period of frivolity and of meaningless pleasures in all lives. That period comes before the period of wisdom. The one cannot very well be had without the other. And as we have had to pass through that period ourselves we must be patient with others while they are going through the same experience.

### WHEN WE ARE IN THE COUNTRY

**I**T SEEMS a pity that much of our summer life is so fast being surrounded with the conventionalities of the town. Going to the country in summer once meant freedom from all restrictions of conventional living. We went to the country because those of us who lived in cities all winter needed the change; and we got it. We went to enjoy the pleasures of field and sea. We sought the country for rest and health. We bathed in the sea in comfortable garments. Now fashion has come along and made the average bathing suit uncomfortable and inappropriate. Once we left the amusements of the city behind us in summer when we went to the country and gave ourselves up to the healthful sports of outdoor life. We enjoyed ourselves—in short, enjoyed the country. We lived as close to Nature as we could; we got out of the country all there was in it for sensible people to get. The respite from brick walls and gray sidewalks was a welcome one. We left thoughts of dress and personal adornment behind us; we arrayed ourselves for comfort rather than for style. And the result was that we returned from our summer outings refreshed and ready for months of confinement in house and office. Some of us do this yet, but we are in the minority. Gradually the old idea of going to the country is passing away. Dress has come in; the games of the winter have become the pleasures of the summer; conventionalities have appeared on every hand, and to many the delightful charm of country living is lost. In fact, why some people go to the seashore or country at all is a mystery to me. For all the good it does them they might just as well remain at home.

**T**AKE the case of a woman of average means who goes to the country. If she is wise she will go as she always has done—in comfort and for health. But it is a hard thing to ask of a woman that she be different from other women. She knows that elaborate dressing has found its way into the average summer resort, and she feels that she must do as the other women do. The probable result is that she is likely to dress more in the country than she would do at home. She cannot appear at meals or on the veranda but she must be elegantly arrayed. "Everybody else is," she argues; as far as she can see the majority of women are overdressing. If she would but look farther she would see that the sensible people where she goes do not and will not dress elaborately in summer. But, unfortunately, the majority sway her. She may feel, perhaps, that she will have the "fresh air" anyway. But here, again, she will be mistaken if she lets the examples of others influence her. Dances and card-parties are just as numerous in the country as they were during the winter season—the difference in partners being the only difference. Fairs, bazaars and concerts crowd each other thick and fast. She does not like to refuse taking part for fear of being thought "unsociable" or "queer." These amusements are apt to be worse for her in the country than they were in the city. Instead of playing cards under gaslight she is apt to play under an ill-smelling lamp. If she dances it is usually in a badly-ventilated room, called, for the sake of a name, a "ballroom." And so the summer days and the beautiful evenings are spent—how? In the same way, practically, as they have been spent in the city. The only respite she gets is a freedom from household cares—a necessary respite for any woman but not a sufficient one. She needs something more than simply bodily rest

**A**ND even this respite is employed by some women in a fast and furious engrossment in needlework. Now no writer can, with any justice to his subject or fairness to women, condemn needlework. It is a distinctly feminine employment. Moreover, it is a dainty art, and has its place in a woman's life. But when women carry this art to such an extent as to enable them to say, as one woman boasted last summer: "I was in the country nearly twelve weeks this summer; it was charming, you know; I made two lovely centrepieces and a set of exquisite doilies"—when women, I say, spend their leisure in this way, and not a few women do, one cannot help wondering whether women get as much out of the country as it has to give. It is all very well for a woman to employ herself in sewing or doing fancy-work. But for a woman, when she goes to the country for rest, to busy herself with the needle every instant of her morning and of her afternoon, and sometimes of her evening, is overdoing the thing. For a woman to sew too much is oftentimes to see too little. Needlework in moderation is one thing; when, however, it is carried to excess it ceases to be a pastime and becomes a positive injury. And particularly does this apply to the woman seeking rest in the summer. The less needlework she does the better. Even the fact that her time may be more her own gives her no excuse for straining her eyes or wasting the time she should spend in more distinctively summer pleasures. The eyes need rest just as much as do the body and the mind. Idleness is a good thing for all of us at times, and if some of our women when they go to the country would lay aside their work-bags and let their eyes rest upon the green grass and trees it would do them infinite good. For, after all, every sensible woman knows that between domestic sewing and dainty needlework there is a distinction rather than a difference. And a woman's eyes, busy all winter, should have rest in summer. I venture to say that if some of our women when they go to the country would sew less and walk more we should hear less of headaches during the winter months. My readers must not misconstrue these words. I make no crusade against fancy-work. As I have said, I believe it is a legitimate part of a woman's occupation. But, like everything else, it has its place and its time. Men do not send their wives to the country to ply the needle, but rather that they may seek those pleasures which a summer outing should bring, and which a cessation from domestic cares makes possible.

**T**HIS whole growing misconception of a summer outing was well expressed by an old skipper on the Massachusetts coast last summer. Homely was his language, but it expressed a world of common-sense when he said: "Well, now—ain't it amazin' queer that folks keep comin' down here, earlier and earlier, and stayin' on later, and carin' less for the sea, every blessed season? Every little town now 'long the shore has got to be 'by the sea.' It's a pretty soundin' thought, 'by the sea' is, but there ain't no meaning in it for folks that never go near the sea if they can get a lot of blind fools to sit around with 'em, and play some everlastin' stupid game with cards. Now you might think I had got something against cards, but I ain't. They're well enough sometimes. And you might think I had an eye out for business, seein' as I own a boat I'd like to rent. I'll allow I ain't above thinkin' of that side of the question. But I submit now is there anything more stupid than for a lot of people down 'by the sea,' to act like land-locked fools? Talk about fishin' some fine morning—well, they'd rather play euchre. I don't disturb 'em much in the afternoon. Suppose it's natural they should want to sleep. Go around about six to see if they'd like to take a moonlight sail, and it's the same old story—progressive whist party to come off. 'What do they come down here for?' I says to my wife. They don't get anything out of the 'sea' they are so fond of talkin' about except the fish they eat, and those have to be ketched by other folks. They don't get any comfort out of the sea 'long with us—they don't love it—and how ken they when they won't take the trouble to get acquainted with it? Now there's the sunset. You know 'Sunset Rock,' 'cause I see you goin' there—it's near our house, you know. Well, folks used to go out there, and watch them glorious sunsets of ours. They can't be beat. Why, one lady that's been in Italy told my wife so. But now—why, nobody ever thinks of 'em. They're gone out of fashion. But the sunsets keep on a-growin' more beautiful every year. I ain't worryin' 'bout the sunsets, or the sea neither. They're God Almighty's care, and He'll look out for 'em. But it's the people I'm thinkin' about—these city folks. Why how are they goin' to get through the winter 'less they take on the best the country has to offer in the summer? Seems kinder queer to see 'em turnin' their backs on all we have to show, and a-sittin' cramped up round little tables, throwin' bits of pasteboard at each other. 'Twa'n't always so—times is changin'—and our parson says things is 'evolutin'! I should think they was!" And the old skipper was right.

**W**E CANNOT afford to conventionalize the country. There is no truer saying than that "God made the country and man made the town," and we ought to carry out the spirit of those words. When we go to the country let us get out of it what we go for: rest, outdoor life and early hours—early, I mean, at night, as well as in the morning. Let us live truly in the country, and do as the country people do. Let us dismiss, during the only restful time of the year—as the summer is to so many of us—thoughts of dress, of indoor amusements, of matters of any kind that are apt to keep the mind at work and the body indoors. Let us seek repose—something which so many of us need. Our life during the winter makes us carry about with us an air of distraction and nervous worry. In summer let us cultivate serenity of manner. There is a restfulness about the restless sea that is peculiarly soothing and wondrously helpful to city people. There is a quietness in a leafy bower not to be had anywhere else on God's footstool. Nature speaks to us unerringly amid such surroundings. It is the absolute calm and quiet of leisurely enjoyment which so many natures crave, and which should be given them. And it is possible to attain this in the country if we will only seek for it and make up our minds to have it. Let us then use the country in this way, forgetting for the time being that there are such things as dresses, as cards, as dances, as bazaars and doilies, throwing our whole natures into the spirit of our surroundings. Then will we extract from Nature what she is always willing to give us, what God intended us all to have: the calm and quiet of peaceful repose.

**A YOUNG MAN'S RELIGIOUS LIFE**  
By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.

**Y** ATTEMPT in these papers is to bring together as many matters as I can that bear upon a young man's life practically. Religion it will be my purpose to discuss in pursuance of the same utilitarian idea. I recommend a young man to take good care of his body because it pays. I recommend to him to go to school or to college because it pays. I recommend to him to interest himself in religion because it pays, because it helps to make actual in him that which is possible, and puts him in the way of accomplishing here upon the earth the true purposes of his being. It seems to me well to antagonize thus at the start any such idea as that religion is one of the dispensables, or that it occupies much the same position in our personal belongings that bric-à-brac does in household furnishings, a commodity that it is well enough to be possessed of, but that stands in no immediate relation to the substantial necessities of every-day life.

**I**N ANYTHING like a complete handling of this question the first thing to be stated is that man is by nature a religious being. He is a religious being in the same sense in which it may be said of him that he is an intellectual being or an aesthetic being. This is not affirming of him that he is instinctively good or instinctively pious, but that he is endowed by birth with impulses that respond to the presentation of the divine idea. Just as it is true that a man enjoys music because he is naturally endowed with sensibilities that music appeals to and excites, exactly so man is religiously affected because natively endowed with sensibilities that are touched by suggestions and manifestations of God. They are not the product of education for they precede education, and unless they did precede it it would be as impossible to produce in a child a religious appreciation as it would be impossible without a prior musical instinct to create in a child anything like musical appreciation. This, then, gives us a starting point. It authenticates religion by showing that its foundations are laid in human nature, and that to be unreligious is to that extent a denial of our personal constitution.

**R**ELIGION, as so understood, carries with it a sense of divine things and a certain appreciation of God's righteous authority and governance. There is as much difference among men in the distinctness of their religious discernments as in that of their intellectual or artistic discernments. John and Charles may differ in the facility with which they appreciate the cardinal principles of arithmetic, and there may be the same amount of difference in the readiness with which they lay hold upon the class of realities covered by the term religion. It would be stupid in a student to conclude that because astronomy means less to him than it does to his classmate, therefore astronomy is a myth and the finer the astronomer the greater the fool. Young men reason in that way about religion, and with no less of discredit to their sagacity.

Religion, as I have just intimated, carries with it a sense of God's active presence in the affairs of nature and history, and a certain appreciation of His righteous authority and governance. I mention these particulars because of their direct and practical bearing upon the tone of a man's mind and the quality of his life; for, as stated at the outset, it is only with religion as a practical and concrete affair that we have at present to do. The sense of God's working presence in nature renders material service by affording the foundation back to which a man's thoughts, when hard pressed and wearied, can easily retreat. It works in us solidity of conviction by uncovering to us a basis of infinite intelligence down upon which everything rests. For instance, in the study of the heavens it recruits our minds from the tiring quest of astronomic details and lets us feel the support of a mind older and wider than the heavens, down into which all such details enter as ground of permanence and coherency. And between constructing a godless science and a science religiously architected there is all the difference in its effect upon the personal quality and fibre of the builder that there is between erecting castles in the air and founding them upon the ground.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The sixth of a series of articles by Dr. Parkhurst addressed to young men, which began in the JOURNAL of February, 1896, and will continue throughout the year.

**T**HE religious sense exerts, also, just as direct a pressure in all the mind's dealing with the progress of event and the course and destiny of history. Without a recognized God of history there is no rational inducement for laboring to improve the general condition. A man goes aboard a boat on the Mississippi at Cairo because he supposes that that river will conduct him to the sea. All our encouragement in enterprises of amelioration lies in the fact of our confidence that the threads of human endeavor are tied in a hard knot of divine intention. If I may be permitted to speak for myself I will say that I would not have taken the first step toward overthrowing the Tammany Government in New York City if I had not believed in God and in His intended power to make man's efforts available for beneficent and divine results. I suppose I have heard it said a hundred times during the past two years that the only men who can be counted upon to stand by the cause of civic regeneration unflinchingly and untiringly to the end are the men with religious convictions and religious faith. My object in referring to this is to substantiate the position already taken that religion is not at all one of those things in regard to which it can be said that it is merely a question of taste. It is an essential.

**A**LL of this denotes, if possible, still more when it is carried over into the field of God's righteous authority and governance. Right needs to mean all that a belief in God can make it mean before a man can be permanently trusted to do right. The Ten Commandments never would have proved so great a deterrent against criminality had not the opinion prevailed that in some way or other they were the expression of the divine will. It may be otherwise with angels, but with men some other motive for right doing has to be adduced than the mere fact that it is right to do right. I may be honest because it pays to be honest, or because in the neighborhood where I happen to live the majority are honest people, or because I have been taught to be honest and cannot easily break with the habit; but if I should make up my mind in any given instance that dishonesty would pay better, or if I should migrate into a community where it was popular to steal, or if, notwithstanding my habit of honesty, the apparent advantage of theft should be strong enough to overcome my habit of letting other people's goods alone, I should steal, and I should be a fool not to, provided I had no religious conviction that the law against theft was something more than a human conventionalism. A man may lose his moral convictions, and still the moral training he has had may suffice temporarily to restrain him from plunging into an immoral life, but the time is exceedingly likely to come when passion of some kind will prove more than a match for the inertia of ethical training, and then he will fall. He may still have a kind of instinctive respect for what is right, but not a respect with capital enough in it for him to bank upon after once there has died in him the conviction that the right is an eternal reality in some intimate way bound up with the being and personality of God.

**N**OW in all of this nothing has been said about creeds. That is not because there can be such a thing as a religious life without a creed, but because the creed itself constitutes no essential ingredient of the religious life. Creed is outgrowth, not ingrowth. What is intended by this can be explained by saying that a man will hardly walk abroad in a world illuminated by the sun without having some sort of conception of the sun, from which the illumination comes. That conception of his may not enable him to see any better, and yet whether it does or does not, the conception will almost necessarily shape itself from the experience which he has of the sun's illuminating power. Or I might illustrate in another way by saying that a man cannot be in the exercise of bodily powers for any considerable time without having some notion of the working and relation of those powers. He may not have studied physiology, but a certain style of physiology will have developed itself in his own mind as the outcome of his own physical experience. And however advantageous it may be to him in certain ways to have an accurate and thorough knowledge of the parts that compose his body and of the machinery of his body, yet by far the most important thing for him is that he be himself thoroughly alive and in the healthy exercise of all the functions that combine to compose his body.

**I**N ANYTHING like a genuine religious life creeds are an accident, not an essential. The main matter has to do with each man's own personal and independent responsiveness to divine idea and experience of divine influence, and, with that secured, secondary interests can be, in a large measure, left to care for themselves. All the church creeds in existence began in experience, and were not formed into words probably till experience began to cool, just as it rarely occurs to any one to anatomize the human body till the life is well out of it. It was not till the enthusiasm of the early church had somewhat abated that men began to substitute doctrinal paragraphs for personal love to God and loyalty to His service. This is not said with any intention of denying that every religion will have its form of faith, but it is not religion for any man to assent to a credal form except as that form expresses what he personally believes, and is the outcome of what he personally experiences.

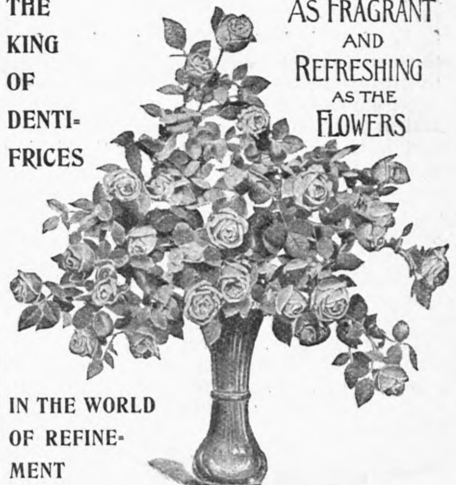
**I** HAVE taken pains in all this discussion to keep my feet firmly planted on the essentials of the matter, not only because that is the only method of treatment commensurate with the dignity of the subject, but also because it obviates the necessity of dwelling upon certain subordinate questions that are always likely to intrude. One of these questions has to do with the matter of church-going. Things are quite different from what they were in the old days and in the small country towns, where attending church on Sunday and perhaps going to the prayer-meeting in the middle of the week came the nearest to dissipation of anything that the humdrum of ordinary life had to offer. Under those circumstances the Sabbath services were considerably in the nature of a relaxation. They made a break with the prevailing monotony and were usually welcomed, at least by the older members of the family. Life now, however, is a good deal more intense than it used to be; the conditions under which work is done less natural; even the circumstances of our abiding place, particularly in the cities and larger towns, into which population is so rapidly condensing, more straitened and wearisome. Add to this that whereas the church used to be almost the only opportunity for obtaining anything like intellectual stimulus, the whole week now is crowded with such opportunities; lectures, magazines and newspapers are almost a gratuity, and, so far as the latter are concerned, on no day so abundantly as on the Sabbath. To Sunday newspapers, undoubtedly, is chargeable a very considerable amount of current church absenteeism.

**I**N DEALING with young men in their relation to church-going all this changed situation requires to be frankly faced. I cannot do justly by them unless I can put myself in their places and appreciate with them the altered conditions. I meet them, then, on their own ground, and, without any disposition to belittle such reasons for absenting themselves from church as they may adduce, I nevertheless say to them frankly and confidently that abstinence from the place of public worship is for them a mistake, and that they are thereby suffering a loss that cannot easily be made up to them. I have already shown that the religious is an ingredient in our constitution, and that we are by nature gifted with certain tendencies whose strengthening and enlargement means the development within us of religious fibre, and the establishment within us of religious character. Now I know of no means—with the single exception of parental precept and contact—by which these tendencies are so likely to be addressed and moved upon with effect as the associations, influences and services that combine in the house of God. I am assuming—which, to be sure, is not always the case—that the pulpit so shapes the service as to make it a steady and intelligent appeal to the religious sensibilities. The pulpit can stupidly allow the music of the sanctuary to be of a character fitted only to amuse the fancy, and the result will probably be that music lovers will go where the renderings of more talented performers will please the fancy more. Or the same pulpit can even more stupidly allow the preaching to take the shape of a disquisition or of a doctrinal discussion, and those who have a taste for that kind of thing will be excusable if they prefer for the purpose the paragraphs of a professional essayist or the syllogisms of a theological expert. But the peculiar province of the preacher is to make hymns, prayers and sermon bear in tender directness upon that spot within us where we keep our sense of the unseen and the divine; and from a service so shaped and so inspired a young man with religious possibilities in him cannot afford to absent himself. He is, by the means, drying up by innutrition those faculties of experience and power that are the distinction of our humanity, and is, in all likelihood, hiding in the napkin of disuse that talent of tender intimacy with the divine that makes it most worth his while to be a man.



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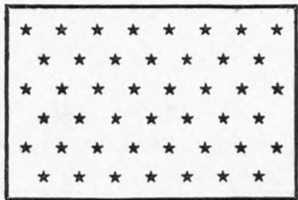
THE NEW STAR FOR OUR FLAG

By Frances E. Lanigan

IT WAS in Philadelphia on June 14, 1777, that the American Congress in session resolved "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." The "new constellation," or arrangement of the stars, was to be in the form of a circle to represent unity. The thirteen stripes were to represent the thirteen States. It has never been known to whom the credit of designing the "stars and stripes" should be given, but it is quite certain that the first flag to bear the design was made by a Mrs. John Ross, an upholsterer of Philadelphia. Her descendants claim that a committee of Congress, accompanied by General Washington, called upon her at her house on Arch Street in June, 1776, and engaged her to make the flag from a rough drawing, which, at her suggestion, was redrawn by General Washington in her back parlor, and that the flag then designed was the one adopted by Congress.

Early in 1794, in consequence of the admission of Vermont in 1791 and Kentucky in 1792, Congress enacted that "on and after the first day of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes \* \* \* the union be fifteen stars," etc. This flag was the National banner from 1795 until 1818 (during which time occurred the war of 1812 with Great Britain), when Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana and Mississippi having been admitted to the Union, Congress passed an act which provided "First, That from and after the fourth day of July next the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes \* \* \* that the union have twenty stars \* \* \* "Second, That on the admission of every new State into the Union one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth day of July next succeeding such admission." This was intended as a mark of respect for the flag of the Revolution and for the thirteen States whose valor contributed to American independence; and the additional stars to mark the increase of the States since the establishment of the Constitution. In March of this year the following order was issued:

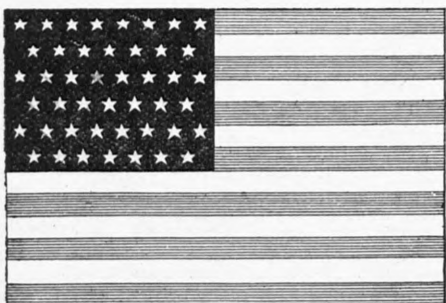
WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, March 18, 1896.  
The field or union of the National Flag in use in the Army will, on and after July 4, 1896, consist of forty-five stars, in six rows, the first, third and fifth rows to have eight stars, and the second, fourth and sixth rows seven stars each, in a blue field, arranged as follows:



DANIEL S. LAMONT,  
Secretary of War.

By Command of Major-General Miles.

This contingency is to provide for a star for Utah, which was admitted to the Union in January of this year. Secretary Herbert has agreed to the same arrangement for the Navy. The design given below is a correct representation of the "stars and stripes" as it will appear on and after the fourth of this month.



THE NEW STARS AND STRIPES

THE POISONOUS PRIMULA

By Newlin Williams

WITHIN the past few years a dainty and delicate traitor has been brought to light in the shape of the greenhouse Primula. This plant, in virtue of its easy cultivation, the delicate tint and clarity of its blossoms, and the beauty of its long-stemmed, crisp leaves, has of late become the pet of every



THE POISONOUS PRIMULA

window gardener. It is what I have heard called a "thankful little plant," blooming on and on with the simple demands of sun and water. Ten or twelve years ago a scientific journal published a paper on the poisonous properties of the Primula, but the warning was not widely spread, as probably the plant was not so generally known at the time. Lately I find that the more conscientious florists have desisted from its culture, owing to the disfiguring, not to say painful, recurring eruptions it causes on the bodies of those susceptible persons who venture upon familiarities with it.

Its true character was first brought to my notice by an artist friend, who, after sketching the plant in blossom, broke a leaf from it to crush and smell for the sake of the pleasant Geranium-like odor it exhaled. Soon after her face and arms were covered with an eruption like that caused by Poison Ivy. The pink and delicate little plant was immediately suspected, and was, after a struggle, consigned, pot and all, to the dark waters of the river. I know of many cases of serious poisoning which may be traced to the Primula, enough and more to fully justify the evil reputation it has gained.

Though the fact is well established that all persons are not susceptible to its poison, there will probably be some member of the family who will suffer by coming in contact with the leaves or stem of the Primula. The effects of the poison of this plant are positive, and are of too serious a nature to warrant its presence in the home.

It will be noticed that the plant is covered with translucent hairs. Other than these visible structures are a set of smaller ones scarcely discernible under a powerful pocket glass, and bearing about the same relation to the larger set as do the Alders and spice bushes in an open grove to the tall Oaks and Tulips above them. Under a high magnification the glandular structure of the hairs is apparent, the short set of three segments, the long set of ten or so, each tipped with a drop of viscid amber-colored secretion. In passing the section through stain, alcohol and oil of cloves, this terminal viscid globule is dissolved away and leaves a shallow cup distinctly visible after staining.

It is easy to see how this secretion being held at the tip of the bristles might cling, when fresh, to any skin that came in contact with it, and be absorbed into the circulation of those with especially thin and susceptible epidermis.

A SUGGESTED NATIONAL FLOWER

By Gertrude Christian Fosdick

AMERICA is a new country, and until now has been particularly lacking in signs and emblems. Of late years, however, there has been manifested a strong interest in choosing a suitable floral emblem for America, and surely the question is important enough to receive our considerate attention. Once selected, this flower must represent us

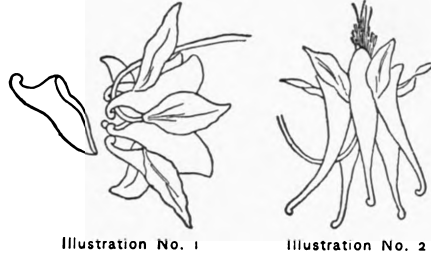


Illustration No. 1

Illustration No. 2

through all coming ages, as the Rose of England, the Lily of France, and the Chrysanthemum of Japan represent those countries to-day. The flower selected, therefore, should be one which not only grows throughout the length and breadth of this great land, but can supply us with suitable symbols and possibilities for conventionalization.

The last-named quality will doubtless appear more important to the artist than to the people, but we must remember that it is to the artist we look to combine and incorporate its forms in our National currency and postal emblems, and we will do well to choose, at least, a flower whose forms admit of the possibility.

All these points are strongly associated with the Columbine, a flower whose associations with our country are as happy as they are unique. It is interesting to note the peculiar aptitude of the Columbine as America's National flower.

First, its very name suggests Columbia. Nor is this, as may appear, a mere trivial play upon words. We know that the word Columbus means dove, a fact full of poetic significance when we remember how Columbus, like Noah's messenger of old, was sent forth to discover a new land. We also know that the Columbine took its name from the resemblance which one view of the flower bears to a group of doves, as shown in Illustration No. 1 of this article. This form grows wild in the region where Columbus was born, as well as in our Rocky Mountain States.

Then, too, the botanical and horticultural name of the flower is *Aquilegia*, which is connected with the Latin *aquila*, an eagle, and was so named because the flower reversed, as seen in Illustration No. 2, suggests an eagle's talons. Thus we have the thought of our American eagle, emblematic of fearless power.

Again, a front view of the flower shows the outline to be a beautiful five-rayed star (given in Illustration No. 3), emblematic of the stars of our flag, while the leaf (shown in Illustration No. 4) terminates in thirteen lobes, the number of the stripes, as well as of the number of original States in the Union.

Another point is that while the Columbine grows in many colors, three colors—the brilliant red, pure white and the exquisite cerulean blue—are the American variety of the flower.

Once more, a single petal of one of the long-spurred variety (given in Illustration No. 2) is the shape of a horn of plenty, significant of this fruitful land, while the short-spurred petal (shown in Illustration No. 1) forms a perfect little liberty cap.

Lastly, it grows in every State of the Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf. In point of hardihood it compares favorably with the Rose. Our wild Columbines are in full bloom by Memorial Day, and have not all disappeared by the Fourth of July.

A Columbine association has been organized in Boston. Its aim is to bring about the adoption by Congress of the Columbine as the National flower. The selection of a floral emblem has been much discussed of late, and while there is a considerable difference of opinion as to which flower is deserving of such exaltation there is perfect unanimity in the sentiment that America should be fittingly typified by one of Nature's blossoms.



Illustration No. 4

IT PAYS  
to do your shopping with  
"The Quickest Mail Order  
House in the World" — BY MAIL

Grass Cloth Costume

This most popular of summer textures is indeed aptly named, for it neither wilts nor withers during the heated term, and besides its agreeable "coolth," it is the ideal wash fabric, for with each successive laundering it appears in all its original freshness.

The garment shown above is made of pure linen grass cloth, exactly like the illustration. The waist has full blouse front, large half bishop sleeves, and sailor collar, trimmed with ruffle of self-material and black satin ribbon. The skirt is full five yards wide with deep flounce. We have not seen its equal in value at less \$4.50 than \$7.00.

Dress Skirts

Black Brilliantine of exceptional quality, full five yards wide, lined with rustling taffeta, and velveteen bound. Send for samples of Brilliantine, and in ordering give waist measure and length of skirt. Our skirt values are so well known it is hardly necessary to add that this quality is seldom found elsewhere at \$3.75 less than \$6.00.

Outing Skirts

Of white, navy blue and tan duck, full five yards wide, and velveteen bound, which latter, in skirts of this material, is a novelty which will be much appreciated. All have wide hem, and we would be glad to send you samples that will prove the quality. The price proves \$1.75 itself.

Wash Dress Goods

A few of what we consider our very choicest values, from probably the largest stock of foreign and domestic wash goods in this country:

Printed and dotted Swiss, 30-inch, now in high favor; white, black and navy blue grounds, with floral and Dresden designs, especially adapted for dainty evening gowns. If it were not for a most fortunate purchase 50c. a yard they would be 75 cents instead of

Imported Batistes, 32 inches, all linen, the most popular wash fabric. In sending for samples ask for pure linen, grass linen, linen grenadine, embroidered linen, ribbon striped linen, silk spot linen—yellow, red, green, blue, pink and lavender striped linen, and many exclusive novelties in sheer silk-warp linen. Prices 35c. range from \$2.00 per yard to

Irish Dimities, 30-inch, imported goods in fast colors; a 40-cent quality in many new designs, dark, medium and light grounds, including navy blue and black, with white figures. And a host of others, the cheaper sorts as well as the more expensive; but the above-mentioned impressed us as particularly price-worthy.

SEND FOR SAMPLES

YOUR MONEY BACK  
if not satisfied with your purchase. MAILED FREE!

SEND FOR "THE SHOPPER'S ECONOMIST"

The most complete Shopping Guide ever published—128 pages devoted to good form in woman's wear, the correct Spring styles as shown in our seventy departments being accurately described and handsomely illustrated. Ready March 1st.

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THE BEST PINS EVER MADE

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Stuck on Black waterproof paper. Reasonable in price and put up in a convenient, novel and handsome package.

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ASK FOR THEM and insist upon getting them

"Press the Head, the Point does the rest."

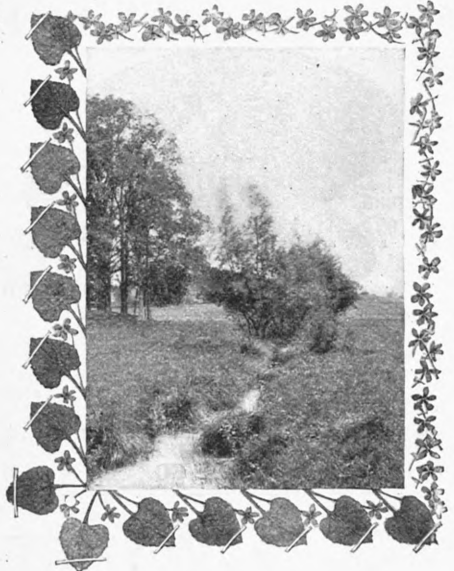


# SOUVENIRS OF SUMMER DAYS

By William Martin Johnson

ILLUSTRATOR OF "BEN HUR," "THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH," ETC.

**E**NTHUSIASM for art work is the cause of much futile effort and consequent disappointment to many whose equipment in technical knowledge is slight or whose natural ability does not lie in the direction of drawing or painting. The young woman attempting for the first time to sketch from Nature usually selects for her subject a magnificent stretch of country, with a mountain-side, perhaps presenting the most difficult problems, and the result is inevitable failure. Were she to expend



the same amount of energy in recording an impression of some simple object her success might be sufficient to stimulate her to further effort, and ultimately she might become proficient. But to the more humble devotees of art there are ways open for the expression of æsthetic impulses which require but simple ingenuity and a sympathetic touch to produce interesting and beautiful effects.

The amateur photographer is a much maligned individual, and in a large degree has brought the odium upon himself. Pursued by an inordinate greed of possessing plates of noted people and places he has developed the traits of a detective, and plies his vocation with impertinence. Whereas, when impelled by artistic motives photography becomes a dignified and praiseworthy means of recreation. Material is abundant and accessible to all without the necessity of giving offense or

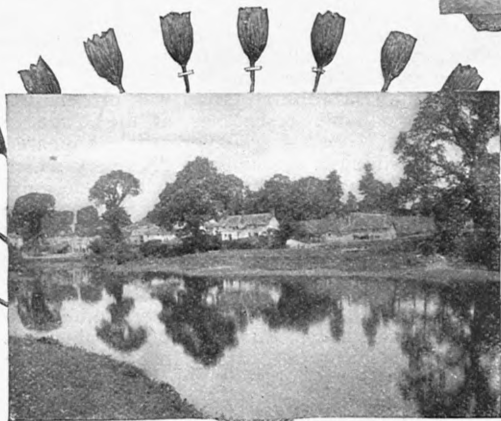


making one's self a nuisance. commonplace subjects treated from an original point of view become unique and oftentimes artistic. The manipulation of the plate, the judicious timing of exposure and peculiar conditions of light and shade are the resources of the amateur in photography. In other words, it is the temperament and experience of the operator rather than the material before the camera which gives the artistic result. Many incidents occur during the summer vacation the remembrance of which would be pleasurably intensified by some souvenir. The sketch, provided it be executed with



knowledge, is a source of delight, but for a second choice let us consider the photograph, supplemented by the plant forms to be found. They exist all around and about us if we will but look for them—we may have trodden them under foot even. Could anything bring back more vividly the scene than these living things, identified, as they are, with the very ground upon which we stand?

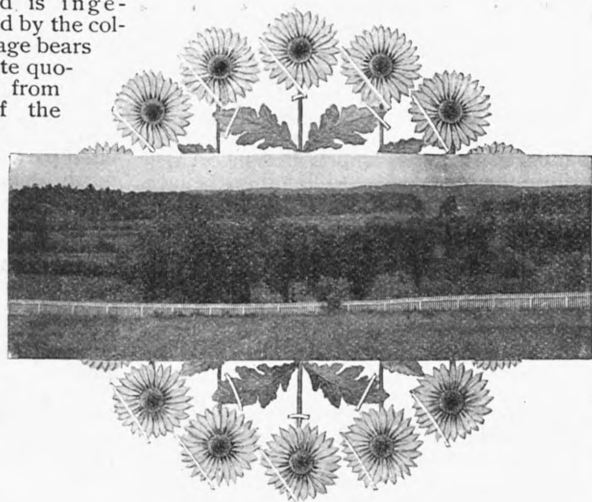
A collection of wild flowers gathered in the vicinity of Ontonagon, Michigan, a town on the shore of Lake Superior, by Helen Woodworth Paul, comes to us, which is of



prevent any surplus oil from spreading on the clean sheets of paper. A powder consisting of resin (only a small proportion) and any dry pigment, or even black lead pencil dust, is sprinkled over the sheets of paper which have received the impression of the flower. The image of the plant will remain clearly defined after the superfluous powder is shaken off. To fix the impression indelibly, warm the paper sufficiently to melt the resin, and your record is complete for future use and future reference.

In mounting the photographs it is advisable to stick the upper two corners only, leaving the lower edge free, otherwise the prints would be apt to skrink or cockle. When an elaborate result is desired cut an opening in a piece of cardboard the shape required, and place it over the picture. Affix the plant forms to this improvised mat, and with water-color supplement

great value, as an instance of our suggestion. Each specimen is pressed, mounted and classified according to Gray's Manual of Botany, and is ingeniously arranged by the collector. Each page bears some appropriate quotation. Aside from the interest of the



moment, the collection is of great value in suggesting themes for embroidery.

In the arrangement, as shown in our illustrations, of these leaves and flowers mounted together with the photograph on a card or in an album, great ingenuity and skill are possible. Decoration from the earliest time has been based upon natural

form, the adaptation of which has engrossed the thought of all great decorative painters, but aside from this the search for new specimens teaches us a lesson, the art of seeing, of observing intelligently the common objects about us. The beauty, the marvelous construction of a leaf is a revelation when we examine it.

Where it is desirable to keep a permanent record of the forms of leaf or flower the process invented by M. Bertot, of the French Academy of Sciences, can be utilized. A sheet of ordinary thin paper is oiled on one side, and folded with the oiled side out. The plant is placed between the folds of the paper, and gently pressed all over with the hand. This will induce a small quantity of oil to ooze through the pores of the paper and adhere to the leaves. The plant is then placed between two sheets of clean paper and pressed again—some judgment being required to



## A WOMAN'S Up-to-date CYCLING OUTFIT



**\$15.00 Given Away.** That is what you do when you pay \$100 for any bicycle, with Majestics at \$85, and did you ever stop to think how much pleasure there is in riding a wheel you can depend upon? Ours is so simple in its mechanism that it will not get out of order, and is popular with all who appreciate superiority in bicycle construction.

Price, \$85.00, Express Paid



**HEALTHFUL Mesinger Rattan Saddle**

Well-woven rattan first, as a base for strength, because each strand is twice as strong as an equal strand of rawhide, also because it is not affected by dampness, and wood fibre cannot stretch, and besides, it gives ventilation; then a layer of felt to soften, then leather to waterproof, and a V-shaped opening through both felt and leather to relieve all injurious pressure.

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**HULBERT AIR BRAKE**

Attaches and detached to any wheel anywhere in a minute. Weight, complete, 13 ounces. Cannot injure the tire; checking pressure can be regulated to an ounce, and each ounce once applied remains checking wheel until release valve is touched. Will supersede hand brakes on bicycles as it has on railroads.

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has gained a larger measure of popularity in proportion to the years it has been on the market than any other wheel in the world. It is of the \* \* \* \* \*

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STANDARD OF QUALITY

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| \$50 Wheel       | for \$37.50 |

Choice of Duplex, Christy, Hunt, Sager, Gilliam or Garford Saddles with Morgan & Wright quick repair tire.

Send for Catalogue and Terms. All wheels shipped subject to examination on receipt of **\$4.00**





# THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THE MOON

By Alden W. Quimby



Far away as they seem to be the people who live in the moon are really our next-door neighbors. All the other members of the solar family preserve a respectable distance. Even Venus comes no closer than twenty-six millions of miles. Mars, as in 1892, sometimes approaches within thirty-five millions. True, a comet occasionally sweeps rather close to our doors, showing a somewhat impertinent curiosity, and causing dismay to the uninitiated, but such erratic visitors cannot properly be termed neighbors. The moon's distance from the earth ranges from two hundred and twenty-one thousand to two hundred and fifty-two thousand miles. She moves away to apogee every month, but her ardent affection invariably brings her back again to her nearer relationship in perigee. Her sidereal revolution is completed in twenty-seven and a quarter days, but as the earth has in the same time moved along one-twelfth of its annual path, two more days are necessary to consummate the synodic movement. It is gratifying to watch from night to night the moon's journey among the stars. If on any evening she happens to be within a dozen degrees to the westward of any conspicuous star she will be found a little to the eastward of that star on the following evening, thus proving that her movement is ever toward the east. It is this feature which is of paramount value to navigators. The moon's speed is about one-thirtieth that of the earth's. The region which it traverses was divided by the ancients into twelve parts, and the twelve corresponding groups of stars were called the constellations of the zodiac. The earth passes through these constellations once a year, but the moon makes the circuit every month.

### THE SIZE OF THE MOON

The moon is a comparatively small world; yet, although three of Jupiter's and one of Saturn's moons are much larger, it is, in proportion to its primary, the largest satellite of the solar system. Its diameter is twenty-one hundred and sixty miles, which means that it would take forty-nine moons to make a globe the size of the earth. Seen from one of the other planets the earth and the moon would appear like a double planet, rather than a planet and its satellite, for the moon's diameter is more than one-fourth that of the earth.

At the time of an eclipse of the sun the moon is grandly impressive. Its volume is then seen to the greatest advantage. And even if the moon be not near enough to the earth to completely cover the sun's disk, or if it merely encroach upon the sun to the extent of a few digits the effect is still striking.

### THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

The telescopic view of the moon is enchanting, nay, more, it is a revelation. The man who looks upon it for the first time unmoved is to be pitied. The light and the dark portions are alike crowded with objects of rare interest. The best time by far to use the telescope is when the moon is in the first or the third quarter, when the sunshine falls upon its mountain peaks and craters at an angle, photographing with absolute distinctness the contour of the peaks in shadow at their base, and bringing out in bold relief the lips of the magnificent craters.

The gradations of light and shade are due to the varying hues of the surface material. Galileo believed that the darker portions were watery wastes, and, therefore, he called them "seas." There are twelve of them, and they bear such names as the Sea of Tranquillity, the Sea of Serenity, the Ocean of Storms, the Rainy Sea, etc. They are really plains, though they are by no means smooth. There are few great mountain ranges, yet these might be studied for a lifetime without weariness; but of the volcanic craters, once amazingly active, there are thousands, some of them of immense size—a few being over one hundred miles in diameter. There are also deep valleys, which may have been river beds; and clefts, which seem to be cracks in the surface. Sometimes a person who is enjoying his first view through a glass detects some pin points of brightness apparently detached from the terminator, yet very close to it; it is the sunshine beginning to gild the distant mountain tops, while yet the intervening valleys sleep in shadow.

### THE MOON'S PHASES

People often ask the explanation of the moon's phases. It is easily furnished. When the moon is full it is in exact opposition to the sun, i. e., the moon, the earth and the sun are in line, the earth being in the centre, and the sun shining directly upon the face turned toward us. When the moon is new it is between us and the sun, and having no light of its own we do not see it at all, unless it passes exactly between the two bodies, in which case it is exhibited as a black ball.

Now in passing from new to full it gradually turns to the sun, that hemisphere which ever faces us, and the first day a thin crescent appears; the next day it is a little wider, and thus it grows until all of our side is presented in the phase of full. Then in passing from full to new the moon "waned," i. e., it now turns our side from the sun as gradually as in the "waxing" phase, until the circuit be complete in new. Of course, if the moon at the time of full is strictly on the line joining the earth and the sun it will pass through the earth's shadow and suffer an eclipse. It would then be invisible but for the fact that the "rim" of the earth's atmosphere, when free from clouds, bends the sunlight around our planet and reflects it to the moon, this light being usually of a coppery tinge because the atmosphere of the earth has absorbed the other rays.

The earth appears to the people on the moon just what the moon appears to us, only in opposite phases, however—the earth being full when the moon is new.

### THE MOON'S ATMOSPHERE

One morning, in that exquisite dream-land of Nature, the Yosemite Valley, the writer sat within hearing of its greatest water-fall, and at the same time watched the beautiful clouds which float in the ethereal blue of a summer sky pass beneath the summit of that mighty rock, the Clouds' Rest. The clouds were certainly a mile in height, yet still above them, sharply cut in the clear air, was the summit of the rock mountain. We might put El Capitan on top of the Clouds' Rest, and then add the Half Dome, finally crowning our creation with the matchless North Dome, which, one might say reverently, is a fitting throne for Divinity, and yet not reach the height of some of the rocks which rise above the surface of the moon; but centuries pass and no fleecy clouds ever veil the stupendous rock-walls of the moon, for the moon has no atmosphere—at least, none that is worthy of the name. This may seem like a Parthian thrust at the cherished hope of a lunar population, but it need not of itself be convincing, for the varieties and paradoxes of life on the earth ought to teach us to be wary in coming to conclusions. When our own atmosphere is faultless the telescopic view of all lunar objects is one of melting clearness. The moon frequently passes over stars and planets, completely obscuring their light. In the case of a star the abruptness of the extinction is startling, while if there were a lunar atmosphere the light of the star would be refracted, and the star would seem to linger on the moon's limb; but the most delicate instruments have failed to show even the faintest trace of refraction. If the moon was once a part of the earth, as the nebular hypothesis affirms, she must also have had an atmosphere. What, then, has become of it? Some have supposed that it is imprisoned in cavities within the lunar body, while others believe that it has been absorbed by the interior rocks while cooling.

### MOONLIGHT

The moon is a mirror which reflects the sunlight to us. An examination of moonlight with the spectroscope shows, of course, the same spectrum as that of sunlight. The quality of the reflection is indicated in the announcement that it would take no fewer than six hundred and eighteen thousand full moons to supply to us an amount of light equal to that which we get from the sun, and there is only sky room for, say, seventy-five thousand of them. Some heat comes from the moon, but ordinary methods will not measure it. However, it is estimated that it is about one eighty thousandth of the amount which the sun supplies to us. The inclination of the moon's orbit to the horizon accounts for the "Harvest" and the "Hunter's" moon, which occur when the tipping is slightest, thus permitting the moon to rise about the same time for several successive evenings. The moon often appears much enlarged when on the horizon, but this is caused by the refractive feature of the air about the horizon and the natural tendency to compare it with terrestrial objects.

### THE MOON'S POLITICAL INFLUENCE

ALTHOUGH many words of careless coin-ing have crept into our American vocabulary, some intrinsically innocent words have been made to do strange duty. Perhaps no word is more frequently used in the lower political circles than the little word "pull"—little, but, alas, mighty. While the moon cannot be charged with venal favoritism on one hand, or credited with blind devotion to civil service on the other, yet it has a decided pull in all mundane affairs. There is no question of commerce which is not vitally related to the tides of the ocean, and here the moon is mistress. Both the sun and the moon attract the water of the ocean and keep it in constant agitation, but the moon's influence is the stronger. "Spring" tides occur when the moon at the time of full pulls on one side, and the sun on the other; and at the time of new moon, when both sun and moon pull on one side. "Neap" tides are the result of the pulling against each other of the two attracting forces at the phases of the moon's first and third quarter. There is a somewhat subtler, but quite palpable, influence exerted upon the minds of innumerable gardeners cradled in traditions of moon-lore, who religiously plant their seeds "in the signs" charted by the rural almanac.

### THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON

Now we are face to face with the Sphinx of our theme. Not even a Stanley can unravel the mystery. The fertile imagination of Jules Verne found a way by which to visit the moon, but information regarding the other side is still wanting. For, by a curious law of revolution which appears to apply also to Mercury and Venus, in their relation to the sun, the moon turns on its axis in the same time in which it revolves about the earth, thus ever presenting to us the same face. No human eyes, therefore, have ever beheld the other side. It has a fortnight of sunshine and a fortnight of darkness alternately, but unless the inhabitants cross the line of the hemisphere they cannot see the glory of the earth-shine.

### THE MOON HOAX

If any one questions the popular interest in astronomical matters let him inquire into the circumstances of the celebrated "Moon Hoax" of sixty years ago. He will find that when scientific men have something really juicy to present they may expect to have a numerous constituency. While Sir John Herschel was prosecuting his valuable researches at the Cape of Good Hope a newspaper article appeared describing a momentous discovery which he had made on the moon with a telescope twenty-four feet in diameter. Among the absorbing details a hint was given of beings somewhat human in appearance whose manner was "peaceful." It is said that sixty thousand copies of the newspaper were sold in one day, so the account was in a certain sense eminently successful! It is not venturesome to say that were such a canard perpetrated in our day the sensation-loving world would buy the story by the million.

Under the most favorable circumstances the greatest telescopes of our time could only glimpse as a mere speck a group of buildings similar in size to those of the Chicago Exposition, or the movement of an army like that which marched in grand review at Washington in 1865, and that is all. What the skill of our masters of mind and matter may yet accomplish cannot be predicted, but there is reason to hope that greater things are only a little beyond us.

### THE MOON A MAUSOLEUM

A TOURIST on his way for the first time to visit a certain town which stretched for miles along a sandy road requested the driver of the stage in which he rode to drop him off in the town. The driver asked what part of the town, and was told, somewhat impatiently, the most thickly-populated part. After a long, weary ride to the music of the grinding of the wheels in the sand the stage stopped, and the driver informed the traveler that they had reached the most thickly-populated part. Upon alighting the traveler found that he was in a graveyard, whose cold marbles reflected the moonlight. The driver, who was quite a wag, told the astonished tourist that the population of the town was thirty-five hundred, of which twenty-five hundred lay in the graveyard.

In the absence of all indication of any sort of life whatever on the moon, with no air nor water, together with the fact that no change of any description has been noticed by the keen and trained eyes which have jealously scrutinized its surface from the time of the first telescopic efforts to the present, we are compelled to conclude that there are no people who live in the moon. The wonderful combination of mountain and crater, valley and peak, is, after all, only a vast graveyard; and if living beings ever roamed over its plains and navigated its great seas, now dry, or frozen with appalling cold, they have been gathered to the nations of the dead; and, all traces of them having vanished, the tall shafts of the mountains watch over their last resting place, and, with the crater rings, constitute their eternal and magnificent mausoleum.

# Spring Seat Post

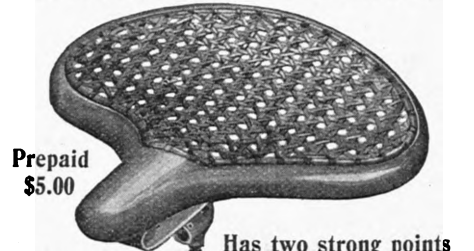
(Beardsley's Patent) Fits any wheel THE SPRING IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT LAST

Takes up all vibration. Makes riding easy. Adjustable to all weights of riders and to the resilience desired. Tightly blown and therefore fast tires can be ridden with comfort. No parts to get out of order. Adjustment always accessible. A hard, light saddle on this post gives greater ease in riding than any spring or pneumatic saddle on an ordinary post.



Price \$2.50 each, any size

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Prepaid \$5.00

Has two strong points

**Coolness and comfort.** Correct form and construction. Perfectly adapted for both sexes. The frame is made of Aluminum and Silver, which makes a strong and elastic metal. The body of the Saddle is covered with cane seating, which is both durable and comfortable. Every Saddle guaranteed. Circulars free. CHICAGO TIP & TIRE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Have Your Furniture Upholstered in

# PANTASOTE



The Wonderful Substitute for Leather.

No rubber in it—no dangerous combustible substances. Beautiful, Flexible, Waterproof and Durable. Will not crack, peel, scale, shrink or stretch. Is not affected by heat, cold or dampness.

For Easy Chairs, Lounges, Chair Seats, Cushions or any Upholstering use, Pantasote is better than leather and costs half as much. Your dealer can supply you.

Enough to cover a Dining Chair Seat with gimp and nails to match, 25c.

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PANTASOTE CO., 35 Leonard St., NEW YORK



Glimmer and Blink, Blossom and Pink, What in the world does a little girl think? What can her fancy allure? Why she looks at the gossamer veiling the skies And she dreams that the stars are DeLong Hooks and Eyes To fasten it safe and secure.

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Richardson & DeLong Bros., Philadelphia. Also makers of the CUPID Hair Pin.

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THE ONLY PNEUMATIC AUTOMATIC \$5 Ex. Paid

Finely Tempered Steel Spring—Pure Rubber Air Cushion—Divided Pommel—automatically conforms to every motion.

Soft as Velvet—Strong as Steel

Cycling Comfort depends entirely on the saddle.

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THOMPSON'S PUNCTY SPELLER 600,000 now in use. A speller, dictionary and memorandum book combined, gives business forms, laws of etiquette, etc. By mail, leather, 50c.; muslin, 25c. Agents wanted. F. M. THOMPSON, Danbury, Conn.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW

## A \$3500 SINGLE LOT HOUSE

By Frank W. Handy

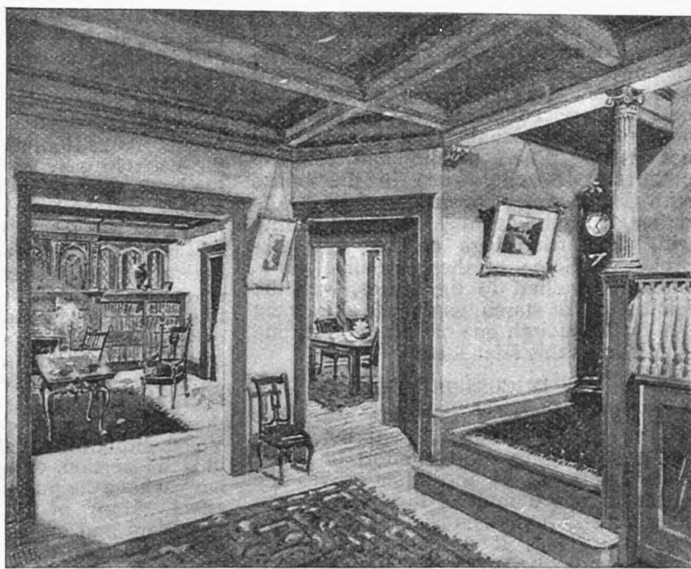
AS THE larger number of our citizens are people of moderate means the problem of meeting the needs of this class is frequently presented to the architect. He must design a house which will meet their reasonable needs and one which will not be hopelessly beyond their means.

It is assumed that a limit of \$3500 is fixed as the cost of the house, and that it is intended for the ordinary suburban lot of thirty-five feet to sixty feet in width, with east or south front. If the front is west or north the plan should be reversed.

Assuming that the lot fronts east the house may be set within three feet of the north line; this will insure the lighting of hall, bathroom, etc., and provide for walk from the front to the kitchen, passing beneath the oriel window of the front staircase. The width of house being twenty-four feet, and that of walk three feet, the south side of the house will be eight feet from the south line of a lot thirty-five feet

Three of these rooms may be made to communicate by introducing two doors. One room looks upon a balcony, which is not only a pleasant adjunct, but useful for airing bedding. In the attic is space for two servants' bedrooms and for a playroom.

The woodwork of trim and doors of the upper stories is intended to be pine,



RECEPTION HALL

Painted in light tones, or stained and varnished, if preferred.

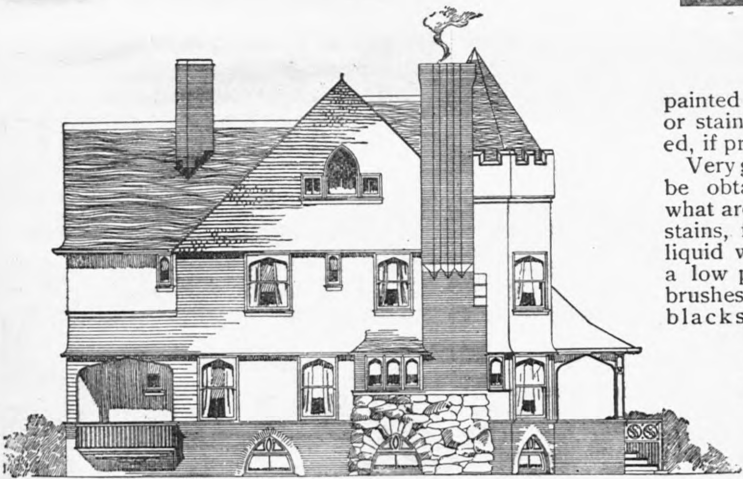
Very good effects may be obtained by using what are known as wax stains, finishing with liquid wax, brought to a low polish with stiff brushes, such as shoe-bracks use. These stains, which may be had in subdued tones of brown, red and dark green, are very satisfactory.

hood harmony; too seldom does the new house bring discordant elements into harmony, and yet the new color may often accomplish this.

In estimating the cost of this house all items have been considered, except the decorating of interior walls and ceilings. A hot-air furnace and pipes, register, etc., are included.

The cost of decorating and of grading, etc., outside of the building will depend upon the locality and the requirements of the owner.

There is one thing that must be remembered in connection with the building of one of these inexpensive houses, and that is that its owner shall remain satisfied with it after it is built.



SIDE ELEVATION

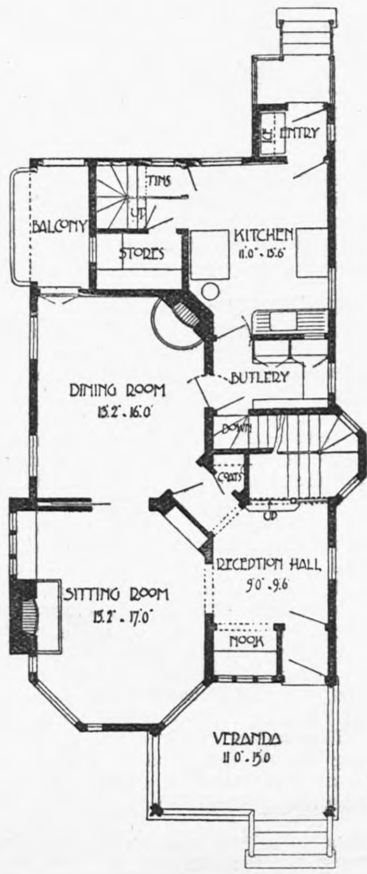
wide. With a wider lot there would be more side-yard, of course. The illustrations given clearly indicate the arrangement of the first and second stories.

Entering from the front veranda, by the vestibule, a glimpse of a cozy, lighted nook, the hardwood front staircase, and the sitting-room, with its bookshelves and sliding door to dining-room, may be had from the halls.

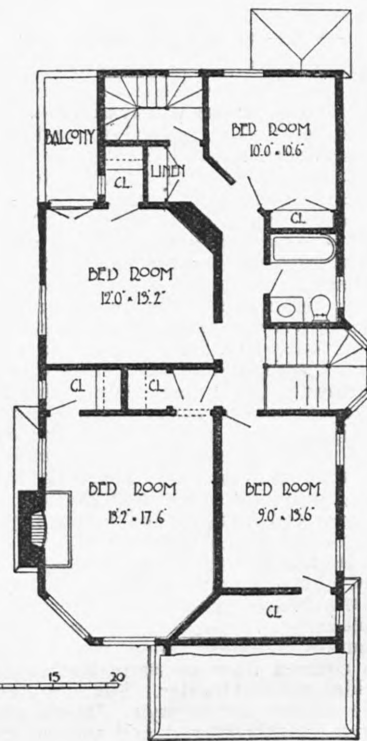
The floors of these apartments may properly be of polished Georgia pine; the trim and doors of swamp cypress or of stained pine; the mantels should have tiled facings and hearths.

The dining-room communicates with the kitchen through an ample china-closet or butlery, the doors being placed so as to prevent a view of the kitchen from the dining-room. The cases in butlery, the sink, boiler, range and kitchen table are all indicated to scale. From the kitchen doors lead to the entry with space for ice-box, to the lighted store and tin closets, and to the back stairway. These stairs lead to the two upper stories through a well-lighted and ventilated hall, separated from the main body of the house, in the second story, by a door. Next this door there is a linen-closet with deep shelves, and, a little further, the bathroom, installed with all necessary sanitary devices. Four bedrooms are entered from the hall, each provided with an ample closet.

The sixth in a series of plans and ideas for suburban houses of moderate cost which the JOURNAL proposes to publish, the first of which appeared in the JOURNAL of December, 1895. Other plans for houses costing, respectively, \$1500, \$2000 and \$2500, will be given in subsequent issues.



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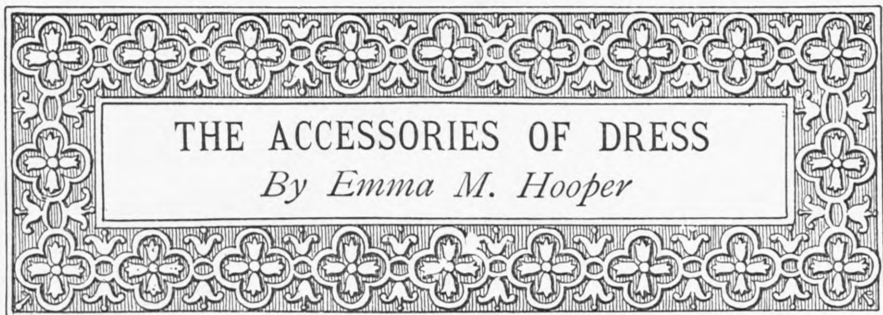
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## THE ACCESSORIES OF DRESS

By Emma M. Hooper

**N**ONE little omission or unfortunate addition may greatly affect the success or failure of a toilette, which fact makes the minor details of dress as important as the costume itself. These various accessories change as often as the fashions for gowns, and by their help many old dresses may be freshened for further wear. Care must be taken to keep the accessories in harmony with the costume. A ribbon collar at a dollar a yard would not be suitable for a twenty-cent gingham, while one at forty cents would. Wear a frill of real lace over the top of the collar of a silk gown if you have it, but do not put it on a fifteen-cent dimity. Expensive accessories are out of place on inexpensive materials.

### THE SEASON'S GLOVES

**A** WOMAN should always be well gloved and well shod. She cannot be too careful in her selection of either gloves or shoes. For walking, traveling and general outing wear, four hook or button gloves are correct in glacé or piqué kid, the latter being heavier than the usual dressed kid. These are in tan, brown and gray shades. Chamois gloves in white are very stylish for wear with cotton or piqué costumes, and as they wash and clean easily are not expensive. These chamois gloves come in four hook or button length and in the longer mousquetaire style with three hooks. Such is the popularity of these gloves that several retail merchants displayed them as early as March for the summer season. The bicycle gloves are legion; some have extra heavy palms, others large buttons that are closed by pressing over a knob, but the most practical are of chevrette, a heavy skin, stitched with saddlers' silk and having four large hooks. These are preferred in tan, brown and the reddish or English tan. Black gloves are well favored in Paris with light toilettes trimmed in black, but here they are chiefly noticed with mourning gowns, or with evening gowns of black and some brilliant contrast. White and ficelle, very pale straw, suède are the fashionable evening colors for full dress, with pearl-gray, lavender and pale tan following. White glacé and suède gloves in four hooks or buttons, plain or stitched on the back with black, are worn for visiting, concerts, driving, etc. There is much favor shown to such gloves in white glacé or dressed kid with hook fastenings. A buttoned glove should always be fastened with a glove-buttoner. Dressed kid is more worn than suède, though the latter is never out of style. After white the tan and brown shades are favored. Cheap gloves will not wear, fit nor look as well as the better grades, though purchasers often expect wonders from a glove costing but a dollar. Put gloves on carefully, to keep them in shape, and remove by turning the wrist over the fingers. Always air them before putting away, and keep a little sachet powder in your glove-box.

### HOSIERY AND SHOES

**B**LACK hose and ties having a moderately pointed toe and medium heel are correct with any summer costume, though tan ties and hose are cooler looking and very stylish with thin street or house gowns. A colored shoe makes the foot appear two sizes larger—a fact that makes many hesitate in buying either tan or white ties. The latter in canvas are worn with white hose at summer resorts and chiefly with white suits. They are certainly entirely out of place on the streets of a large city. Patent leather ties are said to draw the feet and also to easily stretch out of shape, but they are, nevertheless, much worn for dressy street wear. White glacé kid slippers keep their shape better than those of suède kid. White slippers and hose should be worn with a white evening costume, but black ties and hose are worn with a white day toilette unless white canvas ties are preferred. High buttoned shoes have kid or cloth tops and patent leather tips, with the razor-pointed, moderate or square toe and a flat, moderate or high heel. Wipe shoes when taking them off; air and stuff them with soft paper when not in use. Wearing shoes on alternate days keeps them in better trim besides resting the feet. Russet ties may be cleaned with paste that is sold for that purpose, and white canvas ties with French chalk or naphtha; the latter is very explosive when exposed to either light or fire, consequently great care must be exercised while using it. Black shoes and hose are worn with any costume; tan hose and shoes with brown dresses. Dressy black kid slippers for the house have bead-embroidered toes in open or close work.

### THE USEFUL PETTICOAT

**N**OWADAYS we seem to hear more of petticoats than in the days gone by. Both black and white moreen petticoats in the godet shape are much worn to keep the dress skirt flaring, but I cannot advise them on account of the weight. Black, white and colored silk petticoats are of plain, striped and figured taffeta; they are usually three yards wide, though the extreme ones are over four, well ruffled, and finished with a velveteen binding. Alpaca and sateen are also made up with ruffles of the same or of silk, but sateen is apt to cling so unpleasantly that the moiré percaline is preferred. This is sufficiently stiff to stand out, is light in weight and has the soft rustle of silk. The transparent summer gowns are usually worn over a petticoat and corset-cover of white or colored percaline or sateen, as taffeta silk is too expensive for general wear. French dressmakers make princesse slips of white silk for such purposes. The cheapest petticoats are those of striped seersucker. Lustre wool of a wiry nature makes a serviceable petticoat for traveling and outing, as it shakes the dust and will not crush. White muslin and cambric petticoats are only worn in the house with thin summer gowns, so their use is rather limited, but they are very dainty with their trimmings of lace and embroidery. Some of these are five yards wide and ruffled to the knees, with the faintest bit of starch, as a white skirt must not rustle, though one of silk or percaline should have this faint sound.

### THE DISCUSSED CORSET

**N**O ONE article of feminine attire has been more discussed than the corset, and none can give more comfort or prove more injurious. If the latter proves the result it is the fault of the wearer who selects a stiff-boned, unusually long corset, and then laces it until she can hardly breathe, and when a wreck the cry is raised that it was the fault of the corset. There are corsets suitable for every figure, and each figure must have what it requires in the way of a corset. A corset should measure two inches less than the waist measure over the dress. In lacing it two flat laces should be used, beginning with each at the waist-line, one lacing up to tie at the top and the other down. Never draw laces around the waist to tie in front, as it breaks the bones at the waist-line. If of a large abdomen, bust or hips buy a gored corset; only slender figures can wear corsets without the extra gores or gussets. Do not wear a heavy-weight corset at any time. Black corsets are still very fashionable, but they will not answer for thin gowns. If you cannot draw a full breath from the abdomen, or move the body in the corset, you have not selected the proper corset for your figure and the sooner you rectify the mistake the better. Some figures require corset-waists, and these are bought from the same measurements as the corset. Remember that the flesh must go somewhere, and rather distribute it than throw it above or below the corset, where it must go if the wearer laces.

### THE DAINY HANDKERCHIEF

**A**LTHOUGH the handkerchief is not as much in evidence as it used to be ladies are just as dainty in regard to the kind carried. A well-dressed woman never wears a handkerchief thrust in her belt or the front of her waist, which habit arose from the carelessness of dressmakers in omitting pockets in the very tight-fitting skirts some years ago. Since carried lace handkerchiefs are no longer carried all others are put in the pocket or in the little satin bag so often hung on the arm. The nicest designs are decorated with very fine embroidery in a little vine or corner piece, with a scallop or narrow hemstitched edge. Always select a fine centre rather than a coarse one and heavy work. Very sheer designs having a narrow hem are bought, and real Valenciennes lace, an inch wide, is then put on the edge slightly full. Drawn-work corners and borders are in favor, and hemstitched hems a quarter, a half and a whole inch in width. A pure white handkerchief is always in good taste, but a bit of color is often seen and allowed in the cheaper grades. Handkerchiefs with pale-colored centres are shown to match summer toilettes; others have the border in colored lines or white figures over a wider, colored border. Silk handkerchiefs are entirely out of style. Those that are prettily embroidered and sold so cheaply around the holiday times make inexpensive sachets for bureau drawers, which is the only use to which they should be put.

### THE FASHIONABLE VEILS

**A** VEIL protects the face from dust, gives a stylish finish to the headgear, and improves the looks of the wearer if the right kind is worn. A dotted veil is usually more becoming than a plain one, but the dots should be far apart so as not to come within the line of the eyes. Black veils are the first choice, then black with white figures and border. A bordered veil must be worn with the border below the chin. A double-width veil, having loose, easy folds under the chin, is the most becoming to a slender face. A few gathers run in the top of a veil at the centre make it set better over a wide-brimmed hat. Never draw a veil tightly over the face, and carefully avoid any folds in the veil across the face, where each one resembles a deep wrinkle. Black veils are worn with any color of hat, but brown and blue ones only look well with hat or trimming of the same color. Gray is worn with any hat, and gray chiffon veiling is very stylish this season for traveling wear. Cream-white veils are becoming to young and fresh faces even up to middle life, but clear white nets are trying to any woman over twenty-five. Veils are not properly worn to evening entertainments, but are always used for church, for visiting, driving, shopping, traveling—in fact, for all day functions. Elderly ladies wear plain Brussels net veils.

### THE FLUFFY NECKWEAR

**T**HERE is only one word which will describe the present styles in neckwear, which word includes everything from a crush collar to a *collet* (a tiny cape), and that is, "fluffy." Women with full faces and short necks cannot wear the "fluffy" neckwear, but they can wear the lovely turn-over collars of grass linen, batiste and embroidery, which a long, thin neck must avoid. After ribbon collars are laid around the neck in easy folds, and a bow tied at the back, they are still further adorned by a thick frill of lace two inches wide that falls over the top as it will. Another one will have two or four lace, grass linen or batiste points turned over the top, but none are caught down. Another idea is to finish the top with an erect box-plaiting of chiffon, and still another design shows a frill of two-inch lace caught up in festoons around the top. Often the collar is a perfectly straight band, with the fullness all at the top in lace or chiffon frills or plaits. Yokes either form a square collar or point, in lace insertion, embroidery, etc., and the newest have the pointed or square epaulette effect. Many of them entirely cover the shoulders and end with a narrow vest or full plastron to the waist-line. Black silk mousseline yokes, collars and points have vines and figures of white lace appliquéd on, carrying out the black and white rage; even large fichus are made in this manner. Other fichus to tie over the bust or with ends to the back of the waist-line are of chiffon, dotted Swiss, point d'esprit, etc. The short ones are trimmed elaborately with shoulder bows of satin ribbon. Boas or neck ruffs are of black, white or light-colored chiffon or net, with a ribbon bow in front only, or in back and front. Others have a deep frill of lace like a collar over the shoulders, and flowers on each side in the neck ruche, and they are dignified with the name of *collet*.

### THE MIDSUMMER HATS

**L**ARGE Leghorn flats from seventy-five cents to four dollars apiece are plentiful after the first of June. Of course, at the first price they are not the genuine Italian straw, but they look very well, for a season, trimmed in one of the four styles which are fashionable. One is with white or black ostrich tips, chiffon and flowers; another with a wreath of wild flowers; another with a trimming of immense loops and many pert ends of light Persian ribbon and white wings sticking out in every direction, while a fourth has the back turned up with a mass of pink roses against it; an immense rosette of white net is placed on either side of the crown near the back, with a large Valkyrie wing of white, and across the front a half wreath of roses in their own foliage and a soft drapery of the net. All hats are worn tip-tilted over the face, which is said to make women look younger, but this style requires a fluffy coiffure. The ever-popular sailor hats shine in simplicity, or are trimmed so that the shape is almost hidden. The first named have a simple band of ribbon or one of white leather—the former in a bow on the side and the latter fastened under a gold buckle. A novel sailor brim has a full crown similar to a Tam o' Shanter, and has a bow on the left side and a bunch of flowers on the right. Medium crowns are preferred. Large rosettes of tulle in one or up to five colors trim sailors, with flowers or wings added. Bicycle sailors have a crown band and two quills at the side. A sailor hat for dressy wear has a wreath of roses in a quantity of leaves, with two erect stems of flowers at the back and a lot of smaller roses crushed under the brim. The severe sailor without a bit of trimming should not be attempted by the woman over twenty-five, unless she happen to be very youthful in appearance.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "The Home Dressmaker," will be found on page 31 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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# THE WHITE SUMMER FROCKS

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

THE prettiest of all summer frocks is the white one. It adapts itself to all ages, and by a little care as to material, decoration and design may be elaborate enough for an evening gown or simple enough for street wear. Muslins, plain and embroidered, dimity, piqué, victoria lawn and mull are the preferred fabrics. The muslins show tiny crescents, stars, dots and queer outlines in white on the white background. If a touch of color be desired it may appear in the ribbon or in the silk lining. The skirts are oftenest the simple but wide umbrella shape. Ladies who are inclined to be large about the hips have almost invariably the fullness arranged in clusters of small tucks on each side of the front width and on each hip.



TWO PRETTY SUMMER FROCKS



A WHITE LAWN FROCK

These tucks are very fine, and extend about a quarter of a yard below the waist-line. When these tucks control the fullness about the waist-line either the decoration of the bodice or the bodice itself is tucked to correspond. Tucking in cambric, nainsock, batiste and fine muslin is sold by the yard, and may be gotten either with or without a tiny lace insertion that tends to give it a light effect. This tucking is sometimes used for the entire bodice, the sleeves alone being of the plain material like that used for the skirt.

SOME OF THE TRIMMINGS

INSERTIONS of embroidery alternating with lace insertions, the lace being either Valenciennes or fine torchon, also make smart-looking yokes and cuffs for white gowns.

It would seem as if ribbons were everywhere. The heliotrope tint that is in vogue, écreu, pale blue, dull rose and stem-green are the colors liked in ribbons for white gowns, but when one wants an all-white effect a cream white is, oddly enough, chosen to decorate a dead white material, while the dead white ribbon is elected to go upon the cream fabric.

rather closely about the hips, but flare widely and are very full from the knees down. There is no lining, and the hem, which is almost a quarter of a yard in depth, is the edge finish. Each of the two seams at the side of the front is outlined at the top for a quarter of a yard below the waist-line by a row of flat pearl buttons so arranged that there are four rows on each side of the skirt. The bodice has Eton jacket fronts outlined with two rows of pearl buttons. It is fitted in at the back. Under the jacket fronts is a blouse, soft and full, of cream white silk; the double box-plait in the centre laps over and closes with pearl buttons. The sleeves droop, are quite full and shape into the arms, the outer side of each, below the elbow, showing two rows of pearl buttons. A pretty sailor hat, with the crown draped in white tulle, and a very high bunch of leaves as its decoration, is worn with this gown. The girl who prides herself on her figure very often chooses white piqué for a gown, because it can be made, if fancied, with the severity of a cloth frock.

A DOTTED MUSLIN GOWN  
ANOTHER white gown suggests that the trimmed skirt is surely coming. It is of dotted muslin, and has upon the skirt three rather full ruffles of the material each edged with narrow lace. The bodice is laid in tucks that are stitched down from the neck to the bust; then the fullness is again gathered in at the waist-line. A wide jabot of Valenciennes lace four inches in depth is at the neck and reaches very nearly to the waist. The collar is a stock of pale stem-green with a flaring bow so arranged that the loops seem to stand out at each side, although they come from the back. The very full sleeves are tucked at the top and then drawn into narrow cuffs of lace, each brightened by a bow of the stem-green ribbon. Of course, such a white gown as this is intended for house or evening wear. When money is not a question there may be one, two or three underskirts and bodices of silk to be put on under the white muslin gown. Although they cannot be cited as cotton goods, still among the white frocks those of mohair are seen and considered specially smart.

SYMPHONY IN BLUE AND WHITE

IT IS made of white organdy over a silk skirt of pale blue. The usual flaring effect is obtained, and on the front width, starting from the edge of the skirt on each side, are straps of pale blue taffeta ribbon that are drawn up and tied just above the knees in two flaring bows carefully caught to position so that they give the effect of being appliquéd. The bodice is made of the material, is draped softly but evenly over pale blue silk. On each side, at the back as well as at the front, is a strap of blue ribbon, which is drawn up to the shoulder and tied so that the broad loops and ends fall forward and backward while they rest on the top of the sleeves. The stock is of blue ribbon, the bow being tied like those on the skirt and shoulders. The sleeves are full, shape into the arms and are finished with fans of white chiffon and knots of blue ribbon. The sash is of the taffeta ribbon, looped in the back to correspond with the other bows, and although the ends are long enough to harmonize with the loops still they do not reach the edge of the skirt by at least a half a yard.

The hat counted as in harmony with this dress is a large Leghorn having streamers of white tulle and trimmed with a large wreath formed of pale blue and deep purple flowers. Daintiness is the word that best describes this costume, but notwithstanding its elaborate air it need not be very expensive. A light quality of silk can be gotten for the lining, and it can be given "body" by discretion in the lining chosen for it.



A DAINTY WHITE FROCK



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## A GIRL'S FAMILIAR FRIEND

By Ruth Ashmore

**I** AGREE with you that it is pleasant to have a familiar friend—one who is near to the heart, and always close at hand. And yet, I think there is danger in the close companion. Undoubtedly there is great comfort in telling to another woman all the worries of your life, but if you happen to be a sensitive woman you exaggerate the worries, and your story, when told to a close friend, makes you a martyr, and every one who has offended you, either by word or deed, a sinner of the deepest dye. So while there is pleasure there is danger in the close companion. You have a certain morbid delight, too often, in telling her of your home life, and in this life you appear the only one worth considering, while you picture everybody else as being intellectually weaker, and lacking in consideration toward you. Now, will you take a little advice from me?

### KEEP YOUR OWN COUNSEL

**Y**OU can never be too careful in the confidences which you make about your home life to your familiar friend. You may love her, she may love you, but after all there is no tie so strong as that of blood, and the day will come when you will regret having underrated any one of your own kin. I like a girl to have a girl friend, and I think it good for her to share her pleasures, her interests in books or pictures, even her opinion of a bonnet with this friend, but I would advise her to remember to forget the unpleasant happenings in her own home, and not even to whisper them to her close companion, who, while she may love her, may not be able to control her tongue, and so the stories will be repeated—these stories about family life—and some day they will come back dressed so that you will scarcely recognize them. Enjoy your friend, but have it understood between you that home affairs are not to be discussed, and that each of you is to try to get the better of the somewhat morbid sensitiveness which is too often part of the character of the American girl. She is apt to think that nobody at home appreciates her, and she is only too apt to repeat this opinion until the world at large believes that she is treated in the most unkind manner. Very often in home life no hurt is meant, but it is only that where there are so many the peculiarities of one are apt to be overlooked. Make up your mind in the very beginning of your friendship that, even to your dearest friend, nothing except that which is pleasant shall be said about the home or its inmates.

### THE EVERY-DAY LIFE

**H**AVING the close companion for whom you care, remember, if you wish to keep her, that it is the little things and not the great actions in life that count. You are certain that you would die for your friend. In these matter-of-fact days our friends want us, not to die, but to live for them, and to live in a pleasant manner. So give to her the small pleasures of every-day life; you count them small, but they are great, for it is these small things that make life worth living at all. Don't wait until your friend is dead to speak of your love of her; take the alabaster box in which is hidden all joy and sweetness, and give her of its treasures while she is still with you, instead of keeping them sealed up until she is dead, and offering them as a tribute to her memory. Give her flowers every day, flowers in the form of pleasant words, of kindly deeds and of loving thoughts, and do not keep the flowers to cover her cold body with. Any stranger can send in a wreath of roses when one is dead, but it is the close companion only who can give the wreath formed of the flowers of thoughtfulness, of kindness and of consideration every day in the year.

Between friends there must be close sympathy, and one must be able to give to the other what she lacks, but even between those friends who are nearest and dearest it is not necessary to lay bare one's heart. Such confidence is too apt to be greeted with a curious satisfaction, and even from a friend this gratification makes one feel as if one's bruises had been touched with vitriol. A real friend asks no questions. She takes the best that comes, the best that is in you, the best that you care to offer her, and demands nothing more. She has long ago learned, being wise, that to all of us there comes a time when nothing should be said; it is true there is a time when something should be said, but there is never a time when everything should be said. There is very often a silence between two women friends that means rest, and she is unwise who breaks that silence.

### FRIENDSHIP'S PRACTICAL SIDE

**B**ETWEEN you and your close companion never let a question of money arise if you wish your friendship to live. If a little, no matter how little, is borrowed, return it as quickly as possible, and make every effort to avoid borrowing at all. Ask consideration, ask mental help, but do everything that is possible, economize in every way that you can, before asking money from your friend. I do not know what it is, whether friendship is so delicate, or whether it collides with practicality, but if you ask your friend for money you will discover that something has gone. The money itself may have been given, and given willingly, but the joy is not just as it was, and the dew seems gone from the rose.

Then, too, respect your friend's religious belief if it differs from yours. Your knowledge is not so great that you can say that you are right, and if your friend is good and sweet, and kind and sympathetic, why should you care what her belief is as to her future? Even if she should go from you you need not ask under what flag she died. It is only necessary for you to know how she lived to be sure that life everlasting will come to her. Never be the one to say the first disagreeable word. It is true that it takes a second to make a quarrel, but that first word of complaint is the little rift within the lute that eventually makes all the music still. Consider the weaknesses of your friend. Remember her life story as you know it, her surroundings and the story of her soul as you read it, and be sympathetic and bear patiently with her as only a real friend can. Always credit her with doing the best that she can, and if you do not quite understand something, some action or some word, give her the benefit of the doubt, and think that in the beginning she started with the intention of doing something kindly to you. Constant consideration is the secret of friendship. This sounds as if it were wearing. But it only means that to believe constantly that which is good of your close companion makes perfect companionship a possibility.

### THE NEW ACQUAINTANCE

**A** NEW friend is like a new book. One looks at the pages, one reads the preface, and then one stops and thinks, "Is it worth while?" Is the new book worth the close reading, or is it by some good chance such a book as one puts on the little shelf in one's private room where are kept those books that one lives with, and those treasures that mean nothing to the outside world, but that tell much to the woman who is tender of heart and sympathetic by nature? I would like my girls to look out for one danger in choosing a friend. You are young, impressionable, loving and sympathetic; you meet a woman much older than yourself who seems to you the most charming and the most intelligent, and so altogether delightful that you are proud of being recognized by her. Too often this type of woman is tired of everything and everybody. You are the new book to her. She is a book upon whose pages many names have been written, and one day when you are most admiring and most loving you hear from her that she has turned the page, that page in her book of life which bears your name. Cruel? Of course it is cruel. Be wise and choose your close companion from the girls who are near your own age, who can sympathize with your every-day life and be joyful with you in your every-day pleasures. Again, I want to say to you, remember that there are some things that it is never wise to tell even to one's own familiar friend: the mistake of the brother, the trouble in another branch of the family that the world might count a scandal, or the great grief that has come to a mother. These belong exclusively to the family, and no matter how near or how dear the friend may be they must not be told even to her. And being a good friend she will not ask.

Be a merry friend. Do not carry to your close companion only the woes and worries of your life. But ask her to share with you every pleasure. When two girls enjoy a story, a jest, an amusement, or a pretty gown, or a dainty ribbon, there is a pleasantness that cannot be described. One has to have enjoyed with a friend to understand the absolute pleasure, and the perfect innocence of the pleasure. Every pleasure you share should be an innocent one. My dear girl, you are too good, I am sure, to say to your close companion anything that is not perfectly chaste, but there is wickedness everywhere. The very minute a girl attempts to tell you something you would not care to repeat to your mother leave her. Permit nothing to be told you, nothing to be said in your presence that you would blush to have your mother hear.

### LIFE'S DAILY NEED

**MY** DEAR girl, you cannot be a good friend, you cannot love well and sincerely unless you live a good life. And by living a good life I mean that you must make your religion an every-day one; that your religion is not the sort which is thrown aside for six days and assumed on the seventh, but it is one which is living and controls you on every one of the days of the week. Too many young girls throw off their religion when they most need it, like some foolish child casting aside his shoes when he is going to walk over thistles.

One's religion is worth little unless it is for all time. Bring it into your friendship, not by foolish discussions but by a beautiful life. Make your life with your friend so rich in all that is loving, kindly and womanly that if she has not chosen a path by which to reach God's kingdom yours will suggest itself to her, and then, in faith as well as in friendship, you two will be united. But if your friend has selected the path by which she will walk in faith respect her choice. Liberty of belief must be allowed if a friendship is to last, and after all how do you know whether she or you is right?

To the young girl the story of the life and the precepts of Christ should most appeal, for it was to a young girl that He showed His great power. Do you remember when He was asked to come to the house of one of the chief officers of the synagogue whose daughter lay dead? When He reached the father Christ preached to him the beautiful religion of hope, saying, "Fear not; believe only and she shall be made whole." And making His way through the throng of curious lookers-on, of hired mourners, He touched her gently, and said, as we translate it, "Maid, arise." "And her spirit came again and she rose straightway; and He commanded to give her meat."

Is it not possible for you to call back to every-day life, to the willingness to bear every-day burdens, that close companion who shows an inclination to fall by the wayside? To call her back by the love name and the religion of hope? By urging on, day in and day out, that the brightness is sure to come, and therefore that it is worth while to do one's best, and to believe that what one wishes for with intensity, if it be good for one, will surely come? So often you and your close companion lead a religious life that is largely morbid. You count yourselves as the only ones who suffer, and you believe that no people are treated by the rest of the world as you are. Cast that depressing, dark faith aside. Call it what you will, but take the religion of hope and see how good it is to live by and to die by. In friendship, as in religion, there can be no old story. Everything must be new from day to day, and if the weakness of yesterday is the weakness of to-day it must receive to-day, as it did yesterday, a living sympathy, else your friendship is as nothing to your close companion. Hope means so much. And it means so much more when it leads us to make the best of each other. You have your weak points, so have I. But if one's close companion cannot forgive this, and then ask for sympathy when her weakness is most conspicuous, what would life be? To keep on making the best of one another, to keep on forgiving one another, and to keep on loving one another is the only way to make life worth while, and to prove to the rest of the world that the story of the redemption of the world by the love of Christ Jesus was a true one.

### AN END TO THE SERMON

**I**T WOULD seem as if the end, which is usually the summing up, should be, "Have a friend, but guard your friendship and your friend as you would a crystal vase." Once the crystal vase is broken, all the careful mending in the world can never make it as it was, and once there has come in your friendship the words that jarred, the actions that were unkind, and the looks that seem to cut like a knife, the friendship, like the beautiful vase, can never be as it was. And what is a girl without a girl friend? She stands alone. Men think that she must differ from other women, and that there must be something about her less sweet and less feminine than that which pervades her sisters. I am a believer in the girl friend. Any girl can, with very little trouble, gain the admiration of a man, but it takes something finer, something better and something more charming to attract a woman, and to make and keep her a friend. In all the history of the world there is nothing so fine as the friendship of women; whether it be given to men, or whether it be given to women, it stands out magnificent, unselfish, sympathetic and Christlike—when it is the right kind of friendship. And you will not choose the wrong? You will remember that to Him who was without sin, the joy, the beauty and the sympathy of friendship was known, and that it was a woman who was a friend, who stood by Mary watching, until the tragedy of the cross had ended, and waiting until the glory of the resurrection had begun.

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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# THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome



ONE thing is certain, and that is that any culture which we may possess should be consecrated. The only question is to whom. There is the greatest danger of being consecrated to ourselves. There is more consecration of this sort than we are, perhaps, aware of. A woman said to me the other day, "If I were beautiful I am sure I should worship myself," and I thought how many women there are who are not beautiful and yet who worship themselves.

We say in our prayers, "We worship Thee, we adore Thee, we magnify Thee," when all the time we may be worshipping ourselves. What we think of the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning is what we worship, is what we are consecrated to. I would like to leave one little word with you—it gives the direction in which culture should be used. That little word is "others." He saved "others." The Christ life, the perfect life, is a life laid down for others. I was recently in the study of a prominent clergyman, and I noticed a large cross in one part of the room, and over the top of the cross was placed the word "others." Then I noticed a beautiful piece of carving representing Christ bending beneath the burden of the cross, and over it the word "others" again. Then I understood. He lived for "others." He died for "others." The only life that is worth living is the out-giving life. All we have should be given for others. Your culture must be used for others. It is designed to make you thoughtful for others, and pitiful for others. In a prominent city of this State a number of favored women—and, by-the-way, the word favored is a very good word for women of culture and women of wealth—decided that they would rent the opera house and issue seventeen hundred tickets to the factory girls—the working-girls—so that they might be told about the work of the "King's Daughters." And every one of those girls was on hand that night to hear about our work. I once heard Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, who started the Young Women's Christian Association in New York City, say to an assemblage of prominent women: "Women of culture, if you do not use your advantages for Christ and His cause it would have been better for you that you had not been educated, for unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." Let your goodness keep pace with your cleverness. Love God, love humanity with all your hearts and all your minds." Place yourselves and all your gifts on the altar of Christ's cross, and you will know the blessedness of living here and living hereafter.



### WHAT IS CHRIST TO YOU?

BECAUSE that is the measure of what you will be to others. I think in coming to you at this time I ought to tell you what Christ is to me personally. It is easy to preach, easy to give one's thoughts or the thoughts of others, and as to one's opinions, a remarkable man said a few weeks ago, "Your opinions may live in one house, and you—the real you—in another." And sometimes it is much easier to ask a question than to answer it one's self. So this month I shall imagine you as saying to me, as I ask the most vital question, "What is Christ to you?" tell us what He is to you.

Last summer I read in a sermon, "Never lose a chance to tell what Jesus Christ is to you." And this is my chance. And I am so glad to tell you that He has come very deeply into the needs of my being. If our Christianity is Christ, if our need is a personal Saviour, then, of course, that means a personal salvation, and if we go back to the early church we find it was preeminently a witnessing church, and the Holy Ghost was given for the purpose of witnessing of Christ. "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me." I know we witness in other ways than by speaking, but the symbol of this dispensation is "tongues." They were to tell what they knew of Jesus Christ. They were witnesses, and a witness must know. We have needs. Christ claims to be able to meet these needs. Have they been met? I need the forgiveness of sins. Have I been forgiven? The New Testament says, "The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins." Has He forgiven mine? Now, until I can say He has forgiven me my sins I cannot be a witness for Him.

### SUFFERING IS A VOCATION

CAN I do any good in this world? I have a beautiful home, a kind, Christian husband, and three lovely children. I know I ought to be happy, and that with such surroundings I ought to do good, but I just utterly fail. My health is not at all good, which keeps me always nervous, and yet my husband, who is a physician, gives me every attention."

As I looked over her letter the old thought came back. I wish we could believe, whatever cross we have to bear, whether ill health or anything else, that that is our work. There is no use in thinking I wish I could do this or that and then I should be a worker.

If we have poor health we have a work on our hands. To be nervous is to be a sufferer. Of course, we should do everything we can do to feed the starving nerves, for often nourishment is what they need—avoid all occasions of increasing the trouble. But we can become good, and do good, with poor health and weak nerves. We must take suffering as a vocation.



### ENDURING UNTO THE END

NOW don't misunderstand me, don't think I am speaking lightly of your circumstances. I think the hardest work done in this world is to endure, and it is written, "He that endureth unto the end shall be saved," not he that worketh, though to endure is to do hard work. To smile when you feel most irritated; to be calm when you feel as though you must cry out—tell me, is not that hard work? Whenever you say, "I must try to keep others from being made uncomfortable by my discomfort," you are working. Oh, I wish I could help the dear sufferers whose letters I am always receiving. If I did not know that over every one of you bends a suffering Christ, who is touched with the feeling of your sickness, I would lay down my pen and you would hear no more from me, for I could not write, I could not stand it, but I know that everything is working for the best in you. I know what it all means; I know that love is over it all and under it all. Yet you still say I want to do something. I want to work as others are working. Now let me say that what you want to do is to yield your own will, and be willing *not* to do. You want to be still, and when God says "be still" He is not impatient. He says with such infinite patience, "Be still, and know that I am God. I can do all the things you want to have done, and I will send one of my stronger children to do what you want to have done, and I will take your desire to do it just as if you had really done it."

I love to think of all the surprises ahead, when the many who have never been permitted to do what they wanted so much to do, will hear His sweet voice saying it was in your heart to do it, and so I counted it as if you had done it; all the things you would have done if you had been well (for be sure He knows it all), all that under other circumstances, with other environments, would have been done. There is a Judge who is making no mistake. He knows all about the inherited weaknesses, the people who have been handicapped always. He knows it all, and some day the mists will roll away. In my case, I have to look on the other side. I came from a healthy stock—I inherited so much—I had such a good start and was never afflicted with too much luxury. In those days I never heard any one talk of nerves, and now you hear, I was going to say, of nothing else. Such a thing as nervous prostration in a boy or girl was never heard of, and I certainly think it is high time to get at the causes of some things these days.

If there is to be no discipline, if the girls and the boys are to do just as they please, they will sow seeds of weakness in their constitution that the next generation will inherit, and somebody will have nervous prostration. It might be well for some of us to make a study on some of these lines. I have heard of people who have thought they could improve on the old Book, and instead of reading, "Children, obey your parents," have read it, "Parents, obey your children," but in some cases, at least, it has worked disaster. I think in many cases in the past there has been too much severity. There has not been kindness on the part of the father, and these parents have had to reap what they sowed. But we want the right thing. We want to study the good of the child, the future of the child. A grave responsibility rests with parents. "Withhold not correction from the child," said Solomon.

### "CHANGING PASTURE"

I HAVE just been looking at a lovely picture of a rowboat on a lake filled with sheep and lambs; in the distance I could see the beautiful hills, over which the sheep and lambs had roamed but would roam no more. They did not seem to know what it all meant. They were being "led"; some of them seemed to be looking in the water. They had the look peculiar to sheep and lambs—a sort of patient look. I knew where they were being "led." Their lives would be laid down for the support of other lives. As I looked at the picture and then at the name, "Changing Pasture," I thought of the many who would read the above heading and think very likely of the changed pasture with them, of the pleasant scenes in the past when they roamed over sunny places the livelong day. They are being "led" from the pleasure into the pastures of pain, and perhaps some see a deeper meaning in the words, He was "led" as a lamb to the slaughter. Maybe if we could see deeply enough we should see that all life is simply to be laid down as a higher life to others by our dying. But the glory is reserved for the men and women who will accept the law of self-sacrifice and say yes, I remember the sunny days when I lived like the sheep and lambs; but this life of self-sacrifice is sweeter, for it is the God-like life; and this "pasture" is the best. I, too, will say, as the perfect Son of God said, "I am the good Shepherd; the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." The lives of the sheep and lambs were laid down unconsciously, but the great Shepherd of the sheep (*we* are the sheep of His pasture) laid down His life for the sheep voluntarily. I give my life for the sheep, not that they may not give their life, but that they may give their life for others. I think in reading the truth we often stop before we get the whole meaning. We say, "He died for all," and there we stop, but we must go on until we come to the place to stop. "He died for all, that we who live should not live henceforth unto ourselves," which means He died that we might die unto self, and live as He lived, unto God. All true life must be a life of self-sacrifice. We must lay down our life for the brethren, and that means this sad humanity of ours. All life is by the way of death. So I looked again at the boat-load of sheep and lambs, and I said you will give your lives for the life of others. The Heavenly Pasture. These were my first thoughts as I looked at the picture, but as I looked more closely I said maybe the picture has another meaning; maybe the shepherd (for the shepherd stood in the midst of the sheep while two men rowed the boat) is taking them to the other side of the lake, to "pasture" richer than they had on this side, and then the picture had another interest for me, and the words, "Changing Pasture," a new meaning, and I thought of some who had recently crossed over to where

"Everlasting spring abides  
And never-withering flowers."

You know it is written, "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Oh, what a change of pasture! I think the boat-load of sheep and lambs and the words, "Changing Pasture," will come before my mind again when I shall need to hope for a sunnier shore, for a "change of pasture."



### PERSONAL ASSURANCE

WE ARE in a world of trouble. Sometimes these troubles are very deep, and we are in need of the comfort that goes as deep as the trouble and is just as real as the trouble, as in the case of sin. Sin is real and we need a real Saviour. So in regard to comfort. Trouble is real and we need real comfort. Now, no one can read the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of Saint John and not see plainly that Christ promises to be an abiding comforter.

Then the question comes: Is Christ to you and to me an abiding comforter? If not, then we certainly cannot say He has anointed us to bind up the broken-hearted, and tell the captive there is freedom, and to open the prison doors to them that are bound. For we can really give only what we have.

Will you not, dear Daughters, make this your work now? Busy yourselves with good deeds. Do a little work on your own account. I know you repeat the creed and say "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." But do you believe your sins have been forgiven? If you say I hope so, that is not going far enough—only faith is power. You must have faith that God meant what He said when He spoke the words: "And I will pardon all their iniquities." Believe it, say you believe it, and you will then come to the knowledge of this blessed fact.

Margaret Bottome

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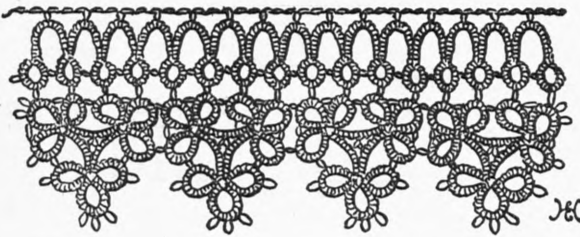
By Margaret Sims



TATTING is particularly adapted for summer work because so easily taken up at odd moments and laid aside without trouble at any stage of the work. For the pretty and novel designs of tating illustrated on this page I am indebted to Mrs. T. S. Lucas.

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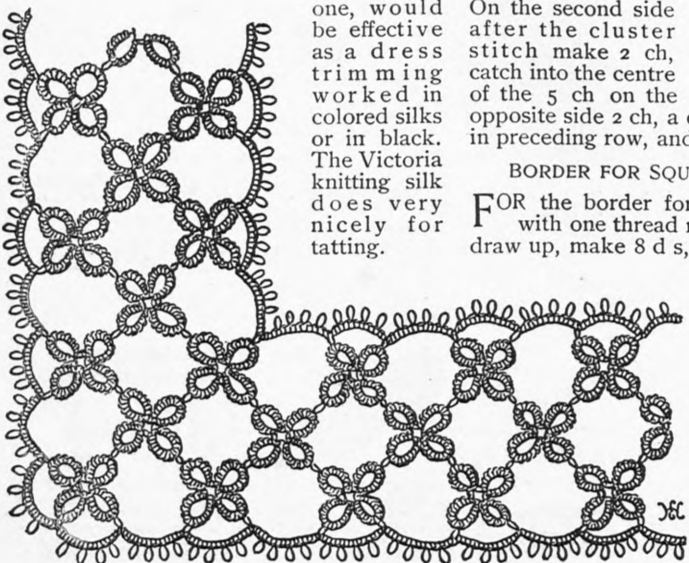
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AN ELABORATE BORDER

finer thread in crochet. Work six double crochet over each length of thread between the half rings at the base of the scallops. Second row—5 chain, 1 double crochet in the fourth d c of the first row; repeat. When working on the second length to connect the two make 2 ch, then work a single into the third ch of the 5 ch on the opposite side, 2 ch, 1 d c into fourth d c of first row; repeat until the two sides are joined their entire length. In tating the half rings there should be four short picots and three long—that is, nearly double the length of the short ones—with one double stitch between each picot. Into the first short picot work 1 d c, 8 ch, \*, 1 treble in the second short picot, 7 ch, 1 tre in the third short picot, 8 ch, 1 d c into the fourth short picot, then 1 d c into the first picot of the next scallop, 3 ch 1 single into the fourth ch of the previous 8 ch, 4 ch; repeat from \*.

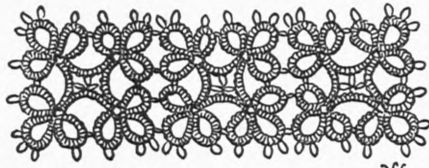
For the last row 3 d c into each of the last 3 of the 4 remaining of the 8 ch, \*. Now make a picot with 5 ch above the treble in previous row, 4 d c in the next, 4 ch, 1 picot of 5 ch, 1 single into the same ch as the 4th d c, 3 d c into the next, 3 ch, 1 picot, 3 d c into the next, 3 ch, then 3 d c on the next scallop, thus missing the last and first ch of the 2 chains of 8; repeat from \*. This insertion, as well as the following one, would be effective as a dress trimming worked in colored silks or in black. The Victoria knitting silk does very nicely for tating.



BORDER FOR SQUARE CENTREPIECE

## AN EFFECTIVE INSERTION.

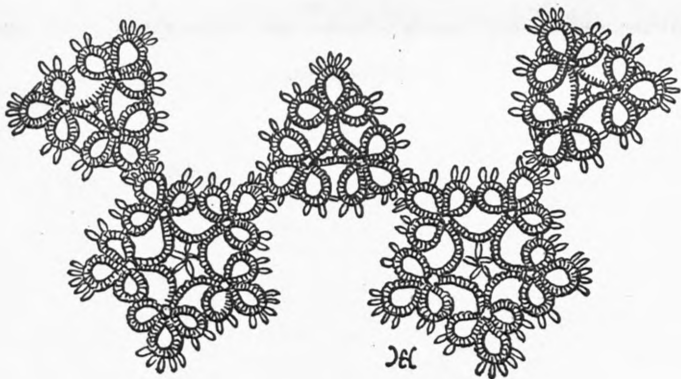
ANOTHER very effective insertion is very pretty worked in two colors or two shades of one color. The pattern calls for two shuttles. The tating threads must be about two numbers coarser than the crochet



A PRETTY INSERTION

thread. Begin to tat with the darker shade. Make 4 d s, 1 picot, 8 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close the ring. With both threads, the lighter shade in the left hand: 4 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s.

Put the right-hand thread through the p of the first circle, then 4 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, pass the thread through the picot of the first ring, 8 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, close the ring; then, still with the darker thread, leaving a short length of thread between, 4 d s. Put the thread through the p of preceding ring, 8 d s, 1 p, 4 d s. Close the ring. Repeat from the beginning. In this way make two equal lengths. They present the appearance of trefoils in the darker shade, with a row of half circles in the lighter shade connecting them at the base. Under the centre ring of the trefoil a short length of thread is left between the half circles. The two lengths are now connected with crochet in the finer thread. Make 1 d c in the first picot of the half circle, 5 ch 1 d c into the last p of



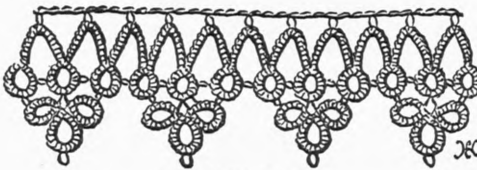
EDGING FOR ROUND CENTREPIECE

half circle and the first p of next half circle, taking up the 2 picots together; repeat on both lengths. For the next row make a cluster stitch of six under every 5 ch with 5 ch between. To make the cluster stitch draw the thread under the 5 ch, turn the thread over the needle, draw through in a loop, take another over, put the needle again under the 5 ch. When this has been done six times draw the thread through all the loops at once. On the second side after the cluster stitch make 2 ch, catch into the centre of the 5 ch on the opposite side 2 ch, a cluster stitch and 5 ch in preceding row, and repeat to the end.

**BORDER FOR SQUARE CENTREPIECE**  
FOR the border for square centerpiece, with one thread make 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, draw up, make 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, draw up; make four of these loops, tie. Join small squares as shown. Around squares two threads are used. Slip the thread through p on the outside of one of the squares, make 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, fasten thread in the next p; repeat till you reach the end.

## A DAINTY EDGING

THE dainty edging shown in illustration is worked with one thread: make 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, draw up; with two threads make 7 d s, 1 p, 7 d s; with one thread make 4 d s; fasten in last p of first loop, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, draw up; slip thread through top p of second loop, close up, make 6 d s, fastening top p of first loop, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, draw up and close; make 4 d s, fasten in last p of preceding loop, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, draw up and close; make 4 d s, fasten in last p of middle loop, 4 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, draw up; slip thread through top p again, then bring it down on the under side to bottom of loop, and with two threads make 7 d s, 1 p, 7 d s; with one thread make 4 d s, fasten in last p of preceding loop, 4 d s, fasten in last p of loop just above, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, draw up.



A DAINTY EDGING

## AN ELABORATE BORDER

THE elaborate pattern for a border given in accompanying illustration is worked with fine thread: make 6 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, draw up and close; make 4 d s, fasten in last p of first loop 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, draw up till quite close; make 4 d s, fasten in last p of preceding loop 4 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, draw up; with two threads make 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s; with one thread make 6 d s, fasten in last p of the first clover-leaf 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, draw up. Continue as at first. Make three clover-leaves, joining them to form a point. Instead of a p in the last half loop slip the thread through p of other half loops.

Second row. With one thread make 4 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, fasten in a p on the upper side of the points, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, draw up; with two threads make 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s; with one thread make 4 d s, fasten in last p of preceding loop, 2 d s, fasten in next p on the upper side, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, draw up.

## A PRETTY INSERTION

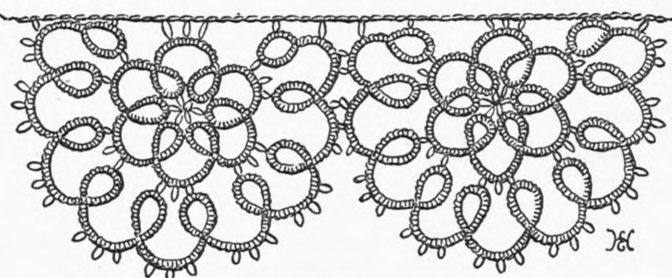
THE pretty insertion pattern shown is made as follows: With one thread make 6 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, draw up and close; make 4 d s, fasten in the last p of first loop 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, draw up and close; make 4 d s, fasten in last p of second loop 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, draw up; with two threads make 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s; with one thread make 6 d s, fasten in last p of first clover-leaf 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, draw up and continue as before; repeat three times, slipping thread in middle of fourth half loop through ps of preceding half loops instead of making purls.

## AN OPEN EDGE

TWO threads are used for the open edge pattern shown in illustration. With one thread make 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, draw up; with two threads make 4 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s; repeat five times. Instead of a p in sixth loop slip thread through ps of all preceding loops, make 8 d s, draw up; tie off thread.

Second row. With one thread make 8 d s, fasten in first p of one of the half loops of rosette, 8 d s, draw up; with two threads make 4 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s; with one thread make 8 d s, fasten in third p of same half loop; repeat five times, then tie.

## EDGING FOR ROUND CENTREPIECE



AN OPEN EDGE

low: With one thread make 6 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 3 ps, with 1 d s between, 4 d s, draw up, close up; make 4 d s, fasten in last p of first loop 2 d s, 5 ps, with 1 d s between, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, draw up, close up; make 4 d s, fasten in last p of second loop 2 ps with 1 d s between, 2 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, draw up; with two threads make 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s; repeat three times, fastening first and last clover-leaves together. In last half loop make 4 d s, slip thread through two preceding ps, 4 d s, tie off.

For outer row. With one thread make five clover-leaves like those in inner row, only put 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, in half loops. Fasten two rows together, as shown in illustration. Baste on to linen, buttonhole around the tating, then cut the linen out underneath. This edging will also serve for a doily. It may be noted that in attaching this border to the linen it can easily be adapted either for a large or small circle, without altering the design.

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# EMBROIDERED TABLE DRAPERIES

By Cora Scott Waring



ORAL designs for table draperies are more than ever in demand—designs that will harmonize in motive and color with the flowers intended to be used. No table is considered complete without the embroideries that give such a dainty and artistic finish to the breakfast, luncheon, tea or dinner. Wash silks are now brought to such perfection that colors corresponding to those in all flowers may be had and freely used.

In the accompanying illustrations special attention has been given in carrying out the designs to the making of an edge at once artistic and durable. Fringed edges

WHEN properly handled filo floss presents a sheen like satin which the process of washing does not impair in the least. The bars and double lines connecting the scallops are closely outlined with the same white silk employed for the buttonholing. Between the lines is a row of briar-stitch put in with a single strand of the medium shade of pink filo floss selected for the blossoms.

The centre-piece with design of orange blossoms is

worked on the same kind of linen, and measures about twenty-five inches in diameter. The delicate sprays of blossom are worked in cream white shaded with very pale yellow-green; the stamens are put in with deep yellow terminating with French knots. The foliage is worked with several shades of warm yellow-green, so that some leaves are much darker than others; this gives a pleasing variety. All the embroidery is entirely solid, being worked in the usual long and short stitch. The green leaves should be worked toward the centre from either side; this gives the impression of veining without actually expressing the veins. In working either petals or leaves the direction of the form should in all cases be followed.

The broken edge shown in the above centre-piece is first

buttonholed with white filo floss, making the stitches long and short; into this work the palest shade of green, then again the next shade, keeping on the inner side the form of the outer edge, so that a solid border is made about five-eighths of an inch in depth. The effect of this shaded border is very beautiful.

The carafe doily to match measures about thirteen inches across. The design is also suitable for plate doilies. The designs for

have somewhat fallen into disfavor, because even with the best care they were apt to lose their prettiness when they had been laundered once or twice; especially has this been the case when the fringed article has been circular in shape. The foundation for these embroideries is a good round-thread linen, heavy enough to lie flat when finished. It may be well to mention that centrepieces or doilies should never be folded after pressing; creases thus made greatly detract from the beauty of the embroidery. The dessert doilies are made on finer linen than the centrepieces, a more sheer quality being better suited to the dainty little patterns of Empire wreaths and ribbons. The rose centre-piece has for its motive the La France rose. In spite of its being a double blossom the large, loose petals of this exquisite rose render it available for embroidery, but, as a rule, single blossoms are more suitable. Very delicate shades of pink are employed for the rose; for the foliage, light greens of a yellowish tone. The roses are entirely solid, so that when worked they look exceedingly rich. The leaves are veined with stem stitch, the outer part alone being solid. The border is quite unique.

For the buttonholing around the edge white twisted silk is used, whereas the flowers and leaves are put in with filo floss. If preferred, however, the floss may also be used for the edge, but the twisted silk is heavier, giving an added firmness that helps to



DESSERT DOILY

make the linen lie flat. If worked with floss either two or four strands—never three—should be used so as to avoid the double, clumsy thickness at the eye of the needle.

these doilies are varied, so that in the set of a dozen no two need be exactly alike as to the arrangement of the blossoms. The finished effect is, of course, much the same. The doilies are embroidered around the edge in precisely the same manner as is the centre-piece. A tablecloth to use with this centre-piece and doilies might measure three yards by two and a half. The treatment should be more conventional than in the smaller pieces and form a continuous border around the cloth, garlands being arranged in the semblance of a centre-piece for a central decoration of flowers or fruit. It may be finished with hemstitching.

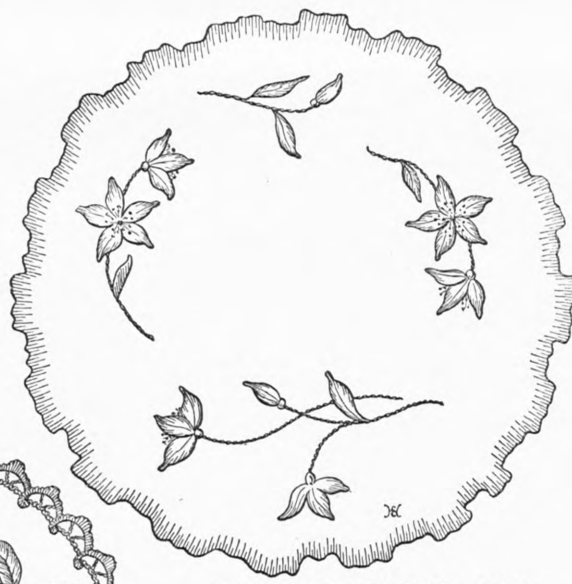
THE colors employed in the small dessert doilies are in a certain sense realistic. They are kept extremely delicate; in this way they harmonize



DESSERT DOILY

much better than if the actual coloring of Nature were attempted. In every instance the ribbons are worked in white, also the buttonholing around the broken edges. Precisely the same method is followed, as already described, for extending the border, two of the palest shades selected for the flowers being worked into the white edge for about the depth of three-eighths of an inch.

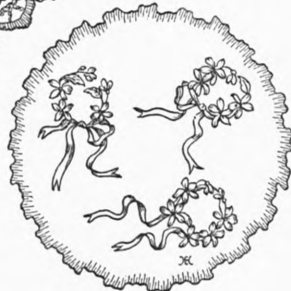
After cutting out the edges the work must be carefully pressed. To do this with the best results lay the embroidery face down on a clean cloth spread over two or three thicknesses of flannel, or a heavy ironing blanket. Then take a thin muslin or linen cloth, dip it in water, wring it out and place it on the back of the article to be pressed; then with an iron sufficiently hot, iron over the wet surface until it is perfectly dry. The steaming process engendered by this method gives a slight stiffness to the embroidered linen, and at the same time it insures the pressing out of the least suspicion of a crease. If the work be so soiled in handling that it needs cleaning then wash each piece separately and rapidly in warm water with a pure white soap; on no account use laundry soap of any kind, for its caustic properties would ruin the colors. Iron each piece while still damp until quite dry. A few hints as to the actual method of



ORANGE BLOSSOM PLATE DOILY

working may be acceptable. In the first place while there are some persons who can embroider on linen satisfactorily in the hand it is not to be advocated. The proper way is to stretch the design on a frame. The hoop frames are well enough for such pieces of work, and the improved kind, fitted with an appurtenance that can be screwed down to the table, is particularly handy. The linen can be shifted on these frames as the work progresses.

It is hardly worth while to stretch fancy embroideries in the square frames that are indispensable for ecclesiastical purposes. The next point to consider is the careful handling of the floss so as to keep it perfectly smooth and even. It always has a tendency to twist, so that great care must be taken to keep it in its normal condition; this insures a satin-like sheen. Always avoid knots on the outline; they will surely show through when the embroidery is pressed. Make the edge rich by placing the stitches as closely together as possible. On the inner side the stitches must be uneven—that is, long and short by turns; the next row is worked at least half way back into the first in the following shade; the inner rows are uneven on both sides.



DESSERT DOILY



A ROSE CENTREPIECE

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## THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 7)

And again:

"He sends some letters for the President's perusal, praying him to alter freely anything in them which he thinks may need it."

IT MAY happen that the President will himself prepare a draft of the proposed dispatch, and that after a consultation this may be accepted by the Secretary; or the dispatch may be a modification of the draft proposed by one or the other. The note is always signed by the Secretary, and no record discloses its actual composer. So, some writings signed by the President, and ceremonious speeches read by him, are not the product of his pen. Such are not infrequently the formal responses made by the President on the presentation of a foreign Minister. The State Department, in anticipation of the presentation, having a copy of the Minister's proposed address, frames what, in the opinion of one of the assistant secretaries, or of some undisclosed clerk, would be a suitable response. It is usually purely ceremonious—a reciprocation of the good will which the Minister has expressed; and the draft, or a modification of it, is often used by the President. When the President wants to say something, as I once did when the Minister of Chili was presented, he rejects this draft and writes his own address. So, too, it is the practice of the State Department to send to the President drafts of his Thanksgiving proclamations. My memory is that two of the four Thanksgiving proclamations issued by me were written in the State Department and only slightly modified by me, and that the other two were written wholly by me.

So, also, the congratulatory letters signed by the President, in response to the official announcement of the birth of some prince or princess to one of the Royal families, is a State Department composition. Whenever a prince or princess is born the head of the foreign office at once notifies all other Governments of the happy event. All this is natural as between monarchs; for it is important to have the Royalty of the babe officially certified, and the list is useful when a prince or princess is in search of a wife or husband. But it seems incongruous to notify such an event to a Republican Government like ours. The form in use for an answer to such communications was possibly prepared by Jefferson. It assures the happy parents of the exuberant joy felt by the President and by the people of the United States over the event. The language in use was so tropical that when such a congratulatory letter was presented for my signature I felt compelled to use the blue pencil with vigor. Perhaps if we were to notify "our great and good friends," the kings and queens of the earth, of the birth of every "heir possible" to the Presidency, they would break off the correspondence!

THE ceremonies observed in receiving the Minister or Ambassador of a foreign country are dignified and stately, though quite simple in comparison with those observed at the European courts. France sent the first diplomatic representative to this country (1778) in the person of M. Gérard. He came as Minister Plenipotentiary and Consul General, and Congress at once constituted a committee to arrange an order of ceremonies for his reception. Some of the ceremonies prescribed for this first reception still survive. The address of the Minister was to be presented to Congress in advance, as otherwise there could not be an immediate response, the President of Congress not being authorized to respond until Congress had taken action on the address. The full force of this reason does not apply to a reception by the President of the United States; but it is still appropriate and measurably necessary that the President should see the address in advance, especially as the rule prescribed in 1778, and ever since followed, allows the address of the Minister to be given in the language of his country—with which the President may be, and most often is, wholly unacquainted. M. Gérard was escorted to the hall of Congress by two members of that body. Now the Secretary of State escorts the Minister. Then the Minister might attend the sessions of Congress and confer with that body in Committee of the Whole. Now the Minister confers with the Secretary of State, either on a particular day of the week, called "Diplomatic Day," or at times especially appointed. After the reception the direct intercourse between the President and a foreign Minister is wholly social—all business being transacted with or through the Secretary of State. The President would deny and even resent any attempt on the part of a foreign representative to communicate directly with him. But, in the case of the representative of one power, I did, at the request of Mr. Blaine, meet such representative and discuss with him and Mr. Blaine an important International controversy which seemed to be blocked.

A QUESTION of social precedence that has since greatly shaken Washington society was settled by the rules adopted by Congress in 1778, in these words: "After the audience the members of Congress shall be first visited by the Minister Plenipotentiary or Envoy." Then, however, Congress was the body that received the Minister's credentials and conducted all business with him. The ceremony observed in receiving a Minister now is briefly this: On a day appointed by the President the new Minister drives with his secretaries and attachés to the State Department, and is thence escorted by the Secretary of State to the Executive Mansion and conducted to the Blue Room. The Secretary then goes to the President's office and advises him that the Minister is in waiting. The President, on the arm of the Secretary, then proceeds to the Blue Room, and, the Minister and his suite standing, the Secretary introduces the Minister, who, after bowing, proceeds to read his address, and at the proper time hands to the President his letters of credence, which are immediately passed to the Secretary of State. When the address of the Minister has been read the President reads his reply, and after a few moments spent in entirely informal conversation retires with the Secretary, who, returning, conducts the Minister from the Executive Mansion.

UNTIL 1893 the highest rank given by our laws to our representatives at the great European courts was that of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary; and the diplomatic usage forbade the giving of a higher rank to their representatives at our capital. The foreign representatives of these powers at Washington did not especially feel the inconvenience of this system, for they held as high a rank as any other foreign representative at our capital, and so were not inconvenienced in the transaction of business, nor subordinated at social functions. But our Minister at London, for instance, found in the diplomatic corps there Ambassadors from very small powers; and these on social occasions, and in the order of their reception for the transaction of business at the foreign office, took precedence of our Minister, because of their superior diplomatic rank. This was not infrequently the occasion of very considerable mortification to our Minister and of detriment to the business in his charge. In 1893 the rank of our representatives at the courts of France, Germany, Great Britain, Russia and Italy was raised to that of Ambassador; and at once the representatives of these powers at Washington were raised to the same grade.

THE correspondence between our State Department and the foreign office of another nation may be conducted in either of two ways: The Secretary of State may use the Ambassador or Minister of the foreign country at Washington as the medium of communication, delivering his notes to him to be communicated to his home office; or he may use our Minister at the foreign court to conduct the correspondence under instructions. The Government that has the affirmative in the controversy is very apt to conduct the negotiations at its own capital, for the greater convenience in consulting with the Executive, and for the greater certainty in stating its case. Our Ambassadors to the four great powers of Europe each receive an annual salary of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, and our Ambassador to Italy ten thousand dollars per annum. Out of this the Ambassador must provide his own office and residence and meet all the demands of official and social etiquette. Several of the great powers have provided houses for their legations at Washington, but this Government has never thus provided for its Ministers abroad. The diplomatic service has sometimes been assailed in Congress as a purely ornamental one; and while the evident necessity of maintaining the service is such as ought to save it from the destructionists it is quite true that our diplomatic relations with some of the powers are more ceremonious than practical. But we must be equipped and prepared for emergencies, and every now and then, even at the smallest and most remote courts, there is a critical need of an American representative to protect American citizens or American interests.

THE consular service is the practical and business side of our foreign intercourse. There are more than twelve hundred persons in the consular service of the United States. These are located in the important commercial cities and towns of the world, and are described generally as Consuls General, Consuls, commercial agents, interpreters, marshals and clerks. The duties of a Consul are various and multifarious. He is the protector and guardian of American commerce; provides for destitute American sailors and sends them home; he takes charge of the effects of American citizens dying in his jurisdiction, having no legal representative; he receives the declarations or protests of our citizens in any matter affecting their rights; he keeps a record of the arrival and depart-

ure of American ships and of their cargoes, and looks after vessels wrecked; he reports any new inventions or improvements in manufacturing processes that he may observe, and all useful information relating to manufactures, population, scientific discoveries, or progress in the useful arts, and all events or facts that may affect the trade of the United States, and authenticates invoices and statements of the market value of merchandise to be shipped to the United States. Every Consulate is a commercial outpost; and if the service could be given permanence of tenure, and a corps of men of competent equipment, it would become a powerful agency in extending our commerce.

THE Secretary of State is the custodian of "The Great Seal of the United States of America." When the civil list became so large that it was impracticable to use the Great Seal to certify the President's signature to all commissions Congress authorized the use of the seals of the Post-Office Department, of the Interior Department and of the Department of Justice respectively, in certifying the commissions of all officers under those departments.

The law of 1789 provides "that the said Seal shall not be affixed to any commission before the same shall have been signed by the President of the United States, nor to any instrument or act without the special warrant of the President therefor."

A description of the devices proposed, or of the Seal as adopted, cannot be fully understood by those unversed in heraldry. The following was the interpretation of the Seal as adopted by Congress:

"The Escutcheon is composed of the Chief and Pale, the two most honorable ordinaries. The pieces, paly, represent the several States all joined in one solid compact entire, supporting a chief, which unites the whole and represents Congress. The Motto alludes to this Union. The pales in the arms are kept closely united by the chief, and the chief depends on that Union and the strength resulting from it for its support, to denote the confederacy of the United States of America and the preservation of their Union through Congress. The colors of the pales are those used in the flag of the United States of America; white signifies purity and innocence; red, hardness and valor, and blue, the color of the Chief, signifies vigilance, perseverance and justice. The Olive branch and arrows denote the power of peace and war which is exclusively vested in Congress. The Constellation denotes a new State taking its place and rank among other sovereign powers. The Escutcheon is borne on the breast of an American eagle without any other supporters, to denote that the United States ought to rely on their own Virtue.

"Reverse. The pyramid signifies Strength and Duration: The Eye over it and the motto allude to the many signal interpositions of Providence in favor of the American cause. The date underneath is that of the Declaration of Independence, and the words under it signify the beginning of the new American era, which commences from that date."

The reverse, or pyramid side, of "The Great Seal of the United States of America" has never been cut.

## THE GOOD OF CREEDS

By Amelia E. Barr

HERE is a tendency in the religious thought of to-day to regard creeds as old-fashioned and non-essential. But as long as humanity is so marvelously diverse, a variety of creeds is absolutely necessary, since truth ever takes the character of the souls into which it enters. Some few in every generation arrive, through great tribulation and experience, at a point where they can worship either at Samaria or Jerusalem, but to the great majority—of young people especially—a creed is as necessary as a schoolmaster. Their way must be made clear to them; it must be made a narrow way, walled in high on each side lest they climb and wander like the Pilgrims until they find themselves in Doubting Castle. Truth has certain fundamental principles; creeds are their interpretation, and without creeds there would be a constant and unlimited change of these principles.

It is said that the spirit of the age is opposed to dry doctrines and mere religious head knowledge. It prefers to regard religion as a thing of feeling and emotion. But there is no root to that religion which expresses itself in ohs and ahs, and shrinks from therefore. Feeling must have an immutable reason, a therefore, to be worth anything. If religious knowledge does not enter the head it is not knowledge at all, and if Christian creeds vanished Christian sentiment would not long survive, for the sentiment is founded upon the doctrine. Feeling is like a floating island, but a creed is like an anchor to a soul and keeps it from drifting. The idea is too prevalent that in destroying whatever is venerable with age we are making progress. But do we make progress by going over precipices? As yet there has no better way been discovered than for the soul to anchor itself to some faithful and true creed, for from this blessed security it is more likely to ask that still higher direction, "Oh, send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me."



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BY THE EDITORS

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**The Journal's Portfolio of Drawings**

THE demand for the portfolio containing twelve of the best and most popular drawings by famous artists, which have appeared in the JOURNAL, has been so extensive that the supply is now nearly exhausted. Further orders for the portfolio should, therefore, be sent in at once. The pictures, which are fifteen by twelve inches in size, are printed on the finest paper, in various tints of ink. They are, of course, eminently suited for framing.

**TWELVE MASTERPIECES OF ILLUSTRATION FROM THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL**



1. The Dream-Ship, By W. L. Taylor (Illustrating Eugene Field's poem in October, 1895, issue)
2. The Godmother, By Albert Lynch (Which constituted the January, 1896, cover)
3. Three American Girls, By C. D. Gibson (Which constituted the April and September, 1895, covers)
4. A Southern Holiday Dance, By W. T. Smedley (Illustrating Mrs. Burton Harrison's story in December, 1895, issue)
5. While the Heart Beats Young, By W. L. Taylor (Illustrating James Whitcomb Riley's poem in August, 1896, issue)
6. God's Miracle of May, By W. Hamilton Gibson (Illustrating Frank Dempster Sherman's poem in May, 1896, issue)
7. The Girl and the Lamp, By W. T. Smedley (Illustrating Mrs. Mason's story, "A Minister of the World," in February, 1895, issue)
8. At the Wedding Reception, By C. D. Gibson (Illustrating Miss Magruder's story, "The Violet," in December, 1895, issue)
9. The Werewolf, By Howard Pyle (Illustrating Eugene Field's story of "The Werewolf" in March, 1896, issue)
10. "So Pretty Sitting in the Pew," By Alice Barber Stephens (Illustrating Miss Wilkins' "Neighborhood Types" in April, 1896, issue)
11. The People of Our Village, By Alice Barber Stephens (Illustrating Miss Wilkins' "Neighborhood Types" in December, 1895, issue)
12. Elder Lamb's Thanksgiving Dinner, By Alice Barber Stephens (Illustrating Will Carleton's poem in November, 1893, issue)

Copies of the portfolio will be sent, carefully packed and postage free, to any address for one dollar (\$1.00) each.

**A GIRL'S USE OF THE SUMMER**

THERE are two ways of using the summer: one to let it pass without any meaning; the other to have pleasure and yet derive some actual benefit from it. If this latter were difficult to do it would be unwise to ask it of any girl. But it is not; on the contrary, it is easy, easier than doing nothing and certainly pleasanter. Just a little effort this summer, for example, can make it possible for any girl to obtain a free education next autumn at any college, university or conservatory that she may desire. Of the two hundred and fifty girls educated, free of all expense, by the JOURNAL, two hundred earned their educations during the summer months. Girls should remember that there is absolutely no competitive element in these free educational offers by the JOURNAL. The Educational Bureau of the JOURNAL will gladly give information concerning this matter.

**THE CUSTOM OF BIRTHDAY PRESENTS**

A BIRTHDAY is really a closer festival, in its personal application, than the more general or national holidays. If you are observing this custom, and at the same time wish to be economical in expenditure, why not use the JOURNAL as a gift? If it pleases you it is quite likely to please others. Thousands of subscriptions to the JOURNAL are given each Christmas; why should the magazine not be used for birthday gifts, especially as it is a gift which costs but one dollar, and comes to the recipient twelve times during the year?



**THE COVER DESIGN THIS MONTH**

ON MIDSUMMER EVE, according to the old legend found among the Northern myths, "the solitary one proceeding to a spot in the lonely forest where three paths meet, may there behold things of import relating to the future. The seeker should enter the gloomy grove with a stout heart, for to none advancing timidly or with misgiving will the witches or spirits of the night vouchsafe a message of warning or a glimpse of happiness to come." Mr. Parrish has admirably treated this theme and given his composition a mediaeval character. The maiden, we feel, is quivering with expectation, and strives hard to conceal her timidity. The thirst for one little peep into futurity has at some time or other consumed us all; human nature is the same to-day as centuries ago.

**A GALLERY OF AUTHORS' PORTRAITS**

THIS is practically what the book called "5000 Books," issued by the JOURNAL, may justly be termed. Over 160 portraits of the most famous authors are given, and in this edition you are told just what the best 5000 books ever published are. No charge is made for this 288-page book; it is simply asked that ten cents be sent to cover cost of mailing. For this small amount "5000 Books" will be sent to any address by the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau.

**GETTING AN EDITOR'S ATTENTION**

CONTRIBUTORS to magazines often ask the question: "How can I get the editor's attention to my manuscript?" There is one suggestion looking toward this end: have your manuscript typewritten. If you have not a typewriter yourself—and only few of us have—invest a few cents or perhaps a dollar or two in having your manuscript neatly typewritten before you submit it to an editor. Illegible handwriting often discourages an editor at the start; a typewritten manuscript invites him. Unless handwriting is unusually legible the safest way to secure an editor's attention is to make a manuscript attractive, and that can best be done by the use of the typewriter.

**WHEN MOVING ABOUT IN SUMMER**

IT IS not always possible to buy the JOURNAL, although it is supposed to be for sale everywhere. The surest way to obtain it is to send a dollar to the JOURNAL office in Philadelphia. It will then be sent



to you wherever you are, and your address can be changed as often as you desire. Besides that, a subscription saves you twenty cents during a year—not a great deal, it is true, but small sums saved are oftentimes great points gained.

**THE TEACHER ON HER VACATION**

THE teacher away from school or college during the summer months often wonders how she can make money for herself, and still utilize her holiday for rest and recreation. The JOURNAL has a plan to meet this condition, the success of which has been learned from those who took advantage of it last summer. The plan is not confined to women alone; it is also open to men. Any person so inclined has an opportunity to obtain a substantial sum of money by pleasant employment during leisure hours this summer. The Circulation Bureau of the JOURNAL will gladly tell of the method.

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Words must be formed entirely from the letters contained in the words DUNHAM'S SHRED COCOANUT. No letter can be used oftener than it occurs in those three words. Only words defined in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will be allowed—none others. Contest closes August 31, 1896, and premiums awarded immediately thereafter. List of the awards mailed to any one enclosing stamp. Lists received first will be given the preference in case of ties. Write clearly and distinctly, giving full name and address, and state number of words contained in list. All postage must be fully prepaid. Any inquiry requiring answer must be accompanied by stamp for reply.

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BY EMMA HAYWOOD

Under this heading questions of general interest relating to Art and Art work will be answered. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

- L. J. H.—The canvas sold for oil painting is already primed ready for painting on. It does not need to be sized.
- K.—Most of the stores for artists' materials keep studios for china painting in great variety, especially the stores where undecorated china may be obtained. The designs are usually rented.
- M. A. S.—Walls are frequently colored in distemper, a cheap method compared to the use of oil paints. The mixture resembles whitewash in quality. It is applied much in the same way.
- M. H.—There is a special preparation sold for mixing with the bronze powders. This makes them adhesive while preserving their brilliancy. Only sufficient should be mixed for use each time.
- K. M. F.—Your figures are out of proportion. You have given extreme length from the waist to the knee, while shortening the limb from the knee to the foot; also the figures appear to be coming down a steep incline.

S. B.—If you have no pursuit in life you might enter on a regular course of study which would soon determine if you have talent worth cultivating. It is impossible to form an opinion from such elementary efforts as you send me.

M. M. F.—For pen-and-ink work for reproduction you require either smooth white paper or Bristol-board, India ink, undeniably black, and pens specially made for the purpose, fine or broad, according to the quality of the work.

M. N. K.—It is difficult to prevent water-colors from running on such thin silk as you describe; the brush must not be full, as for painting on paper. A little alcohol assists in making the edges clear, on account of its rapid evaporation.

M. W.—It is difficult to say what course is best to pursue. If you have no prospect of taking lessons you cannot hope to become a professional artist. The studies you send show a taste for drawing, while they betray lack of proper tuition.

B. D. G.—Phidias was, perhaps, the greatest sculptor of antiquity. (2) Michael Angelo was a great sculptor and painter. Raphael was also a wonderful painter. Both rank among the most eminent of the old masters. Their works, chiefly on religious subjects, are of world-wide renown.

J. O.—You must first study the technique necessary for reproduction, then send your work to magazines or publications to which it appears to be suited. I know of no other way in which to obtain such employment. Acceptance or rejection will depend largely, but not altogether, upon merit. There is much competition.

H. S. M.—To become a practical designer for carpets or anything else you need first a good knowledge of drawing, then there are a great many technical details to acquire. It is well nigh hopeless to attempt such work without a thorough training under competent teachers. Certainly, designs must be colored if they are to be of any use to the carpet manufacturer.

E. W. C.—If you understand coloring in oils you have only to apply that knowledge in the use of water-colors. You will, however, find painting photographs quite different from painting on white paper. First you have to get rid of the greasy surface, either by some medium made for the purpose or by passing the tongue over it. Next the local color must depend on the tone of the print, which materially affects it, being transparent. A very little gum-arabic must be added to the water to avoid dull patches on the surface. Photograph painting is a branch of art requiring special treatment. It needs a good deal of practice to make a success of it.

A. McN.—The mixture you name has not come under my notice for modeling flowers. I should think it would prove very brittle. Cuttings of leather soaked in water until plastic can be utilized for modeling. The flowers can be affixed to the vase with a little moist clay and glue. Better still, if you live near a pottery, get some vases turned; then before they are baked model the flowers in clay, press them on to the vase, then have it fired in the usual way. After firing color the flowers in oils. I have seen some common ware intended for kitchen use turned into pretty decorative pieces in this way, resembling Barbotine china when skillfully finished.

A. C. J.—To paint red apples in oils set your palette with raw umber, raw sienna, burnt sienna, crimson lake, scarlet vermilion and ivory black. Most red apples have a little warm green on one side. For this take pale lemon yellow, light cadmium, ivory black, raw sienna, raw umber, yellow ochre and cobalt blue. White is, of course, always called for in oil painting. It is a good plan, especially for a beginner, to model the apple in raw umber only to begin with, leaving the canvas untouched for the high lights. When painting in color remember to keep the shadows transparent, using little or no white. The lights may be loaded on with opaque tints. This method gives the desired crispness.

Mrs. N. A. K.—If you wish to outline the design on china with India ink rub it down with water in the usual way. (2) You can buy enamel or relief white in a tube prepared by Lacroix, like the rest of his mineral paints, ready for use. (3) The Lacroix colors are good, moderate in price and deservedly popular. Dresden colors are the most expensive. (4) Gold should be perfectly dry before firing. (5) It is not worth while to paint on common china, which is always liable to fly to pieces in the kiln. (6) Certainly, glass can be fired, but at a much less heat than china. (7) The bright gold is sold in bottles in a liquid state. It is not so good or durable as the properly prepared dull gold, which is really made from the precious metal.

C. T.—When the gold on glass slabs for china painting becomes hard hold it over the flame of a spirit lamp; this will render it easily removable to a larger slab. Then add a little fat oil with two or three drops of turpentine, and work it well with a palette knife until of the right consistency to transfer to the china, that is to say, just thin enough to flow easily from the brush. Not a grain of gold need be wasted if treated in this way. (2) For yellow chrysanthemums in Lacroix colors take mixing yellow for a first wash, then strengthen with silver yellow, remembering that this color is very strong, coming out still stronger when fired. For the shadows mix silver yellow and ivory black, adding a little deep blue green. The last-named color belies its name, for it is really a forget-me-not blue. For the foliage paint with moss green shaded with brown green and accentuated with dark green No. 7. On some parts add deep blue green to the moss green for the pale tones; this gives a pleasing variety. Never attempt to make greens with mineral paints by mixing blue and yellow as in oils or water-colors.

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The Correct Saddle is the  
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HIGH-GRADE means high price if you wish to pay two or three fancy profits. The most expensive wheel in the world can be sold at a profit at \$49.85 if it is sold direct from factory to rider. The other \$50 goes to pay salaries of professional riders, agents, rent, office expenses.

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is as good as any wheel in the market. It is a \$100 wheel at half price. We employ no riders, no agents. Some startling facts are told in our book, "Wheel Economy." Sent free on receipt of request.  
**BOSTON WHEEL WORKS**  
115 Franklin Street, BOSTON, MASS.

SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS  
BY RUTH ASHMORE

**PINK**—Pale blue is very becoming to a brunette.

**KIT**—A girl of sixteen might have her bodice cut round in the neck.

**BEULAH**—A young lady should not take a gentleman's arm unless he offered it.

**HELEN H.**—All invitations, except those to afternoon teas, require acknowledgment.

**ESMERALDA**—The only unmarried daughter should have "Miss Smith" upon her visiting-cards.

**F. B. B.**—A gentleman always removes his glove when he is about to shake hands with a lady.

**T. R. L.**—White mohair may be made up prettily, even if a rather severe tailor-made design is copied.

**SOCIAL**—At a formal dinner the gentlemen wearing gloves would remove them just before the dinner began.

**CLAUDE AND OTHERS**—I can never quite give my approval of marriages where the woman is the senior.

**MABEL M.**—It is not necessary to be a graduate of a normal school or a college before entering a school for trained nurses.

**ANTIS**—Black patent leather slippers would not look well when a white gown and white gloves are to be worn at a dance.

**A. J. F.**—When two gentlemen are walking with a lady it is quite proper for one to be at her right and the other at her left.

**ANXIOUS**—I do not consider it proper or wise for a very young girl to attend any place of amusement without a chaperon.

**YOUNG GIRL**—By writing to the Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL a good book on etiquette will be recommended to you.

**M. M.**—Dotted Swiss muslin, trimmed with ruffles of the same, makes pretty summer curtains for a brass or iron bedstead.

**M.**—Provided the stone is not very conspicuous a gentleman may, with propriety, wear either a diamond scarfpin or a diamond ring.

**T. L.**—In walking across the floor of a large room where a dance is being given it would be perfectly proper to take a gentleman's arm.

**CLARE**—When a gentleman has been a little rude or thoughtless, and asks to be excused, it would, of course, be polite to accept his apology.

**MARY**—If your hostess answers your ring at the bell leave a card on one of the tables in the parlor just as you are bidding her "good-by."

**MEG**—Even if your friends live in another town, and cannot possibly come to your reception, it would be a pretty courtesy to send them an invitation.

**ANNIE LAURIE**—It was a pretty courtesy for all the ladies of the association to rise when the learned professor who was to address them entered the room.

**CARRIE B.**—It is considered in better taste, nowadays, for a child to say, "Yes, mamma," or "No, Mrs. Brown," rather than "Yes, ma'am," or "No, ma'am."

**AGNES**—If your *fiancé* has asked what gem you would like in your engagement ring there would be no impropriety in telling him which one is your favorite.

**MERLE**—If a young man is rude enough to bow to you without raising his hat you may, with propriety, look in another direction when you meet him the next time.

**MARY L.**—The Duke of York is the grandson of Queen Victoria. He married the only daughter of Princess Mary of Teck, who is a cousin of Queen Victoria's.

**B. G.**—At the death of the grandfather who has been a father to you it would be quite proper to assume not only black but the mourning which includes a crape veil.

**S. M. C.**—A girl of fifteen in introducing herself to an elderly lady would say, "I am Alice Smith." The preface "Miss" would be in bad taste, and so would the use of a nickname.

**MAMIE**—White spots on the nails are usually the result of bruises. If you will rub some cold cream or vaseline on your nails every night you will find that the white spots will soon disappear.

**A. E. G.**—Although you have neglected to pay your dinner call for so many months, you should, since your hostess is always pleasant when you meet her, pay her a visit even at this late date.

**ALICE R.**—Before sending out invitations for a tea you should return all the visits you owe, and call on any stranger whom you may wish to invite before sending out cards for your "at home."

**H. J.**—If there are only a few people in the room at a reception when one is leaving it would be polite to say good-by to the hostess; if, however, the rooms are crowded the good-by may remain unsaid.

**A. O.**—The little book, "Side-Talks With Girls," may be ordered from the Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL for eighty cents. (2) It is not well nor wise to be too enthusiastic with new acquaintances.

**ZURY**—In marking table-linen the bride should use either all of her initials or the last initial of her surname. (2) Even at a quiet home wedding, if the bride wears white the bridesmaid should wear white gloves.

**H. MILLICENT**—If you consider that your friends need to be reminded of the necessity of answering your invitations do not add "R. S. V. P.," but, instead, the English phrase, "The courtesy of an answer is requested."

**B. Y.**—In making an ordinary evening call a gentleman might remain about three-quarters of an hour. (2) It would be in very bad taste for a young man to offer a present of jewelry to a lady to whom he was not betrothed.

**HENRIETTA**—When crape is laid aside black-bordered paper and black-bordered cards are no longer proper. While wearing all black on the street, after crape is laid aside, one could, with propriety, wear all white in the house.

**LOLA**—In writing to the gentleman who is a professor it would be perfectly proper to begin your letter, as you know him quite well, "My Dear Professor Brown." In addressing the envelope write "Professor Francis Brown."

**M. D.**—In calling on a *débutante* leave three of your husband's cards, one for the mother of the young lady, one for the young lady, and one for her father. A lady would only leave two cards, as a lady never leaves cards for a gentleman.

**VIOLET**—It is never in good form for a girl to accept jewelry from any man except her betrothed. (2) Girls of fifteen are usually in the schoolroom. (3) No matter how wealthy a girl may be she should not wear diamonds while she is at school.

**C. A.**—In serving chocolate and wafers during the evening, when the party is small, I would suggest that the collation be arranged on the dining-room table, and the guests allowed to go out to the dining-room and help themselves in an informal manner.

**ALTA**—When you give a friend a letter to carry leave it unsealed. (2) In an article by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, published in the November, 1895, issue of the JOURNAL, there is a list of books that, I think, would please the conservative young woman.

**A. B.**—A gray cloth gown trimmed with white satin, overlaid with *céru* lace, a gray bonnet trimmed with white flowers, and gray gloves, would be a smart and at the same time a simple wedding costume. (2) The "at home" cards should be sent out with the invitations.

**C. L. R.**—The ushers at a wedding usually wear with the daytime toilette either white or pale gray neckties. (2) A black satin tie may be worn with the Tuxedo or sack dinner coat, but with evening clothes a white lawn tie, knotted by one's self, is considered in better taste.

**L. L.**—Plain white paper, unlined, that only requires folding once to fit in the envelope, is always in good taste. (2) A gentleman would open a door and allow a lady to pass through before him. (3) It is courteous, if a lady's wrap is heavy, for the gentleman to assist her in putting it on.

**M. E. D.**—Personally, I have always found tincture of benzoin perfectly harmless. My method of using it is to throw a few drops in a bowlful of tepid water; with this I give my face a thoroughly good bath and the result is usually not only a clean face but a singularly pleasant feeling of freshness.

**PRISCILLA**—Even if there is no servant the gentleman who has been calling says "good-night" in the parlor, and finds his own way out of the house. It is courteous to accompany ladies to the door in the evening if they are alone, but if they call during the daytime the good-byes said in the parlor are sufficient.

**CARDINAL**—It is considered very bad taste for a girl to address a young man with whom her acquaintance is but slight by his Christian name. No length of acquaintance makes this proper unless the young woman should be betrothed to the young man, and then she should only call him by his Christian name when no strangers were present.

**C. M. I.**—A little vaseline rubbed on the nails each night will tend to loosen the hold of the skin at the roots of the nails and make it possible for one to push it down with a soft cloth. Push the skin down but do not cut it, for once it is cut it continues to grow and requires continual care. (2) I cannot imagine a well-bred girl taking leap year seriously.

**LENA**—You say you have been in an office for a number of years where all the employees were men, and that they have invariably shown you the utmost respect, but that recently a strange man has come in who has made insulting and unpleasant remarks about you to the other men. I should advise you to go at once to your employer, and tell him just what has happened.

**S. B. M.**—A girl of seventeen should wear mourning for her father for one year. (2) Brushing the teeth once a day with a powder made of two parts of precipitated chalk to one of powdered orris-root, will tend to keep them in good condition. Give them, in addition, several cleansings without powder. Use tepid rather than cold water when washing the teeth and mouth.

**B. A.**—In presenting the card that admits to a church wedding it is not necessary to offer a visiting-card with it. Even if you are not acquainted with the bride, but know the bridegroom well, it would be perfectly proper, as you have been invited, for you to attend the reception. (2) It is customary to wait before beginning to eat until all those at the table have been served.

**M. A.**—At a formal dinner-party the host takes out the lady who is considered of most importance, or for whom the dinner-party is given, while the hostess takes the arm of the gentleman to whom she wishes to show the most honor. (2) Neither acceptances nor regrets are sent to an afternoon tea; if you are not able to go send your visiting-card by post so that it may arrive on the day of the "at home."

**WISCONSIN**—When death comes to a family no visitors except those who are bound by ties of blood or affection are received; and after the funeral no visitors save intimate friends are seen by the lady members of the family until three months have passed. (2) When a young woman is courteous enough to ask a young man to call upon her he should certainly thank her for her politeness.

**L. M. B.**—If you do not care to call on the people who sent you an "at home" card, post your own card so that it will arrive on the day of the reception; then if the call is returned, and you wish to drop the acquaintance, do not call again yourself. (2) It is perfectly proper to send out one's visiting-card with the "at home" day written upon it. These cards should be sent to all the ladies on your list whose acquaintance you wish to retain.

**X. Y. Z.**—I have never heard that it was injurious to sleep on the left side. The Russian soldiers, who are said to be the finest formed men in the world, sleep, by order, on their backs, and this is believed to add, not only to their erectness, but to their height. (2) When a young man acts as escort to a young lady he should be allowed to pay her car fare without any discussion whatever. (3) When attending a tea one should always leave a card. (4) Most novelists may be addressed in care of their publishers.

**MAUD L.**—The formal luncheon hour is from one to two o'clock. Afternoon teas are usually at five. (2) One's visiting-card can only be used for an invitation for an afternoon "at home." Invitations to dinner or luncheon must be written out. In sending out your cards for a tea simply write the date and the hour in the lower left-hand corner. (3) Tea, wafers, small cakes and sandwiches are sufficient even for a formal tea. (4) In sending a note, whether by messenger or post, the number of the house and the name of the street should be written out in full.

**H. T.**—If a stranger takes occasion to be polite to you during an accident on the street car, all that is necessary from you is a polite "Thank you." (2) There are many good people whose manners at the table are not all one could wish, consequently I would not end the friendship with a woman who is lovable and kind simply because she has no knowledge of table etiquette; instead, I would, in a quiet and gentle way, try to make her understand the value of good manners and the way the world judges those who have no regard for the conventionalities.

**SARAH C.**—If you have been carrying on a correspondence with a young man, and he has stopped writing, it would be equivalent to saying that he wished the correspondence to cease. Do not write and ask him why, but stop writing as he has done. Say nothing to the sister of the young man, but continue your acquaintance with her as you have in the past. (2) When traveling, if you are passing through a city where you will have a little time to wait at the station, there would be no impropriety in writing a note and asking a friend to join you there and have a little chat.

EVERY LADY should have for SUMMER  
Barbour's Prize NEEDLEWORK

Needlework Series  
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Valuable information about Lace Making, Embroidery and all kinds of Needlework in Barbour's Prize Needlework Series Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. Illustrated with sketches of work. Mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents each.

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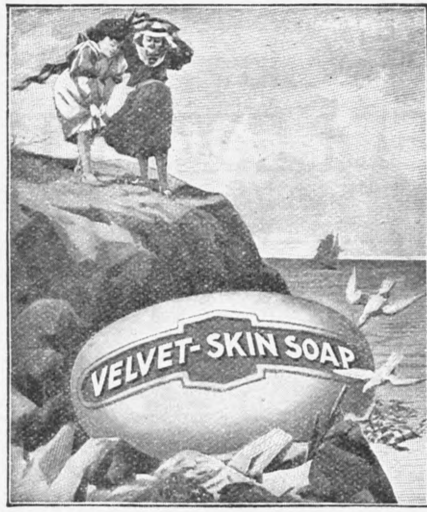
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**SIX EMINENT PHYSICIANS** who have made the skin the study of their lives, agreed to a man, that nothing could be better for the skin than a mildly antiseptic Soap, made of pure vegetable oils, if it could only be super-fatted, without becoming rancid. In **VELVET-SKIN SOAP** this difficult result has been successfully accomplished. The most beneficial, as well as the most delightful soap ever offered to the public.

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When Using  
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It is a neat, light, little device, attached between the end of the hose and the nozzle, which automatically dissolves a stick of Lyon's Concentrated Lawn Food, diffusing it through as much water as will pass through an ordinary garden hose in 40 minutes. It is clean, odorless, non-poisonous and will give perceptible results after one week's use on your lawn. It produces a dark green foliage and a healthy growth. Complete outfit, consisting of one holder and twelve sticks of the food, at all hardware stores or by express prepaid, \$1.40. The W. W. SPRAGUE CO., Union Stocks Yards, CHICAGO, ILL. Satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded.

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Lengthens the Waist  
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Fast Black, White, Écru  
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For sale by first-class retailers or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price. Twenty different styles of corsets and waists. Send for price list.

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**Really Fast Black** That's what some are not

**BLACK CAT BRAND "Nit" LEATHER STOCKINGS**

Your boy says, if after once wearing our

you get him any other. They have double knee and wear like their name. Soft as silk, made from the finest, smoothest, softest cotton yarn, and that makes the stockings most elastic. That's why they wear well. None as good for the money, many sold to be, sample pair by mail for 25c.

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Recommended by Physicians over all others.

**SEAMLESS HEEL ELASTIC STOCKINGS**

FOR VARICOSE VEINS, WEAK KNEES AND ANKLES, LAME AND SWOLLEN JOINTS

Order direct from our factory; we can save you 50 per cent, and make them to your measure. Send for directions for self-measuring and price list.

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Abdominal Supporters and Rubber Goods

**"Mizpah" Valve Nipples** WILL NOT COLLAPSE

and therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle. **Sample Free by Mail**

WALTER F. WARE, 512 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**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.**

- N. H.—See answer to "E. S."
- STELLA—Specimen sent, *Farfugium grande*.
- M. S. D.—The specimen sent is *Bryophillum*.
- S. C. T. U.—The *Petunia* is making an attempt to produce a double flower.
- C. G.—An article on the cultivation of *Azaleas* will shortly be published.
- READER—Scatter powdered borax among the flower-beds infested with ants.
- MRS. M. A. M.—Plant *Violets* in spring. The *Neapolitan* is a good variety; so is the *Californian*.
- Z. Z.—If by cutting off the *Hyacinth* you mean simply a removal of the flower spike, no injury will be done the bulb.
- MRS. H. T. P.—Always, when an immediate answer is required, inclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope.
- CANADA—If you had sent me your full address I could have given the information asked by mail, but I cannot do so in this department.
- H. J. C.—Put the plants in open ground as soon as the weather is warm. Pot them again in September, using only the strongest ones of the lot.
- E. L. H.—The *Azalea* dropped its leaves because of the frost, no doubt. (2) Lime-water is the best antidote I know of for worms in the soil.
- A. E.—The clipping you send represents the trademark of the firm. (2) "Var.," in connection with descriptions of a flower, stands for variety.
- MRS. L. C. R.—Palms like a deep pot, so that their roots can reach down, rather than out. A pot four inches deep is much too shallow for them.
- H. C. T.—The "thick stalks" which your *Cactus* is putting out are new branches, and should not be removed if you want it to become a large plant.
- A. K. S.—The condition of the *Begonia* leaf sent indicates defective root action. The cause of it you can only determine by an examination of the plant.
- MISS C. G. G.—The *Amaryllis*, of which you send specimen flower, may be *A. vittata*, but I am under the impression that it is the variety catalogued as *Defiance*.
- C. A. W.—An article concerning "The Cultivation of the Palm" was published in the *JOURNAL* of February, 1896, a copy of which will be mailed you for ten cents.

MRS. N. B.—Keep your *Callas* in pots in summer, but turn the pots on their side, and let the soil get perfectly dry; repot and start into growth in September. *Callas* bloom for years.

MRS. S. J. M.—*Tuberose*s can be raised very easily in pots. Give them a sandy soil, which should be rich. Drain it well. Give the plants a sunny location; do no keep too close.

A. F.—You will find the information you ask concerning the *Cypress Vine* in any catalogue of seeds. (2) *Celastrus scandens*, or *Bittersweet*, is a good vine for shading a window.

W. B.—Unless one has the facilities of a greenhouse and bottom heat for starting cuttings it is hardly worth while to attempt to root slips of the *Rubber Plant*. It is much more satisfactory to buy young plants.

J. E. P.—If *Water Lilies* are cut at night, and kept in a cool and dark place until they are placed in rooms, they will remain fresh for a time, but as usually gathered they are spoiled before they reach their destination.

A. L. J.—*Cannas* bloom the first season, as a general thing, if started early. *Marguerite Carnations* are very late bloomers. The *Japanese Chrysanthemum* of the catalogues and the *Chrysanthemums* seen in the fall flower shows are identical.

MRS. V.—A six-inch pot is too small for an *Orange* twenty inches high. I see no traces of insect work on the leaves you send, but if holes are eaten in some of the foliage it would seem that some insect must be at work on the plant. I would apply *Fir-Tree* oil soap.

BETTY—I think you will find *Madeira Vine* just what you are in search of. It delights in a warm, sandy soil, and makes rapid growth. The *Wild Cucumber* would also do well under the conditions you mention, and is a very pretty vine for use about the veranda.

E.—*Spiraea*, after being forced, should be planted out in the open ground, and fresh plants procured for next season. (2) If your *Begonia* is losing its leaves something is doubtless the matter with its roots. Examine it. See that it has perfect drainage and a light soil. Do not over-water.

E. S.—You tell me that you have two *Rubber Plants* whose leaves have fallen off and buds dried up, and you ask me to tell you how to treat them. Before I can do that will you kindly tell me how you have treated them? It is quite important that I should know this before I give any advice.

M. E. T.—I do not think it possible to preserve *Pine needles* in such a manner that they will not turn yellow. By cutting the branches shortly after the new leaves have completed growth, and before they begin to ripen, they will remain green for a short time, but eventually they will become yellow.

MRS. C. A. S.—Put *Pelargoniums* out-of-doors, in sunshine, and give them just enough water to keep them from dropping their leaves; do not repot until fall, and then cut back sharply. (2) *Freesia* bulbs, like all other bulbs which have been brought into flower in winter, cannot be depended on for a second season.

MRS. A. C.—If you reported your *Amaryllis* in full that explains, possibly, why it has not blossomed as usual. This plant does not like to have its roots disturbed, and it takes it a long time to become fully reestablished after a shift has been made. (2) Your *Oleander* is troubled with scale; apply *Fir-Tree* oil soap.

RITA—If your *Geraniums* began blooming last spring, and continued to bloom until February, it is not to be wondered at that they have now ceased to produce flowers. They cannot keep on blooming forever without rest. If you want them for next winter do not allow them to produce any flowers this summer.

M. E. B.—*Hyacinths* which have been forced can be planted out in spring or thrown away. While they may recover and give a second season of bloom the probabilities are that they will not do so. *Clematis* seed, if fresh and possessing ordinary vitality, ought to germinate in two or three weeks under favorable conditions.

**LABLACHE FACE POWDER**

THE purest and most perfect Face Powder that science and skill can produce. Makes the skin soft and beautiful and is most refreshing and soothing in cases of sunburn. Invisible on closest inspection. Absolutely harmless. Used and endorsed by the most prominent society and professional ladies in Europe and America. It has stood the test of twenty-five years, and has reached a sale of over a million boxes annually strictly on its merits. It is recognized as the standard for Purity and Superiority among the best dealers all over the world. The *Lablache Face Powder* for beautifying the complexion is most agreeable and refreshing. This exquisite preparation, by a single application, imparts to the face, neck, and arms a delicate softness and marble purity, with the tint and fragrance of the lily and rose. *Take no other.*

Flesh, White, Pink, and Cream tints. Price, 50c. per box. Of all druggists or by mail

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34 WEST STREET, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

**THE QUEEN OF TOILET POWDERS**

**Rieger's Transparent Crystal Soap**

Transparency is an evidence of purity. Impurities are not possible in

as you could detect them by looking through a cake.

The highest product of centuries of soap making in Europe. Delicately perfumed. Lathers freely and leaves the skin delightfully soft and smooth. If not sold by your dealer sample cake will be sent prepaid on receipt of 40c.

**MARSHALL FIELD & CO.** (Sole Agents for U. S. and Canada), CHICAGO

See that COLLAR on the

**DAVIDSON**

Patent No. 48, Health Nipple

That's what the baby is dreaming of. He has no colic now because the **Collar** makes collapse impossible.

**Free.** We will send a sample nipple on receipt of 2-cent stamp for postage.

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19 Milk Street, Boston  
Established 40 Years. 120-p. Catalogue, FREE

**THE WOMAN'S WISH**

Holds the Skirt up and the Shirt Waist down.

No larger than a postage stamp. Holds the heaviest skirt. Can be worn with narrow belts.

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**DEWEY'S Improved Acme Dress and Corset Protector**

Better and cheaper than Dress Shields. Being a complete garment, always ready to wear with any dress. The only protector that can be worn with **Shirt Waists** without sewing in. The only perfect protection from perspiration. The best One pair does the work of six.

Shield for bicycle riders.

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| No. 1. | Bust Measure 28-32. | \$ .65 |
| " 2.   | " " 34-39.          | .80    |
| " 3.   | " " 40-45.          | 1.00   |
| " 4.   | " " 46-49.          | 1.25   |

Agents Wanted. Catalogue Free. Send money by P. O. Order.

**M. DEWEY, Mir., 1397 B. West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.**

# THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

**MISS SYDNEY H. AND MRS. M. B. H.**—Personal letters addressed to you have been returned, marked unclaimed.

**MRS. A. V.**—I can only give definite information concerning corsets when a stamped and self-addressed envelope is sent me.

**MARY N.**—You can find ready-made corsets boned with genuine whalebone, but they are very expensive, owing to the high price of whalebone.

**SUBSCRIBER.**—It is better to shrink white cotton or linen duck before making it up, but do not starch it, for a soft effect in duck and piqué is stylish this season.

**DOTTIE.**—A pale brunette desiring to lighten up her cheeks at night must wear rose-pink or deep scarlet. Rich yellow sometimes has this effect, but not on a sallow complexion. (2) Wear cream lace, not the clear white.

**ECONOMY.**—A black satin skirt that needs to be lengthened by a piece an inch and a half wide at the lower edge must have a trimming to hide the joining. Three narrow, two-inch bias ruffles are newer than folds, so why not try them?

**BESSIE B.**—A black satin skirt with a colored fancy silk waist would be more appropriate for a young girl than an entire black satin dress. (2) For an inexpensive white wedding gown use nainsook, dimity, dotted Swiss or a fine wool crepon.

**COUNTRY MAID.**—A black wool skirt may be worn with a fancy waist of any color. (2) Rather than a black velvet belt and crush collar with a buff crepon try black satin ribbon, and finish the collar with a frill of cream or yellowish lace, as described in this issue.

**AVARILLA.**—Your letter reached me too late to answer in the earlier issues, but there have been several descriptions given of white organdy and lawn dresses in the JOURNAL, from which I hope you were able to select a gown suitable for your graduation exercises.

**PERPLEXITY.**—For a separate black skirt to be worn on dress occasions have satin duchesse, satin brocaded in large figures or moiré antique. These materials rank as named, but it is thought that during the coming winter season moiré antique will push satin duchesse from the first place.

**CONSTANT READER.**—How and where to get silk stockings refooted ought not to be a difficult question for one living in Quebec, where French convents abound, and the nuns there do beautiful knitting. An expert knitter will ravel out the stocking to the ankle, and after picking up the stitches knit on a new foot.

**STAY-AT-HOME.**—Narrow head gimps, about half an inch in width, are used in iridescent colors to finish the edge of large collars in a double row, but a gimp as wide as the sample you inclose should be put on in one row only on the collar and wrists; then have a crush collar of fancy ribbon four inches wide rather than a plain, high neck band.

**E. H.**—You will find it impossible to repair colored satin in any manner so as to remove the shiny look that comes with wear and which is caused by the filling rubbing away, leaving the warp of pure silk, and the more a strand of silk is rubbed the more it shines. Dyers redress satin so that it will answer for a lining, but they cannot restore the original gloss.

**S. M. A.**—Shirt-waists having detachable collars of white linen are considered more novel than when the collar is of the waist material. (2) What gloves you should wear with a traveling suit depends entirely upon the color of your traveling gown; brown gloves with a brown dress, tan with blue or green, and gray with gray dress goods form the favorite range of shades.

**MARGUERITE.**—With a navy blue and cream striped silk waist you can wear a crush collar and twist around the lower edge of the bodice of fancy green and white, blue and orange, or white figured with blue ribbon. (2) On a navy blue cheviot basque intended to be worn by a pale brunette a crush collar and full vest of fancy red and blue or pink and pale green taffeta silk would be pretty and effective.

**GRACE.**—How to lengthen a dotted Swiss skirt is easily answered with the advice to first match it, an easy task in Swiss, then lengthen with added pieces joined to the lower edge and re-face. Cover the joining with two narrow ruffles of the goods cut on the straight, shirring the top one to form an erect heading, or trim the upper and lower edges of the top ruffle and lower edge of the bottom ruffle with narrow Valenciennes lace, which is only twenty-five cents for a piece of ten yards.

**EVERHEART.**—A young lady of medium height and slender figure can wear any of the prevailing fashions in waists, and the usual five-yard godet skirt. (2) The sample of tan and blue novelty suiting which you inclose will look well with a basque having cut-away jacket fronts, with godet flutes on the hips and at the back, and revers of the goods, and a soft vest of blue chiffon. Add a crush collar of fancy blue taffeta ribbon, and a belt across the front only, fastening under the jacket, of the same.

**MRS. A. M. H.**—For a person in deep mourning the muslin underwear is of the same style and trimming as for a person wearing colored gowns. Of course, black petticoats should be worn under transparent black lawn gowns instead of white. (2) Cambric, muslin and batiste nightgowns are trimmed with Hamburg or nainsook embroidery or Valenciennes or terehon lace. (3) A widow in deep mourning has handkerchiefs with a black border from half an inch to an inch in width.

**DAW.**—Wear light tan-colored four-button glacé kid gloves with a brown wedding gown, but wear a darker pair for traveling. (2) For a breakfast gown wear a black, blue or brown serge skirt and a pretty cotton shirt-waist. (3) For a home afternoon gown have a crepon or mohair in silvery gray made with the usual godet skirt, sleeves in puff to elbow, close below, and a jacket waist cut to form godet on hips and at the back, reaching five inches below the waist-line; line this full godet part with the pink silk and use it for a full plastron; revers of the goods on the fronts; crush collar of five-inch ribbon, pink, tied in a square bow at the back.

**AMY R.**—For an inexpensive street dress to be worn during the summer and early fall have a golden-brown, green or bright blue mohair, plain or shot with white, or a mixed tweed having the same colors prominent. (2) As you are tall but short-waisted make your costume with a godet skirt five yards wide, close-fitting waist, slightly pointed back and front, and a ripple basque piece, five inches deep, sewed to the lower edge. Have the sleeves made like those in the gingham gown illustrated in the March issue. Medium-sized revers tapered to a sharp lower point, and a narrow, pointed vest of fancy silk. Have a straight collar of the dress goods, and four points of silk turned over the top of it.

**CARNATION.**—Black surah is very easy to match. (2) Do not use red and black striped silk with it. (3) Embroidery is more used for trimming gingham dresses than lace. (4) Shirt-waists will be worn as much as ever; white collars and cuffs on colored waists is the newest fad. Percalé, gingham, dimity, organdy, cotton cheviot, Madras, grass linen and piqué are the chief fabrics for these waists. (5) Have a five-yard godet skirt with sleeves like those illustrated on gingham gown in March number, and short, slightly pointed waist for your black surah gown. Add a ripple basque piece, five inches deep, and revers to the bodice, heading the full ripple with narrow jet gimp, and trimming wrists with the same. Wear pink, yellow, cream and cherry collars.

**C. I.**—It is probable that plain-colored and gros-grain silks will be fashionable in the fall, so your dress will come in nicely. Have a five-yard godet skirt and interline it to a depth of fifteen inches all around; interline the sleeves only with the two ruffles on the upper part of the lining; the sleeves should have a soft effect similar to those shown in the illustration of a gingham gown in the March JOURNAL. Cut the waist as a jacket waist, similar to the one in the March issue, where fronts open over a soft vest of black chiffon dotted with jet spangles, and godet flutes show on the sides and at the back. Have large revers and trim lower edge of basque and wrists with narrow jet spangle gimp. Wear different colored ribbon or velvet crush collars with the black gown to brighten it somewhat.

**H. G.**—If you wish to make over a gown for general wear I would not advise silk panels in the skirt. Your material is a castor crepon, and can be combined with a plain or mixed cheviot, granite or armure rather than with a smooth-surfaced goods. Of the new fabric have large sleeves, flat vest, ripple basque piece, and revers running up to the shoulders in a square effect. Cut the present waist short and slightly pointed back and front; have a collar of fancy taffeta ribbon four inches wide, and tied in a bow at the back. Make a five-yard godet skirt, interlining it fifteen inches deep all around, and add new goods, either as panels next to a front width—other than the one having a centre seam—or use the newer fabric for a front breadth, in either case taking the length, besides three yards for the waist adjustments. Had you sent your address a personal letter would have assisted you sooner.

**AMELIA.**—While stopping at a fashionable hotel wear a plain street dress or your traveling suit to breakfast; at dinner wear a handsome street costume; a light silk waist and black silk skirt, or what would be called a home toilette of changeable silk trimmed with lace and cut with the tiniest of square necks. (2) Your sample of bluish-gray foule will combine with a fancy suiting showing this shade prominently, or a changeable silk. In either case use the new material for skirt panels on each side of the front breadth, and for a loose puff to the sleeves similar to the one shown on the gingham gown illustrated in the March issue. Cut the original waist short, with a point back and front and add a ripple basque piece of the new goods. Revers of either material reaching up to the shoulders in epaulette effects, and a crush collar of ribbon of the contrasting color shown in the new goods, which ought to be green.

**DAISY.**—If you use Lansdowne for your wedding gown you can have a yoke shirred around the low neck and again around the throat of white chiffon. The waist should be cut to the waist-line at the back and to a short point in front, trimming this edge with the pearl passementerie, and also the low neck. If the puffed elbow sleeves are very full they will answer; otherwise cover them with chiffon, and in either case finish with a band of the trimming and a ruffle of the chiffon. (2) Your wedding veil should be of tulle two yards and a half to three yards square, depending upon the length of your train. (3) Wear white kid slippers, white hose and twelve-button length white suede kid gloves. The handkerchief is not in evidence, as the bride carries a bouquet, and, sometimes, a white kid, silver, etc., prayer-book. (4) For a traveling gown for a blonde bride purchase a bright blue, grayish-tan or grayish-green mohair shot with white. (4) The fashionable color to pre-dominate in bridesmaids' toilettes is rose-pink, then apple-green, yellow, or turquoise blue.

**HOUSEWIFE.**—A cleansing fluid that has been very highly recommended to me by a practical woman pharmacist is made as follows: One gallon of gasoline, one teaspoonful of ether, one teaspoonful of chloroform, two teaspoonfuls of ammonia, one gill of alcohol; mix well and be very careful not to use near a fire or in a closed room. Do not use the last half cupful if cleaning delicate colors, as the ammonia settles and will discolor light fabrics. Buy the last four drugs in quantities of an ounce, and keep for future use what is not needed at once. This fluid will cleanse silk and woolen materials without causing the fabric to shrink. It will not yellow white goods. It may be used on the most delicate colors and fabrics. Pour out sufficient of the fluid to cover the article to be cleaned, using a china wash bowl or new tin pan; put the article in and wash as you would in water, rubbing the soiled spots especially with an old soft toothbrush on a flat surface. Wring out from this and rinse in a second portion of the fluid; wring out again and hang in a draft until the fluid evaporates. Save the fluid thus used, as it can be used the second time on dark materials like men's clothes, black dresses, carpets, etc. If the article is too large to put in the fluid use a sponge or cloth similar in color to the soiled fabric.

**BESSIE L.**—A woman of sixty years can wear a traveling dress of dark gray or navy blue mohair, serge or a mixed tweed showing one of these colors prominently. (2) For a light-weight wool for church wear during any season select a tweed mixture of green and tan or blue and gray. If you are short and stout make it with an eight-gore godet skirt, stiffly interlined to a depth of ten inches. Have a short, pointed waist, to which add a five-inch ripple basque piece not very full over the hips. Make the sleeves similar to those illustrated in the gingham gown in the March issue. Have revers of your goods continuing up to the shoulders to fall over the sleeves in epaulette effect. Trim the front of the bodice with a narrow vest of changeable green or blue silk laid in a double box-plait and narrowing to a point; have a crush collar of the same silk. (3) Ruffled skirts and round yokes should not be worn by a short, stout figure. (4) Designs for lawn gowns were given in the March and May issues of the JOURNAL. (5) Summer frocks for nice wear for girls of seven years are of small-figured challie, grass linen, white dotted Swiss, organdy or dimity, also figured goods of the same weaves. Small girls also wear striped wash silks, piqués, lawns, crépons and plain-colored Japanese silks, and the silk and cotton gingham. The simpler the material, trimming and make of little girls' every-day frocks the more suitable, sensible and becoming they will be. For very warm weather chesecloth, in either cream or white, makes most comfortable and dainty little frocks.

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EVERYTHING ABOUT  
THE HOUSE

The Domestic Editor will be glad to answer, on this page, questions of a general domestic nature. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

**ANDERSON**—The fifth wedding anniversary is the wooden one.

**GOSHEN**—The terrapin season begins about October 1, and ends the last of March.

**DELAWARE**—Blue is an excellent color to use for a room which has a western exposure.

**GARFIELD PARK**—Probably the most serviceable material for bedroom curtains is dotted Swiss.

**LEHIGH VALLEY**—The East Indian "pomele" is the same fruit as the shaddock and grape fruit.

**GRANDMOTHER**—We shall endeavor shortly to furnish you with some designs for patchwork quilts.

**GRAYSON**—Oil paintings require very heavy gilt frames. Etchings and water-colors do not require very elaborate framing.

**GARDINER**—Olives are served through the first courses of a dinner and removed before the dessert is placed upon the table.

**LAREDO**—Open bookcases are much more used at present than those with glass doors, but there is no telling when this order of things will be reversed.

**LOTTIE**—Bedroom curtains are now made of plain white muslin with ruffles of the same, made wide enough to allow of them being fluted.

**NETTIE**—A cement made of four parts of rosin, one of beeswax and one of brick dust melted together, will fasten the handles of knives and forks which may have become loosened.

**MAUD C.**—It has always been claimed that table napkins were in use long before forks were invented, and that upon the introduction of the fork the napkin was for quite a period of time discarded.

**LANSOWNE**—You can buy, or order, from any hardware or house-furnishing store brass rods by the foot, and the end-fittings by the dozen, and have them cut to the desired length for your sash curtains.

**ALEXINA**—The snail season lasts from January until the very end of February; the principal market for them in this country is New York City, where they are very much in demand, particularly by Englishmen.

**LITTLE MISS G.**—You can purchase at almost any house-furnishing store a basket for drying lettuce. You will find it of great service if, as you say, you use lettuce a great deal. Simply ask the dealer for a drying basket.

**LETTIE**—Cream horseradish is made by pressing the vinegar from the horseradish which comes in bottles, and adding to about six tablespoonfuls of the radish a little salt, the beaten yolk of an egg and half a cupful of whipped cream.

**MRS. HORACE**—Why not have a "conundrum dinner"? Invite each guest to bring a conundrum "as an aid to intellectual digestion." Have the conundrums propounded during the dinner, and to the guest bringing the best one give a prize.

**M. M. D.**—The principal hindrance to the introduction of electricity in private houses for cooking purposes consists in the great expense attached to the cooking utensils. The cost of the electricity, too, has proved to be more than that of cooking gas or coal.

**NETTIE**—Caper sauce, to eat with boiled mutton, is made by adding a tablespoonful of capers to each half pint of thick sauce made either from milk or white stock. The capers should neither be cooked nor chopped, but added to the sauce just before it is sent to the table.

**ANNA**—"Corn bread" and "Johnny-cake" are not one and the same thing. The latter is simply a cake made of Indian meal mixed with water or milk, seasoned with salt and baked between the fire, while the former is made of Indian meal, milk, eggs, sugar, etc., and baked in a tin in the oven.

**MYRTLE**—To remove the finger marks from your piano use a very soft chamois skin that has been wrung out of tepid water. When your piano needs polishing apply to the firm from which you bought it for a person to do the polishing. Only an expert understands the method of doing the work properly.

**NORWICH**—Delicious waffles may be made by mixing well together three scant cups of well-sifted flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, two well-beaten eggs and two cups of sweet milk. Beat briskly for five minutes and bake in well-greased, hot waffle irons. Butter as soon as cooked and serve very hot.

**G. L. M.**—The number of courses for a dinner-party depends altogether upon the desire of the hostess. A simple dinner usually consists of six, a more elaborate one of about ten. (2) Lemon is always served with raw oysters. (3) Dinner cards are nearly always used even at informal dinner-parties; menu cards are not as much in vogue as formerly.

**ELISE**—Square dining-tables, which with the leaves removed will seat eight persons comfortably, are very much used at the present time. (2) A very simply decorated dinner-table is always the prettiest and the most conducive to good appetite in the summer time. (3) No combination in colors is more effective, on a warm evening, than green and white.

**GLADYS**—Stains of rust may be removed from fine table-linen in the following manner: Dip the articles in water and rub the spot well with soap. Then heat a flat iron, place over it a damp cloth, and hold over it the stained articles, having first rubbed into the rust spots a little oxalic acid. The heat and the moisture combined will soon make the stains disappear.

**GERTIE**—The following is a good receipt for cookies: Two cups of soft white sugar, two eggs, three-fourths of a cup of butter, one teaspoonful baking soda, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-half cup of milk, nutmeg or cinnamon to taste, or a little of both may be used. Dissolve the soda in the milk, and stir in sufficient flour to make a stiff dough. Roll very thin and bake in a quick oven.

**LUCETTE**—One pretty course for your dinner might be a mayonnaise of celery or crab served in tomatoes. Cut off the tops of as many large, firm tomatoes as you have guests, scoop out all the central part of the tomatoes, rinse them in ice water, drain thoroughly and fill with the salad. Set each tomato on a bed of lettuce and you will have a most attractive dish to set before your little company.

**SALLIE**—To make cream of rice soup, boil a cupful of rice with a quart of white stock until the rice is tender; season with a little onion juice and a leaf or two of celery, then press through a sieve and add to it a pint of hot milk; season to taste with salt and white pepper, and serve. The addition of a little cream just before serving is an improvement, but do not allow the soup to boil after adding the cream.

**DOT**—Peanut sandwiches are made by pounding peanuts with a little salt in a mortar until they are pulverized, and spreading the result on thin slices of bread and butter; peanut sandwiches are usually cut round with a cake cutter. (2) "CROUTONS" for soup are made by removing the crust from slices of bread that have been cut about half an inch thick, cutting each slice into tiny squares and frying the squares brown and crisp in hot butter.

**WINNIE**—"Poverty parties," as far as the amusements that are furnished are concerned, are very much the same as other parties; the poverty portion lies in the supper, which is served upon a wooden table in wooden or crockery dishes, and consists of only the very plainest viands—pork and beans, chicory and potato salad, brown bread, cold corned beef, etc. The invitations are usually written on brown wrapping paper and inclosed in yellow envelopes.

**RIDGETOWN**—A good marshmallow paste may be made by soaking half a pound of gum-arabic in about a pint of water and adding gradually a pint of powdered sugar and the beaten whites of two eggs. Place in a farina kettle and stir carefully until it boils, then flavor with any essence desired, and pour into a shallow pan which has previously been powdered with cornstarch. After the mass is thoroughly cool cut into squares and cover generously with confectioner's sugar.

**MAILDEN**—If you do not enjoy broiled ham try the following method of cooking it: Have your frying-pan very hot and your slices of ham evenly cut and nicely trimmed, then lay them in the hot pan, and as they brown on one side turn them over on the other; when both sides are brown pour over them a third of a cupful of boiling water, cover the pan closely and set to one side of the range for ten or fifteen minutes until the ham has absorbed the water. Then place it on a hot platter, put a tiny piece of butter on each slice and serve very hot.

**A. W.**—If you want a tongue to be perfectly satisfactory select one that is firm, thick and smooth, and have it trimmed carefully; then wash it thoroughly, tie it in shape with a band of strong white muslin, and set it over the range in a pot of briskly-boiling water, to which a teaspoonful of vinegar has been added, and let it simmer slowly for about two hours. If you intend to have it served cold allow it to cool in the water in which it has been boiled. When cool remove the skin and muslin and garnish with parsley before sending it to the table.

**THREE LITTLE GIRLS**—To make good chocolate candy cut into small pieces two squares of unsweetened chocolate, mix with three-quarters of a cup of milk and three cups of pulverized sugar, and set on the range until it boils, stirring constantly and adding a dessert-spoonful of butter. When you think it has boiled sufficiently test by dropping a little into cold water; if it is firm it will be done—do not allow it to cook until it becomes brittle; then add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and pour into buttered plates. As soon as it is firm, and before it is quite cool, cut it into squares the size of caramels.

**LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER**—The best way to clean dried currants is to mix with them a very little dry flour, and shake them in a coarse sieve until all the flour shall have passed through its meshes, then wash them thoroughly and pick out all the stalks etc., which are generally mixed up with them, and then spread on a flat surface in a warm place to dry. Do not attempt to use currants in either cake or pudding until you are quite certain that they are perfectly dry, nor until you have dredged some flour over them, otherwise they will sink to the bottom and make your cake or pudding unpalatable.

**MANY INQUIRERS**—To make good bread, mix together two quarts of luke-warm water, two good-sized potatoes boiled and mashed fine, one tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, piece of lard size of an egg, and half a pint of yeast. Into this stir enough flour to make a thick sponge, and set to rise in a warm place. If the weather is cold it may be allowed to rise over night. In the morning knead well, using flour enough to shape into loaves. Put into pans that have been warmed and well greased, and allow them to rise again until the loaves begin to crack on the top, then bake about an hour. This quantity will make four medium-sized loaves.

**TARRYTOWN**—Sponge-cake demands many eggs in its composition and there is very little use in attempting to make it without, at least, six. The following receipt has always proved satisfactory: Separate carefully the whites and yolks of six eggs, having previously taken the weight of five of them in sugar and three of them in finely-sifted flour; beat the yolks of the eggs and sugar together until very smooth, then add the grated rind and juice of half a lemon and the sifted flour, and finally the whites, that should previously have been beaten into a stiff froth. When all these ingredients are thoroughly incorporated pour the batter into sponge-cake tins lined with greased white paper, and bake in a moderate oven.

**MARY Q.**—The following menu will do very nicely for your son's birthday dinner:

- Julienne Soup
- Salmon Trout, Cream Sauce
- Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms
- Potatoes au Gratin
- Green Peas
- Creamed Cauliflower
- Lemon Sherbet
- Roast Squash
- Mayonnaise of Celery
- Fruit
- Ice-cream Almond Pudding
- Nuts and Raisins
- Bonbons
- Crackers
- Coffee
- Cheese

**MRS. JULIA**—There are two methods of cleansing white goatskin rugs: If not very much soiled wet a soft cloth with naphtha and rub the hair vigorously, doing a small portion at a time, then hang the rug upon the line in the open air that the odor may disappear. Do this work in the daylight and have no fire in the room while using the naphtha. If it is necessary to wash the rug choose a cool, windy day for the purpose. Throw a half pint of household ammonia into a tub containing about four gallons of water. Place the rug in the tub, and allow it to remain there thirty minutes; shake it thoroughly in the water, rinse carefully in luke-warm water and hang in the shade in the open air. When dry it will be found very stiff, but may be softened by hard rubbing and combing with the fingers. When chenille curtains are first taken down they should be taken into the open air and beaten and brushed free from dust; the curtains should also be washed in the open air. First allow them to stand for fifteen minutes in a tub containing two quarts of benzine and two quarts of boiling water, then shake up and down, wring, and hang on the line in the shade. Before they are allowed to dry thoroughly pull them this way and that to remove creases. Let them hang in the air until the odor of the benzine has been completely removed.

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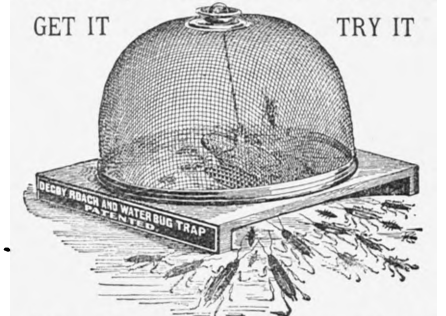
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The most durable and economical paint made.  
\$1.50 per gallon. Freight paid to any R. R. station east of Denver. A booklet "How to Increase the size of your Home (with paint)" free for the asking, or 18 actual combinations of proper house coloring for four 2c. stamps or free from our agents.  
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**HOYT'S PATENT SPRING CLOTHES PIN.**  
5c. a doz.  
THE J. R. CLARK CO. SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

**HOYT'S SPRING CLOTHES-PIN**  
economical, durable, convenient. Costs a little more, but in the clothes it does not tear, saves its price many times over in a year. It springs fast (never comes loose); not pressed down like others to tear delicate fabrics.

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SEE THAT THIS LABEL IS ON EACH BAG, PACKAGE OR BARREL OF OUR FLOUR YOU BUY



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OF THE ENTIRE WHEAT  
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If your dealer will not supply you send us \$5.00 for a barrel, or \$2.75 for a half-barrel.

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USE  
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a palate tickler

Good at all times on almost everything  
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Easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. Round, square and oblong. 2 round layer tins by mail, 35 cents. Catalogue free.

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