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# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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#### THE STORY OF FIVE PROPOSALS

Five Leaves From the Life of a Western Society Girl

As Told by Herself

[With Illustrations by A. B. Wenzell]

HEN I began to let down my skirts and put up my hair, and while I was emerging from the schoolgirl chrys-alis into the butterfly young lady, my curiosity was aroused in no small degree upon the subject of the way in which



"One day when we were driving."

men proposed. I wanted to know the words they used, the tones, the looks, the gestures. I wondered if it were a solemn performance or a gay one; if the girl were always happy, or sometimes if she were not a little bit frightened. My ideas were primitive in the extreme. I questioned my mother, my married sister, my aunts. My guestions all were answered, except what mother, my married sister, my aunts. My questions all were answered, except what "he" said upon the supreme occasion. When they arrived at that point they suddenly "forgot." But to my suspicious mind their sparkling eyes belied their words. Evidently they wouldn't, perhaps they couldn't bring themselves to tell it of they couldn't bring themselves to tell it of men they married. I clinched my hands and registered a vow. If ever I were so and registered a vow. If ever I were so fortunate as to have an offer of marriage, and did not accept it, I would remember every word, even if I had to excuse myself in the midst of it to take notes! Then when other girls asked me just what he said, I also vowed to tell them. It is not idle curiosity which makes them ask. It is the deep interest they feel at the border of the enchanted land, as to what the knight will say and do, when they have pressed their say and do, when they have pressed their dainty feet upon his domain, and entered the kingdom where they at any day may meet him. Books do not help them. They want real life.



"Could you love an ugly old fellow like me?"

The following instances are my answers to their questions. They are bona fide.

They are just what I would have given one of my ears to have heard with the other.

A most wise mother having decreed that I should be sheltered from the boy-and-girl flirtations, the "veal love," as my brother calls it, to which most girls are subject, I grew up with a mind singularly free from all such travesties. Of course, this had the drawback of making me timid among men drawback of making me timid among men, and induced primitive but lofty ideals of love. I thought all men gentlemen, all women honest, all love honorable. My naturally romantic imagination was peopled with these prodicine

with these prodigies, entirely the creation of my own brain. I knew nothing of flirting. Small wonder then, that I was by turns, the puzzle, the terror, and I doubt not, the laughing-stock of the first men I met, for there always are smart young fellows ready to ridicule an innocence which they cannot understand

THE summer I was sixteen was the momentous one of my first proposal. I went to spend my vacation with four cousins in Kentucky. Gay, charming girls were they, living in a low, rose-covered house on the edge of town. Although

at home men were not allowed to call, here they could not be kept away from me, as my cousins had them by the score.

The day before my birthday I met a man —a universal beau— —a universal beau—as skilled in the art of flirting as I was unskilled. He flattered me until my head swam, and went through all the first stages of a flirtation without once hinting of marriage. In a confused, blind way I felt that something was confused, blind way I felt that something was wrong. I was ashamed to tell any one, but I thought he ought to know that I did not think of him as he professed to think of me. Still all he said was so intangible I could not refute it nor speak out frankly myspeak out frankly my-self.

One day when we

were driving, he sud-denly threw his arm around me and tried

to kiss me. Frightened out of my wits, I sprang up and actually had my foot on the step prepared to go out over the wheels, when he

out over the wheels, when he caught my hand.
"Sit down, child!" he said.
"I won't touch you."
Never shall I forget the humiliation of that moment. As I look back I think nothing more unfortunate ever happened to me than that attempted kiss. It blistered the unspotted page of my childish belief in men, and my childish belief in men, and the welt has never been smoothed

out.

"There was no harm in what I did," he went on. "It was because I think so much of you."

No answer from me. I knew now that he was flirting with me.

"Take me home," I said abruptly. In the silence which followed my thoughts spun round and round. I could not formu-late them. Suddenly he said: 'I love you."

I turned and looked at him. It was the first time he had spoken that word.

spoken that word.
"Yes, I love you," he said.
"I am very sorry," I faltered,
losing my new-found courage
and indignation at once.
"Sorry?" he echoed.
"Yes years corn, for I do not

"Yes, very sorry, for I do not love you."
"Why do you tell me that?" he cried.

"Why couldn't you let me love you for the

few weeks you will be down here, without throwing cold water over me in that way?"
"Love me for a few weeks," I said, puzzled. "How do you mean?"
He laughed in a slightly embarrassed way, without reply, so I went on: "Was that cold water? I did not mean to be gude I only meant to be honest. I do rude, I only meant to be honest. I do not want to give you any unnecessary

not want to give you any unnecessary pain."

He regarded me curiously.
"So you think you couldn't love me?" he asked.
"Not well enough to—to marry you," I said with averted face and deep embarrassment. Another long silence which nearly set me frantic. What had I done? Why didn't he talk? What could he be thinking of? Presently he broke in vehemently with:
"Yes, I do want you, and you will marry me, won't you?"
"Oh, no! please don't ask me. I was afraid of this, only I couldn't tell you sooner," I faltered, quite alarmed by his earnestness. He persuaded and coaxed, and I grew almost tearful in denying him. Finally he said:
"Well, I won't tease you any more. You will have lots of sweethearts after a said in the said was a said with the me tall you this." If

You will have lots of sweethearts after a while, and just let me tell you this: If you treat them as you have me they will thank God, as I do, that they have met and loved one perfectly honest woman."
And as he helped me down at our own door he added, "I shall never get over this, I shall never marry."
He did not come in with me, thereby

making everybody on the porch smile, as my guilty aspect could not have failed to

I certainly heard a sound behind the blinds, but did not dare to look around.
"Oh, Mr. John!" I said again, like an



"Forget everything I ever said."

"Could you love an ugly old fellow like me?" he pursued, describing me in three equally flattering words, which I forbear to

repeat.

"Oh, I don't think you are so very ugly," I said eagerly trying to be both polite and honest—a difficult feat, by-the-

way.
A subdued flapping of the curtain behind me made my hair rise, and my confusion was complete when Mr. John

hair rise, and my confusion was complete when Mr. John threw his head back and laughed so heartily he nearly lost his balance. He interrupted my apology, and grew suddenly grave.

"Too ugly and old for you to love me, sweetheart, but not too old and ugly to love you. Pretty soon you'll go back up North, but you'll not forget that there's one old fellow down South who loves you, and would marry you, no matter how old you were—you couldn't be ugly—any time you wanted him."

"Oh, how good you are!" I exclaimed sincerely, for his offer seemed, to my inexperience, a very handsome one.

"Promise me that if you ever change your mind you will send for me," he added, exhilarated to especial munificence by my gratitude. Much impressed, I gave the required promise. He begged a rose from me and came in. I called the girls, who entered with mischievous eyes, and he made a long call, quite as if he had not been rejected to start with.

I chronicle these with great faithfulness,

not been rejected to start with.

I chronicle these with great faithfulness, because they were my first, and because



"I love you even if you are an American."

do. His tone was so tragic that I thought perhaps he would kill himself. I saw myself the cause of his bachelor life, and felt like a criminal. But—he did not die, he married another girl. I did not know then, but I do now, that "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

THE next was from a man who professed to care a great deal for me. It came about in this way: I was standing at the top of the piazza steps as he came up the walk, and overhead the honeysuckle and nephetos roses met and made an arch. No one was in sight, but my mischievous cousins were behind the closed blinds and heard every word, especially as they said Mr. John talked louder than ever in moments of tenderness, so they claimed that his proposal could have been heard "out in the big road." He took off his hat and stopped at the foot of the steps. Without a word of preface he said:

"If I could see that sweet picture every night when I came home, I wouldn't ask the Lord to give me another thing! Do especially as they said

night when I came home, I wouldn't ask the Lord to give me another thing! Do you think you could do it for me?"
"What, stand here every night?" I said, laughing, thinking it merely a compliment to my white dress.
"Yes, stand there every night and let me know that yours was the face of my wife."
I was too stunned to answer.

I was too stunned to answer. "Will you?"

"Oh, Mr. John!" I gasped. [You will notice, friends, that I do not play a very heroic part in these interviews, being too frightened to be self-conscious and too

ignorant to be coquettish.]
"I love you, sweetheart," he said. "You are the only woman I have ever loved."



"Did you understand?" he whispered.



for a whole year afterward I scarcely spoke to a man. Then came an end to school-days, my début and—freedom, did you say? No, a slavery far worse than that of the schoolroom.

The next few were so conventional they seem to leave nothing to tell. They were echoes of the ballroom and theatre. I remember every word of them, however. cannot think but that all women do. And I believe that no matter how much of a villain such a man afterward may become, in the heart of the woman he once honored by asking her to be his wife, there always are gentle thoughts of him despite his sins, and, hidden under all, the secret wonder if such sins would have existed had her answer been "yes" instead of "no."

Of course, experience of many things came with several seasons in society, and came with several seasons in society, and being naturally adaptable, I soon learned how to conduct myself under trying circumstances. Each season laid its tributes at my feet, and to all I listened willingly, hoping, yes undeniably hoping that some one would speak, whose words would bring a flutter to my pulses, which hitherto had remained disgracefully cool and still. Other wirls fell in love, and even though some girls fell in love, and even though some fell out again, why not I? I quite longed for the experience. It seemed downright cold-blooded to have only sympathy to give—which, by the way, never was wanted—when I felt it my duty to feel love.

Presently I had a curious and disagreea-ble experience; Maud still reproaches me about it. This younger sister of mine was a gay thing who would have her fun, but who possessed in reserve an infinite quantity of hauteur, with which she annihilated nay, positively effaced, men who aspired too high. This proposal makes me by turns, angry, amused and remorseful.

was from a young Englishman, of glorious family, old but decayed. His haughty mother openly detested America, and regarded American girls as only bearable if enormously wealthy. Her one ambition was to restore the fallen grandeur of her house. Her eldest son married a cool million. Her youngest, her idol, was so foolish as to fall blindly in love with a dowerless girl.

He made as much love to me as he dared under the stony eyes of his mother, and then I went with my family to the seashore for the summer. Perhaps he missed me; for the summer. Perhaps he missed me; perhaps she forbade him to consider me. At any rate something made him follow me. Mamma detested him on account of his morals, Maud liked his pedigree and his dancing. Right here let me say that Maud were at odds upon the subject of men only.

I remember that he was playing the Pilgrim Chorus for Maud when I came in from a walk, and when my sister discreetly excused herself, he said admiringly:

"What a neat little filly you are!"
"Use the plural, please," I said.
"Plural, how?" he questioned stupidly.

He was English, remember.

"Phyllis, not filly. Besides, how dare you compare me to a horse! I detest it."

"I hope you don't detest me, for I love

"Nonsense! What would your mother say if she could hear you wooing a girl who is no heiress—a plebeian American at that! Take care!"

"I don't care what she'd say! I love you great an American."

you even if you are an American. I love all America for your sake, although I confess I used to hate it. Only an American shall be my wife, if she will have me, and my mother shall receive her! The little American shall hold her own with even my

mother. What does she say?"
"She says this: The little American is too proud to marry into any family where she is not welcomed by all. The slurs cast upon American girls by your mother in my presence, ring in my ears too loudly for me to hear you. I recognize no aristocracy save that of mind and soul, and that I cannot afford to imperil. Perhaps an American will some day be as proud to marry me as I shall be to marry an American—one who loves my country for her own grand sake and not for mine, and in whose home both shall be reverenced and not insulted. Your mother's pride forbids you to marry aught save money. My pride forbids me to marry aught save the man."
"Hang me if I don't tell her what you say!" he exclaimed in delight. "What a

say!" he exclaimed in delight. "What a high-stepper you are! I like you for it. You ought to be in our family. I'll marry you yet, and my mother shall be as glad to get you as I, for I love you, Phyllis."

"If you do, you will never mention the subject to me again, for not only do I not love you in the least, but I can't even respect a man of your well-known habits. I'vermonstrated with you often, and you won't remonstrated with you often, and you won't

remonstrated with you often, and you won't even try to give them up. You make a bad lover; you would make a worse husband."
"I'll reform if you'll marry me. I'll give up cards. You're such an angel, Phyllis, you could do anything with me. I'm a bad lot, I know, but if I could be with you always I couldn't help being better."
"Try it alone first. You are going down hill fast. Be a man for the sake of your own manhood, and not to please a weak woman."

"I can't, I need your daily help."

"You shall have it," I said eagerly. Come and see me every day if you like.

No, I mean your hourly presence. I must be sure of you first. I want to reform for my wife. Dear Phyllis, please say yes.'' I hesitated. I did not love him. Should

-could I?
"No, no!" I said. "I hope you won't think me unkind, but I can't."
"Unkind!" he echoed. "I think you are the cruelest girl I ever knew. I don't believe you love me at all."

"Why of course I don't! Did you

I think that you have driven me to despair. And when the worst comes just say to yourself, 'This is my work. I alone could have saved him and I wouldn't.'"
"I sha'n't,'' I said, hastily and inelegantly.

"Because it isn't; it won't be; I don't."
"Phyllis, you little think what you have done to-day. If you persist you have deliberately destroyed a man's soul. Men's souls are in the hands of women. Mine is

souls are in the hands of women. Mine is in yours. What will you do with it?"

As usual I was badly frightened. I felt faint, but I stood up and held out both hands to him, saying tremblingly:

"I give it back to you just as I received I dare not undertake the responsibility. Make of it what you will."

He crushed both my hands in his and then flung them from him.

"I'll go to the Devil then!" he said, and—I think he kept his word.
Was I wrong? Tell me, you who, in similar cases, have taken the other step? How have you fared? How has he kept his

ONE day came an offer from a man who had loved me ever since I was a little girl, and who is the only lover I ever had who became my friend afterward. Strange how soon men's love turns to hate if one does not give what they ask. True, they do not want much—simply a woman's heart and soul and mind and name and identity! And because these are not handed over with a grateful smile, lo, your lover becomes— anything but your friend. All but this one. seems to me I must always have known that he loved me, and he is still so unselfish and patient a friend that I always think of

"Phyllis, we have gone this far in life apart. Can't we go the rest of the way together?" And when I said "no," and

began to excuse myself, he stopped me:
"Dear girl, don't say that to me. I have loved you much too long and too well not to know you. I understand all you would say. Trust me as I trust you, and forget everything I ever said, except that my heart aches with love for you. Remember that always. Shall we walk on?"

I was so dismayed by his abrupt dismissal of the subject that I nearly fell down instead. How conventionality helps a woman through even a crisis in her life! We walked But I feel a little breathless over that one, even yet.

THE last one was from a man at a ball. On his dress-coat, as he claimed me for a waltz, was a long white thread. I smilingly called his attention to it and took it off. Maud saw me, and knowing things were in that interesting condition when a word would precipitate matters, thought to tease

Who is it that says if a woman will take the trouble to pick a thread from a man's coat, that man may have her for the asking?" She laughed gleefully at our discomfiture and floated away in the arms of her partner. Her mocking face reappeared to us at intervals throughout the dance.

The first time we stopped to promenade my partner glanced down at me, and there, caught in the flowers of my gown, was this same long thread. He bent down to take it off just as we came to a clearing among the dancers.

e dancers.
"What are you doing?" I said.
"I'm picking threads off your coat," he repeated, stepping in front of me. "Will you?" I thought he meant would I go on with the waltz. I laid my hand in his and we melted into our places.
"Did you understand?" he whispered.

Now, it is bad enough to have to refuse a man on the sofa, but to have to do it when you are in his very arms; when, while he tells you over and over that he loves you, he can emphasize with a hand pressure, without reproof; when every second you are imperceptibly being drawn closer and closer, until the wretched truth dawns upon you that the music and the dance are secondary things, and that in reality you are being hugged, actually hugged by a man whom you are not going to marry—you must resist the impulse to put both hands against him and push with all your might. You simply get tired suddenly and are taken to your chaperon, where at least you can refuse him properly.

There have been all kinds of men, as Maud says, "mostly eligibles." Would you have chosen any of them, or, like me, let one after another pass because no answer rose in your soul? The man is yet to come who can strike a spark from the heart of

PHYLLIS PERCHANCE.

#### HER PICTURE

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

SO long—a hundred years ago! The orchard stood all white. Because her face has caught the glow Of summer, just in sight,
And she looked beyond its boughs, I know, For her eyes hold Heaven's light.

"My Cicely," the letters old Seem written through a tear; How tenderly the story's told Of him who put them here! The passing of her hair's young gold Took light from all the year.

" My Cicely "-'twere easily said To such a one as she; Methinks the leaves they whispered, The blossoms bent to see, When on God's world her smile it shed As she doth smile at me!

"My Cicely," somewhere to-day The grass blows at your feet; Yet these old letters plainly say How one spring was complete, Because that time you passed this way Earth found a thing so sweet!

#### CAN A WOMAN REFORM A MAN?

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



THINK the best and surest way to reform a man is to begin with his grand-parents. If the young woman who is contemplating marriage to-day will take this idea into

consideration and act accordingly, she will be saving some other woman a century hence the trouble of re-

forming her grandson.

Nothing is more absurd than for two young people to declare that their love affair is wholly their own business. Results are every day convincing us that the marriage of any two people is an affair which concerns the interests of a whole community. The young woman who runs away with a dissipated or a dishonest man, and marries him against the wishes of her friends, is not merely causing herself sorrow, but she is causing sorrow for women

Therefore, I say, if we wish to reform the world, let us begin with the grandparents of unborn generations.

I would not advise any woman to marry a man with an idea of reforming him. have seen this effort too often end in ig-nominious failure. And yet I have known men to be reformed, and to stay reformed, through the influence of a good woman.

I have always felt convinced, however, that the man who was reformed by a woman would have eventually reformed himself, at all events he could have done so.

The man who has contracted vicious habits in his early youth becomes disgusted with them and himself before he reaches thirty, if he is not almost wholly dominated by his lower nature. When he reforms it is because his spiritual nature has the ascendancy. When a woman succeeds in reforming him it is because his spiritual nature is influenced by her. The very same influence—patience, devotion and self-sacrifice—would not have effected a reform in a man whose higher nature was less de-

veloped.

I believe that each one of us is connected with divinity by a spark of light within. In some it is a mere speck of light. In others it is a steady flame, in others a burning fire, and the physical nature is a mere

grate which contains this fire.

Perhaps the man within whom the spark is very small and feeble may conceive a mad infatuation for some woman who be-lieves she can reform him through this love. But if he is merely infatuated with a woman in whom the divine principle is feeble, his reformation is liable to be on an unstable foundation. The man who has unstable foundation. The man who has felt the divine within the woman appealing to his better nature, who has felt the holy spark within his soul fanned into a larger flame by her influence, who has felt her spiritual influence above her physical charms, that man may be reformed and stay reformed, although his past may have been worse than that of the prodigal son. And yet I think, as I said before, that the spiritual nature which enabled him to respond to this woman's love could have saved him by its own upreaching force, perhaps. The woman was merely a mouth-piece for the divine to call to the divinity within him, and enable it to gain the as-

cendancy.
Vicious habits are merely the result of a lack of clear vision. I do not believe any man or woman is dissipated or immoral from choice. Increase a man's moral perceptions and he will reform himself. But there must be the moral eyes before he can have the moral eyesight.

I do not believe a man was ever reformed by scolding or sarcasm. Tears and repinings and complaints soon grow to be an old story to him. He can find more pleasure among his convivial companions than he finds in such a home. Alas, that it should be so.

Good women ought to study the art of pleasing more than they do. No woman can afford to fall back upon her goodness to reform a man. It is a dangerous experiment and one that rarely succeeds. The average man must be entertained.

A man who has been a hard drinker or opium victim cannot suddenly give up his vices without some stimulant to take their place for a time. A man accustomed to the excitement of gay company cannot sud-denly become satisfied with the dullness and stupidity which many good people allow to creep into their homes.

I suppose no two men could be reformed by the same means, however. Each needs to be studied, and the treatment should be specially suited to each individ-

I once knew a woman who, after having tried tears, coaxing, affection and all gentle methods vainly, finally effected a permanent cure in a man by rather severe

She had married him wholly unconscious that he was addicted to periodical attacks of drinking. These spells lasted sometimes several days, sometimes several weeks, and occasionally months. He did not go away from home at such times nor indulge in wild orgies, he simply remained in his room drinking steadily until he be-came maudlin and incoherent. Then an illness, a serious complication in neglected business affairs, or the complete prostration of his wife would cause him to reform temporarily, but the moral collapse was sure to

After several years of this life, and after having exhausted all gentle methods, the wife made a resolution. One day her husband rose rather late from a stupid drunken sleep, and found her busily packing two

large trunks.
"What are you doing? Where are you going?" he asked in astonishment.

"I am going home to my parents!" she replied quietly, without looking at him. "I have decided that you prefer liquor to my love and respect, and therefore I will leave you in undisturbed happiness with my successful rival. I have resolved upon this step for the sake of our two boys. I think I owe it to them to take them away from your example. You can let our friends suppose that I have gone on a visit, until you decide that it can no longer be concealed that I have gone forever.

Before she had finished speaking the man had broken into wild sobs, and with trembling limbs and shaking voice he begged her to give him one more trial. With seeming reluctance she unpacked her trunks and consented to give him one more chance to

"But if I ever see you under the influence of liquor again, I shall go, never to return, for the sake of the boys!" she said firmly. He had no sooner left the house than the poor wife fell to sobbing wildly herself, for the rôle she had resolved to play was a desperate one. It was successful, however, and to this day the husband has never touched a drop of liquor,

and that scene took place several years ago.

I know another woman who used a different method, and succeeded in reforming her husband. She ignored his habit, and never seemed to notice it. But a score of never seemed to notice it. But a score of times a day she cried out silently to her own heart: "He does not drink—he does not! He loves me too well to grieve me; he is too good and kind to do such a he is too good and kind to do such a thing!" Night and day, walking on the street, sitting at home, wherever she was, she sent out this cry of denial of his bad habit, and this assertion of his goodness, and by and by it came true. The man was reformed. She had called to the divine spark within him, and it had responded.

Again, a beautiful girl, a relative of my

family, married a man against the wishes of her parents and all her friends, thinking to reform him. After twelve years of periodical reformations and backslidings the man finally fell into drunkard's consumption and died. During the last two years of his life he was confined to the house and, of course, unable to procure drink. When he died the once beautiful girl, now prematurely

old and broken, said:
"Well, I have fought a hard battle, but
I have won. I reformed him!" She died the next year—a victim to the terrible strain of her wretched marriage, but died believing she had reformed the man who drank as long as he was able to get where he could purchase drink, in spite of all her love, devotion and care.

It is my belief that a man who has not the self-respect to save himself will not re-spect any woman enough to be saved by

her.

I do not think any man should marry until he is thirty, and if he has not reformed at that age it is a very unsafe experiment for any woman to attempt to re-form him. His moral vision is very limited if he has not discovered by that time that there is nothing in dissipation but degrada-tion and death. If he has not revolted against this false idea of pleasure no woman will be able to keep him in a perpetual state of revolt, I fear.

Conscious remorse, and anguish must be felt, To curb desire, to break the stubborn will And work a second nature in the soil, Ere virtue can resume the place she lost."



#### A FLOWER OF THE AIR

The Cultivation of the Exquisite Orchid Explained

By Nancy Mann Waddle



C. MOSSIÆ VAR

amount of attention. The interest felt in them is due to a certain mysterious charm they possess, caused by the fact that to those who are comparatively unfamiliar with their growth they seem a daring eccentric-ity in floral

creation. The very name orchid presents to the mind's eye a picture of dense tropical forests in which, suspended from the boughs of mighty trees, sway these epiphytal children of the southern suns, dazzling the eye by their gorgeous blossoms, and filling the air with their enchanting fragrance. Then too, the enormous prices which have been paid for them enhance their interest.

#### SPECIMENS RICH AND RARE

RARE specimens of orchids which are sought for in distant lands, and subjected to all the risks of importation are not cheap. Several years ago an English collector, Baron Schroeder, paid over sixteen hundred dollars for a single specimen of conjugation stone; a native of Borneo of cypripedium stonei, a native of Borneo. Although possessing several specimens of this species the ardent collector was anxious to keep the dealers from obtaining possession of it, and thus paid so extravagant a sum to hold it all his own. There are many orchid enthusiasts who have longed in vain for the possession of a flower they consider beyond their reach, a common and erroneous idea being that these superb beauties of the tropical and semi-tropical beauties of the tropical and semi-tropical world are the luxury of the very rich, that they only flourish in houses built specially for them, and in a temperature akin to that of a Turkish bath, and that they require the constant supervision of a gardener skilled in their culture. Before endeavoring to dissipate such ideas some practical information about orchids may not be amiss.

#### EPIPHYTAL AND TERRESTRIAL

ORCHIDS are of two kinds, epiphytal and terrestrial. The epiphytal orchids, which are found clinging to the bark of trees and clustering up among the branches, must not be confused with parasitic growths. The epiphytes draw no nutriment from the The epiphytes draw no nutriment from the trees to which they are fastened, but being air plants absorb nourishment from the moisture in the atmosphere. The terrestrial orchids grow in the earth, like our native fringed orchis and lady's slipper, or in moss on the surface of the ground, like the calopogon. Among the epiphytal orchids are the cattleyas, probably the most superb variety known, the laelias, dendrobiums, vandas, oncidiums and many others. Terresdas, oncidiums and many others. Terrestrial orchids comprise the cypripediums, the celanthes, bletia and phajus, etc. To give an idea of the vast number of orchidaceous plants let me state that of the types I have mentioned there are many species, as, for instance, in the cattleyas, there are the cattleya labiata, the C. mossiæ, the C. trianæ, etc., etc.

#### SOME POPULAR FALLACIES

IT is not likely that the orchid will ever become so cheap in price as the chrysanthemum, the carnation or the rose, for the reason that they are slow and difficult of propagation, and although the dealers have successfully propagated them, still a

CATTLEYA TRIANE VAL

RCHIDS are at present attracting a vast amount of athouse, provided they are given the temperature necessary to their growth. Many of them will grow and bloom in a window, or an ordinary conservatory. They are not at all exclusive but seem to enjoy the company of other plants. Any amateur may successfully grow them, if he is willing to study and observe their requirements, and once understood, orchid culture is not dif-

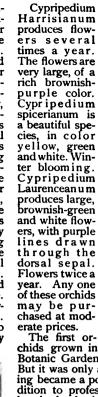
> The most important step for a beginner is to select a list of orchids whose requirements he will be able to meet. Having decided on the varieties he wishes to pro-cure the next step is to make a study of their habitat. A "cool orchid" from the mountainous region of Venezuela, or the high altitudes of Mexico, would become

son of active growth, but during the rest-ing season, from November to May, water sparingly, never letting the plant become dry enough for the pseudo bulb to shrivel.

The resting season of the epiphytal orchid is the period when it has finished its former

sun. Give plenty of water during the sea-

growth, and before a new one begins. On-cidium varicosum is another excellent variety. It blooms in October and November, and the flowers are borne on large, grace-fully-branching spikes. Grow in baskets with pieces of broken crock and charcoal with pieces of broken crock and charcoal for drainage, and a top-dressing of fibrous peat and very little moss. Their growing season is the early spring, when they require a great deal of water. After the period of growth is completed do not water so liberally but give plenty of light and air, and partial sun to ripen the bulb. Average temperature 55°. Lealia anceps flowers from December to March, and is a very showy and beautiful variety, producing showy and beautiful variety, producing large, rosy flowers. A proper temperature is 65° during the resting season and several degrees lower during the period of growth. It should be grown in cribs, in peat and sphagnum moss with plenty of drainage. Cattleya trianæ is one of the most thoroughly satisfactory orchids in cultivation. Its flowering season is from January to Its flowering season is from January to April. The flowers are large and exquisitely





VAUDA AMIESIANA

chids grown in this country were at the Botanic Gardens, Cambridge, about 1818. But it was only after 1865 that orchid growing became a popular fad, and now, in addition to professional growers, there are hundreds of private collectors.

#### SOME NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS

Do not kill your orchids with kindness. There is nothing better for them than a little wholesome neglect. Water freely when the pseudo bulbs are forming, but after the bulb has ripened give only enough water to keep the plant from becoming dry. The water should be of the same temperature as the atmosphere in which they are grown. Avoid pouring it on the young growth, and do not let it collect on the leaves as it may rot them. Orchids love a moist atmosphere. Show caution about repotting; if it is necessary it should be done when the new growth begins. In conclusion, I quote from an article treating of the sentimental value of orchids, which in a certain way expresses their great charm: "Other plants die unless rooted in the soil, these spring into beauty with only enough of earth to fasten them within our sight."

I would make a plea for our American

I would make a plea for our American orchids. There are many that are well worth cultivation. We may not recognize them under their high-sounding names, but most of us who are at all familiar with wild flowers know by sight some of the varieties of the lady's slipper, cypripedium spectabile, which springs from the black, moist earth, and bears its lovely pink and white blossoms in the deep shade it demands, or the varieties which produce the vellow mocblossoms in the deep shade it demands, or the varieties which produce the yellow moccasin, C. parviflorum and C. pubéscens; C. acaule is a curious, stemless variety. Perhaps the habenarias comprise the largest class of native orchids, quite a number of them producing extremely pretty flowers. Habenaria blephariglottis (white fringed orchis) is the most beautiful of the species. The spiranthes (common name "lady's tresses") is very odd; the stiff little white flowers look as if twined about the stalk. Really the most curious of our native

flowers look as if twined about the stalk.

Really the most curious of our native orchids belong to the Goodyera ("rattlesnake plantain") and corallorhiza ("coral root") species. They are both uncanny plants, and their common names were probably suggested by their strange appearance. Rattlesnake plantain has a thick, creeping root-stalk, and smooth white reticulated leaves. Coral root is a very disreputable branch of a great family, being a parasite. The root-stalk, which exactly resembles white coral, draws its nutriment from other roots. Observe care in transplanting native orchids, and study their habitat and conditions of growth.



GROUP OF ODONT. CRISPUM AND ALSOPHILA AUSTRALIS

weakened and fail to flower in a tropical weakened and fall to nower in a tropical temperature. These cool orchids require cool, moist and partially shaded places. The tropical orchids, of course, are at their best in warmth and sunlight.

#### ORCHIDS IN ALL SEASONS

ATTLEYA MOSSIÆ is a grand specimen of the epiphytal orchid, blooming from May to July, and producing on one stem from three to six

large, beautiful flowers, in the various shades of rose, lilac and white. They should be grown in a clean pot or basket, filled two-thirds full of potsherds and broken charcoal, finished with a filling of clean fern root and sphagnum moss into which the plant should be plant should be placed, taking care to lift the pseudo bulb above the dressing. This orchid should be grown in a tempera-ture of 60°; it should be given plenty of light, but should be shielded from the direct rays of the

beautiful, running a scale of color from white, through the varying shades of purple, lilac and pink. Average temperature 60°, and partial sun, light and plenty of air. Dendrobium nobile is not at all difficult to grow, and will thrive in a pot or basket filled with potsherds, fibrous peat, and a top-dressing of sphagnum. During the winter it bursts into magnificent white and purple blossoms. It will do well in a temperature of 50°, but loves a little higher.

My list of terrestrial orchids would be cypripedium insignia, probably the best brown orchid in cultivation. It has a con-

known orchid in cultivation. stitution of iron, and will thrive under the intermittent attentions of even the most

#### EASY OF CULTIVATION

ALL cypripediums are comparatively easy A of cultivation. They require a potting of sphagnum moss and fibrous peat with sufficient drainage. They have no periods of rest, so their supply of water should never be decreased. Temperature, sun heat 70°, artificial heat 65°; give them plenty of light, air and shade from the midsummer sun. The flowers are very lasting, remaining fresh in water for weeks and keeping their freshness for twelve weeks on the

The lycaste skinnerii I would recommend; it is a semi-terrestrial variety. Plant in fibrous peat and moss. The flowers are solitary, the plant sending up several flowers from one bulb; these blossoms are the dif-ferent hues of lilac, pink and crimson.



CYPRIPEDIUM INSIGNIA

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#### ARRANGING A TENNIS TOURNAMENT

By Mabel Esmonde Cahill

[LADY CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES]



have spoken of the several strokes which may be resorted to with effect in a game of ten-nis, and now, taking

for granted the adaptation of these strokes to your game, I shall go a little farther and endeavor to point out something of the secret of making a match at this game a success. In the first place, the value of starting on correct lines will be found of so much

importance that in order to gain a good basis I should counsel, during the early part of a season, a general practice of all the known strokes in this game; by this you will ascertain your weakest and strongest points, and in consequence of this knowledge, you may more effectively choose your future plan of attack and defense.

Having, however, once studied and developed your own method of tennis playing, and having brought your own particular game to as near perfection as possible, by means of practice and the analyzation of other persons' play, whose strong points you may have adapted, do not be too hastily persuaded at short notice to adopt new tactics before an important match.

I suppose the first sensation that assails us when contemplating a coming match or tournament is that indescribable feeling of nervousness, which sometimes may not be altogether crushed out during everyday practice, but which is, we imagine, very likely to overwhelm us during anything like a severe contest. This feeling of nervousness, I am sorry to say, may never be altogether subdued, but it may in some cases be found to be a rather wholesome leavener, as many a match has been lost through overconfidence; however, when this feeling begins to take on the character of what may be termed a bad case of "rattle," it means, without any doubt, the losing of point after point and probably the entire match.

The manner of averting so direful a catastrophe is as yet a secret, but may possibly be held to depend in a large measure upon whether you have elected the previous day to dine off squab and lobster salad, or upon more wholesome roast beef. "Rattle," more wholesome roast beef. too, may often result from the fact that the physical powers are simply run down, as often happens in consequence of too severe practice of this game.

#### DAILY PRACTICE

T will be well for those who hope for success in an approaching match to understand what, for them personally, may be a strictly judicious amount of practice per diem. It may be easily understood that some constitutions, being hardier in every way, will allow their possessors to stand more fatigue than others, and this fact will always render it difficult to draw an exact line between the amount of daily practice which is beneficial to a woman and that which is injudicious or even actually per-nicious. I should deem it a sign of overexertion if the young player came home so entirely exhausted by the practice of the afternoon as to be incapable of eating with any pleasure, or of afterward sleeping in any but a disturbed and fitful manner. Such weakening of the physical powers is the tennis player's worst foe, and is sure to result on the following day, and perhaps during the entire week, in a nervous state of mind that will render the hand less steady and the eve less accurate. It will be well and the eye less accurate. It will be well, therefore, in the interest of your game that you acquire a just appreciation of what, for you, may constitute judicious daily practice and never exceed it. To avert nervousness there is, likewise, much to be said a perfect confidence in volu racket as being a good one, and that you shall leave yourself in no doubt as to whether your tennis shoes will suffer you to run over slippery ground or on a moist sward after rain. To insure this confidence in your accoutrements I would, in selecting a racket, be careful to get one of perfect balance, whose handle, a little roughened perhaps, will not be apt to turn in your hand, and in buying shoes I would give the preference to those whose soles are either very strongly corrugated or which possess the small iron spikes so effective on grass. You may do well, likewise, to partially forget coquetry, and remember these common-sense rules during a tourna-ment week: Do not use a new racket, do not wear new shoes, and do not appear in a new gown, unless you make up your mind to forget all about it while you are playing. And, above all, keep your nerves under control and try to be philosophical no matter what happens.

#### my previous sketch I COSTUMES FOR TENNIS

THE simplest and most commodious dress will always have the most fascinating effect on a tennis court, for in watching a match we like above all things to view ease and grace of movement, and it is open to question whether we have quite unalloyed pleasure in seeing a pretty girl laboring against the disadvantage of a tightened waist, or a skirt which, by reason of its particularly stylish cut, constrains her about the knees. I have observed that among those who have studied this point of dress the preference is to have a plain skirt made quite full behind, though a little spare in front, with a loose-sleeved and commodious waist attached, the two being united by an asy-fitting belt of ribbon which, by its brightness of tint, may offer a delightful con-trast to the soberness of hue and make characterizing the gown. The material employed in making an appropriate tennis costume is often some light-colored wash goods, such as duck or cheviot, which may be stiffly starched to good advantage; we likewise have seen dark skirts of some voolen fabric, and bright blouses of silk or linen upon pretty players, though for the most part skirts of wool are not preferred.

French flannel is not comfortable on a warm summer day, and the wearing of silk has been proven to be almost an impossibility owing to its non-resistance to the bodily heat during exercise and the danger in con-sequence of leading to a chill afterward. White piqué is perhaps the prettiest and most serviceable of goods worn by tennis players at present, and when enlivened by a few touches of scarlet or delicate blue at throat and waist it makes a very attractive costume. The sailor hat affords more protection to the head than the gold or deemed to produce by far the prettiest effect. Hats of soft felt in bright scarlet, blue or white are also worn, and are most becoming and effective. In the matter of shoes, during a course of really hard play, I would suggest the use of an oxford tie in tan; the color of these renders them more satisfactory than their kind in either white or black, though for gentle exercise nothing can surpass the pretty effect of the spotless white leathers, or the unassuming black canvas.

#### OF SINGLES AND DOUBLES

IN the single game it will be found that a I woman's disadvantages in the way of skirts and her lack of strength will tell more severely than in the doubles, and hence the first thing a player should think of when preparing for a match in singles is how best she may lessen these disadvantages, and also what method of game-ground or volley-will leave her less tired t the end of the first two sets. Her dress, of course, is her first care, and after that she will do well to choose a racket which, by reason of its light weight, will not tire her unnecessarily. Then, having ascer-tained that the net measures exactly three feet in the centre and three feet six inches at the posts, and that the court she chooses to play on is without slope or unevenness of any kind, she may with confidence adopt a stand a little outside of the back line, whence she will find it safer and less fatiguing to reach any well-placed ball of her opponent's. As a general rule a good single player will manage to keep the whole of her court well measured in her eye, and is thus beyond being astonished by any ex-tremely severe placing executed by her adversary It may be advanced that by reason of

its propensity to tax to the uttermost the endurance of a woman, the single game is never as congenial a one as the doubles or mixed doubles, but among the more pro-ficient players its delights reign supreme, and it certainly gives ample opportunity for the display of skill with the racket.

#### EXERCISE OF SKIL

N doubles one must necessarily depend on I and work more upon one's partner's play, and this will sometimes cut off a chance to exercise one's entire skill in the game, and owing to this possibility it is not well for two players, both excelling in the same style of game, to join their fortunes together. Perhaps the strongest teams have been made when one—celebrated for her volleying powers—has been backed up by a partner proficient in the ground stroke, for with this combination of forces the court rarely fails to be artistically and thoroughly covered. In the mixed doubles it is the most accurate placing, rather than the hardest hitting, which is the more likely to carry the day, though, of course, be it remem-bered, that anything like a weak return in this game is dangerous because of its pro-pensity to be smashed back by an eager male opponent, who will not be able to resist the temptation, even though it be a woman who thus challenges him.

#### THE ARRANGEMENT OF TOURNAMENTS

A FEW words in regard to tournaments may not be out of place. A tournament may be in the character of an an "invitation" or a "private" affair. Of the former we have already treated. Passing to the other two there may be a distinct difference observable between the "invitation" and the "private" tournament. The "invitation" event, which sometimes continues throughout an entire week—as did some brilliant matches of last season is generally confined to ladies only, on the one hand, or to gentleman only on the other. For these decidedly sociable affairs, if the number of invitations be at all limited, it will be well to forward such in the first place to twenty of the best known players, always with a view—in deference to the spectators—to having the most brilliant element procurable. If you may not attain to the very highest order of players in singles, which is sometimes difficult, you may be more successful with the doubles, and a display of proficiency among con-testants in this latter event, which is a very picturesque as well as interesting one, will lend an element of success to your tournament which is absolutely necessary where you desire that the week's affair may not fall into insignificance, or fail to engage the attention of both players and spectators. The invitation tournament is usually carried out under the auspices of some club, from which a tournament committee should be chosen to arrange and manage the event. It is the duty of this committee to see that the grounds are in thoroughly good condition, that the nets and all appliances of the court are in proper shape, and that a plentiful supply of new balls is on hand. The necessary umpires, referees and scorers must be engaged. The prizes should be selected with care and judgment, subject to exchange.

The drawing is best done by the Bagnall-Wild system, as interpreted by our eminent authority, Dr. James Dwight, of Boston, for any number (of players) not of a power two may prove more or less puzzling and inconvenient. The idea in arranging for a private tournament is ordinarily to procure for your proposed guests a single pleasant afternoon (two may sometimes be ventured upon but never more), and for thorough sociability, together with the agreeable and easy meeting of young peo-ple, nothing, perhaps, will be found to ex-ceed this kind of entertainment. In the preparation, therefore, for such an affair we have first to consider what capacity we command in the way of tennis courts, and we will do well to regulate the number of our invitations according to the number of our courts. Given we have but one court we shall not venture upon a more numerous party than twelve, while if we may avail ourselves of two the number of players may be raised without too much risk of a possible postponement to sixteen or even to twenty. If the number of players be twelve by the system of drawing mentioned above, we shall have four matches played in the preliminary round, while the other four names will draw byes. When this preliminary round has been played we shall find our number of contestants reduced to eight, or that figure of the power of two next below our original number of twelve, when we may start upon the first round.

#### INVITING THE GUESTS

A ND now, presuming you have decided upon the number of players you wish to have, the question arises: How do you This method may do, perhaps, with gentlemen, but with ladies a written invitation, even when thoroughly appreciated, is seldom given any real consideration. A pretty fair experience has lent me the knowledge that a tennis player is disinclined to leave for an afternoon, or perhaps longer, where she is by custom surrounded by friends, for the society of a number of more or less strange persons, among whom she may not gauge what welcome will be hers. Indeed, with ladies this latter point is the grave objection which many find keeps them constantly on the home grounds. Tennis is essentially a game prosecuted for the pleasure brings, and if there be a thought of discomfort in seeking it at a distance, one is naturally more inclined to favor the home club as being both pleasurable and something one may always rely upon. How, therefore, will you combat this excusable timidity on the part of these fair wielders of the racket? Your best method, I think, will be a personal and hearty invitation extended to each lady you wish to entertain, and if you cannot by any means reach some one of them—which will not generally be the case—you might submit your difficulty to some prominent member of the lady's club, with an expression of your warm desire to see her play in your little event, and a request that the gentleman in person will favor you by using his utmost influence to have her come there. Under these conditions she will probably come and be glad to do so, as she may feel assured that you really desire her presence, and that she will, in consequence, not meet with the discour-tesies which might so easily mar, for her, an afternoon at tennis where the players were not personally known to her.

ARRANGING THE SIDES

HAVING gathered your guests at about ten A.M. (if it be a holiday) on your lawn your first object will be to apportion to every one a partner, when you will do well to couple (if for mixed doubles, which is ordinarily considered the more sociable event) the strong men with the weak lady players and the reverse, placing, perhaps, wo average players together, but making the sides as even as possible, seeing that otherwise the games may prove uninteresting for the spectators, to whom, equally as to the players, you owe your consideration. Thus it happens that for the private tournament it may be better (except, indeed, where there is question of a short and brilliant exhibition match) to wholly avoid singles; any ordinary display between two ladies, or even two men will not sustain the enthusiasm of the spectators, and anything savoring of a weakening of interest will be avoided by a good hostess. After the pre-liminary round and part of the first has been played a recess may be taken for luncheon, for it will probably be then touching 1.30 or 2 o'clock, and allowing a coming 1.30 or 2 o'clock, and allowing a comfortable hour for refreshment of both mental and bodily systems, the hostess will find it nearly three before she may start the tennis matches again, which she will do by finishing the incompleted part of the first round, or by entering upon the second without delay. Although in the "open" and "invitation" to be seen the period of five sets. tation" tournament the best out of five sets is always played, yet, for a "private" affair, it may be deemed expedient, on account of the shortness of time, to limit this to the best out of three. One thing more, let the final match be begun, if possible, an hour before sundown, as it may be a disappointbefore sundown, as it may be a disappoint-ment to some to have to abandon the match, while to others, especially those who wear glasses, the waning light will prove a trying handicap.

The awarding of the prizes will prove an appropriate and graceful *finale*, and your guests will depart, after having spent a more than ordinarily pleasant afternoon.

#### BAGNALL-WILD SYSTEM OF DRAWING

THE object of this method of drawing is to eliminate all the byes in the first round, both for convenience and still more because a bye is of less value in the first round than later in the tournament.

If the number of entries is a power of a for example, 4, 8, 16, 32 or 64, there need be no byes. In other cases a preliminary round must be played, in which there shall be as many matches as the number of entries exceeds the power of 2 next below,

all the other contestants having byes.

For example, suppose that there are 37 entries. The power of 2 next below is 32, therefore there must be 5 matches and 27

In this way the five losers go out and the number of contestants is reduced to 32, which will always divide by 2 (16, 8, 4, 2, 1). The names should be written on slips of

aper, carefully folded and put in a hat. They are then drawn one by one and written one below the other, the pairs that are to play together being bracketed. One-half the byes should come first, next the matches, last the remaining byes. Should there be an uneven number of byes the odd one goes at the bottom. One example will suffice. There are 19 entries; three matches must be played to reduce the number to 16; that will leave 13 byes, 6 at the top of the list and 7 at the bottom, as follows:

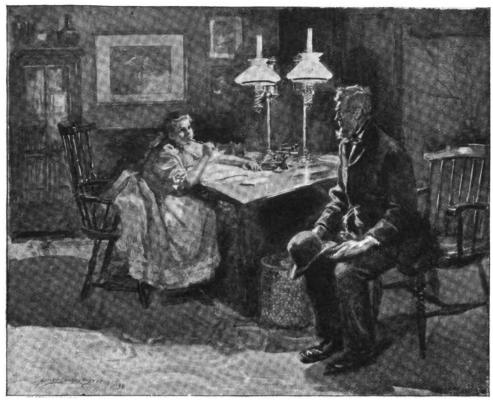
SECOND ROUND

P takes first prize; G second; D and O equal thirds.

[For the facts contained in this last clause I am in-debted to Messrs. Wright & Ditson, of Boston.]

N concluding these remarks let me say that I while all cannot win in tennis, it is a game that affords an infinite variety of pleasures, and many a time has the remark been overheard from enthusiastic young players that they would "a hundred times rather be defeated in the preliminary round than be out of it altogether." And it may be remarked, likewise, that with a little steady practice one can always acquire enough proficiency to be able at least to win somewhere, and such a triumph may often prove as pleasant as carrying off the most renowned championship honors.





"I forgot, Dennis; the Pope is a bachelor, isn't he?"

#### DENNIS O'ROURKE

By Lucy Derby



ENNIS O'ROURKE had found a staunch friend and ally in the little daughter of the house, and a partner-ship had been established between the child of eleven and the good-natured Irish gardener. Nora stoutly defended each blunder of her ora-

each blunder of her oracle, and Dennis delighted in gratifying the child's slightest desire. Long summer mornings were passed in the sunshine of the garden, and Nora rejoiced when Dennis praised the skill with which her little fingers twisted up the weeds from among the strawberries, taking good care all the while that her feet should not step upon the long, tender runners. Dennis told her many long stories about his home and his old Nancy, and when the interest grew inold Nancy, and when the interest grew intense the child would stop all work and seat herself in the old blue wheelbarrow and listen, while she watched the sun dance on the sea, half wondering if that silver path really led all the way to Ireland.

Mr. Spencer's large house stood in the

Mr. Spencer's large house stood in the centre of only an acre and a half of land, which reached from the road to the ocean beach; but the single acre divided into lawn and garden seemed a vast estate to Nora, who shared all of Dennis' responsibilities. The arbor vitæ hedge, which outlined the entire place, required not only to be trimmed with Dennis' great shears, but Nora's own little garden-scissors were necessary to cut away the small brown branches

The first sounds which greeted Nora's ears when she awoke early in the summer mornings told her of Dennis faithfully at work. Perhaps his rake in the gravel-walk lingered a little under her window to let her know that one member of the firm was

The summer had half gone, and Nora's garden seeds had been examined once too often to see if they had taken root, and nothing gave any promise of glory in her small domain save the yellow rose-bush and the white currant-bush with its big, cool

Across the avenue stood the smoke-bush which had been crowned by the morning fog with diamonds, and Nora longed to transplant it in all its gleaming beauty into her own garden. Dennis shook his head. her own garden. Dennis shook his head. He saw the impossibility of safely moving the far-reaching roots, and he looked about to see what could be done for the greater beauty of the bare little garden. His eyes fell upon a large privet-bush, and pointing to it, he said: "And is it trimmed like a paycock or a payfowl ye'll have it, Miss Nora? Shure, Mr. Gresham at the grange out inversementable kind of bacts and cut ivery concaivable kind of baste and bird; there were roosters and guinea-hens, pigs and stars, and there's many a bit of an inn in the old country named after the figger cut in the tree at its own door." Nora thought the peafowl would produce a charming effect standing in the corner of her garden, and would show finely from the piazza, but she recalled her parents' displeasure when, having made with the greatest care large newspaper patterns of the letters, she and Dennis had spelled Erin in red geraniums, straight across the lawn, and she thought it wise to ask permission first this time. Mrs. Spencer was

willing that Nora should treat her own garden as she wished, and soon Dennis was at work clipping out a chunky chicken,

at work clipping out a chunky chicken, which Nora watched with round-eyed wonder, unconsciously adapting her judgment to Dennis' infallible skill.

"Be gorrah, Miss, there's a payfowl for ye! Look at its tail, it's foin, it is," and Nora, delighted with the result, assured him that she did not believe there was another gardener along the whole north shore who could cut a peafowl out of a bush.

As Dennis worked in the little garden he told Nora that when Mother O'Rourke came over from Ireland she should bring a came over from Ireland she should bring a cutting from the rose-bush which had grown for forty years by his Irish home. "A real rose of Shannon, Miss Nora, to set out along with yer purty white currants there."

"You mean a rose of Sharon, don't you, Dennis?" Nora said gently, a little timid in correcting her friend.

"Faith, and I just don't, Miss, do ye mind the Shannon River? It's the purtiest in all Ireland, and it's no matter what the Bible manes, but I mane the rose of Shannon growing by my

the rose of Shannon growing by my own door, with Nancy," said Dennis, looking quite hurt and troubled, so Nora hastened to say: "But, Dennis, when is Nancy ever coming? You have told me all last summer and this that you would send for her and I that you would send for her, and I should think she would be tired of

should think she would be tired of waiting so long."

"Hushy there, now, Miss Nora, say no more about it; many's the long day she'd wait for her old Dennis—a whole century, if need be; but come along, now, let's make the garden nate enough for the foine young lady we are and be aisy with yer quesye are, and be aisy with yer ques-tionings," and Dennis was as near being cross as he ever was.

For three years Dennis had been striving to earn enough money to send back to Killaloe for Mother O'Rourke and the little grandson Jerry, whom he had left waiting for the great ship which he had promised them should sail some fine morning up the beautiful Shannon River to fetch them to America. Work had been hard to get, and Dennis had lingered about the steamboat docks picking up any errands or odd jobs which came in his way.

He had made up his mind that one hundred dollars would be necessary to get Nancy and Jerry all the way from Killaloe into his own two arms in Boston, but his progress toward saving that amount was very slow and full of discouragements. Now at last he had found employment for the summer as gardener to Mr. Spencer, but the long winter months without steady work slowly diminished his summer savings, and the spring found him very little nearer the necessary sum than he had been the year before. Nora, who had been a delicate child, grew strong and well in the outdoor life, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, appreciating their good fortune in securing the services of the faithful Irishman, determined to employ him in their city stable to assist the coachman, whose large family had outgrown the four rooms over the stable. Dennis was to sleep there at night, and to aid in the care of the horses and carriages during the day.

It was a plan which filled his very soul with joy; here was a home for his Nancy, and by the autumn he would have the necessary sum to bring her and Jerry safely to Boston. The proposition was made to him and quickly accepted, and the next morning he determined to tell Nora the good tidings. It was four or five weeks since he had cut the privet-bush, and the peafowl had now sprouted out so that it began to resemble a hedgehog. Nora was watching him trim it back into shape. It seemed to her that Dennis was unusually silent, and she wondered if any one had said anything which could have hurt his feelings.
She seated herself in the wheel-

barrow, and looking full of sympathy, said: "Dennis, are you sad?"

Dennis stopped in his work and turned and looked at her, and she saw a twinkle in his eye which gave her every confidence to pro-

ceed.

"Why, Dennis, you're not sad, after all; what is it? I never saw you so happy, you look like sunshine. Have you heard from

Dennis, who had grown dependent upon the child's sympathy and advice, told her of his great good fortune in being given work and a home for the winter, and that he had saved within a few dollars of the necessary sum, and was at last going to send for Mother O'Rourke

"Faith, I've all but ivery cint of it, Missy, but I'm sorry with thinking how I'll get it into Nancy's own hands in Killaloe. Can me master tell me, der ye think, Miss Nora?"

"Of course; he can arrange it all, Dennis. I think it's very fortunate that he knows our Minister to England, and he'll just write and ask him to attend to it for us; I

write and ask him to attend to it for us; I know he'll do it."

"To England is it, ye say? Niver a bit! England sha'n't have a finger in my Nancy's coming; it's free of England intoirely, we are, after trying to be. No, Miss Nora, that won't do at all, at all, and it's surprised I am at ye for mentioning it."

Nora had a feeling of deep mortification that, after all Dennis had told her of "England's heavy foot being planted upon

poor old Ireland's neck," she should have made such a dreadful mistake, and when Dennis really wanted such good advice, too! After a long silence she said:
"Well then, Dennis, would it do to write to the priest in Killaloe, the one you said was so kind to you, and ask him to start them off to America?"

"There now, ye have it, and ye are a

"There now, ye have it, and ye are a young St. Patrick for the sinse of ye; why, shure it's the very thing, and will ye write the letter yerself, Miss?"

Nora felt honored, and was delighted. She consulted her father about sending the money, and he agreed to purchase for Dennis a draft upon Ireland payable to the priest of St. Monica's Church. Killaloe and priest of St. Monica's Church, Killaloe, and offered to write the letter himself, but Nora claimed that privilege as her own, promis-ing him to let him see that the address was clear and legible.

It was hard for Dennis to wait now that his plan was so near realization, and the days seemed weeks, but a great deal had to be decided upon in regard to the important letter, and Dennis and Nora discussed it for a full morning while trimming the grass borders of the garden, the sun flashing on the little sickle as if the new moon had come down to them. The letter was to be written that evening immediately. was to be written that evening immediately after dinner. Nora had asked her father to give her the use of his library, and they

were to get to work early.

The lamps had not been lighted when
Nora took possession of her father's large Nora took possession of her father's large writing-table. This was to be a very important letter, and she must have dictionary and blotting-paper and sealing-wax close at hand. The two tall student-lamps were brought in and placed on the table, casting a bright light on the little, fair-haired girl whose flushed cheeks and bare, sunburnt arms, contrasting with her white dress, made a pretty picture as the tall Irishman entered the room on tiptoe. Dennis seated himself hurriedly on the extreme edge of the chair nearest to the door, where he twisted about uneasily, as door, where he twisted about uneasily, as if anxious to get away. He had a sprig of red geranium in his buttonhole, and although his wrinkled face was timid and perplexed there was a look of bright hopefulness flitting across it.

fulness flitting across it.

After a few moments of waiting Nora looked up gravely from her paper, and said: "Dennis, I am ready—begin."

"Well, Missy," said Dennis in a whisper, from which tone he never changed during the interview, "just ask his riverence to send Mother O'Rourke and the boy right

send Mother O'Rourke and the boy right along in the very next steamer that has not left when he gets this, and tell him—"
"Oh, Dennis, that's too fast, and I don't like to interrupt you, but I must ask you a great many questions first. You see, to begin with, you've not told me whether to



"Dennis and Mother O'Rourke, cap and ruffles and all."

write in Irish or English-shall I say reverence or riverence

""Whist now, Irish, to be shure; not an English word, if ye can help it, don't ye know that yet?"

"Well then, now I've written: 'Yer Riverence—Mr. O'Rourke presents his compliments and—' (you know, Dennis, this is a business letter, and must be very formal). 'Mr. O'Rourke presents his compliments and one hundred dollars in compliments and one hundred dollars in money—' there now, that seems to go all right, so far," and Nora looked up for approbation from Dennis, who sat with his hand to his wrinkled brow, striving to look sage, and whispering over to himself: "It's a big bit—it's a big bit." Nora, a little disappointed that Dennis did not praise her skill, waited a moment for him to suggest the next sentence, but he was still lost in the magnitude of the sum he had saved, and continued to whisper "a big bit—a big bit" until Nora said gravely: I am waiting; you must dictate this letter, Dennis.

What's that I must do? Shure it's aisy, now the money's in it, to finish it up short like. Just say, 'Plase sind Mother O'Rourke and the boy to America.' seems a respectful way to close it, and not take the gintleman's time," said Dennis, with a restless twist, which indicated, as his whole attitude did, that he was conscious of a restraint in the library which had never hampered him in his own province— the garden. Nora's sympathy made her quick to feel that she must be responsible for the whole undertaking. So, begging Dennis not to worry, the little fair head bent over the paper in silence, and the Indian-brown arms spread out on the table as she slowly and laboriously composed and wrote the whole letter, occasionally stopping and looking thoughtfully at the ceiling as if for inspiration. Dennis watched her with tender, admiring love and an occasional shake of his head, which seemed to say again, as he often had said: Nora, ye are a young St. Patrick for the wisdom of ye."

At last, with a great sigh of relief, Nora read with slow, clear utterance: "To the Priest of St. Monica's Church, Killaloe, Ireland. Yer Riverance—Mr. O'Rourke presents his compliments and one hundred dollars in money, and desires Mother O'Rourke and the boy sent by the first ship that hasn't sailed, to Boston; he resides at No. 25 Juniper Street; and please let them bring the rose-bush."

Dennis' look of anxiety broadened into a smile of satisfaction, as he whispered:
"Ye've said it all, Missy, it's all there, it is, excepting to tell him it's obleeged to him, I'll be, and sign it Dennis O'Rourke."
So Nora wrote: "It's obleeged to him, I'll be—Mr. O'Rourke," explaining again to Dennis that this was to be a very dignified letter. She took great pains with the adletter. She took great pains with the address. "To the Priest of St. Monica's Church" was a long line, and involved the loss of several envelopes before it was finally accomplished. Dennis insisted upon Killaloe being described as being upon the Shannon River, Ireland, and as the last word was written Nora sat looking at the envelope, thinking it was a great privilege for her, a little girl, to be writing to

a priest.

Looking up at Dennis she said thoughtfully: "I wonder if this priest will ever be Pope," and then she added:
"Dennis, is the position of Pope hered-

Dennis, not willing to expose his ignorance of the meaning of the word, said: "Aye, aye, Miss, it's aisily that. I'm thinking it's for life."

'No, Dennis, I mean is it kept in one family, like kings and queens, you know! Does it go from father to son?"

"From father to son, is it? But his Highness never marries, Miss Nora."

"Oh, I forgot, Dennis; the Pope is a bachelor, isn't he?"
"Yes, he is ivery bit of it, Missy, and

now the letter is all done I'll be bidding ye good-evening."

The few remaining weeks of summer and

early autumn sped quickly by. The equinoctial storm came with all its glory and the sea wore its whitecaps as far as the eye

On the morning of the day for moving arrived for the city a letter the priest in Killaloe.

It was the first word from his old home that Dennis had received in all these years, and as he held it in his hand the great tears rolled down his cheeks. Nora, who had brought the letter to him, knew her services would be needed in reading it. Dennis leaned on his rake as Nora opened the letter and read that the money had been re-ceived, and Mother O'Rourke and the boy would start in one week on the steamer "Starlight," sailing September 20, and

coming direct to Boston.

After consulting Mr. Spencer Nora was able to tell Dennis that the steamer would arrive on the following Saturday or Sunday. Dennis was of very little assistance in the family moving; he was profuse in smiles, but he could not remember whether he had spread the seaweed on the lawn before leaving, and he was sure he had neglected to cord up the cook's barrel of tins, as he had promised to do.

The rooms over Mr. Spencer's stable. at 5 Juniper Street, were more delightful than Dennis' utmost power of imagination had pictured them. Through Nora's keen interest Mrs. Spencer's storeroom was made to provide one after another of the needed pieces of furniture, and Nora, with her own hands, made pretty white curtains with ball fringe to tie back at the little windows where she placed her own best geranium and ivy. From her savings she bought a pretty china teaset and some knives, forks and spoons. The little rooms became a palace in Dennis' eyes.

On Thursday he asked permission to go to East Boston and await the arrival of the steamer. Mr. Spencer assured him that the steamer could not arrive before Satur-day, and probably not until Sunday, but a look of such deep disappointment gathered upon Dennis' face that Mr. Spencer advised his going there to wait, so as to be sure to be on hand. From Thursday until Sunday afternoon Dennis left the wharf neither night nor day, excepting to hurriedly buy some sandwiches at a little shop near by. At noon on Sunday he was told that the steamer "Starlight" was telegraphed, and in a few hours he saw the great black ves-sel approaching. It seemed an endless un-dertaking to make the great steamer fast to the wharf, and all the time Dennis' expectant face was to be seen here and there and everywhere in the steadily-increasing group of those who had come to meet their In and out along the crowded wharf he ran, and once getting so near that his cheek touched the cold iron of the ship,

he called up to the steerage deck:
"Whist, there, Nancy, Dennis is alongside!" But no answering voice came to him out of the babel of tongues.

At last, seeing the gang-planks being made ready, Dennis established himself close against the rope of the landing-place for the steerage and second-cabin passengers, and once more gayly adjusting his hat at the right angle he waited with a bright, expectant smile greeting each man, woman or child who descended the gang-plank. One by one they came, and eager voices and arms were ready with greetings, but none came to Dennis, and no one looked twice at his expectant face.

Where could Nancy be? She would never wait until the last. He had expected to see her the very first to proudly step from the ship. The letter had said she would come by the "Starlight." Where was she? She must have come. several hours he lingered, his heart growing heavy and sorrowful, the light dying out of his eyes and the corners of his mouth turning sadly down. Almost every one had left the wharf as the evening twilight gathered, and Dennis had made up his mind to go back to Miss Nora for advice and comfort.

As he walked slowly out from the covered dock he saw a young woman in a pink cotton dress, sitting on a trunk in the corner crying, and a stout, little boy of three or four striving to comfort her. Seeing some one else in distress Dennis' kind heart was touched, and he stepped quickly across to ask what he could do to aid her, saying gently: "There now, Mary dear, don't ye cry!" The girl, with a face like a primrose on a rainy day, looked up, and said in a rich brogue, that her husband had sent all the way to Ireland for her, and then had not even taken the trouble to meet her. Dennis was generous with proffered aid, and silently determined to teach the ungrateful fellow to treat his young wife better the next time.

Feeling that she had found a friend, the girl dried her tears and said:

'If ye'll just show me the way it's grateful I'll be; it's Twinty-foive Juniper Street, Boston, I'm going to."

Dennis' face expressed great horror, and his knees trembled a little as he said slowly and gravely:

"Say that agin, ma'am. I say say it

'Shure the praste in Killaloe told me Twinty-foive Juniper Street, Boston, was where he lived, and what harm's that, Mister?" she answered timidly.

Mister?" she answered timidly.
"What's yer name, I say? Be after telling me yer name?" he shouted.
"Mre. O'Poweles's answered. Mrs. O'Rourke's me name," she re-

plied. Poor Dennis felt all his strength forsaking him, and seating himself on a box by the wall, he muttered, "Praste in Killaloe

Mrs. O'Rourke—Twinty-foive Juniper Street? then it's ruined I am intirely, and there's no Nancy coming at all, and it's dying I wish I were, let alone living!"

Gradually there crept over his mind that a great mistake must have been made somewhere, and that all his money had gone and his old Nancy was waiting still in Killaloe. The little home arranged with such care he saw invaded by this girl and her child. What would become of all his pretty things? How could be ever explain to Mr. and Mrs. Spencer? What would Miss Nora think of him? What a horrible situation! At moments he thought of running rapidly back to Juniper Street and getting to the rooms before the young woman, and then bolting and barring the doors and shutting her out; but he felt he could never make the Spencers understand what had happened; he did not quite know

himself. No explanation would be so convincing as the presence of this Mrs.
O'Rourke sent by the priest himself.

Dennis sat running his hands in and out through his hair, and murmuring to himself, never noticing the departure of Mrs. O'Rourke and her child. At last he realized that he could not stay where he was all night; the wharf was being cleared by the watchman, and he found himself driven When he turned toward the city quick visions of this angry woman greeted him, and he walked rapidly away from s and wharves, on and on, until worn and disheartened he crept into a shed and slept on the ground far away from Juniper Street, and thousands of miles from Nancy.

Nora had waited all Sunday afternoon and evening for Dennis' return, and had lighted the lamps in the little rooms long before dark, and had spread the table for tea to welcome Mother O'Rourke, but no one had come, and she had finally gone sorrowingly home to bed. Early the next morning word was brought by the servants that Mrs. O'Rourke was in the kitchen, and the parlor-maid shook her head and said, "Dennis must have married one very much beneath him in years," and that it was "strange enough" that Dennis had not even met her at the steamer.

Mrs. Spencer and Nora were greatly sur-prised to find, instead of the old, motherly Irish woman of whom they had so often spoken, a very young, pretty, rosy girl, ac-companied by a small tow-haired boy of Upon inquiry and investigation the situation became no clearer. Nora's eyes grew very large and round when Mrs. O'Rourke said her husband had sent money to Father O'Han in Killaloe, to bring her to America, and the priest had been very kind in starting her at once on the steamer "Starlight." Mrs. Spencer was disturbed, and as the day wore on and Mr. Spencer came home and there was still no trace of Dennis, they all grew anxious and per-

Had he deceived them and imposed upon their kindness, leaving them with these helpless travelers upon their hands? It did not seem possible that they could have been mistaken in the good heart and honest nature of the Irishman. As days and weeks passed by, and still no tidings of his whereabouts came to them, Nora began to think the priest in Killaloe had misunderstood her letter, perhaps he had forgotten all about her Dennis and had sent another O'Rourke to another Dennis. This possibility became a conviction, and gradually it was shared by Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, still what had become of Dennis himself?

When Dennis awoke with his heavy load of disappointment upon his heart, the day was clear and the sun was in the heavens, just as it had always been. He was home-less and without work, but the bright, hopeful temperament, with which God has so mercifully blessed the Irish nature, began to assert and reëstablish itself. Dennis came out from his darkness into the sunlight. The birds were singing and the trees were gay in autumn colors, and gradually a comforting conviction stole over his soul. He calmly and quietly decided that the whole situation was far too great a problem for him to attempt to solve it. He had done his best. Nancy alone would be able to extricate him from the difficulties which beset his life; it was true the ocean was between them, but the whole Atlantic Ocean could not separate him from Nancy's love.

All the long winter he hung about the docks, and was always on hand to welcome each incoming steamer.

The spring opened, but still no Nancy; yet his faith was strong—surely she would come to him. At last Dennis determined to venture across to the city, and after hav-ing made the expedition without being seen by the Spencers, he would, in the long spring twilight, after the work on the wharves was over, cross the ferry and steal about on tiptoe past Mr. Spencer's house, and then on to Juniper Street. He longed to get a glimpse of Miss Nora, but his fear of being seen or of encountering Mrs. O'Rourke made him hurriedly pass both house and stable. Late one Sunday afternoon in June he lingered for a moment beyond the stable door to breathe in the fragrance of a blossoming grapevine, which hung over the back wall of the next house. A long-ing seized him to be back at his old work gardening, and as he stood dreaming of the grass-borders by the shore, where for many sunny hours he and Miss Nora, with wheelbarrow and rake had worked so happily, he heard a cry of:

"Here he is! Oh, Dennis, my dear old

Dennis!" and in a moment his little partner had seized both his hands and was standing gazing up into his face.

Nora dragged him to the stable, calling out to her father, who was examining a new harness, to come and see Dennis.

Poor Dennis. His words were confused as he told Mr. Spencer of the blunder that had been made. It was easy to see his honesty of purpose, and Nora and her father arranged that he should come to them a few days later, when they had again moved into their summer home. Dennis looked disturbed and reluctant, and his awkward

hesitancy preceded a most confused inquiry as to the whereabouts of the Mrs. O'Rourke in the pink gown; but he brightened and straightened up after he learned that she and her child had found a comfortable home.

On the day of moving, the unpacking of the great van is an absorbing interest. watched trunks and barrels being carried in, and made many hurried expedi-tions to the back of the house to see if Dennis really was at work in the garden. All night long she dreamed of smoke-bushes and honeysuckle, and peafowls and Dennis, and she awoke to the sound of birds singing and of the rake among the pebbles of the gravel avenue.

When Nora joined Dennis at his work in the morning she carried a little black reticule in her hand, and when Dennis' quick eye caught sight of it he was fearful that Miss Nora was bringing her work and had lost her interest in gardening, and he

greeted her with:
"Why, Missy, and how's it yer trowel has
to be carried in so foine a bag that it looks

Nora seated herself in her old seat on the wheelbarrow, and looking very full of business, said: "Now listen, Dennis, for I've a great deal to say to you about poor Nancy way off in Ireland."

But Dennis interrupted her with:

"Och, darlint, it's not in Killaloe she is now, at all, at all!"
"Why, Dennis, where do you think she is?" the child asked with alarm.

Dennis drew himself up, and with a sage

look said slowly:
"Be gorrah, thin thinks I, I dunno, but it's coming to find me, she is, and she'll niver rest aisy till she's done it!"

"What makes you think that?" asked Nora. "Have you heard again from Killaloe, and has the priest sent her at last?"
"It's after knowing it I am, not thinking at all! It's Dennis' old heart that's

after talking to him, encouraging like, for it says, 'Nancy will come,' and she will!" Nora thought he must be crazy, but said:

"Well, Dennis, maybe when I grow up I shall know just as you do when people I love are coming, but I hadn't quite thought of that, so I brought you all my money to send and get Nancy that way, and perhaps it would be a surer way, anyhow."

Dennis' face was full of tender love, and

the red handkerchief came to his aid as he said admiringly: "Listen to yerself singing, darlint, for it's an angel ye are, ivery bit, and none the wiser for knowing it; but Nancy's coming, and we won't spend yer bit of money at all."

Nora was so troubled at Dennis' unwillingness to send again for Nancy that she persuaded her father to write at once to priest at Killaloe.

The month of July had passed quickly by when Mr. Spencer received a letter with the tidings that Nancy and Jerry had left Killaloe some months before, and had been at work all winter in Limerick, but had finally sailed in June for Boston, and the letter contained much regret that the very unfortunate error had been made, but the priest was a newcomer in Killaloe, and knew of only one Mrs. O'Rourke.

Notwithstanding all Dennis' faith that Nancy was coming, the fact that she must already be in Boston came as a great and complete surprise. His first impulse was to throw down his shears, and buttoning up his coat and adjusting his hat, start at once. How or where he was to find Nancy no one knew. He only begged Mr. Spencer to let him go, and he would find them somehow.

Mr. Spencer advised him to keep to the crowded streets, where they would be likely to be looking for him. Dennis said he would beg a ride through the streets in some of the passing wagons, and he should know his Nancy from any distance.

Three or four days only had passed, and Nora was busily cutting the brown sprays from the arbor vitæ hedge, when suddenly glancing toward the gate at the end of the avenue she saw Dennis and Mother O'Rourke, cap and ruffles and all, approaching, accompanied by Jerry. Dennis was stepping on tiptoe, and bending and bowing as he led by the hand the little, round-faced, bright-eyed old woman. Dennis wore a flower in his coat and his eyes beamed with joy

Nora bounded forward to welcome them, gardless of straw crying out: "Oh, Dennis, how happy you look, and how did you find them so soon in all that crowd?" And then turning to Mother O'Rourke, she said: "How could he know you were coming? He said his heart told him, but how did he know it so

Mother O'Rourke could only stand and curtsy and nudge Jerry to take off his

hat, while she kept saying:
"Yis, dear, Dennis is a gintleman, dear, ivery inch of him, yis, he's a gintleman!" and Dennis was proud of her praise, and Nora thought she had never seen any one so happy, but he answered Nora's question,

saving:
"Missy, I heard a voice saying over and over, 'Yis, darlint, I'm a-coming, I'm :-coming,' and I just listened to the swate voice, for I knew it was my old woman's. But now it's after trimming the payfowl I'll be, for it's looking dajected and forlornlike and ill-suited to this joyful sason."



#### THE COAST OF BOHEMIA

#### By William Dean Howells

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

XXV—Continued



Cornelia had been the most jealous and exacting of principals she could not have received from her second a more single and devoted allegiance. Charmian's joy in her fortunately mounted in proportion to the devotion she paid her, rather than Cornelia's gratitude for it. She did not like to talk of herself, and these séances were nothing if not strictly personal: but

if not strictly personal; but Charmian talked for her, and represented her in phases of interest which Cornelia repudiated with a laugh, or denied outright, without scruple, when the invention was too bold. Charmian contrived that she should acquire the greater merit, from her refusals of it, and went on to fresh self-sacrifices in her behalf.

Sometimes she started the things they talked of, not because she ever seemed to have been thinking of them, or of anything have been thinking of them, or of anything definitely, but because she was always apparently letting her mind wander about in space, and chanced upon them there. Mostly, however, the suggestions came from Ludlow; he talked of art, its methods, its principles, its duties to the age, the people, the civilization, the large moral uses, which kindled Charmian's fancy and made Cornelia laugh when Charmian proposed a Cornelia laugh when Charmian proposed a scheme for the relief and refinement of the poor on the East Side, by frescoing the outsides of the tenement houses in Mott Street and Mulberry Bend with subjects recalling the home life of the dwellers there; ricefields and tea plantations for the Chinese, and views of Etna and Vesuvius, and their native shores for the Sicilians and Neapoli-

tans, with, perhaps, religious histories.

Ludlow had to explain that he had not meant the employment of any such direct meant the employment of any such direct and obvious means, but the gradual growth of a conscience in art. Cornelia thought him vague, but it seemed clear to Charmian. She said, "Oh, yes; that," and she made tea, and had him set fire to some pieces of southern light-wood on her hearth, for the sake of the murky fumes and the wreaths of dusky, crimson flame, which she said it was so weird to sit by.

In all matters of artistic theory and practice Charmian set Cornelia the example of groyeling at the master's feet, as if there

groveling at the master's feet, as if there could be no question of anything else; but in other things Cornelia sometimes asserted herself against this slavish submission with a kind of violence little short of impertia kind of violence inthe short of imperu-nence. After these moral paroxysms, in which she disputed the most obviously right and reasonable things, she was always humiliated and cast down before his sin-cerity in trying to find a meaning in her difference from him, as if he could not imdifference from him, as if he could not imagine the nervous paroxysm that carried her beyond the bounds of truth, and must accuse himself of error. When this happened she would not let Charmian take her to task for her behavior; she would not own that she was wrong; she put the blame on him, and found him arrogant and patronizing. She had always known he was that kind of a person, and she did not mean to be treated like a child in everything, even if he were a genius.

even if he were a genius.

By this time they were far away from that point in Charmian's romance, where the faithful friend of the heroine remains forever constant to her vow not to speak to the heroine of the hero's passion for her, and, in fact, rather finds it a duty to break her vow, and enjoys being snubbed for it. As the transaction of the whole affair took place in Charmian's fancy, Cornelia had been obliged to indulge her in it, with the understanding that she should not let it interfere with their work, or try to involve her with the control of the con

wisibly or palpably in it.
With all their idling they had days when they worked intensely, and Ludlow was as severe with Cornelia's work as he was with his own. He made her rub out and paint out, and he drew ruthless modifications of her work all over it, like the cruelest of the Synthesis masters. He made her paint out every day the work of the day before, as they did in the Synthesis, though some-times he paused over it in a sort of puzzle. Once he said, holding her sketch into the light he wanted, at the close of the afternoon: "If I didn't know you had done that to-day I should say it was the one you

had done yesterday."

Toward the end of the month he recurred to this notion again. "Suppose," he said, "we keep this, and you do another to-

The next day he said, in the same per-exity, "Well, keep this and do another." plexity, "Well, keep this and do another.

After a week he took all her canvases and set them one back of another, but so that he could see each in nearly the same light. He stood looking at them silently, with the two girls behind him, one at either shoulder.

"It's as lovely as standing between two mirrors," Charmian suggested dreamily.
"Pretty much of a sameness," Cornelia remarked.
"M'm," Ludlow made in his throat. He glanced over the shoulder next her, and asked, as if Charmian were not there:
"What makes you do her always alike?" What makes you do her always alike?'

"What makes you do her always alike?"
"Because she is always alike."
"Then I've seen her wrong," said Ludlow, and he stared at Charmian as if she were a lay figure. She bore his scrutiny as impassively as a lay figure could.

He turned again to Cornelia's sketches, and said gloomily, "I should like to have Wetmore see these."
"Oh!" said Cornelia.
Charmian came to life with another "Oh!" and then she demanded, "When? We must have something besides tea for Mr. Wetmore."

"I think I'll ask him to step round in the morning," said Ludlow, with authority.
Charmian said "Oh!" again, but sub-

mantic things I ever neard of; he simply couldn't help it, and it proves everything I've said. Of course, that was the reason he couldn't see me, all along. Why, if such a thing had happened to me, I should go round shouting it from the house-tops. I don't suppose he knew what he was doing, or else he didn't care; perfectly desperate! What fun!

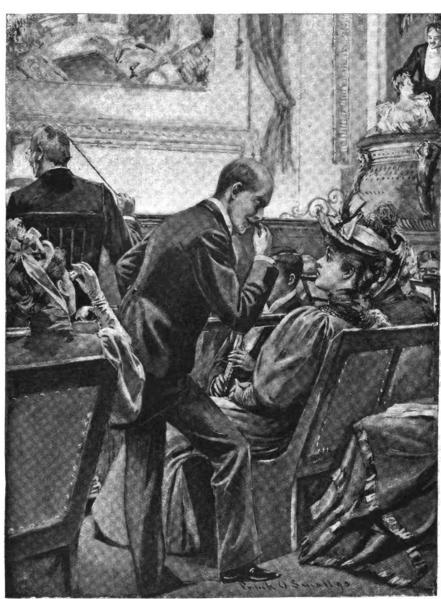
Cornelia kept laughing, but Charmian stopped, and waited a moment and listened. "Why, Cornelia!" she said remorsefully, entreatingly, but she remained the length of the room away. Then she approached tentatively, and when Cornelia suddenly ceased to laugh she put her hand on her head and tenderly lifted her face. It was dabbled with tears. "Cornelia!" she said

Cornelia sprang to her feet with a fierceness that sent her flying some yards away. "Charmian Maybough! Will you ever speak of this to any living soul?" "No, no! Indeed I won't," Charmian

began.
"Will you ever think of it?"

"Because I don't choose to have you think I am such a fool as to—to—" No, indeed I don't."

"Because there isn't anything of it, and it wouldn't mean anything if there were."
"No," said Charmian. "The only thing



"He took leave of them when the owner of the seat came back."

mitted with the eagerness of a disciple. All phases of the art-life were equally precious, and even a snub from such a master must be willingly accepted.

He went away, and would not have any tea; he had an air of trouble—almost of offense. "Isn't he grand, gloomy and peculiar?" Charmian said. "I wonder what's the matter?"

She turned to Ludlow's picture, which he had left standing on the chair where he painted at it in disdain of an easel, and silently compared it with Cornelia's sketches; then she looked at Cornelia and gave a dramatic start.

"What is the matter?" asked Cornelia. She came up and began to look at the picture, too.

Charmian demanded, "Don't you see?"
"No, I don't see anything," said Cornelia; but as she looked something became apparent which she could not deny. She blushed violently, and turned upon Charmian. "You ought to be ashamed!" she began, and she tried to take hold of her,

she did not know why.

Charmian escaped, and fled to the other end of the room with a wild laugh, and stood there. Cornelia dropped into the chair before the picture, with her head fallen on her elbow. She seemed to be laughing, on her elbow. She seemed to be laughing, too, and Charmian went on:
"What is there to be ashamed of? I

think it's glorious; it's one of the most ro-

is to tear him out of your heart, and I will help you!" She made as if she were ready to begin then, and Cornelia broke into a genuine laugh.

"Don't be ridiculous. I guess there isn't much to tear."

"Then what are you going to do?"
"Nothing! What can I? There isn't anything to do anything about. If it's there he knows it, and he's left it there because he didn't care what we thought. He was just trying something. He's always treated me like a perfect—child. That's all there is of it, and you know it."
"Yes," Charmian meekly assented.

Then she plucked up a spirit in Cornelia's behalf. "The only thing is to keep going on the same as ever, and show him we haven't seen anything, and don't care if we

'No,'' said Cornelia sadly. "I shall not come any more; or, if I do, it will just be to—I'm not certain yet what I shall do." She provisionally dried her eyes and repaired her looks at the little mirror which hung at one side of the mantel, and then came back to Charmian, who stood looking at Cornelia's sketches, still in the order Ludlow had left them in. She stole her arm round Cornelia's waist. "Well, anyway, he can't say you've returned the compliment. They're perfectly magnificent, every one, and they're all me. Now we can both live for art." XXVI

WETMORE came the next morning with Ludlow, and looked at Cornelia's studies. "Well, there's no doubt about studies. "Well, there's no doubt about her talent. I wonder why it was wasted on one of her sex! These gifted girls, poor things, there don't seem to be any real call for them." He turned from the sketches a moment to the arrangement of Charmian's studio. "I suppose this is the other girl's expression." He looked more closely at the keeping of the room, and said, with a smile of mixed compassion and amusement: "Why, this poor girl seems to be trying to do the Bohemian act!"

act!"
"That is her pose," Ludlow admitted. "And does she get a great deal of satisfaction out of it?"

The usual amount, I fancy." Ludlow began to tell of some of Charmian's at-

tempts to realize her ideal.

Wetmore listened with a pitying smile.

"Poor thing! It isn't much like the genuine thing, as we used to see it in Paris, is it? We Americans are too innocent in our traditions and experiences; our Bohemia is a non-alcoholic, unfermented condition. When it is diluted down to the apprehension of an American girl it's no better, or no worse than a kind of Arcadia. Miss Maybough ought to go round with a shepherdess' crook and a straw hat with daisies in it. That's what she wants to do, if she in it. That's what she wants to do, it sne knew it. Is that a practicable pipe? I suppose those cigarettes are chocolates in disguise. Well!" He reverted to Cornelia's canvases. "Why, of course they're good. She's doomed. She will have to exhibit. You couldn't do less, Ludlow, then have her carry this one a little farther." than have her carry this one a little farther' —he picked out one of the canvases and set it apart—"and offer it to the Academy."

set it apart—"and offer it to the Academy."
"Do you really think so?" asked Ludlow, looking at it gravely.
"I don't know. With the friends you've got on the committee. But you don't suppose I came up here to see these things alone, did you? Where's your picture?"
"I haven't any," said Ludlow.
"Oh, rubbish! Where's your theory of a picture, then? I don't care what you call it. My only anxiety, when you got a plain, simple, every-day conundrum like Miss Maybough to paint, was that you would try to paint the answer instead of the conundrum, and I dare say that's the trouble. You've been trying to give sometrouble. You've been trying to give something more of her character than you found in her face; is that it? Well, you deserve to fail, then. You've been trying to interpret her—to come the prophet! I don't condemn the poetry in your nature, Luden!! condemn the poetry in your nature, Lud-low," Wetmore went on, "and if I could manage it for you, I think I could keep it from doing mischief. That is why I am so plain-spoken with you." "Do you call it plain-speaking?" Ludlow said, putting his picture where it could be seen best. "I was going to accuse you of flattery."

seen best. "I was going to accuse you of flattery."
"Well, you had better ponder the weighty

"Well, you had better ponder the weighty truths I have let fall. I don't go round dropping them on everybody's toes."

"Probably there are not enough of them," Ludlow suggested.

"Oh, yes, there are." Wetmore waited till Ludlow should say he was ready to have him look at his picture. "The fact is, I've been giving a good deal of attention to your case lately. You're not simple enough, and you've had the wrong training. You would naturally like to paint the literature of a thing, and let it go at training. You would naturally like to paint the literature of a thing, and let it go at that. But you've studied in France, where they know better, and you can't bring yourself to do it. Your nature and your school are at odds. You ought to have studied in England. They don't know how to paint there, but they've brought fiction in color to the highest point, and they're not ashamed of it."

"Perhaps you've been theorizing, too,"

"Perhaps you've been theorizing, too," said Ludlow, stepping aside from his pic-

'Not on canvas," Wetmore returned He put himself in the place Ludlow had just left. "Hello!" he began, but after a glance at Ludlow he went on, with the effect of having checked himself, to speak carefully and guardedly of the work in de-tail. His specific criticism was as gentle and diffident as his general censure of Ludlow was blunt and outright. It was given mostly in questions, and in recognitions of intention.

Well, the sum of it is," said Ludlow at t, "you see it's a failure."

Wetmore shrugged, as if this were something Ludlow ought not to have asked. He went back to Cornelia's sketches, and looked at them one after another. "That looked at them one after another. "That girl knows what she's about, or what she wants to do, and she goes for it every time. She has got talent. Whether she's got enough to stand the training! That's the great difference, after all. Lots of people have talent; that's the gift. The question great difference, after an. Loss of people have talent: that's the gift. The question is whether one has it in paying quantity, or enough of it to amount to anything after the digging and refining. I should say that girl had, but very likely I might be mistaken."

Ludlow joined in the examination of the sketches. He put his hand on the weak points as well as on the strong ones; he enjoyed with Wetmore the places where



her artlessness had frankly offered itself instead of her art. There was something ingenuous and honest in it all that made it

all charming.
"Yes, I think she can do it," said Wetmore, "if she wants to bad enough, or if she doesn't want to get married worse."
Ludlow winced. "Isn't there something

a little vulgar in that notion of ours that

woman always wishes first and most of all to get married?"
"My dear boy," said Wetmore, with an affectionate hand on Ludlow's shoulder, "I never denied being vulgar."
"Oh, I dare say. But I was thinking of myself"

myself.

Ludlow sent word to Charmian at the Synthesis that he should not ask her to sit to him that afternoon, and in the evening he went to see Wetmore. It was eleven o'clock, and he would have been welcomed at Wetmore's any time between that hour of the night and two of the morning. He found a number of people. Mrs. Westley was there with Mrs. Rangeley; they had been at a concert together. Mrs. Wetmore had just made a Welsh rarebit, and they were all talking of the real meaning of the

word beautiful.
"I think," Mrs. Rangeley was saying,
"that the beautiful is whatever pleases or fascinates. There are lots of good-looking people who are not beautiful at all, because they have no atmosphere; and you see other people, who are irregular, and quite plain even, and yet you come away feeling hat they are perfectly beautiful. Rangeley's own beauty was a little irregular. She looked anxiously round, and caught Wetmore in a smile. "What are you laughing at?" she demanded in rueful

deprecation.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" he said. "I was thinking how convincing you were!"
"Nothing of the kind!" said one of the men, who had been listening patiently till she fully committed herself. "There couldn't be a more fallacious notion of the meaning of heaver. The thing origin in meaning of beauty. The thing exists in itself, independently of our pleasure or displeasure; they have almost nothing to do with it. If you mix it with them you are lost, as far as a true conception of it goes. Beauty is something as absolute as truth, and whatever varies from it, as it was ascertained, we'll say, by the Greek sculptors and the Italian painters, is unbeautiful, just as anything that varies from the truth is untrue. Charm, fascination, atmosphere, are purely subjective; one feels them and another doesn't. But beauty is objective, and nobody can deny it who sees it, whether he likes it or not. You can't get away from it any more than you can get away from the truth. There it is!"

"Where?" asked Wetmore. He looked at the ladies as if he thought one of them

at the ladies as if he thought one of them had been indicated.
"How delightful to have one's ideas jumped on just as if they were a man's!" sighed Mrs. Rangeley. Her opponent laughed a generous delight, as if he liked nothing better than having his reasoning brought to naught. He entered joyously into the tumult which the utterance of the different opinions, prejudices and prepossessions of the company became. sessions of the company became.

Ludlow escaped from it, and made his way to Mrs. Westley, in that remoter and quieter corner, which she seemed to find everywhere when you saw her out of her own house; there she was necessarily

"I think Mr. Agnew is right, and Mrs. Rangeley is altogether wrong," she said.
"There couldn't be a better illustration of it than in those two young art-student friends of yours. Miss Saunders is beautiful in just that absolute way Mr. Agnew speaks of; you simply can't refuse to see it; and Miss Maybough is fascinating, if you feel her so. I should think you'd find her very difficult to paint, and with Miss Saunders there all the time. I should be fried of setting her decided, unlitted into afraid of getting her decided qualities into

my picture."
Ludlow said: "Ah, that is very inter-

esting."
He meant to outstay the rest, for he wished to speak with Wetmore alone, and it seemed as though those people would never go. They went at last. Mrs. Wetmore herself went off to the domestic quarter of the apartment, and left the two men together.

"'Baccy?" asked Wetmore, with a hospitable gesture toward the pipes on his

"No, thank you," said Ludlow.
"Well?"

"Wetmore, what was it you saw in my picture to-day, when you began with that 'Hello' of yours, and then broke off to say something else?"

"Did I do that? Well, if you really wish to know..."

to know---

"I'll tell you. I was going to ask you which of those two girls you had painted it The topography was the topography of Miss Maybough, but the landscape was the landscape of Miss Saunders." He waited, as if for Ludlow to speak; then he went on: "I supposed you had been working from some new theory of yours, and I thought I had said about as much on your theories as you would stand for the time."
"Was that all?" Ludlow asked.

"All? It seems to me that's a good deal to be compressed into one small 'hello." Wetmore lighted a pipe, and began to noke in great comfort. "We were talksmoke in great comfort. "We were talking, just before you dropped in, of what you may call the physical chemistry of our kind of shop; the way a fellow trans-mutes himself into everything he does. I can trace the man himself in every figure he draws or models. You can't get away from yourself, simply because you are always thinking yourself, or through yourself; you can't see or know any one else in any other way."

"It's a very curious thing," said Ludlow uneasily. "I've noticed that, too; I suppose every one has. But—good-night."
Wetmore followed him out of the studio

to the head of the public stairs with a lamp, and Ludlow stopped there again. "Should you think there was anything any one but you would notice?

You mean the two girls themselves? Well, I should say, on general principles, that what two such girls didn't see in your

Of course! Then—what would you do? Would you speak to her about it? "Which?"

"You know-Miss Saunders."

"Ah! It seems rather difficult, doesn't

"Confoundedly."

"Why, if you mean to say it was unconscious, perhaps I was mistaken. The thing may have been altogether in my own mind. I'd like to take another look at it-

"You can't. I've painted it out."
Ludlow ran down one flight of the stairs, and then came stumbling quickly back. "I say, Wetmore. Do you tell your wife everything?

"My dear boy, I don't tell her anything. She finds it out. But, then, she never tells anybody."

LUDLOW sent word again to Charmian that he should not be able to keep his appointment for the afternoon, and as soon as he could hope to find Cornelia at home

from the Synthesis, he went to see her.

He began abruptly: "I came to tell you,
Miss Saunders, when I first thought of painting Miss Maybough, and now I've come to tell you that I've given it up."
"Given it up?" she repeated.

You've seen the failures I've made. I took my last one home yesterday, and painted it out." He looked at Cornelia, but if he expected her to give him any sor of leading, he was disappointed. He had to conclude unaided: "I'm not going to

try any more."
She did not answer, and he went on, after a moment: "Of course, it's humiliating to make a failure, but it's better to own it, and leave it behind you; if you don't own it you have to carry it with you, and it remains a burden.

She kept her eyes away from him, but she said: "Oh, yes; certainly."
"The worst of it was the disappointment

I had to inflict upon Mrs. Maybough," he went on uneasily. "She was really hurt, and I don't believe I convinced her after all that I simply and honestly couldn't get the picture. I went to tell her this after-noon, and she seemed to feel some sort of disparagement-I can't express it-in my

He stopped, and Cornelia asked as if forced to say something: "Does Charmian

I suppose she does, by this time," said Ludlow. He roused himself from a moment of revery, and added: "But I didn't intend to oppress you with this. I want to tell you something—else.

He drew a deep breath. She started forward where she sat, and looked past him at the door, as if to see whether the way of escape was clear. He went on: "I took Wetmore there with me yesterday, and I showed him your sketches, and he thinks you might get one of them into the Academy exhibition in the spring, after Academy exhibition in the system you've carried it a little farther."

Lead in her chair. "Does he?"

She sank back in her chair. "Does he?" she asked listlessly, and she thought, as of

another person, how her heart would once have thrilled at the hope of this.

"Yes. But I don't feel sure that it would be well," said Ludlow. "I wanted to say, though, that I shall be glad if you'll let me come and be of any little use I can while you're going on with it"

you're going on with it.".

"Oh, thank you," said Cornelia. She thought she was going to say something more, but she stopped stiffly at that, and they beth stood in a palarment which they both stood in an embarrassment which neither could hide from the other. He repeated his offer, in other terms, and she was able finally to thank him a little more fitly, and to say that she should not forget his kind offer; she should not forget all he had done for her, all the trouble he had taken, and they parted with a vague alien-

As we grow older we are impatient of misunderstandings, of disagreements; we make haste to have them explained; but while we are young life seems so spacious and so full of chances that we fetch a large compass round about such things, and wait for favoring fortuities, and hope for occasions precisely fit; we linger in dangerous delays, and take risks that may be ruinous.

Cornelia went back to her work at the Synthesis as before, but she worked listlessly and aimlessly; the zest was gone, and the meaning. She knew that for the and the meaning. She knew that for the past month she had drudged through the morning at the Synthesis that she might free herself to the glad endeavor of the afternoon at Charmian's studio with a good conscience. Ludlow's criticism, even when it was harshest, was incentive and inspira-tion; and her life was blank and dull on

the old terms. The arts have a logic of their own, which seems no logic at all to the interests. Ludlow's world found it altogether fit and intelligible that he should give up trying to paint Charmian if he had failed to get his picture of her, and thought he could not get it. Mrs. Maybough's world regarded as a breach of contract for him not to do what he had undertaken. She had more trouble to reconcile her friends to his behavior than she had in justifying it to herself. Through Charmian she had at least a second-hand appreciation of motives and principles that were instantly satisfactory to the girl and to all her comrades at the Synthesis; they accepted it as another proof of Ludlow's greatness that he should frankly own he had missed his picture of her, and they exalted Charmian as a partner in his merit, for being so impossible. The arguments of Wetmore went for something with Mrs. Maybough, though they were mainly admissions to the effect that Ludlow was more of a crank than he had supposed, and would have to be humored in a case of the kind; but it was chiefly the courage and friendship of Mrs. Westley that availed. she enforced what she had to say in his behalf with the invitation to her January Thursdays which she had brought. She had brought it in person because she wished to beg Mrs. Maybough to let her daughter come with her friend, Miss Saunders, and

pour tea at the first of the Thursdays.
"I got you off," she said to Ludlow, when they met, "but it was not easy. She still thinks you ought to have let her see your last attempt, and left her to decide whether it was good or not."

Mrs. Westley showed her amusement at this, but Ludlow answered gravely that there was a certain reason in the position. "If she's disappointed in not having any portrait, though," he added, "she had better take Miss Saunders'."

Do you really mean that?" Mrs. Westley asked, with more or less of that incredulity concerning the performance of a woman which all the sex feel, in spite of their boasting about one another. "Has she so much talent?"

"Why not? Somebody has to have the talent?"

talent.

This was like Wetmore's tone, and it made Mrs. Westley think of him. "And do you believe she could get her picture into the exhibition?"

"Has Wetmore been talking to you about it?"

"Yes."

"Iden't know," said Ludlow. "That

"I don't know," said Ludlow. "That was Wetmore's notion.'

"And does she know about it?"

I mentioned it to her. "It would be a great thing for her if she could get her picture in—and sell it."
"Yes." Ludlow dryly admitted. He

Ludlow dryly admitted. wished he had never told Mrs. Westley how Cornelia had earned the money for her studies at the Synthesis; he resented the implication of her needs, and Mrs. Westley vaguely felt that she had somehow gone wrong. She made haste to re-trieve her error by suggesting, "Perhaps Miss Maybough would object, though." "That's hardly thinkable," said Ludlow

lightly. He would have gone away with-out making Mrs. Westley due return for the trouble she had taken for him with Mrs. Maybough, and she was so far vexed that she would have let him go without telling him that she was going to have his protégée

pour tea for her.

But by one of those sudden flashes that seem to come from somewhere without, he saw himself in the odious light in which she must see him, and he turned in time. "Mrs. Westley, I think you have taken a great deal more pains for me than I'm worth. It's difficult to care what such a poor little Philistine as Mrs. Maybough the mere figment of somebody's gotten money—thinks of me. But she is to be regarded, and I know that you have looked after her in my interest; and it's very kind of you, and very good—it's like you. If you've done it, though, with the notion of my keeping on in portraits, or getting more portraits to paint, I'm sorry, for I shall not try to do any. I'm not fit for that kind of work. I don't say it because I despise the work, but because I despise myself. I should always let some wretched preoccupation of my own—some fancy, some whim—come between me and what I see my sitter to be, and paint that."

"That is, you have some imagination,"

she began, in defense of him against him-

'No, no! There's scope for the greatest imagination, the most intense feeling, in portraits. But I can't do that kind of thing, and I must stick to my little sophistical fantasies, or my bald reports of nature. But Miss Saunders, if she were not a woman—excuse me!——" 'Oh, I understand!"

"She could do it, and she will, if she keeps on. She could have a career; she could be a painter of women's portraits. A man's idea of a woman, it's interesting, of course, but it's never quite just; it's never quite true; it can't be. Every woman knows that, but you go on accepting men's notions of women, in literature and in art as if they were essentially, or anything but superficially like women. I couldn't get superficially like women. I couldn't get a picture of Miss Maybough because I was always making more or less than there really was of her. You were speaking the other night at Wetmore's of the uncertain quality of her beauty, and the danger of getting something else in," said Ludlow, suddenly grappling with the fact, "and I was always doing that, or else leaving everything out. Her beauty has no fixed impression. It ranges from something exquisite to something grotesque; just as she ranges in character from the noblest generosity to the most inconceivable absurdity. You never can know how she will look or how she will behave. At least, I couldn't. I was always guessing at her; but Miss Saunders seemed to understand her. All her studies of her are alike; the last might be taken for the first, except that the handling is better. It's invariably the very person, without being in the least photographic, as people call it, because it is one woman's unclouded perception of another. The only question is whether Miss Saunders can keep that saving simplicity. It may be trained out of her, or she may be taught to put other things before it. Wetmore felt put other things before it. Wetmore felt the danger of that when we looked at her sketches. I'm not saying they're not full of faults; the technique is bad enough; sometimes it's almost childish; but the root of the matter is there. She knows what she sees, and she tells."
"Really?" said Mrs. Westley. "It is

hard for a woman to believe much in women; we don't expect anything of each other yet. Should you like her to paint

me?"

"I mean, do you think she could do it?"
"Not yet. She doesn't know enough of "Not yet. She doesn't know enough or life, even if she knew enough of art. She

merely painted another girl."

"That is true," said Mrs. Westley with a sigh. She added impersonally: "But if people only kept to what they knew, and didn't do what they divined, there would be very little art or literature left, it seems

to me."
"Well, perhaps the less the better,"
said Ludlow, with a smile for the laborated he was reduced to. "What was left would certainly be the best."

He felt as if his praise of Cornelia were somehow retrieval; as if it would avail where he seemed otherwise so helpless, and would bring them together on the old terms again. There was, indeed, nothing terms again. There was, indeed, nothing explicit in their alienation, and when he saw Cornelia at Mrs. Westley's first Thursday he made his way to her at once, and asked her if she would give him some tea, with the effect of having had a cup from the day before. He did not know whether to be pleased or not that she treated their meeting as something uneventful, too, and made a little joke about remembering that he liked his tea without sugar.

"I wasn't aware that you knew that."
"Oh, yes; that is the way Charmian always made it for you; and sometimes I

"To be sure. It seems a great while ago. How are you getting on with your

"I'm not getting on," said Cornelia, and she turned aside to make a cup of tea for an old gentleman, who confessed that he liked a spoonful of rum in his. General Westley had brought him up and presented him, and he remained charting with Cornelia, apparently in the fatuity that if he talked trivially to her he would be the same as a young man. Ludlow stayed, too, and when the old gentleman got away, he said, the same as if there had been no interruption: "Why aren't you getting on?"

"Because I'm not doing anything to it."

"You ought to. I told you what Wetmore said of it."

'Yes: but I don't know how.'' said Cornelia, with a laugh that he liked; it seemed an effect of pleasure in his presence at her elbow; though from time to time she ig-nored him, and talked with other people who came for tea. He noticed that she had begun to have a little society manner of her own; he did not know whether he liked it or not. She wore a very pretty dress, too; one he had not seen before.

"Will you let me show you how—as well as I can?"

After I've asked you? Thank you!'

"I offered, once, before you asked."
"Oh!" said Cornelia, with her face aslant from him over her tea cups. "I thought you had forgotten that."

He winced, but he knew that he deserved the little scratch. He did not try to excul-pate himself, but he asked: "May I talk with Miss Maybough about it?"

Cornelia returned gayly: "It's a free

He rose from the chair which he had been keeping at her elbow, and looked

(Continuation on page 25 of this issue)



#### DEEDS OF ASPIRATION

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

WHAT though your lot in life seems poor and small? What though in great accomplishment you

Let not the thought of this your soul appall, Nor think your days are spent without avail.

A noble aspiration is a deed

Though unachieved, and He who judges man Upon His lofty throne will give it heed, And all will be rewarded as they plan.



#### \*VI-ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY

BY RUTH ASHMORE



HAT women and girls everywhere should be interested in Rosa Nouchette Carey is not to be wondered at. for while books come and books go, there are few books that have, as do hers, the interesting plot,

the delightful romance, the pure love-making, the wise religious suggestion, and better than all, the pure, womanly tone. Neither you nor I like a book or a story without wishing to know something about the author, and that very curiosity is the best tribute that can be paid to the book.

Rosa Nouchette Carey is the youngest of



ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY

a family of five sisters and two brothers. Her father was a wealthy man of a delightfully amiable disposition, whose integrity fully amiable disposition, whose integrity of character made him widely respected. The childhood of Rosa Carey was passed in an old-fashioned house at Hackney, in England, where the children played together in a room which they delighted to call the "green room," because it looked out on an old-fashioned garden full of trees and flowers. Here the future author used to entertain her brothers and sisters by making up stories as they sewed or did making up stories as they sewed or did their tasks. She was a delicate child, and so was allowed to do as she pleased, and Many of the stories pleased her best. Many of the stories, which have been put in black and white, had their birth in the "green room," and were eagerly listened to by an audience that always applauded.

To-day Rosa Nouchette Carey would impress you first of all, with the fact that she was a gentlewoman. She is tall, slender and carries herself most gracefully; she has great, large eyes that seem sometimes blue and sometimes gray, while her hair which is a soft dark brown, is brushed off her face and braided at the back, and if you looked at it closely you would see a silver thread or two. She has that most excellent thing in a woman—a sweet, musical voice, and it would seem as if, in this respect, like looked for like, inasmuch as her greatest pets are birds—one gay little thrush coming with great regularity every morning to her window for its breakfast.

Miss Carey lives in an artistically-built Elizabethan house at Putney, which is a neighborhood full of romance. Here it was that Cromwell made his headquarters when King Charles was his prisoner at

\*In this series of "Literary Women in Their Homes," the following, each accompanied with por-trait, have been printed:

Augusta Evans Wilson
Mary Elbanor Wilkins
Margaret Deland June, 1892 MARY ELEANOR WILKINS . August, "
MARGARET DELAND . October, "
EDNA LYALL . November, "
AUTHOR OF "BOOTLES' BABY" . March, 189;

Any of these back numbers can be had at 10 cents each, by writing to the JOURNAL.

Hampton Court. Here Queen Elizabeth used to stay at the house of Mr. Lacy, a clothier, who had made a fortune and whose son entertained Charles I. Here was born the Earl of Essex, as well as Edward Gibbon and the good Bishop of Ely. Mrs. Shelley lived by the river when she was a widow and gentle Leigh Hunt lived and died there. There, in close proximity, lived Theodore Hook, Douglas Jerrold, Fuseli, the artist, and that most interesting of women—Mrs. Siddons. So all about Miss Carey is history in its most romantic sense.

To any one who has read her books her love for young girls and her strong religious feeling are most evident. Of the last, some-thing must be told to show how she has done that which seemed to her to be right. When but a little girl she became very intimate with Mathilde Blind, and the friend-ship grew and grew with the girls themselves, but Miss Blind became one of the most advanced thinkers in the school of so-called modern belief, or lack of it, and Rosa Carey, who had always clung to the belief that had been born in her, felt that her love for her friend must be subservient to her duty to her God, and so the woman who translated the "Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff," and the other who wrote "Not Like Other Girls" agreed to part. I do not think it can be questioned as to which book has encouraged the greatest number of circles or which goes has been the best in girls, or which one has had the best influence.

One's surroundings always mean so much, and the room in which Miss Carey writes, and which she calls her "snug-gery," expresses exactly what the woman gery," expresses exactly what the monants is. Everything is pretty and exquisitely is. neat, but there is a reason for everything. There are easy-chairs great and small, a comfortable couch, a couple of small tables, bookshelves filled with interesting books, a cabinet that holds pretty bits of china, and whom Miss Carey has loved and the many who care for her. An oak writing-table with a blotting-pad on it suggests her work, and even it shows a touch of femininity, because close to a pile of copy is a vase filled

cause close to a pile of copy is a vase filled with glowing scarlet genaniums.

The first book Miss Carey launched on the doubtful sea of fame was "Nellie's Memories," and following that came "Wee Wifie"; then with intervals of two years came five other novels, and after that the book which is probably best known in this country and most liked, that is, "Not Like Other Girls." We all know the pretty story it tells of the girls who were left without money, and who knew they could do one thing well, and that was to make frocks, and who fitted the butcher's wife as well as they did the wife of the lord of the manor. Quite outside of the romance there is a deal Quite outside of the romance there is a deal of practical sense in this story, and that is undoubtedly what Miss Carey wanted girls to find. She wanted them to realize that there was as much money to be made in purely womanly pursuits as in the more ambitious ones, and that a lady always remained a lady no matter what her work was, if she did it well.

The sweet-voiced writer herself says:

"My ambition has always been to try and do good, not harm, by what I write, and to make books which any mother can give her girl to read. It is a little curious, but first I think of one character, and then I circle the others all around that. I think of them a long time before I begin to write and whether heads is Grided I. to write, and when the book is finished I have a restless sort of feeling, as if I had lost something. Yes, there is a tone of sadness something. Yes, there is a tone of sauthern through my earlier stories, but they were through my earlier stories, but they were of sorrow. Now, I written through years of sorrow. Now, I can write more cheerfully. My favorite books? I like biographies, George Eliot's works, Amel's Journal and books that are studies of character. In poetry I am fondest of Jean Ingelow and Mrs. Browning."

For a man to love a woman, somebody says, is only nature, but for a woman to love one shows that in the one who evokes the love there must be the grace of God. Surely then that lives in the soul of Rosa Carey, for her most intimate friend is Helen Burnside. The poetess, who came to live with her seventeen years ago, says about her: "I do not think there is any author who has made her writings—the real work of her life-so secondary a matter as Rosa She so consistent ilves her relig ion that her duty and her devotion to her family come before everything else; whoever is sick or in trouble comes naturally to her, and in any crisis she is the one who is sought at once. Not a strong woman, and giving so much of her time, her heart and her strength to others, it is marvelous that she has been able to write the cheerful and encouraging books that she has. She is so modest that she never thinks of herself as a celebrity, and that there are girls all over the world who care to look at her face is a delightful surprise to her.

Possibly this is the best description that could be given of a woman who, making a name for herself in the world, has most beautifully filled her position as daughter, sister and gentlewoman. It is living your religion, and in finishing this little sketch of the woman who has done it, I can only say: Be "not like other girls," except in their good qualities, and then you will indeed be very like unto the woman whose brainchildren they are-Rosa Nouchette Carey.

#### THE SONG OF AN INVALID By W. H. JOHNSON

OME in, gentle breeze; round my window you're playing,

Making the maple leaves dance with delight;
'ou whisper of juicy blackberries and haying,

Dear pleasures of summer debarred from my sight.

Come in, gentle breeze, with your sweet, cool-

ing kisses, Come bring to my bedside the scent of the

Come quench from my veins the hot fever that hisses, And lull me to sleep with the song of the



#### \* IX-CHARLES DICKENS' DAUGHTER

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN



bees.

N Charles Dickens' rooms in Furnival's Inn, that quaint old bit of "Legal London," on a blustering March day in 1838 was born the nov-elist's first daughter and second child, Mary, the subject of this sketch

His daughter's advent was celebrated by ride to the hospitable inn at Barnet, which Dickens took with Mr. Forster, to whom he wrote, announcing the event and inviting him to the ride, that "work for the time is impossible." The little daughter was welcomed by the girl wife, and by the young man of twenty-six, who was beginning his literary career by being known as the author



MISS DICKENS

of the "Sketches by Boz." She was christened Mary, after a younger sister of the mother's, who had died at the age of seventeen, and whose epitaph Dickens had written for the little mound at Kensal Green:

"Young, beautiful and good, God, in His mercy, numbered her among His angels at the early age of seventeen."

But Mary seemed too sedate a name for the tiny baby girl, and the father soon called her "Mamie," and by that name she has continued to be known to all her intimates.

Brothers and sisters followed quickly the first little daughter, and assisting in their care developed all the motherly instincts of the little girl, and gave her a love for, and understanding of children, which have never left her. In 1839 her dearly-loved sister Kate was born, and although her year's seniority enabled Mamie to play the part of care-taker and guardian she was also happy in sharing the pleasures and pursuits of the baby-sister. Up to the time of Kate's mar-riage to a brother of Wilkie Collins, at the age of twenty, she and Mamie were inseparable, sharing their room and lessons, as they had their toys and games in babyhood. Throughout their girlhood both daughters shared the society, as they did the affection of their father, and he seems to have treated them-to have fondled, caressed and played with them—with a wonderful equality. He made them the same gifts, treated them to the same pleasures, and when Mamie was seventeen a proposed journey by her to Paris with her father, was arranged to include the younger sister. With the latter's marriage came the sorrow of parting and

In this series of pen-portraits of "Clever Daughters of Clever Men," commenced in the November, 1891, Journaut, the following, each accompanied with portrait, have been printed:

POTITAIL, NAVE BEEN PTINTED:
RACHEL SHERMAN
"WINNIE" DAVIS
ETHEL INGALLS
HORACE GREELEV'S DAUGHTER
HELEN GLADSTONE
AIMÉE RAYMOND, M. D.
HAWTHORNE'S DAUGHTER
ETHEL MACKENZIE MCKENNA
ANY Of these beek numbers can be November 1891 December " January 1892 March " . April "
October "
February 1893
. April "

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the inevitable change. On account of the absence of the one, Dickens was doubly devoted to his remaining daughter, and the separation from his wife, which had occurred two years before, must have still farther endeared her to him. The management of the Devonshire Terrace household the daughter shared with her aunt, Miss Hogarth, her particular duties embracing those things which especially pertained to the comfort of her father.

As a child Miss Dickens was shy and ner-

vous, but in the schoolroom showed quick-ness and aptitude. She has given many pretty pictures of her childhood life and companionship with her father in the reminiscences which have been published in The Ladies' Home Journal, and in all of these her love for, and happiness with him are unconsciously shown. She is a very clever musician, her ability both in piene playing and cinging regions for the piano-playing and singing giving her father much happiness during the later years of his life. But she could never bring herself to play or sing at any of the evening parties which Dickens was so fond of giving to his musical and literary friends, and this was probably the only thing in which the daughter ever disappointed her father. This unwillingness doubtless sprang from the lack of appreciation of her coursellity. her lack of appreciation of her own ability
—her ideals in music being of the highest—
and from the survival of some of the childish shyness of the schoolroom

But there was one accomplishment be-fore which this shyness melted and disappeared, and that was acting. In the famous amateur theatricals of Tavistock House Miss Dickens shone as a bright, particular star. Her dramatic talent was, of course, an inheritance from her father, whose act-ing won high praise from Macready, and whose excellent elocution and cleverness of gesture made his reading tours so won-derfully successful. At the Tavistock House performances the young actress won the warmest applause from her father's friends,

among whom were Thomas Carlyle, Lord Houghton, Wilkie Collins and Macready. Other gifts than this dramatic ability are Miss Dickens' legacies from her father. Her skill in carpentering, upholstering and, as she terms it "general usefulness about a house" she claims from him. The strong, sentimental element of her nature, which finds expression, as did her father's, in a devotion to her kindred, to children, animals and flowers, is another evidence of her parentage. her parentage.

In feature, also, Miss Dickens closely re-sembles her father, and the resemblance is so evident as to cause frequent remark from strangers. There is an identity of expresstrangers. There is an identity of expression about their faces at once observable, and which believers in heredity find ex-

and which believers in hereary interesting.

Miss Dickens and her sister had, in their girlhood, a larger share of social pleasure than falls to the lot of most young girls, and their father did his best to make it larger. Both the girls were enthusiastic dancers, and were much in request as partners at parties and balls.

Miss Dickens was also an enthusiastic

horsewoman, until a fall she received while riding to hounds a few years ago made her a temporary dependent on crutches and gave her less fondness for equestrianism. She rode with great spirit and pluck, and generally succeeded at a hunt in being

'in at the death."

The love of flowers, which, in her case, amounts almost to a passion, Miss Dickens has ample opportunity to indulge in the country life which is now hers. "For flowers alone," she says, "I consider it a privilege to have been born into a world whose born for the restant and the same and the s where a beneficent Creator has given to us such lovely and marvelous varieties of these, His most wonderful creations. In times of pleasure, in times of thankfulness, in times of mourning and times of trouble, nothing has ever given me more joy, or more comfort and help than a sweet flower."

Some time after her father's death Miss Dickens, with her aunt, Miss Hogarth, moved into a charming little home in London, where they led the brightest of metropolitan lives. A few years ago Miss Dickens met a clergyman who, with his wife, was devoting his energies to the poor of his parish, and her kind heart prompted her to join with them in their charitable and religious work. She had served a long apprenticeship in ministering to the many poor people about "Gad's Hill," and soon proved a valuable and efficient assistant in the work. For nearly three years she has made her home at Dunton rectory, near the quaint old town of Brentwood, in Essex, and although her life there has many anxieties and responsibilities, much work and more thought, few pleasures and few-er luxuries; although it means separation from her relatives and friends, Miss Dickens would not exchange her self-chosen work of ministering to the poor of her country home, for the easiest of town existences. Although the clergyman in whose parish

she is so devoted a worker is a member of the Church of England Miss Dickens has never formally united with this or any other denomination. She strives most other denomination. She strives most earnestly to fashion her life by the noblest of human, and the one Divine Example, and thus she pays her highest tribute to the man whose earnest Christianity made him one of the best of fathers.

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#### A NOVEL FÊTE OF ROSES

By MRS. A. G. LEWIS

URING the summer young people in the country are constantly seeking new ways of entertain-ing their city friends. Garden parties and picnics are always popular, especially so when got-ten up in novel form. During

July, when roses are so plentiful, a fête o roses seems peculiarly appropriate. It will require considerable effort in the way of preparation, but guests and summer friends may always be depended upon to lend a hand; indeed, the preparatory work is often a very pleasant part of the fête. There are many different ways of carrying out the idea. The fête should be out-of-doors, a large garden or picnic grounds being most suitable. If the garden has an abundance of roses in bloom very little extra decoration will be found necessary.

A ROSE bower, however, if the garden lacks a summer-house, is very desirable and pretty. It may be constructed by first making an umbrella or a tent-shaped wooden frame. Form a network of rope between the bars, then by covering the same with greens, or arranging different colored roses in the form of tiles, a beautiful and brilliant canopy is formed. If posts are set to sustain the roof these should also be wreathed with greens and rose blossoms. Too many roses cannot be used. If it is to be a picnic fête an abundance should appear upon the tables, and goblets, pitchers and baskets, used for serving guests, should be wreathed with blossoms after the manner of Greek fêtes and festivals. If for a private lawn party, then the summer-house, balconies, and the trees, underneath which the tables are supposed to be spread, should be beautifully wreathed and festooned. Of the abundance of flowers needed guests may courteously contribute a liberal portion.

INVITATIONS are prettiest sent in the form of a bouquet to which the hostess' card is attached. Upon the reverse side of the card an informal word of invitation is written stating the time and place of the fête. If invitations are sent but a day or two in advance, a single rose accompanying the card and the words "Very Bohemian" indicate that costumes are to be simple and the occasion unceremonious. Acceptances may be indicated by sending a generous basket of roses to the hostess to be used for decorations. As a matter of course everybody wears roses. Rose-colored cos-tumes are always pretty and bright for the lawn. White dresses with garniture of roses are also pretty. Gentlemen wear rose bou-tonnières and neckties to match, and children wear the gayest colors. Bright red, yellow and blue costumes are specially de-sirable. A large vase contains prize roses to be awarded to the winners in the games and tournaments of the day. The victor who wins the largest number of prizes is crowned -not with laurel, but a wreath of plaited rose leaves.

A rose race is arranged thus: Describe upon the sward with a lawn marker a circle -say twenty paces in diameter. Mark also eight equidistant radii. Place an empty basket above the point where the radii meet at the centre, and describe about this a circle with not over four feet diameter. Upon this circle the eight contestants stand, each upon the point where the radius line intersects it. One dozen roses are scattered at equidistant points along each of the eight radius lines. At a given signal the racers start. Each must pick up separately the twelve roses in his line and carry the same, one by one, back to the basket, making thus twenty-four journeys to and from the basket. The prize is won by the racer who gets all the roses on his line into the basket first.

THE brier contest is a merry one. Two opposing lines are formed, and a prickly rose branch is given to each side. players must pass it from hand to hand down the entire line and back again. The side that accomplishes this feat soonest

In tennis, croquet, quoits, shuffle-board and other outdoor games, the players wear the kind and color of roses which represent

A rose queen, who may well be the young girl in whose honor the fête is given, should be chosen. Her dress should be handsomely draped after the fashion of royal robes, then ornamented with roses, her crown being wholly of yellow roses. A rustic chair of state, wreathed with roses, and an ottoman of solid rose blossoms are prepared where the queen may sit and receive the homage and honor of her guests. Other royal attendants may be added to her suite, if desired. Tables covered with rose-colored tarlatan over white may be prettily arranged among the trees. A pyramidal centrepiece of solid roses, a rose at each plate and a cluster loosely laid at each corner of the table are sufficient in the way of floral decoration. Creams, ices and frostings may be colored by adding a few drops of cochineal extract, which is both tasteless and harmless. Raspberry, strawberry and currant juices give the desired rose color to iced drinks.

#### ENTERTAINING IN THE COUNTRY

Some Pleasing Fetes and Parties for Lawn and Garden

#### A PICNIC OF PALMS

BY MRS. A. G. LEWIS



ARDS of invitation are hand-shaped and a little larger than the ordinary carte de visite. The pattern can be drawn upon paper, then carefully cut out either with scissors or a sharp-pointed knife. The two lines known in palmistry as the lines of life and fortune

are marked upon the cards, and the brief note of invitation is written thereon.

OSTUMES for a party of this kind can be easily made original in design, the chief idea being to adorn the dress with hand-shaped figures either hemmed on or ppliquéd with embroidery or tinsel cord. Hats and jaunty capotes are made by joining two or more hands (made from pasteboard or canvas covered with velvet) of sufficient size so that two may form the head band, the thumb pointing forward and the index finger upward. These, prettily ornamented with tinsel tassels and plumes, are very becoming. Without ornamentation they serve for gentleman's wear. Neckties, sashes with ribbons cut at the ends in hand-shaped pattern, or trimmed with bangles, fans, lorgnettes and girdle bags can be fashioned and ornamented in the desired form, also canes, parasols, caps and jewelry. The guests should all carry palm-leaf fans, which may be ornamented with silver, gilt or iridescent cord.

The grounds should also be decorated to represent the idea. Real palms in pots, if they can be obtained, are, of course, the most desirable adornment for the lawn. In many of the southern and far western States gardens abound with these, and little else will be found necessary; yet, as a novelty the gate or entrance may be decorated with large painted hands cut from wood or heavy pasteboard, tastefully arranged with bunting, flags and bright-colored Chinese lanterns. Then the paths may be bordered with a host of smaller cardboard hands fastened to sharpened sticks by splitting the stick an inch or more at the top, then crowding the under side of the pasteboard hand into it at about the central point of

The mystic art of palm reading claims a place in this festivity. All necessary points may be easily acquired by consulting Allen's charts and formulas. A half dozen, more or less, of costumed interpreters, oracles, sibyls and gypsy fortune-tellers should be present and, in imitation of the Cumæan sibyls of old, futures should be written upon leaves—palm-leaf fans—each guest retaining the same as a souvenir of the fête.

QUOTATIONS, conundrums, anagrams, etc., etc., written upon hand-shaped cards, serve as plate or feast souvenirs. All should have reference to palms or palmistry, and the floral centrepiece for each table should also represent the same idea.

#### COACHING AND YACHTING PARTIES



OACHING and yachting have become such important pastimes that special cards, bearing illu-minated designs appropriate to each, are displayed in profusion. For instance:

MR. AND MRS. WORTH

request the pleasure of your company

TO DRIVE

meeting at .....

An early answer is requested

The request for a response is here necessary, it being desirable to fill all the seats

on the coach.

For a reception on board a yacht at anchor the cards sent out are generally worded:

> COMMODORE AND MRS. FLETCHER request the pleasure of MR. AND MRS. MORGAN MOORE'S company on board the Whitewings

the

WHITEWINGS ANCHORED

At the top of the card the Commodore's flag is crossed with the burgee of the club, both illuminated in proper colors. For a hunting meet the form most in

vogue is: PENNBROOK HOUNDS

February 21st, 1891

at Kennels 2 P. M.

A well-cut hound's head, above crossed whips and spur, is embossed in color or in gold at the top of card.

## A CLOVER PARTY

BY BELL BAYLESS



UR country home was among strict church people who would not hear of either cards or dancing, and we young people had long since voted croquet and musicales tiresome to the last degree, so I thought of a clover

party, and this is how we carried out the idea: To the huge oak trees which adorned the lawn were attached cards bearing num-bers and bows of different colors—white, pink, blue, yellow, lavender and green—and under the spreading boughs the little clover leaves were to be sought.

E ACH invitation had a clover leaf, bumblebee, butterfly or some such design drawn thereon with India-ink, while partners were selected by cards bearing quotations from rural poems, half being on one card for the lady, the remainder on another for the gentleman, and two of each tied with ribbon corresponding to the bow on one of

Ten minutes' search was allowed, or until some one at the head "table" found a four-leaved clover; the bell was then rung and all progressed, as in progressive euchren for a little more than an hour (lots being drawn when no leaves were found), when prizes were awarded. To the head couple two green enameled scarfpins, clover design; a souvenir spoon and silver book-mark to the second, and the "booby" prize was a bunch of dried grasses and a palmleaf fan tied with green ribbons, the color of the foot "table."

The odd gentleman insisted on having a "lone hand" prize, for he had hunted at each tree without success, so a yellow silk photograph frame was produced for his special benefit.

Then a few energetic ones played croquet for an hour, after which refreshments were served from small tables. The menu was appropriate to the occasion. It consisted of tongue sandwiches, hot rolls, honey, cheese straws, pickles, ice cream, cake and fruit, with iced tea and milk for beverages.

Pink and white clover blossoms formed the table decorations, where they were grouped to form a trefoil, and in every way possible the ruling idea was carried out.

Later on we took our banjos out into the

moonlight and sang college songs, and chatted and compared notes as to good-luck superstitions until half-past ten, when the guests departed, pronouncing our clover party a success.

#### A LAWN-TENNIS TEA



NY suburban house with a lawn sufficient in size for a tennis court may be made the scene of this simple and pretty enter-tainment. If two courts can be prepared it will be so much the better, as a larger number

of players can be accommodated.

Cards decorated with rackets and balls may be sent out to not more than thirty people, and should read:

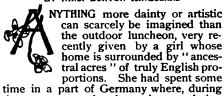
MR. AND MRS. THOMAS BROWNE The Maples

Tennis Tea Tuesday, June twenty-fifth 4 to 8 P. M.

See that the courts are in condition, and have near to them a stand containing balls and rackets. Swing hammocks wherever possible, and group easy-chairs and piles of gay summer cushions and summer rugs in shady corners. Place your refreshment tables on the piazzas. A simple and sensible menu would be lobster salad, chicken sandwiches, thin slices of buttered bread, strawberries (or any fruit in season), vanilla ice cream, fancy cakes, coffee, iced tea and bonbons. It is wise to have two tables, as prompt service may thus be facilitated. Cover each with a dainty tea-cloth. Pile napkins at the corners, and near them group plates, forks and spoons. Do not serve your fruit or ices until the salad and its accompaniments have been removed. Large bowls of iced lemonade, and caraffes of iced water should be easily accessible during the hours of the tea. The host and hostess, and any girls who may compose the house party should be in tennis costume, and should see that the games progress in as good order as possible, and that each guest has a chance to play. The games should proceed until a little before seven, when supper should be served, the men supper should be served, the more acting as attendants in place of more acting as attendants, in place of more formal waiters. Such a tea is a charming way also of entertaining any visiting young women who have a *penchant* for tennis; in which case "To meet Miss Racket" might also be added to the cards, and the persons invited should be her particular friends.

#### AN OUTDOOR "FAN" LUNCHEON

By Mrs. Burton Kingsland



the summer months, the entire population take all their meals "al fresco" except when it rains, and it seemed to her that it was an idea worth transplanting.

E IGHT young girls were invited to come attired in as sylvan a style as their wardrobes permitted, and as American girls are not slow to adapt such an idea,

girls are not slow to adapt such an idea, eight charming young shepherdesses appeared—some looking like June roses in pink batiste gowns, soft muslin fichus and leghorn hats, flower-bedecked.

By a "special providence" the day was fine—a real June day, when "then, if ever, come perfect days," as our Lowell sang, in praise of that "queen of the year." Had it rained the luncheon was to have been served on the piazza—broad and vine-screened, and "the whole thing a failure!" as the young hostess cheerfully prophesied. as the young hostess cheerfully prophesied.

THE table was laid under a spreading beech-tree, where a view could be had over miles of softly undulating country. The shape of the table was that of a folding fan—not fully opened—the point of which, near the trunk of the tree, was adorned with an enormous bow of pink satin ribbon, and from which radiated other pink ribbons about four inches wide, which indicated the sticks of the fan and made a separation between the places of the guests. was confidentially informed that they also concealed the seams and other devices for making a table-cloth fit a fan. The main outer sticks of the fan-table were indicated by masses of pink roses and syringa two feet wide at the edge, and tapering nearly to a point where they joined the huge pink The same flowers were repeated in a border just in front of the guests. were placed in shallow glass holders about two feet long and four inches wide, which were filled with water and set in a zigzag line to suggest the foldings of the fan. At each place was a bona fide fan, of finely-braided straw gilded, round in shape, with a handle, and tied to the handle by a bow of ribbon was a spray of roses and syringa which almost covered the fan itself. The young ladies were quick to avail themselves of the suggestion of using the flowers as "corsage bouquets," and putting the fans to practical use. These fans, placed by the side of the guests, concealed the pink ribbons just where they fell over the edge of the table. The principal dishes were surrounded with wreaths of flowers, which the young hostess had daintily woven with the aid of fine florist's wire, and kept in water until the luncheon was about to be served, while the lesser ones were adorned with smilax. Of course they were placed in rows between the ribbons, and were graduated in size from the edge to the point of the fan.

A FTER luncheon the grounds offered many A attractions for strolling about, or sit-ting in groups on the grass—the girls un-consciously making as pretty a picture as any Watteau ever painted-until nearly sunset, when the cooler air permitted them to enjoy the new Japanese game. It is played with fans, and the pretty paper balls of different colors, which are inflated through a tiny hole which closes with a valve from the inside, and so prevents the slightest escape of air. The balls are tossed as high as possible and the game consists in preventing their falling by fanning them. It is quite as active as tennis and the effect is exceedingly picturesque to those looking on. The one who succeeds in keeping her ball the longest from touching the ground beats the game, and in this case won a prize—a dainty fan of white bolting-cloth with pink sticks. The mother of the young hostess, who was much skilled in the use of water-colors, had painted on the white background in letters formed of a succession of tiny roses, the word "Dârina," the name of the place. It is an Arabic word signifying "our happy home." A long, pink satin ribbon was tied at the end, to recall the table effect, and the whole was a charming souvenir of a delightful occasion.

After the exertion of the game the girls

welcomed the suggestion to sit under the trees and have their fortunes told. The young hostess then presented a pink-lined basket, from which each took a little white linen extension fan. From a similar fan in her own hand she proceeded to read such

questions as:
"Upon what shall my happiness depend?"

'Have I ever met my future husband?" "In the marriage lottery shall I draw a prize or a blank?"

Upon opening her fan, each in turn found thereon an answer to the question inscribed in gilt letters.

The bright faces, as they took their leave, plainly showed that the answers were sat-



#### THE BROWNIES 'ROUND THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

IN TWELVE STAGES:

EIGHTH STAGE



Turkey there was much to view
That to the Brownie band was new.
The buildings strange and towers high At once attracted every eye.
On every spire of wood or stone
Or arching gate the crescent shone; So not one moment could the band Forget they trod the Sultan's land.
The highest mosque and minar The Brownies of cilimbed in hopes

mosque and minaret climbed in hopes to get
A bird's-eyeAnd palaces
And ships
and fro
Or lay at
Said one: view of gardens fair, that glittered there, that drifted to anchor far below.
"To climb this filigree Is harder than to climb a tree; If we were batch our match,

this we'd have But steps or stairs we don't require To help us up the tallest spire."
Another said: "No person can, Be he a Greek or Mussulman, Erect a steeple round or square Or octagon Or octagon so high in air Above his meeting-house or shop or si That Brownies annot reach the top." Then St. Sophia's mosque so grand Was admired by all the band.
They sauntered round and the place, 

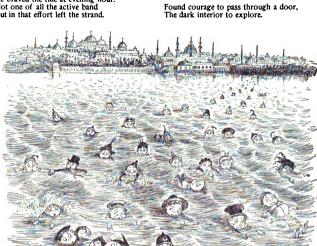
round the place.

Then measured it with even pace, And found the statement as to size And beauty was not spiced with lies. They walked around in gardens fair Enjoying perfume-laden air, And on the very Sultan's lawn They played at games till early dawn; In secret places skirmished round Where strangers no admittance found And all the household, by decree, Were kept safe under lock and key; They chatted freely of the way Some people live at this late day, In spite of all that has been done To work reforms beneath the sun. Some lay on rich divans a while, More sat in Oriental Style On ottomans in quiet nooks, And tried the hookahs and chibouks;

much

Some filled the bowl, while others drew Upon the pipe, and puffed and blew Until the smoke hung like a cloud Above the heads of all the crowd.

This pleased a while, but in the end They felt they could not recommend The Eastern custom to a friend. One night the valiant Brownies tried To swim the Hellespont so wide—To imitate the daring feat Of young Leander, when to meet His lady-love in secret bower He braved the tide at evening hour. Not one of all the active band But in that effort left the strand.



Though oft the band great streams had crossed, And here and there were roughly tossed, They soon perceived, from last to first, This was the wildest and the worst. Some grew alarmed, ere half way out, And with pale faces turned about, And with pale faces turned about, And but for stronger friends at hand That helped them safely to the land, The interesting, bright career Of half a score had ended here, While others, showing better skill, Contended with the current still, And neither fear nor failing knew, But gained the point they had in view. Though much they may have needed rest Where skill and strength had such a test, They could not stop, or water wide At morning would the band divide, And weeks might pass around before They'd have a chance to meet once more. So plunging in without delay To anxious friends they worked their way, Where arms were ready to enfold



IN Egypt next the wonders new
On every side attention drew.
Upon the Sphinx, the chief of all
The wonders there, they made a call,
And on the solemn head they found
A chance to dance a merry round.
On pyramids of slippery stones,
That kings had built
to hold their bones
Till they would need
the frame once more,
The active Brownies
clambered o'er;
Up step by step

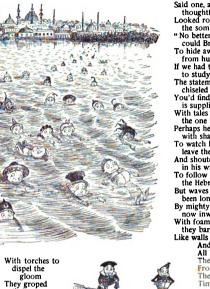
clambered o'er; Up step by step without a stop They struggled nimbly to the top, High on the peak for hours they st

for hours
they sat,
Enjoying
free and
friendly
chat,
Commenting on the
prospect fair
They gained while
perched so high in air.
The daring band, not satisfied
With wonders that appeared outside,

With torches to dispel the gloom They groped their way from room to room; Sometimes they tumbled in a cell, Sometimes Sometimes across a mummy fell,

fell,
And by the
mishap
broke
the crust
And scattered
wide the
sacred dust.
A hundred feet beneath the

the ground
The royal sepulchres were found,
Where safe beneath a massive lid
The monarchs lay for lay for centuries hid, Not troubled by the overflow Of mighty rivers stretched below,



Around the stone sarcophagus
Of some old king who had a muss,
No doubt, with prophets in his day,
At hide-and-seek they stopped to play.
Said one, as he with
thoughtful mien
Looked round upon
the sombre scene:
"No better place
could Brownies find
To hide away
from human kind.
If we had time
to study out
The statements
chiseled all about,
You'd find each casket
is supplied
With tales about
the one inside.
Perhaps he stood
with shading hand
To watch his legions
leave the land,
And shouted to them
in his wrath
To follow in
the Hebrews' path.
But waves that had
been long controlled
By mighty power
now inward rolled;
With foaming crests
they barred the way
Like walls fast closing on their prey,
And giving in one generous dish
All Egypt's army to the fish.
The dust of kings alone is here,
From them we nothing have to fear,
Their days of tyranny are past,
Time raked them from
their thrones at last;
No more they'll range
from place
to place
And
subjugate
a better
race; subjugate a better race; No more impose a double a double task When slaves or bondsmen mercy ask, Say who shall live or who shall die



Nor worried by the warlike horde That from some neighboring country poured.

Or who their treasury supply.

'Tis well such creatures have an end, And these old rogues I apprehend, If I their picture-language know, Had theirs four thousand years ago." Upon an island in the Nile The Brownies tarried for a while. Among the ruins scattered round A temple's colonnade they found, And in hieroglyphics spread, His birth, his love, and prowess stout In broken chapters they made out. An interesting tale indeed It proved to those who cared to read. There, studying the granite gray, They learned just how he passed away, And how he was embalmed with care By the kind goddess lsis fair.

May





#### THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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Philadelphia, July, 1893

## AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

N indication of the growth of common-sense among American parents, which is gratifying, is incidentally shown in a recent report of the United States Educational Commissioners. has been ascertained by these men of wide investigation that the corporal punishment of children is gradually disappearing from our home-life, and that in pro-

portion to the banishment of the rod the discipline among children has improved. We are told that in families where children were found to be the best-behaved such a thing as corporal punishment was unknown.

0 DESPITE the large growth of this broadmindedness among parents the fact cannot be overlooked that the idea of actually punishing children is still all too preva-lent in many homes. Thousands of parents have yet to learn to cultivate a higher regard for their offspring. And while this higher state of civilization will, without question, be ultimately reached, we, who chance to wield public pens, should, I think, do all within our power to hasten the time when common-sense will rule above angry passion in the correction of children by parents. Just as, in an earlier period, the passing away of the public whipping-post in America was witnessed, so must we soon see the complete banishment of the home-whip. Mothers must do more thinking and less striking, while fathers, so generally considered as final courts of domestic adjudication, must follow the example set by nations who, as they grow stronger and greater, choose arbitration rather than pow-der for the settlement of their international difficulties. God gives to every mother two hands: one He intends she shall use to guide, the other to bless; she can never become cruel unless she becomes thoughtless. The hand of woman was never given to her to strike her own child; for no matter what may be the pretext, nor how aggravating may be the provocation, to command firm obedience is always better and wiser than to raise the angry and resentful passions that lie dormant in all children.

WHEN a mother inflicts punishment upon her child it is generally done upon the impulse of the moment. She is harassed with domestic cares until patience almost ceases to be a virtue. Just at that unlucky moment the child will commit some indiscretion. Trivial it may be, and is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, in its nature, but when we are worried a molehill looms up like a mountain. thinking she boxes the child over the ear, strikes him upon the head or shakes him, until the poor thing doesn't know which will come loose first, his teeth or his hair. A moment later the mother feels a pang of regret, but the harm has been done, and the child's self-respect has been injured. For that is what corporal punishment does for a child more than anything else. By foolish notions of punishment we kill self-respect in our offspring in childhood, and then, when they grow up, we wonder what has become of it. Mothers frequently, it seems to me, punish their children not so much because of their disobedience, but to give vent to their own overwrought feelings. The first and great lesson which women must learn in this matter of punishment is the value of self-

THE father of a household goes about his punishment in a more matter-of-fact cold-blooded manner. His only and knowledge of the cause is told him by his wife. She "can do nothing with Johnnie," and so he must. And he sets out to do it and show his "superiority"! Silently his wrath is fed. The calm common-sense he usually exercises in intricate business matters is lost, and he sets out to fairly pulverize poor little Johnnie If it is his little daughter that has done wrong his manly instinct asserts itself a little, and he thinks before he acts. But with his boy the average father has no such scruples: and he implants in the nature of his offspring an example of brutality that may require years and years to efface, and which is ofttimes never obliterated. Igive it as my candid opinion that if the average father knew the thoughts of his boy at the time he is punished by the bound of the second of the s ishing him he would never finish the ordeal I think I know whereof I speak, and if I present this question of the corporal punshment of a boy from a boy's standpoint in this article I do so because I can do it intelligently. My boyhood is only a few years behind me, and while I might choose another point of view, as other writers have, I shall reverse the usual order of things and endeavor to show this question from the boy's standpoint.

AM perfectly aware that, as a boy, I was

not an angel. No one in this wide world, I think, would ever have selected me as the original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I wasn't that kind of a boy; I was more like the average boy of to-day. I may have been worse than some boys—I do not for a moment doubt this—and again I may for a moment doubt this—and again I may have been better than others—on this point, however, I am not so free from doubt. I was simply a boy, full of boyish spirits that somehow or other had to be let off, or I would have died from spontaneous combustion. I remember that I remained at play longer than I was told; I built bonfires when I was counseled not to do so; I rang scores of door-bells to keep servants in practice. Election bonfires were my delight; ditto getting the barrels for them. omehow a barrel never seemed so valuable when it was given to me. I loved to play base-ball in the streets because it was forbidden. Through my love of this sport my father and the glazier on a neighboring street became intimately acquainted. I arranged it, too, that my parents and our neighbors often met, though I was rarely present at these neighborly calls. I played truant from school, and my school-teachers and principal finally knew my house almost as well as I did, and frequently called. I became so indispensable to my teacher's happiness that she often asked for my company after the other scholars had gone home. (She is one of my readers now, and will fully appreciate this bit of reminiscence.) In short, I was a boy, perfectly satisfactory to myself, although others seemed to differ materially from me on that point. My father was one of those who differed with me, and he had the most uncomfortable way of showing it—uncomfortable to him, too, I dare say. But it was particularly so to me. see now what a trial I must have been to my father; how exasperated my escapades must have made him. Like all men of large affairs business often worried him, and then, when some one came up in the evening to complain of me, I received the full benefit not only of my own misdeeds but suffered as well for what had worried my father during the day. And combina-tions of this sort are apt to be exceedingly distressing. As I can now recall it I received six or seven severe punishments at the hands of my father. Then he resorted to locking me up in my room, with only bread and water for diet. But what good mother can see a growing son subsist on such soppy meals? And my mother never was an exception to the run of good

mothers.

NOW, what effect did my father's punish-IN ment have upon his son? A beneficial one? Not at all. Just the reverse. My father was to me, as all fathers are apt to be to their sons, an ideal. In my eyes he knew more, he was better, he was a handsomer type of manhood than any man living. In short, he was my father, and as such he was a better man than the father of any boy on the same street. I looked up to him. I can remember how, when he was seated at the table, I was accustomed to regard him with admiration and almost awe. But all that disappeared when he punished me. Boylike, I judged a man's honor by his valor, and my idea of valor was that no man would strike anybody "under his size," as boys express body "under his size," as boys express it. That knowledge exasperated me. To think that a man as great as was my father should stoop to strike a boy of ten or eleven who came hardly up to the fourth button of his vest! I could not reconcile the two traits, and my respect for him lessened each time that he punished me. Not that the punishment pained me. It is easy to recall the fact that it did, but all that was lost in the humiliation I felt for my father's loss of respect and dignity. The idea of repentance never came into my mind, and the lesson of the flogging was lost so soon as the recollection of its peculiar tinkling warmth disappeared. Fortuiar tinkling warmth disappeared. Fortunately, both for my father and myself, his character and attributes were such that despite the indignities he made me suffer, I was compelled to admire him, and that admiration has grown since maturity has come to me. No memory is more tender to me than that of my father.

SEEK not to teach a lesson to other fathers at the expense of any mistakes my father may have made. But I have allowed myself to be thus personal in order that, by direct illustration, I might make my meaning more clear when I urge upon all fathers to withhold the hand of chastisement from their sons. My feelings during punishment were not a par-ticle unlike those which every boy in the land experiences to-day under similar circumstances. Punish a boy and you humiliate him far more than you correct him. Boys have far more self-respect than parents credit them with. They also do more thinking than parents believe. When they assume a risk they think out the consequences far more clearly sometimes than is imagined. The great trouble with thou-sands of parents lies in the fact that they do not understand their children. They forget their own childhood altogether too soon. If we were to remember our own feelings at twelve more clearly when we undertake to administer punishment to our boys and girls of twelve, I think we should act with greater wisdom. Striking a boy act with greater wisdom. Striking a boy will never improve him. Every blow given a boy removes him just so far from his father's confidence. It is a bad sign when a son fears his father. A parent should gain the respect, the confidence and the love of a son. This he can do with firmness of districtions. discipline. A boy admires firmness in his father just as much as we business men admire that same quality in each other. So with a boy. His admiration of firmness in his father may not be based upon judg-ment, but by his very instinct he respects A boy's respect for his father is gained in proportion as he knows that his yes means yes, and his no means no. Firmness of character and unwavering discipline will do more for a boy than all the punishments a father can inflict upon him. The one develops respect; the other develops passion and resentment.

A NOTHER point of criticism of many parents is that they do not sufficiently consider the motives which sometimes guide the actions of children. I remember one of my punishments was for stealing apples from an adjacent grocery. But I had a motive in my theft. A number of poor children frequently wandered into our street when I was at play. They from homes of poverty and crime. that they were not properly fed. They came would quietly sit on the curb before the grocery, reach into a convenient barrel, and roll apples and potatoes to these children whom I would post a little farther down. I prided myself upon my skill to feed the hungry at no expense to myself. But I miscalculated somewhat. The owner But I miscalculated somewhat. The owner of the grocery quietly sat at his desk, and charged up every potato and apple as I rolled it along, and, of course, at the end of the month my "charities" appeared on the monthly "account." Now, my motive was good, although my methods might rightfully have been quite ready to have ods might rightfully have been questioned. I would have been quite ready to have explained why I pilfered those apples and potatoes, but I was not asked. I was simply punished. Had my father known of the thought that guided me I do not think he would have resorted to the flogging. But I felt I was unjustly punished, and my pride forbade me to reveal the and my pride forbade me to reveal the motive when I had not been asked to give it. My father never knew the motive of that theft; my mother will, perhaps, learn it for the first time when she reads it here.

PERMIT me to include in one more remr iniscence: During my early boyhood my father was led into some gold-mining investment, and at the dinner-table he discussed the fact with my mother. Of course was at once alert. Boylike, I caught nothing of the conversation except the single fact of the gold mine. Naturally, I felt that my father could do nothing by felt that my father could do nothing by halves, and so, to my mind, my father had bought an entire gold mine. Next day I duly conveyed this precious piece of information to my playmates. To their credit, I must say, they received it at first with some incredulity, but finally my eloquence won the day and they were convinced! All but one boy; he pooh-poohed the whole idea. He was older than I, but that made no difference. He must be convinced. My father's capacity to buy a gold mine, or a whole city of gold mines if he wanted them, must be established in that wanted them, must be established in that boy's mind. And so I set to work. Diligently I argued every phase of the question with that boy, but somehow or other he wouldn't have it. However, I was not discouraged. Seeing that I could not argue it into him I proceeded to literally pound it into him. My father's reputation, felt, must be established, no matter what the cost. I was engaged in this exhilarating form of argument when the owner of the gold mine himself appeared on the scene, and—evidently seeing that I was getting much the worse of the argument—seizing my ear, disentangled me from the embrace of my opponent, and delivering one or two "love-pats" upon me himself, marched me home! I do not think I blamed my father so much for extricating me from the warm embrace of my unconvincible opponent as I did for his failure to ask me, after we reached home, the reason of his finding me in such close quarters! Instead of instituting inquiry he simply constituted himself a court of action. And for the second time that day I suffered for my effort to establish my father's reputamy effort to establish my father's reputa-tion as a gold-mine owner. For a long time after that I felt my playmate was right. My father could not own a gold mine.

THE great need in this question of corporal punishment is, I think, a little clearer understanding between parents and children. As parents, I do not think we enter enough into the lives of our children. We content ourselves too much with the wrong conclusion: oh, he's only a boy. True, he is only a boy, but a boy has sometimes his wherefores just as well as when his actions in later life are guided by motives. We allow our most hardened criminals opportunity for explanation, where we deny it to our own children. Instead of taking thoughtlessness for granted in the case of a child, let us take the trouble, first, to see whether we are correct in our interpretation. Not one living mortal of us can understand the mind of a child, and yet we act as if we were complete masters of a mechanism whose workings are only known to its Creator. It is well to inquire sometimes if there were not a worthy motive or a reasonable cause for a child's action, which may seem to us, at first, almost un-pardonable. At all events, let us give our boys and girls a little more of a chance. Let us refrain from jumping at conclusions and at them at the same time. Let us bear in mind that as are our actions toward them, so will be their actions to the generation that will grow up around them a little later. The worst part of an unfortunate action is its influence upon a future in which we have no part.

WILL not say that the punishment of children can be dispensed with in ever instance. No possible rule can apply to all cases, since every instance must be a law unto itself. At the same time striking a child should be employed only as the very last resort, whereas now it is used in all too many cases as a first. Vindness and form many cases as a first. Kindness and firmness, when brought together, form the best basis for a child's education. Mothers should learn to control hasty actions; fathers must allow reason to have fuller play. The process may seem a little more tedious, but the result, when reached will be worth it all. Instantaneous correction may seem to be achieved by punishment, but the effect is not lasting. Girls are shamed by it; boys grow resentful under it. We need only apply the lessons that come to us in after life to this question to reach the best solution. Kindness draws us all closer; firmness of character cements lifelong friendships; sympathy wins us all. And as these elements appeal to us as we have matured, so do they, and even more strongly, appeal to the more responsive nature of a child. A boy should never find weakness in him to whom he looks for strength. A girl should never find anger where she has a right to find mercy. And as, for our little misdoings in childhood, we sought mercy and pardon, let not our children come to us, and because we are parents find us other than we ourselves sought and hoped to find. As we wished should be done unto us at one time in our lives so let us now do unto others, that they, in turn, may likewise do unto those who follow us.





[Selected from hitherto unpublished shorthand notes by T. J. Ellinwood, for nearly thirty years Mr. Beecher's private stenographer and authorized reporter.]



come in which all of us are more or less scattered, and some of us will be away from home through considerable periods of time. Meanwhile, some interest ought to be felt by us

as to how we can be efficient in the Christian life while we are under changing cir-cumstances. My own impression is that not a few persons when away from home do a great many things that they would not do at home where they are known.

#### WHEN AWAY FROM HOME

RECOLLECT that when I was in London I and Paris I observed a very great difference between the thermal line of duty there and what I had seen in New York and Brooklyn. I was asked to do a great many things which I had never seen it best to do at home; and I remember saying within my-self: "If I am going to take any liberties I am going to take them at home. I am not going to slink off here to London and Paris and do things that I would not do there."

It is a matter of sentiment and pride with me, largely, that if I propose to take any liberties in regard to going to places that I are never been accustomed to visit, I will

not do it away from home.

I dined with some English gentlemen—some lords—and after dinner they were going to the theatre, and they proposed that I should go with them. I said: "No, I think not; I have never attended a theatre in my life. I never saw a play, and I think I won't begin theatre-going just now." They all said: "We do not expect the tree goes or where the tree goes generally go." you to go where theatre-goers generally go; we will go right to our box, and no one will know that you are there." "But," I said, "I think I should feel mean to go in that way. If I made up my mind to go to the theatre I should go as I would go to church, or anywhere else."

or anywhere else."
So I think in going away from home one should take less liberty than he would at home, rather than more. One should have a sense of honor about such things. Children well brought up are guided by princi-ple in matters of this kind. Even though they may act with some freedom at home the moment they are away from home they feel that the influence of their father's and mother's name surrounds them, and that they must be more particular about their behavior than they are at home.

#### RELIGIOUS FEELING IN HOT WEATHER

WHILE there is always at this time of the VV year a good deal of scattering abroad, there is also a good deal of relaxation among those who do not scatter abroad. These facts lead me to say two things. One is, that you should not allow the languishing weather and change of place and circumstance to affect your religious feelings. The second is, that you should let your religious feelings alone in hot weather, and in change of place and circumstance. There is a sense in which both of these

things are true. In the first place, there are a great many people who want to feel in summer just as they feel in winter. They have an idea that piety is one thing; that it is a peculiar type of interesting social gatherings conducted in accordance with various rules; and that they are to carry them right through the year wherever they may chance course according to times and seasons. He did not attempt to do in Jerusalem during the torrid heat what He did at other times and places. He adapted Himself, His work, the style of His discourse, His whole ministration to circumstances. to adapt yourselves to circumstances. If you have an opportunity to gather together in the sanctuary or in places where prayer is wont to be made, and enjoy communion with fellow Christians, of course you should improve that opportunity; such privileges are to be sought everywhere and always; but suppose they are beyond your reach, suppose you are away from your church, from your neighborhood, from the city, suppose you are scattered hither and thither among strangers? You are not to lay aside your religion, you are not to suppose you have no religion, because you have not precisely the same line of duty to which you have been accustomed, nor the same mo-tives and pressures under which you have been acting in term-time at home.

#### IE season of the year has A RELIGION OF LEISURE

THERE is a religion of leisure. There is a consecration of mirth to God. There is a sacredness of social and affectional enjoyments. A man's sports with children may be in the nature of religion. There is such a thing as consecrating all these experiences to the name of Jesus. If one is thoroughly consecrated, whether he eats, or whether he drinks, or whatsoever he does, he does it unto the Lord. And wherever we go, if it is for pleasure, an element of piety should always go with

that pleasure.

I do not mean simply that we can pray while we travel—that, of course; I do not mean merely that we should occasionally mean merely that we should occasionally converse on the subject of religion—that is to be expected. I mean that our life and conduct in all its elements should be an offering to God. In the management of affairs leisure is not as important as intense occupation; nevertheless, leisure may be an offering to God, consecrated to Him. The unbending of a man may be religious not in the same sense in which his bracing mand putting on the armor of God makes up and putting on the armor of God makes nim religious, but in an important sense. Therefore, wherever you go you can bear with you the spirit of Christ, the spirit of consecration, the spirit of devotion, so as to make other men happy. You can wear a make other men happy. You can wear a cheerful face. You can keep a good temper. You can in conversation choose such words that men will be made better by your being with them-and that without regard to

A man should carry his religion with him.

He ought to be able to worship on Mt. Moriah as well as on Mt. Sinai. It is true that in familiar converse with our brethren at home there is a certain pleasure which we can find nowhere else; but if we are lost in a forest, that forest ought to be a sanctuary to us. The waters of the great sea ought to be a temple of God to us if we are cast away upon them. At all times, whatever our duty is, that duty should be made sacred by a consecration of it to God.

#### BITS OF ANIMATED EXISTENCE

LIKE to go out on a summer's day and sit on the side of a hill so quietly that the birds do not know that I am a human being. I like to see mice run out from under the grass. I like to see the sparrows that nest upon the ground come near and pick up bits of stubble for their nests. I like to see that ants, that spiders, that all the insects fear nothing from me. I love to think that all these little bits of animated existence are part and parcel of that great family out upon which God looks every day, supplying their wants. I have, in the summer-time, often, in watching the lights of God's interior kingdom, seen strange doings on spiders' webs. I recollect that once a little spider caught a hornet that he once a little spider caught a nomet that he could not manage. He did not dare to touch him, for whichever way he came there was a threatening presentation on the part of the hornet. Finally, with singular wisdom, the spider snapped the strand of his web on which this giant was caught, and let him swing off and go clear. He could not eat him, and he did not want to be eaten by him. be eaten by him.

As a boy I thought it to be my duty to tread on a worm when I saw one, and I used to fulfill that duty. I hated spiders. I thought flies were meant for us to pick the wings and legs off from, to see what they would do. A snake opened all the and kill him. In regard to fish, they were made either for man's eating at the table or for his sport in catching them. In general, I think the earlier instruction which prevailed in my boyhood was that the animal creation was made for the sport of man. It is comparatively but recently that we have learned to look with a different philosophy upon the unfolding of life in its long succession, the development of its last and greatest unfolding, ending in the human race. That they are to be treated with great humanity hardly now needs to be said. I am very grateful for my education, for the influence upon me of my Father's family—for a hundred things in life; but I know of no one thing of an external character for which I am more grateful than the susceptibility that makes such things in nature as insect life, animal life and vegetable life a source of exquisite pleasure to me, so that I am never, when over-wearied in body, mind or nervous system, without a source of recuperation.

#### FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS

there is a portion of the community that is more sensitive to reasons of humanity, and that is more shocked by cruelty than any others, it certainly is women; and I have a right to ask every reflecting christian woman whether her happiness, her taste or her sense of the beautiful demands that she should encourage a traffic which insures the wholesale destruction of birds. Hundreds of thousands of them are brought into the market from Canada to Florida and from the eastern coast of the United States to the Mississippi and beyond; and the traffic increases from year to year, and will increase just as long as fashion demands the sacrifice. I long ago made up my mind that fashion was a thing not accessible, that to preach to fashion was love's labor lost; but I am perfectly sure that if thoughtful and humane Christian women would set their faces against this would be greatly diminished; and evil it would be greatly diminished; and, as all fashions are like tides that come and go, it seems to me we should at least have a vacation in the destruction of birds. We have laws for the protection of fish and deer, of plovers and quails, of nesting birds, and I think there ought also to be a law for the protection of birds of plumage.

#### TERSE SAYINGS CASUALLY SPOKEN

T is one of the most pitiable of things to see a fair and noble woman, good as angels are, the light of the house, the joy of her children, the tower of strength for her husband, in whom the physician, who knows the whole diathesis, sees taint. He sees that there are certain tendencies increasing; but he does not choose to speak of them, and fill the household with fear. He prescribes for her constantly in the hope of meeting and checking the inroad that he sees. It grows month by month. The pale face, the sunken cheek, the brilliant eye, the hectic flush, indicate what is going on in her system, and he knows very well on in her system, and he knows very wenthat disease is drawing nearer and nearer to the citadel. Others begin to see it; but inspired with the strange hope which belongs to such a disease she knows it not. She is a little weak, but she thinks a slight relaxation will bring that all right. She hopes to live long, and be the glory of her husband and the guide of her children; but ere one twelvemonth has rolled around she is with God.

The name *mother* is the watchword—the talisman of life. Indeed, it is the very object, almost, of prayer, when the mother is translated. As the Catholic devoutly prays through the Virgin Mary, so you and I pray devoutly through our mother; not because we really believe she is a mediator, but because we want to have some sense of sympathy up there, and the mother has it. get a hold on the beyond through her.

Your mother—she is a dear, noble, heroic soul; but the mother herself is but a spark that sprang out of the bosom of God.

Blessed is the child that is brought up at the mother's knee, which is God's altar on

A bad woman is the worst thing in this world, and a good woman is the best thing in this world.

Take good care of disagreeable duties. Attend to these first. Never select the things that you want to do, and shirk upon others the things that you do not want to do. Wherever you are, choose the disagreeable things. You will get your pay in your manhood. You cannot grow in in your manhood. You cannot grow in any other way so fast. You may be angry with some shiftless man who is willing to put on you work that he ought to do, you may feel that there is injustice in t, but you cannot afford to be unfaithful because somebody else is.

There is many a man who, under the influence of some pure and noble woman, is just on the point of going right. Go right, quick! If you hestitate, and come under other influences, it may be just that procrastination which will turn the scale and

Our children are not forever to be irreverent because they are heedless of divine and sacred things in the earlier hours of their existence. Wait, instruct, and have

Little children are always at ease. Persons accustomed to society are apt to be at ease. Persons should always at home be careful of their speech and manners, so that when they go away from home propriety will be spontaneous with them. Politeness to everybody, all the time and everywhere, makes it easy to be beautiful.

We are to measure upward. Woe be to the young man who keeps company with those that are below him because they look up to him and flatter him and please him. Every man should keep company with those who can teach him something those who are wiser and more expert in right directions than he is.

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HE preparation of a girl who intends to enter college ought to begin very early, and each study in turn should be held with a strong grip before a new one is at-tempted. Prepare, if you can, by attending a

good preparatory school, where you will not waste time, academically speaking, in branches that are not, as a rule, required for admission, and which you will have tenfold better opportunity to study after you are in college: chemistry, botany, astronomy, physics, geology, logic and psychology, for instance; they all fit in later on. If you wish to enter the classical course, put your chief strength on Greek, Latin and mathematics; if the scientific, on Latin, mathematics, French and German. Decide this point as soon as possible, and then keep to your choice. Do not begin to prepare for the scientific course, and then try to enter the classical at the last moment. Physical geography, Greek and Roman history are also usually required, with some knowledge of rhetoric and English literature. Graduates from schools that send "on certificate," whether a high school or private school, may enter college without farther examination, and the summer can then be taken for rest. If a girl is prepared for college by a tutor or in a "non-certifi-cate" school, the entrance examinations for certain colleges may still be taken in June, either at an examining centre assigned by the college or at the college itself.

#### WHAT GOING TO COLLEGE MEANS

BEFORE going to college think out what you hope to obtain there, and then use all right means to that one end. Are you not going to college to be taught to "think clearly, to judge wisely and to act aright"? The real aim of a college is to teach that knowledge is infinite, that character is important to the college in the character is infinite. perishable, and that life is given to us for service and to get ready for eternity. The thoughtful girl goes to college not only to study four years in a congenial intellectual atmosphere, but to have her mind broad-ened, her prejudices overcome, her sympathies enlarged and deepened, and her knowledge of human nature increased. She goes there to have the strong hand of trained and loving wisdom laid upon her, to be guided and directed and helped to do her best. Let no one think that perfect recitations are of supreme account. best things one learns in college do not come out of textbooks, strictly speaking. College is a place to discover how others of the race have handled life—what they have made of its strange mystery, and how they have met its trials, temptations and difficulties. It is a place in which one should learn not only trigonometry and Greek, but also how to get rid of cowardice and self-seeking. College life is meant to develop not only intellectual talent, but also those spiritual qualities of love, obe-dience and self-sacrifice which make a life useful, contented and a power for good. It is a training-school for life, a centre where a girl may quietly draw up noble plans for living, think over principles of right conduct, and prepare herself for the work, warfare, joy and sorrow of the world.

#### THE BEST AGE TO ENTER

A GIRL'S best age to enter college is when A she is ready. This age depends largely on the oversight which her parents and teachers give to her strength and studies; by a careful planning of her work they may often save her one or even two years of The first sign of fatigue, however, should be regarded, and preparation should be made more leisurely for a while. Some the minimum age allowed, except in special cases—than others are at nineteen. The girl who enters at nineteen, or over that age, probably has the advantage of going through her course with more general knowledge of life, executive ability and maturity of judgment and physique. But her little comrade of sixteen is apt to stand equally high in her classes and college societies, and has the fascinating experience of tucking her college life comfortably behind her at nineteen or twenty, and of entering society, or taking up work or farther study at an age which even the most anxious and fashionable mamma cannot object to as being "horribly old!" If a girl is well, and is thoroughly prepared, there is no reason why she should not enter—and graduate -very young; but there should never be rushing and cramming for this purpose. The best way to take life is always to be so entirely ready for one experience that one can be fitted easily for the next.

#### CHOOSING THE BEST COLLEGE

THE college chosen should be the best one available. This will be a different one in the case of different girls. A great one in the case of different girls. A great many points are to be considered before the final decision is made, and this most important decision often determines the whole after-course of a girl's life. College whole after-course of a girl's life. College influences are not only subtle and pervasive; they are lasting. If parents realized the issues at stake they would oftener take time to visit some of the colleges before making a choice. The intellectual, social and religious atmosphere of the college should be considered; its curriculum, and its standing among other colleges; its distance from a girl's home; its situation, table, rooms and hygienic appointments; its equipment in libraries, laboratories, gymnasium, and its facilities for culture in music and art; its teaching staff; its relative expense; whether or not it is coeducational; whether it stands in or near a city which is an intellectual centre; also the typical characteristics of its graduates. Colleges differ astonishingly in all these respects, and they must all be considered. since in the four years spent at one a girl ordinarily forms most of her deepest friendships, fits herself adequately or inadequately for service, shapes her ideals of life, and takes permanent "tone" from her surroundings. Again, if a girl expects to teach, her diploma is a part of her capital. Now a diploma counts much more from some colleges than from others, since it represents a higher standard of scholar-ship. Wherever one intends to enter, application should be made early—one year, at least—or better two—in advance.

And again, in order to guard against

ossible future disappointment, remember that no matter how generously equipped may be the college chosen, there are some things that it cannot do. It can give neither genius nor unusual capacity. It will not make a dull girl bright, nor, ordinarily, a lazy one active; it will not make a homely one pretty, an awkward one graceful, nor a selfish one winning. What a college tries to do, and generally does do, however, is to quicken every sense, artistic and spiritual, as well as intellectual.

#### THE COST OF A COLLEGE COURSE

HERE, of course, details are impossible. But I can give a hint as to how to make estimates, by naming the items to be considered. First: There are the sums laid down in the various catalogues for board and tuition; these give some idea of the relative scale of expense at different colleges. To the sum named by the college must be added the expense of necessary books and material, fees, class dues, subscriptions expected for concerts, charities and religious organizations, stationery, laundry, society dues, special costumes (as for crew suits), and the ordinary incidental expenses. Music and art are often extras. By considering what these items will probably amount to, an approximate idea of the cost may be gained. Some girls economize by not joining any societies or the class organization. This is scarcely wise economy, for much of the pleasure, and not a little of the profit of a college course are connected with these two things.

#### WHAT TO TAKE TO COLLEGE

N the way of clothing, take becoming, I serviceable, well-fitting garments, simply made, and in perfect order, but do not have too many of them. One needs an abundant supply of underwear to suit our variable climate, but much raiment increaseth sorrow. Although at college, as at home, may be found the girl whose chief joy is an unlimited wardrobe, the gowns which are absolutely necessary at any one time in the winter are probably two for every-day wear, one for better wear, suitable for church, one for exercise in stormy weather, one for the gymnasium, a pretty wrapper for one's room, a house waist or two, and two evening gowns. In the summer term, of course, one needs more things. A word about the evening gowns—they are a necessity, if one can possibly afford them, not at all a luxury. There is a great deal of social life in the colleges for girls, and the dainty fluttering of innumerable soft colors at a college entertainment is not only one of the prettiest sights anywhere to be seen, but is also a recognized feature college life. No one would do away with these scenes; they give balance. One of the evening gowns should be very simple, suitable to wear at ordinary events; the other should be distinctly appropriate for more formal occasions, but neither one need be expensive. That they are light-colored, becoming, pretty and suitable is all that is necessary.

GIRL should take not only her textbooks, but also a small, well-chosen selection from her little library at home. As college rooms are apt to be fitted up with only the standing furniture it is well to take a few pictures and a few simple little ornaments. College souvenirs collect faster than a girl can attend to them, after once she is settled down. She should also take, in addition to the usual toilet articles, take, in addition to the usual toilet articles, a teaspoon, a napkin-ring, a graduated medicine-glass, a rubber bottle for hot water, knit slippers for the bedroom, a thermometer and a laundry-bag. A comfortable or quilt of some sort to throw over the foot of the bed is a convenient, though not essential thing. If a girl wishes to be very practical in her outfit she will have a box made to carry books to and from home. box made to carry books to and from home. Some books must be taken away in the long vacations, and they quickly break the strongest trunk. A box, which shows scarcely a sign of wear after having traveled thousands of miles by land and sea, is of three-quarter-inch board, with board strips, about four inches wide, all around, top and bottom, a lid that opens with iron hinges. a lock and eight iron clamps. Some colleges require girls to bring their pillow-cases, towels and sheets, but these details are all set down in the catalogues.

#### ANOTHER THING TO TAKE

TAKE, also, a receptive mind. Notice, I do not say brains alone. Some brains are put up in cast-iron, and never grow. Many girls of splendid brain-power obtain little out of college life, because they are too narrow-minded to receive its best teachings. College is not a drill-ground for memory or display. A girl does not go there to shine in reciting tables of dates, lists of authors, or kings, or wars, or pages of mathematical formulæ. Almost nothing of this sort is required, and it is often no disgrace to say in the classroom, "I don't know." Questions are put which are not meant to be answered that day or the next. They are intended to start a train of thought or individual research. Years after the answer may come to you. Nor should a girl go to college because it is the fashion or just because she expects some time to teach.

#### HOW TO ENTER COLLEGE

A GIRL should not go to college tired. would like to print that sentence in inch-caps. Go to college well, with a vigorous young body, full of life, spirits, dancing blood! That will be apt to mean boundless energy for hard tasks, fresh looks for dull days, a quick step, a bright face and the power to enjoy. These things and the power to enjoy. These things count at college. Going to college tired never paid. Much better is it to wait a year in such a case. Stay out-of-doors. Walk, ride, row, swim, drive, climb as you may. It will save time in the end. If you study all summer before going to college, bringing up tiresome back work with a tutor while you are at the seashore, or in the mountains, or in the country, you will be sorry for that misspent summer all your life. This is what will happen: you will probably break down the first year; or, if you do keep up, it will be in a rushed, worried, harassed sort of way. You will be handicapped from the start. Other girls with less talent will do better work, and you will wonder when and great work, and you will wonder why, and grow homesick, discouraged and unhappy. When you are sent home to rest people will say: "What a pity! Such a bright girl! I never did believe in colleges, anyhow. Girls aren't strong enough for such things." College life rarely hurts the health of a girl who is well when she enters, and who is reasonably prudent while there; careful statistics have proved this fact.

#### HABITS OF ORDER AND WORK

TAKE these, too. Do be dainty. Being a good student is small credit, if, to gain scholarship, one becomes an untidy girl. To my mind, baths outrank biology, and darned stockings and dusted bureaus are better than determinants. A college groups better than determinants. A college grows wretchedly ashamed of some girls who matriculate—girls who do not know how to be neat—to take care of themselves, their clothes, their rooms and their other belongings. As for the habit of work, col-lege can do little for the bright girl who is lazy. for the vaciliating. one. Take, also, a gentle and grateful heart. In order that you should go to college somebody worked or sacrificed. The sacrifice may have been either of money or affection or both. Parents find it a hard thing to part with their daughters for that college life. Will you at once forget this, in the joy and excitement of your new surroundings? If a girl begins her college course with a true spirit and with sound preparation she may hope to gain in those four years some of the best and most enduring things of life, and to make, day by day, beautiful and happy memories that can never pass away. And after having had a little contact with the world to wear off the reserve of manner fostered by those study years, she cannot but show marked signs of having been improved by college life.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Brown's second article, appearing in the August JOURNAL, will discuss for "The Girl Who Goes to College" the question of "When She Gets There."

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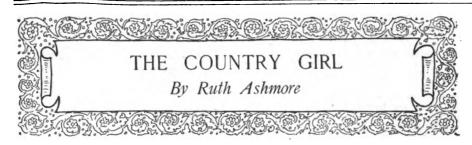
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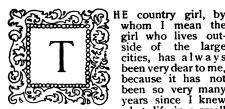
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whom I mean the girl who lives out-side of the large cities, has always been very dear to me, because it has not been so very many years since I knew what life in a small

town meant, and when, although I was only six miles from a large city, I delighted in calling myself "a country girl." Nowadays the country girl seems to have an idea that in some way her city cousin is superior to her. But my experience among both city and country girls has taught me that the country girl has untold advantages. In the first place she has more time, her life is not so complex, and she has the leisure, I am judging from her letters, to educate her mind, strengthen her body and keep herself delightfully feminine.

When the city cousin comes to seek green fields and pastures new, she is, I am afraid, inclined to be a little arrogant; not intentionally, but because her life in the city has made her feel that she knows all that is worth knowing, and it seems to her that the social laws of her small circle gov-ern the world. Right is right everywhere and at all times, but what would be counted a breach of etiquette in the city may be nothing but a neighborly kindness in the country, and no thought of wrong is given to it until the city girl suggests it. Long ago she was told that it was not correct for her to go driving with a young man alone; her cousin in the country feels very grate-ful when a neighbor who is going to the nearest town, stops and takes her in his buggy, and gives her time to do her shop-ping at the country store and then brings her back home; there is not a thought of anything wrong about this, and Chevalier Bayard could not be more courteous than is her neighbor. I think the city girl very often forgets that the country is not environed by an iron railing with a plot of grass behind it and a back yard. Lilies grow in country gardens, and country girls are very often as ignorant of evil as the

#### TO IMPROVE HERSELF

A QUESTION that is continually asked by A the girl who is far off from the picture galleries, the libraries and the great centres of civilization is, how she shall improve her of civilization is, now she shall improve her mind. She does not wish to be ignorant of what is going on in the world, and yet perhaps she meets no one who has abso-lutely come in contact with the busy world itself. Now, the best thing for her to do is to see the world as in a looking-glass, that is, to read good newspapers, as many of the magazines as possible and, best of all, to discuss with some one else the questions of the day; it may be with her father, her brother or her mother. She can keep her-self well informed in this way, I am positively certain; many a country girl does, I am equally certain. Then, too, whenever there is the opportunity it will be wise for her to blot out the petty gossip that exists in her own particular set, and gently, but easily interest her companions in events and things in the outside world rather than the affairs of the neighborhood. The country girl who will think out, as she works away at her daily tasks, the questions of the day, is armed to go anywhere and to meet anybody, for she is feeding her mind with a diet that will strengthen and widen it. Don't, my dear girl, as I said before, let yourself drift into the personalities of the neighborhood, for as sure as you do you will become quite as narrow as the city cousin, who thinks that what we do in our set is as important as the doings of Mr. Gladstone.

#### **ABOUT HER OPINIONS**

THE country girl is very apt to be decided in her opinions; she has had time to think them over and to form them, and she has, as the darkies down South say, "made up her mind." But she must not force her opinions on other people. That is to say, because she believes one thing she must conclude that every one who differs with not conclude that every one who differs with her is wrong. She may refuse to do what she does not think right, but she has no right to do it in such a manner that she is a wet blanket upon everybody else. What is one man's meat is distinctly another man's poison, and difference in education, in surroundings and in habits, may make what is wrong to her right to somebody else. While she would be horrified at her city cousin dancing a Virginia reel, her city cousin would be amazed at seeing her play a kissing game at a church picnic. This is just one comparison, but it gives an idea of what I mean.

#### **ABOUT HER CLOTHES**

THAT country girl is wise who, remembering that the blue of the skies and the green of the trees form her background, elects that during the summer she shall vearpretty cottons daintily made, and widebrimmed. somewhat fantastic straw hats. She would be entirely out of place in stuffy woolens or elaborate silks, and yet each one of you knows that this mistake is some-times made. For the morning she can have the simplest of ginghams or lawns, and for the evening a somewhat more elaborate, but still a cotton costume. She is unwise in imitating her city cousin, who nine times out of ten looks overdressed. I wish I could make the country girl underthat there is in her simplicity, and I wish I could make her content. I know it is in the heart of every girl to long for pretty gowns, and a much-betrimmed lace silk frock may look very charming to the girl who has not one, while to the unprejudiced observer it seems absolutely out of place.

#### WHAT TO TALK ABOUT

WHEN the city cousin comes, and the girls who are to have tea with you are all together, don't ask questions about the silly habits of the town, and above all things if you hear of some silly habit affected by a so-called fashionable woman don't attempt to imitate her in her folly. Induce your city cousin to tell you about the things worth seeing and hearing about: of the great paintings, of the wonderful naval show, and how our American ships contrasted with those of other nations, of the flower market, and how it interests city women, while you country girls have so many flowers you scarcely seem to set any value on them. But do not ask about little vices, and do not believe that well-bred women in the cities do many of the ill-bred things that are described—that they smoke cigarettes, that their gowns are cut immodestly, that they are slaves to drink or opium, that they are offensively free in their language—there may be such women, such women are everywhere. But, my dear child, a gentlewoman is always the same, be she in the city or the country, and she is not addicted to anything that takes away from her womanliness. Talk about frocks if you like, there is no harm in that; hear pretty ones described, they are a pleasure and a delight to the eyes; but if you feel the little demon of envy biting at your heartstrings, change the subject right away. You think the city girl, as she talks about amusements and admirers, must have a very good time in life. It is not as good as yours, for she does not have plenty of fresh air, she does not know the joys of the singing birds, she cannot tell the flower or the bloom of the tree that announces the coming of spring, and her world is, curiously enough, a much smaller one than yours.

#### ABOUT HER SWEETHEART

Of course you believe in him. But still you have quite a funny little heartbeat when you see his eyes open wide with admiration as he looks at your city cousin, who, in a ribbon-trimmed gown of summer silk, seems like a Dresden statuette. It is useless to say you are foolish. But you are. If he is worth anything, if he is worth the having, he will never give you up for the city cousin, and any courtesy he may show her will probably be not only because she interests him, but especially because he loves you. Sweethearts, my dear, are much truer than we give them credit for, and if you want to keep yours believe in him, and that belief will make belief. If his so-called love has only been the fancy of a moment, then be thankful that by the appearance of the city cousin you disered in time that wh pure gold was not even silver gilt.

Some country girls tell me of little liber-

ties they allow their sweethearts, and which can really not be called wrong, but I wish I could make them understand how much more what a man cannot get is to him, than what is given to him as if it were of no worth. No, my dear country girl, I do not think you ought to let your sweetheart kiss you whenever he wishes. A kiss from you should mean so much that it should be an event, and then he will be certain that nobody else is getting your treasures, and that you are hoarding great expressions of affection for the time when you shall be his very own. The city girl in keeping her sweetheart at a little distance is very wise, and the country girl should be equally wise. I do not mean there should be no love-mak-I do not mean there should be no love-making-I like that old-fashioned word-but I do believe that a little too much freedom is a speck on the perfect fruit of love, and it is one which it is in the power of the girl to prevent.

WHEN SHE GOES TO TOWN

THE country girl away from home is a bit She doubts her gowns, she doubts whether she knows the ways and manners of the people, and she is apt to be unhappy. She asked me the other day if a book of etiquette would help her. I say to her, "No." The great book of etiquette is the world, and it is read, like the smaller book with the eyes. Having the smaller book, with the eyes. Having been properly trained you are not likely to make any great mistakes, and the smaller customs that differ in every town are easily acquired by watching what other people do and imitating them, only do not imitate the wrong people. If you are in a hotel, and the woman opposite you uses a tooth-pick and walks out of the room with one in her mouth, don't follow her example. If the man next to you piles his fork with vegetables by means of his knife, as if he were loading a coal wagon, don't follow his example, and if somebody else near you tucks in her napkin like a bib, do not think that well-bred people do such things. If a dish that you have never eaten is put before you chat pleasantly with your neighbor until you see how she eats it. If, very properly, you do not care for wine, and are at a table where wine is served, simply signify in some unobtrusive manner to the waiter that you do not wish any. Don't be afraid of yourself in conversation. That is as any girl in the room, but if you begin to say, the chances are you can talk as well as any girl in the room, but if you begin to stammer and get nervous you will never be able to say anything, and you will be credited with knowing nothing.

#### ABOUT THE MEN SHE MEETS

BECAUSE a man lives in the city, which is his misfortune and not his fault, it must not be supposed that he is a black sheep roaming around seeking whom he may devour. Though, by-the-by, from what I have seen of sheep they devour in a very quiet and polite fashion. Men are better than they are credited to be, and one seldom says or does anything to an innormal that it not quite right. Of course cent girl that is not quite right. Of course, there are ill-mannered men, just as there are vulgar women. The country girl who is visiting in town must use that fine wand of self-protection to discover the one from the other. Gentlemen are never overdressed, are never boisterous and are never effusive. It is best, if possible, to avoid making enemies, and so the country girl must use a little tact.

I do not think the country girl needs to be told she must never accept an invitation from a man who is not a relation to go with him alone any place. If he wishes to do her any honor he will make up a party, properly chaperoned, and then she can have a thoroughly good time. The coun-try girl looks at me and wonders if I think she would do anything wrong. I do not. I not only believe in her, but I believe in the American man, yet in most large cities there are certain social laws that must be observed, and the protection of a young girl by an older woman is one of the most important. It is true that the girl's mother may have gone to a concert, to drive or to a supper with a young man, that all her friends did it, and that in those days it was considered quite proper. But we have grown older as a people, and we have gotten that wisdom which teaches us that to keep our young girls perfectly protected is the greatest of all. I know a girl who wants to do wrong can do it whenever she wishes; she can say the improper word, or she can act improperly when she knows her chaperon is not looking. But I am thankful that among American girls this type is unusual, and that most of them are glad to have with them an older woman, who suggests the pleasantest ways out of difficulties, and who places near to each other the people she thinks are attracted the one to the other.

#### TO MY COUNTRY GIRLS

THIS bit of a talk is the outcome of many letters received by me from girls in the country. I feel thoroughly in touch with them, and I wish that every one of them would write me plainly about any of her little perplexities, and if I can I will help her gladly. When I say write plainly I mean in plain language and with black ink, for pale ink is a something that would make the most patient woman in the world lose her temper. When my country girls are reading this I shall be off where the grass is green, where the sweetest flowers in the world bloom, and where a lazy river runs beside an old-fashioned town, a very old-fashioned town, and there I will meet the girl I am very fond of—the country girl. And we will gossip in good faith about books and pictures, and she will tell me lovely stories about the flowers and the woods, and she will take me to drive just before the sun sets, and we will stop at a before the sun sets, and we will stop at a farmhouse and get a drink of milk, and then when I get back home I will feel so delightfully tired. The river will sing me to sleep, and after I have said my prayers, and asked a blessing upon all my girls, I will unconsciously add to the fervent "Amen," "God made the country and man made the town." man made the town.'

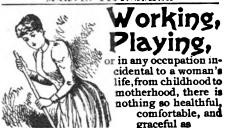
EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 31 of this issue of the



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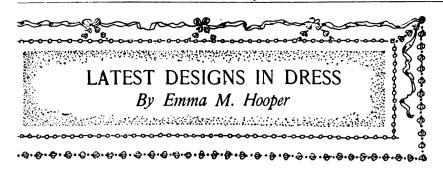


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VERY week, in fact every day sees new designs introduced to the dressmaking world. But two-thirds of them are seen, and not becoming popular disappear from public view, leaving

the remaining third to and blossom like a green bay tree. hat come and go are rightly dubbed id freaks, but the others become s that are spread in every direction y be seen in every place inhabited ized woman. Fashions this season restricted to number or style. A Empire—1830 effect—is the general and it is not unusual to witness a the Directoire, Anne of Austria, or early Victorian features grafted e two first named. In other words becoming, individual, appropriate too striking, becomes the particuion for each wearer. Several new in skirts and waists have appeared ne early spring and are worthy of

#### SKIRTS OF A LATE DATE

of the handsomest skirts, a new mpire in shape, is of three widths erial at least forty-four inches wide. nt and back widths are gored slightly sides, and the third width forms a r each side, gored on both edges at the top. Short skirts for street and summer dancing gowns are now d fact. Haircloth linings or facings tnees are worn by those wishing the such flared skirt, while others use noline or only the ordinary canvas ring from ten to twelve inches deep; ends upon the amount of "flare" , but the exclusive modistes of New o not predict a long season of wide red skirts. A new lining for waists rts is of percaline having a moiré which presents much of the appeareling and rustling of silk at a third rice. The flat fronts are too much d to give them up, but they are now a looser fashion, and a few tabliers n on home and imported costumes. st popular lining is shaped just like side material, though Dame Rumor hat the regular foundation skirts will to impede easy walking and flap the ankles. A French shape for a ain has a front breadth gored on de, twelve inches wide at the top, inches at the bottom and fitted closer o or four darts at the top; each side sloped up either side, and is twenty on the lower edge and nine at the top, lart on either side; the back is of adths, each twenty inches, and gored sides to three inches in width at the he fullness at the back is laid in six t large gathers that give the effect n plaits. The back is cut four inches than the front.

#### CIRCULAR AND TABLIER SKIRTS

oie Fuller or circular skirt is a circle ole Fuller or circular skirt is a circle
t from a square of material fully two
quarter yards each way, which is
with a hole for the waist-line withgn of fullness around the hips, though
widely at the bottom. This is then
d with from one to three bands, and linging effect from the soft silk or ne lining, which is without any stiffenen the usual canvas facing. As only abrics are woven sufficiently wide a shape it is doomed to be only a in the sky of fashion. The tablier is a front breadth thirty inches wide ottom and ten at the top, with the nd back shaped like the usual bell. an excellent model to use in maker narrow bell skirts of last year, as e tablier of contrasting goods in-it is trimmed separately, has three while one only goes all around the the bottom. The English bell skirt f circle of wide material having but m, that down the centre back of the redge edges. Many of the full skirts tape or ribbon across the back, here and there fourteen inches above e, to keep the flaring plaits or gathers ion. Four breadths of double width or nine of single, with every edge are seen in the greater number of dresses. The flared appearance at the knees and hangs in wide plaits sides and back, leaving the front All skirts are more or less trimmed, skirts intended for the street touch.

FLOUNCE AND UMBRELLA DESIGNS

THE flounce skirt is both single and double. The latter is a half circle three and a half yards wide at the lower edge, which reaches to the knees and falls over a second circle of the goods that is sewed to the lining foundation skirt without any gathers, but is five yards on the lower edge; both edges are trimmed with a flat garniture, as ribbon, passementerie, folds, etc. The single circular flounce is sewed to a bell skirt reaching to the knees; the flounce is not gathered, but the width at the bottom is five yards, giving it a full appearance. This is trimmed at the lower and top edges of the flounce, and has a bell lining shaped like the upper bell half, only reaching to the bottom of the flounce. The circular flounces are described farther on. The popular umbrella skirt rose in London, and still flourishes there more than in Paris or New York. This has a gored front breadth and two side widths, all gored on both edges, with two wide back breadths having the centre seam straight and the sides gored. A four-yard skirt is handsome, while one wider than that looks as though the wearer had more material than brains, and is too heavy to wear with comfort or health. Vorth's nine-yard skirts made an amusing item for fashion papers, but they could not be forced upon suffering humanity, fortunately.

#### VARIOUS SKIRT TRIMMINGS

ALL of the full skirts have round effects A LL of the full skirts have found effects in the trimmings, though many of the gored designs made for short or stout figures are trimmed lengthwise by covering each seam with narrow gimp, or piping with a tiny double bias fold or cord each seam of the front and sides. The full skirts extended from the knees are as unbecoming to a tall figure, if stout, as to a short one. The 1830 idea of placing the trimming at the lower edge, knees and midway between, became a favorite as soon as it was introduced. Other rows of garniture are put from two to four inches apart, and some of the ex-treme toilettes of the summer show ruffles to the belt or flat rows of ribbon or Hercules braid in graduated or even rows entirely covering the skirt. Unless blessed with an extensive wardrobe I would not recommend either of these styles, as they are too striking not to be well remembered. Bias ruffles are rather scantily gathered, using once and a fourth more than the space to be covered, with a rolled hem blind-stitched top and bottom, and gathered two-thirds of an inch below the top on a small cord. Others are headed by a roll as large as the little finger of the contrasting material used on the dress, or a narrow galloon. A drapery ruffle consists of a bias piece slightly puffed around the lower edge by a rosette every twelve inches placed to catch it down. Large rolls, as large as a man's thumb, of velvet are used at the very edge of skirts, and many dresses of a rich-looking fabric are left untrimmed when the skirt. ing fabric are left untrimmed when the skirt ing fabric are left untrimmed when the skirt is amply full. A velvet drapery ruffle, held here and there by two rabbit's ears and a knot of the same material, is very dressy. These ear bows are pointed like long rabbit's ears, doubled and wired to keep them stiffly upright, with a small knot at the lower end where they are sewed together.

#### VARIOUS RIBBON GARNITURES

RIBBONS are used in Nos. 9 or 12 for flat bands placed as described for ruffles. Nos. 12, 16 and 20 are also used for ruffles, and for this purpose the boyeau ribbons save time, as they are made with a cord at either edge and often in the centre, which draws the ribbon up without gathering it by hand for a ruffle or ruche. A trimming the latter style shows a ru satin ribbon starting on the left of the front under a large "windmill" bow, crossing the back, right side and front, and gradually being carried higher until it ends twelve inches above the first bow, which is eight inches from the skirt edge, under another one of the same kind. Three rows of No. 16 velvet ribbon have a "windmill" bow on each row at either side of the centre Lace flounces are headed and fesfront. Lace flounces are headed and festooned by rosettes or bows. The rosettes are generally very large and of piece silk or velvet cut bias, doubled and gathered on the raw edge to form a soft, puffy rosette called a *chou* or cabbage. Lengthwise pipings or trimmings are finished off with a bow or rosette at each row just above the lower edge of the skirt. Black satin or velvet ribbons are the most frequently seen on a gown of any color; then come colored satins, fancy plaids and stripes and velvets. The plaids look well only on a neutralcolored house dress.

#### FOLDS OF MANY KINDS

IN spite of the multitude of trimmings seen bias folds have not lost their favor for silk, velvet and woolen materials. Milliner's folds are used to head and finish the ner's folds are used to head and finish the lower edge of circular flounces, or a cluster of folds overlapping each other. All folds must be cut a true bias, and it is now thought that they set better if lined, except the milliner's fold, with sleazy crinoline, which is also cut bias, sewed to the skirt and turned over. Folds are from two to four inches deep and are put on in the 1830 style or from two to five inches apart. They are not sewed to the dress on the lower edge. or from two to his inches apart. I ney are not sewed to the dress on the lower edge, and the beauty of a fold is to have it cut perfectly bias and sewed to the dress smoothly, which requires careful and exactly straight basting. One of Worth's gowns exhibited this season was of changes halo block and group toffets silk and the able black and green taffeta silk, and the skirt trimmed with a circular flounce to the knees, which was finished with five inch folds of the same fabric, each set on with a tiny cord or piping of black satin. Many sin-gle folds are headed with narrow jet galloon when it also appears on the waist. The circular flounce, spoken of several times, is not lined, unless of very sleazy goods, when thin crinoline is used as a lining, has a blind-stitched hem and the upper edge is sewed to the skirt without gathers and the flounce turned down then over the skirt. Such a flounce may be from four to twenty inches deep, and is also finished on the lower edge with a milliner's fold, galloon, ribbon, etc. It is cut like a ring out of wide material or of single goods doubled lengthwise by putting two breadths together, giving selvedge seams and making the lower edge flare. The top of such a flounce must be just the width of the skirt to which it is applied.

#### WAISTS AND BASQUES

WAISTS AND BASQUES

IT may be said that the only basque worn is one of a "habit" shape, with the coat back eight inches deep and lapped or cut short and full, rather in full plaits. Round waists are having their day in all materials and are made with as few seams as possible. The vest is flat or full, and both long and short revers are worn. Some of the "very English" revers lap over the arms and reach to the top of the shoulders. arms and reach to the top of the shoulders. Collars are high or draped, and many more of the waists show buttons up the front—an old style revived. Belts of all kinds are in vogue, from those of No. 12 satin ribbon fastening under a "windmill" bow at the side, to the Empire girdle nine inches deep at the pointed front. Narrower girdles are fastened on the side or in front with a raphit's ear how and other and with a rabbit's ear bow, and others end under a cabbage rosette on the left. Two bands of inch wide ribbon separated an inch form a pretty belt that ends with two fancy buckles. The Princess Marie or bod-ice belt of No. 7 ribbon consists of five rows in front forming a point, top and bottom, with a tiny bow on each row at the centre front, a bone to keep the point in shape and one or two rows only reaching to the back. Such belts are from ninety-eight cents to \$1.50 ready made. A pretty Empire belt for silk or velvet, cut on the bias, of course, is nine inches wide before the edges are turned down and blind-stitched. It starts from the left side of the waist-line encircles the waist and ends under a soft rosette on the right of the front about three inches above the waist-line. Jacket fronts are round or square, being very small in either case, and the tiny sleeveless jackets, described before, are worn with close waists and blouses

#### COLLARETTES AND SLEEVES

OLLARETTES or shoulder ruffles are cut in circular form, with the lower edge flaring for the shoulders only, or to reach around the full width. This trimming, to make the shoulders wider, may be of silk, the dress goods or lace, the latter being thickly gathered. Wide ribbons are also gathered over the shoulders to broadly flare, and such effects are also known as "butterfly" capes or ruffles. The pointed Derby collar is in side and box plaits that are clustered thicker over the shoulders. Shoulders clustered thicker over the shoulders. Shoulder ruffles may start from under the top of evers, cross over the shoulders and narrow down to the belt or cross the back like a deep cape collar. When made sufficiently none of these ruffles require lining with crinoline; they are neater, however, if lined with silk or the dress goods. When vest is worn a shoulder trimming should not cross it or break its line from belt to collar. Some French dresses having surplice fronts show the V between filled in with folds of silk or crêpe crossed also, with a wide turned-back ruffle that forms a "butterfly" cape finishing the edges. Bretelle ruffles are yet in fashion, and all widen over the shoulders. French dresses of very extreme styles show a slightly full coat sleeve covered with narrow ruffles from the elbows to the shoulders, which are very ugly in effect, but some may wear them. Puffed sleeves show one or two puffs, the latter extending to the elbows, while the other ends three inches above. The puffs are full but not high, and the lower part of the sleeve is close-fitting.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on page 29 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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## CCOLCIO COMO CONTRA CON DRESSING WITHOUT THE CORSET The Artistic Side of Dress Reform Illustrated By May Root Kern

NTIL very recently it has TIL very recently it has required great courage to adopt dress reform, not only because its garb has been ugly, but because propriety was outraged by any departure from the strict rules laid down by up to achieve freedom

fashion, and a woman to achieve freedom of body was almost obliged to endure so-cial ostracism.

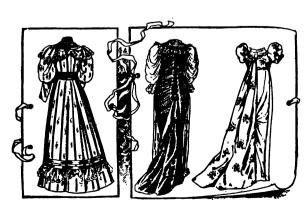
#### THE CORSET THE CHIEF AGENT

THE fact that the corset is the chief agent in changing the natural shape makes it obvious that first of all it should be discarded. And by ridding ourselves of its front steel we obtain freedom for the stom-



A STREET COSTUME

ach and for the great ganglion of nerves called the solar plexus. This nerve centre is placed under an outward-curving muscle such great strength that to press it in to where the dictates of fashion require it, the corset-maker must use one of the strongest metals known—steel. The protecting muscle quickly assumes its normal shape by the expansion of the floating ribs, and the wearer of the loosest corset will find, on discarding it that to keep her waist on discarding it, that to keep her waist buttons on she will have to let out the front



seams of her garments. Bountiful nature, in return for the freedom given her by removing this brace, will, in an incredibly short time, infuse strength and elasticity into these flaccid muscles. A course of physical culture will also benefit.

STANDING AND SITTING PROPERLY

THE most essential thing in wearing dress reform gracefully is a correct bearing. The profile view

of a correct standing pose will bring the balls of the feet in a line with the ear. In sit-ting, the spine should keep this position, in-clined forward or back, but not bent. With this proper mode of proper mode of sitting the ab-domen will not become too prominent, al-though it will not remain flat as under a cor-set steel. The Empire dress, with or without the high belt, is the most com-fortable of all modes, and house dresses, especially those for neglige, should be made after this fashion. For the street, something nearer the conventional belt line is usually preferred, but unless the dress be of princesse shape the skirtshould be sewed to a lining waist to avoid undue weight about the

hips. In the case of a

round waist the dress may be practically in one piece by attaching the waist to the skirt.

AN EVENING EMPIRE GOWN

#### GRACEFUL LINES AND CURVES

THE first mistake liable to be made by the novice in designing a reform dress is leaving an unbroken line from the armpit to the waist. A plain, tight-fitting bodice which shows the lines of the modern French corset is very pleasing, as the eye naturally delights in curves. But where the waist is left free and the large muscles of the back and sides are undeveloped, as is the case with ninety per cent. of women. is the case with ninety per cent. of women, this under-arm line will be straight, giving the waist a square effect very unbecoming. To avoid this the under-arm seam should be partially covered by drapery or folds; the short bolero jacket, so popular at present, is admirably adapted to meet this necessity.

#### THE PERFECT FEMALE FORM

NOTHING is more truly artistic than the simply outlined oval of the perfect female form. It is but slightly depressed at the waist, the hips are as wide as the shoulders, there is not an angle from top to It is as different from the outline of fashionable, "well-set-up" woman, the fashionable, "well-set-up" woman, with her squared shoulders

and angular hips, as a horse is from a camel. We call the high-belted Empire dresses artistic, because they preserve this oval better than the longer-waisted shapes. The nude figure has no belt line. When the weight rests equally upon the feet, and the body is held upright, the smallest measurement of the waist is about where the median is about where the modern belt is placed. But let the body bend to one side, and the point of intersection of the hip and side muscles will be over an inch above the former belt line. This is why field laborers, even

to the slenderest young girl, are "short-waisted." For hygienic reasons the belt should never be placed below this point, and by thus shortening the straight underarm seam by an inch the beauty of the uncorseted waist is materially aided.

GOOD RULES TO BE OBSERVED

GOOD rule to be observed in designing A GOOD rule to be observed in designing one's gown is: drape defects, and leave only the best points exposed by smooth covering. The wearing of bones and steels has led to another popular fallacy, which is that a large abdomen is offensive. Often, for fear of undue size at this point, children of eleven and twelve years of age are put into corsets. One of years of age are put into corsets. One of the reasons most frequently met with why women of mature years dare not adopt hygienic dress is that their abdomens are large, and need the pressure of the corset steel. The abdomen of a well-carried figure is never—unless in an abnormal case—too large. It is more noticeable in the

mature figure than in the youthful one, for the greatest change of shape brought by increasing years is at this point. But the full oval of riper years is quite as beauti-ful as the narrower one of youth. Artists
—the great masters—use this
fullness of the
abdomen in depicting the fe-male figures which are representative Strength, Wisdom, Dignity and Maternity.

Color plays a more important part in reform dresses than in those made in fashion's mould. Black is good when the wearer's complexion is so brilliant as to form a sufficient note of color. It is always safe to match the hair or eyes. But unless the color-But ing of a gown be so harmonious as to be unusual—for in this matter we are striving after effect—it is best to have a sharply-con-trasting touch somewhere. For the ordina-

ry-shaped gown, which has no delightful long line formed by a train, choose a shade that is in itself beautiful, and be sure, also, that it is one that will prove becoming.



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URING the summer house keeping in the country may be difficult or easy, the matter depending wholly upon the environ-ment and the habits of the family. The farmer's wife must expect many weeks of hard

work during the planting and harvesting of the crops, when she must provide for many extra hands; but to the ordinary country housekeeper the summer months mean ess care and labor than the cold season. With quiet surroundings, pure air, out-of-door life and greater freedom from burdens, one might expect that the summer would do wonders for the members of any country nousehold. Unfortunately, there are many conditions in country life which do not tend o make the task of the housekeeper easy Frequently there is a lack of household conveniences, market supplies, good waer and trustworthy service. It sometimes appens, too, that the elements of disease und death lurk in seemingly healthful sur-oundings. The housekeeper, therefore, cannot be too careful in the selection of the country home.

#### CHOOSING A COUNTRY HOME

THERE are many things to consider when looking about for a country home, but he most essential of all is the situation of the house. No matter how lovely and octuresque the spot may be it should not reselected for a home unless the founda-ion upon which the house stands is well lrained and dry. The cellar should be ight, airy and free from moisture. A cel-ar that is dark, damp and poorly ventilated s capable of producing unhealthy condi-Next in imions throughout the house. portance to the location of the house are he water supply and the sewerage. If the vell that supplies the family with water is near the barnyard or the drain that carries he sewage from the house, it will be contaminated. Unfortunately, water thus poisoned does not always give indications of its dangerous condition.

Assuming that these three matters are satisfactory it is well to take into consideration the adaptability of the house or living purposes, the accessibility to the ource of supplies, nearness to the rail-oad station, etc. Nor must the natural seauties and special attractions be lost ight of; for, in the country, we are de-sendent upon our surroundings for much the pleasure and confort of life. There of the pleasure and conifort of life. There hould be ample shade near the house, but not so close as to prevent the sunlight from alling upon any part of it. If one can ocate in the neighborhood of a stream or ake so much the better, because of the reater beauty of the landscape and the idded pleasure of boating and fishing.

When it is possible the country house-teeper should have her vegetables and ruit from her own garden. If in addition o this she can have hens to supply eggs, hickens for cooking, and milk, cream and nutter from her own dairy, it is possible to nake housekeeping in the country comparatively easy.

#### METHODS OF DISPOSING OF GARBAGE

OW to get rid of the refuse is one of the questions that trouble many houseteepers. When possible to employ it fire s the best agent. If one has animals on he place the disposal of the kitchen garpage is easily solved; if, however, there are io animals, and large quantities of fresh egetables are used, the disposal of the arings becomes a serious question. The titchen stove will take care of a moderate quantity of garbage. A good plan is to tave a rough fireplace made of field stones in some part of the back garden, and every ew days build a fire there and burn up all ollecting leaves, decaying plants, etc. Bones should be buried near trees and graperines. If it is impossible to burn the refuse lave a trench dug at a distance from the iouse and the water supply; sprinkle it vith lime, and each time garbage is thrown nto it, cover with earth and sprinkle again with lime. Next to burning, this is, in my ppinion, the best disposition to make of he refuse about the house. It must be re-nembered that earth, not sand, must be he covering, as earth has purifying properies, which is not the case with sand.

All offal pails or tubs should be washed everal times a week, rinsing them with arbolic-acid water (a teaspoonful of carpolic-acid to a gallon of water). This will eep these vessels in a sanitary condition, a ircumstance which will add much to the omfort, health and safety of the family. The bottle of carbolic-acid should be lainly labeled and kept out of the reach of areless people and children.

#### DRAINAGE AND SEWERAGE

NO matter what one's means may be, how plain the house or how meagre the furnishing, the disposal of the sewage and all refuse matter, and the drainage of the cellar and the land surrounding the house, should be carefully planned and executed. No householder can be held guiltless who, from indifference or a false idea of economy, permits the existence of a condition of things which admits of the poisoning of the drinking water by sewage, or the air of the house being vitiated by a damp and unsanitary condition of the cel-lar. It is impossible for a poor man to spend hundreds or thousands of dollars on an elaborate system of plumbing and drainage, but it is within the power of every one who builds a house to have such a simple system of drainage that his home shall be kept healthful, and the drinking water

Usually there are two kinds of drainage required. First, it is necessary to carry off surplus water from the cellar and the soil about the house. Drain tiles should be used for this, as they are porous and will absorb the water. They are also durable and easily handled. The waste water from sinks, closets, etc., must not be carried off through drains of tiles or brick, but rather through lead or iron pipes. On the score through lead or iron pipes. On the score of healthfulness, if one must choose beween the two, surface drainage is better than having the sewage flow through porous drains several feet under the ground. The soil to the depth of one or two feet has the power of purifying sewage. At a greater depth it has not; therefore, all that leaks through the drain is carried by the waters that filter through the earth, to wells and streams, so poisoning them that they are unfit for drinking purposes. The greater the distance the drain is from the water supply the better. Many country householders provide no means of carrying off the sewage except a pipe from the kitchen the sewage except a pipe from the kitchen sink, which empties upon the ground not many feet from the house. Indeed, there are many homes where even this slight convenience is not provided, and all the household slops are thrown on the ground near some back door or window. It not infrequently happens that the well which supplies the drinking water for the family is not more than twenty or thirty feet from this sewage-poisoned soil. Every rainfall this sewage-poisoned soil. Every rainfall helps to carry this poison through the earth, and it will, if the well is favorably situated, finally find its way into the drinking water, thus sowing the seeds of disease and death.

#### WATER FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES

TO the seeker of a new home in all ages and countries one of the first considerations has been the supply of drinking water. It makes no difference what advantages a location may offer, the would-be tenant will hesitate a long time before deciding upon a home where pure water is not to be No water in its natural state is chemically pure, but the term "pure water" implies an article which is free from qualities injurious to health. As it is generally understood then, a pure water will be clear, and free from taste and smell. It sometimes happens that water that has been tainted with sewage will have these very characteristics; but, as a rule, most waters, when impure, show some indications of it. If there is any question as to the purity of the water none of it should be used for drinking or cooking purposes unless it is first boiled. There are several other methods of purifying water, but boiling is the safest of all. When water is tainted by decaying vegetable matter several methods are used to purify it. It may be boiled, or filtered through charcoal, oak chips or a little alum may be added. The addition of the astringent wood or the alum causes the albuminous matter in the water to coagulate and fall to the bottom, and the purified water can be poured off.

A chemist who has given this matter much thought advises that this method should not be used constantly, purifying with permanganate being more healthful. To purify with potassium permanganate slowly add a few drops of the liquid until the water becomes pink. Let it stand a few hours, and add the liquid again, a drop at a time, until the water ceases to become discolored.

It frequently happens that the water is hard from the admixture of lime and other substances. There are several methods of softening hard water. Boiling, for example, will precipitate the lime. If a little carbonate of soda is added to the water when it is boiling it will help the softening process. Alum is sometimes used for this purpose, but it is not to be recommended for frequent use, because of its astringent properties and its liability to produce dyspepsia.

A WORD OF ADVICE ABOUT WELLS

WHAT is called "Clark's process" is VV good for large quantities of water, but it is impossible to give exact rules, as waters in various localities differ in degrees of hardness. The process is practically this: Quicklime is put into a vessel with enough cold water to dissolve it. The clear limewater is poured off, and about one gallon of it is stirred into ten gallons of hard water. This mixture must be stirred several times and then stand to settle; after which the clear and softened water is to be poured off. If the water is not very hard less lime-water should be used. This method of softening water is applied to the water that is hard-ened by flowing over the chalk beds of England.

Lead is a dangerous thing to use about wells or cisterns; better to use iron pipes.

It should be remembered that, as a rule, the deeper the well the purer the water, and that all shallow wells are of doubtful purity. A well should never be dug in a position lower than the barn or the sewage drain. When it is possible have the well on a higher grade than the foundation of the house. This means digging to a greater depth, and added expense, but it will insure the water against contamination, and that should be the first consideration.

KEEPING THE HOUSE COOL

MUCH of the comfort of the household depends upon keeping the house cool. In the morning every window and blind should be opened, giving the sunlight and air access. After the house has been thoroughly aired and put in order the blinds should be closed and the shades partially drawn. If the windows are closed in the hottest part of the day the house will be cooler. As soon as the sun begins to go down reopen the blinds and windows.

On an intensely hot day the room of a sick person can be made more endurable by having sheets of cheese-cloth wrung out of cold water and hung across the open windows. Keep them wet all the time.

The attic windows should be kept open all the time, if possible. A free sweep of air at the top of the house does much toward keeping it sweet and cool. The cellar windows should be opened at night and closed in the morning.

#### CARE AND SUPPLY OF FOOD

THE food question is often a serious one country housekeeper. It is usually within her power to get a good supply of fresh vegetables, milk, butter and eggs, but one cannot be sure of even these things unless they are produced on one's own farm. If the housekeeper must depend upon the market-man's cart for her meat supply, and she is without an ice-house, she must resort to many expedients to provide her family with the necessary variety of animal food. The market-man may bring fresh beef, lamb, veal, poultry, corned beef, salt pork, tongues, and sometimes fresh fish. If there is an ice-house on the place it is an easy matter to lay in a supply which shall last until the next visit, but if not,

other means must be used.
Charcoal is of great value in keeping icechests, storerooms and food sweet. a shallow dish of fine charcoal in the ice-chest. In milk-rooms and other rooms where food is kept set dishes of charcoal. If poultry or birds are to be hung in a cool room for a few days remove the internal organs and partially fill the body with charorgans and partially fill the body with charcoal. Now wrap the birds in paper and hang up. If the outside of the poultry is rubbed with black pepper, before being covered with the paper, it will be still farther protected from flies. Small birds, livers, kidneys, sweetbreads, etc., may be wrapped in paraffine paper and then be buried in a bed of charcoal.

For keeping large pieces of meat and poultry here is a simple device: Have a large barrel or hogshead half filled with charcoal. Put meat hooks in a strip of joist and place across the top of the barrel. Have a netting to spread over this. This barrel may be kept in a cool place and pieces of meat be hung on the hooks. The charcoal will keep the atmosphere dry and sweet, and the netting will be a protection

against insects. Should there be danger from rats or mice use wire netting.

Fresh fish may be rubbed with salt, wrapped in paper and buried in a bed of charcoal. Of course, the charcoal in boxes and barrels should be changed at least once a month. It can be used for lighting fires or for broiling meats or fish. If, however, it is difficult to get a good supply of charcoal the old can be purified by putting it into the stove with a few lighted chips and allowing it to burn until red hot. At this allowing it to burn until red hot. At this stage open all the windows, to let the gas pass off; then close the draughts of the stove, remove the covers and leave the room. When the charcoal becomes cold it will be ready for use again.

It must be remembered that it is not always in the hottest weather that food spoils the most quickly. If the atmosphere is dry food will keep much better than in damp, muggy weather with the thermometer many degrees lower.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Parloa's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Everything About the House," will be found on page 28 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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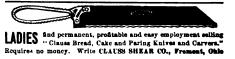


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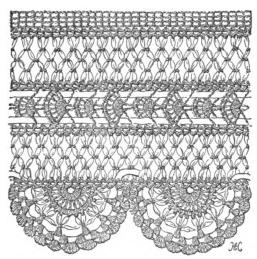




HE crochet page in this issue represents three distinct styles of crochet, all more or less novel. It would seem that the renewed taste for crochet work, de-veloped of late, has

created an insatiable desire for novelties in this branch of needlework. This desire is nurtured by a conwork. This desire is nurtured by a constant response to such demands, in the shape of dainty conceits, applicable to dress and decoration, put forth by professional caterers for busy workers. Tapestry crochet opens up a wide field for ingenuity both in coarse and fine work. Very pretty book-covers can be worked in this manner. It is appropriate also for hand-bags and apron trimmings in Russian style. Being both solid and durable it does not need to be lined, especially if worked with lustrous thread, which does not give as much as silk twist. silk twist.

EDGING FOR CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR THE dainty little edgings comprised in Illustration No. 4 are given in response to numerous inquiries from our correspondents for suitable trimmings for infants' and children's underwear. The combination of lace braid with crochet, for such purposes, is very popular. At the same time, for those who do not desire to use braid it may be noted that plain rows of crochet, either close or open, may be substituted in each case. For the purpose indicated very fine thread is necessary to make the work sufficiently, necrow and make the work sufficiently narrow, and lace-like linen thread can be used with linen braid; this gives a very superior texture. Cotton braid and thread are admissible; they are equally strong and less expensive. In working out the patterns a little judgment is necessary to modify the directions according to the fineness and width of the braid chosen, this matter being by no means arbitrary.



END FOR TIDY (Illus. No. 1)

The top simple pattern is especially fitted for infants' clothing. Into the braid work 1 d c, 5 ch, make a picot with 1 d c into fourth ch, 3 ch, 1 d c into top of first d c; this completes the second picot. 1 ch, miss a space as shown in the drawing, and repeat from the beginning.

For the middle design the effect is mainly dependent on the openwork braid con-

dependent on the openwork braid contrasted with the solid crocheted edge. Work 6 tre into one space in the braid, miss

a space, 1 d c into next space, miss a space and repeat from the beginning.

For the third edging work 4 d c close together into the braid, \*, 13 ch, catch to first d c, 15 d c into the 13 ch, 7 d c close together along the braid. Repeat from \*, eatching back to the centre of the 7 d c catching back to the centre of the 7 d c after each 13 ch. Finishing row: Begin on third d c in first row; work 4 d c, reaching the centre stitch of d c in preceding row, into centre st work 4 d c, then

THE NEW MOULDS (Illus. No. 2)

centre st work 4 d c, then continue with 4 d c down the other side of the scallop; start on next scallop, repeating from the begin-

ning This lace makes a pretty trimming for the edge of a flannel skirt worked in silk, and made wider by adding a second row of braid to the first by means of simple openwork crochet, or a double row of knot stitches, such as are shown in the patterns for a tidy.



THE covered shapes shown in Illustration No. 2 are the newest development for mould crochet, and are made to meet the needs of those who are calling for fine passementerie. At present only a few forms are obtainable in brass; indeed, the illustration embraces all the shapes on the

pattern-sheet which has been submitted to us. These fine moulds make beautiful bonnet crowns; one, two or three sizes of the same shape can be utilized for the same crown, which may be circular or square; if square one shape will suffice. Very neat collar and cuff trimmings for dresses are likewise made with these fine brass moulds. They are also sometimes used for chatelaine chains, and for broad belts shaped to the figure. Many other uses will doubtless commend them-selves to our readers. The largest of these moulds meas

ures five-eighths of an inch in the widest part, the smallest half an inch.



PHOTOGRAPH STAND IN CROCHET (Illus. No. 3)

THE scarf from which our Illustrations Nos. 1 and 5 are taken is made of fine cream-colored scrim, made of fine cream-colored scrim, hemstitched at each end. The cotton for crocheting should match the scrim in color, using about No. 50. Orange-colored baby ribbon drawn through, as shown in the design, has a very charming effect. For the broad end make 80 ch, turn, 1 tre in 5th st of ch, 1 ch, miss 1 ch, 1 tre twice. Make a shell of 2 tre, 1 ch, 2 tre in the same st. missing 2 ch. 2 tre in the same st, missing 2 ch. Work 2 knot st, miss 10 ch, catch into the eleventh ch, 2 knot st, miss no ch, I shell of 2 tre, I ch, 2 tre into next st, 5 ch, miss 8, I tre, 3 ch, I tre in next st, 5 ch, miss 8, I shell as before in next st, 2 knot st, miss 10, catch in next st, 2 knot st, miss 10, tatch in next st, 2 knot st, miss 10 I shell, 4 ch, turn, I shell in shell of previous row, 4 knot st caught in previous knots, I shell, 3 ch, 8 tre in space of 3 ch, 3 ch, I shell, 4 knot st caught in knots, I shell, 4 tre with I ch between in shell, 4 tre with I ch between in the of lett row.

tre of last row, 4 ch, turn. Repeat these 2 rows until 8 rows are made, except that I ch must be added between the 8 tre over the 8 tre, then into each ch 1 s, 1 d c, 1 s without any ch between. This completes a fan; there are two fans to every eight rows. For the ninth row, which starts the scallop from its centre, repeat the first row, then 5 ch, turn, shell in shell, 2 rows as be-fore, then into the 5 ch, 13 tre, catching the last into shell of preceding row, turn, into the 13 tre work 13 tre with 1 ch between, work 2 rows right along as before; on re-turning to the scallop into each ch work 1 s, I d c, I s, catch into shell, turn, catch a knot st into each d c, making 2 knot st be-tween each d c, work 2 rows as before right along, then work a row of knot stitches, catching into the knots between each d c, catch in shell, turn, into each knot work 3 tre, followed by 3 ch, 2 rows right along as before, then into each 2 th 4 tre, followed

into each 3 ch, 4 tre, followed by 2 ch, catch into shell, turn, into each 2 ch, 6 tre, 1 d c into centre of tre in last row. 4 tre in last row. This finishes the scallop and completes the pattern. The narrow end is simply the state of part of the a repetition of part of the broad end, making six knots instead of four for the insertion. It may be noted that in working the row of knots forming the border the spacing indi-cated in the drawing must be exactly followed to make it uniform.

PHOTOGRAPH STAND IN TAPESTRY CROCHET

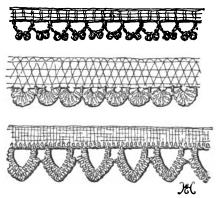
VERY charming branch of crochet work A is that known as tapestry crochet. The name is given on account of tapestry patterns in cross-stitch being available as patterns in cross-stitch being available as designs. These may be closely copied in several colors if desired. The Illustration No. 3 is very effective yet simple, being worked in two shades only. The plan to be followed is simple enough; the thread not in use is carried under the stitches so as to be completely covered. When more than three threads are required, however, they must be kept at the back of the work they must be kept at the back of the work and brought forward in turn as called for by the pattern.

The illustration shows half of a very

pretty photograph stand. Two rather stout pieces of cardboard should be cut out, measuring five and a half by seven and a half inches, then covered with

plush, velvet or brocade in one piece, but arranged so that the cards will shut up flat. A band of the same material, an inch wide, should then be sewn to the centre of each on the inside, about two inches from the bottom. This will make a stand to hold pictures on both sides. Two cro-cheted pockets are required of the same or dif-ferent patterns; these are firmly secured at the sides, the frame being finished off at the edges with a gold cord. The colors employed in the original design from which our drawing was

taken were pale terra-cotta plush and sage green. The groundwork of the crochet may be in silk or lustrous thread to match the plush, the darker parts bringing out the pattern being put in with a soft sage green. The lustrous thread is sold under different names. A very good make is appropriately branded as "Simili Soie pour Crochet." The monogram is a very ornamental addition to the stand, especially if worked in gold thread to match the cord, either solidly or in outline

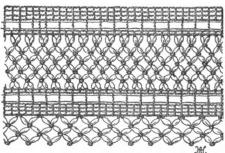


FOR CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR (Illus. No. 4)

It may be noted that the first row of the pattern is in close d c, then there are four rows of d c with 2 ch between, after which row of tre with 2 ch between; then comes the pattern, which must be copied from the illustration.

ARTISTIC LETTERING

A MONG other things we are promised shortly for the American market an alphabet of artistic letters in moulds of two or three sizes. This will be a great



ANOTHER END FOR TIDY (Illus. No. 5)

boon for appliqué work, or in any case where raised lettering is called for. These moulds can be crocheted over in such a way as to imitate satin stitches.

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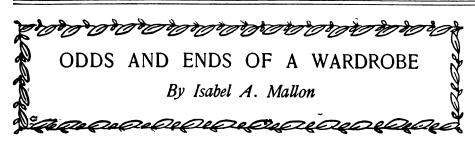
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U know as well as I do that it is the little things, the small belongings that make a costume a success or a failure. The wrong kind of gloves, shoes that are inharmonious, stockings that are conspicuous,

a brooch that is not suitable—all these tend to make or mar the toilette. In the summer-time, when we are not wearing heavy furs, or coats that cover us all up, there comes the opportunity for the woman who thoroughly understands the value of odds and ends, and knows that while they are called by that seemingly scoffing name, they are in reality of very much importance. A knot of ribbon may be the little rift within the lute that by being out of tune causes the whole color harmony to go wrong, and to jar on one's sight. And knots of ribbons mean a deal nowadays. They may be at the belt, or what is much more important, they may be in the hair, and then indeed do they tend to make beautiful, or to make unbeautiful the wearer thereof.

#### SOME KNOTS OF RIBBON

IT is a pretty, quaint fashion, this using a knot of ribbon at the belt, at the throat or in the hair, but I think prettiest of all is it as it stands up in the hair. The band of ribbon, after the fashion of the Greek fillet with its ribbon knot on one side quite near the front, is growing a bit tiresome, and its successor is the quaint cockade bow, which, having a hairpin stuck through it, may be worn with the hair dressed either low or high, and placed rather far back, and a little to one side of the parting. This bow shows three ends cut out in points, and two loops. All these stand up in the most pro-nounced manner, and only an expert can make one without cutting the ribbon. For this bow, which may match or contrast with the gown, there is required three-quarters of a yard of double-faced satin ribbon one inch and a half wide. The ribbon itself is quite stiff, and only needs to be properly tied to retain its position.

At the belt the ribbon knot takes the form of a rosette, which may be of the material of the belt or, if a contrast is desired, velvet may be used. It is invariably placed on the left side near the front. A pretty finish for a bodice with a round neck and a deep frill of lace outlining it, is a broad bow of ribbon just in front and a rosette at the back. This bow in the front has the loops almost as long as the ends, and they are drawn across and caught so that they reach nearly to the shoulder. If that they reach nearly to the shoulder. If, by any chance, the lace is black, a black velvet bow will be found very becoming.

#### **ABOUT YOUR GLOVES**

ABOUT YOUR GLOVES

The glovemakers seem to have learned wisdom. They have discovered that nothing equaled in daintiness the soft, undressed kid for elaborate gowning, nothing equaled for natty and wearing qualities the heavy kid with overstitched seams for ordinary street wear, and that nothing compared with the soft-skinned mousquetaire for general outings. You may read about somebody who is of great importance wearing crimson gloves. If she does, be very certain that she suggests Lady Macbeth. The really fashionable glover does not show the queer, off-color shades of green and red and pink that are displayed in many of the shops. Instead, for an elegant costume he has dainty shades of tan, delicate grays, and pure white and black; for street grays, and pure white and black; for street wear are the heavy four-buttoned gloves in light yellows, dark tans and dead whites, while for outings are the mousquetaires in white and gray. These last, it must be remembered, are very inexpensive gloves, seldom costing over a dollar a pair. Nothing makes a green glove beautiful. It simply attracts attention to the hand, and does not keep that attention because of the beauty of the hand, but because of the violence of its color. The same thing may be said of the crimson glove. No well-dressed woman wishes her gloves to be the central point of her costume; she prefers to be a harmony. to be a harmony.

Even the summer-time, by-the-by, does not excuse the button off the gloves, or the generally untidy look given them by inquisitive fingers pointing out. Nowadays at the glovers one can match one's buttons, one can get the proper colored thread with which to mend the glove, and so the good which to mend the glove, and so the good effect can be kept up, even when a glove is not quite new, if one is a little careful and a little industrious. Indeed, care and industry, with a good leaven of thought, are the virtues needed to keep one's belongings in order, and to make them a fine part of the entire harmony. Perhaps I use the word harmony very often, but it is the only one that absolutely expresses what I mean. one that absolutely expresses what I mean.

ABOUT YOUR BELT

OF course you have a blouse. Consequently your but a quently your belt is of some import-The pointed, laced, leather belt which was in vogue last year is entirely out of fashion now, and what you desire is a belt of heavy corded silk, striped or plain, I mean woven silk, caught with a serpent clasp, and having a little chain suspended from one side to the other, on which you can hang a bag, a purse or any of the small belongings that a woman is in the habit of putting on a chatelaine. For an outing on the water, or in the mountains, the favored belt is a very large muffler, the favored belt is a very large muffler, folded and tied in a knot at the back, the points being turned up underneath so that it grows narrower and the knot is very easy to tie. Usually for such a belt some very bright color is selected, scarlet having the preference. Another belt, which lacks the simplicity of either of these, but which has a certain popularity, has the back of woven silk and the front of links of silver fastening with an antique clasp. This in fastening with an antique clasp. This in real silver is very handsome, imitations are at once vulgar and undesirable. Ribbon belts or sashes scarcely come under the heading of belts, as one may choose to arrange them to suit one's fancy, or most important of all, one's figure. I think the simpler a belt is the prettier it is, and I know that the darker it is the smaller one's waist will look, consequently I am inclined to cast my vote in favor of the all-black

#### ABOUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS

THE very fine linen lawn handkerchief, hemstitched, trimmed with a narrow border of lace, and having a cipher or monogram embroidered in one corner, is liked best for general wear. Very pretty colored handkerchiefs are of fine percale in mauve, pink, blue or white, plaided, striped or dotted with a contrasting color. These have a half-inch border hemstitched by hand, and in one corner the cipher or mono gram is embroidered in small, very small letters, and in cotton matching the stripe or dot. On a mauve handkerchief striped with white the letters are in white, and on a white one plaided in blue they are in blue. The silk and chiffon handkerchiefs, always useless, are in decidedly bad taste for a handkerchief should be able to visit the laundry, and are entirely out of fashion. Those that two years ago would easily have Those that two years ago would easily have brought five dollars can be gotten now for one-third of the money, and are then used for breakfast caps. For very full dress a square of fine linen lawn, edged with a deep frill of real lace, is in good taste, but even this handkerchief is decidedly larger than the one of twelve months ago. And, by-the-by, as many a woman likes to give a present to her husband, her brother or her weetheart, I want to remind her that silk handkerchiefs are not in good taste for gentlemen, the linen lawn, with its narrow hemstitched border, being given the prefer-

#### ABOUT THE PARASOL

THE soft, dainty-looking parasol of chiffon is certainly a thing of beauty, but it is not and never will be a joy forever. It is like that unfortunate butterfly that was born in a bower, only whereas the butterfly perished by drowning in a teacup, a two-minute shower will mean destruction to the minute shower will mean destruction to the filmy background. Lace and chiffon parasols are not suited for anything but carriage use, and the proper parasol for street wear is the one of silk, rather good sized, with as pretty a handle as one may desire, but preferably of a solid color. In shape the parasols of this season are only different from those of last by being a wee bit larger and having a slightly shorter stick. The knob handle, especially in porcelain, is liked, and she counts herself woman who has a handle to her parasol made of jade. The crutch and twisted sticks are usually of natural wood, the German cherry and satin-wood being most noticeable. If one is only to have one parasol it must be chosen to suit all of one's gowns, and there are beautiful golden browns, olives and blues that easily adapt themselves to anything. A scarlet or deep crimson parasol looks extremely pretty with a cotton frock, but one would only select it if one had another parasol for more general wear. In the country the Japanese parasols look pretty, they cost very little and are delightfully easy to carry. I not only mean the paper ones when I speak of these, but I also mean those of silk and cotton crepe. The cotton crepe parasols sold at the Japanese stores, espe-cially those of white with blue figures upon them, harmonize with almost any cotton toilette, being in better taste with such frocks than elaborate silk or lace ones.

**ABOUT YOUR SHOES** 

THE summer-time shoe is as distinct as the warm-weather frock. There is a fancy when one is going to climb mountains, go yachting, or rough it in any way, to have boots of tan leather laced up the front, it being claimed by many travelers that a laced shoe is most desirable, as it can be made looser when after much walking the tired feet are apt to feel cramped. For usual wear the soft kid shoe with a patent leather vamp and without a tip, laced, is liked for dress costumes, while for tailor-made gowns the russet laced shoe, as soft as a kid glove, and requiring no more care than an occasional rubbing with a little vaseline, is counted good form. Extremely pretty slippers are of patent leather, with pretty slippers are of patent leather, with large rosettes of black lace or ribbon placed high up on the vamp so that they seem to add to the height of the instep; these invariably have the high French heel, which the low shoe for daytime wear does not. Dame Fashion decrees that it is quite proper to wear a scarlet low shoe, or a white low shoe with an all scarlet or white costume, but counts such shoes in bad taste with any other. Personally, I do not recommend the white shoe; it soils easily, makes the foot look large, and anything white that is the least bit soiled is offensive to the woman the least bit soiled is offensive to the woman of good taste. For general wear in the house a dainty slipper is one of soft, black kid with a medium high heel, and having its toe thickly covered with sparkling jet beads. Such a slipper adapts itself to any gown, and is in good taste. The strapped shoes are shown, but are not really in vogue, although the shoemaker may tell you that they are, it being to his interest to get them off his hands. A low shoe which has a long tongue coming up on the instep, and a long tongue coming up on the instep, and a rhinestone buckle below it, is liked in London, but it is difficult to wear, unless one gets a shoe at least two sizes too large, for it is made so narrow and there is difficulty in assuming it, even over a silk stocking and with a shoe-horn. By-the-by, I am going to give you a little word of advice about your low shoes and slippers—advice that is the result of personal experience. Never put on a low shoe without using a horn, or you will spoil its shape. Trees on which to keep one's shoes are so expensive in this country that to possess one or two pairs is a great deal, and these, of course, would be dedicated to your walking boots. To keep your low shoes and slippers in shape stuff out the toes with soft paper and you will find they will last you twice as long, and will look well as long as you give them this over a core.

long, and will look well as long as you give them this extra care.

Sometimes we laugh at what we call our "fads"; but in reality these are only the somethings that tend to make us more comfortable in our dress. About nothing is this so true as about our stockings. Many women with supersensitive skins cannot wear any kind of a black stocking. I have known such cases, and to these women I would suggest that with the russet shoe is worn a stocking to match, and with a dark shoe a dark blue stocking. These can be gotten so nearly black that one does not notice the difference. Very many women cannot wear lisle-thread stockings. women cannot wear lisle-thread stockings. I am one of them.

#### ABOUT YOUR VEIL

T seems to me that it is more necessary 1 to suggest the veils that one should be-ware of wearing, than those that are becom-ing. The purple veil is unbecoming to every one and so is its successor the green one. The heavy Russian mesh is only becoming to women who have a high color, and the scarlet veil to women who have none at all. There is a certain fine mesh that, laid over the skin, makes it look exactly as if the wearer thereof had been scarred by the smallpox, and this is to be avoided. Among the black veils, probably the most becoming, is the extremely fine mesh with chenille dots here and there upon it. The long white veils of real lace, such as our grandmothers wore, are seen draped around a few of the large hats, but there are very few women to whom they are becoming, and consequently they cannot be generally commended. For traveling wear a veil that is easy to assume, which will hide all stains on the skin and yet permit one to see through it, is of black chiffon with a narrow border with black silk woven in at each end. Barége veils are no longer seen except on young girls, and careful mothers frequently make them assume them that perspiration may be the result and the skin be whitened thereby.

#### A FEW LAST WORDS

Wish women would understand thoroughly how absolutely important to a perfect costume is the thought of the little things. One's costume may be ruined by shoes not properly cared for, gloves that are not in harmony, ribbons that are not smartly arranged and handkerchiefs that are unsuitable. To look as if one's things were "pitched on," as so many people do, usually comes from lack of care in this particular, and the result is a very offensive unsuitable. tidiness. The woman who is not careful about the small belongings of her costume will give to the world at large the impression not that her odds and ends are not in good taste, but that her toilette itself is made up of odds and ends.

## "Beauty is but Skin Deep"



was probably meant to disparage beauty; instead it tells how easy that beauty is to attain.

"There is no beauty like the beauty of health" was also meant to disparage; instead it encourages beauty.

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36. What is sup-posed to be the source of Amber-gris?

37. In what city is the magnificent avenue known as "Unter den Linden"?

38. Whose example being followed by the ladies of her court, mude handkerchiefs an important part of the feminine toilet? 39. What shell found in the Indian Ocean was used by the Jews in making perfume?

No. TINDEN BLOOM OOTE & JENKS

Answers to the May questions: 11. Sol-omon; Prov. xxvii, 9. 12. 14th Century. 13. ½. 14. Five. 15. Solon. 16. Louis XV. 17. Musk. 18. England. 19. Musk. 20. None.

answers appear in September number of Journal.

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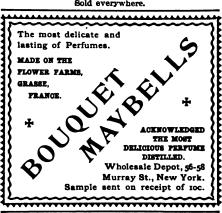


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\$100,000.



STRIPED SILK BLOUSE (Illus. No. 2)

## NOS CONTRACTOR TO THE STATE OF THE IDEAL SUMMER BLOUSE By Isabel A. Mallon THE STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE P

**EVRY** one of us realizes the desirability of a bodice that can be worn with any skirt, for every one of us knows perfectly well how persistently skirts outwear bodices. In one form or another the odd bod-

another the odd bodice has always been in style. At one time it was the very loose garibaldi, at another it was the bright-colored basque, in absolute contrast to the skirt, but now it is the blouse, and when one says blouse one covers a multitude of designs. In the first place, while the blouse is easy-fitting, it is not loose; in the second, its sole decoration may be its collar and cuffs, or it may be elaborate with smocking, Empire capes, Empire revers, jacket fronts or whatever the fancy of the wearer may dictate. In the third place it may be perfectly good form although made of cotton, and of very bad form although made of silk, and then again, to be entirely contrary, it may be in perfectly good form and be of either.



THE SMOCKED BLOUSE (Illus. No. 4)

It is bad form in silk when light pinks or blues or yellows are used; it is good form when dead white, dark blue, purple that approaches midnight or any of the dark-figured silks are used. In cottons, preferably in cheviots, it may be of any shade in the rainbow or of any variation of shades.

#### A SIMPLE BLOUSE

A VERY pretty, but simple blouse is shown at Illustration No. 1. It is made of black foulard silk, with a mysterious blue figure upon it. The slight fullness is gathered in at the neck.

And down the front, the cleans of which

the closing of which is done with hooks and eyes, and is invisible, is a double-plaited frill of the silk. The collar, which is rather high and just broken in front, and is, of course, stiffened with canvas, is of blue silk, exactly the color of the figure, and the full sleeves are drawn into cuffs of the blue silk, caught on the outer edge with tiny black buttons. The belt worn with this is of heavy woven silk of black, with a blue stripe running through it, and has hanging from its black clasp three or four black chains, on which all the belongings peculiar to the chatelaine are suspended. A blouse intended to be worn with a white skirt, and made after this fashion, is of white silk, with a scarlet

figure upon it.



BLOUSE OF WHITE CAMBRIC (Illus. No. 3)

#### A MORE ELABORATE BLOUSE

HAVE said that decorations of all sorts seem to be permitted on blouses, and

so it is not strange that the square, as well as the round jacket front, should be noticed. By-the-by, the jacket fronts will be found more becoming to women who are very broad across the bust, than the Empire revers which, of course, add to the width. A blouse of striped silk, a fancy peculiar just now to the French people, is pictured n Illustration No. 2. The blouse itself is made of very dark blue and white striped silk, is quite simple, the fullness being gathered in at the neck, and later on confined, as is usual, by casings and strings at the waist-line. It is just as well to say here, that in making a blouse one must al-

low a good long skirt to it, for nothing is more

annoying or more ill-appearing than a blouse which has been cut too short. The blouse of to-day is almost invariably worn under-neath, rather than outside the girdle. The elaborate air of this striped silk blouse is given by the Toreador fronts of blue velvet, outlined with tiny blue beads; the collar, which turns over, is of the striped silk, and a soft, white silk scarf is brought around, knotted in sailor fashion and the ends allowed to sailor fashion and the ends allowed the silk scare of the silk. flare. The full sleeves are of the silk and are decorated with a rosette made of the velvet, cut on the bias. The belt is a wrinkled one of blue velvet, and fastens slightly to the left side under a similar rosette.

#### THE COOL BLOUSE

FOR wear in the house there is probably no blouse so desirable as that of white lawn or of thin cambric, with a dainty figure upon it. These blouses are not made as elaborately as those that do not visit the laundry; they are made to look pretty. The typical one shown in Illustration No. 3 has a yoke in the back, the fullness gathered in at the neck in front, and just down the centre on each side a full, wide ruffle of the material, cut so that the selvedge forms the edge, which gives the air of a jabot of lace. These are drawn in slightly at the waist, so that while very wide at the

shoulders and bust, they taper off and tend to make the waist look small. The sleeves are the regulation leg-of-mutton ones, absolutely untrim-med, and the collar is a turn-down one of the lawn, with a small bow of white ribbon concealing its\_fastening.

In any cotton fabthat is, in any light-weight cotton fabric, this blouse would be pretty, but it would not do to attempt to develop it in cheviot or in any of the heavier materials. Of course, if one wished it, lace could be substituted for the frills of lawn, but to my way of thinking the lawn seems in better seems in better taste. Any belt desired, and of any style, may be worn with such a blouse, and even a ribbon sash could be assumed with it if it were in harmony with the skirt.

A BLOUSE that, while it looks very fancy, yet depends upon its effect for the dainty needlework upon it, is pictured in Illustra-tion No. 4. The material is a light-weight tion No. 4. The material is a light-weight unbleached linen, and the fullness is drawn up to the throat and smocked from there to the shoulder, a dead white thread that

A FANCY BLOUSE

looks satiny being used. From under this smocking comes a full frill of the linen, about four inches deep, which extends around the entire bodice, after the fashion of an Empire cape. The full sleeves are smocked in at the wrists to form cuffs, and have a frill like the cape for the finish. The belt worn with this is an undressed kid one, fastened with straps and buckles.

In almost any material such a blouse could be made, and it is certainly decidedly pretty, but one has o be an expert in the art of smocking to give the desired effect, for unless such work is well done it had much better not be done at all. Linen blous-es, laid in soft plaits, like the old-fash-ioned shirts worn by gentlemen, are much fancied for traveling wear; when I say "linen" I mean the un-bleached linen. When the blouses are done up, and after the plaits have been ironed down, a paper-knife should be run under them so that they may stand quite loose from the under part. Sometimes it seems expensive to send one's blouses to a regular laundry, but where they are not

soft and easily ironed ones it is much better to spend the few extra pennies, because then they come home retaining their shape.

#### AN EMPIRE BLOUSE

A PRETTY blouse made of heliotrope silk, and which is not suggestive of anything but dainty wear, bears the mark of belonging to the days of the Empire. It is laid in three soft plaits at the back, and then is drawn in in full, soft gathers in front, in



BLOUSE OF FOULARD (Illus. No. 1)

such a way that it seems to have a draped air. Starting from the shoulders are very broad Empire revers of the silk that reach quite to the waist-line.

#### A FEW LAST WORDS

To make the blouse suit the time is really a very important matter. The linen or cheviot blouse, admirably adapted for daytime wear, is utterly out of place in the evening unless one should be in the very heart of nature "roughing it." The silk blouse, with its pretty decoration, is quite proper for evening wear almost any place, but I must beg that in assuming a blouse a little care be taken to make it look nature all but I must beg that in assuming a blouse a little care be taken to make it look natty; all idea of the original semi-loose affair, which was something between a night-sack and a wrapper, should be avoided. While the blouse should fit easily it should, at the same time, be perfectly in accord with the lines of the figure, and in that way achieve the apotheosis of the separate bodice, which is the one worn to-day. is the one worn to-day.

## <del>&&&&&&&&&&&&&</del>

## The Question

is a simple one — easily decided by reason and common sense.

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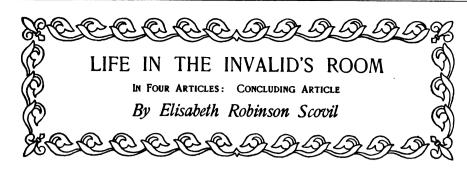
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HE care of convalescents is at once the most tedious and the most delightful part of a nurse's duty. The severe symptoms have abated. The temperature is lower, the mercury in the clinical thermometer no longer hovers between 104° and 105°, causing the nurse's heart to sink as it ascends. She does not stand

with her finger on the fluttering pulse, anxiously noting whether the rate is increased, or how its strength compares with the condition of yesterday. She does not feel a sickening thrill of alarm every time the respiration quickens or changes. She relaxes her vigilance and ventures to breathe freely herself once

Yet as much care is needed at this period of the illness as at any other. There are precautions which must not be omitted if the invalid is to be carried safely through it.

#### DANGERS TO BE GUARDED AGAINST

N all diseases there are special dangers to be guarded against, and this applies to the convalescence as well as to the illness itself. After diphtheria the tissues of the heart are in a weakened condition. Any overexertion or sudden strain may make a demand upon it that it is unequal to meet in its enfeebled state, and death follows. In the recovery from scarlet fever a child may develop disease which will cause lifelong ill-health, if it does not end fatally. After measles, when the lungs are weak, and the eyes also, any imprudence may cause disastrous results.

Death has followed excess in eating after typhoid fever, when the patient seemed comparatively well.

There are four enemies which lie in wait for the convalescent, and the nurse must be on the watch to prevent their attacks:

Cold. Overfatigue. Excitement.

Indigestion.
Cold is perhaps the most to be feared, because it is the most common and brings a long train of ills with it. Forethought is needed because after the mischief is done it is too late to remedy it.

#### NECESSITY FOR VENTILATION

T is not necessary to keep the room hermetically sealed and shut out all fresh air on the contrary proper ventilation should be kept up, carefully avoiding draughts. Before the patient gets out of bed for the first time the room should be at a temperature of 72°. Eleven o'clock in the morning is the best hour to choose. Do not attempt too much dressing. Have ready a pair of warm drawers, a flannel jacket, thick stockings, soft slippers and a loose wrapper. The best kind of wrapper is one made of jersey flannel or a blanket. If it is of thinner flannel it should be lined, making what our grandmothers called "a double gown." There should be no trimming to add to the weight, and it should just touch the floor, being made without a train. Wheel an easy-chair close to the bed,

spread a blanket, large thick shawl or soft afghan over the seat, and when the patient is dressed effect the transfer from the bed to it as easily as possible. Place a pillow behind the back and head, fold the covering over the knees, put a footstool under the feet, turn the chair with the back to the light for a little while and leave the invalid

#### WHEN THE PATIENT RETURNS TO BED

arm th and bed linen before making the bed. When the patient is ready to return to it fill the rubber bag with hot water and place it between the sheets, or iron them with a hot iron, to remove the suspicion of a chill.

Whenever the underclothing is changed have the clean garments warmed before they are put on. Nothing is more disa-greeable than the touch of cold linen, or cotton to the sensitive skin. Have every-thing that is needed beside the bed, not to leave the invalid half-dressed while some necessary but forgotten article is brought. In returning to bed take off the wrapper, but do not remove the drawers, jacket or stockings until the invalid is under the shelter of the bedclothes.

When going to walk or drive for the first time see that the hands are well protected with warm gloves, if the weather is cool. Avoid a weight of clothing, and try to combine warmth and lightness, not to overtax the feeble strength.

#### KEEPING THE MIND AT REST

T is never well to deceive a sick person; apart from the moral aspect of the case the deception must be discovered sooner or later, and then all confidence is destroyed. or later, and then all confidence is destroyed. If there is bad news to be told it should be done gently and quietly. All but persons of the weakest fibre will summon fortitude enough to meet it without serious harm. The mind should be kept tranquil and at ease by avoiding petty disputes and shutting out household worries. The convalescent is not in a state to be of use in domestic emergencies and should not be troubled. tic emergencies and should not be troubled with them.

Visitors are a fruitful source of excitement and many an invalid is literally nearly "talked to death." A visit from a pleasant, sensible friend who will stay for a short time and talk cheerfully in an entertaining way, is a refreshment indeed, after the monotony of weeks in a sick-room.

One visitor a day is enough at first, and those who confine their conversation to lamentations on the changed appearance of the invalid, or recitals of similar cases of illness in their own or their friends' families, should not be admitted a second time. should not be admitted a second time.

The nurse should be on the watch against fatigue and send the visitor away at the first sign of weariness. If she says pleasantly that the doctor does not wish the patient to talk too long no sensible person will take offense. If any one is silly enough to be offended the friendship is scarcely worth retaining.

#### ERRORS IN DIET

NDIGESTION is caused by some error in diet or imprudence as to the time of taking food. A delicate person should never eat when excited or tired.

Too great a variety of food should not be partaken of at once. It is better to make a meal of one or two articles, and the next one of something different, than to eat several in succession at the same time. Well-made soup, without fat; delicate fish, Well-made soup, without fat; delicate fish, boiled, baked or broiled; nicely-cooked vegetables, quickly done in boiling water; meat at the happy medium between overdone and rare; light puddings, and stewed fruit are all suitable for the invalid's bill of fare. Eggs may be prepared in different ways. If liked well done they should be boiled about twenty minutes as long cookboiled about twenty minutes, as long cooking renders them more digestible than when simply boiled hard. If any dish is found to disagree with the patient it should not appear again. In the early convalescence appear again. In the early convalescence the physician should be consulted before making any change in the diet, and if he gives explicit directions in any case they should be carefully followed. Some light nourishment should be given before rising, or after any extra exertion, and the last thing at night thing at night.

#### FOOD FOR THE CONVALESCENT

HEN a person has lived upon milk and broths for some weeks a craving for vegetable food is felt and ought to be satisfied. The want may be partially supplied with bread and the cereals, but usually the convalescent longs for fresh vegetables. The more delicate varieties should be given at first and cooked as daintily as possible. In cities small quantities may be purchased even in winter at a very moderate cost. When the market is not well supplied the canned vegetables offer a tolerable substi-tute. Those put up in glass are much to be preferred.

#### **ASPARAGUS ON TOAST**

To those who like it this is the most delicious vegetable that can be served; those who dislike the peculiar flavor deny that it can have any merit. Tie the stalks into a small bunch, cut off the hard lower part and plunge the heads into a sauce-pan of salted, boiling water. Let them boil from ten to fifteen minutes, piercing them with a long pin to try if they are tender. Have ready a square of buttered toast and arrange the asparagus neatly upon Cover the dish with a hot bowl that it may reach the invalid in good condition.

#### PEAS AND BEANS

DEAS to be eaten in perfection must be Cooked the day they are gathered. They lose their freshness and sweetness by being kept. They should be put into boiling water with a little salt and a teaspoonful of sugar, and taken from the fire the moment they are tender. Serve them heaped in a small hot dish with a little piece of butter hidden in the depths of the mound. They can be used as a border to garnish a mutton chop when the convalescent is permitted to eat meat. Very young, tender, green beans may be given to an invalid.

#### CELERY, RAW OR STEWED

If the celery is well blanched the inner stalks, or heart, can be separated and served on a pretty china dish, the soft, yellowish-green leaves being used as a garnish. The coarser, outer stalks can be cut in pieces half an inch long, boiled in milk until tender, and placed on toast like aspar-agus. This may be varied by thickening the milk with a tiny pinch of cornstarch, adding salt and pouring it over the celery. A soupçon of butter is an improvement if this does not make the dish too rich for the invalid digestion. Celery is said to be particularly beneficial to persons suffering from nervous diseases.

#### CREAMED CAULIFLOWER

ONE head of cauliflower will be sufficient for several meals. Break off sprigs about two inches long from the top, carefully wash them, put them in boiling, salted water and cook about twenty minutes or until tender, the time depending on the size of the sprigs. Pour over them a white sauce of milk thickened with a little flour, well boiled, and seasoned with salt.

Tomatoes can be cooked in so many dif-ferent ways that if the invalid relishes them there is a wide field for the exercise of ingenuity in preparing them. Fresh ones are delicious baked. Cut one in thin slices, place these in a dainty dish, sprinkle each slice with pepper and salt and place a small piece of butter in the middle of it, cover the top with breadcrumbs dotted with scraps of butter. Bake not more than half an hour. In stewing canned tomatoes it will be found an improvement to add a few grains of beking code to correct the acidity. grains of baking soda to correct the acidity, and a very little sugar, not enough to make them taste sweet. They require a generous piece of butter and enough breadcrumbs to thicken them. A little grated nutmeg improves the flavor. Too long cooking increases the acidity.

#### POTATOES IN VARIOUS WAYS

BAKED potato is usually the first vegetable a convalescent is permitted to The skin protects it during cooking, eat. and the salts of potash, which are dissolved and lost when the potato is peeled and boiled, are retained, to the great improvement of the flavor.

Stuffed potato. Choose a moderately large potato, bake it until soft, cut it in two lengthways, scrape most of the contents into a hot cup, have ready a small tablespoonful of hot milk, a little butter, pep-per and salt. Mash the potato smooth and add these ingredients; beat until light, then heap the mixture in the skins and replace in the oven to brown. Potato soufflé. Put one cup of mashed potato in a saucepan over the fire. Have ready the yolk of one egg beaten light, a large tablespoonful of cream, a teaspoonful of butter. Add these to the potato, stirring until smooth and light, whisk in the white of the egg beaten stiff. Put the mixture in a buttered pudding-dish and bake ten minutes. Scalloped potato. Cut a raw potato into small dice, sprinkle with pepper and salt, add one ounce of butter in small pieces, reserving some for the top, put in a shallow baking-dish, cover with breadcrumbs dotted with butter and bake half an hour.

#### THE SUCCULENT SPINACH

THIS succulent vegetable should be put to boil in very little water, just enough to prevent it from sticking to the bottom of the saucepan. The heat draws out its own juice in such quantities there is soon sufficient moisture. It cooks in about ten min-utes; pour off the liquid and press it perfectly dry. Cut it across several times, add a little butter and salt and serve. It may be smoothed to make a bed for a poached egg which can be laid upon it.

#### BAKED SWEETBREADS

HOOSE a veal sweetbread. Put it in cold water after removing the membranes. When ready to use parboil it in boiling water for ten minutes. Roll it in beaten white of egg and then in cracker-crumbs, place it in a pan, dot it with small lumps of butter and bake in a moderate oven about half an hour. Serve on toast. Sweetbreads may also be stewed, creamed or broiled.

#### **BROILED STEAK**

FEW persons know how to cook beefsteak for an invalid. Have the meat cut quite an inch thick. Trim off the fat, and hold it on a gridiron over a very hot fire, turning it rapidly from side to side that both surfaces may be thoroughly seared to retain the juice. Withdraw it a little from the extreme heat and cook four to eight minutes, as it is liked, rare or well-done. The same principle is involved in broiling chops or any meat.

#### OYSTERS IN DIFFERENT WAYS

OYSTERS cooked in various ways, eggs, salads with mayonnaise or French dressing, delicate puddings, as custard, blanc-mange or snow pudding, creams, as coffee, tapioca, rice or velvet cream, ice cream and sherbet, are all suitable for the convalescent. Receipts for making them can be found in any good cook-book. An admirable one called "Invalid Cooking" has just been issued by Miss Boland, instructor in cooking at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. It may be obtained from the JOURNAL office; price two dollars.



#### PURE, DELICIOUS, NOURISHING

IMPERIAL GRANUM.—There is one dietetic preparation that goes on in the even tenor of its way, always a popular food when no other one can be retained on the when no other one can be retained on the stomach. Carefully prepared, easily assimilated, with the greatest possible amount of nourishment, combined with the minutest amount of labor in its digestion, IMPERIAL GRANUM stands to-day, without a rival, in the room of the sick or convalescent. While good for children in all the varying periods of their existence, its strongest hold is in the sick-room where either adult or little one needs a soothing, sustaining diet little one needs a soothing, sustaining diet with the least amount of physical effort for its digestion.—The N. E. Medical Monthly.

#### FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS,

As an instance, we have in mind a patient who was stricken down with typhoid malarial fever. For many days it was doubtful whether life or death would gain the mastery. The ordinary household diets, chicken and mutton broth, beef tea, etc., had become of no avail, because the stomach had grown too weak and faint to either digest or retain them. In the emergency a prepared food known as IMPERIAL GRANUM was tried, which proved successful; so much so that in addition to his faith in the skill of his physician in otherwise handling his case, the patient attributes THE PRESERVATION OF HIS LIFE to the IMPERIAL GRANUM, on which practically alone he existed for several weeks. — St. Louis Medical Brief.

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#### HEART TO HEART TALKS



ULY! When I was a child the only association I had with this month was the glorious Fourth of July! How much more the words independ-ence and liberty mean to me now! Life is indeed a school and, as one says, exactly adapted to your lesson, and that to the end of your existence; no room for a discouraged or depressed feeling therefore is left you. Enough that you exist for a purpose high enough to give meaning to life and to support a genu-ine inspiration. God understands it all bettter than

you do. Let us never forget that great characters are made under great adversities and heavy loads of incumbrance.

#### THE HEAVENLY SHORE

WHAT shall I say to you troubled ones whose letters are before me? Never have I felt the truth more deeply that "nothing can suffice for the infinite pathos of human life but the infinite pity of God." In the first place, you must broaden your horizon. Suppose you never have in this world what you desire, what your nature craves for, you will have it all some time. And yet there is here, and now, a life that And yet there is here, and now, a life that you may come to in knowing God, that you have never dreamed of.

you have never dreamed of.

I want again and again to call the attention of every "Daughter" in our Order to the word we emphasized from the beginning—the word "within." "The King's Daughter is all glorious within." It is Christlike character you need. I used to read a little verse of a poem by Madame Guyon, and at first I was not inclined to believe it but I do believe it to day. believe it, but I do believe it to-day.

"While place we seek or place we shun, The soul finds happiness in none, But with a God to guide our way 'Tis equal joy to go or stay."

I remember once visiting a beautiful young girl. She was so lovely to look at, but such a dreadful sufferer, and had been confined to her bed for years. I hardly knew what to say, and she saw my thought, and with such a smile, said, "I have come to know God as my Father since I have been on this bed," and then added, "I know I am a wreck"; but, lifting her eyes Heavenward, added, "Any wreck for such a shore." And she meant she had found God to be a shore—not in a she had found God to be a shore—not in a future, but God now.

#### FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED

THERE is no getting away from the fact that life is very hard for most people. I have received more letters thanking me for speaking to "lonely" ones than for anything else. And I want you to keep on writing freely to me. The young girl who said, "You always make the best in me come out," gave me a real gift. There is good in every one of you, it only wants to be drawn out. But, alas, there is evil too, and you see that, and there is see the good, and you are hard on your-selves, many of you, and when you fail exclaim, "What's the use? I shall never be the woman I want to be!" Yes, you will; the woman I want to be!" Yes, you will; mark my words, you will come to your best some time. Now, a word to those who have said: "Write and tell me what I can do after having been so very wicked." Perhaps you will be surprised at my answer when I say trust in the God of love who is in you. "In me," you say, "when I have done that which was so wrong?" Yes; the very fact that you see it was wrong, that you want to do right, shows the God within you; and if you will only take the side "God in you," the evil will be overcome, and the wicked thing you loved you will hate. But there must be a strengthening of the will against the wrong. Your will perhaps is weak, and though you know things are wrong because your constant. some things are wrong, because your conscience tells you so (and that is the voice of God in you), yet you yield. Just here is where you must be strengthened.

#### PRAYERS THAT WILL AVAIL

THERE are two prayers that are always heard: "Lord, help me," and "Lord, save me." Use all the will you have to say "no" to the wrong. That is repentance. And trust in the love that forgives. That is believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and then you will be saved!

Another one writes me that she began to read this name just out of curiosity, then

to read this page just out of curiosity, then "Order," and she needed help and she thought she would put on the cross. She writes: "Like so many others, when I began to wear the cross I wanted some work to do, and I could not find any for some time till one day. I received a letter from a gan to wear the cross I wanted some work to do, and I could not find any for some time, till one day I received a letter from a friend, a young orphan girl alone in the great city, struggling against ill-health and poverty, and as I read her letter I felt how thankful I should be for the sunshine I had, and that she missed. I had all my family around me, she had none. I wanted to give her something, for I had been studying the text, "Freely ye have received, freely give," but I was poor in all but love, but I gave her that, and for six months I have been doing it, and my little cross grows dearer each day, but if I were to lose it there is one stamped on my heart I can never lose. I am young, just eighteen, and more than two thousand miles from my friends, among strangers, but God's sunshine is in my heart, and I am trying, amid many failures, to put it into my life so that I may brighten other lives. God has given me a smiling face, so I freely give it."

Then one writes me with such a trembling hand: Then one writes me with such a trembling hand:

"I fixed a wistful gaze
Out of the fold;
I scanned with keen appraise
My meagre gold;
I walked in worldly ways,
And I grew old.
Old with the weight of care,
With burdens hard to bear,
I turned me in despair
Back to the fold."

Oh, how glad I am the trembling hand is in that of the dear Shepherd. I am so glad she is safe in the fold. Oh, how poor is gold compared to His fold. Oh, the warmth of the fold compared with the chill of the gold when we grow old. I thank my aged friend for the lines. I shall keep them.

#### GOD IS LOVE

THEN I turned to a letter from one who had passed through the deep waters. Could the sun burst out from beneath the black cloud of doubt; could God be love, and yet take her only child—her daughter? At last, in reading what that only daughter had written once to her mother, she seemed to hear the daughter's voice as she read the words:

That smile thou knowest, learn to know the reaper, Resign the treasured bud thou holdest dear; Arise, bh, stricken heart, arise, and greet him, Though in another form he doth appear."

Then I smiled before I opened a letter that had come from Japan from a dear girl who enjoys the JOURNAL so much. I love these letters that can be measured by the yard, and yet they do not seem long, much I enjoy short letters. They are so plainly written in a large hand, and so I knew there was a pleasure in store for me how startled I was when I read, "My Saviour's dear sister"—the precious child! She had probably read in her New Testament what the Lord Jesus had said: "He that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother." My sister! She evidently thought I was doing His will in being kind, for she thought I was unusually kind in writing her a Christmas letter. I assure you I had my reflections when I read "My Saviour's dear sister." If I could only show you the letter and the hope that she expressed that some time she would translate my "talks" in our JOURNAL into the Japanese language, so that her people who do not understand English might hear what I said. But I must stop; I can give you hardly a hint of my treasures. God bless all the dear ones who sent me the letters that have made this hour so bright. That is the wonderful thing about our order. brings us heart to heart in spirit; though we may never see each other upon earth, we may meet in the world to come.

#### MY LITTLE WILD WHITE ROSE

F the coming back of the little poem that I told my readers I had lost was symbolical of our recovery of lost treasures, I am sure everybody may hope. It came from, it seemed to me, almost every State in the Union. At last a package of leaflets came with the poem reprinted. For weeks I found in my mail letter after letter containing the poem. If I had ever doubted your love and care for my wishes every such thought would have flown. Now, with my thanks to those who sent me the little poem, I give it for those who asked for it, only let it be remembered I make an exception of this poem. I have no space

"It was peeping through the bramble
That little wild white rose,
Where the hawthorne hedge was planted,
My garden to inclose.
All beyond was fern and heather;
All within was sun and shelter,
And the wealth of beauty's store;
But I did not heed the fragrance
Of flowered or of tree,
For my eyes were on that rosebud,
And it grew too high for me.

"In vain I strove to reach it
Through the tangled mass of green—
It only smiled and nodded
Behind its thorny screen;
Yet, thro' that summer morning
I lingered near the spot.
Oh, why do things seem sweeter
If we posseas them not?
My garden buds were blooming,
But all that I could see
Was that little mocking white rose,
Hanging just too high for me.

"So, in life's wider garden,
There are buds of promise, too,
Beyond our reach to gather,
But not beyond our view;
And, like the little charmer That tempted me astray,
They steal out half the brightness
Of many a summer's day.
Oh, hearts that fail with longing
For some forbidden tree,
Look up, and learn a lesson
From my white rose and me.

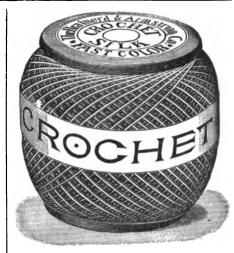
'Tis wiser far to number
The blessings at my feet
Than ever to be sighing
For just one bud more sweet.
My sunbeams and my shadows
Fall from a pierced hand;
I can surely trust His wisdom
Since His heart I understand.
And maybe in the morning,
When His blessed face I see,
He will tell me why my white rose
Grew just too high for me."

#### THE TALENT OF HAPPINESS

SHALL never understand how God could have given me such a beautiful work as this page in the JOURNAL. I did not give the name to my page; the editor of the JOURNAL called it "Heart to Heart Talks," but no name could be truer. A young girl who takes the Journal wrote to me from Mar's Hill, and told me she had found the King's Daughters in Athens, and as I read her words I seemed to know her. Oh, you young daughters, if you can only have the joy some day that pours into my life at this time! I must tell you again that I can trace the track very clearly back to an early consecration to Christ, and one link after another was added to the chain link after another was added to the chain of my life, and so naturally and simply the page of the JOURNAL came home to me. I long to shelter girls from sin! I know full well the temptations that come to young lives, and I say: "Oh, if hey only knew and loved the perfect One they would be saved." I shall never forget once going into one of our principal shops, and I heard a young girl who was putting up the boxes, and she was humming in a low key, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." As she turned round I looked at her and smiled, and she returned the smile, and I knew in and she returned the smile, and I knew in that moment she had chosen the Lover of the universe, and I felt she was safe.

But I received a letter to-day from one who meets us every month in our corner, and she said: "You have words for the sorrowing and poor, have you no words for the happy daughters?" I smiled as I mentally said: "God bless our happy daughters." We must step upon human relations to understand God. If He says, "Like as a father," "Like as a mother," then we must come to understand God in then we must come to understand God in that way, and as a mother I know what a joy it is to have a happy child, and so I am sure God takes a peculiar delight in His happy children. But happiness is a great gift—a talent to be used. You happy gift—a talent to be used. You mappy daughters are wealthy whether you have much money or not, and you must use your happiness for the benefit of others who have less. I am sure just the being happy is a power, and because you are so let as many as possible have the benefit of your sunshine. If you are happy only on account of your earthly relations and lovely surroundings, then do not forget the prayer in the Prayer-book, "In all times of our prosperity, good Lord, deliver us." Deliver us from selfishness, save us from being ungenerous, help us to make the most of our prosperity for the benefit of those who have less. But above all love the One who has given you all this happiness. Your flowers are safest in His hands.

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ITH the many who care more for a brilliant show of color than for individual beauty, carpet-bedding is popular. Every year we see elaborate designs in our parks, and in the grounds of wealthy persons, rich and striking color are it patterns similar to those some styles of carpet, and ainly striking, if not artistic. because they are attracted because they note the skillwhich the design is wrought ause it seems "the fashion," is "the rage" they indorse. the real lover of beauty—or eal beauty, perhaps it were -ever sees anything in these he cares to copy, but that is aste, and as long as some do : beds, or at least claim to, pecimen of them in their yard wn, it is only fair that we should their requests for information aking of them, and the care of hey are made.

#### HE BRILLIANT COLEUS

f plants used in the formation of peds is somewhat limited. What is something with a color that is nd will last during the season. some bright-colored plants that rell during the early months of the but as soon as our hot, midsummer comes they take on a rusty look, beauty is gone. These we must with. Perhaps the most popular plant among the section having foliage is the Coleus. There are vood varieties, but for general use good varieties, but for general use are in great demand. One is Vertii, a variety having very dark crimves, shaded with maroon. The other ves, shaded with maroon. I he other rt having bright yellow foliage, called v-bird in some catalogues, and Sunn others, and I presume it has still names among the florists. These two s are in striking contrast with each ; are of a similar habit of growth, keep color well during the season, and may ombined in working out designs with t satisfactory results. The varieties mg variegated foliage are not as desire, because the combination of several price in one leaf detracts from the effect bedding. There is a white and green bedding. There is a white and green iety called Retta Kirkpatrick, that can used with either of the kinds named with e effect, if care is taken to make it a sort background against which the other and righter colors can display themselves.

#### LOW-GROWING PLANTS

THE Alternanthera is a low-growing foliage plant, principally used for ribbon-lines or borders, or a sort of groundwork or background on which patterns wrought out in Coleus are to be displayed. Aurea Nana is a bright yellow. Rosea Nana is carmine shading to rose. Parychoides Major is crimson and scarlet. The two first-named varieties are very compact in habit; the latter is a stronger grower, and can be used in large beds where the smaller kinds would not be as effective. The Achyranthes is somewhat similar to the Alternanthera in habit of growth, and can be used in place of it, or in combination with it. Brilliant-issima has leaves and stems of a rich red. Biemullerii is a dark red, flamed with carmine and pink. McNally is a rich, bright yellow, with a green veining. It is with these plants as with the Coleus: where you desire striking results use the varieties in which the leaf is of one solid color. Then your patterns will be brought out strongly and clearly. With a variegated sort there will be lack of distinctness, because of a blending of colors where there should be but one, thus weakening the effect.

#### THE GRACEFUL CENTAUREA

THIS is a plant having a graceful leaf, shaped somewhat like that of some varieties of Fern, and quite as finely cut. In color it is a cool gray, forming a most effective contrast with all the plants described above, and very useful in bringing out their richness of coloring by that contrast. It is excellent for borders of beds containing flowering plants, its feathery foliage forming a compact and rounded mass that helps to make the bed stand out distinctly on the lawn, while, at the same time, it gives a line of color that unites bed and sward haror color that unites bed and sward nar-moniously. It is the only plant of its color well adapted to carpet-bedding. While not desirable alone, it is one of our best plants to use in combination with those of bright colors, as it heightens their effect.

#### THE GOLDEN FEVERFEW

GOLDEN Feverfew, or Pyrethrum Aurea, is another beautiful is another beautiful plant whose habit of growth is somewhat similar to that of the Centaurea. It has long, graceful foliage, of a rich yellow. Because of its beauty of leaf it is used in beds where something beside mere color is desired. Combined with the Centaurea it is extremely effective, but Verschafeltii can give, is necessary to give tone to the combination. The plants described above are those on which most florists depend in carpet-bedding. They are grown in enormous quantities by the dealers whose advertisements appear in this dealers whose advertisements appear in this paper, and can be bought at low prices. Those having small greenhouses can cut up old plants in March and April, and start cuttings enough to fill a good-sized bed by rooting them in sand, which should be kept moist and warm until roots have formed.

#### DESIGNS FOR BEDS

DO not think it advisable to accompany I this article with diagrams of designs for carpet-bedding, because the catalogues and floral magazines contain so many of them. I will merely suggest certain designs which have proved very popular, and which can be carried out without a great deal of trouble, giving a few hints as to what plants to use

Before making any suggestions of this kind, however, let me advise the amateur to be satisfied with something simple. Patterns in which the lines come out clear and sharp are much more satisfactory in the home-garden, or on the small lawn, than the elaborate designs which professional gardeners undertake. If you were to attempt something of that kind you would be pretty sure to make a failure of it because pretty sure to make a failure of it, because you lack the knowledge of color-effects which the gardener has mastered by years of familiarity with the plants he makes use of. Choose patterns containing geometrical figures, curves, angles, and the like, and leave pictorial representations of birds and beasts and men, by the pigments contained in the leaves of plants, to those who understand what can be done with those plants better than you do. A star is always effect-ive if neatly made and planted with harmonious and contrasting colors. If you have one six or eight feet across fill the centre with golden Pyrethrum. Next to this have a row of Coleus Verschafeltii; then a row of Coleus Yellow-bird, and let the gray Centaurea edge the design. A Maltese cross is pretty, with a row of golden Pyre-thrum on the outer edge, then a row of crimson Coleus, with a centre of Centaurea; or the centre can be filled with Achyranthes

or Alternanthera.

If you have a circular bed let it be considerably higher in the middle than at the sides. Divide it into quarters or eighths, and plant each division with plants of contrasting colors, or you can have rows of various colors running around the bed. A much prettier plan is to have a series of circles overlapping each other around the bed, these circles planted alternately with red and yellow Coleus, with a filling between them of Centaurea, or, should it be more convenient, Alternantheras or Achyranthes. If you want the bed to produce a noticeable effect from a distance plant a Ricinus in the centre. This plant has enormous leaves of sich converse lustre and often groves of a rich, coppery lustre, and often grows to a height of eight and ten feet. Its color will harmonize well with the prevailing colors in

#### PLANNING A BED

THINK you will be better pleased, howl ever, to make your own designs. A good way to plan a bed is to take paints of the colors of the plants you intend to use, and draw a design on paper, coloring it to suit you, in rows and solid masses. In this way you get something of an idea of what the bed will look like when you have it growing in your yard, and by doing this it is an easy matter to prevent mistakes of coloring, which it would be too late to rec-tify after your bed was planted. If you have a curved walk or path do not use square designs along it. Let them conform, in general outline, to the path. Locate your round beds where the path bends, and put your angular beds in places where the path makes a sharp turn, and do not make the mistake of having too many. One good bed in a small yard is enough. Concen-trate your efforts on that, rather than scatter them about in such a manner as to weaken the general effect. If the yard is small let the bed be small. A large bed in a small yard looks fussy and very much out of place. In arranging these beds care should be taken that the edges be a little lower than the grass surrounding them.

CARE OF BEDS

NO matter how carefully you select your varieties, and no matter how well you plan your beds, they will fail to afford satisfaction unless you take the very best care of them. The most important part of the work is trimming the plants. You will require long-bladed shears with which to do this. The beds should be gone over very frequently, and when you see a branch that is trying to get the start of the others snip it trying to get the start of the others snip it off remorselessly; unless you do this your bed will, in a very short time, take on a ragged, unkempt look. It will look as if its hair needed combing. One reason why the beds seen in public parks, and on the grounds of wealthy persons, always look so fresh and neat is because the gardener who has them in charge makes it his business every day to go over them and see if there is anything to be done. He knows there is anything to be done. He knows that they require constant care in order to make them look well. He keeps the plants clipped to one height, and that gives them a smooth, velvety effect when viewed from a little distance. If he were to neglect them for a week the rows would take on a ragged look that would destroy all sharpness and distinctions of control of the street o a ragged look that would destroy all sharp-ness and distinctness of outline; there would be a reaching over of one color into the other, and the "pattern" would be spoiled; therefore, be sure to give your beds prompt and persistent attention all through the season. Some enthusiastic amateur gardeners start out well, and for a time they are as faithful as the professional gardener are as faithful as the professional gardener can be to the duties which they have as-sumed; but after a little enthusiasm wanes, and you can tell when this takes place by a glimpse at their beds. Unless you or sure that you will take good care of your beds as long as care is needed don't undertake to have any. Instead, plant flowering plants, which do not show neglect so much. But I would never advise any one to attempt the cultivation of any plant unless he is willing and able to take proper care of it. Plants were not made to be treated with neglect; they were made to make the world brighter and better, and they cannot do this without our help, and if we love them we will not slight them. we do not love them we ought not to at-tempt to grow them.

Another important item is cleanliness. If Another important item is cleanliness. If you want your beds to look their best see that no dead leaves, no clipped branches litter the ground about them. Remove these at once. Let the sward be kept to an even height all over the yard. This will throw the beds out prominently. The care of bed and lawn must go hand in hand in order to secure satisfactory results, as one cannot produce them alone. There must be a unity of effort. be a unity of effort.

#### **NECESSITY OF MOISTURE**

IF the season is dry your beds must be watered frequently and freely, or your plants will fail. In a dry season with a hot sun beating down upon them mercilessly, they will wither and drop their leaves, or become so scorched that their beauty of color is destroyed. Give them a liberal supply of water every evening, and they will repay you by looking as if they did not mind dry weather and hot sunshine. weather and hot sunshine.

If you live in a place where it is not easy to supply as much water as your plants need mulch them. When you mow the lawn take the clippings and spread them about the roots of your plants. If this is done carefully and neatly few will ever know that the clippings are there, as the foliage will cover them; then apply water. The grass will retain the moisture almost like a sponge. By and by it will begin to decay. Then go over the bed carefully and dig it into the soil about the plants, and give another coat of clippings next day. In this way you gain two things: you keep the soil moist, and you fertilize your plants and with the plants well fed and well watered you can be reasonably sure of having your bed look fresh till the coming of frost. Never use flowering plants in combination with plants having colored foliage, for the sake of securing effects of color. You cannot do it satisfactorily, because the flowering plant must be allowed to grow to quite a height before it will produce flower and this difference in the height duce flowers, and this difference in the habit of growth spoils the harmony which should prevail in a bed of this kind. Flowers should be grown for their own individual beauty, and not for a mere color-effect. To attempt to bring about such results from them is to degrade them.

However, where spots of color are wanted on the lawn or in the yard, and no set design or pattern is to be worked out, such low-growing, compact, profusely-flowering plants as the blue Lobelia, white Alyssum, or purple Candytust can be massed in such a manner as to be effective without destroying the dignity of the flower. Verbenas are excellent plants to use where a mass of vivid color is desired, if a proper selection of varieties is made and care is taken to keep the plants in flowering condition by a constant removal of the fading blossoms. Scarlet varieties are most effective because of their brilliance, but some of the soft shades of red are very beautiful. To secure the best effects from beds of Verbenas they should be raised in the centre. If a foot higher than the sward at the central point they will show off the flowers finely.

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#### THE COAST OF BOHEMIA

[Continued from page 8 of this issue]

about over the room. It was very full, and the first of Mrs. Westley's Thursdays was successful beyond question. With the roving eye, which he would not suffer to be in-tercepted, he saw the distinguished people, whom she had hitherto affected, in their usual number, and in rather unusual num-ber the society people who had probably come to satisfy an amiable curiosity; he made his reflection that Mrs. Westley's evolution was proceeding in the inevitable direction, and that in another winter the swells would come so increasingly that there would be no celebrities for them to see. His glance rested upon Mrs. Maybough, who stood in a little desolation of her own, trying to look as if she were not there, and he had the inspiration to go and speak to her instead of her daughter; there were people enough speaking to Charmian, or seeming to speak to her, which serves much the same purpose on such occasions. She was looking her most mysterious, and he praised her peculiar charm to Mrs. May-

bough.
"It's no wonder I failed with that por-

trait."

Mrs. Maybough said: "You must try again, Mr. Ludlow."

"No, I won't abuse your patience again, but I will tell you, I should like to come and look now and then at the picture Miss Saunders has begun of her, and that I want her to keep on with."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Maybough in the softest assent. She would not listen to the injuries which Ludlow heaped upon himself in proof of his unworthiness to cross her threshold.

He went back to Cornelia, and said:

cross her threshold.

He went back to Cornelia, and said:
"Well, it's arranged. I've spoken with
Mrs. Maybough, and we can begin again,
whenever you like."

"With Mrs. Maybough? You said you
were going to speak to Charmian!"

"It doesn't matter, does it?"

"Yes; I—I don't know yet as I want
to go on with the picture. I had not
thought——"

thought—"
"Oh!" said Ludlow, with marked politeness. "Then I misunderstood; but don't let it annoy you. It doesn't matter, of course. There's no sort of appointment."

He found Mrs. Westley, in a moment of disoccupation before he went, and used a friend's right to recognize the brilliancy of her Thursday. She refused all merit for her Thursday. She refused all merit for it, and asked him if he had ever seen anything like the contrast of Charmian at the chocolate with Cornelia at the tea. "Did you notice the gown Miss Saunders had on? It's one that her mother has just sent her from home. She says her mother made it, from home. She says her mother made it, and she came to ask me, the other day, if it would do to pour tea in. Wasn't it delightful? I'm going to have her spend a week with me in Lent. The General has taken a great fancy to her. I think I begin to appreciate her fascination; it's her courage and her candor together. Most girls are so uncertain and capricious; it's delightful to meet such a straightforward and downright creature." downright creature."
"Oh, yes!" said Ludlow.

CORNELIA knew that Ludlow was offended. She had not meant to hurt or offend him, though she thought he had behaved very queerly ever since he gave up painting Charmian. She had really not had time to think of his offer before he went off to speak to Charmian, as she supposed. The moment he was gone she saw that it would not do; that she could not have him coming to look at her work. She did not feel that she could ever touch it again; she wondered at him, and now if he had spoken to Mrs. Maybough, instead of Charmian, it was not her fault, certainly. She did not wish to revenge herself, but she remem-bered how much she had been left to account for as she could, or painfully to ignore. If he were mystified and puzzled now it was no more than she had been before.

There was nothing that Cornelia hated so the grievance which she was willing fate should retaliate upon him, though she had not meant it at all. She ought to have been satisfied, and she ought to have been happy, but she was not.

She wished to escape from herself, and she eagerly accepted an invitation to go with Mrs. Montgomery to the theatre that night. The manager had got two places

and given them to the landlady. In the excitement of the play, which worked strongly in her ingenuous fancy, she forgot herself for the time, or dimly remembered the real world and her lot in it, as if it were a subordinate action of the piece. At the end of the fourth act she heard a voice which she knew, saying: "Well, well! is this the way the folks at Pymantoning expect you to spend your evenings?" She looked up and around, and saw Mr. Dickerson in the seat behind her. He put forward two hands over her shoulder-one for her to shake and one for Mrs. Mont gomery.

"Why, Mr. Dickerson!" said the land-lady, "where did you spring from? You been sitting here behind us all the time?" "I wish I had," said Dickerson. "But this seat is 'another's,' as they say on the stage; he's gone out 'to see a man,' and I'm keeping it for him. Just caught sight of you before the curtain fell. Couldn't hardly believe my eyes."
"But where are you? Why haven't you been round to the house?"
"Well, I'm only here for a day," said

"Well, I'm only here for a day," said Dickerson, with a note of self-denial in his voice that Cornelia knew was meant for her, "and I thought I wouldn't disturb you. No use making so many bites of a cherry. I got in so late last night I had to go to a hotel anyway."

Mrs. Montgomery began some hospitable expostulations, but he waved them with, "Yes; that's all right. I'll remember it next time, Mrs. Montgomery," and then he began to speak of the play, and he was so funny about some things in it that he made Cornelia laugh. He took leave of them when the owner of the seat came back. He told Mrs. Montgomery he should not see her again this time; but at the end of the play they found him waiting for them at the outer door of the theatre. He skipped lightly into step with them. "Thought I might as well see you home, as they say in Pymantoning. Do' know as I shall be back for quite a while this next trip, and we don't see much ladies' society on the road at least I don't. I'm not so easy to we don't see much ladies' society on the road, at least I don't. I'm not so easy to make acquaintance as I used to be. I suppose it was being married so long. I can't manage to help a pretty girl raise a carwindow or put her grip into the rack the way I could once. Fact is, there don't seem to be so many pretty girls as there were, or else I'm getting old-sighted and can't see 'em."

He spoke to Mrs. Montgomery, but Cor-

He spoke to Mrs. Montgomery, but Cornelia knew he was talking at her. Now he leaned forward and addressed her across

leaned forward and addressed her across Mrs. Montgomery: "Do' know as I told you that I saw your mother in Lakeland day before yesterday, Miss Saunders." "Oh, did you?" Cornelia eagerly besought him. The apparition of her mother rose before her; it was almost like having her actually there, to meet some one who had seen her so lately. "Was she looking well? The last letter she wrote she hadn't been very—"

well? The last letter sne wrote sne naun the been very—"
"Well, I guess she's all right now. You know I think your mother is about the finest woman in this world, Miss Nelie, and the prettiest looking. I've never told you about Mrs. Saunders, have I, Mrs. Montgomery? Well, you wouldn't know but her and Miss Nelie were sisters. She looks like a sirl a little way off and she is a girl and Miss Nelle were sisters. She looks like a girl a little way off, and she is a girl in her feelings. She's got the kindest heart, and she's the best person I ever saw. I tell you it would be a different sort of a world if everybody was like Mrs. Saunders, and I should ha' been a different sort of a man if I'd always appreciated her goodness. Well, so it goes," he said, with a sigh of indefinite regret, which availed with Comelia because it was mixed with praise of her mother; it made her feel safer with him and more tolerant. He

said across Mrs. Montgomery, as before: "She was gettin' off the train from Pymantoning, and I was just takin' my train west, but I knew it was her as soon as I saw her walk. I was half a mind to stop and speak to her, and let my train go." Cornelia could see her mother, just how

she would look, wandering sweetly and vaguely away from her train, and the vision was so delightful to her that it made her laugh. "I guess you're mother's girl," Mrs. Montgomery interpreted, and Mr. Dickerson said:

'Well, I guess she's got a good right to I wasn't certain whether it was her or Miss Saunders first when I saw her the

At her door Mrs. Montgomery invited him to come in, and he said he did not know but he would for a minute, and Cornelia's gratitude for his praise of her mother kept dining-room, where Mrs. Montgomery set out a lunch for him, he began to tell

Cornelia had no grudge against him for the past. She was only too glad that it had all fallen out as it did; and though she still knew that he was a shameless little wretch she did not feel so personally disgraced by him as she had at first, when she was not sure she could make him keep his distance. He was a respite from her own thoughts, and she lingered, and listened and listened, remotely aware that it was wrong, but somehow bewildered and constrained.

(Continuation in August JOURNAL)

EDITOR'S NOTE—So many have been the requests for the date of the first installment of Mr. Howells' delightful serial, "The Coast of Bohemia," that the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL wishes to announce that its publication was commenced in the issue of December, 1892. This number, and the subsequent chapters of the story, may be had at Ten Cents per number by addressing THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.



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# EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

A Department devoted to a social interchange of ideas among JOURNAL readers. Address all letters to MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 421-427 Arch Street, Philadelphia.



HERE is a great deal of unrecognized kindness in the world. We are all of us un-conscious debtors for little things done for us, with no attempt on the part of the benefactor to obtain any acknowledgment. A favorite chair is vacated at the sound of an approach-

ing step, and is taken without the slightest idea that it was given up with a purpose. I was told once a pretty story of a young girl who had a great repugnance to a spider, but who saw one creeping upon the dress of a lady in front of her in church, and realized that it would cause a very uncomfortable sensation if the creature reached fortable sensation if the creature reached the bare neck. Quietly grasping it between her thumb and forefinger, and putting her handkerchief about it, she held it there un-til service was over. The act was seen by a stranger in the adjoining pew, but appar-ently no one connected with the young girl observed it. Not seldom these quiet kind-nesses are done by those whose shyness nesses are done by those whose shyness or lack of grace has kept them from wide acquaintance, and their character is wholly misjudged. Indeed, it often happens that gratitude is expressed to a person entirely unconnected with the good deed. This should make us very careful in our criticisms and judgments.

THE last few years there has been great activity among men and women in America in the search for noble ancestry. The Sons and the Daughters of the Revolution have sought everywhere for records of courage and loyalty in the lives of those to whose lineage they belong. The more privation, the greater suffering found recorded, the more is the descendant's heart stirred with joy and pride. Every one is seeking for some share in an inheritance of self-sacrificing loyalty. We are not all quite so ready to look back with apprecia-tion to the deeds of love performed in quiet homes, and to feel just pride in those of our ancestors who gave their lives for children and friends in the narrow circle of domestic life. It is good to have our thoughts turned to the value of an inheritance of love, and to see the beauty of a grateful heart and the joy of the possession of a golden deed, though it be done by another. Truly we share in the richness of the good actions performed by our loved ones, even though the peaceful, quiet home, instead of the battle-field, has been the scene of action.

So many don't know what to do, or what they wish to do. I was helped in this matter many years ago by the good old Fenelon, who said: "The work that comes to you each day in the order of God's Providence is the work He would have you do." Sometimes one does not like the work which thus comes; what then? I found an answer to this in an extract from a sermon by Rev. Mr. Ager, Brooklyn, N. Y. Here it is: "If your employment be more or less irksome, so that it becomes a burden from which you would gladly escape if you could, the only real relief is to get rid of that within which makes the employment irksome, and to acquire in its place that which will make the work pleasure and rest." In other words, we must learn to look upon our employment, assigned us by the Lord (you see, Fenelon again), as that part of His work which He has given us to do, and as exactly the kind of work which is in every way best that we should do, until He shall open the way to something else. When every thought or feeling which rises up in antagonism to it must be persistently condemned and put down, and so far as this is done, will our minds be opened to receive from the Lord a genuine love of use. And so far as we have this love will every use, or work, which the Lord gives us to perform be a source of delight, satisfaction and rest.

If one wishes to learn the lesson of the Lord's continual loving care he or she may say to himself or herself: "The Lord knows exactly what it is best that I should have. If He gives me what I don't want it is because that is better for me than what I do want, and His withholding what I think I need gives me an opportunity to exercise and strengthen my trust in Him. I will therefore accept in a thankful spirit what He may see fit to give me, day by day, renouncing all anxious thought about the future, knowing full well that that is in the hands of One who loves me with infinite love, and who has the wisdom to provide exactly what it is best that I should have. It will require effort and time to acquire this

This word from one to whom life has taught its greatest lesson is so helpful that I hope many of us who have not progressed so far in the school as this dear friend has, may take heart, and with fresh courage, put into our hard tasks that potent charm which shall change the turmoil into quiet and make our burdens joys:

'Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright, With more than rapture's ray; As darkness shows us words of light We cannot see by day."

WILL you please tell me if you think it rude to devictine to lend one's books? I have been sorely tried at times by receiving my books in a terrible condition, and not a few times I have failed to receive them at all. I am trying to form a library by degrees, and books seem like dear triends to me. It seems hard to see some of my favorites misused as they are. I have resolved many times to refuse to lend any more, but when it comes to the point I cannot find the words to say. I dislike to offend, and so what can I do? Can you suggest what to say?

EDITH.

Books are so much like friends that it is a real sorrow to see them abused, and the carelessness with which borrowers treat them does make one almost indignant. On my own shelves there are some pathetic gaps caused by the neglect of the borrower to return a volume very much prized for association sake. A noted man and dear friend gave to my mother a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in two volumes; the inscription on one of the fly-leaves made that particular copy more valuable than any that I could purchase. Now one lone-ly volume continually reminds me not only of the loved and honored giver and my own dear mother, but of the thoughtless neglect of some unknown person. Systematic and methodical persons succeed in keeping a record of books loaned, and can, without offense, ask for their return when a suitable time has passed. When an acquaintance is known to injure a book tactful persons should find a way of avoiding a second application for books from the same acquaintance.

Incidents connected with lost books are sometimes humorous. A gentleman once went to an auction where the library of a famous man was to be sold, and saw upon the shelves two of his own books, which had years before been borrowed and never returned. As the owner's name was distinctly written on the fly-leaf there was no difficulty in claiming them. If he had not had an opportunity to make the examination of the books before the sale he would probably have bid for the books and bought them to replace his lost ones, and it would have been an amusing surprise to find that he had really bought his own books. An-other friend, carefully examining the tables in a second-hand book store, found a missing volume of his own, exposed there for sale. The borrower—probably one of those persons who has no association with special copies, and whose temporary use of the book had been finished—sold it with others, with no recollection of how or where he obtained it. In our home we have some bookshelves upon which are placed volumes having no value of association, and not difficult to replace. Neighbors, espe-cially young people and children, have had free access to those shelves, and the books show marks of hard usage, but their wear and tear have been fully compensated for in the good they have done. Such a method could not be pursued with books of intrinsic value, or such as have dear associations.

HOW much may be made of the sweet and restful hour of twilight; what a nice time it is to review the past day with its cares and worries and plan to make the next day better. It is much easier to know just where to begin in the morning, and after a careful consideration of the things to be done one feels more rested and hopeful, and more can be accomplished in all work. Children listen more attentively to the little twilight talks and remember them longer. Bible stories and questions about life are especially suited to the hour, and much benefit may be derived from reserving this hour for quiet. I find the little ones soon grow to love it and miss it if we do not give it to them. It is a nice time also to think over our reading, for all, even very busy people, should have good reading, for it educates the mind and prevents it from becoming narrow, as it is very apt to do if devoted wholly to our daily work. Though it may require firm, resolute purpose to enable busy people to find time for helpful reading, yet in the end one feels fully repaid for the effort. A great amount of reading or study can be done, even though it may seem that the time is otherwise entirely filled, by wisely using every moment.

E. M. W.

A wise use of the twilight hour for reflection and for the confidential talks between mother and child, would result in more good in the home than can be estimated. It requires strong purpose and a firm nature to secure a quiet time at the closing hour of the day, but I believe it could oftener be done than most busy women think possible. I remember a bank, grass-grown and well shaded, where a mother and her little chil-dren often watched the bright colors following the setting sun; and, though the children may not remember the specific instructions or the quiet suggestions, the general influence of that time is unmistakably permanent. Systematic daily reading, although it be possible to secure only a very brief time for it, will give surprising introduction to good literature, and if what is read is carefully "thought over" the mind will gain vigor and power as well as knowledge.

I HAVE a most generous husband, and a large allowance for running the house, so all the birthday and Christmas gifts he receives from me are saved from the weekly expenses. Still, in reality, he pays for them, and sometimes has to give me money to meet expenses which should have been paid out of my allowance. It is very unfortunate for a wife to have nothing of her own, and you say in your reply to a "Puzzled Wife" that you would have a purse of your own, no matter how small a one. But in what way is a woman to acquire this independent fortune? Will you kindly mention a few methods by which a wife entirely dependent upon her husband may be able to supply her own private purse? My household and social duties, and the care of my children occupy my entire time, besides which I have neither strength nor ability to become a wage-worker in any capacity.

I do not understand from your letter whether your own personal expenses and the needs of your children are paid from the allowance or not. If these are covered by one sum I should ask to have a separate account, dividing the household expenses and those of the children from my personal allowance. I should consider that allowance my own as rightfully and as independently as if I earned it outside, and I should use it with as much freedom as if it had been paid me by the cashier of an establishment in which I was doing work. From that I should find my supply for gifts. One lady I know saved from her allowance a little at a time and invested it. The income from that investment, though very small, was her own. Such a course demands daily care and thought, but until we women learn to use more business methods in our daily life we shall find our financial condition somewhat uncomfortable. Society is the great whirlpool in which time and money disappear uselessly; by society I do not mean the social exchange in which real friendship grows, and where mind and heart are strengthened and inspired by association with the good, the thoughtful and the joyous, but that useless, formal or frivolous exchange of meaningless phrases, of superficial courtesies and intoxicating amusements.

Fastened to my answer to "H. R.'s" question I find the following as I return to my desk after a few moments' absence. The handwriting is familiar, and I recognize it as that of one who may scan my work without intrusion, and who has tried in his own household to remove every feeling of discomfort from wife and children when they draw from his purse the supply for their own. I am glad to add this word from a man, to assure the true, earnest house mother that her work in the family gives her a right to share in the family purse, without a particle of feeling that she is given the money she needs by favor:

"It is only in exceptional cases that a wife and mother can, without disadvantage to the home, be a wage-earner, and still more rarely should she feel herself under any pressure to become one. The wife who uses her care and skill in so regulating the expenditures of the family as to keep them well within the legitmate allowance made therefor, as truly earns by her thought and industry a share in the household expenses as does the husband earn the perhaps larger share. Where an allowance is paid to her by her husband, neither he nor she should regard it as a gift, and the surplus, over and above the required expenses of the household and the children, she should regard her own.'

T is strange upon how slight a thread very weighty results may hang. A young girl, brought up in a family where thoughtful attentions to those who are less fortunately circumstanced are the common acts of everyday life, whose outgrown garments were given for the use of a young girl connected with the family only by ties of obligation, was about to give a gown away. She had never seen the young girl to whom much of her clothing had gone, but felt that there was a sufficient tie between them to permit her to accompany the gown with a note— for she had special association with it. It was the one she had worn when she entered into covenant with the Christian Church, and for the first time joined in the celebration of the simple Supper which our Saviour asked us to eat in memory of Him. So she wrote quite simply that she wished that the gown might carry something of the sacred feeling with it, and that perhaps it might suggest to her nearly unknown friend whether she might not take the same step. ristian life had so fille heart of this sweet, young girl that it was natural for her to connect it with even small affairs; and so the sending of the gown did carry its message, and the second wearer received an impulse which will make her whole life different. Truly in this case there was a blessedness in giving and in receiving even so humble an affair as an outground group. To do use the look and outgrown gown. To-day, as I look out upon the water with the glory of the afternoon sun shining down upon it, the beauty is enhanced by the reflections and the shadows from the smoke and steam which come from the pipes of the little boats running to and fro about the harbor, and they seem to be teaching that ever-present lesson that the small and apparently outworn and outgrown things of life can be made to contribute to its joy.

A.J. St. Abbott

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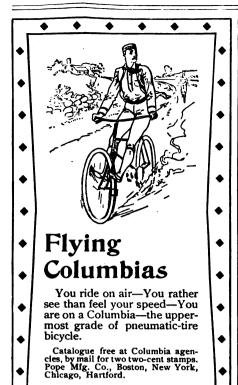


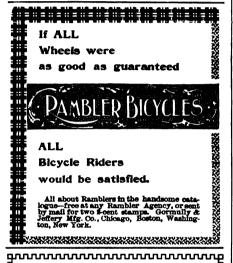
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FOR AKI WULLE BY MAUDE HAYWOOD

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

MAUDE HAYWOOD.

PANSY—The address of the New York Exchange for Woman's Work is 329 Fifth Avenue.

S. H. A.—I have not a circular at hand of the school ou inquire about. You can obtain the information est by writing direct to the secretary or principal.

E. D. H.—The best plan for an amateur wishing to fire her own china is to purchase a studio kiln, which is heated by gas. It can be obtained in various sizes at moderate expense.

DOROTHY—There is a summer school in connection with the New York Institute for Artist Artisans. You can write for information to the superintendent, 140 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

A. O.—Pastel painting has its share of popularity, and has been found lucrative by various artists, some of considerable repute. Articles on the subject were published in the JOURNAL in October and November of 1891.

MRS. D. H. F.—You can obtain a handbook on painting in water-colors from any large dealer in ar-tists' supplies. Pale shades of any tone are obtained by using very little color and diluting it sufficiently with water.

E. J. C.—To imitate ground glass use common white paint, such as that sold by the pound at any color dealer's; mix it in a dish or saucer and apply it with a dabbing motion; and if it be desirable to obtain a frosted effect, beat it over lightly with a tool made of a piece of coarse huckaback toweling tied over a piece of wood.

I. H. L.—It is best for amateurs to buy their canvas already primed. (2) To prepare size melt it in hot water and lay it on with sweeping strokes. (3) As to the question as to whether correspondents should sign their names when addressing queries to an editor, it is certainly more courteous to do so. The full name is never published, the initials only being used, or preferably a pseudonym chosen by the correspondent.

C. M. D.—It is certainly necessary to have a knowledge of pen-drawing before you could obtain work as a pen-artist. Some experience in the methods of other kinds of drawing is a good foundation for the education of an illustrator. Apply personally or by letter, showing specimens of what you can do, to any firms or editors who are likely to require the services of an artist. Personal ability and enterprise are the sole methods of obtaining an opening in any such line of work.

L. M.—Water-color paper should be stretched before the painting is commenced. The method is to
wet it thoroughly, and then either to place it in a
regular frame-board, sold for the purpose, or to paste
down the edges of the paper on an ordinary flat
board. Melt a small lump of glue in the flour paste
employed, in order to make it strong enough to stand
the strain, as the paper contracts in drying. This
contraction causes the paper to assume the desired
smooth and even surface.

N. I. F.—In offering designs for publication you should address "The Editor," not any individual member of the staff of a magazine. (2) If considered suitable designs or specimens of work are accepted and paid for according to regular rates, the drawings of them being made by an artist who understands the requirements of the publication in question. (3) Illustrations are made two or three times as large as they are to appear when printed. They are drawn on Bristol-board with India-ink.

E. T.—I am afraid I cannot at all agree with you in your estimate of art and artists. You are quite mistaken in imagining that the "making of a picture is a mechanical process." There are no secrets of the profession in the sense you indicate. Technical skill and the ability to produce the desired effects in a picture are simply the outcome of knowledge honestly acquired, and the result usually of many years' laborious study. An artist must be a good student all his life, even after he has become a professor.

M. E. C.—Much advice on the subject of designing has from time to time been given in the JOURNAL. To take up the study as a profession a thorough practical training is necessary. The advice and guidance of some one already experienced in the technical requirements of whatever branch is entered upon is really indispensable; at the same time it is possible to do much preparatory study alone in certain cases, but designing is an art which it is almost impossible to acquire wholly through self-education.

NEW SUBSCRIBER—I do not think it is possible to become a good practical designer merely from printed instructions. It is better to be frank on this point than to encourage vain hopes. More is required in the way of natural gifts and careful education in order to be able to create really good and original designs than most people imagine. They are made under certain laws and restrictions, but the very nature of the work precludes the possibility of learning to design by means of any definite set of rules.

ing to design by means of any definite set of rules.

I. B. D.—The mounting of seaweed is not difficult, but requires care in order to arrange the pieces artistically. No preparation is required to make the seaweed adhere to the cards. Float the specimen in water, pass the card beneath it, raise it gradually, allowing the seaweed to assume its natural form upon the card as far as possible, and, where necessary, assisting it to take any desired position by means of a long pin. After the card is once lifted out of the water do not attempt to touch or rearrange the specimen, but if it is not satisfactory float it off and try again. The specimens must be thoroughly dried and pressed.

N. S.—The drawings that you inclosed would not, as they are, come up to the standard of publication. You would need study in order to become an illustrator. As you do not mention whether the drawings are copies or from nature, I do not know how far I may safely encourage you. They are all more or less faulty in drawing, but there is a certain merit in one of the figures if it is an unaided piece of work, although the technique is not suitable for reproduction. You ought to use India-ink that is quite black, upon smooth paper or Bristol-board. Study some of the best drawings in the current periodicals, in order to see what the requirements are.

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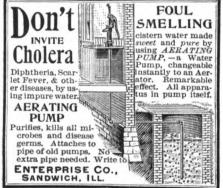
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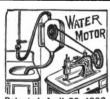






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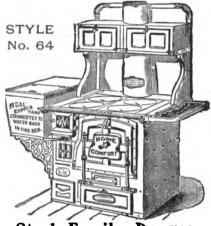


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MISS PARLOA will cheerfully answer, in this column, any question of a general domestic nature sent by her readers.

Mrs. A. H. C.—You will find the receipt for horse-radish sauce on page 485 of the cook book you

C. A. H.—You will find in the JOURNAL for January, 1892, under "To remove black ink stains," all that I can tell you on this subject.

CHICAGO—I would advise you to send the chairs to a naphtha cleaning establishment, where they will receive thorough treatment.

A SUBSCRIBER—Yes; hang the portières at the foot of the stairs, if there be light from above. (2) Heavy draperies are frequently hung over lace curtains.

ALHAMBRA—Lace doilies are usually four and five inches square. (2) There are regular bouillon spoons, but a dessert-spoon, or large teaspoon, is often used.

MAUDE—If you will send me a self-addressed and stamped envelope I will give you the addresses of two places where you can send your silk rags to be woven into portières. I prefer not to publish business addresses in this column.

MRS. MCF.—The "Scientific American" gives the following rule for a cement that will be unaffected by heat, but I have never tried it myself: Four parts iron filings, two parts clay, one part powdered fine brick, nade into a paste with a strong salt brine. (2) It is not the custom to put ornaments on a square piano.

INQUIRER—At any first-class kitchen-furnishing store you can get covers and hot-water dishes for keeping food warm on the table. They come in all sizes, and in oval and round shapes. They cost anywhere from one dollar and a half up to ten dollar some have the china dish attached; these are more expensive than where only the hot-water dish and cover are chosen. cover are chosen.

LEFT-HANDED HOUSEKEEPER—It is quite proper to have odd coffee, tea and chocolate pots in china, or odd and dainty china sugar-bowls and creampitchers. All are used a great deal, so you need not feel dissatisfied because you lack a silver set. (2) Bread-and-butter plates are in common use. They protect the table-cloth and, when pretty, they are quite decorative. (3) No; the small butter-plates are not used at the same time.

NOVICE—Bondonnières are receptacles for fine candies. They are made of all sorts of materials and of all sizes and shapes, from the dainty little boxes in silver, glass, etc., that my lady fills with bondons to take to the theatre, to the elaborately-trimmed baskets filled with the finest confectionery, which the young lady receives from her admirers. All these come under this head. (2) The fashion of giving souvenirs has gone by.

MRS. M. E. B.—Your wisest course would be to consult a chemist. The means employed to remove the ink might make a bad spot on your art rug. I think you could venture to soak the spot in sour milk, and then wash it out with strong suds made with castile soap, after the ink stains have disappeared. If an ink stain be washed at once in milk, or in water, and then in vinegar and water, it usually can be removed; but when allowed to dry in it is a more difficult matter. With some inks it is almost an impossibility to get rid of the stain.

M. W.—I fear that you may have trouble with your bedspread if the colors in the embroidery are not fast. The way I launder embroidered linen is to make a strong suds with white castile scap, and wash the articles in this; then rinse in two or three tepid waters; next squeeze or wring the articles as dry as possible and shake them free from wrinkles; after that spread on a clean sheet and roll up tight and iron immediately, being careful to iron every part perfectly dry. The embroidery does not run nor fade, and the articles look as well as when new.

fade, and the articles look as well as when new.

MRS. M. A. M.—Except in rare cases canopies are used only with iron or brass bedsteads. (2) Breadand-butter plates are generally used on the breakfast, luncheon and tea table. They are placed at the left of the plate. The butter and bread are served on them. Sometimes small butter-knives are placed by each plate. Some of these knives are very odd and dainty. The individual butter-plates are, of course, not used when there are bread-and-butter plates on the table. (3) Unless a guest is staying with you for some little time I would advise you not to provide a napkin-ring. In case of a long visit it is quite proper where the napkins are not changed every day.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER—You can use a long scarf of silk, plush or any of the many novelty goods. If soft and thin, it should be caught up in festoons. A long one of felt, with some tasteful design embroidered on the border, would be suitable for the diningroom. Of course, the colors in the scarf must harmonize with the furnishing of the rooms. (2) A tea cozy is an ugly thing at the best. It is usually made of silk, which is frequently embroidered. It has a silk or flannel lining, and is thickly padded between the silk and lining with cotton wool. The shape is something like a cap, only longer than it is wide. Cut a paper pattern to fit the teapot, and use this as a guide when making a cozy.

A Young Housekeeper—You will find instruc-

guide when making a cozy.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER—You will find instructions in the JOURNAL of December, 1891. If you cannot keep your bathroom sweet by thorough flushing every day and by pouring hot soda-water, or dissolved copperas through the pipes about once a week, there must be some serious trouble with the plumbing, and you should have it examined at once. Sometimes the pipe in the kitchen sink is not kept perfectly free and sweet, or the closet in the basement is not properly flushed. If there be trouble anywhere in the waste-pipes it will make itself known all over the house. Try having the pipe in the kitchen sink flushed twice a week with strong sodawater. It should be boiling hot. It will dissolve and carry off all the particles of grease that may be clinging to the pipe. They may be the source of the bad odors.

JOURNAL SUBSCRIBER—Here is a good rule for soft soap: Put seven pounds of crude potash in a wooden pail and pour over it enough boiling water to cover it. Stir well, and let the mixture stand over night. In the morning pour this mixture into a kettle and place on the fire; then add half a pailful of boiling water. Stir frequently with a stick until the potash is dissolved. Next put five quarts of soap grease in a water-tight barrel, and gradually pour the lot potash upon it, stirring all the time. Stir until all the grease is united with the potash. Let it rest for three hours; then add half a pailful of hot water, and stir well. Add another half a pailful three hours later. After this add a pailful each day for six days, stirring well each time. The soap should be stirred each day for the next twenty days, should be stirred each day for the next twenty days. Be sure that the potash is pure and crude, not the concentrated. If the soap grease he rendered and strained each day as it accumulates it will be ready when the time for making the soap comes. By this method there is no boiling of the soap and therefor no odor in the house.

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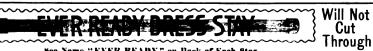
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# BY ISABEL A. MALLON

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

GRACE R.—The very long deep fringes of jet, gold, silver or crystal beads which hang from the belt, reaching almost to the knees, are properly or improperly known as chatelaines.

C. H. S.—The very wide-flaring Empire revers have in many cases developed into a jacket front, and are decidedly desirable when one wishes to freshen up a gown that has already seen wear.

ANNIE—A short cape, that is, one reaching below the shoulders, made of frills of black lace and having long stole fronts of lace, is liked for wear with light summer silks, especially if the hat worn is of black lace.

OXFORD—A plain skirt, trimmed with narrow rib-bon velvet about the edge, will tend to decrease rather than to add to your height, and for that reason a trim-ming running around a skirt is only advised for a woman of tall, slender figure.

M. B. S.—The extremely wide skirts worn in the early part of the season do not have the same vogue given them as those of medium width; the Empire skirt, which is quite plain at the top and flares below the knees, is the most in style.

A. M. R.—The fashionable glover will tell you that the easy fitting rather than the tight glove is in vogue, consequently the hands of the average woman look much better than when she attempted to force a six and a half hand into a number five glove.

J. C. K.—Yellow jonquils are very effective on any of the large hats, as they can be made to stand up after the fashion of feathers, and at the same time, while they are smart in their arrangement, they belong more to the summer-time, as they are flowers and very proposed to the summer-time.

O. R. L.—Some of us remember when our grand-mothers wore skirts flounced to the waist. The ex-treme dressmaker nowadays is not only making skirts after that fashion, but is also flouncing a deep cape which hangs below the waist. The result is not pretty and it is not artistic.

A. B. H.—A hat suited to a woman who can wear pink is a fine soft straw with a low crown of black and a broad brim of pink bent to suit the face. The facing is pink velvet, and the decoration is a black velvet Alsatian bow held down by a buckle of, presumably, pink topazes.

PLORENCE—No matter how beautiful your watch may be it is considered at present in very bad taste to have it visible, and certainly it is in bad taste to wear it when you are supposed to be enjoying yourself, for then, no matter how busy you are at other hours, time should be counted of no value.

E. T.—The bang is gradually growing less and now it is only a soft fluff above the forehead, the hair behind it being parted and brushed until it shines like a mirror. Women who can wear a single lock on their forehead do so, but the effect is rather hardening to the face, and so very few even attempt it.

R. Y. L.—The tan leather shoes laced up the front will have great popularity this summer. The fact that they do not need to be blacked or polished is greatly in their favor. If ever they get a little shabby looking, all that is necessary to do is to wipe them off with a soft flannel cloth moistened with a little vaseline or olive-oil.

LILY—The very bright scarlet scarfs are selected for wear with blouses intended for tennis or boating when a bit of color is liked; the ends are sufficiently long to just tuck in the belt after the simple knot has been tied, so that there is little trouble in the arrangement. Of course, if one wishes it they may be fastened down with a fancy scarfpin.

A. B. N.—Silk blouses will undoubtedly be worn all summer. Those of plaid silk worn with a dark blue or black cloth skirt are especially pretty for any outdoor game, or for rowing. The plain dark blue ones, made quite full and having wide Empire revers, are becoming, cool and refined looking and are to be recommended for traveling purposes.

B. K. S.—Brocade shoes, that is, low ones with large buckles, are liked for wear with evening gowns; even if they do not match the gown in color provided they harmonize with it they are considered quite proper. While they are decidedly picturesque it must be said of them, as is said of the all-white shoe, that they tend decidedly to make the foot look large.

ELSIB—Wearing the hair parted in the centre has again made popular the tiny side combs, and they are seen in amber or shell sometimes with a plain heading and sometimes with one formed of precious stones. Brunettes very wisely choose, for this purpose, some arrangement of diamonds and pearls, while blondes almost invariably select the green emerald.

LAURA B.—A pair of boots for which an enormous price is asked, and which it would require more than ordinary courage to assume, have patent leather vamps and uppers of white cloth, on which are set at regular intervals jet stars. The buttons are round, white pearl ones. Of the oddity of the boots there can be no doubt, and of the good taste there can also be no doubt.

MARIE R.—A very smart addition to a lace gown is border or frill of black ottoman about the edge of the skirt thickly dotted with black jet spangles. The lock and cuffs are also of the black silk and are not nly made brilliant with spangles, but have an outling of heavily-cut jet. The black spangles are not thenly ones noticed, as those of steel, silver and gilt are lso liked. also liked.

I. C. S.—The prettiest night-dresses are cut somewhat low in the neck and have very broad, flaring collars made of the nainsook, insertion and lace frills. The sleeves are full and the cuffs match the collar. The collar itself is so deep that no other decoration whatever is needed for these pretty robes that are so dainty that it would seem as if they would surely induce sweet dreams.

J. L. P.—Ribbons are used very generally upon cotton gowns, and a favorite skirt trimming consists of three ruffles of ribbon matching or in harmony with the material itself. Very often when a flounce of the cotton is the finish eight or ten rows of baby ribbon drawn through beading make the heading to it. Rosettes, sashes and belts of ribbon are arranged in such a way as to suggest that the frock is never to visit the laundry. visit the laundry.

S. C. T.—A number of the new black stockings have entire white feet. This, of course, is for the benefit of those women who suffer from the dye getting on their skin. Personally, I may mention that some time ago I paid quite a high price for stockings that warranted to keep the dye; they did, but went into holes not only at the first wearing, but in places where there was absolutely no wear on the stocking. Buying black stockings is always a matter of chance—you may get a good quality and pay very little for them, and you may get a very poor one and pay a very high price.



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

L. AND B.—Your dresses should come just below the shoe tops, as girls of sixteen wear their skirts to the instep.

MRS. A. N. A.—Your boy should wear gathered skirts, blouse and short jackets, or the same style of skirt and a round zouave front waist, one in plaits, etc. (2) Cloak of striped flannel or ladjes' cloth or a reefer of blue flannel, having brass buttons.

L. H. B.—The chief colors in vogue have been given several times; they are reddish purple, lavender, green, tan, brown, old rose, navy and hussar blue. (2) Girls of twelve years wear their dress skirts to their shoe tops, but not a bit below, rather above the edge.

R. T.—Your question in regard to skirt linings was fully explained in the February issue in article on "Making a Skirt." (2) Traveling suits were written of in the May issue. The latest for a spring costume is a changeable hop-sacking or basket-weave of cloth.

A SUBSCRIBER—Only a plain grenadine for mourning where crèpe is worn. (2) Bonnet of black mourning silk. (3) The points depend entirely upon how delt-fingered you are, and such cannot be explained in writing. (4) Mourning was written of in the June issue.

FAITH—Too late for April or May issues. Try diluted water and ammonia on the streak, but I am sorry to say that some cloths soon shine, and there is nothing to remedy it. You can conceal this with the double collarettes now worn with jackets. Large cord bengaline silk would be suitable with yours.

M. M. U.—Do not use kilts, but keep to gathered skirts, blouse and short jacket, with wash dresses, having similar skirts and high plaited or jacket front waists. (2) Holland linen, piqué, gingham, chambrey, blue flannel, "outing "cloth and white serge for the dresses; when he wears a blouse with a jacket suit have it of cambric or lawn.

F. EDGE—Open your narrow bell skirt down the front and insert a gore of fancy plaid showing gray and green, and trim edge with two bias folds of plaid set two inches apart. Have a round waist of gray, with vest of the same and a Mikado jacket of plaid to hide lacing in back; sleeve puffs to elbows, close sleeves below and an Empire belt of the plaid.

J. M. J.—Skirts were written of in the February issue; the Empire style suits sateen. The May and April numbers treated of cotton dresses. (2) The delaine can have a wide bell skirt, gathered back and two ruffles at edge and just below knees, round waist, sleeve puffs to elbows, revers and shoulder ruffle. Add vest, draped collar and Empire belt of a becoming color of satin.

FRANK—You will have to send your brilliantine to a dyer's to be dry-cleaned or dyed; as it is a scant pattern I do not think it would pay to dye anything out black; then lengthen with two ruffles by matching it, or put a plaid with it for a waist and make only a bell skirt out of what you have to wear with odd waists. (2) No dyer will warrant a mixed cotton and wool not to fade.

PERTH—I could not decipher your name, but hope that this will meet your eyes. An Eton jacket is not becoming to a short, stout figure. (2) Have a bell skirt trimmed with the bias folds described in this column, habit basque, large tapering revers, shoulder ruffles and deep cuffs or close sleeves to elbows; to brighten it add a vest, sleeve puffs to elbows and vest of leaf green or brocaded satin showing green.

CHICAGO—Black shoes are correct with the serge gown, though white are worn at the seaside. (2) The gown, should have a bell skirt trimmed with three hands, five, three and a half and two inches wide, lined with crinoline and two inches apart; shirt-waist of white, blue or lavender Japanese or striped wash silk, and a blazer or Eton jacket of serge. No trimming but a cord to fasten blazer, and large pearl buttons.

MRS. J. B.—Please do not try to write a letter on a postal; your writing was hardly readable for its fineness. You could have a long cloak in Empire style of gloria. (2) You do not need a wrap in Chicago during July and August. (3) Silk and grenadine will be much worn, and as your gowns are in good condition and you are satisfied I would make them do, though no doubt being a year old they need some little remodeling.

MRS. B. S. J.—Combine leaf green satin with your brown, or a changeable satin brocade showing green and brown. Use the new material for a draped collar, sleeve puffs, Empire belt and two ruffles two inches wide, at the bottom and knees of the bell skirt, which should have a gathered back and haircoth facing. Have a round waist, deep cuffs, revers, and ruffles four inches wide from top of revers over the shoulders, and finishing back of the armholes of the brown.

finishing back of the armholes of the brown.

SADIE—Have a black hat for best, trimmed with lace, satin ribbon and pink flowers or reddish lavender. For the ordinary hat have a golden brown straw, with lighter brown and green ribbons. (2) Your old black dress make over with draped collar, sleeve puffs and Empire belt of reddish lavender satin. (3) Make the réséda green with a bell skirt, having a gathered back and two bias two-inch folds iined with crinoline and set two inches apart. Get changeable green and brown silk for a full vest, sleeve puffs and draped collar; habit basque having large revers of the same that end in the four-inch shoulder ruffles described elsewhere in this column.

described elsewhere in this column.

MRS. W.—The French dress systems allow ten inches between a woman's waist and bust measure.

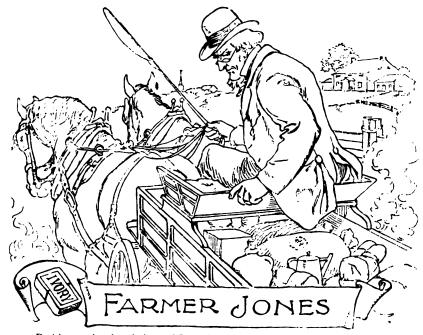
(2) I cannot see anything unusual about your writing.

(3) White and colored silk waists are made with only side and shoulder seams, rolled or high collars and a plaited collarette or jabot down the front of the goods, and with full shirt sleeves or in leg-of-mutton style.

(4) The gray silk could have a four-yard bell skirt trimmed with three bias ruffles, two and a half inches wide, at the edge and three inches apart; jacket fronts and round back, with revers on jacket ending in shoulder ruffles to back of armholes; sleeves in tull puffs nearly to elbows and close below; cuffs and small yoke of deep cream guipure lace and full vest of light green satin or bengaline.

light green satin or bengaline.

FARMER'S WIFE—Vou are certainly plump, but hardly overstout. (2) Braid your hair and coil it closely to your head; then try parting your bangs a trifte on the left side to overcome the present shape, and train them to be oval rather than pointed at the centre front, and do not have a heavy bang, but a light, fluffy one. (3) Have a hip-length cape of ladies' cloth, tan or golden brown, with a full shoulder colarette of the same and neck ruche of No. 16 satin ribbon. (4) Buy a basket-weave serge, or light-weight cheviot, showing changeable green and tan shades, and make with twelve-inch narrow coat-tail back, pointed front, revers nearly to shoulders, close sleeves to elbows, puff above and a flat vest of golden brown bengaline or surah; a bell skirt having a gathered back, and trim with two bias folds two inches wide, lined with crinoline and set two inches apart.



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By CHAS. S. ANDERSON, Delaware, Ohio.

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Under this heading the EDITOR will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning literary matters.

EXILAR-A. Bronson Alcott died on March 4, 1888. REX-The name of Verdi's new opera is "Falstaff."

 $W.\ M.\ T.-Emily\ Bronté's\ only\ novel\ was\ ''Wuthering\ Heights.''$ 

STEELTON—Miss Yonge, the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," is living, and in her seventieth year. MARIETTA—Mary Alice Brown wrote the poem 'Measuring the Baby."

A. L. F.—The author of "There's a Good Time Coming" is Charles Mackay.

MRS. T. V.—"Onyx" was at one time the nom de plume of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

GEORGE—There is to be a memorial tablet erected in Westminster Abbey to James Russell Lowell.

WARREN—"Oliver Optic," Mr. William T. Adams, resides in Dorchester, one of Boston's suburbs.

MRS. A. R. L.—" Alice in Wonderland" is not out of print, neither is any premium offered for copies of it. MOLLY—Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh in 1850. He is at present residing in Samoa.

CONSTANT—Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman is not connected editorially with "The Century Magazine."

EAST ORANGE—"Marie Correlli" is said to be the nom de plume of a daughter of Charles Mackay; she was born in 1864.

YOUNGSTOWN—"Gail Hamilton" is the nom de plume of Miss Mary Abigail Dodge; she is a cousin of the late James G. Blaine.

E. L. S.—The name of the periodical which John Strange Winter edits in London is "Winter's Magazine"; it is published weekly.

M. M. M.—Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy") has never written sequels to either "Christy's Christmas" or "A Man of the House."

MABEL—It is said that the song "Down Went McGinty" was written by a young man named James F. Rooney, who lived in Brooklyn, and who died there before his song became famous.

NELLIE—William and Mary Howitt were not brother and sister, but man and wife. (2) Miss Mulock's first novel was "The Ogilvies."

J. L. M.—The poem "Ostler Joe" was written by George R. Sims. (2) "Dinah Maria Mulock" (Mrs. George Lillie Craik), the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," died several years ago.

STUDENT—The University Extension movement was started in this country in 1890. It is a system of instruction for adults, embracing lecture courses, weekly exercises, examinations and certificates.

S. J.—The two journals mentioned in "Literary Queries" for April as having the "largest and most merited circulations" are THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL of Philadelphia, and "The Youth's Com-panion" of Boston.

MANITOWOC—Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771; he married, in 1797, Charlotte Margaret Carpenter; his married life was very happy. (2) It is true that Tennyson's "In Memoriam" was at first published anonymously.

M. A.—Captain Charles King was born at Albany, N. Y. He graduated at the U. S. Military Academy in 1866, served in the U. S. Artillery and also in the Cavalry, retiring from service in 1879. He is married and resides in Wisconsin.

M.—Sir Walter Scott was called "The Great Unknown" because the "Waverly Novels" were published anonymously. (2) The term "Upper Ten Thousand" was used by N. P. Willis in speaking of the aristocracy of New York.

INQUIRER—England, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy and Switzerland have been admitted to the benefits of our copyright law. The Secretary of the American Copyright League is R. U. Johnson, 33 East 17th Street, New York City.

SUBSCRIBER—Mr. Howells' novel "The Coast of Bohemia" will be published in book form upon its conclusion in the JOURNAL. (2) There are so many good editions of the "Waverly Novels" that it would not be fair for us to single out any particular one.

WHITE ROSE—The "Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family" was written by Mrs. Andrew Charles, an English woman. The JOURNAL will send it to you for \$1, postage paid. (a) The name of the author of "The Prince of Peace" is unknown. The JOURNAL can supply it for forty cents, postage paid.

NOVICE—I cannot answer you better than by quoting Grant Allen's advice to literary aspirants: "Brain for brain, in no market can you sell your abilities to such poor advantage. Don't take to literature if you've capital enough to buy a good broom, and energy enough to annex a vacant crossing."

energy enough to annex a vacant crossing."

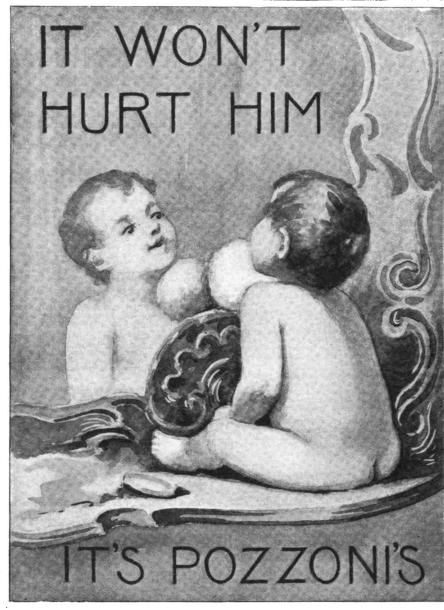
E. J.—Sarah K. Bolton's list of books written by her is a long one. She is, perhaps, best known by her popular biographies of "Girls Who Became Famous," "Poor Boys Who Became Famous," and for her series of books of "Famous American Authors," "Statesmen," "Men of Science," "Types of Womanhood," etc., etc.

MRS. J. J. McC.—George Macdonald, the novelist, was born at Hartley in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, in 1824. He was for a while a minister of the Independents, but later joined the Episcopal Church as a layman. All his books are written with a religious purpose. Mr. Macdonald has devoted himself to literature and resides in London.

ARTHUR—Longfellow left five children, three daughters and two sons; four are living in or near Boston. Two of the daughters and one of the sons are married. The eldest daughter, Alice, who is unmarried, lives at the old Longfellow home, Craigie house, in Cambridge, where her father died. The second son, Charles, died last April.

OAKLAD—Mrs. Ellen W. Olney Kirk, who was born in 1842, is the daughter of Mr. Jesse Olney, of Philadelphia, and the wife of Mr. John Foster Kirk, the historian, who was at one time secretary to Prescott. Mrs. Kirk's best-known books are "Love in Idleness," "A Lesson in Love," "A Midsummer Madness" and "The Story of Margaret Kent."

Nora—When sending your manuscript away, fold, but do not roll it, put it in a good, strong envelope and securely seal it, inclosing your address and sufficient postage for its return, if it should be found unavailable. Address the envelope distinctly, placing a return address in the lower left-hand corner, stamp it sufficiently and then wait patiently for news, either of its rejection or acceptance.



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## المناب مراميا مراميا م BY RUTH ASHMORE はというのくりゅうらくら

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

MAVIE—I think that a girl of seventeen is rather young to marry.

EMMA—To keep your hands from perspiring when wearing kid gloves I should advise you to dust them first with powder.

CODE—The bridegroom does not furnish carriages for people who are invited to the wedding. They provide them for themselves.

Two Country Girls—Commence a letter to a young man, "Dear Mr. Jones," or if you know him very well, "My Dear Mr. Jones."

INTEREST—It would be very improper to ask the clergyman to dine with you, and omit sending an invitation to his wife if she were in the same city.

COWSLIP AND OTHERS—I think it always in bad taste for a young girl to send her picture to a young man unless she is engaged to be married to him.

NYDIA—At a bazaar or similar function your supper is paid for if a man friend takes you in; it is only necessary to say to him that you have had a very pleasant time.

CONSTANT READER—If one ring were to be used for both engagement and wedding ring it should be a plain gold one and not too heavy. It would be quite proper to use it for both purposes.

M. V. F.—In sending wedding-cards separate ones should go to grown-up daughters or sons. In sending one to a doctor and his wife the envelope should be addressed to "Dr. and Mrs. John Smith."

MATTIE—I think none of us are ever quite satisfied with our names, but really I should think you might be contented with yours, for it is dignified, it is Saxon and back in English history you can read of the Queen Matilda who was an honor to her name.

BROWNIE—I can fully sympathize with you in the trouble that comes to you, that is, the speaking without thinking. A little prayer of my own, which I would recommend to you, is that very old one: "Oh, God, set a guard before my mouth to keep the door of my lips."

E. S. AND G. H.—Tan shoes will be worn this summer. (2) Girls of fifteen wear their dresses reaching to their ankles. (3) It is not necessary to acknowledge a valentine, unless one should wish to do it verbally, (4) Empire or short-waisted gowns are still liked for the house.

E. H.—Invitations to receptions and weddings do not require answers. (2) When a dinner is given by a widow it would be proper to ask some friend to take the foot of the table, unless she had a grown-up son. (3) In writing to a servant the letter should be addressed to "Mary Murphy."

M. A. T.—Benzoin and benzine are two entirely different liquids. Benzine used upon the face would probably take the skin off. Benzoin is aromatic, smells like the pine trees, and is at once refreshing and exhilarating to the skin. It is pronounced exactly as it is spelled; the last syllable should rhyme to loin.

RACHEL—One does not need to be beautiful to be attractive. A pleasant manner, a great deal of consideration and an interesting mode of speech not only attract, but hold admiration where absolute beauty often fails. Beauty is a charming letter of introduction, but it is worthless unless there is something else beside the mere appearance.

Mona—Wedding announcements should be sent out the day after the ceremony. When they are sent to a gentleman and his wife they should be addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith." Usually the bridegroom gives to his prospective bride a list of the friends to whom he wishes wedding-cards sent. The cards are furnished by the bride's family.

Constant Reader—Indeed you are one of my girls, and I thank you very much for your kind words about what I wrote on a girl's religious life. Like you, I think religion must be lived and not talked, and the least you and I can do for each other is to say a prayer that our lives may speak in their actions of the underlying motive, the motto of which is that divine one: "Love your neighbor!"

READER—The proper hat to wear when rowing is a straw sailor, and the proper gloves loose, undressed, heavy mousquetaires. (2) It is perfectly proper to shake hands with a man friend who calls on you. 3) A girl of eighteen should wear her hair as simply as possible. Her bang should not be too heavy. (4) "Thank you," or "You are very kind" is sufficient answer to the congratulations given to a bride.

JEAN AND OTHERS—Ruth Ashmore has never been in the West, and whoever represents that she is Ruth Ashmore of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and also the agent for a silverware polish, is an impostor. I have denied this a number of times by letter and I especially answer again in this column, because I wish to reach the various subscribers of the JOURNAL who may be induced to believe this woman.

H. A. B.—I cannot tell you how strongly I disapprove of an elopement. If you take my advice you will go directly to your mother, tell her plainly about this man, and do nothing until she has made his acquaintance and decided for you. For my own part I should think a man should be avoided who introduced himself to so young a girl, made no effort at knowing her family, and endeavored to induce her to elope with him.

PROPRIETY—When a woman has broken an engagement of marriage she has a perfect right to ask that her letters be returned to her; if they should not be sent at the first request all she can do is to ask for them again, and then if they do not come, to let the matter drop. If she has written nothing of which she need be ashamed she can afford to smile at the rudeness of the man to whom she has shown so much honor.

CORONADO—I think as this friend has an influence that you feel is not for your good, that no matter how it may seem to outsiders it is wisest to discontinue your acquaintance with her. I do not think that you are a hypocrite in being in church and saying that you are in love and charity with your neighbors, for, while the Bible demands that you should "be reconciled with your brother" it also tells of a just anger, and surely that would be right toward a woman whose influence over you seems to be more than undesirable.

BESSIE—I fully agree with you that a word of praise does everybody good, and I wish, for my part, that more people said kind words to each other. Thank you very much for your nice words to me. (2) Now about the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony; if I loved and respected a man enough to become his wife I should be perfectly willing to promise to obey him, knowing full well that it would be that loving, gentle and reasonable obedience that comes from the king to the queen, for while the wife is the queen apparently, she is, if she loves her husband, and has his love, the power behind the throne.

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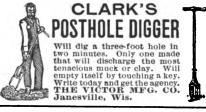
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## 3330 P OPEN

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

O. W.-A "slumber-robe" is a nightgown. Anne-The name Winifred means "peace."

LAURIE-New Haven is called the "City of Elms." EPISCOPALIAN—Semper fidelis is Latin for "always faithful."

SALLY L.—"Chic" is a French slang word meaning stylish.

 $\begin{tabular}{lll} \textbf{RACHEL--General Sheridan's widow resides in Washington, D. C.} \end{tabular}$ 

W. R.—The legal rate of interest in New York State is six per cent.

C. B.—Mrs. Abraham Lincoln died in Springfield, Illinois, July 16, 1882.

VIRGINIA—The maiden name of Washington's mother was Mary Ball.

G. B. A.—Ruth Cleveland was born in New York City on October 3, 1891. M. K. P.—Jay Gould left two daughters, Helen and Anna. Anna is still in her teens.

J. M.—The canonical age for the consecration of an English bishop is thirty years.

GALVESTON — Noah Webster was called the "Schoolmaster of Our Republic."

STELLA—It is claimed that the constant application of castor-oil will cause warts to disappear.

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

TEACHER—The coal fields of Tennessee extend entirely across the State, from Kentucky to Georgia and Alabama.

EMMA—The proper place for the teaspoon is the saucer. (2) Ice cream may be eaten with either a fork or a spoon.

PALO ALTO—We cannot undertake to give a list of the best ten colleges in the country. To do so would be to invite criticism.

GARDEN CITY—An article will shortly be published in the JOURNAL upon the subject of "Acceptances and Regrets" to social invitations. ARGOSY—Mrs. Louis Agassiz is president of "The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women," in connection with Harvard University.

RUTH—Wedding stationery should be in plain white, with a vellum finish. (2) The maid of honor is usually dressed in white, like the bride.

BABY—President Cleveland and his wife are members of the Presbyterian Church. (2) Lowell, Massachusetts, is called the "City of Spindles."

CARLINSVILLE—The value of paper money depends upon the ability of the power issuing it to give value for it when payment shall be demanded.

GOSHEN - The legend on the seal used by the United States Treasury Department is Thesaur Amer Septent Sigil (Seal of the Treasury of North America).

CHRISTIAN—The names of the days of the week and the names of the months of the year should begin with capital letters. There are no exceptions to this rule.

R. E. L.—Robert R. Livingston, who was then Chancellor of the State of New York, administered the oath of office to Washington at Federal Hall, on April 30, 1789.

MRS. M. P.—The term "hall mark," as applied to anything, indicates its genuineness. The mark is used in England upon gold and silver to indicate its sterling quality.

WILL AND OTHERS—We must positively decline to answer any letters which contain requests for infor-mation that will assist the writers in answering prize questions.

GOOD GIRL—The proper "kind of an engagement ring" is the kind that is best suited to the circum-stances of the man who must pay for it and the girl who must wear it.

ALINE—Queen Victoria's husband died December 14, 1861. (2) The name of the first King of England was Egbert. (3) Queen Victoria belongs to the house of Hanover.

RUTH—According to statistics married men live longer than bachelors. (2) First calls should always be returned within a week. (3) "Costume de rigueur" is French for full dress.

M. L. R.—Applications for appointment under the Civil Service rules must be made to the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. Women are as eligible to appointment as men.

LITTLE GIRL—A few years ago the opal was considered to bring ill-luck to the person wearing it, but the superstition seems no longer to exist as the stone has become both fashionable and popular.

CLEVELAND—All appropriations made by Congress to the World's Columbian Commission, including the coinage of the Columbian half dollars, were conditional upon the closing of the Exposition on Sundays.

HARRIET—"Bay windows" or "bow windows" are so called because they form a projecting space outward from a room. They may properly be said to belong to the Gothic or Renaissance style of architecture. IGNORAMUS—The phrase "to be used on official business only," which appears on Government envelopes, means that they must only be used for Government business and only by Government among the property of the ernment business, and only by Government em-

ployees. LOTTIE—We do not answer questions as to the value of coins; prices for them vary, and are apt to be regulated by the demand. (2) It is very wrong for a girl to accept presents from a man to whom she is not engaged.

F. H.—All applicants for admission to "The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women," in connection with Harvard College, must have reached the grade indicated by the examinations for admission to Harvard.

ALINE—There is no reason why a man should remove his hat while riding in an elevator when there are women present. An elevator in a public building is a public conveyance. At the same time the most polite of men do so.

INQUISITIVE—Easter is a movable feast. Easter Sunday is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of March, and if the full moon happens upon a Sun-day Easter is the Sunday after.

Daisy—To become a Colonial Dame it is necessary Torms free, Md. C.S.A.

Send stamp for Primer, Philads.

Philads.

DAISY—10 become a Colonial Dame it is necessary to have had an ancestor in the time of the Revolution, or previous to that time, who had rendered some important service to the colonies. It need not have been a military service; any public service would qualify. Washington Girl—It is neither customary nor proper for a man who has been United States Minister abroad to have "Ex-Minister to ——" engraved upon his visiting-card. (2) The title D. D., affixed to a clergyman's name, signifies Doctor of Divinity

CURIEUX—It is always proper and courteous for a person in church to share either prayer-book or hymnal with any one who may be without either. The question as to its propriety where the parties are young and of different sexes has nothing whatever to do with it.

M. D. A.—Santa Claus is a contraction of St. Nicholas, who is the patron saint of children. (2) In Arabia the caliph is vested with absolute authority in all matters pertaining to the civil and religious polity of the Mohammedans. (3) The head of the Indian tribes is called a "chief."

DORA—The Arabs claim that the tomb of Eve is at Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca. The tomb is in a graveyard surrounded with high white walls, which has not been opened for an interment for a thousand years; to it, once in seven years, thousands of devoted Ishmaelites make a pilgrimage.

EMERALD GROVE—Washington, D. C., is called the "Capital City" because it is the capital of the United States, and the "City of Magnificent Distances" because it is laid out on a very liberal scale, the streets and avenues being very broad. Many persons consider Washington the handsomest city in our land.

ELISE—The precious stones appropriate to the months are: January, the garnet; February, the amethyst; March, the bloodstone; April, the diamond; May, the emerald; June, the agate; July, the ruby; August, the sardonyx; September, the chrysolite; October, the opal; November, the topaz; December, the turquoise.

Ross—When a wedding occurs before six o'clock in the evening it is called a "morning wedding." The bride may wear the most elaborate of wedding gowns, but the groom must not appear in a full dress suit. His costume may consist of black cutaway or frock coat, light trousers, light tie and light gloves. The ushers may wear the same.

STOCKBRIDGE—At the wedding supper the bride should, of course, have the seat of honor, with the bridegroom at her right hand, the bride's mother next to the groom, and the bride's father next to the bride. The groom's father and mother should come next after the bride's parents. The bridesmaids should sit with the groomsmen.

ANGELINE—Parents wear mourning for their children as long as they may feel disposed. The question as to how long a widow should wear mourning is one that we hardly care to discuss, there are so "many minds" upon the subject. Many very estimable women do not wear mourning at all, while others never discard theirs, and so we must leave it.

AUNT R.—A pretty wedding present for you to give your niece would be some handsome towels or pillow-cases, marked with her initials or monogram. When you have finished them have them nicely laundered and tie the package with a pretty white ribbon. To accompany this present make a linen sachet, embroidered in white wash silk, and perfumed with lavender.

S. S.—The phrase "where the shoe pinches" is to be found in Plutarch's "Life of Æmilius Paulus, who relates the story of a Roman who was divorced from his wife. He was censured by his acquaintances, who asked him: "Was she not chaste? Was she not fair?" He answered by holding out his shoe and saying: "None of you can tell where it pinches me."

EVELYN—Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War during the administration of Franklin Pierce. (2) The "coat-of-arms" of the United States is composed of an eagle, with outspread wings, guarding a shield of stars and stripes, holding arrows in one talon, an olive branch in the other and in its beak the motto, "E pluribus unum." (3) The name Katherine signifies "purity." (4) The birthday stone for December is the turquoise.

NELLY BLY—Any light refreshments, such as chocolate, ice cream and cake, may be served at a summer evening party. For the gentlemen it might be well to have a dish of sandwiches. These may be made of chicken, tongue or ham. Piled invitingly upon a dainty dish covered with a pretty doily they make quite an addition to the supper-table. The thing that always seems most scarce at evening parties is ice water; see to it, therefore, that there is a supply on hand at yours.

NURSE—If you have carefully considered all that the choice of the profession of a trained nurse will require write to one of the training schools for a circular. The circular will inform you that a personal interview will be advisable; but if that is not possible an application blank will be forwarded you. After you have returned the blank with all the questions answered it will be filed, and when a vacancy occurs you will be informed by the superintendent. All nurses must enter for a month on trial.

ANITA—Safe and pleasant days may be spent by any young girl who is willing to go out as a seamstress, provided, of course, she can sew neatly. For this work she will receive one dollar a day and three meals. We should advise you not to spend any more time trying to get into a store, but to register at the Young Women's Christian Association in your city, as willing to sew for one dollar a day. You will soon be able to command higher wages, and if you are neat and quick you will find your work pleasant, your surroundings agreeable, and, better than all, you will be well fed, which is what you are not likely to be in the average city boarding-house.

MANY WOMEN—In order to "make a start at ad-

MANY WOMEN-In order to "make a start at advertisement-writing" we should advise the study in the newspapers and magazines of what advertising really is. Then the preparation of a number of specimen advertisements would be in order. These advertisements should be arranged artistically and originally, and as closely as possible to the form in which it is intended they shall be used. There is no royal road to this way of earning a livelihood; each person must find it for herself, keeping in mind the one great fact that the advertisements offered must be attractive, and indicative of wants that can only be filled by the purchase of the articles mentioned in said advertisements.

said advertisements.

Put in Bay—The wedding ring is always a plain, smooth gold one; it should be of the very finest gold and heavy enough to outlast two or three generations. The engagement ring is usually set with one stone, a diamond where it is possible. If you are a working man, a man who has nothing beyond his weekly or monthly wages, we should advise you to give your betrothed a plain gold ring, with the date of your engagement and your initials engraved upon the inside. This ring may afterward be used for the wedding ring, and when you become your own master, and have a bank account, you can buy diamonds and precious stones for the wife who has helped you to rise in the world, by being careful and considerate and easily satisfied. As we have said many times the best sort of an engagement ring is the one best suited to the circumstances of the man who is to pay for it.

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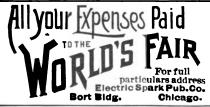
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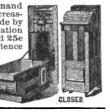


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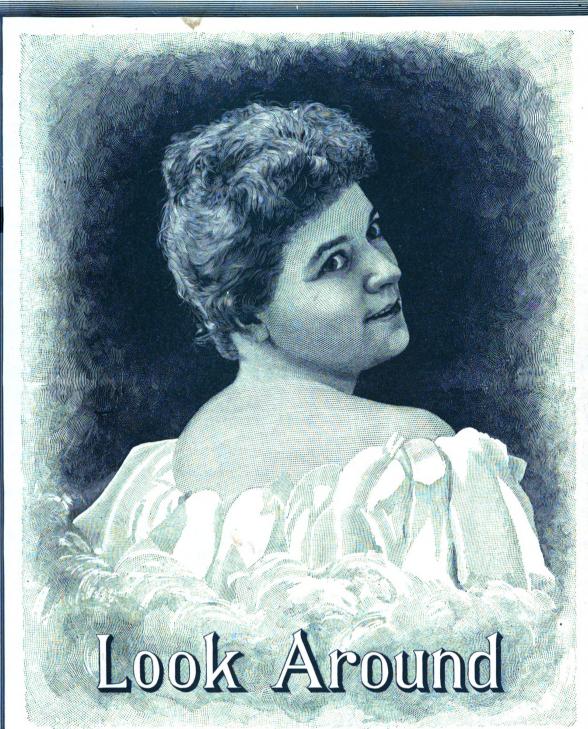
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