

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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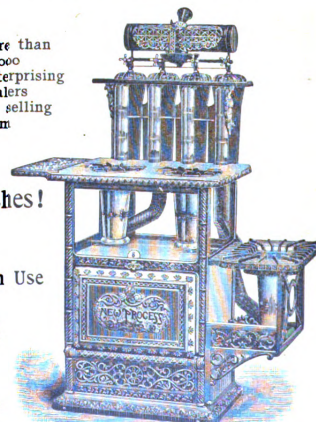
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NATURE'S SWEET MESSENGERS

"The Gentle Race of Flowers"

By Nancy Mann Waddle



THE woman of innate refinement wears orchids or rare exotics when she appears in priceless lace and gems. These costly blossoms also adorn State dinners and elaborate functions; but to the hospital the tactful woman carries a pot of violets, a bunch of mignonette, a basket of loose pansies and primroses, or some nodding blossoms of the "passionate, bright carnation."

During the long days of convalescence, when the invalid grows sad from weary thought, a bunch of violets, surrounded by their dark, fragrant leaves, would prove a source of very great pleasure. It is said that nothing causes the mind to so quickly revert to some past experience as the fragrance of certain flowers. Whether the experience were sad or happy the remembrance of it would, at least, distract the thoughts from the weary present.

Though violets in winter are born of the cold frame, roofed in glass, yet their dewy freshness inevitably recalls "the wet, blue woods."

Although within the reach of all and belonging to the "dear, common flowers" they are yet the flowers of a royal house.

After the great Napoleon was sent to Elba he was called "Corporal la Violette." His partisans being firm in the belief that he would return in the spring, when the violets bloomed, wore bunches of them as a party distinction. Even now the Empress Eugénie lays a wreath of them upon the grave of the third Napoleon.

The pansy, that first cousin of the violet, is regarded by every one with the most familiar fondness, and any number of affectionate little names are bestowed upon it: "heart's-ease," "johnny-jump-up" and "love in idleness." "*Pensée*" is the French name for it, and everywhere it is the emblem of meditation.



A LITTLE INVALID

Surely even the most conventional of women, busy with all manner of social duties, would not consider a morning or afternoon wasted during which she had been delighting or amusing a sick child with a few pansies. A little invalid would love to touch tenderly the velvety texture of the rich petals, and would take the greatest interest in discerning the solemn or coquettish little pansy faces. He would be greatly amused, too, by the story of the wicked step-mother and the Cinderella-like fate of the two good step-daughters.

The lower petal is the step-mother, who wears a rich velvet gown, and has two chairs to sit upon (the two green leaves of the calyx). The two petals on each side of her are her two daughters, and they wear gay silks, and have a chair apiece. The two upper petals are the step-daughters, who wear plain gowns and have but one chair between them.

The tale goes no further, but never mind, there must be a powerful godmother and a fairy prince lurking somewhere in the background.

The fire of geraniums is most cheering and heart-warming. There is something delightfully Bohemian about them. They are so accommodating, too—never obsti-

by the sea, and as she passes through the rooms the air is filled with "a subtle, sad perfume—the odor of mignonette."

I know a woman who is exceptionally lucky. Whether she walks with her eyes continually cast down, like the man in "Pilgrim's Progress," I cannot tell, but she finds quantities of four-leaved clover. When she presents me with one and tells me to put it in my shoe for luck my world is rose-colored.

According to a Mohammedan legend, when Eve left the Garden of Eden she was told she might take one flower with her. She stooped to pluck the clover, but the angel with the flaming sword touched her and she seized but three leaves. Since that time the clover is three-

political party. It was the favorite flower of Lord Beaconsfield, and it is said he rarely appeared without one in his coat.

These are all flowers that are easily pro-



"SUNSHINE IN A SHADY PLACE"

cured and have good lasting qualities. Mr. Andrew Lang says that the young lady with a sense of humor is "a very rare bird indeed," and further remarks that from the absence of this trait arises "inordinate philanthropy; societies for badgering the poor, esoteric Buddhism and a score of other plagues."

I do not believe he would class among this "score of plagues" the distribution of flowers among invalid children and sick men and women, weary of hospital routine.

It was a witty Frenchman, I think, who said that every woman's secret ambition was to be either a great beauty or a great saint.

There might be worse ambitions. To be beautiful is to confer an immense amount of pleasure.

A beautiful woman is always a "sunshine in a shady place."

We all know what women have done for the amelioration of human suffering.

Florence Nightingale, Sister Dora, Elisabeth Fry, Margaret of New Orleans, Sister Rose Gertrude—these are household names, but there are hundreds of others, who, although unknown, are yet as truly heroines.

Some of them wear the silver cross of the "sisters of charity," others wear no uniform and belong to no order.

Yet each of these, like the artist who knows that his mission in life is to paint, the poet whose destiny it is to sing, are "born to soothe and to solace, to help and to heal the sick world that leans on her."



"BORN TO SOOTHE AND TO SOLACE"

nately refusing to bloom when one is expecting a wealth of blossoms.

One of their cardinal virtues is their adaptability; they really seem to have a frank, blithe preference for old tin cans, and thrive bravely in broken windows stuffed with rags.

And who does not love mignonette? The sweet old-fashioned flower has neither beauty of form nor coloring to attract, but its exquisite fragrance endears it to all. Bret Harte has expressed the charm of this odor in an old Newport legend which he has rendered into verse. It is a tale of

a little Quakeress whose white, primly-folded kerchief lay over an unquiet heart.

We are told that her lover was "fickle and fine and French," and won her love by his "gold-laced phrases." When the gallant Rochambeau sailed for France the gay young officer went with him and thought no more of his demure sweetheart. She could not forget him, however, and treasured the sprays of mignonette that he had given her. He came no more, and she softly faded away, but the legend tells us that her spirit haunts the old house

leaved. The plant with the original four leaves, however, crept through the walls of Paradise, and is sometimes found, always bestowing upon its possessor good luck.

Two or three of these pressed leaves tied together with a bit of ribbon would rouse hope in the most despairing invalid.

"One's for fame, and one's for wealth,
And one's for a faithful lover,
And one will give me glowing health,
These four leaves of the clover."

What can give more pleasure than a cluster of red or pink roses? They are so perfect, so full to the brim of summer and perfume.

A pot of primroses is another delightful gift. When one is confined to one's room, and one's interests are necessarily bounded by four walls, to see a potted plant put forth a new leaf is really an excitement. The primrose, like the violet, suggests the spring woods and the "river's brim," and also, like the violet, has an especial significance, being the emblem of a



A POT OF PRIMROSES

HOW I WROTE "LOOKING BACKWARD"

By Edward Bellamy



U to the age of eighteen I had lived almost continuously in a thriving village of New England, where there were no very rich and few very poor, and everybody who was willing to work was sure of a fair living. At that time I visited Europe and spent a year there in travel and study. It was in the great cities of England, Europe, and among the hovels of the peasantry that my eyes were first fully opened to the extent and consequences of man's inhumanity to man.

I WELL remember in those days of European travel how much more deeply that black background of misery impressed me than the palaces and cathedrals in relief against it. I distinctly recall the innumerable debates, suggested by the piteous sights about us, which I had with a dear companion of my journey, as to the possibility of finding some great remedy for poverty, some plan for equalizing human conditions. Our discussions usually brought up against the same old stump: who would do the dirty work? We did not realize, as probably few do who lightly dismiss the subject of social reform with the same query, that its logic implies the condonation of all forms of slavery. Not until we all acknowledge the world's "dirty work" as our common and equal responsibility, shall we be in a position intelligently to consider, or have the disposition seriously to seek a just and reasonable way of distributing and adjusting the burden.

So it was that I returned home, for the first time aroused to the existence and urgency of the social problem, but without as yet seeing any way out. Although it had required the sights of Europe to startle me to a vivid realization of the inferno of poverty beneath our civilization, my eyes having once been opened I had now no difficulty in recognizing in America, and even in my own comparatively prosperous village, the same conditions in course of progressive development.

THE other day rummaging among old papers I was much interested by the discovery of some writings indicative of my state of mind at that period. If the reader will glance over the following extracts from the manuscript of an address which it appears I delivered before the Chicopee Falls Village Lyceum along in 1871 or 1872, he will probably admit that their youthful author was quite likely to attempt something in the line of "Looking Backward" if he only lived long enough. The subject of this address was "The Barbarism of Society," the barbarism being held to consist in and result from inequality in the distribution of wealth. From numerous equally radical expressions I excerpt these paragraphs: "The great reforms of the world have hitherto been political rather than social. In their progress classes privileged by title have been swept away, but classes privileged by wealth remain. A nominal aristocracy is ceasing to exist, but the actual aristocracy of wealth, the world over, is every day becoming more and more powerful. The idea that men can derive a right from birth or name to dispose of the destinies of their fellows is exploded, but the world thinks not yet of denying that gold confers a power upon its possessors to dominate over their equals and enforce from them a life's painful labors at the price of a bare subsistence. I would not have indignation blind my eyes or confuse my reason in the contemplation of this injustice, but I ask you what is the name of an institution by which men control the labor of other men, and out of the abundance created by that labor, having doled out to the laborers such a pittance as may barely support life and sustain strength for added tasks, reserve to themselves the vast surplus for the support of a life of ease and splendor? This, gentlemen, is slavery; a slavery whose prison is the world, whose shackles and fetters are the unyielding frame of society, whose lash is hunger, whose taskmasters are those bodily necessities for whose supply the rich who hold the keys of the world's granaries must be appealed to, and

the necks of the needy bowed to their yoke as the price of the boon of life. * * * Consider a moment the condition of that class of society by whose unremitting toil the ascendancy of man over the material universe is maintained and his existence rendered possible on earth, remembering, also, that this class comprises the vast majority of the race. Born of parents whom brute passion impelled to the propagation of their kind; bred in penury and the utter lack of all those luxuries and amenities of life which go so far to make existence tolerable; their intellectual faculties neglected and an unnatural and forced development given to their basest instincts; their childhood, the sweet vacation of life, saddened and deadened by the pinching of poverty, and then, long before the immature frame could support the severity of labor, forced from the playground into the factory or field! Then begins the obscure, uninteresting drama of a laborer's life; an unending procession of toilsome days relieved by brief and rare holidays and harassed by constant anxiety lest he lose all he claims from the world—a place to labor.

He feels, in some dumb, unreasoning way, oppressed by the frame of society, but it is too heavy for him to lift. The institutions that crush him down assume to his dulled brain the inevitable and irresistible aspect of natural laws. And so, with only that dim sense of injustice which no subtlety of reasoning, no array of argument can banish from the human soul when it feels itself oppressed, he bows his head to his fate.

"Let not any one falsely reply that I am dreaming of a happiness without toil, of abundance without labor. Labor is the necessary condition, not only of abundance but of existence upon earth. I ask only that none labor beyond measure that others may be idle, that there be no more masters and no more slaves among men. Is this too much? Does any fearful soul exclaim, impossible, that this hope has been the dream of men in all ages, a shadowy and Utopian reverie of a divine fruition which the earth can never bear? That the few must revel and the many toil; the few waste, the many want; the few be masters, the many serve; the toilers of the earth be the poor and the idlers the rich, and that this must go on forever?"

"Ah, no; has the world then dreamed in vain? Have the ardent longings of the lovers of men been toward an unattainable felicity? Are the aspirations after liberty, equality and happiness implanted in the very core of our hearts for nothing?"

"Not so, for nothing that is unjust can be eternal, and nothing that is just can be impossible."

SINCE I came across this echo of my youth and recalled the half-forgotten exercises of mind it testifies to, I have been wondering, not why I wrote "Looking Backward," but why I did not write it, or try to, twenty years ago.

Like most men, however, I was under the sordid and selfish necessity of solving the economic problem in its personal bearings before I could give much time to the case of society in general. I had, like others, to fight my way to a place at the world's work-bench where I could make a living. For a dozen or fifteen years I followed journalism, doing in a desultory way, as opportunity offered, a good deal of magazine and book writing. In none of the writings of this period did I touch on the social question, but not the less all the while it was in mind, as a problem not by any means given up, how poverty might be abolished and the economic equality of all citizens of the republic be made as much a matter of course as their political equality. I had always the purpose, some time when I had sufficient leisure, to give myself earnestly to the examination of this great problem, but meanwhile kept postponing it, giving my time and thoughts to easier tasks.

Possibly I never should have mustered up courage for an undertaking so difficult, and indeed so presumptuous, but for events which gave the problem of life a new and more solemn meaning to me. I refer to the birth of my children.

I CONFESS I cannot understand the mental operations of good men or women who from the moment they are parents do not become intensely interested in the social question. That an unmarried man or even a man childless though married should concern himself little about the future of a race in which he may argue that he will have no personal stake, is conceivable, though such indifference is not morally edifying.

From the time their children are born it becomes the great problem with parents how to provide for and safeguard their future when they themselves shall no longer be on earth. To this end they painfully spare and save and plot and plan to secure for their offspring all the advantages that may give them a better chance than other men's children in the struggle for existence.

They do this, knowing sadly well the while, from observation and experience, how vain all such safeguards may prove, how impossible it is for even the wisest and wealthiest of fathers to make sure that the cherished child he leaves behind may not be glad to earn his bread as a servant to the children of his father's servants. Still the parent toils and saves, feeling that this is the best and all he can do for his offspring, little though it be. But is it? Surely a moment's thought will show that this is a wholly unscientific way of going about the work of providing for the future of one's children.

THIS is the problem of all problems to which the individualistic method is most inapplicable, the problem before all others of which the only adequate solution must necessarily be a social solution. Your fear for your child is that he may fall into the ditch of poverty or be waylaid by robbers. So you give him a lantern and provide him with arms. That would be all very well if you could not do better, but would it not be an infinitely wiser and more efficient method to join hands with all the other equally anxious parents, and fill up the ditch and exterminate the robbers, so that safety might be a matter of course for all? However high, however wise, however rich you are, the only way you can surely safeguard your child from hunger, cold and wretchedness and all the deprivations, degradations and indignities which poverty implies, is by a plan that will equally safeguard all men's children. This principle once recognized, the solution of the social problem becomes a simple matter. Until it is, no solution is possible.

According to my best recollection it was in the fall or winter of 1886 that I sat down to my desk with the definite purpose of trying to reason out a method of economic organization by which the republic might guarantee the livelihood and material welfare of its citizens on a basis of equality corresponding to and supplementing their political equality. There was no doubt in my mind that the proposed study should be in the form of a story. This was not merely because that was a treatment which would command greater popular attention than others. In adventuring in any new and difficult field of speculation I believe that the student often cannot do better than to use the literary form of fiction. Nothing outside of the exact sciences has to be so logical as the thread of a story, if it is to be acceptable. There is no such test of a false and absurd idea as trying to fit it into a story. You may make a sermon or an essay or a philosophical treatise as illogical as you please, and no one know the difference, but all the world is a good critic of a story, for it has to conform to the laws of ordinary probability and commonly observed sequence, of which we are all judges.

THE stories that I had written before "Looking Backward" were largely of one sort, namely, the working out of problems, that is to say, attempts to trace the logical consequences of certain assumed conditions. It was natural, therefore, that in this form the plan of "Looking Backward" should present itself to my mind. Given the United States, a republic based upon the equality of all men and conducted by their equal voice, what would the natural and logical way be by which to go about the work of guaranteeing an economic equality to its citizens corresponding with their political equality, but without the present unjust discrimination on account of sex? From the moment the problem first clearly presented itself to my mind in this way, the writing of the book was the simplest thing in the world.

"Looking Backward" has been frequently called a "fanciful" production. Of course, the notion of a man's being resuscitated after a century's sleep is fanciful, and so, of course, are the various other whimsies about life in the year 2000 necessarily inserted to give color to the picture. The argument of the book is, however, about as little fanciful as possible. It is, as I have said, an attempt to work out logically the results of regulating the national system of production and distribution by the democratic principle of the equal rights of all, determined by the equal voice of all. I defend as material no feature of the plan which cannot be shown to be in accord with that method.

MANY excellent persons, not without sympathy with the idea of a somewhat more equal distribution of this world's wealth, have objected to the principle of absolute and invariable economic equality underlying the plan developed in "Looking Backward." Many have seemed to think that here was an arbitrary detail that might just as well have been modified by admitting economic inequality in proportion to unequal values of industrial service. So it might have been if the plan had been the fanciful theory they supposed it, but regarding it as the result of a rigid application of the democratic idea to the economic system, no feature of the whole plan is more absolutely a matter of course, a more logical necessity than just that. Political equality, which gives all citizens an equal voice in government, without regard to the great differences between men as to intelligence, public service, personal worth and wealth, is the recognition that the essential dignity of human nature is of an importance transcending all personal attributes and accidents, and is, therefore, not to be limited by them. In applying the democratic idea to the economic organization, economic equality, without regard to differences of industrial ability, is necessitated by precisely the same logic which justifies political equality. The two ideas are one and stand or fall together.

Nor is economic equality any more an ethical than a necessary physical consequence of democratic rule extended to the productive and distributive system. Political equals will never legislate economic inequality. Nor should they do so. Self-preservation forbids it, for economic inequality presently undermines and nullifies political equality and every other form of equality as well.

Moreover, under any system proportioning wealth distribution to industrial performance, how could women be assured an indefeasible equality with men, and their yoke of economic dependence upon the other sex, with all its related and implied subserviences, be finally broken? Surely no social solution not securely guaranteeing that result could claim to be adequate.

I have stopped by the way to say these few words about the plan of "Looking Backward" as the result of the rigid application of the democratic formula to the social problem, and concerning the feature of absolute economic equality as a necessary effect of that method, because it is in these points and their implications that Nationalism, as suggested by "Looking Backward," is, perhaps, most strongly differentiated from some other socialistic solutions.

AS to the form of the story, my first notion was, while keeping the resuscitated man as a link between the two centuries, not to make him the narrator, or to write chiefly from his point of view, but rather from that of the twentieth century. This would have admitted of some very interesting effects and about half the story was at first written on that line. But as I became convinced of the practical availability of the social solution I was studying, it became my aim to sacrifice all other effects to the method which would enable me to explain its features most fully, which was manifestly that of presenting everything from the point of view of the representative of the nineteenth century.

I have been very frequently asked if I anticipated any considerable effect from the publication of "Looking Backward," and whether I was not very much surprised at the sensation it produced. I cannot say that I was surprised. If it be asked what was the basis of my expectations, I answer the effect of the writing of the book upon myself. When I first undertook to work out the results of a democratic organization of production and distribution based on the recognition of an equal duty of individual service by all citizens and an equal share by all in the result, according to the analogies of military service and taxation and all other relations between the State and the citizen, I believed, indeed, it might be possible on this line to make some valuable suggestions upon the social problem, but it was only as I proceeded with the inquiry that I became fully convinced of the entire adequacy of the principle as a social solution, and, moreover, that the achievement of this solution was to be the next great step in human evolution. It would, indeed, be a most impressive person in whose mind so mighty a hope could grow without producing strong emotions.

Knowing that "as face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man," I could not doubt that the hope that moved me must needs, in like manner, move all who should come even in part to share it.

As well as I can remember "Looking Backward" began in earnest to be written in the fall or winter of 1886, and was substantially finished in the following six or eight months, although rewriting and revising took up the following spring and summer. It went to the publishers in August or September, 1887, and although promptly accepted did not appear till January, 1888. Although it made a stir among the critics, up to the close of 1888 the sales had not exceeded ten thousand, after which they leaped into the hundred thousands.

A BEAUTIFUL ALIEN

By Julia Magruder

[With Illustration by A. B. Wenzell]

XI—Continued



IHAVE something to tell you, dear Christine," he said, "but I want you to make me a promise first. If the few poor little services I have been able to render you, and the interest and sympathy I have tried to express to you have done anything at all, I think they must have convinced you that I am your true, devoted friend and that you can trust me. Tell me this, Christine; you do trust me—don't you?"

"More than any one on earth—but that is too little," she said hastily—"as much as I could ever have trusted any one—as much as I trusted those who have been unworthy—and with a feeling that the knowledge of their unworthiness could never affect a thing so high as my faith in you."

"Thank God that it is so. And now, Christine, I call the God we both adore and fear to witness that I will be true to your faith in me, to the last recess of my mind, no less than to the last drop of my blood. See, Christine, I swear it on my cross," and he drew it out, touching the picture as he did so. "Give me your hand," he said, "and we will hold this sacred cross between my hand and yours, and I will tell you this thing, and you must try to feel that I am not only your knight but also your dear brother, in whom all the confidence you have expressed to me is strengthened by the added bond of relationship. Christine, my sister, I want you to realize that there is an ordeal before you which it will take all the strength that you can summon to bear with fortitude. At first you will think it intolerable—impossible to be borne, and I do not pretend to tell you that the blow will not be a awful, beyond words. I only want to say to you now, when you are calm enough to listen, that it is not so hopeless and terrible as it will look at first—that there is light beyond, though at first you may not be able to see it. Try to keep that in your mind if you can."

She had given him her hand and they clasped the cross between them. All the time that he was speaking she looked at him with a calm and unbelieving wonder in her large eyes. As he paused she shook her head with grave incredulosity and said quietly:

"You do not know me, Mr. Noel. I thought you understood a little, but you are wrong if you think there is anything you could tell me for which I should care so much. I do not suppose I could make you understand it, but my heart is dead and buried in my baby's grave, and nothing could make me feel as you expect me to feel. The two or three people that I—know" (Noel knew by the pause she made that she had wanted to say love, but couldn't, in honesty, use the word) "are all well. I have just come from them—even Dr. Belford I have seen to-day—but if you were going to tell me they were all dead I could not care a great deal—at least not in the way you expect me to care—for what you have to tell me. It may be wicked to have so hard a heart, but I cannot help it. There is absolutely nothing in all the world that could make me feel in the way you think I ought to feel at what you have to tell me."

"I did not say ought," said Noel, "there is no ought about it. It is a thing inevitable. Oh, Christine, there is no way to lead up to it. I must just tell you and beg you, for my sake at least, to try to bear it."

"You had better tell me," she said.

"You will see how I can bear it."

The calm security of her tones, the passionless wonder of her quiet face were almost maddening. They made him fear the more the effect of the shock when it should come.

"Christine," he said quietly, though his heart was leaping, "it is something about you—about the man you married."

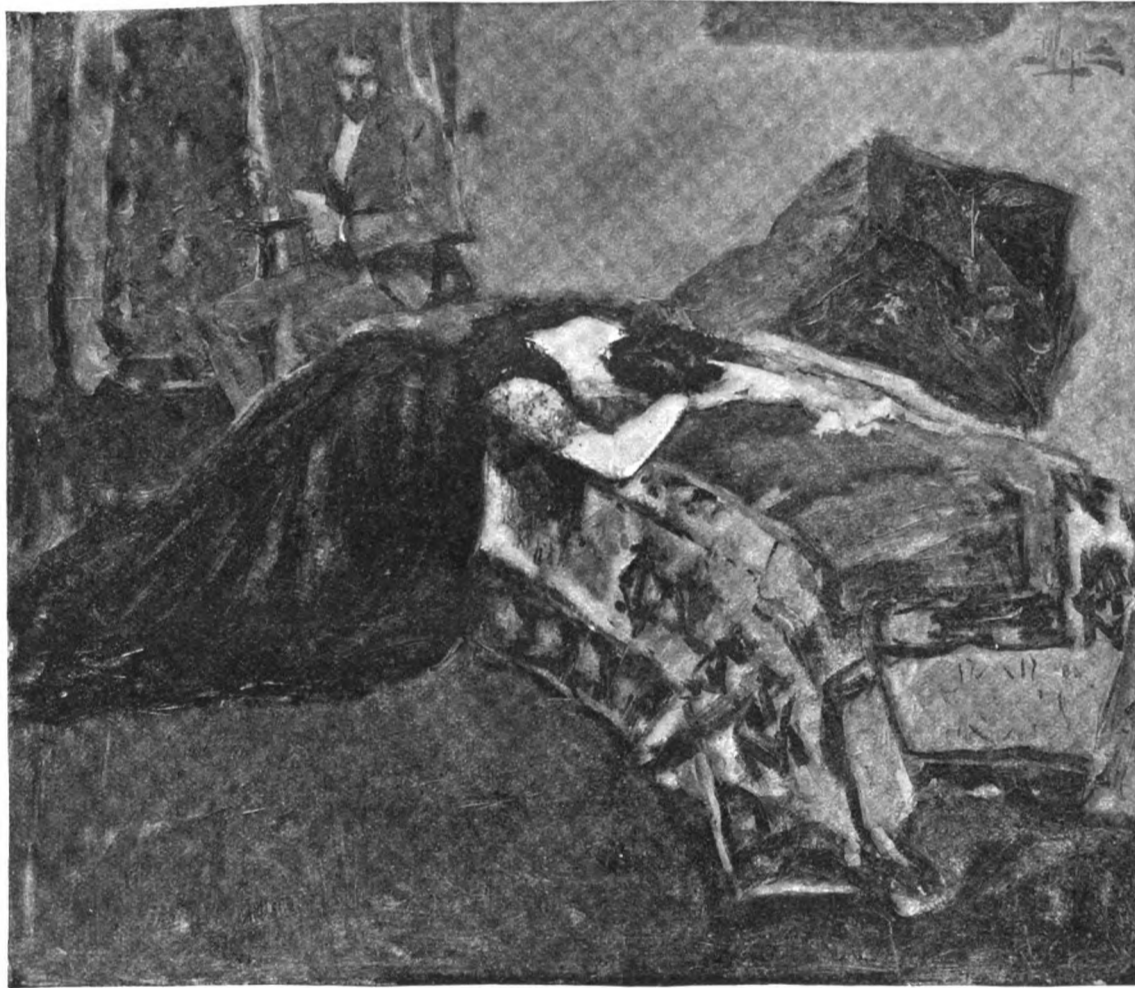
A faint flush came up in her face, and she averted her eyes an instant. Then she looked at him and said calmly:

"I thought you knew that long ago

that became one of the subjects upon which I had ceased to feel deeply. If you think it is wrong of me to say this I cannot help it. He hated his little child. He never thought it anything but a trouble and a burden, and he was not sorry when it died. He is glad the trouble of it is over. He had long ceased to feel any love for me—if he ever had it—but if he had cared a little for the poor little baby I could have forgotten that; but he was cruel toward it in thought and feeling, and if I had not watched the treasure of my heart and guarded it unceasingly he would have been cruel to it in deed, too. I know it and Eliza knows it. Oh, why did you make me speak of it? I ought not to say such things. It is wrong."

"Why wrong, Christine? Why do you feel it to be wrong? Tell me."

"Because he is my husband," she said sternly, "and I took solemn vows to love, to serve and to obey him. I said 'for better or for worse.' I said 'till death us do part.' The God who will judge me knows whether I have kept them. The love one cannot control; but one can force one's self to serve and obey, and that I have tried to do."



"She threw herself forward and shook from head to foot with great, tearless sobs"

"And you have done it. I have felt that I could kneel and worship you for it—but, Christine, the truth is too evident to be avoided. He is unworthy of you. Suppose you could be free from him?"

"Divorce?" she said with a sort of horror. "Never! I scarcely know what it is—but marriage seems to me a thing indissoluble and inviolate. I cannot forget that he is the father of my child. I could never wish, on that account, to be free from him."

"Christine, there is another way. Oh, my poor, poor child, you have never even thought of it, and it breaks my heart to tell you. But there is a way you might be free from him without divorce—a sad and dreadful way, my poor little sister, but remember, I implore you, that there is light beyond the darkness. Oh, cannot you think what I mean?"

She shook her head.

"I know he is not dead," she said; "there is no other way that I know."

"Suppose—my poor girl, try to be brave now for you will have to know it—suppose your marriage to him was not legal—was no marriage at all?"

Her face got scarlet.

"That is not possible," she said, "and if it were, it would make no difference. If he did it without knowing—"

"Christine, Christine, he did not! He knew it, my child. Prepare yourself for the very worst. He deceived you willfully. Oh, Christine, it breaks my heart to tell you, but when he was married to you there was

an impossible barrier between you. It was such a thing as you could not dream of. Give me your hands and try to feel that your brother bears this sorrow with you." He caught her other hand also and pressed them both between his own.

"Christine, he was married already. When he married you he had already a wife and child."

She wrenched her hands away and sprang to her feet. A low cry broke from her. Noel felt that it was he who had applied the torture, and he saw her racked with agony and utterly heedless of the comfort he had offered, and had fondly hoped to give her.

"Have you proof for what you say?" she cried, her wild look of confusion and terror making her so unlike her usual self that he seemed not to know her. "I will never believe it without the strongest proof. It is too horrible, too awful, too deadly, deadly shameful to be true. Be quick about it. If there is proof let me have it."

"Christine, there is proof. I have it here on the spot, but spare yourself, my poor, poor girl. Wait a little—"

"Don't talk to me of waiting. Let me see what you have got. Oh, can't you see that I can bear anything better than not to know? Show me what you have and if what you say is true—"

But she turned away as if his eyes upon her hurt her, and raised her arm before her face. In an instant she lowered it and said entreatingly:

"Oh, show me what you have. Have pity on me."

He felt her humiliation so intensely that he could not look at her, but he took a step toward her and was about to speak when she turned away and, with a tottering step, went toward the sofa and fell heavily upon it, her face buried in her hands. A long breath that was almost a groan broke from her, and then she lay very still, except that now and then a violent shiver would run all along her frame. Poor Noel! He felt the bitterness of the false position he had tried to occupy. If he had been indeed her brother, this awful grief might have spent itself, to some extent, in his arms. He felt that he was nothing to her, but his heart was none the softer toward her for that.

Thrusting the picture back into his pocket, he drew a chair near to her, and sat down by her side. He wanted her to feel that he was there, in case she should find it in her heart to turn to him for a help he did not venture to intrude. It seemed a long while that they remained so, but at last Christine sat up, turning upon him a face so strange and terrible that he trembled at the look of it. Sorrow had seared it like a blight. She had been lying upon a seam in the lounge and it had left a red mark across her face. He thought it looked like the wound upon her heart made visible.

"I can never see him again," she said. "I cannot go home. Oh God, I have no home! It never was a home to me, except when my baby was in it, Oh, my baby boy!—my baby boy!—my little child that loved and clung to me! Oh, God was merciful to take you. My God, I see it now! I thank Thee, I thank Thee, I thank Thee!"

She fell on her knees on the polished floor, and then she threw herself forward on the couch, and hiding her face again shook from head to foot with great, tearless sobs.

"Oh, I am so glad he is dead! It is so sweet to me to think it! I would have had to look into his big, clear eyes that used to seem to read my very heart, and think of this! Oh, if only I could go and lie beside my baby, in the deep, still ground where the cruel eyes of men and women could not see us, I would want no other home. I have been lonely and miserable, lying in my bed at night, without him, and I have felt that he missed and needed me, as I did him. Oh, if only God would let me go to him, I would be willing to be put into his grave alive and wait for death to come! It would be easier than life with this thing branded on me."

"Branded on you! Oh, Christine, you must not say it. You will not be branded; you will be, as you have always been, best and purest and truest among women—to me at least. What have you ever been but an angel of nobleness and heroism and devotion to duty? Oh, Christine, I could worship you."

She rose to her feet and stood before him.

"I believe God will reward you in Heaven for those words," she said.

"You are a man who can see as He sees, in truth and clearness, and you know, as He does, I have tried to do right. But what you do not know, what He alone can know, is how I have suffered—how every sacred feeling of my woman's heart has been torn and desecrated, and dragged to the earth, and how I endured it all, because I thought it was my duty—and all the time it was. Oh, I feel as if I don't know what may happen to me next to drag me deeper down in misery and sorrow. I thought the worst had come when my baby died, and now a thing so terrible has come as to make that the comfort that I hug to my soul."

She sank to a seat on the couch again, and Noel came and took the place at her side.

"Give me your hand," she said tremblingly. "Oh, I feel so frightened. Now that this has come I feel that the air is full of awful horrors that are waiting to fall upon me."

Noel took her hands in both his own, and she clung to them with a pitiful intensity.

"The worst is over," he said gently. "You have only to let me manage and think for you now—"

"Tell me," she said, "tell me all there is to know—how you found this thing out, and what will be done about it. You must tell it every word to me. I can bear it better now than ever to speak of it again."

And Noel told her, as mercifully and gently as he could, all that he had learned from the lawyer's statements. He

Noel took the envelope containing the picture from his pocket.

"This has been sent me by a lawyer," he said. "The woman is his client. She says he gave her this picture soon after they were married. Oh, Christine, don't look at it—"

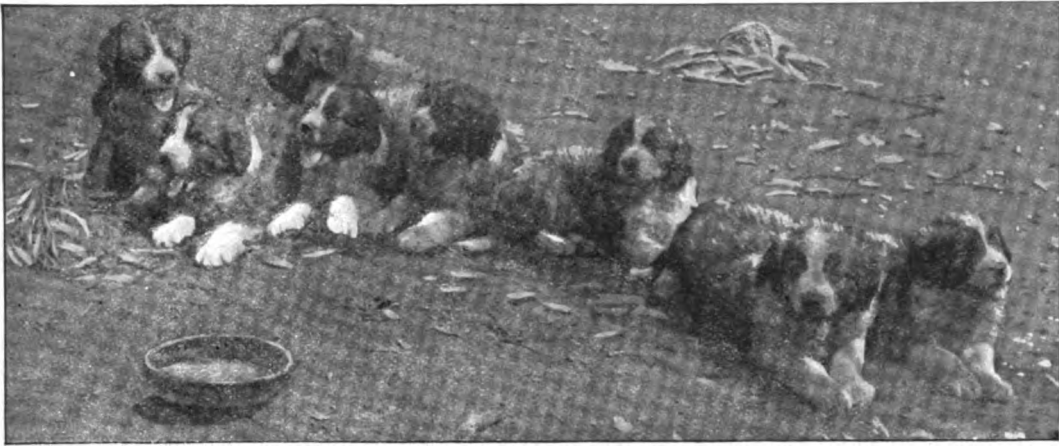
But she walked toward him steadily and took the envelope from his hand. He could not bear to see her when her eyes rested on it, so he turned away and walked off a few paces, standing with his back toward her.

There was a moment's silence. He heard her slip the picture from the envelope, and he knew that she was looking at it. He heard his watch tick in the stillness, and her absolute silence frightened him. It lasted, perhaps, a moment more and then he turned and looked at her. She was standing erect with the picture in her hand. He saw that she had turned it over and that it was upon the reverse side that her eyes were fixed. There was some writing on it which he had not seen.

She held the photograph out to him, with an intense calm in her manner, but he saw that her nostrils quivered and her breath came short. Her hands were trembling, too, but her voice was steady as she said:

"I am convinced."

He glanced down at the picture and saw written on the back in a weak, uncertain hand which Christine had evidently recognized, "To my darling little wife, from Robert."



THE CARE OF A ST. BERNARD DOG

By Alexander Mackenzie-Hughes

[MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK ST. BERNARD KENNELS]

[With Illustrations from photographs furnished by the Swiss Mountain Kennels, of Germantown, Penna.]

IF a dog is loved by his master he is likewise loved by his mistress. Very often a dog will become more closely attached to the woman of a house than to the man, who is apt to be absent from it more frequently. And if

there is one type of dog that may, with truest application, be associated with woman, it is the St. Bernard.

It is undoubtedly true that the St. Bernard is the gentlest and the most affectionate of all dogs. The St. Bernard is seldom bad-tempered, his principal characteristics being extreme docility and gentleness. He is a friend and a protector above all things, and confidence in him is well reposed. Nor does the St. Bernard, in the home, call for any more care or attention than other dogs. But even if he did, the extra trouble required would be worth giving, since he repays every act of attention.

A ST. BERNARD puppy should never be taken away from his mother until he is six weeks old, and only then if healthy. And a few days before the puppy is taken from his mother he should be given, daily, a little hominy made thin, or some of the patent pepsinated puppy food, given according to the directions which accompany the biscuits. This food prepares the puppy's delicate little digestive organs for the most trying ordeal of his life: the severance from natural to artificial diet. A puppy should lap the hominy or puppy food, whichever is selected, of his own free will, and never be fed with a spoon. When the puppy can feed himself he should then have placed before him a bowl of milk, which should be boiled and allowed to cool to the temperature of blood. Great and sudden changes in diet must be avoided. Milk is the most valuable food for newly-weaned puppies that can be given, and as it is advisable to give them, if possible, the same cow's milk, which is not obtainable always, I have found that condensed milk, keeping to the same brand, is the most desirable. As puppies grow older, scalded bread, thoroughly-boiled oatmeal and puppy dog-cakes (made to a pulp) should make two of the six necessary meals a day that they crave. From six to twelve weeks their other meals may consist of the same solid materials, substituting broth in the place of milk. The more variety a puppy can have the better for his health. As a puppy advances in size and age, it is, perhaps, needless to remark that he requires more food but less frequently. Flesh food may be commenced, but given sparingly. Let it be boiled to thin shreds and carefully mixed with the food. When the puppy is fed with solid food a small quantity of bonemeal should be sprinkled over it, and when milk is given it is always well to add one-sixth part of lime-water to the quantity.

The three great essentials to be observed in caring for a St. Bernard puppy are the quantity of food, the number of meals a day, and regularity in feeding.

The number of meals after three to six months of age should be four daily; after that, till a year old, three is sufficient; after one year, two meals—a light meal in the morning and a more substantial one at night.

WHEN a St. Bernard puppy reaches the age of a year it will be necessary to feed him liberally with meat if you wish him to grow large and muscular. I do not intend to convey the idea that meat should be given alone, but about one part meat to two parts of the "puppy food" biscuits by weight. That proportion may be too strong if the dog has no exercise, but discretion must be always used even in feeding dogs. Over-feeding and a lack of exercise are, I be-



A ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARD DOG: "PRINCESS HEPSEY," ONE YEAR OLD

lieve, common causes of eczema in dogs. In connection with eczema, which is a common trouble with St. Bernards, I give here the formula which I use immediately after observing a dog begin scratching or biting himself. It should be applied with a sponge frequently throughout the day: Carbolic acid, one-half ounce; glycerine, one-half ounce; laudanum, one ounce; bicarbonate of potash, one dram; add water, one and a half pints. It must be remembered that dogs thrive better on coarse meat than on porterhouse steaks. When changing his teeth a puppy cannot very well manage the hard dog-cakes, therefore he should have, until the gums harden again, soft food with powdered charcoal dusted on the food once a day.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of exercise for a puppy, and that it must be given, so far as possible, on the grass, not on the hard boards or stone walks. The great drawbacks to growth are injudicious feeding and want of exercise.

When a St. Bernard dog is two years old he should be given two meals a day—one in the morning and one in the evening.

be used, as a hard blow from a stick is liable to break a bone or cause some internal injury. Let it be borne in mind, also, that a dog should never be struck on the head, as a blow on the ear is very liable to give him a canker, which is both painful to the poor animal and at times hard to cure. Very little actual punishment is really necessary with a St. Bernard dog, provided the training given is careful and discreet. The St. Bernard is rarely a misbehaving dog—misbehaving, I mean, in a willful sense



A SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARD DOG: "SCOTTISH LEADER"

FOLLOWING the feeding of a St. Bernard, the next important element is his good lodging. His kennel should be high and dry, free from any dampness and all draughts. A dog appreciates cheerful surroundings just as much as a human being does.

St. Bernards should always have a goodly supply of clean, fresh water. This is most important. It is a very common idea with most people that a lump of sulphur should be placed in the drinking pan, but as it is insoluble in water one can readily see that it is superfluous; if sulphur has to be used let it be given in the form of flowers of sulphur in the food.

It is not necessary, as most people imagine, to wash a St. Bernard frequently, as he does not require it if he is well groomed, that is, brushed and combed every day. This grooming is very necessary, for not only does it open the pores of the skin and create a healthy action, and so gives the coat the desirable bright look, but while so attending the dog it is easy to perceive any skin disturbance, and attend to it forthwith. During the summer it is well to encourage the dog to go in the water and take a swim, but during the winter once in six weeks is all that is necessary. The water for the bath should be tepid, not hot, as hot water is weakening, and the dog is more liable to take cold after a hot bath.

When it is necessary to punish a St. Bernard a whip with a good lash should

NEITHER a St. Bernard nor, indeed, any of the large breed of dogs should be kept on the chain, as it is, in kennel parlance, liable to "throw him out at the shoulders," but when he is full grown, that is, when he is two years old, being chained when occasion requires can do him no harm, provided he is allowed his full liberty at other times.

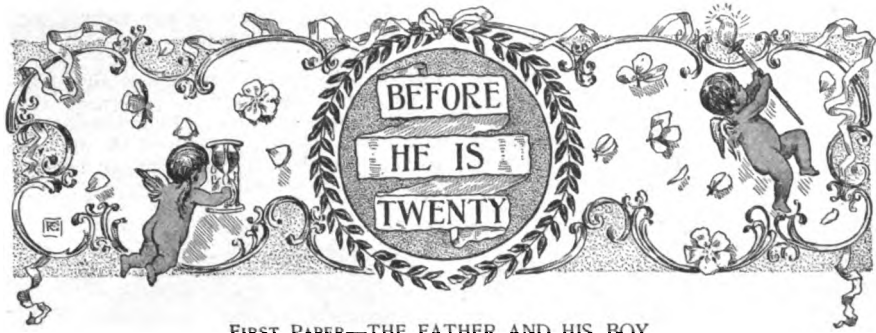


A TYPICAL ST. BERNARD HEAD

It is not absolutely necessary that a dog should have a kennel, but he should have some place allotted to him that he will know what to do when he is ordered to lie down. I always place a mat or piece of carpet in the kitchen or hall and make him lie down there, and when he once knows where he has to sleep he will go there as a matter of course.

THE best way to attach a dog to his owner is to allow no one but the mistress or master to feed him, though the idea of allowing everybody to feed him at any time and all times has its advantage in that the animal does not know to whom he looks for his daily support, and therefore regards one and all as his best friend. Nothing repels a dog sooner than constant scolding. If he has to be re-proved let it be done with firmness, but at all times with consideration. At the age of three months begin to train a dog to become a house pet. It is generally believed that there is but one way to teach a dog anything, and that all knowledge, unless beaten into him, is worthless, but my long experience has taught me that kindness, and not severity, overcomes all things. Regarding the method of breaking a dog for a house life I first start by letting the puppy have a good run outside the house before bringing him within doors, and then allow him to run about for a quarter of an hour in the room, each day allowing him to remain longer. Should he transgress I take him to the spot and show him his misdoings, and then turn him out-of-doors, allowing him to remain for a short time before returning to the house, speaking in a decided manner to him all the time I am carrying him to the door, and when there sending him off with a sharp word. This must be done for several days, when if he still persists in his wrong ways strike him over the ribs somewhat gently with the open hand before sending him outside. This punishment must be continued until the object is accomplished.

Consideration, however, is the secret of good discipline with a dog, and this is particularly true of the St. Bernard since his intelligence is singularly acute.



FIRST PAPER—THE FATHER AND HIS BOY.

By Robert J. Burdette



WHAT shall be the attitude of a father toward his boy? Ah, me; woe is the over-confident man who shall attempt to settle that question, once and forever, for the millions of fathers with millions of boys—not millions apiece—but millions in the aggregate—as many minds as there are fathers, and as many changing theories as there are fathers and boys together. If some man, wiser, or at least more practical in the application of his wisdom than Solomon, would only come



MR. BURDETTE

[From a photograph by F. Gutekunst Company]

along and whitewash the path for us, so that we might walk in a straight way in the darkest night, how glad—and well nigh had the thoughtless pen written, "grateful"—would we be. How glad and ungrateful, then, we would be. That sounds harsh, but it is the truth.

THERE is a certain attitude which the father has assumed for him, in his boy's eyes, over which he has little control. President Weston says, in one of his matchless sermons—the quotation made from memory is tamely done—that to the child in early years the father occupies the position of God; the boy comes to the father for everything, confidently asking impossibilities; asking with all simplicity and perfect trust for gifts that would impoverish an emperor; looking to his father for daily food, raiment, protection; fearing no harm while he holds his father's hand; accepting as truth every statement made by him; in all respects bearing himself toward his father in trust, confidence, loyalty, reverence, as we try to stand in our relation to God.

Now, every man who knows anything about boys knows this to be true. The father is the boy's ideal of faultless and splendid manhood. He believes his father to be a little bit wiser, somewhat stronger, rather better looking, much better, and far more learned and truthful than other men. He goes to school and confronts his teacher on some disputed passage with a triumphant "My father says the book is wrong," and down go teacher and author in the confusion of exposed ignorance. "My father says so" proves anything for the loving boy. The father does not assume this attitude. The boy makes of him this ideal. Is the man, knowing his own poor acquisitions, his narrow limitations, his faulty character and imperfect life, to foster this ideal? There comes a day when the child, wise or foolish, knows his own father. Let the man then be honest with his boy. Let the boy understand that his father has not forgotten the days of his own youth. Let the boy feel that his father wants to be his close companion and friend as well as his counsellor and guardian.

EDITOR'S NOTE—"Before He is Twenty" will give in five articles the wisest suggestions on the five phases of a boy's life most perplexing to parents of boys before the age of twenty:

The Father and His Boy, . . . Robert J. Burdette
When He Decides, . . . Frances Hodgson Burnett
The Boy in the Office, . . . Edward W. Bok
His Evenings and Amusements, . . . Mrs. Burton Harrison
Looking Toward a Wife, . . . Mrs. Lyman Abbott

DON'T be a hypocrite before your boy. When he believes you to be infallible don't encourage the belief. Take him into your life as you desire to be taken into his. Don't tell him that when you were a boy you never gave your parents a moment's uneasiness, were never cross to your little sister, never disobeyed your teacher, never cruel to dumb animals, and always kept the Golden Rule. Be honest with him above all things. Don't be too dignified with him. The more he loves you, the more he lives in your arms, the more he plays with you and the less he fears you, the more profoundly will he respect you. Pity the man, who, in order to secure and retain proper respect from his children, has to wear at all times an uncomfortable veneer of artificial dignity.

YOU want him to be a man—it doesn't make so much difference whether he is a "gentleman" so-called, or not. But a man is a man the world over. Imagine Pilate leading the Man of Nazareth, thorn-crowned and robed in purple mockery, before the people, crying, "Behold the gentleman!" Fancy the "two men in white apparel" saying to the men who were to revolutionize government, and religion, and conduct, all over this whole world, "Ye gentlemen of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven?" Your boy shall be a man, and the model of his life you will help him to find in the manhood of the New Testament. Meekness of spirit, noble aspirations, a merciful disposition, gentleness, purity of heart, cleanliness of thought, chastity, right conduct, moderation in speech, generosity, magnanimity, forgiveness of wrongs, modesty, loyalty to duty, charity in judgment, practical wisdom—all these he will find in the Sermon on the Mount. All the cardinal principles, the sure foundations upon which pure, true manhood is builded, he will find in the teachings and the model of the New Testament. There is no other standard, no other model of faultless manhood.

TO what extent should license be given the boy in all matters mental and moral? Well, about as much license as it has been found safe to give the human race in general. Aristotle, who knew some things as well as others, if not better, says somewhere, "Now, the youthful in character are prone to desire and inclined to do anything they may have set their hearts upon." Be it far from the light-minded writer of this paper to make any attempt to improve upon Aristotle, but an amendment might be offered right here to the effect that there are some very stubborn old men in this world, and some aged people of both sexes who "are inclined to do anything they may have set their hearts upon." Liberty, or if you prefer, license, in too broad measure is good neither for boy nor man until he knows what to do with it. Grant him wide freedom within certain limits, under certain restrictions, the freedom, if you please, of the Garden of Eden. "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat." Don't make too many rules for him; make them the general principles of the ten commandments. It's terrible to be pelted with a fusillade of "don'ts" all day. Sometimes the boy wouldn't think of doing certain things if you didn't remind him that he mustn't. "Jack, run right over to the post-office with this letter and come straight home." "Yes, father." "And mind you don't go around by Pyle's mill where the Gladwyne boys are swimming, and don't go around behind Fisher's barn where the boys are playing ball." "No, father." And if Jack doesn't go to the mill and the barn it is because his obedience is far superior to his father's good sense. We multiply rules and commandments beyond the memory of a catalogue, which we expect a boy to remember after we have forgotten them. God wrote only ten commandments for a nation of grown-up people to obey, and they broke about half of them before they were promulgated, and went on forgetting the remainder all the rest of the time. If some of our modern fathers and mothers had written the Decalogue for their children it would have been written in ten chapters each of a hundred paragraphs; every paragraph would have begun with "don't," and every don't would have had an exclamation point after it.

A BOY leaves home in the morning burdened with more injunctions than a railroad fighting for a crossing, and naturally he forgets half of them before he gets to school, and the other half before the first forbidden game is played through. It isn't well to make a rule for him that you know perfectly well he will break, just as you broke it at his age every time it was laid upon you. "Now, don't run when you play and overheat yourself." You hear that in some, that is, in nearly all homes, every day as the boy starts to school. Feet of the dun deer! What live boy ever played without running? Make broad, comprehensive laws and few of them. He'll learn, with your help—he can't learn alone—to supply the details and to legislate under the constitution. Russia is the only great "paternal" government in the world which attempts to lay down a rule for the simplest actions of its subjects' lives. It is also, without question or exception, the worst government in the world.

HOW should a father enter into his son's religious life? Certainly as far as a minister should enter into the religious life of any member of his congregation, of any one whom he desires to lead in right paths. You can't teach a boy the principles of the purest and noblest manhood without teaching him religion. Teach him, by all means, that the great concern of his life is his relation to God; that religion is the great business of life; that this will go with him after his money is dross, his broad acres of fertile lands desolate desert, his family extinct, his name forgotten from the minds and faded out of the records of men; that it is the only thing that will go with him beyond the grave. Prepare him for the last lonely journey he will take as carefully, as thoughtfully, as earnestly as you help to get him ready for a trip to California, a voyage to Europe or his departure for college. You need not frighten him into religion; it is better not, because then you will have to keep him scared all the time to keep him in it. Lead him into it.

IT may be that you are an irreligious man. You may not care for what you call "this sort of thing" for yourself, but if you are an honest man you know it is a good thing for your boy. You may find something good for yourself while you are teaching him. Talk to him about these things naturally, as you talk about anything else—his studies, his plays, his companions. It isn't always well to appoint a set hour and place, calling him into your room with a countenance of such awful, woe-begone solemnity and a voice so sepulchral in its hollow intonation that the boy's first chilling fear is that his mother has fallen down dead, and his second, that he is going to get a most terrific thrashing for some of his many misdeeds, and he is so frightened that he can't think which one. Take him into your confidence; tell him of your own early aspirations, and fears, and hopes; your first thoughts upon religious questions; talk to him about your "experience" so that he can understand it without any of the half-intelligible cant of the average "experience meeting," in phrases which convey nothing to the boy, and which too often he thinks he is expected to imitate if he wants to "get religion." The best and sweetest religious teaching the boy gets is at his mother's knee. She lays the foundation for the building of a pure and noble character in the sweet old Bible stories, the tender psalms, the loving words of the Saviour, the exalting, uplifting sentiments of the epistles and the sublime strains of the old prophets. The pastor might shake his head doubtfully at her exegesis sometimes, but her teaching is tender, and loving and pure, and goes right to the heart of the child, and is the beginning of his religious life.

MANY men talk to their boys about religion—you know they do—as though they were half ashamed of it, and heave a sigh of relief when the topic is exhausted, or rather dies of inanition, and the conversation, turning into a lighter, frivolous channel, ripples along with all the gayety of the chatter and gossip in the rear carriage on the return from a funeral. This great question of your boy's religious life should be discussed as freely, and frequently, and frankly as the matter of his selection of a profession or business. And man, be sure of this, once your boy takes you into the fullest confidence of his religious life, tells you his temptations, his weaknesses, what he is striving for and what he is fighting against, bares his heart and his life to you almost as he opens it to God—you have a hold upon him, a knowledge and power to help him that nothing else in the world can give you. You know him then. How many men know their boys so well as strangers know them? How many things vitally important in his physical and moral life does a boy learn with brutal coarseness from vile men that he should have been taught with tender and careful wisdom by his father? What do you know about your boy? What do you know of the temptations which beset him, the temptations which are far greater and far more seductive than those of your own young days?

THE question of punishment—how best effected? Well—if the patient reader will pardon the unseemly intrusion of the capital "I" right here—I should say, looking at the question from my own point of view, that very often it is best effected by omitting it. Bear in mind, this is the view of a man who has known in his life very intimately in close, complete confidence, but two boys, himself and his own boy. And he doesn't believe in the rod at all. Beating isn't very good for horses; the best and most successful trainers use the whip very little or not at all, and it isn't a bit good for children. Boys must be punished sometimes, say many times, just as men and women have to be punished many times. But God doesn't beat us. Every time we lie He doesn't strike us with lightning; every time we break a commandment the earth does not yawn and swallow us up. His gentlest punishments are the heaviest. It wasn't a hot word of scathing and contemptuous rebuke that broke bad Peter's heart, that melted it into a fountain of burning tears; it was a loving, compassionate, pitying look. Fire and brimstone can't make a hell so hot and terrible as self-reproach, remorse, heart-deep penitence, sorrow for sin. We beat the boy, not often for his good, but because we are angry and want to beat somebody until the burst of anger is over. Then we are a busy people and whipping takes up less of our valuable time than any other mode of punishment. To reason with the boy, to talk it over with him calmly and lovingly would take an hour, maybe two hours. But you can whip him in three minutes. A man fighting, say at one hundred and fifty-two pounds, ought to be able to knock a nine-year-old boy out in the first round. You go on to your work nervous, half ashamed, irritable, your conscience, if it be not seared to callousness, lashing you with a whip of scorpions. And the boy goes his way, wrath and hate and contempt writhing in his heart born of the pain and ache on his smarting back. It is the punishment of the savage; it has been abolished from the navy and the army, and is retained only in Christian homes, and other homes not quite so Christian.

AND if whipping does very little good—mind, I don't admit that it does any—scolding, which is the next most popular mode of punishment, does absolutely no good whatever, under any circumstances. Not one particle. All the scolding in the world, from the dawn of creation down to the issue of this number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, never did one solitary bit of good. It makes people—boys, girls, women and men—nervous with anger; it irritates, annoys, frets and maddens them; drives boys away from home, and men to distraction, and that is about all it does. People say, "Well, see how your favorite grand old prophets scolded." Yes, they did, and some of them got sawed in two for it. And the people whom they scolded went on worse than ever. Besides, they scolded men who ought to know better; we are discussing the punishment of boys. Don't scold a boy. If you only knew of what he was thinking while you were scolding him you'd never do it again.

Of course, there must be punishment for offenses; punishment for the sake of discipline. The prohibitory law without the penal clause is of very little effect. But revenge isn't punishment. It is better by your example, by your helpful companionship, by your honest counsel, to keep the boy out of trouble than it is to whip him for getting into it. The more loving and forgiving your punishments the deeper will be their impression upon the heart of the boy. Be gentle and patient with him. His worst faults irritate you the most keenly because you know whence he inherits them. If you are going to make him a New Testament man, model yourself on the same lines. It was Elisha, the prophet, a good man, a holy man and a just man, who in righteous anger laid upon Gehazi the leprosy of Naaman that should "cleave unto him and unto his children forever," a punishment for covetousness and lying. But when the Man of Nazareth came into the world He laid His hand upon the leper and cleansed him with perfect healing and tender words. When you have made up your mind in about ten minutes or ten seconds that your boy needs a good sound whipping take about three days to think over it—a whipping will keep for a week—and then see if you can take a stick and beat him.

Robert J. Burdette.

Three months ago Mr. Edward W. Bok, the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, wrote an article entitled "The Young Man in Business," and it was published in "The Cosmopolitan Magazine." The article made such an impression upon business men as well as upon young men the country over, that, in response to a general request, it was reprinted in booklet form. This republication is now ready, and will be sent by mail for 10 cents, to any address, postage free, by writing to

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Philadelphia

POMONA'S TRAVELS

A Series of Letters to the Mistress of Rudder Grange from Her Former Hand-Maiden

By Frank R. Stockton

[With Illustrations by A. B. Frost]



ONE morning we left Porlock by a hill which, compared with the one we came into it by, was like the biggest pyramid of Egypt by the side of a haystack. I don't suppose in the whole civilized world there is a worse hill with a road on it than the one we went up by. I was glad we had to go up it instead of down it, though it was very hard to walk, pushing the tricycle, even when helped. I believe it would have taken away my breath and turned me dizzy even to take one step forward down such a hill and gaze into the dreadful depths below me, and yet they drive coaches and fairs down that hill. At the top of the hill is this notice: "To cyclers—this hill is dangerous." If I had thought of it I should have looked for the cyclers' graves at the bottom of it.

our supper at a long table with about twenty other people, just like a boarding-house. Some of their ways reminded me of the backwoods, and I suppose there is nothing more modern than backwoodsism, which naturally hasn't the least alloy of the past. When the people got through with their cups of coffee or tea, mostly the first, two women went around the table, one with a big bowl for us to lean back and empty our slops into, and the other with the tea or coffee to fill up the cups. A gentleman with a baldish head who was sitting oppo-

The reason I thought about this was that I had been reading about one of the mountains in Switzerland, which is one of the highest and most dangerous, and with the poorest view, where so many Alpine climbers have been killed that there is a little graveyard nearly full of their graves at the foot of the mountain. How they could walk through that graveyard and read the inscriptions on the tombstones and then go and climb that mountain is more than I can imagine.

In walking up this hill, and thinking that it might have been in front of me when my tricycle ran away, I could not keep my mind away from the little graveyard at the foot of the Swiss mountain.

LETTER NO. XI

CHEDCOMBE, SOMERSETSHIRE.

ON the third day of our cycle trip we journeyed along a lofty road with the wild moor on one side and the tossing sea on the other, and at night reached Lynton. It is a little town on a jutting crag, and far down below it on the edge of the sea was another town named Lynmouth, and there is a car with a wire rope to it, like an elevator, which they call The Lift, which takes people up and down from one town to another.

Here we stopped at a house very different from the Ship Inn, for it looked as if it had been built the day before yesterday. Everything was new and shiny, and we had



"In an instant I was free"



"If you was a man I'd break your head"

site us, began to be sociable as soon as he heard us speak to the waiters, and asked questions about America. After he got through with about a dozen of them he said:

"Is it true, as I have heard, that what you call native-born Americans deteriorate in the third generation?"

I had been answering most of the questions, but now Jone spoke up quick. "That depends," says he, "on their original blood. When Americans are descended from Englishmen they steadily improve generation after generation." The baldish man smiled at this, and said there was nothing like having good blood for a foundation. But Mr. Poplington laughed and said to me that Jone had served him right.

The country about Lynton is wonderfully beautiful with rocks and valleys, and velvet lawns running into the sea, and woods and ancestral mansions, and we spent the day seeing all this, and also going down to Lynmouth, where the little ships lie high and dry on the sand when the tide goes out, and the carts drive up to them and put goods on board, and when the tide rises the ships sail away, which is very convenient.

I wanted to keep on along the coast but the others didn't and the next morning we started back to Chedcombe by a round-about way so that we might see Exmoor and the country where Lorna Doone and John Ridd cut up their didos. I must say I liked the story a good deal better before I saw the country where the things happened. The mind of man is capable of soarings which Nature weakens at when she sees what she is called upon to do. If you want a real, first-class, tooth-on-edge Doone valley, the place to look for it is in the book. We went rolling along on the smooth, hard roads, which are just as good here as if they was in London, and all

around us was stretched out the wild and desolate moors, with the wind screaming and whistling over the heather nearly tearing the clothes off our backs, while the rain beat down on us with a steady pelting, and the ragged sheep stopped to look at us as if we was three witches and they was Macbeths.

The very thought that I was out in a wild storm on a desolate moor filled my soul with a sort of triumph, and I worked my tricycle as if I was spurring my steed to battle. The only thing that troubled me was the thought that if the water that poured off my mackintosh that day could have run into our cistern at home, it would have been a glorious good thing. Jone did not like the fierce blast and the inspiring rain, but I knew he'd stand it as long as Mr. Poplington did, and so I was content, although if we had been overtaken by a covered wagon I should have trembled for the result.

That night we stopped in the little village of Simonsbath at Somebody's Arms. After dinner Mr. Poplington, who knew some people in the place, went out, but Jone and me went to bed as quick as we could for we was tired. The next morning we was wakened by a tremendous pounding at the door. I didn't know what to make of it for it was too early and too loud for hot water, but we heard Mr. Poplington calling to us and Jone jumped up to see what he wanted.

"Get up," said he, "if you want to see a sight that you never saw before. We'll start off immediately and breakfast at Exford." The hope of seeing a sight was enough to make me bounce at any time, and I never dressed or packed a bag quicker than I did that morning, and Jone wasn't far behind me.

When we got down-stairs we found our cycles waiting ready at the door, together

When we got to Exford we left our cycles at the inn and followed Mr. Poplington to the hunting stables, which are near by. I had not gone a dozen steps from the door before I heard a great barking, and the next minute there came around the corner a pack of hounds. They crossed the bridge over the little river and then they stopped. We went up to them, and while Mr. Poplington talked to the men the whole of that pack of hounds gathered about us as gentle as lambs. They were good big dogs, white and brown. The head huntsman who had them in charge told me there was thirty couple of them, and I thought that sixty dogs was pretty heavy odds against one deer. Then they moved off as orderly as if they had been children in a kindergarten, and we went to the stables and saw the horses, and then the master of the hounds and a good many other gentlemen in red coats, in all sorts of traps, rode up, and their hunters were saddled, and the dogs barked and the men cracked their whips to keep them together, and there was a bustle and liveliness to a degree I can't write about, and Jone and I never thought about going in to breakfast until all those horses, some led and some ridden, and the men and the hounds and even the dust from their feet had disappeared.

I wanted to go see the hunt start off but Mr. Poplington said it was two or three miles distant and out of our way, and that we'd better move on as soon as possible so as to reach Chedcombe that night, but he was glad, he said, that we had had a chance to see the hounds and the horses.

As for himself I could see he was a little down in the mouth for he said he was very fond of hunting, and that if he had known of this meet he would have been there with a horse and his hunting clothes. I think he hoped somebody would lend him a horse, but nobody did, and not being able to hunt himself he disliked seeing other people doing what he could not. Of course Jone and me could not go to the hunt by ourselves, so after we'd had our tea and toast and bacon we started off. I will say here that when I was at the Ship Inn I had tea for my breakfast, for I couldn't bring my mind to order coffee, a drink the Saxons must never have heard of, in such a place, and since that we have been drinking it because Jone said there was no use fighting against established drinks, and that anyway he thought good tea was better than bad coffee.

LETTER NO. XII

CHEDCOMBE.

AS I said in my last letter we started out for Chedcombe, not abreast, as we had been before, but strung along the road, and me and Mr. Poplington pretty doleful, being disappointed and not wanting to talk. But as for Jone he seemed livelier than ever and whistled a lot of tunes he didn't know. I think it always makes him lively to get rid of seeing sights.

The sun was shining brightly and there was no reason to expect rain for two or three hours anyway, and the country we passed through was so fine, with hardly any houses, and with great hills and woods, and sometimes valleys far below the road, with streams rushing and bubbling that after a while I began to feel better, and I pricked up my tricycle, and of course,



"I'm a Home Ruler"

being followed by Jone, we left Mr. Poplington, whose melancholy seemed to have gotten into his legs, a good way behind.

We must have traveled two or three hours when all of a sudden I heard a noise afar and I drew up and listened. The noise was the barking of dogs and it seemed to come from a piece of woods on the other side of the field which lay to the right of the road. The next instant something shot out from under the trees and began going over the field in ten-foot hops. I sat staring without understanding, but when I saw a lot of brown and white spots bounce out of the wood, and saw a long way back in the open field two red-coated men on horseback, the truth flashed upon me that this was the hunt. The creature in front was the stag who had chosen to come this way, and the dogs and the horses were after him and I was here to see it all.

Almost before I got this all straight in my mind the deer was nearly opposite me on the other side of the field, going the same way that we were. In a second I clapped spurs into my tricycle and was off. In front of me was a long stretch of down grade, and over this I went as fast as I could work my pedals, no brakes or holding back for me. My blood was up for I was actually in a deer hunt, and to my amazement and wild delight I found I was keeping up with the deer. I was going faster than the men on horseback.

"Hi! Hi!" I shouted, and down I went with one eye on the deer and the other on the road, every atom of my body tingling with fiery excitement. When I began to go up the little slope ahead I heard Jone puffing behind me.

"You will break your neck," he shouted, "if you go down hill that way," and getting close up to me he fastened his cord to my tricycle. But I paid no attention to him or his advice.

"The stag! The stag!" I cried. "As long as he keeps near the road we can follow him! Hi!" And having got up to the top of the next hill I made ready to go down as fast as I had gone before, for we had fallen back a little and the stag was now getting ahead of us, but it made me gnash my teeth to find that I could not go fast for Jone held back with all his force (and both feet on the ground, I expect) and I could not get on at all.

"Let go of me," I cried, "we shall lose the stag. Stop holding back." But it wasn't any use; Jone's heels must have been nearly rubbed off but he held back like a good fellow and I seemed to be moving along no faster than a worm. I could not stand this; my blood boiled and bubbled; the deer was getting away from me and if it had been Porlock Hill in front of me I would have dashed on, not caring whether the road was steep or level.

A thought flashed across my mind and I clapped my hand into my pocket and jerked out a pair of scissors. In an instant I was free. The world and the stag was before me and I was flying along with a tornado-like swiftness that soon brought me abreast of the deer. This perfectly splendid, bounding creature was not far away from me on the other side of the hedge, and as the field was higher than the road I could see him perfectly. His legs worked so regular and springy, except when he came to a cross hedge, which he went over with a single clip and came down like India rubber on the other side, that one might have thought he was measuring the grass and keeping an account of his jumps in his head.

For one instant I looked around for the hounds and I saw there was not more than half a dozen following him, and I could only see the two hunters I had seen before, and these were still a good way back. As for Jone I couldn't hear him at all and he must have been left far behind. There was still the woods on the other side, and the deer seemed to run to keep away from that and to cross the road, and he came nearer and nearer until I fancied he kept an eye on me as if he was wondering if I was of any consequence, and if I could hinder him from crossing the road and getting away into the valley below where there was a regular wilderness of woods and underbrush.

If he does that, I thought, he will be gone in a minute and I shall lose him and the hunt will be over. And for fear he would make for the hedge and jump over it, not minding me, I jerked out my handkerchief and shook it at him. You can't imagine how this frightened him. He turned sharp to the right, dashed up the hill, cleared a hedge and was gone. I gave a gasp and a scream as I saw him disappear. I believe I cried, but I didn't stop, and glad I was that I didn't, for in less than a minute I had come to a cross lane which led in the very direction the deer had taken. I turned into this lane and went on as fast as I could and I soon found that it led through a thick wood. Down in the hollow, which I could not see into, I heard a barking and shouting, and I kept on just as fast as I could make that tricycle go. Where the lane led to or what I should ever come to I didn't think about. I was hunting a stag and all I cared for was to feel my tricycle bounding beneath me.

I may have gone a half a mile or two miles—I have not an idea how far it was—when suddenly I came to a place where

there was green grass and rocks in an opening in the woods, and what a sight I saw! There was that beautiful, grand, red deer half down on his knees and perfectly quiet, and there was one of the men in red coats coming toward him with a great knife in his hand, and a little further back was three or four dogs with another man still on horseback whipping them to keep them back, though they seemed willing enough to lie there with their tongues out, panting. As the man with the knife came up to the deer the poor creature raised its eyes to him and didn't seem to mind whether he came or not. It was trembling all over and fairly tired to death. When the man got near enough he took hold of one of the deer's horns and lifted up his hand with the knife in it, but he didn't bring it down on that deer's throat, I can tell you, madam, for I was there and had him by the arm.

He turned on me as if he had been struck by lightning:

"What do you mean?" he shouted. "Let go my arm."

"Don't you touch that deer," said I—my voice was so husky I could hardly speak—"don't you see it's surrendered? Can you have the heart to cut that beautiful throat when he is pleading for mercy?" The man's eyes looked as if they would burst out of his head. He gave me a pull and a push as if he would stick the knife into me and he actually swore at me, but I didn't mind that.

"You have got that poor creature now," said I, "and that's enough. Keep it and tame it and bring it up with your children." I didn't have time to say anything more, and he didn't have time to answer, for two of the dogs who had got a little of their wind back sprang up and made a jump at the stag, and he, having got a little of his wind back, jerked his horn out of the hand of the man, and giving a sort of side spring backward among the bushes and rocks, away he went, the dogs after him.

The man with the knife rushed out into the lane, and so did I, and so did the man on horseback, almost on top of me. On the other side of the lane was a little gorge with rocks and trees and water at the bottom of it, and I was just in time to see the stag spring over the lane and drop out of sight among the rocks and the moss and the vines.

The man stood and swore at me regardless of my sex, so violent was his rage.

"If you was a man I'd break your head," he yelled.

"I'm glad I'm not," said I, "for I wouldn't want my head broken. But what troubles me is that I'm afraid that deer has broken his legs or hurt himself some way for I never saw anything drop on rocks in such a reckless manner, and the poor thing so tired." The man swore again and said something about wishing somebody else's legs had been broken, and then he shouted to the man on horseback to call off the dogs, which was of no use for he was doing it already. Then he turned on me again.

"You are an American," he shouted. "I might have known that. No English woman would ever have done such a beastly thing as that."

"You're mistaken there," I said, "there isn't a true English woman that lives who would not have done the same thing. Your mother—"

"Confound my mother," yelled the man.

"All right," said I, "that's all in your family and none of my business." Then he went off raging to where he had left his horse by a gate-post.

The other man, who was a good deal younger and more friendly, came up to me and said that he wouldn't like to be in my boots for I had spoiled a pretty piece of sport, and then he went on and told me that it had been a bad hunt, for instead of starting only one stag, three or four of them had been started and they had had a bad time, for the hounds and the hunters had been mixed up in a nasty way. And at last when the master of the hounds and most every one else had gone off over Dunkery Hill, and he didn't know whether they was after two stags or one, he and his mate, who was both whippers-in, had gone to turn part of the pack that had broken away, and had found that these dogs was after another stag, and so before they knew it they was in a hunt of their own, and they would have killed that stag if it had not been for me, and he said it was hard on his mate for he knew he had it in mind that he was going to kill the only stag of the day.

He went on to say that as for himself he wasn't so sorry, for this was Sir Skiddy Henchball's land, and when a stag was killed it belonged to the man whose land it died on. He told me that the master of the hunt gets the head and the antlers, and the huntsman some other part, which I forget, but the owner of the land, no matter whether he's in the hunt or not, gets the body of the stag. "There's a cottage not a mile down this lane," said he, "with its thatch torn off, and my sister and her children lived there, and Sir Skiddy turned them out on account of the rent and so I'm glad the old skinflint didn't get the venison." And then he went off, being called by the other man.

I didn't know what time it was but it seemed as if it must be getting on into the

afternoon, and feeling that my deer hunt was over I thought I had better lose no time hunting up Jone, so I followed on after the men and the dogs, who was going to the main road, but keeping a little back of them though, for I didn't know what the older one might do if he happened to turn and see me.

I was sure that Jone had passed the little lane without seeing it, so I kept on the way we had been going and got up all the speed I could, though I must say I was dreadfully tired and even trembling a little, for while I had been stag hunting I was so excited I didn't know how much work I was doing. There was sign posts enough to tell me the way to Chedcombe, and so I kept straight on, up hill and down hill, until at last I saw a man ahead on a bicycle, which I soon knew to be Mr. Poplington. He was surprised enough at seeing me, and told me my husband had gone ahead. I didn't explain anything and it wasn't until we got nearly to Chedcombe that we met Jone. He had been to Chedcombe, and was coming back.

Jone is a good fellow but he's got a will of his own and he said that this would be the end of my tricycle riding, and that the next time we went out together on wheels he'd drive. I didn't tell him anything about the stag hunt then for he seemed to be in favor of doing all the talking himself, but after dinner, when we was all settled down quiet and comfortable, I told him and Mr. Poplington the story of the chase, and they both laughed, Mr. Poplington the most.

LETTER NO. XIII

CHEDCOMBE, SOMERSETSHIRE.

IT is now about a week since my stag hunt and Jone and I have kept pretty quiet, taking short walks and doing a good deal of reading in our garden whenever the sun shines into the little arbor there, and Mr. Poplington spends most of his time fishing. He works very hard at this, partly for the sake of his conscience, I think, for his bicycle trip made him lose three or four days he had taken a license for.

It was day before yesterday that rheumatism showed itself certain and plain in Jone. I had been thinking that perhaps I might have it first, but it wasn't so, and it began in Jone, which, though I don't want you to think me hard-hearted, madam, was perhaps better, for if it had not been for it it might have been hard to get him out of this comfortable little cottage, where he'd be perfectly content to stay until it was time for us to sail for America. The beautiful greenness which spreads over the fields and hills, and not only the leaves of trees and vines, but down and around trunks and branches, is charming to look at and never to be forgotten, but when this moist greenness spreads itself to one's bones, especially when it creeps up to the parts that work together, then the soul of man longs for less picturesqueness and more easy-going joints. Jone says the English take their climate as they do their whisky, and he calls it climate and water, with a very little of the first and a good deal of the other.

Of course, we must now leave Chedcombe, and when we talked to Mr. Poplington about it he said there was two places the English went to for their rheumatism. One was Bath, not far from here, and the other was Buxton, up in the north. As soon as I heard of Bath I was on pins and needles to go there, for in all the novel-reading I've done, which has been getting better and better in quality since the days when I used to read dime novels on the canal-boat up to now when I like the best there is, I could not help knowing lots about Evelina and Beau Brummel, and the Pump Room, and the fine ladies and young bucks, and it would have joyed my soul to live and move where all these people had been and where all these things had happened, even if fictitiously.

But Mr. Poplington came down like a shower on my notions and said that Bath was very warm, and was the place where everybody went for their rheumatism in winter, but that Buxton was the place for the summer because it was on high land and cool. This cast me down a good deal, for if we could have gone where I could have steeped my soul in romanticism, and at the same time Jone could have steeped himself in warm mineral water, there would not have been any time lost and both of us would have been happier. But Mr. Poplington stuck to it that it would ruin anybody's constitution to go to such a hot place in August and so I had to give it up.

So-to-morrow we start for Buxton, which, from what I can make out, must be a sort of invalid picnic ground. I always did hate diseases and ailments, even of the mildest, when they go in caravan. I like to take people's sicknesses separate, because then I feel I might do something to help, but when they are bunched I feel as if it was sort of mean for me to go about cheerful and singing when other people was all grunting.

But we are not going straight to Buxton. As I have often said, Jone is a good fellow, and he told me last night if there was any bit of fancy scenery I'd like to stop at on the way to the romantic refuge he'd be glad to give me the chance, because he

didn't suppose it would matter much if he put off his hot soaks for a few days. It didn't take me long to name a place I'd like to stop at, for most of my reading lately has been in the guide books, and I had crammed myself with the descriptions of places worth seeing that would take us at least two years to look at, so I said I would like to go to the River Wye, which is said to be the most romantic stream in England, and when that is said enough is said for me, so Jone agreed and we are going to do the Wye on our way north.

There is going to be an election here in a few days and this morning Jone and me hobbled into the village, that is, he hobbled in body and I did in mind to think of his going along that way like a creaky wheelbarrow.

Everybody was agog about the election, and we was looking at some placards posted against a wall when Mr. Locky, the inn-keeper, came along, and after bidding us good-morning, he asked Jone what party he belonged to. "I'm a Home Ruler," said Jone, "especially in the matter of tricycles." Mr. Locky didn't understand the last part of this speech, but I did, and he said, "I am glad you are not a Tory, sir. If you will read that you will see what the Tory party has done for us," and he pointed out some lines at the bottom of a green placard, and these was the words: "Remember it was the Tory party that lost us the United States of America."

"Well," said Jone, "that seems like going a long way off to get some stones to throw at the Tories, but I feel inclined to heave a rock at them myself for the injury that party has done to America."

"To America!" said Mr. Locky. "Did the Tories ever harm America?"

"Of course they did," said Jone; "they lost us England, a very valuable country indeed, and a great loss to any nation. If it had not been for the Tory party Mr. Gladstone might now be in Washington as a senator for Middlesex."

Mr. Locky didn't understand one word of this, and so he asked Jone which leg his rheumatism was in, and when Jone told him it was his left leg he said it was a very curious thing, but if you would take a hundred men in Chedcombe there would be at least sixty with rheumatism in the left leg and perhaps not more than twenty with it in their right, which was something the doctors never had explained yet.

It is awfully hard to go away and leave this lovely little cottage with its roses and vines and Miss Ponder, and all its sweet-smelling comforts, and not only the cottage, but the village and Mrs. Locky and her husband at the Bordley Arms, who couldn't have been kinder to us and more anxious to know what we wanted and what they could do. The fact is that when English people do like Americans they go at it with just as much vim and earnestness as if they was helping Britannia to rule more waves.

(Continuation in May JOURNAL)

A STRANGE FEMININE ORNAMENT

By W. P. POND



ROBABLY the strangest feminine adornment in the world is the garter of the Guianans of South America. The Caribs are one of the five tribes inhabiting that country, and are a fine race of people. The women are intelligent and not uncivil. They wear very little clothing, and so, as is usual in such cases, they devote great pains to what they consider the highest decoration of their bodies and limbs. The garter, or *sapuru* as they call it, is an ornament that can well be entered into a competition for ugliness with the compressed foot of China, or the wasp-like waist of a society belle. While the Carib girl is still young and her limbs have not attained their full development, a band of rattan is bound tightly just under the knee, and another is similarly placed just above the ankle. To give them an ornamental appearance they are dyed with a bright red dye obtained from berries, but they are, in fact, an instrument of torture beside which tight shoes pale in envy, and a twisted hairpin becomes a luxury. Deprived of its natural powers of extension, the limb has to expand as it can, and the consequence is that it is obliged to develop itself in the comparatively narrow space between the two bandages. To obtain a correct idea of the accurate shape of the leg of a Carib belle, when the *sapuru* is complete, take an ordinary broomstick, eighteen inches long, and push it through the middle of a small Stilton cheese. The cylindrical shape of the cheese represents the shapeless calf of the leg, and the broomstick the attenuated part immediately above and below, where the bandages have cut and compressed the flesh. Wrap the stick round with red bandages, and trace blue varicose veins on the cheese, and the semblance is complete. The Carib women are inordinately fond of the *sapuru*, and those who do not wear it are treated with even greater scorn and contumely by her own sex than is the Chinese woman who does not wear the "golden lilies."

THE DANGEROUS GUEST

BY EMMA CARLETON

"ART thou within?" She heard the cry—
Ran to the door, like any stupid,
And drew the bolt, then turned to fly—
For lo! the messenger was Cupid.



*XXX—MRS. EDWARD S. WILLARD

BY ARTHUR WARREN

HE celebrated English actor, Mr. Edward S. Willard, is the fortunate husband of a charming wife. Were it not for the exhausting demands of constant travel over the long reaches of theatrical routes in the United States Mrs. Willard would accompany her husband as an interested spectator of his triumphal progresses on this side of the Atlantic. She tried it once, but the American weather, the long jour-



MRS. EDWARD S. WILLARD

neys, the "living in trunks," and the continual excitement were too much for her, and she decided to return to her snug little home in London. Mrs. Willard is a dainty and rather delicate little woman. "Little," I say, because, although Mrs. Willard has about the average stature of womankind, her daintiness and charm suggest the diminutive phrase. The wife of the famous actor is slender and very graceful. She has an oval face, large, lustrous brown eyes, wavy dark hair that would doubtless curl if it were permitted to do so, a rare, soft voice, and a precision of utterance which shows you that the gentle lady has been accustomed to public speaking. Mrs. Willard was formerly an actress but she retired from the stage some years ago.

Mrs. Edward S. Willard's maiden name was Emily Waters. She was born at Woolwich, in Kent, where her father had a position in the Government Arsenal. Mrs. Willard has English, Jewish and Welsh blood in her veins, and if such a combination had not resulted in an artistic temperament the believers in hereditary principles might reasonably express astonishment. As a girl she loved the country and the town was her aversion, and yet, by an

*A series of pen-portraits of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men" was commenced in the January, 1891, JOURNAL. The following, each accompanied with portrait, have been printed:

Mrs. THOMAS A. EDISON	January, 1891
Mrs. P. T. BARNUM	February, "
Mrs. W. E. GLADSTONE	March, "
Mrs. T. DE WITT TALMAGE	April, "
Mrs. CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW	May, "
LADY MACDONALD	June, "
Mrs. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS	July, "
LADY TENNYSON	August, "
Mrs. WILL CARLETON	September, "
Mrs. WILLIAM MCKINLEY	October, "
Mrs. MAX O'RELL	November, "
THE PRINCESS BISMARCK	December, "
Mrs. JOHN WANAMAKER	January, 1892
Mrs. LELAND STANFORD	February, "
Mrs. CHARLES H. SPURGEON	March, "
Mrs. EUGENE FIELD	April, "
Mrs. JOHN J. INGALLS	May, "
MADAME VICTORIE SARDOU	June, "
Mrs. EDWARD BELLAMY	July, "
Mrs. WILLIAM M. EVARTS	August, "
MADAME ALEXANDRE DUMAS	September, "
Mrs. OSCAR WILDE	October, "
MADAME JULES VERNE	November, "
Mrs. GEORGE M. PULLMAN	December, "
Mrs. JAMES G. BLAINE	January, 1893
Mrs. LEVI P. MORTON	February, "
Mrs. H. RIDER HAGGARD	March, "
THE WIFE OF COUNT TOLSTOI	April, "
Mrs. MARION CRAWFORD	May, "

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odd chance, she came to relinquish country life and take up not only with town life, but with that phase of it which is at the farthest remove from the fresh air of the fields and the sea—the theatre. She had been brought up to face the fact that as she emerged from her teens she would have to earn her living. So one morning when she saw in a newspaper an advertisement stating that two young ladies were wanted as "juveniles," and that applicants might apply to a certain theatrical agent in Garrick Street, she went straightway to London—half an hour distant by rail—without disclosing her mission or her destination to her relatives. She knew so little of London that she took a cab from Charing Cross Station to Garrick Street, only a few steps distant. She knew equally little about the stage. She had seen one or two plays, but of the life of the theatre she was entirely ignorant.

The agent introduced her to "his client," who was in an inner office.

"Mr. Sothorn, this is Miss Waters, who comes in reply to your advertisement for a juvenile lady."

Miss Waters had not the remotest notion who Mr. Sothorn might be. She had never heard his name, so the fact that she, a complete novice, was seeking an engagement from one of the most famous actors of the time did not disturb her in the least.

Mr. Sothorn enjoyed his unaccustomed obscurity. He was most gracious and courtly. He assured the young lady that, although she had reached the mature age of seventeen she was not too old to play "juvenile," but he feared that her total lack of experience would not justify him in offering her an engagement.

Next to acting, Sothorn's chief fondness was for practical joking. This affair was one of his pleasantries. He had issued the advertisement in order to see how many "impossible" young women were convinced of their dramatic genius. But he was kind-hearted into the bargain, and he saw that Miss Waters' case differed from the ordinary run of applications of the stage-struck. The young lady returned home that afternoon. The next morning's mail brought to her parents a letter in which Mr. Sothorn inquired if Miss Emily had their consent to her proposed theatrical career. The parents were

as astonished and indignant as parents usually are at such requests. But Miss Emily held her ground, and the upshot of it was that she went upon the stage with the consent of her parents. Mr. Sothorn had no place for her, but he gave her a letter of introduction to his friend Mr. Wybert Reeve, who had a theatre in the delightful seaside town of Scarborough—the Newport of England—and Mr. Reeve offered the young girl a trial at a salary of twenty-eight shillings per week (seven dollars). Miss Waters remained in the company for three or four seasons. It was there that she met Mr. Willard, a clever young actor. Fate having introduced these young people was gracious enough to permit them to act together for three or four years, with the exception of a single season. Before the end of that period the young artists had fallen in love, and by the end of it they were married. Eight or nine years passed before Mr. Willard appeared in London and sprang into metropolitan fame in a single night. But during all that time the young couple acted together.

The London home of the Willards is a pretty little place in St. John's Wood. It is the snuggest of retreats, and Mrs. Willard's exquisite taste is shown in every nook and corner of it. The colors of the house are of the softest hues, and the furniture is carved oak, for which the delightful lady has an immense regard. There are many artistic treasures in the house, and good books, too, and interesting relics of great players. Mrs. Willard has already produced two or three little plays which have been seen on the London stage, and she is at present engaged on a couple of volumes of fairy tales. Several of her stories of this nature have been published. Her *nom de plume* is "Rachel Penn"—Penn because she is a descendant of the founder of the Quaker colony of Pennsylvania, and Rachel because that is her favorite among feminine names—so great a favorite, indeed, that she seldom uses her baptismal name, even preferring that her friends should call her by the assumed one, and she generally signs her correspondence "Rachel Willard." Mrs. Willard has no children, so she devotes all her time to her little plays and her fairy tales. She is active, also, in charitable work, and is now organizing a society for the maintenance of a score of hospital beds for needy actors.

THISTLEDOWN

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

SET loose from summer's churlish hand,
All day they pass my door;
White voyagers to no man's land,
To ports without a shore.



*XII—MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BY ALICE GRAHAM MCCOLLIN

WHEN the literary history of the last quarter of the nineteenth century is written the debt which the reading world owes to the wife of Robert Louis Stevenson will be realized, and the gratitude and honor which are hers by right of action, accorded.

At the time of her marriage to Mr. Stevenson the chronic ill-health, which had attended the novelist throughout his early life and manhood, and to which there are pathetic references in his "Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey," had culminated in an attack which threatened to measure his life by days, instead of by years. Wife, nurse and physician in one, Mrs. Stevenson carried her husband through the impending illness, and by patient and unremitting effort held illness at bay for several dreary years.

California, Southern France, the Adirondacks were each and all tried, and each, in turn, gave temporary health to the invalid. A happy chance and the desire of a lifetime turned Mr. Stevenson to the South Seas. There, in Samoa, he has found health, but it is none too much to say that all which the novelist has added to letters during the last ten years has been the fruit and harvest of Mrs. Stevenson's protecting care, and of her remarkable natural skill as nurse and physician.

It is not only as mere nurse that Mrs. Stevenson has shared the life and ministered to the wants of her husband's many-sided genius. Her name stands with his on the title page of "The Dynamiters," and her pen shared with his the writing of "Prince Otto." She has contributed quite extensively, since her marriage, to a number of English and American periodicals, and in earlier years as Fanny Van de Grift she acquired an enviable reputation for cleverness with her pen.

Her style in writing is clear, her use of words accurate and forcible, and her presentation of her subject always direct and comprehensible.

In some especially interesting articles recently published in an English magazine on "Life in the South Sea Islands" Mrs. Stevenson extols the comfortable luxury of the native costume. She makes personal practice of her sermon, and wears in her island home the native *holaku* and *mumu*, and walks with free foot untrammelled by stocking or shoe. The *mumu* is an ordinary combination undergarment, with a deep flounce at the bottom; the *holaku* an outer garment of the pattern and general style of the "Mother Hubbard." If in this trying costume Mrs. Stevenson is piquant and attractive it is because in person and personality she possesses unusual and individual charm.

She is quite small and has dark eyes, hair and complexion. Her figure is graceful and extremely quick in action, a nervous restlessness characterizing her every movement. Her hands are beautiful enough to betray discreet friends into indiscreet praise. In their formation they are as nearly perfect as in capability and usefulness they are active.

Mrs. Stevenson paints with considerable skill; writes, as has been said, with more than usual ability; is a clever botanist

*In the series of "Faces We Seldom See" the following sketches, each accompanied with portrait, have been printed:

KATE GREENAWAY	February, 1892
ALICE FREEMAN PALMER	May, "
"THE DUCHESS"	October, "
THE PERSONALITY OF "PANSY"	November, "
Mrs. BAYARD TAYLOR	February, 1893
MADAME CARNOT	March, "
AUTHOR OF THE "ELSIE" BOOKS	April, "
Mrs. PATTERSON	September, "
Mrs. STONEWALL JACKSON	October, "
SHERIDAN'S GIRL OF WINCHESTER	December, "
PRESIDENT TYLER'S DAUGHTER	March, 1894

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and practical gardener, and an amateur engineer of practical capacity. As a house-keeper her ability in the culinary department stands her in good stead when native cooks are ignorant and imported ones unattainable.

It is, however, as nurse and physician that Mrs. Stevenson's greatest capacity is proven. Her care of the novelist, and his restoration to something approaching health under her ministrations, would give her a record if there were no other feats to chronicle. But there are several, the most recent being the fact that she, with only the assistance of two members of her household, nursed twenty of the Samoan natives through a severe epidemic of measles. The local practitioner, finding it impossible to attend to all of his professional duties during the epidemic, left the care of these people entirely to Mrs. Stevenson, and so efficacious was her treatment that all of the patients made a good recovery, though the cases were severe and two of them very serious.

When her medical ability and interest are remembered it will not be a matter of surprise that her favorite current reading matter is the "Lancet," the great English medical periodical. This, with the "Kew Garden's Bulletin," a botanical magazine, fills her spare moments. She rides and rows with more than feminine skill.

Mrs. Stevenson is possessed of a mag-



MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

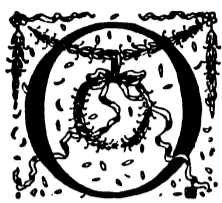
netic personality of such force and originality that her influence over the native population about her home and over her servants is a matter of amusement and interest to herself and her family. She possesses a peculiar faculty or ability to discern or read the not over-abstruse thoughts and minds of the simple Apians, and is looked upon as a being of more than human intelligence by them. Requests that she will "read the breasts" of her servants and followers are as numerous as the faith which inspires them is sincere.

"Vailima," which is Samoan for "fine waters," is the name which the Stevensons have given to their beautiful home in Apia. Four miles from the beach, and six hundred feet above the sea level a clearing was made among the trees, and the house, a rambling two-story structure, painted dark gray and with a red roof, was erected. Roomy and comfortable porches encircle both stories of the house, and from the upper, looking northward, can be seen the "fine waters" of the Pacific. At the back are the green slopes of the Apian Mountains. There is no driveway to "Vailima" from the town, the house being accessible only to foot passengers or to those mounted on the sure-footed native horses. All the supplies are brought to the house in panniers strapped to the horses' backs.

In this far-away island, amid surroundings as weird as any described in the most romantic of Mr. Stevenson's novels, this clever, capable woman has by her determination, ability and effort made a home of health and comfort, of uninterrupted work and leisure hours. Here, for her renunciation of the pleasures and luxuries of civilization, she has found her reward in the love and companionship of those dearest to her, in the return to strength and health of her husband, in the knowledge that, through her care, a life of infinite value to the world of English speech has been lengthened by many fruitful years, filled with its best work. To a woman capable of any self-sacrifice these things would be recompense sufficient; for Mrs. Stevenson they fill the cup of life to overflowing. Once again, wisdom is seen to be justified of her children, the woman who writes is seen to be also the woman of unlimited abilities and accomplishments, and the fruition of her work of the greatest value to mankind.

AMERICAN MISTAKES ABOUT FRENCH WOMEN

By Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc)



NE of the most absurd of modern misunderstandings relates to the ideas which French and American women have of each other. In Paris we are apt to form an opinion from the glimpses we have of a very worldly and elegant colony which seems bent wholly upon pleasure, and where oftentimes the head of a family is missing from a household composed entirely of the feminine element. The general opinion of these birds of passage, whom after all every one admires, is this, which was lately expressed to me by a dressmaker: "What," said she, "would become of business without our American customers? They can wear everything, and everything becomes them. They never find anything too expensive. Their husbands must be very amiable, but one never sees them."

TO excuse any eccentricity it is enough to say, "She is an American," and in certain circles of French society to say the words, "She has been brought up à l'Américaine," does not imply that a girl has the best of manners.

If those who only know the migratory American residents of the *Quartier de l'Etoile* were told about the ladies of Boston, New York or Philadelphia, permeated as they are more than any ladies in the world with a public spirit which makes them undertake much serious work, cultivated as no others are, irreproachable as to their good breeding, they would feel a sort of surprise. This would not, however, be greater than the surprises I, myself, have had since my arrival on this side of the Atlantic in hearing reproaches flung against my own country-women.

All that I read, all that I detect in conversation, however veiled by politeness, leaves me with the impression that all responsibility for French immorality is put almost wholly to the account of French women. They are reputed ignorant and frivolous, often *dévotés*, but in a way that does not imply sound principles, in one word as mediocre morally as they are superficially attractive. More than this, the latest judgment passed upon them by an observer, very friendly and discerning in other respects toward France, refuses them any other beauty than that of gait and figure. We have, if the author of "French Traits" is to be believed, small eyes, ill-shaped feet, perhaps a little less large than those of the English. We are said to paint our faces very early, we dye our hair in the uniform brownish color, and we have, as soon as we are done with childhood, a single idea in our heads, that of marriage. When we cry out against such accusations, some people argue: "But your own writers are severe upon you from a much worse point of view. Literature gives undoubtedly the reflection of morals; you discover immediately when you read of us Americans a very wholesome moral condition. On the contrary, what do we see in your novels or on your stage? Always the same subject, which we loathe, treated over and over again in all its different aspects: the faithlessness of the husband, the misbehavior of the wife, all coming apparently from a conception of marriage which no intelligent girl ought to accept."

TO this we might answer: "Are you quite sure that you select among French books those which are most like your own in their choice of subjects? No, for those do not tempt your curiosity. It is agreed that wicked books may be had in France. France produces them, but she, for her part, regards their wickedness much less than their cleverness while the rest of the world read them not for their cleverness but for their wickedness." That would be an answer, but hardly an excuse. Let us be sincere. Yes, our dramatists, our novel writers too often deal with most unpleasant subjects, and those subjects exist, but they could also choose very noble ones which exist no less. M. Paul Bourget, who is traveling just now in the United States, has done it in a very deep psychological study, "*Terre Promise*." They could show that there is nothing more touching and noble in the world than the intimacy between a French mother and daughter—the mother giving to her daughter all her time, all her thoughts, moulding her with infinite devotion, living for her alone. She accompanies her to her lessons, directs her reading, watches day and night to guard that ideal purity which by a singular inconsequence will be sacrificed, ninety chances out of a hundred, to a man whose life will have been quite the contrary. The mother cannot reform marriage as it exists in France—it is an institution full of defects—but she can teach to her daughter all the virtues to meet the sorrows which almost certainly await her.

IT is, perhaps, because she has found it impossible to love her husband that she puts so much passion into her maternal love. That love is often the only one that a French woman permits herself through life. It has found its most exquisite expression through the pen of Madame de Sevigné, who had the common lot, suffered from her husband's fault, and gave herself utterly to her children. The reverse of the medal is, that giving herself in that way the French mother often keeps too great influence over her daughter. She cannot resign herself to the thought of leaving to another the absolute supremacy she has enjoyed. From this cause the complaint so much insisted upon in comic plays against the mother-in-law, takes its view. The young wife, often deceived in her hopes, comes back to the affection that has never failed her and finds a shelter there, and it follows that the husband makes excuse of this to forsake her more completely. Far be it from me to say that there are not in France happily-united families where the marriage arranged by parents has as good results as any love marriage could have had. You will find these chiefly in the *bourgeoisie*; beneath it, the tradesman, as well as the farmer, values in his wife a very useful and active business partner and allows her a great deal of authority; the name of *la maîtresse* given by our peasants to their helpmate is full of significances. But it is certain that fidelity is not a common virtue among the best and most amiable of Parisian husbands, and that one code of morals for man and for woman is far from being insisted upon, still less practiced. It may happen in that case that the unworthiness of the husband brings with it the unworthiness of the wife, and that, therefore, such situations arise as are too complacently dwelt upon by writers of fiction. But much oftener the wife remains the safeguard and protector of the household, keeping for the father the respect of his children, concealing from the world all that can be concealed. In motherhood she finds all her consolation and all her strength.

The first child is waited for with anxiety; when it delays, that anxiety becomes despair. If the population is diminished in France the selfishness of French women cannot be blamed. Out of Paris almost all mothers nurse their children, and if in Paris this is not so general, the question of health in more artificial surroundings, and the doctor's advice are accountable and responsible for it.

BETTER married than the French woman, and wishing to make agreeable to her husband the home where they live so much for one another, the English mother has invented the nursery. There is no nursery in France. The French mother could not bear so many barriers between herself and her children. Those who wish to measure the joy she finds in taking care of them have only to read the little books of Madame Alphonse Daudet, where is shown so well how the mother is absorbed by the small being which is everything to her in the world. The son will very soon be taken away from her for his public school education, but the girl remains. There is no country in which so few governesses are employed as in France, and no country where girls are so seldom sent to school. I mean in the middle class, by which alone a country may be judged. In the Faubourg St. Germain the young ladies of the nobility are still locked up in convents; the future bread-winners who mean to teach go to the government schools and colleges, where they are graduated. We have nowadays some *bacheliers*, *licenciés* and *docteurs*, although this last word has not as yet any feminine in the dictionary, but the majority of our girls are brought up at home with private lessons. The mother herself accompanies them everywhere, to the *cours* and *catéchisme*, taking notes, listening to everything and following her daughter's progress. The *cours* is a sort of repetition of the work of the week, which takes place on an appointed day, for twenty or more pupils of about the same age. The professor asks questions and sets tasks, and the improvisations in style hold there a great place along with literature and history. The public *cours* of La Sorbonne complete an education after this manner. The *catéchisme* is the religious instruction received in common, and which is continued long after the first communion. Evidently that does not lead very far, but I must say that those French girls who have not followed the routine of classes are those who keep best the originality and sprightliness which was and is the glory of our *salons*. One would believe that knowing less they guess more, and that they gain from not having had their thoughts shaped in the common mould. The taste for study which has been given them, instead of extended knowledge, exists among the best of them without a shade of pedantry.

BUT, you will inquire, how is it possible that a girl so carefully brought up by a virtuous and intelligent mother lets herself be given in marriage, as she does?

Are you very much astonished when your American girls hesitate sometimes, before leaving a life of freedom and enjoyment, to submit themselves to the yoke of marriage? The same feeling which makes them shrink before a sort of abdication urges our French girls to rush quite naturally and with a blind delight toward what seems to them a larger liberty. Remember that before marriage not one of them has, so to speak, a life of her own, except a mysterious inner life, of which her nearest relations alone can suspect the secret, for the girl brought up at home can scarcely have what are called intimate friends. The future husband would dislike that, and all is arranged with the view of pleasing him. I hear my readers compare these solicitous French parents to the Chinese when they mutilate the feet of their daughters for the pleasure of the future husband, who has this merit, at least, that he is prepared to buy his wife at considerable expense, instead of expecting her to bring a portion.

The difference is in the accomplished work, a result always monstrous when it concerns the Chinese foot, while it may be more happy as the effect of the education of French girls. Insignificant enough they are sometimes, but they have the merit of being free from self-consciousness—a merit which comes probably from their being counted for nothing in society.

THOSE of our men who complain of having met in some women frivolous creatures, who dream of no glory save that of beauty, who have no greater ambition than to gain social rank, and who are utterly incapable of any responsibility, those men forget that they have prepared them for such weakness by the place they have assigned them in life. They are punished by what a witty Parisian has so well called "*un raffinement de sensualité morale*," and denounced as a sort of pride which makes them love to meet, a white page, *une nature blanche*, on which they can print what they please; if the impression is bad the results are easily guessed. The idea does not, however, occur to them to become worthy of such a high charge. In this there is a want of logic which we believe will not last forever, and which cannot be better fought against than in an awakening to a sense of new duties in those who have made themselves our masters, although their independence causes them sometimes to become slaves of the most unworthy among us. It is a just retribution.

However, the girl who is chosen for the mother of children is bound by the strictest rules. She never is seen alone. She only goes into the world when under her mother's wing. She receives no visits and pays none, except with her mother. She is asked only to family dinners, and never adds a word to the general conversation. She does not read novels, she never goes to the theatre, except for music, or to the Theatre Français for some classical piece. Young men appear to her only at a ball as dancers, and speak to her chiefly of rain or fine weather. How would it be possible that the desire for some larger life should not push her out of her shell into the circle of young married women who seem to have the best of everything in the world? I do not remember what pessimist has said long ago that girls marry only for the sake of wearing diamonds and of being able to go out-of-doors unaccompanied. It is gross exaggeration, but certainly they do often marry to pass from the state of chrysalis to that of butterfly.

THE lot of an old maid frightens them to death. In England and in America an unmarried woman has her place in society and all sorts of interests. The freedom which she has kept may even allow her to attain some great intellectual height and accomplish the best things. In France, if she has not a religious vocation and wishes to be a nun, she will always be a child under government and often turned into ridicule. The convent is her only resource, unless a blessed poverty allow her to run out of prison to earn her living. Even then she must always have present to her mind the fact that the number of things she is allowed to do, to read, to understand are exceedingly limited. On the contrary, as soon as she is married a young woman is allowed to go about unprotected, even if she is only seventeen or still younger. She makes amends for having been long restrained by reading everything that falls into her hands. Her husband takes her to any theatre, much amused by her ignorance and pretty silliness; too often he speaks to her as if she were a comrade. The society of men is no longer a forbidden thing for the *débutante*. Among those whom she receives there are always some who pay her attention with the consummate art which Frenchmen possess, and which, excluding apparently anything coarse or bold, increases the danger for one who has never had any opportunity of using even most innocently the weapons of flirtation. That some persons fall in this struggle against temptation it would be impossible to deny.

THESE are the sort of heroines which give rise to "bad French novels." How many others—the mass, so to say—surmount with dignity, in silence and without earthly help, trials which the husband does not suspect! If he knew he would settle everything by a duel and would, nevertheless, have no idea of changing his own mode of life. As to his wife's merit, he recognizes it without being in any way grateful; she has a code of honor which is Purity, as he has one which is Courage. These things have been once for all decided by Napoleon, whose legislation was not precisely tender to our sex. However, French women, until now, have never complained except through the speech of some female reformers who are equally hated by both sexes, because in their claims they pass the bounds of that divine *mesure* out of which there is no salvation in a country which is called the country of tact and of taste.

DOES it not follow that the state of things which we have just sketched will modify itself little by little? Certainly some changes may be already observed, and some happy consequences may have grown out of the excess of evil. For example, the girls without a portion finding no husbands begin to rely more upon themselves. The *lycées* which were not accepted in the beginning of our republic, now have a great many students who are preparing for a career of teaching or in the government offices, so long barred to women, and which are now opened to them more and more. Our men, seeing that women can do without them, will feel for them a new respect, mixed with antipathy to begin with; this must be expected, but the respect will be no less real. Even the divorce law, whatever one may think of it—and I am of those who think the worst—has had the good result of showing that no slavery is nowadays definitive and without remedy. Moreover, the international exhibitions and congresses are powerful means of comparison and emulation. The predominance in Paris of a certain cosmopolitan element will also help in the revolution. Exotic ferments introduce themselves into society. Our girls, to whom round dances were formerly refused, have for a long time now danced other things than quadrilles, and are no longer brought rigorously back to their mothers when the dance is ended. In many houses a room is set apart for the young people, who are only chaperoned from afar. A growing taste for outdoor exercise brings boys and girls together more and more; tennis has wrought wonders in this way.

AT last a great sign of amelioration is that almost no woman is now given in marriage at sixteen or seventeen, as was once the custom, which makes us believe that her own choice interferes as it never used to do in that important matter. But what is more characteristic than anything else of moral progress is the work undertaken by writers and lecturers such as the Viscount de Vogüé, Pastor Wagner and M. Paul Desjardins. These three and some associates have undertaken to bring the men of France to understand that there are other laws beside those which they have made for themselves and their own code of honor. Books like "*La Jeunesse*," "*Le Devoir Présent*," are a symptom of this reform. It will take time to persuade the countrymen of the *vert galant*, Henry IV, that purity of life is a virtue which should be common to men and women alike, and that fidelity must count among the virtues of a husband to whom his wife has promised obedience. But what is already an improvement is the seriousness with which the studious and thoughtful part of our young men listen to the austere teachings of the new apostles whom I have just mentioned. Twenty years ago their words would have been laughed at. The sarcastic smile of Voltaire, that distinctive trait of the French physiognomy, is becoming more rare. When it is effaced something surely will have been lost, but much will have been won; it will mean a gain in moral life. Of all revolutions this one will be apparently the slowest, for the temperament and traditions of a people cannot be transformed between one day and the next. Until it shall be accomplished we bid the American women to look upon themselves as the happiest in the world, and to be as grateful as they ought to those who protect them with so much discretion, who treat them with such brotherly respect, and who are disposed to generously grant them all that they may ask.

HERE begins the danger, when spoiled children come to ask for the moon. The claim for political rights seems to us a thing of that sort, but I touch here a very grave subject without sufficient preparation. It may be that upon an immense continent, such as this, the word impossible has quite another sense than it has in our quarter of the Old World. Let us not forget, however, in any country that if a woman is the equal of a man she is still not the same creature, and that she has a different task, which is, in fact, to complete his own work and to make it perfect, a task which ought to be a delight.



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Andante moderato.

1. Down in the meadows where we used to
2. We've strolled down thro' the lane where used to

stray, Down by the babbling brook and flowing stream, You've held my hand in yours and oft did say, The love you bore me was your constant
grow, The oaks that formed an arch of green above, And oft the fields with daisies bright a glow, Would seem to speak to us their silent

Poco rall.

a tempo.

dream, Oh, tell! oh, tell me now, As years have sped fast by us, If you are still the same as then, Oh, tell! oh, tell me
love, Oh, tell! oh, tell me now, As years have sped fast by us, If you are still the same as then, Oh, tell! oh, tell me

rall.

pray, For long we've parted been, As if the fates would try us, But if you love me now as then, I fain would hear you say.
pray, For long we've parted been, As if the fates would try us, But if you love me now as then, I fain would hear you say.

Da Capo.

rall - en - tan - do.

a tempo.

OPENING A BANK ACCOUNT

BY WALTER H. BARRETT

HERE would, perhaps, be more women depositors in the National and State banks if the ease with which such accounts can be opened were better understood by the women who, while not rich, are yet possessed of "a little means." The advantages of having a bank account are numerous. In the first place, if deposited, funds are not likely to disappear in dribbles in the unaccountable way they have of doing when carried in the pocketbook, and the possibility of loss from the dress pocket is also removed. Therefore, a bank account is desirable on the score of safety if on no other. Beyond this a bank account introduces the greatly-to-be-desired element of system into the business affairs of its possessor, inasmuch as it serves the purpose of a whole set of books, the correct keeping of which is, in nine cases out of ten, an apparent impossibility among women. When payments are made to tradesmen by check the keeping of receipted bills becomes unnecessary, as the indorsed check itself, which is preserved by the bank and subsequently returned to the owner of the account, is the best evidence of payment.

THE accounts of women are welcomed by most banks for many reasons, and this statement is made on the authority of the heads of two of the largest financial institutions in New York City. Women ask fewer favors than men and they seldom, if ever, overdraw the amount to their credit. I was shown recently by the president of a prominent bank the monthly statement of overdrafts. It contained more than one hundred and twenty names, and only seven were those of women. And I may add that the president assured me that the percentage of women to men depositors in his institution was not far apart. And what is more, five of the seven women had exceeded their accounts by amounts of less than ten dollars.

It is not necessary to be possessed of a vast sum of money to open an account with the largest of banks. Two hundred dollars is ample. In case of lack of personal acquaintances a letter of introduction to the bank president or cashier is a first requisite. Banks are usually open for business with customers between the hours of ten in the morning and three in the afternoon, so it will be well to call upon the officers with your letter of introduction during these hours. You will be asked to enter your name, address and reference in the "identification" book, and in subscribing your autograph you should do so precisely as you intend to write it on checks. This is necessary because the signature in the book is for comparison in case a question of forgery should arise. These preliminaries over, the first deposit, either in bills, check or draft, is to be made. The amount of the deposit must be written on a "deposit slip" to be handed with the money to the receiving teller. A pass book, showing the amount to the depositor's credit, a check book and a number of deposit slips will be supplied by the bank, and with these, formalities are over.

THE pass book should be taken to the bank frequently, although it is not absolutely necessary to do so more than once a month, that it may be balanced. The bank will return to the depositor at the end of each month the book balanced and the checks which have been paid. The latter should be carefully compared with the entries on the foils, or stubs, of the check book, to ascertain that no checks have been lost.

The check book, if properly kept, will serve the purpose of a whole bookkeeping outfit. Of course this statement applies only to the average domestic woman whose account is a matter of very plain sailing, and is not involved with the intricacies of a mercantile business. Every check drawn should be numbered and its corresponding stub, or foil, which remains in the check book, should contain the name of the person to whom it is drawn, the amount, the date and the balance remaining to be drawn against. The modern check book is a very different thing from those of our fathers, the foils being so ruled and spaced as to make easy the work of keeping the bank account straight.

It is important that the account should never be overdrawn, for so doing, besides causing additional work to the bank, is apt to lead to unpleasant consequences to the drawer of the check. Frequent offense in this matter would undoubtedly lead to a polite request from the bank that the account be closed. But before that was done a check would probably be "dishonored" by the bank, and would come back through the medium of the tradesman to whom it was given, bearing the stamp "N. G." in letters, the brilliancy of which would be equaled only by the blush which such an incident should bring to the cheek of the methodical woman whose greatest aim in life is to keep her credit good by strict attention to business rules.

WOMEN AND THEIR PROPERTY

Some Suggestions as to its Care and Disposal

KEEPING HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS

BY MRS. GARRETT WEBSTER



KEEPING household accounts is an affair, if not of necessity, still of the greatest wisdom. In comparison with the small amount of time and labor which the doing so employs, the satisfaction of knowing at the end of each year how the family finances stand, and where the family funds have gone, is the amplest compensation. One especial satisfaction gained from the keeping of household accounts is the ability, when or if the necessity arises, to reduce expenditures on the outlay for luxuries and unnecessary. The money spent for food, for medicines or for fuel is capable of far less reduction than that used for amusements, for wages or for clothing; and a system of accounts which will show at once where expenses can be lessened is entitled to respectful consideration.

MANY housekeepers are deterred from attempting to keep any trace of their domestic finances by the fear of an elaborate and difficult system of bookkeeping. There may be, and doubtless are, such systems—systems which show where any and every penny of every dollar was expended, but these are for people of a less busy sphere than that of the household. Housekeepers are, of all people, those with least spare time, and to them is presented this system, which has been in personal use for years, and which occupies in its operation about five minutes of every evening, and a half hour of the first day of each month.

The articles necessary are two blank books: one about seven and three-quarter inches in length and five inches in width. It is bound in imitation black leather, as this soils less easily than lighter bindings, contains about two hundred pages and costs seventy-five cents. The pages are ruled with red ink, a double line extending across the page about an inch from the top. Single parallel lines, one-half and three-quarter inches from the sides of the page, admit the month and date on one side and make dollars and cents columns on the other. Between these is a space two and one-half inches in width for the entry of the articles on which the money is expended. On the title page write:

Volume I
Housekeeping Accounts of
Mrs. John Smith
42 Trinity Place
Boston, Mass.
January 1, 1894, to

the blank space to be filled in with the latest date entered in the book.

Leave blank what will be page one of the book, and on the first of the double pages, the left hand, which, it must be remembered, is to be used always for moneys received, write over the double red lines across the page, the month and year.

Continue throughout the book to enter on each page both month and year, as it may save some minutes at a future date when searching for some back number of expenditure. Write in the first column "Jan." and in the second "1." In the inner space place the name or initials of the person giving you the money with which you open your account. If this money comes always from your husband—if there are no other sources of supply—initials are all that is necessary. In the final two columns place the received amount in dollars and cents. The left-hand page, therefore, will look like the following:

JANUARY, 1894			
Jan.	1	Garrett Webster	\$ 40 00
"	14	Ladies' Home Journal	25 00
"	28	Garrett Webster	60 00
Total			\$125 00

The right-hand page, which is to be used for moneys paid, is ruled like the moneys received page. Across the top of this page, as on the other, the month and the year should have been written, and in the first columns the month and the date of each payment. Within the broader space write for what the money is expended, and in the final two columns the amount spent. Five minutes every evening before bedtime will enable the accounts to be kept accurately, but the entries must be a matter of daily occurrence. To wait for twenty-four hours is fatal, as the best memory cannot recall the innumerable five cents for car-fare, eight cents for milk, ten cents for beggars and a quarter for stamps, which make up in such large proportion the household accounts, and which have a fashion of mounting rapidly into the dollars column as missing moneys, and are always credited to "sundries."

THE following is a sample of a right-hand page:

JANUARY, 1894			
Jan.	1	Charity	\$ 25
"	"	Newspapers	12
"	2	Waitress' wages	3 00
"	"	Postage	50
"	3	Groceries	2 40
"	"	Gas bill	9 83
"	4	Cook's wages	3 50
Total			\$19 60

On the first of February, after having made the totals, examine the month of January, and enter the amount of each item from the book on a sheet of paper which is ruled off into inch-wide columns headed: Food, Fuel and Light, Servants, Household Rent, Charities, Amusements, Doctors and Medicines, Educational, Library, Dress, and most important of all, Sundries. As soon as an item is entered on the paper, check it from the book that it may not be charged a second time. The proper apportionment of the numerous small articles in this classification is a matter of considerable ingenuity, and personal experience must be the safest guide. "Food," for instance, means all groceries and milk, and includes washing materials and baker's bills—everything of the transient nature of consumed goods, in fact. "Fuel and Light" includes coal, wood, gas and kerosene. "Servants' wages," extra cleaning, laundry bills and such transitory items as snow and coal shoveling. "Household" covers all new supplies of linen, china, furniture, etc., and repairing or altering of any kind done to the contents of the house. "Rent" includes also repairs and alterations to the house itself. "Charities" includes, speaking generally, church expenses, pew rents, etc., in addition to the large and small sums donated for assistance. "Library" expenses include stationery, postage, newspaper and magazine subscriptions and books. "Dress" is divided into as many parts as there are members of the family, each person's accounts being kept separately. "Educational" includes with the school bills the money paid for school books and materials. "Amusements" and "Doctors and Medicines" cover only their own fields. "Sundries" includes car and cab fares, with the numerous small sums so difficult to classify, and those still more numerous sums which are lacking to make the accounts agree with the contents of the pocketbook at the end of the month.

EVERY family will find it necessary to add certain departments to those mentioned, or to omit some of these. "Clubs," i. e., membership fees and dues; "Presidents," including wedding, holiday and anniversary gifts, and "Vacation" are a few of the extra departments in use in one household.

Having then classified the monthly expenditures, and entered them on the paper list, it is a matter of only a few moments' time to enter the totals into the second book. This should be of a binding and size easily distinguishable from the day-book, one which is eight and one-half inches in length by five and one-half inches in width, bound in yellow leather, and costing from fifty cents to one dollar, being suitable.

The pages contain twenty-nine lines, which are ruled with a single red line at one side, running the length of the page, and with two divisions for dollars and cents at the other. The pages are readily numbered, and are left, when indexing, in divisions of ten, thus giving space sufficient for twenty years. The first right-hand page is used for the index and is designated page A, page No. 1 being reserved for the first division. Across the top of the pages write the classifications used, and then enter these with their page number, alphabetically, in the index.

Write at the head of the first column the year, and in the central space the various months of the year, placing the totals for each month in the dollars and cents columns. Each page will contain on its twenty-nine lines the twenty-four months of two years, leaving ample space for the annual totals. It is convenient in the fuel account of monthly totals to write in small letters in the space between the month and the amount, what sums represent coal and gas, these being always the larger. It is also convenient to keep a similar record in other departments. Any one who will give this system of keeping household accounts a fair trial will find its results more than compensation for the time and trouble it demands.

MAKING A WILL

BY MRS. HAMILTON MOTT



T should be the desire of every woman to have her business matters in such condition that, in the event of her death, her survivors may, with the smallest expenditure of time, energy and money, settle her affairs in the manner which they know to have been her wish. When such wishes have been indicated in accordance with the legal requirements, in other words, when a will has been made which is legally complete, the work of the survivors is made simple and the legal costs kept at a minimum amount.

For these reasons, therefore, if for no other, it is the duty of every person who is either the present or prospective owner of any property whatever—and especially when this property be in the form of real estate—to make a will, which, by legal definition, is simply "the disposition of one's property to take effect after death."

WOMEN are usually more dilatory than men about such matters, and it is, therefore, to them especially that this article is directed. The wisdom of having the will drawn while in health, when the nervous and morbid fears engendered by illness are absent, and the person making it is able to order a clear and reasonable distribution of her property, should appeal to every one.

The fear that the attorney's fee will be exorbitant, or even that it will be large should be neither excuse nor reason for delay. All professional work is done on the basis described in the old saw:

"When you find a fat goose pluck it clean,
And let the fat goose fry the lean."

And legal charges are regulated not only by the amount of work done, but by the ability of the client to pay. Will-making is not a lucrative branch of legal work. Except in cases where a large estate is devised in intricate trusts the fees are moderate.

Go to any reliable attorney and tell him that you wish to have your will drawn, and that you can only afford to pay a certain sum for a fee. If he has reason to believe that you have stated your pecuniary position truthfully he will become your adviser no matter how small his recompense is to be. Determine in advance exactly what you wish done with your estate; make careful memoranda of all the points, the full names of all who will appear in the document, and of anything else which may seem to you as of importance. Take this data with you to the lawyer; tell him clearly what you wish done. Answer without questioning whatever he may ask you; avoid irrelevant remarks, and then leave him to prepare the document, after making an appointment to return with your witnesses for signatures, etc. Arrange at once with your witnesses—your lawyer will tell you the number of persons you will require, and their legal qualifications—and meet with them promptly at the place and time appointed.

WHEN the will is complete arrange for its keeping in a safe place; let the envelope containing it be marked clearly, and its place of deposit be known to at least three persons other than yourself.

Should you at any time wish to make any alterations to the document, remember that the codicil is part of the will, and a part which must be executed with exactly the same formalities; otherwise it is void.

I had almost written that under no conditions whatever should the drawing of a will be intrusted to any one else than an attorney. This must be qualified, of course, by the words, "except when circumstances render the securing of a lawyer impossible." In such cases the only safe rule to follow is to express your intentions as clearly as possible in the plainest English, and without the introduction of so much as a single legal phrase. The employment of legal terms by one not accustomed to their use is dangerous, as the misuse of a single technical phrase may cause endless trouble, and ultimately frustrate the original design and intention of the person making the will. When the will is written call in three witnesses (two only are required in some States, but three are necessary in others), and in their presence sign the document, and have them sign their names with their addresses to the following statement, which should be written at the end of the will:

"Signed, sealed, published and declared by the above-named Jane Smith, as and for her last will and testament" (or "as and for a codicil to her last will and testament, dated February the twenty-eighth, 1893") "in the presence of us who at her request, in her presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses." (Names of witnesses.)

This form of attestation, as it is called, as evidencing the fact that the will was properly executed in the manner required by law, may save endless trouble when the will is offered for probate, which in many cases is not until after the witnesses are deceased.

THE BROWNIES IN THE LAND OF FLOWERS

By Palmer Cox



When cunning Brownies ventilate
 Their views about a town or State
 Ere they have settled on a place
 Where next they must direct their face,
 All must be willing and agreed
 Through every trial to proceed,
 And count the joys before them set
 A recompense for dangers met.
 But happily the Brownie band
 Was under some mild system planned,
 With hearts and hopes and aims the same.
 One has small reason to declaim
 Or specify to bring about
 Sweet harmony ere they set out.



Oh, many a year and trying age
 May pass away ere on the stage
 Another band like them will rise
 To please, to puzzle and surprise.
 Those knowing best the Brownies free,
 Know best where they are sure to be,
 When to his bed the sinking sun
 Is hastening from his daily run.
 Not in the busy marts of men
 Where people drive the crusty pen,
 Or every nerve within them strain
 In the o'er-mastering thirst for gain,
 But in the suburbs of the town
 From dark recesses peeping down
 Upon the people homeward bound
 To pass the night in slumber sound,
 'Tis there the Brownies wait the hour
 When they can show their mystic power.



They met one evening true to plan,
 And all their conversation ran
 On handsome scenes in flood
 And field
 That Southern countries often
 yield.
 Said one, "'Tis called the
 'Land of Flowers.'

There people doze through
 sunny hours,
 And all the path they care to tread
 Is from their table to their bed."
 Another cried, "I wonder
 where
 You read about the people
 there.
 From ignorance your words
 must rise,
 And you should here
 apologize.
 They're not so fond of
 food or doze
 As creatures like yourself
 suppose,
 But have an eye that's
 quick to light
 With fire at insult,
 wrong or slight,
 And systems that
 can stand the
 strain



Of sleepless
 march, or
 long campaign,
 While at their-board the
 friend or guest
 Will fare at all times on
 the best."
 Another said, "It matters not
 What'er their nature, cool or hot,
 We'll leave a while the range of snow
 And down to Dixie's land we'll go.

We care not what their tables yield
 So long as we have room
 afield,
 We're not beholden to
 mankind
 For food or raiment, as
 they'll find.
 The Brownies will not
 lack a bite
 If they feel stings of
 appetite.
 Nor lack a muslin thread
 or two
 To fashion out a garment
 new,
 But manage in some way
 to climb
 And keep abreast with
 tide or time."

The Brownies soon were
 traveling South,
 Now halting by
 some river's
 mouth
 To see the clear,
 fresh water rave
 When mingling
 with the ocean
 wave,
 And next upon
 a mountain-side
 They stood to
 view the country
 wide
 That stretched
 around so bright
 and fair,
 And new to all
 who journeyed
 there.
 No cakes of ice
 nor snow-drifts
 came

To send a chill
 through every frame,
 And make them wish in
 language strong
 That they had brought
 their furs along.
 But flowers bright of
 every hue
 To painters known around
 them grew.
 Those who preferred the
 crimson flower
 Were happy souls in such an hour.
 Those who the red or white desired
 Found plenty there to be admired.
 Those who the pink or yellow praised
 At their good fortune were amazed.
 Not one of all the Brownies there
 But had ere long a nosegay rare,
 That on the street or in the hall
 Would soon bring envious sighs from all.
 At times with kind and careful hand
 They crowned some members of the band
 With wreaths of flowers nicely made,
 With due respect to proper shade,
 No milliners, skilled in the art
 Of matching colors, could impart

More taste or judgment
 to the crest
 To show one's
 beauty at its best.
 One well might
 wonder in
 what way
 They gained the knowl-
 edge they
 display.
 Some think
 by peeping
 from the
 shade
 At those who
 in such
 notions trade,
 Or else by
 watching well
 their chance
 To take at
 passing folk
 a glance,
 And noting
 all things new
 and strange,
 That come
 to light as
 fashions
 change.
 But, ah,
 their mystic
 power so
 great
 Was planted
 at an earlier
 date.
 'Tis not by
 keeping
 sharp
 lookout
 Upon the
 ways
 of those
 about

The Brownies have the art acquired
 So much in use, and much admired,
 But through a natural gift that stands
 Them in good stead on all demands.

The tender touch, the judgment rare,
 The skillful stroke, beyond compare,
 They carried with them when they came
 Attention from the world to claim.
 No wonder then some pride we find,
 And independence of mankind,
 In every Brownie of the band
 Wherever found throughout the land.

And gardens blooming bright and high
 Were eyesores to the passers-by.
 But in this country of our own,
 Where no such selfish work is known,
 Where kings cannot build thrones of state,
 Nor proclamations promulgate,
 Nor with a tax oppress the land
 To build a tomb or statue grand,



Some Brownies have an eye
that's bright

To quickly note a pleasing sight,
 And love to linger in a place
 Where Nature shows the sweetest face,
 Where little danger may be met
 And tools and arms aside are set.
 While other spirits wild and strange
 Would rather climb some mountain range,
 The thought that they in such an hour
 Can far outdo man's boasted power
 Gives pleasure to the Brownie smart
 And fills with pride his daring heart.
 Along the slippery crag they move
 As if their native skill to prove,
 With goats for dangerous points compete,
 And out of man take all conceit,
 Where in each step a danger lies
 And each his skill must exercise.
 But in these groves and gardens
 bright
 All were content to spend the
 night;
 In fact, too swift time seemed
 to go



While they were wandering to and fro,
 Now where all trained to climb or grow
 The plants were making greatest show,
 Or where, to beautify the sward,
 They flourished of their own accord.
 Thick over walls the flowers hung,
 Through fences peeped, to
 hedges clung,
 And rising from the vases high
 Attracted every passing eye,
 While birds of plumage
 bright and gay
 Were resting from their busy
 day

In rows upon the branches green
 And adding beauty to the scene.
 Said one, "No more I want to hear
 About the valley of Cashmere,
 Or any Persian product fine
 That blossoms in the poet's line.
 No garden of a turbaned Turk
 With harem walls, or lattice-work
 Him hemmed around with greatest care,
 Can with this lovely scene compare.
 If sweeter flowers bloom than these
 That here I've taken from the bees,
 They'll flourish not through man's device
 But grow in vales of Paradise."
 Another said, "Much has been told
 About the gardens built of old
 To hang between the earth and skies,
 And cause much wonder and surprise
 From kings or tribes of people there
 Who to that city chanced to fare.
 But at a great expense, no doubt,
 These wondrous things were fashioned out,
 And heavy taxes for the plan
 Through many generations ran,
 While but a king, or some such toy,
 Could the delightful scene enjoy,

Nor boldly rifle sacred domes
 And altars to enrich their homes,
 'Tis pleasant to see flowers rare
 That flourish with so little care,
 And in this soil, so richly spread,
 Find through the year a fitting bed.
 How blessed are those who on life's stage
 Have stumbled in the present age
 And opened first their wondering eyes
 Beneath the Union's arching skies,
 Where Freedom reigns, and all mankind
 Can lift their voice and speak their mind,
 And taste of all the gifts that flow
 From Nature's hand, both high and low."
 Thus freely chatting, as they strayed,
 The Brownies tarried while the shade
 Of night remained to be a screen
 Till purple streaks of morn were seen.
 They plaited leaves and hung them round
 The oldest trees upon the
 ground

In honor of the trunks
 so strong
 That stood and braved
 the winds so long.
 No bees, housed up
 from wintry air
 Away from all that's
 bright and fair.
 Do more enjoy the balmy spring
 That gives them leave their way to wing
 Through gardens marked with many a bed,
 And fields all yellow, blue and red,
 Than did the Brownies through that night
 Enjoy each scene that came in sight.
 Said one as they all turned away
 Before the brightening morning ray,
 "If Northern people only knew
 What generous Nature here can do
 To charm the eye, to glad the heart
 And strength to every sense impart,
 There'd be less crowding to the ships
 To take long trans-Atlantic trips.
 But as when birds of passage see
 The signs of winter on the tree,
 And feel that soon the frosty air
 Will creep between their feathers spare
 They haste to lay their plans betime
 To journey to a milder clime,
 So people to the South would hie
 To rest beneath its sunny sky."



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AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

LAST month, on this page, it was my pleasure to deal with the questions of three young men. This month I shall treat of the perplexities of four young women, believing that the queries which they have advanced are of sufficient general interest to consider them in this wise rather than by a personal reply.

A YOUNG woman in New England who has, judging from her note, apparently given much study to the relations of the sexes, asks this question:

"Do you believe in a Platonic friendship between a man, young or mature, single or married, on the one hand, and a girl or a young married woman on the other?"

It is not so much a question of what I believe or do not believe; it is more a matter whether a Platonic friendship is possible or desirable under either ordinary or extraordinary circumstances. To my mind it is not. Where a man or a woman feels the need of a close friend or confidante of the opposite sex in any phase of life, it is far better that a friendship should exist without the Platonic element entering into it. A Platonic friendship, which means, in other words, a spiritual friendship that regards only the mind and not material things, is best suited for an ideal world, and that is not the sort of a world the most of us live in. The men and women capable of understanding a Platonic relation are rare—very rare indeed. To a girl such a friendship is particularly dangerous, since she is scarcely capable of discerning that almost invisible line which divides Platonic friendship from love. Her mind is incapable of the division, and the border-line, all too apt to be unconsciously passed by her, is followed by results that are never desirable and rarely partake of happiness. With the married woman such a friendship should have no reason for existence. The married woman's Platonic friend should be her husband, and it is unfair to him to have any other assume or hold the position that is his by right. If a woman occupies her mind aright, and is self-respecting, the inclination or desire for a friendship, from which the element of danger cannot be eliminated, is never present. Platonic friendships do not appeal to the right sort of women. Their minds are otherwise engaged, their time too fully occupied. Danger always lurks where idleness exists.

MEN of the world, men of experience and of years know all too well how practically impossible is the existence of a Platonic friendship in these days. It is unnatural. To say that it can exist on a firm basis of mutual respect, mental affinity and intellectual sympathy, is to simply raise an almost impossible standard where a man and a woman are concerned, particularly in the spring and summer of life. Of that period Love is lord, and any Platonic friendship must, in the very natural course of things, gravitate toward that point. Platonic friendships appeal to the young because they cannot understand them; to the mature they appeal less because of their undesirability. It is a curious thing that we hear little of Platonic friendships among the plainer-featured women. It is mostly among those who have charms with which to attract. This very fact takes such a friendship out of the spiritual category, and places it within the material realm. A homely woman would have a difficult time sustaining a Platonic friendship, depend upon it. No, my dear young woman—you who asked this question—let me advise you to steer clear of a Platonic friendship. Possible it may be, but all things are possible with some. But desirable? Very seldom. There is more pain than pleasure in a Platonic friendship. Rest assured of that.

NOT wholly dissimilar anent the matter of the relation of sexes, is the second question, which comes from a young woman in the business world:

"On what terms should a young woman be with her employer? That is, should their relations be purely and wholly business, or can there be better business results where there is friendliness as well as dignity between them?"

Here persons, positions and circumstances govern almost entirely. At the same time, no matter what the surroundings may be, womanly dignity is the one and only quality that tells in the long run with a young woman in business. In the business world a woman, and particularly a young woman, cannot have too strong a control over self. Her treatment by her employer depends entirely on the way in which she carries herself before him. What are often considered indignities suffered by women are nothing more nor less than the natural results of their own behavior. Men treat women exactly in accordance with the standard the women set before them. This is an invariable rule. If a girl carries herself with becoming dignity she will receive similar treatment. We receive just what we invite in this world.

A GIRL never enhances her business prospects by putting aside her dignity toward her employer. It may seem to her that other girls, adopting a different course, enjoy more advantages and make speedier progress. But this is in the seeming, never in the reality. Familiarity here breeds absolutely nothing but contempt. This is one of the most unfortunate elements in the entrance of woman in the business world, and one of the principal reasons why I oppose her doing so except where actual and dire necessity compels it. I know of all too many cases where girls have been placed in the most trying of positions in this respect. It is unfortunate, but it is true, that there are men who are all too ready to take advantage of their positions in life. And under the wrong impression that it means a surer hold upon their positions the employee tolerates the familiarity of the employer. It is the position in which many a girl in business finds herself. Inexperienced, she believes her position is at stake, not knowing that her tolerance brings that end closer than would her assumption of the position her own feelings dictate. Respectability is a girl's greatest safeguard everywhere, but nowhere is it such a vital safeguard to her as when she must rub up against the world and be, in a measure, her own protector. Business men, generally speaking, draw a sharp distinction between their acquaintances of the office and their social friends. They do it because experience has taught them it is the only wise course. From this attitude on the part of the employer the girl in business should profit. Let her keep her social life and her business life as distinct as possible. Anything but an assumption of quiet dignity on her part takes away just so much from her own usefulness in the business world, and lessens, rather than increases, the respect of her employer. I do not mean by this that a young woman should assume a chilling manner toward her male superiors or equals in business. Woman's greatest charm is in her ability to be womanly, and womanliness means exactly what the word implies and nothing more. But, likewise, nothing else. It is, perhaps, because business is still a novelty to women that so many girls have yet to learn the lesson that coquetry has no place in the commercial world, and that to presume upon a kindness extended is a fatal mistake. The girl whom the man of business respects most highly is the girl who carries herself so as to win his respect. And a man's true respect for a good woman means the very best that is within him.

A VERY old question is that which my next correspondent asks, but it is one of underlying importance, inasmuch as it so often affects the groundwork of a happy married life:

"What should be a wife's natural attitude toward her husband's mother, whom she cannot entirely accept? Assumption of affection seems occupying the position of a hypocrite."

A girl's attitude toward one older than herself should always be one of deference and respect, irrespective of the relation involved. If a wife cannot "entirely accept" her husband's mother—which I construe to mean that she cannot give her true affection—it is unnecessary that she assume affection any more than she should inspire antagonism. It is always unfortunate when a wife finds herself in a position where she cannot be all to the relations of her husband she would like. But I think that much of this feeling grows from the fact that we are by far too much inclined to measure our relatives with a closer, more critical eye than we are our friends. The faults that we see in those related to us we often overlook, or pretend not to see, in our friends. And yet those selfsame friends are the relatives of some one else, and unquestionably as faulty in their eyes as our relations are apt to be in ours. This may be true because, as the old saying has it, "our friends we choose, but our relatives are forced upon us," and too close a familiarity is always conducive to the rubbing off of illusions. Few of us can be judged at too close a range with any advantage to ourselves.

THE blame for so much of the misunderstanding which exists between wives and the mothers of their husbands cannot be justly placed upon the mothers any more than it can upon the daughters. I fancy that in most cases "honors are easy." Concessions come as hard to the one as to the other, and yet in their hearts both desire to meet on equal terms. Things seem not exactly to come together. And as "Meceneas paid the freight" in Eugene Field's Horaceian ode, so the husband stands the blows, and is asked to decide between his mother and his wife—in every respect the most trying position in which a man can be placed. I am inclined to believe one cause of discontent finds its root in the unwillingness that is often present on the part of the mother to accept the daughter. Of course, mothers will differ with me in this statement. But it must not be forgotten that where the encouragement is not held out by the elder, the response cannot come from the younger. The happiest instance that I know where a wife loves her husband's mother almost as fondly as she does her own, is one where the mother unreservedly received the daughter into her life at the very start, and made her a part of herself. I fancy it is in this, as in a great many things in this world: much depends upon how we begin. But no matter what the relation or the cause of other feelings than those of true affection, there should never be any other attitude on the part of a wife toward her husband's mother, or from the husband to the wife's mother, than that which youth owes to maturity: a respectful deference.

A GIRL in New York who is to be married in the autumn is very anxious to start aright. She cannot quite make up her mind as to the best mode of living. Her future husband's income is an easy one, and she is given her choice between establishing a home of her own at the beginning, or "to board at first." She asks:

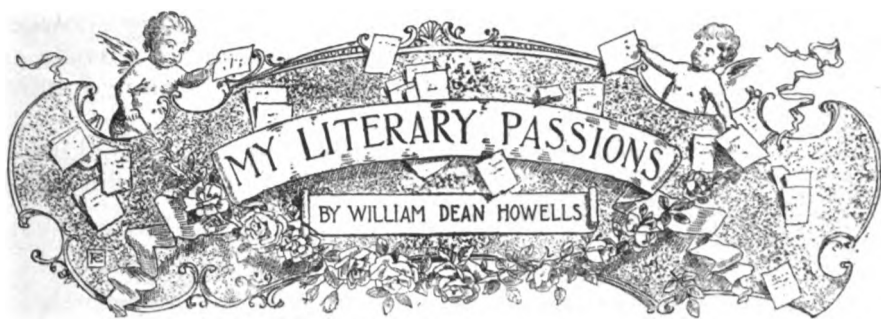
"What is the practical objection to a boarding-house life for a young married couple?"

The most practical objection toward a boarding-house life for a young married couple is that it strikes a false keynote to the best way of living at the very beginning. It is delusive. It is generally resorted to by the newly-married because of one of two reasons: for the so-called ease or comfort which it brings to the wife, or the supposed economy which appeals to the husband. In both instances it is a snare and a delusion. Boarding is to the great majority of women who have tried it the most wearisome sort of a life. It is true that it takes out of a woman's life a certain amount of actual work. But it also takes out other things that should be dear to every woman. There is absolutely no other form of life that is more conducive toward the development of an aimless existence than boarding. It is conducive to a sense of idleness that nothing can counteract. It takes from a woman all the sense of being the mistress of some place, no matter how small. It gives her nothing that she can call her own. It throws her by force into contact with undesirable natures. It makes her either the mother or target of idle gossip and talk. Few things in our natures remain sacred or our own in a boarding-house. If the freedom from household cares which it insures gives her a certain amount of ease it is at the cost of some of the richest experiences of life. Home associations are impossible in a boarding-house, no matter how fortunate may be the selection. It is "boarding." It can never be anything else.

THE inducement which a boarding existence—I shall not dignify it by calling it "life"—holds out because of its economy is elusive. On the contrary, experience shows that it is an extravagant way of living. Young married couples are attracted to it because it does away with the immediate necessity of setting up a home at the outset. But each year of boarding will place the provision of a household outfit farther away. The easiest time to set up a home is at the beginning, when the sense of novelty is about it. And I say this irrespective of the income of the young husband. I care not how little he may earn. One's own home is the cheapest investment a man ever makes. Every penny he invests will bring him compound interest in the years to come. If he boards he pays dearly for his experience. Let him board for ten years, and he has no more at the end of that time than he had at the beginning. Under the impression that he brings ease to his wife he gives her an experience that after-years will convince him is the most expensive and the most injurious which their married life held for her. The American boarding-house while a comfort to the old is a positive injury to the young. It holds out not a single actual inducement to the young wife who looks at it rightly and intelligently.

I AM glad of the opportunity which my correspondent has given me to write of this subject, because the great majority of advocates of boarding are women. Men are opposed to it. In their days of bachelorhood they are given, for the most part, a taste of it, and a bitter one at that. They know how absolutely unsatisfactory it is, how hollow, how much of a mockery it is in comparison with a quiet home life. And when they marry they gladly turn from it. Many a young bachelor leaving his boarding-house for the last time has uttered a fervent thanksgiving for his release. What change is it for a man, compelled to meet people all day long in the business world, to come home and do precisely the same thing at the table? Oh, this maddening necessity of being compelled to talk at a boarding-house table with people with whom one has not a single interest in common! I think, for purely forced conversation, the average boarding-house table-talk is absolutely the most pathetic and maddening to which I have ever listened. And then to be looked to to indulge in it, or still worse to listen to it, when the mind is tired, the brain worn out, or perhaps the heart is wounded! I wonder sometimes that our insane asylums do not draw more largely from our boarding-houses than they do. As a rule not a single spirit is in sympathy with the other. Talk is prevalent because one must say something or be adjudged unsociable. One has not even reserved to himself the right to be quiet. I have a great deal of sympathy with the average man in a boarding-house, and I do not think the world-at-large appreciates sufficiently his misery.

NO one with the best interests of our American life at heart can look but with disfavor upon the enormous growth of boarding-houses and apartment-houses in our large cities. To a far greater extent than many suppose are these growing factors the destroyers of our American home system. With each recurring year is the truth brought home more directly that "God made the country, while man made the town." Each year finds these apartment-houses more generally patronized by families. It will indeed be a pity if our American women shall continue to eschew housekeeping during the next twenty years as they have in the past score of years. Nothing bodes so ill for our children. What recollection does life in an apartment-house, a hotel or a boarding-house give to a child in after-years? The sweetest memory to a man is the home of his boyhood, and how little sweetness can there be in the memory of a childhood spent as a "cliff-dweller"! A child has a rightful claim to a home influence, and a mother is untrue to her highest trust when she deprives her child of that right. To offer the argument that a home circle can be established in our modern apartment-houses just as well as in a home is simply to excuse what we know in our hearts to be an untruth. Home life is only possible in a home. A poor apology indeed for a home is even the most comfortable and gorgeously-appointed apartment. Women excuse their resort to this form of life because of the freedom from the annoyance of servants. But the servant-girl problem cannot be solved by shirking it. It seems to me that if some of our American women would trouble themselves less about municipal and suffrage problems, which men will take care of, and devote their much-flaunted capabilities for municipal executive ability toward the solution of the servant-girl problem, which is theirs and theirs only, it would be better for our American life. So long as that distinctly woman's problem, and the additional one of the education of children remain unsolved, as they are to-day, our restless women have little need for other worlds to conquer. They have their hands full.



VERY likely the reading of Ossian had something to do with my morbid anxieties. I had read Byron's imitation of him before that, and admired it prodigiously, and when my father got me the book—as usual I did not know where or how he got it—not all the tall forms that moved before the eyes of haunted bards in the dusky vale of autumn could have kept me from it. There were certain outline illustrations in it, which were very good in the cold Flaxman manner, and helped largely to heighten the fascination of the poems for me. They did not supplant the pastorals of Pope in my affections, and they were never the grand passion with me that Pope's poems had been. I began at once to make my imitations of Ossian, and I dare say they were not windier and mistier than the original. At the same time I read the literature of the subject, and gave the pretensions of Macpherson an unquestioning faith. I should have made very short work of any one who had impugned the authenticity of the poems, but happily there was no one who held the contrary opinion in that village, so far as I knew, or who cared for Ossian, or had even heard of him. This saved me a great deal of heated controversy with my contemporaries, but I had it out in many angry reveries with Dr. Johnson, and others, who had dared to say in their time that the poems of Ossian were not genuine lays of the Gaelic bard, handed down from father to son, and taken from the lips of old women in Highland huts, as Macpherson claimed.

IN fact I lived over in my small way the epoch of the eighteenth century in which these curious frauds found polite acceptance all over Europe, and I think yet that they were really worthier of acceptance than most of the artificialities that then passed for poetry. There was a light of nature in them, and this must have been what delighted me, after being so long shut up to the studio-work of Pope. But strangely enough I did not falter in my allegiance to him, or realize that here in this free form was a deliverance if I liked from the fetters and manacles which I had been at so much pains to fit myself with. Probably nothing would then have persuaded me to put them off, permanently, or to do more than lay them aside for the moment while I tried that new step and that new step. I think that even then I had an instinctive doubt whether formlessness was really better than formality. Something, it seems to me, may be contained and kept alive in formality, but in formlessness everything spills and wastes away. This is what I find the fatal defect of our American Ossian, Walt Whitman, whose way was where artistic madness lies. He had great moments, beautiful and noble thoughts, generous aspirations, and a heart wide and warm enough for the whole race, but he had no bounds, no shape; he was as liberal as the casing air, but he was often as vague and intangible. I cannot say how long my passion for Ossian lasted, but not long, I fancy, for I cannot find any trace of it in the time following our removal from Ashtabula to the country seat at Jefferson. I kept on with Pope, I kept on with Cervantes, I kept on with Irving, but I suppose there was really not substance enough in Ossian to feed my passion, and it died of inanition.

THE establishment of our paper in the village where there had been none before, and its enlargement from four to eight pages, were events so filling that they left little room for any other excitement but that of getting acquainted with the young people of the village, and going to parties, and sleigh rides, and walks, and drives, and picnics, and dances, and all the other pleasures which that community seemed to indulge beyond any other we had known. The village was smaller than the one we had just left, but it was by no means less lively, and I think that for its size, and time, and place, it had an uncommon share of what has since been called culture. The intellectual experience of the people was mainly theological and political, as it was everywhere in that day, but there were several among them who had a real love for books, and when they met at the druggist's, as they did every night, to dispute of the inspiration of the scriptures and the principles of the

Free Soil party, the talk sometimes turned upon the respective merits of Dickens and Thackeray, Gibbon and Macaulay, Wordsworth and Byron. There were law students who read *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, the *Age of Reason*, and *Bailey's Festus*, as well as *Blackstone's Commentaries*; and there was a public library in that village of six hundred people, small but very well selected, which was kept in one of the lawyers' offices, and was free to all. It seems to me now that people met oftener there than they do in most country places, and rubbed their wits together more, but this may be one of those pleasing illusions of memory which men in later life are subject to. I insist upon nothing, but certainly the air was friendlier to the tastes I had formed than any I had yet known, and I found a wider if not deeper sympathy with them. There was one of our printers who liked books, and we went through *Don Quixote* together again, and through the *Conquest of Granada*, and we began to read other things of Irving's. There was a very good little stock of books at the village drug store, and among those that began to come into my hands were the poems of Dr. Holmes, stray volumes of De Quincey, and here and there minor works of Thackeray's. I believe I had no money to buy them, but there was an open account, or a comity, between the printer and the bookseller, and I must have been allowed a certain discretion in regard to getting books.

STILL I do not think I went far in the more modern authors, or gave my heart to any of them. Suddenly, it was now given to Shakespeare, without notice or reason, that I can recall, except that my friend liked him too, and that we found it a double pleasure to read him together. Printers in the old-time offices were always spouting Shakespeare more or less, and I suppose I could not have kept away from him much longer in the nature of things. I cannot fix the time or place when my friend and I began to read him, but it was in the fine print of that unhallowed edition of ours, and presently we had great lengths of him by heart, out of *Hamlet*, out of the *Tempest*, out of *Macbeth*, out of *Richard III*, out of *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, out of the *Comedy of Errors*, out of *Julius Cæsar*, out of *Measure for Measure*, out of *Romeo and Juliet*, out of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. These were the plays that we loved, and must have read in common, or at least at the same time; but others that I more especially liked were the *Histories*, and among them particularly the *Henrys*, where *Falstaff* appeared. This gross and palpable reprobate greatly took my fancy. I delighted in him immensely, and in his comrades, *Pistol*, and *Bardolph*, and *Nym*. I could not read of his death without emotion, and it was a personal pang to me when the prince, crowned king, denied him: blackguard for blackguard, I still think the prince was the worse blackguard. Perhaps I flatter myself, but I believe that even then, as a boy of sixteen, I fully conceived of *Falstaff's* character, and entered into the author's wonderfully humorous conception of him. There is no such perfect conception of the selfish sensualist in literature, and the conception is all the more perfect because of the wit that lights up the vice of *Falstaff*, a cold light without tenderness, for he was not a good fellow, though a merry companion. I am not sure but I should put him beside *Hamlet* and on the same level, for the merit of his artistic completeness, and at one time I much preferred him, or at least his humor. As to *Falstaff* personally, or his like, I was rather fastidious, and would not have made friends with him in the flesh, much or little. I reveled in all his appearances in the *Histories*, and I tried to be as happy where a factitious and perfunctory *Falstaff* comes to life again in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, though at the bottom of my heart I felt the difference. I began to make my imitations of Shakespeare, and I wrote out passages where *Falstaff* and *Pistol* and *Bardolph* talked together, in that *Erles vein* which is so easily caught. This was after a year or two of the irregular and interrupted acquaintance with the author, which has been my mode of friendship with all the authors I have loved. My worship of Shakespeare went to heights and lengths that it had reached with no earlier idol, and there was a supreme moment, once, when I found myself saying that the creation of Shakespeare was as great as the creation of a planet.

THERE ought certainly to be some bound beyond which the cult of favorite authors should not be suffered to go. I should keep well within the limit of that early excess now, and should not liken the creation of Shakespeare to the creation of any heavenly body bigger, say, than one of the nameless asteroids that revolve between Mars and Jupiter. Even this I do not feel to be a true means of comparison, and I think that in the case of all great men we like to let our wonder mount and mount, till it leaves the truth behind, and honesty it is pretty much cast out for ballast. A wise criticism will no more magnify Shakespeare because he is already great than it will magnify any less man. But we are loaded down with the responsibility of finding him all we have been told he is, and we must do this or suspect ourselves of a want of taste, a want of sensibility. At the same time we may be really honest than those who have led us to expect this or that of him, and more truly his friends. I wish the time might come when we could read Shakespeare, and Dante, and Homer, as sincerely and as fairly as we read any new book by the least known of our contemporaries. The course of criticism is toward this, but when I began to read Shakespeare I should not have ventured to think that he was not at every moment great. I should no more have thought of questioning the poetry of any passage in him than of questioning the proofs of holy writ. All the same I knew very well that much which I read was really poor stuff, and the persons and positions were often preposterous. It is a great pity that the ardent youth should not be permitted and even encouraged to say this to himself, instead of falling slavishly before a great author and accepting him at all points as infallible. Shakespeare is fine enough and great enough when all the possible detractions are made, and I have no fear of saying now that he would be finer and greater for the loss of half his work, though if I had heard any one say such a thing then I should have held him as little better than one of the wicked. Upon the whole it was well that I had not found my way to Shakespeare earlier, though it is rather strange that I had not. I knew him on the stage in most of the plays that used to be given. I had shared the conscience of *Macbeth*, the passion of *Othello*, the doubt of *Hamlet*; many times, in my natural affinity for villains, I had mocked and suffered with *Richard III*.

PROBABLY no dramatist ever needed the stage less, and none ever brought more to it. There have been few joys for me in life comparable to that of seeing the curtain rise on *Hamlet*, and hearing the guards begin to talk about the ghost; and yet how fully this joy imparts itself without any material embodiment. It is the same in the whole range of his plays: they fill the scene, but if there is no scene they fill the soul. They are neither worse nor better because of the theatre. They are so great that it cannot hamper them; they are so vital that they enlarge it to their own proportions and endue it with something of their own living force. They make it the size of life, and yet they retire it so wholly that you think no more of it than you think of the physiognomy of one who talks importantly to you. I have heard people say that they would rather not see Shakespeare played than to see him played ill, but I cannot agree with them. He can better afford to be played ill than any other man that ever wrote. Whoever is on the stage it is always Shakespeare who is speaking to me, and perhaps this is the reason why in the past I can trace no discrepancy between reading his plays and seeing them. The effect is so equal from either experience that I am not sure as to some plays whether I read them or saw them first, though as to most of them I am aware that I never saw them at all; and if the whole truth must be told there is still one of his plays that I have not read, and I believe it is esteemed one of his greatest. There are several, with all my reading of others, that I had not read till within a few years; and I do not think I should have lost much if I had never read *Pericles* and *Winter's Tale*.

IN those early days I had no philosophized preference for reality in literature, and I dare say if I had been asked, I should have said that the plays of Shakespeare where reality is least felt were the most imaginative; that is the belief of the puerile critics still; but I suppose it was my instinctive liking for reality that made the great *Histories* so delightful to me, and that rendered *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* vital in their very ghosts and witches. There I found a world appreciable to experience, a world inexpressibly vaster and grander than the poor little affair that I had only known a small obscure corner of, and yet of one quality with it so that I could be as much at home and citizen in it as where I actually lived. There I found joy and sorrow mixed, and nothing abstract or typical, but everything standing for itself, and not for some other thing. Then, I suppose it was the interfusion of humor through so much of it, that made it all precious and friendly. I think I had a native love of

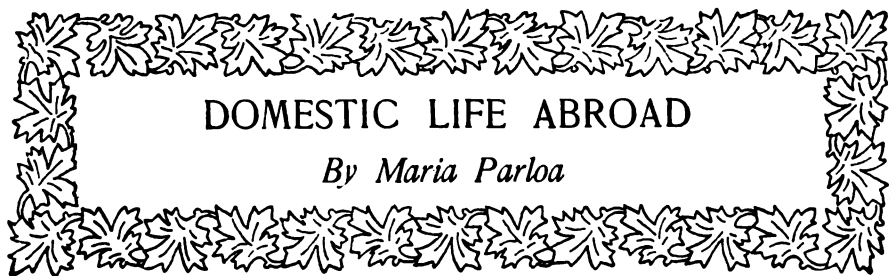
laughing, which was fostered in me by my father's way of looking at life, and had certainly been flattered by my intimacy with Cervantes; but whether this was so or not, I know that I liked best and felt deepest those plays and passages in Shakespeare where the alliance of the tragic and the comic was closest. Perhaps in a time when self-consciousness is so widespread, it, however, is the only thing that saves us from ourselves. I am sure that without it I should not have been naturalized to that world of Shakespeare's *Histories*, where I used to spend so much of my leisure, with such a sense of his own intimate companionship there as I had nowhere else. I felt that he must somehow like my being in the joke of it all and that in his great heart he had room for a boy willing absolutely to lose himself in him, and be as one of his creations.

IT was the time of life with me when a boy begins to be in love right and left with the pretty faces that then people this world so thickly, and I did not fail to fall in love with the ladies of that Shakespeare-world where I lived equally. I cannot tell whether it was because I found them like my ideals here, or whether my ideals here acquired merit because of their likeness to the realities there; they appeared to be all of one degree of enchanting loveliness; but upon the whole I must have preferred them in the plays, because it was so much easier to get on with them there; I was always much better dressed there; I was vastly handsomer; I was not bashful or afraid, and I had some defects of these advantages to contend with here.

That friend of mine, the printer whom I have mentioned, was one with me in a sense of the Shakespearean humor, and he dwelt with me in the sort of double being I had in those two worlds. We took the book into the woods at the ends of the long summer afternoons that remained to us when we had finished our work, and on the shining Sundays of the warm, late spring, the early, warm autumn, and we read it there on grassy slopes or heaps of fallen leaves; so that much of the poetry is mixed for me with a rapturous sense of the outdoor beauty of this lovely natural world. We read, turn about, one taking the story up as the other tired, and as we read the drama played itself under the open sky and in the free air with such orchestral effects as the soughing woods, or some rippling stream afforded. It was not interrupted when a squirrel dropped a nut on us from the top of a tall hickory; and the plaint of a meadow-lark prolonged itself with unbroken sweetness from one world to the other.

But I think it takes two to read in the open air. The pressure of walls is wanted to keep the mind within itself when one reads alone; otherwise it wanders and disperses itself through nature. When my friend left us for want of work in the office, or from the vagarious impulse which is so strong in our craft, I took my Shakespeare no longer to the woods and fields, but pored upon him mostly by night, in the narrow little space which I had for my study, under the stairs at home. There was a desk pushed back against the wall, which the irregular ceiling sloped down to meet behind it, and at my left was a window, which gave a good light on the writing leaf of my desk. This was my workshop for six or seven years, and it was not at all a bad one; I have had many since that were not so much to the purpose; and though I would not live my life over, I would willingly enough have that little study mine again. But it is gone as utterly as the faces and voices that made home round it, and that I was fierce to shut out of it, so that no sound or sight should molest me in the pursuit of the end which I sought gropingly, blindly, with very little hope, but with an intense ambition, and a courage that gave way under no burden, before no obstacle. Long ago changes were made in the low, rambling house which threw my little closet into a larger room; but this was not until after I had left it many years; and as long as I remained a part of that dear and simple home it was my place to read, to write, to muse, to dream. I sometimes wish in these later years that I had spent less time in it or that world of books which it opened into; that I had seen more of the actual world, and had learned to know my brethren in it better. I might have amassed more material for after use in literature, but I had to fit myself to use it, and I suppose that this was what I was doing, in my own way, and by such light as I had. I often toiled wrongly and foolishly; but certainly I toiled, and I suppose no work is wasted. Some strength I hope was coming to me, even from my mistakes, and though I went over ground that I need not have traversed, if I had not been left so much to find the way alone, yet I was not standing still, and some of the things that I then wished to do I have done. I do not mind owning that in others I have failed. For instance, I have never surpassed Shakespeare, as a poet, though I once firmly meant to do so; but then, it is to be remembered that very few other people have surpassed him, and that it would not have been easy.

W. D. Howells.



DOMESTIC LIFE ABROAD

By Maria Parloa

FIRST ARTICLE

To be able to form correct ideas of the domestic life of any people, one must speak their language and live among them, conforming to all their customs. Even then it is a difficult matter to be just and impartial in one's views, as custom makes right and proper in one country that which would seem wrong and improper in another.

LIFE IN A PENSION DE FAMILLE

IN Paris one has the choice of at least four modes of living. One may keep house, live at the public hotel, in furnished apartments, taking one's meals there or elsewhere, as is most convenient, or one may board in a pension. All these modes have their advantages. The hotel and furnished apartments give one a very independent life.

Because I wished to study this phase of life, and also because I wanted daily practice in speaking and hearing the French language, I chose the pension de famille. In a boarding-house of this sort one hears a great deal of French spoken at the table twice a day, and also in the salon in the evening. It is almost impossible to get into a pension where foreigners are not admitted, so that one will more than likely have the disadvantage of hearing a good deal of bad French as well as good.

THE BEGINNING OF THE DAY

WHEN you first come to the pension madame asks you when you will have your breakfast served. I found that I could have my breakfast at any time from half-after seven to nine o'clock, so I decided to have my fire made at half-after seven, and my breakfast served at eight o'clock.

The breakfast is the same every day in the year: Two small rolls, a small piece of butter, a small pitcher of hot milk and a still smaller pitcher of hot coffee, and three blocks of sugar. If you wish you may substitute tea or chocolate for the coffee.

You might think that one would tire of this breakfast, but, on the contrary, you welcome it with pleasure each morning. The bread and the butter are always delicious, and the hot drink does not vary much in quantity. The French housekeeper gets everything down to a fine point, and as one studies the cost and mode of living, one realizes that this is a necessity.

Every morning the servants are up at six o'clock; the boots and shoes must be cleaned, fires made, hot water and breakfast must be taken to the chambers, and countless other duties must be performed. The servants are kept busy until eleven o'clock at night, except on rare occasions.

After breakfast the mistress of the house goes to market, looks after the servants, and attends to all the little details of the household, which in a house like this are without number.

THE SERVICE OF THE TABLE

IN the pension, the déjeuner, or what we would call luncheon, is served at noon, and usually consists of three courses.

The first course sometimes consists of eggs or fish in some form, in which case the second is generally hot meat. It may be a roast or steak, but more frequently it is cold meat made into a savory ragout or hash. Potatoes in some form are generally served in this course. If, however, the hot meat and potatoes are served in the first course, as is frequently the case, the second course will be cold meat with a savory meat jelly, or a salad of green or cooked vegetables, dressed with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper.

The third course is nearly always the same, bread, cheese, and some sort of marmalade which is passed in the tumbler in which it was put up. For drink there is water and red wine.

The dinner is a more elaborate affair. There are always four courses, sometimes five. The first is soup—almost invariably good. The second, some kind of fish, or meat prepared in some dainty manner. It may be a ragout, or something warmed in a simple sauce, in which case a vegetable is sometimes served with it, or it may be patties. These are sometimes filled with a preparation of chicken, or chicken and mushrooms, and are most delicious, and sometimes with a preparation of other kinds of meat.

The third course is always a roast and a vegetable. It may be beef, mutton, game or poultry. It is always of the best quality and well cooked. The fourth course is some light dessert, whipped cream and sugar wafers, or some simple hot pudding, or cooked or uncooked fruit. All the desserts are simple and comparatively inexpensive, but always good. For drink, water and wine.

An American misses the vegetables, but the French people eat a great deal of bread, and one soon learns to make it answer instead of vegetables. It is often said that one cannot get enough to eat at a French pension, but at this house this is not the case; the food is of the best quality and all one wants of it. Seven hours, the time between luncheon and dinner, is too long a time to go without food, and one should try to take a cup of hot chocolate or tea, and a roll or cake or some bread in the intervening time.

MODES OF HEATING THE HOUSES

COMPARATIVELY few of the French houses are heated by any other method than fires in the rooms.

Fireplaces are used a great deal. In these are burned wood, coal, coke and other substances.

For the salle à manger (dining-room) there are stoves which are built into the chimney, a part of the stove being in the dining-room and a part in another room, or entrance hall; sometimes, however, these stoves have but one side and are built so that they are entirely in the dining-room. When built between two rooms they do not project into the room more than four or five inches. The top forms a narrow mantel, and the sides and fronts are tiled except where the oven comes and the openings for the fireplace, and to let out the heat. There is nothing cheery about these stoves, and the only advantage one can see over a fireplace is that they take up so little space, and the ovens are nice for keeping plates and food warm. These stoves are really not intended to heat much more than the dining-room, but when they are built into the wall the fireplace is in the other room.

The fireplaces are provided with a grate or low andirons. If coke or coal is burned in the fireplaces the grate is necessary, but with wood or briquettes the low andirons answer. There are also stoves like the American stoves—indeed, many of them are made in America.

Sometimes the fireplace is closed with a piece of sheet-iron, a hole large enough to admit a stovepipe being made in the sheet-iron. A small stove, something like the American open-grate stoves, is used in these fireplaces. It is on casters and has a handle on top; the front is of mica, through which the ruddy glow of the fire is seen. These stoves can be moved from room to room with the greatest ease, and the pipe be placed in the opening in the sheet-iron in the fireplace. Anthracite coal is always burned, and the fire is kept for weeks. These stoves heat much better than the fireplaces. Some of the large private houses, and also some of the hotels and pensions, are heated by furnaces and other heating appliances, but these are the rare cases.

THE HOME FOR AMERICAN STUDENTS

WHILE studying the different phases of domestic life in Paris my attention was called to the Home recently opened for American girls who come to Paris to study art, music, modern languages, etc. I visited the Home and learned all about it. Since so many American girls come to Paris to study, an account of the origin and scope of this Home may be of interest to the readers of the JOURNAL.

On the eleventh day of April, 1893, there was held, at the residence of Mrs. Walden Pell, a meeting of those interested in establishing a home for American girl students.

Previous to this meeting the Paris edition of the New York "Herald" had created an interest in the matter, and there had been a generous response from all quarters. The superintendent in charge of the Home, at this meeting explained, with much detail, the plan of the Home. She said: "At the request of many prominent Americans residing in Paris, and of American art students, I have made a thorough investigation as to the necessity of the place where American girls coming to Paris to study music, art, literature and the modern languages, can find a home with home protection and home comforts. The main object of the proposed institution is to have a place where young girls can be left with perfect confidence by their parents and guardians. The uniform charge is to be five francs a day, which will include food, room, lights and fire. The obligation of speaking the French language is to be enforced; there will be no other rules or regulations, and the idea of a charity has not for a moment been considered. Those who are admitted must be indorsed by responsible persons. What is projected is a place where American girls can live as they would at home."

On the day of the meeting the "Herald" opened a subscription list, to which were sent subscriptions in sums varying from two dollars to one thousand dollars. All countries responded, and in less than two months eight thousand dollars had been subscribed. The day following the meeting at Mrs. Pell's the ladies interested in the Home received a letter from Dr. Evans (a rich and philanthropic American, well known on both sides of the water), in which he said he was in sympathy with their plan of establishing a home for American young girls who proposed to pursue art studies here, and that if a committee of American ladies and gentlemen could be organized for the management of the Home on an unsectarian and liberal basis he would place at the disposition of the committee, for a period of years, a large house containing over forty rooms. Dr. Evans' offer was accepted, and the ladies interested immediately began the work of preparing and furnishing the house, so that it was opened for students on the fifteenth of October.

SITUATION AND ADVANTAGES

THE Lafayette Home is located at 187, Rue de la Pompe Passy, one of the most delightful parts of Paris. The entrance to the house is through a garden, or, as it is termed in Paris, a planted court. A wooden addition, in the form of a Swiss chalet, has been built on to the house. This contains a large salon, a small music-room and a library. The house is six stories high. It is long and rather narrow. On each floor a corridor runs on one side of the house, and the rooms on the other. All the chambers have the same exposure and all are sunny. They are all good-sized, well and tastefully furnished. The office, dining-room, reading-room and kitchen are on the second floor. The house is heated by stoves; if the students have fires in their rooms it is an extra expense, but everything else is covered by the payment of from three to five francs a day. The charge is never over five francs. There are five pianos in the house. There are also four small rooms, suitable for studios, which the students can use if they wish.

The directors do not provide teachers, but if desired they will help the students to get the best masters. At the house there are given three lessons a week in French and three in Italian. These are given by the best professors, at a cost to the pupils of one franc a lesson. Besides these lessons the French professor gives one free lesson a week. A French teacher resides in the house and her services are free to the pupils. There is also a class in diction once a week. Frequent lectures are given in the salon. All these advantages are free to the students. There are thirty students in the house now. Three of them are having the benefit of scholarships which have been given to the Home. Some talented young girls have not the means to pursue their studies, and these scholarships help them in part or wholly, as their needs require. Here is an opportunity for generous Americans of means to help their struggling young countrywomen. The New York "Herald" will gladly receive any donations that may be sent to it for this purpose.

The property and general management of the Home are in the hands of a board of trustees. The Home is open to any American girl who can furnish satisfactory recommendations, and who is living in Paris for the purpose of studying any of the liberal arts and sciences.

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A PAIR OF WEDDING BREAKFASTS

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer



THE first thing to be done in the matter of the wedding breakfast, after the date of the wedding and the number of the guests have been decided upon, is to carefully arrange and decide upon the menu, remembering that a wedding breakfast differs only from a wedding supper in that it consists, generally speaking, of fewer cold and more hot dishes. Select first, such meat and fish as you desire to serve and the sauce suitable to serve with each; decide upon the vegetables and sweets which you will use, and then study the serving of the breakfast and the table decorations.

A LIBERAL MENU

THE following menu will be found sufficiently elaborate for the average wedding breakfast:

- Iced Pomegranates in Punch Glasses
- Fillets of Sole, Sauce Tartare
- Bread Sticks
- Sweetbread Patties
- Coffee
- Pigeon Cutlets
- Purée of Potatoes
- Chicken Salad
- Bread Sticks
- Cheese Straws
- Vanilla Ice Cream
- Pineapple Sherbet
- Cakes
- Fruit

This menu may be prepared with little difficulty. The iced pomegranates served in punch glasses are delicious, but there are many places in the United States where pomegranates cannot be secured. If you can get currants use them in their place. A mixture of white and red currants, carefully prepared, placed in the glasses with about a tablespoonful of orange juice poured in each glass and two tablespoonfuls of finely-shaved ice added, just as they are placed on the table, makes a nice substitute. If you are without an ice-shaver take a large butcher-knife and draw over the ice as you would use a planing knife. Pass powdered sugar to be eaten with the fruit.

THE FILLETS OF SOLE

THE fillets of sole can be made from flounder. If flounder is not accessible you can get small fish. Dip in beaten egg and breadcrumbs, fry and arrange neatly on a napkin, heads all one way, and in the centre of the platter place a pretty little dish filled with sauce Tartare. Bread sticks can be made at home perfectly well, and coffee may be served with this course and continued throughout the meal if desired. Sweetbread patties may be served in pastry shells for a luncheon, but for a breakfast they should always be served in dainty individual china or paper cases. Pigeon cutlets, I think, are accessible in all parts of the country. Secure the pigeons two days before you wish to use them. After they are picked they should be drawn and hung in a cold place. The breasts should be torn off in two solid pieces just the shape of the hand, leaving the first wing joint with the fillet. They can then be put into a baking pan, basted with stock, cooked until they are brown, and arranged about a mound of purée of potato in the centre of the dish. If the wedding party number twenty-five or thirty I should have two dishes arranged and garnished, to avoid delay and to make it easier for the waitress. After the pigeon cutlets serve chicken salad, and with it, if you like, either crackers or small rolls or bread sticks, and with this course the cheese straws should be served. After this everything must be removed from the table but the salted almonds and olives, and the bonbons. Fruits and cakes may be placed at once on the table, and the ices served from a side table or from an outer room. Of course the wedding cakes remain upon the table during the entire meal.

ARRANGING THE TABLE

THE table should be covered with spotless linen and sufficient silver placed at each cover for the entire meal. At the left-hand side of the plate place a fork for the fish, another for the sweetbread patties, another for the pigeon cutlets, another for the chicken salad and another for the dessert. On the right-hand side are the necessary knives, an ice cream spoon, a dessert and tea spoon.

In the centre of the table have a large piece of white China silk neatly ruffled in the form of a mound. Arrange a circle of maiden's-hair fern in the little ruffles and cap it with white flowers tied with broad white ribbon. Let the white flowers be such as may easily be secured in your locality. Roses are first choice, carnations or narcissus second. White violets are exceedingly dainty and appropriate. At each plate lay a single white rose or a bud or spray of any white flower.

CHOOSE DAINTY COLORS

LET the china be very delicate in color. On the napkin, which may be partly folded back, should be placed the bread sticks, two of them tied together with narrow white ribbon. Have around the centre-piece, in pretty china or cut-glass dishes, salted almonds, olives with cracked ice and the cheese straws. I should have two plates of the latter and two plates filled with bonbons. If you have used narcissus for the decoration I should have the bonbons white and yellow; if roses, plain white; if white violets, white and violet. At each end of the table, about midway, have the candelabras. Each candle should have its little white shade. These shades may be of China silk or dainty tissue paper. The room should be lit by lamplight. A lamp may stand in one corner, the shade of which should also be plain white or white and yellow, or white and violet, to correspond with the flowers. Have arranged on a side table or a sideboard the outfit of china for the entire meal so that there will not be the slightest confusion. Confusion is of all things the most to be avoided at a meal of any sort, and particularly would it be so at a wedding breakfast where all should be harmonious and dainty and dignified.

SERVING THE BREAKFAST

THE fruit in the punch glasses should be placed on the plate that will be used for the fillets of sole, the next course following, and should be on the table before breakfast is announced, so that when the punch glasses are lifted the guests will not be without a plate. In serving the sweetbread patties the little cases will be placed on paper mats and these paper mats again on dainty china plates, so that when the waitress removes the plates from the first course another plate containing the patty will be placed at once. Plates for the pigeon cutlets should be warmed and put in front of each guest as the sweetbread patties are removed, so that the waitress may hand on the left side of each guest a neatly-garnished platter holding the next course. The chicken salad may be arranged, if you like, on salad plates, or the salad bowl may be passed and each guest allowed to serve him or herself. After the salad course, have placed on the ends of the table near the candelabras two dainty dishes holding fruit. Let the fruit be the nicest you can secure in your locality. If oranges or mandarins, have them partly pared or the skin loosened as it were. If grapes, have them cut into neat bunches, nicely washed and arranged in cut-glass dishes with a little chipped ice. Other fruits, like peaches, if they can be secured, are very much prettier if garnished with the leaves of the fruit. If you have oranges, a few orange leaves or branches make a very pretty decoration. The ice cream, if you have the convenience for so doing, should be moulded into individual forms. Pineapple sherbet may be moulded in the form of fruit, and vanilla ice cream in blocks. If individual moulds are not at hand, mould in perfectly square bricks and cut into slices and again into blocks. If you secure pomegranates, remember in opening you must be very careful not to have the least particle of the brown skin fall into the dish or the whole will be bitter. If you have currants, simply stem them, put them in the glasses and finish as directed.

THE FISH COURSE

IN preparing the fillets of sole, cut down a flounder from head to tail, keeping the knife as close to the backbone as possible; turn and cut precisely the same on the other side so that you will have the two halves separated from the bone. Cut these halves into strips lengthwise. Then cut them across into four or five pieces. Dust each piece with salt and pepper, dip it in egg and then in breadcrumbs, and just before serving it sink it down into a kettle of smoking hot fat. The fleshy side will shrink and cause the little fillet to roll just the size of your finger. Place for a moment on brown paper to drain and they will be ready to serve.

The purée of potato will be simply a mashed potato beaten until very, very light and then placed over hot water until smoking hot. Add a gill of hot cream and beat again. Arrange this in the centre of the dish and press the fillets around the edge. Garnish the top with sprigs of parsley and place here and there around the dish tiny little red radishes, the skin cut down to the stem and loosened in the form of a tulip. If radishes are not to be procured substitute the pale green of the tops of celery for the extra garnish; it will contrast prettily with the dark green parsley.

THE SWEETBREAD PATTIES

FOR twenty-five persons you should purchase three pairs of sweetbreads. Parboil them as soon as they come from the market, which should be the day before the breakfast. Pick them to pieces, rejecting every particle of fibrous skin. If any of the pieces are so large that they require cutting use a silver knife to cut them with and then stand them away until they are needed. A half hour before serving put three tablespoonfuls of butter and three tablespoonfuls of flour into a porcelain saucepan. Melt and stir carefully without browning. Add a pint and a half of milk, stir constantly until boiling, add one can of finely-chopped mushrooms, one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt and a half teaspoonful of white pepper. When the sauce reaches the boiling point add the sweetbreads. Cover and stand over hot water or turn into a double boiler for thirty minutes and they are ready to serve.

By following these directions carefully I think even an amateur will find it comparatively easy to direct the cooking and serving of this wedding breakfast.

A SIMPLER WEDDING BREAKFAST

THE following breakfast is simple and delicious, and daintily served should please the most fastidious:

- Baked Bananas
- Broiled Shad, Roe Sauce
- Parisienne Potatoes
- Breaded Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce
- French Rolls
- Sweetbread Cutlets, Cream Sauce
- French Peas
- Melon
- Charlotte Russe

PREPARING THE MENU

I HAVE in this bill of fare suggested baked bananas as this fruit may be purchased in all portions of the United States. Strip off one side of the banana and loosen the shell. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of sugar over each. Run them into a quick oven for about twenty minutes, lift carefully and serve one to each guest.

In a locality where shad cannot be obtained substitute the choicest large fish purchasable. The fish should be broiled fleshy side down until nearly done and then the skin simply cooked long enough to lightly brown. Butter the fish well and dust thickly with salt and pepper and serve smoking hot. In place of roe sauce a melted butter sauce may be served. Plain French fried potatoes with sliced cucumbers should be served with the fish. Coffee may also be served with this course and continue through the entire meal.

Should the sweetbread cutlets be omitted French peas may be served with the chops. Sweetbread and shrimp cutlets are made after the same rule. Parboil the sweetbreads and with a silver knife chop them fine. To each pint of sweetbreads allow a half pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter and two large tablespoonfuls of flour. Put the milk over the fire and rub the butter and flour together; add to the hot milk and stir until you have a thick, smooth paste; add the yolks of two eggs; cook just a minute and take from the fire. Now to the sweetbreads add one teaspoonful of salt, tablespoonful of chopped parsley, grating of nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of pepper and a dash of cayenne. Stir this into the paste and turn out to cool. When cold form into cutlet-shaped croquettes. Dip into egg and then breadcrumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. These may be made and fried the day before, if you like, then placed on two thicknesses of soft paper in the baking pan and quickly heated at serving time.

If melons can be secured they may be chilled and served alone. If not, finish the breakfast with a simple Charlotte russe.

ARRANGING THE TABLE

THE arrangements of this table may be the same precisely as in the more liberal menu. If candelabras are not obtainable have two or three candlesticks placed on the table, and in the centre a lamp with a dainty white silk or paper shade. Around the base of the lamp arrange your white China silk, or the lamp may stand alone in the centre, and just a little toward one end of the table you may have a mound of ferns, and then a single white flower at each plate. This decoration will prove exceedingly inexpensive.

Radishes, gherkins, olives, salted almonds and dishes of this kind may be arranged on the table and left there during the entire meal. Do not use bright colors either in dining-room or in decorations. Use white and violet, white and pale yellow, or white and green. Ferns of all kinds make beautiful wedding breakfast decorations and are exceedingly inexpensive. A massive pot of maiden's-hair fern may be placed in the centre of the table, with the pot neatly covered with white silk.

In arranging these bills of fare I have considered only those rather simple in construction, feeling that many persons who might wish to use them would have to do most of the work at home. Where the details of the wedding breakfast are placed in the hands of a city caterer there need be no anxiety as to its results. But for the many who desire to have a simple, dainty and satisfactory menu without great expense, my "Pair of Wedding Breakfasts" is prepared.

An April Shower



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THE ELDER SISTER IN THE HOME

By Ruth Ashmore



WONDER how many of my girls have the great privilege of being the sister in the family? And when I say sister I mean the oldest daughter. Sometimes she is the baby whom God first gave to the happy household; sometimes she has two or three brothers to greet her when she comes into the world, but as long as she is the first girl, she is always sister, and to her come special rights and privileges. I want to talk to her just a little bit and tell her what these rights are, what the privileges are and what the pleasures are. She is very near to me because she and I stand side by side, and I know, perhaps, better than she does, the mistakes that may be made and the privileges that are within her reach. She is, before everything else, the closest one to the dear mother. A boy may come near to the maternal heart, but he never gets her confidence, and she never quite relies on him as she does on her oldest girl. The mother and the daughter are close friends. And between these two, little affairs can be talked over, little troubles discussed and made easier to bear, little pleasures thought out and made possible, and all life itself made fuller of joy than it would be if sister did not exist.

I wonder if you know your influence? And I wonder if you use it? I wonder if you realize that you can be the cheerful, loving, willing, helping hand? My dear girl, if you do you can be a comfort to so many people. You can give the loving word of advice, you can help the one who is in doubt, and by the beautiful power of kindred and love, you can have an influence that is greater than any other over your brothers and sisters. What do I mean? Well, in this, the little talk between you and me, I am going to tell you—tell you just what your position is, and what you can make of it to each member of the household.

TO YOUR MOTHER

AS your mother is queen of the household you can be her prime minister. She can decide what is right to be done and you will help her in carrying it out. She represents the brain and heart, you represent the hand and heart. There come times in all households when the machinery that has run so smoothly seems either to stop entirely, or to be so clogged that the wheels move slowly and in a way that is irritating to every one. In many homes the cause for this differs. But a very common one is the introduction of a poor or an old relation: one who is queer, possibly tiresome, and yet who has the claim that blood and poverty always have on kindred and kindness. The boys fret the old lady, father sees so little of her that she don't trouble him, and yet she worries mother. It may be that she is your grandmother, and because she is an old lady she doesn't realize the material or mental changes that have taken place, and she exacts from the daughter of forty-five what she had from the daughter of fifteen—that is, continual consideration and obedience. Mother, whose views of life have broadened, and who is a very busy woman, is irritated by these demands.

Here comes one of your opportunities. You have left school; you have a good bit of time on your hands; devote as much of that as you can to grandmamma; make the hours that you spend with her pleasant to her, and when you grow weary in well-doing stand in front of the looking-glass by grandmamma's side and remember that some day you will be as old as she is and will want patience and consideration shown to you. Find out what she likes to have done for her, and do it; see if she likes to take a little walk with you, and go with her gladly. And if, once in a while, or indeed very often, she should drift into a kindly gossip about people who are dead and buried, and whom you never knew, listen to her with interest, and think to yourself that when you grow old and a trifle garrulous, you will probably yearn for a sympathetic listener. Never let her think for one minute that she is a burden. Tell her of your friends and of the pleasures in your daily life. Get her interested in you, and to your surprise grandmamma will suddenly grow much younger. Loving kindness has worked this miracle. That is one of the things you can do to help mother. You can amuse and entertain grandmamma, and then when mother's leisure hours come she will find her happy and pleased, and the life between them will seem like a renewal of the old days when they were both many years younger. "And thy days shall be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

TO YOUR FATHER

I NEVER saw a man who wasn't proud of his sister. He may love his boys, but this oldest girl gets very close to his heart, and she can do much to make life pleasanter to him. To my sorrow I have seen her sit and sulk when he was present; I have seen her complaining because she didn't have what all the other girls had, and I have known her to think that her father represented a money-making machine, bound to take care of her and give her a good time. And she might be so much more. When father comes home in the evening it ought to be her place to greet him with a smile and as much merriment as she can. It is her honor to be his daughter, and that means to give him all the pleasure possible and to keep from him the little frets and worries. Sometimes if a question of great importance comes to her she goes to him to ask how it shall be solved, and if she has been a good daughter she will certainly get from him considerate advice and loving thoughtfulness. Some day when the blushes cover her face she will go to her father to tell him that she loves the man who has asked her to be his wife, and then he will look at the man who wishes to be her lifelong companion, not only through the rose-colored glasses which she wears, but through those clear ones of good sense, and he will consider and weigh in the balance the man who wishes to take from him his dearest one. For, sister, that is what you can be to him—his heart's delight.

I know a man who says that his oldest daughter would make pleasant the poorest home that can be imagined. He says no matter how much everybody else is down in the depths, she always has a merry greeting, a funny story, an interesting topic, or a pleasant question for discussion that interests everybody else and puts down the inclinations of the other members of the family to tell of their woes and worries, as a sauce for their dinners, rather than of their pleasures and interests. I call that being a great deal to one's father. He who is out in the busy world earning the bread and butter doesn't want to be met with complaints and cross looks; he wants to be greeted with a kiss, to be entertained by the mind which he has really formed by earning the money to pay the teachers to broaden and round it, and to be able to look at the bright, cheery girl, neat in her dress, sweet in her manner and ever ready to make merry those who are sad.

TO YOUR BROTHER

BROTHER is close to you in years. A little older or a little younger, but near enough to you to be your companion and friend if you wish to make him so. What are you going to do? Are you going to let him drift away from you and find his pleasures away from home? Or are you going to keep him close to you and make him a sharer in everything that comes to you? I think, dear sister, you are going to do the last. There is a cigar shop down street where the boys of the neighborhood drift in and smoke and talk. Possibly they do nothing more harmful, but your brother might just as well have all this pleasure at home. And this is the way you can make him happy: Make him feel that his friends are yours, and if he will not bring them to the house because of some queer idea, and all young boys have them, then get your mother's permission to write a note to each and every one asking him to come on a certain evening, and have some of your friends to meet them. Put yourself to a little trouble the first time; have a nice little supper, plenty of music, pleasant games, and the simple, innocent dancing that is permissible in a home. Find out who is the shyest, or better still, the roughest of these friends, and pay to him the most attention, for you want him to come again. And you must convince him that he will have a better time if he comes to Jack's home and meets Jack's sister than if he induced Jack to spend an evening with him in the cigar store. After a while you will find that your brother will rely on you; you will find that his friends come to you with their little confidences, and gradually Jack's house will be cited as the one where a fellow can go without being treated as if he always did wrong.

I once knew of a household like this, a household long ago broken up, but where innumerable stray boys, boys without sisters, or who lived in boarding-houses, came to enjoy themselves, and where they knew they could always drop in for Sunday evening tea, and not only have good things to eat but a pleasant time altogether. Two or three of them who sang well would lift their voices in praise to Almighty God and all the rest of them would come in on the chorus.

HOW TO REFINED HIM

THAT is your work. The young boy who is careless about his appearance, unrefined in his manners, and lacking all thought is the one over whom a sister has had no influence. So when he comes to you, even though you are forced to regard him as somebody's else brother, do what you can in a quiet way to make him conscious of right and wrong. You will have an opportunity some day to tell him how difficult it was to teach your own brother that hands well cared for, that clothes well brushed, and clean linen were necessary if he wished to associate with his sister. That boy will look in an embarrassed way at his own hands; he may become conscious of a mussed and decidedly soiled collar, and he may remember that his clothes are not very well brushed and that the hat he wore was thick with dust. As soon as he recognizes these facts he will reform, and you will be surprised to see how quickly he will remedy his mistakes, and how he will realize that in his own person he must express refinement if he desires to be a friend of Jack's sister.

Then when the impolite word is spoken, or perhaps it may go beyond that and be a rude or vulgar word, a little look and a little reminder that he has forgotten himself will cause him to think, and the possibilities of the man who once begins to think are wonderful. The fact that Jack's friends admire you, that Jack's friends find you charming will make Jack very proud of you, and he will suggest to the boys who come to the house that they have got to do this, or they have got to stop that if they want to meet his sister. My dear girl, you have no idea what your influence is over your brother.

The day will come when brother will ask you with many blushes if you know that pretty girl who lives in the next block. It doesn't take you but a minute to understand that your brother is in love. Possibly you may feel a touch of jealousy, but if you do, don't betray it, for you must remember there will come a love to each of you that is stronger than any other, and you have no right to find fault with him if he has found this love before you.

TO YOUR SISTERS

HAVING made little mistakes, having been the pupil of that great teacher, experience, it is only right for you to give the hand of guidance to your younger sisters. This you can do in such a way that you do not seem to put yourself up on a pedestal and preach to them, but you do appear to be what you really are—interested in their not making the same mistakes that you have, and so forcing all life to become smoother to them through your goodness. The inclination of an older girl is to patronize a younger one. Don't do this. Make your sister or sisters your companions and friends; try to induce each one of them to make the home-life more interesting and to cooperate with you in lifting the burdens from the shoulders of the busy mother. Tell your sisters of your pleasures; let them feel that together you can discuss their daily lives, and enter closely into whatever seems of importance to them. Help a bit with the lessons; give a word of encouragement to that one who tires of the many hours of practice on the piano; tell her of the great pleasure that music gives to others, how its sweet strains will deaden the voice of scandal and kill the unkind word. Teach your younger sisters the womanly care they should give to their clothes; teach this by gentle words. Make them understand the refinements of the table, but do this in that best of all ways—set them a good example. Make them comprehend that even a little lady has lost her claim to the title if her apron is soiled, if her hair is mussed, and if her manners are bad. Make your sisters seem of importance. Ask them to help you with some of your tasks, and you will be surprised to see how willingly this is done when the duty is recognized not as a duty, but as a something to be done with pleasure because it is helping mother or sister.

IN YOUR PLACE

WHEN God put you in the place that you now occupy, when He made you sister of a household, He meant that you should be a pleasure and an example to those around you. Don't believe He meant you to be a prig. He meant you to be merry and wise, happy and considerate, counting it no trouble to do a service for those you love, or indeed, if it came in your way, even for those who were strangers to you. He meant that you should love and respect old age or weakness. He meant that you should be a joy forever to your father and mother. He meant that you should be mother's little comforter, sharing her happiness with her and helping her, as far as possible, in her troubles and worries. Be willing, more than willing, to do what is right, and so by love, generosity and consideration to perfectly fill your place, and when Prince Charming comes he will be made the happiest man in the world, because all of the family will say, "What will we do without sister?"

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 35 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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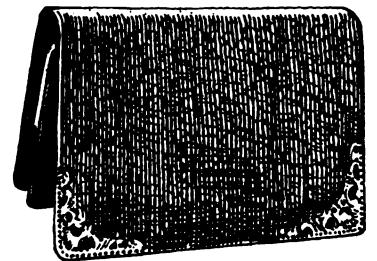
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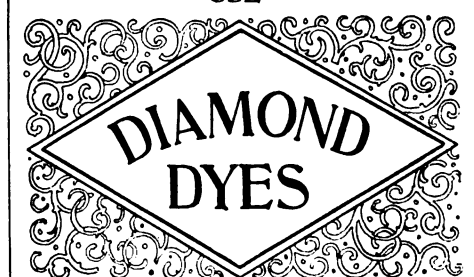
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BLACK AND WHITE COSTUMES

By Isabel A. Mallon

FASHION has decreed that black and white costumes shall be given a distinct preference this coming season. And yet, in doing this, it cannot be said that fashion is original, for there are a number of women who, because they like the combination, or because they find it becoming, or because they have worn mourning for so many years that they dislike to assume colors again, adhere to the combination of black and white. In materials there is, of course, a very wide range; there is the smooth, glossy satin, the rich, heavy silk, the clinging, soft cloths, and for the summer time, the pretty cottons. Satin is given the preference for the early spring gown, that is, for the gown intended for visiting or to wear to places of amusement. In citing a method for making a satin gown I wish to say that the same design is available for a heavy silk one.

A BLACK SATIN COSTUME

A VERY effective gown is shown in Illustration No. 1. The material is heavy black satin. The skirt itself has a flare about the lower edge. In the back the two double box-plaits give the necessary fullness and make walking a very easy matter. Just below the edge is the finish, which consists of three milliner's folds with a heavy cord run under each. The bodice



EFFECTIVE COSTUME OF BLACK SATIN (Illus. No. 1)

is a long, close-fitting coat basque. There is absolutely no trimming on the skirt portion of it, but around the waist at the back is a narrow, folded belt of satin, while across the front is a wider one which is so arranged that it is high on one side and then cut down at the top until it is only two inches wide on the other. This is sewed under the arm on its deep side and is hooked in position on the narrow one. The collar is a very high one, formed of folds of satin. Tied just in front is a bias strip of satin about four inches wide with the ends cut crosswise and edged with a frill of guipure lace. The sleeves, coming from under long, sloping shoulder seams, are rather full above the elbows, but below, shape into the wrists, and have as their finish five milliner's folds with a stiff little bow of the black satin on each. The bonnet is entirely of black jet. The ties of black satin ribbon are brought down under the chin, crossed and drawn back around the throat, where they are tied in a stiff little bow just at the back. The gloves are pearl-colored glacé ones, and the parasol is of guipure net, with a huge black satin ribbon bow as its decoration.

THE BLACK CLOTH GOWNS

IN the black cloth suitings there would seem to be every kind of fabric of which the weavers could possibly dream. And yet for early spring and summer time wear there is nothing quite so smart to see, nor so comfortable to wear as black serge. For this time of year it is not necessary that the heaviest qualities need be chosen, but the real serge, with its diagonal line, its ability to laugh at dust, and its cleverness in permitting spots to be brushed from it, is, after all, the most desirable black stuff that can be chosen. And, by-the-by, when I say this I am not quoting merely the experience of good judges, but am speaking of what I know to be true, inasmuch as I am one of the many women who find black gowns desirable, and who have had to endure many disappointments before that material which seemed the best of all was discovered. The very thin black materials are apt to grow stringy looking, and they are not any cooler than a good quality of serge, which, because of its stability, requires only a very thin lining. A typical black serge gown is shown in Illustration No. 2.

By-the-by, just a word about the serge color. It is neither brown nor blue black, but the dead black itself which is so well dyed that it never looks either shabby or rusty.

A BLACK WOOL TOILETTE

THE skirt of this black serge is made after the usual received fashion, which is, by-the-by, a very sensible one; it just escapes the ground and has sufficient fullness to make it look graceful and permit one to move about easily. This fullness is arranged well at the back, and carefully tied to its place by ribbons in the lining, so that the weight of the fabric does not cause it to fall forward in an undesirable manner. The bodice is a round one crossing over in double-breasted fashion, and closing under three large gutta-percha buttons. The upper part of it is cut out and a *guimpe* of black

chiffon over black silk fills it in, and is drawn up high on the throat under a folded collar of black silk. Where the bodice is cut away to permit this to be seen, revers which are quite narrow in the centre, broaden and form an Empire cape that extends far out on the sleeves, and which is faced with heavy dull black silk. The sleeves are of the serge, have high puffs which reach to the elbows and then are drawn in to cuffs of the silk which are made perfectly plain, but button on the outer side by means of small gutta-percha buttons. The belt is a narrow, folded one of silk which is fastened on the skirt itself, its joining being concealed under a small rosette just at the back. Worn with this is a small black Neapolitan bonnet, with that flower, peculiar only to the milliner shop, a black velvet rose, just in front. The ties are of black velvet.



BLACK SERGE GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

plain back, and the material cut so that the pointed effect I referred to is achieved. One side of the front is quite plain and the other side is very full, not fitted at all, but drawn over in folds across the bust and fastened low down on the other side. The gloves worn with this gown are black, and the parasol a plain black silk one. The bonnet is a dainty one of black and white.



BLACK AND WHITE ZEPHYR COSTUME (Illus. No. 3)

COTTON GOWNS IN BLACK AND WHITE

A TYPICAL cotton gown that might be worn at any hour of the day or at any summer daytime function is pictured in Illustration No. 3. The material is the soft zephyr which makes up so well, does not wrinkle and may, with care, be worn an entire summer. The skirt is rather close-fitting until just above the knees, where it is apparently cut off, and a deep, full flounce added to it. The heading of this flounce is formed by the gathering, and from under this gathering falls a flounce of coarse white lace, headed by a narrow black satin ribbon which seems to be twisted. At regular intervals it is caught by a tiny black ribbon rosette. The bodice is a round one with a

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THE ART OF DRESSING FOR VISITING

By Isabel A. Mallon



THAT visiting is an art is proven by the fact that there are some people whom we delight in having as visitors, and others whom we dread. Usually the unwelcome visitor is the one who has not taken the trouble to study out the etiquette of friendship—or perhaps I had better say acquaintanceship—who lacks consideration and is bereft of that fine sympathy which is a necessity to pleasant converse, or is so crude in her ideas that when she appears you are mortified at the costume which she wears. The etiquette of visiting differs, of course, in different parts of the world. In the city, where the dinner hour is late, as, for instance, in New York, visiting hours range from four to six, but people usually call between half-past four and five. In towns where dinner is served at any time between one and two o'clock visiting would begin at half-past three and cease at six, while where an earlier hour than this were the dinner one, visiting would begin at half-past two and end at half-past five. It has long ago ceased to be the vogue for even one's intimate friends to "drop in." Wisdom, which comes with years, has taught people that no friend is so intimate that there may not be times when she is unwelcome, and even one's dearest and nearest bow to the law which suggests the paying of a visit at a time when one's friends are ready to receive.

THE PROPER DRESS

THERE is much to be said in favor of the woman who, confessing her ignorance, asks a question. She is the woman who will make herself popular in society, inasmuch as she makes it a point to learn those small laws of social life that are like the oil on the wheels of a great engine, making every part of it work more smoothly. The question most often asked is, "What shall I wear in paying a call?" The proper toilette is a pretty gown, a smart-looking wrap, a dainty hat or becoming bonnet, and immaculate gloves. If Dame Fortune has been good to you and you can drive in your own carriage then your toilette may be a little more elaborate. The woman who walks through the residence part of a city, paying her visits in the glory of a bright afternoon, is well dressed when she has on a costume consisting of a gown of garnet silk made rather plainly and trimmed about the edge with a band of mink fur. With this a deep, flaring cape of velvet matching the gown in color, and trimmed with mink to match her skirt. The bonnet may be of garnet velvet with a fancy jet trimming just in front, having ties of velvet ribbon caught up under fancy pins. In her hand she will carry a cardcase, but never a purse. The gloves with this costume should be pale gray undressed kid.

This gown, of course, is cited for early spring wear. A little later on, when summer silks are being worn, another pretty costume specially intended for visiting or afternoon wear is of olive green summer silk with violets thrown upon it here and there. The small cape which serves for a wrap is, of course, white lace with bands of olive green ribbon between the frills and tied in front with long ends of ribbon. The bonnet is of stiffened lace with a bunch of violets at one side and has ties of olive ribbon. The gloves are a very light shade of tan, almost reaching that pretty tint called primrose. The cardcase is slipped in the pocket, while a parasol, made of the same material as the gown and trimmed with ribbon and lace, is not only a decoration, but forms a becoming background.

Though both these gowns are silk I do not mean that wool will not form a suitable visiting costume, but it must be wool made a little elaborately, and not suggesting the gown which is worn for shopping or for morning wear on the street.

FOR THE YOUNG GIRL

THE frocks of which I have spoken are best suited to the matron. The young girl who is paying a visit may be as chic looking as possible, but she wears a gown of wool rather than silk, and, by preference, in the early spring, one of cloth. Her chapeau may be a little elaborate, but the entire effect of her costume must be one of simplicity. For summer-time visits, either at the watering-places or while one is still in town, a pretty cotton frock is in good taste, but it also must have the air of being made for visiting, rather than the general wear peculiar to such simple frocks. A young girl calls with her mother, unless she has been out several seasons, and then she goes alone to visit her immediate set.

FOR THE HOSTESS

IT is Thursday afternoon, the day you have planned to see your friends. Being a wise woman you have long ago seen the advisability of being at home on a certain day. The friends who really want to see you are then certain of finding you, your entire household is in a state of peace and quiet, and the maid you have so carefully trained understands that as she sits in the hall she must open the door the minute the bell is touched, and allow the visitor to go right into the room where you are, without asking for her card or doing anything further. If the visitor is a stranger in the house the maid will, of course, suggest the direction of the room in which you are. On the table in the hall is a small salver in which your visitors may drop their cards as they go out. Your maid must be instructed, however, that, if some one should offer her a card on going in, to take it politely, lay it on the table, but make no effort to bring it to you, for you are supposed to be at home to every one on your list, and you are also supposed to be acquainted with them all.

Considerable license is permitted you in regard to your costume. You may wear an elaborate tea-gown, that, being close-fitting, does not suggest for an instant the idea of its being a negligée, or you can wear a becoming house dress with a slight train to it, or you may wear just such a pretty afternoon dress, of course without bonnet or wrap, as is worn by your visitors. Personally I think the house dress is best taste. I want to say something very emphatically, and that is this: No matter who does it, no matter if it is the woman who has written books of etiquette, or she who occupies the highest position in the land either through her husband or by some virtue of her own, it is always in bad taste to wear, in the afternoon, and that means before dinner or supper (I mean, of course, the supper that takes the place of dinner), a gown that is suggestive of an evening dress by its being cut out in the neck or by its having such short sleeves that gloves are necessary. A low bodice, like a man's dress clothes, should be an impossibility before dark. One may have a most becoming gown—it may be rich in lace, elaborately trimmed and beautifully made—but there are no circumstances that permit its being low in the neck, or having short sleeves. Neither should one wear all one's jewels in the daytime. A handsome brooch, some rings, a chatelaine, a bangle or two, if one fancies them, are permitted, but the necklace, the jeweled bracelets and the jeweled pins for the hair are absolutely vulgar. When women who know see other women wearing their jewels at the wrong time they are apt to conclude that this is done because they are not invited to places where they could, properly enough, be assumed.

REFRESHMENTS TO SERVE

A GREAT many women ask if they must have an elaborate collation because they have an especial day at home. Once in a while I am very much disheartened—I am tempted to say disgusted—at the American fear of being thought less rich than one's neighbor. The custom of having a cup of tea and a wafer at five o'clock is one of long standing on the other side of the water. Of late years the better class of English women have ceased to offer anything more than the tea, and perhaps a piece of bread and butter or a bit of cake, simply because they wish to show their disapprobation of those newly rich women who attract the curiosity-seekers to their houses by offering, in the afternoon, what really amounts to an elaborate supper. In New York at the best houses either nothing at all is offered in the way of refreshments or one walks to one corner of the room, or perhaps, if the number of visitors be large, into the dining-room, and there finds the daughter of the house, assisted possibly by a young friend, dispensing tea and suggesting that maybe you would like a wafer or sandwich with it. On this table there will be the pretty tea cups and saucers, water boiling in a bright kettle, the teapot will be delightfully cozy-looking, but expensive flowers and elaborate dishes will only be conspicuous by their absence. The at home day is arranged so that one may surely see one's friends, and these friends come, not to dine, but to have a little talk, to announce that one is not forgotten, and then to depart without having caused the hostess any worry or put her to any great expense. If one happens to be next one's hostess the good-by may be spoken, but then it should be very quietly said, for one would not wish to suggest departure to others.

THE DUTY OF A VISITOR

IF you wish to retain a formal acquaintance you have done your duty by calling in person on the day set once a year. If there is not a special day then, of course, you risk finding your hostess out, but your card represents you. Occasionally one finds it impossible to make calls even in this formal fashion, in which case you must send your card by mail or messenger. Married women leave their husband's cards with their own; that is to say, one is left for the gentleman of the house and one for the hostess. A dinner party demands a call within two weeks, but this is not required after a tea or a large reception. If a friend is ill it is proper to call in person and leave a card with kind inquiries written upon it. A very pretty English fashion is gradually finding its way here. After a severe illness a lady may send by mail to all the people who have called to inquire for her an engraved card reading in this way: "Mrs. James Brown presents her compliments and her thanks for recent kind inquiries." This does away with the necessity of making visits when one is still in ill-health, and yet it is a recognition of the courtesies received. It is polite, also, to leave a card of congratulation when a new baby appears in the family, but one is never expected to ask to see the mother.

Visits of condolence are made a week after the funeral. A card is left and no effort is made to see those who are in sorrow, except by the immediate family or very close friends. There is no excuse for writing one's regrets or acceptances on a visiting-card as an answer to an invitation. A number of women have asked me if it is proper to send invitations to friends who are in mourning. Of course one would not do this until after a month had passed, but after that time it is quite proper, and certainly our friends who have had sorrow come to them do not like to think that they are forgotten. In writing an invitation or in having one engraved it is no longer considered in good taste to have "R. S. V. P." in the corner, but, instead, are the English words, "The favor of an answer is requested." This is, however, never written on a dinner invitation, for that presupposes a reply.

THE VALUE OF ETIQUETTE

TOO much cannot be said in favor of social laws. They make life smoother, and they surround all womankind with a circle of homage that is respected. The woman who recognizes this is the one who makes friends rather than enemies, for her world is a large one, and she understands that in different places different rules obtain, and that to be liked she must invariably do in Rome as the Romans do. The young girl invited to receive with an older woman—that young girl who is simply a visitor in the city where her friend lives—is asked by a considerate hostess kindly, but with interest, as to the gown she is going to assume. If she has made up her mind that she will wear a pale blue silk cut low in the neck and having short sleeves she is told by her hostess that although the gown is pretty it is not just what is worn in the city, and it is suggested that she wear an equally becoming but somewhat simpler one. Later on she realizes what a kindness has been done her, and how she would have been the only one in the group who was over-dressed. The woman not much used to going out, and who doesn't realize that ten, or, at the most, fifteen minutes is sufficient time to devote to one house, is never made conscious of this fact by a well-bred hostess, but she learns it by discovering that the people who came long after she did have left, and that she is making a mistake in prolonging her visit. Punctuality, which is the politeness of kings, makes you arrive at a house where you are to dine at the time for which dinner is announced. By doing this you do not reach the parlor before your hostess is down, nor do you keep her waiting. There is a very old bit of advice which says: "There is no excuse for breaking an engagement to a dinner party except that of death, and even then a man should send his executor."

I do not advise the acceptance of an invitation that says by word or mouth, "Come and dine with me any time." It is possible that you will arrive on the very day when your presence is least desired, and then, too, there is, after all, but little consideration shown to one in the giving of such a vague invitation. No matter how well you know people, if you wish them to dine with you, even if you ask them verbally, set the day and the hour.

A FEW LAST WORDS

THIS little talk is merely a fashion article, for it tells the accepted fashion in the way of visiting in the large cities. I hope it will convince some woman that no matter how simply she may live it will be wiser for her to accept those laws laid down by Madame Etiquette, and which are, after all, intended to make life more comfortable and therefore happier for her. The little courtesies of life, the regulation visits, the cards of condolence, of congratulation—in fact the card in almost every mode of expression—are society's methods of showing remembrance.



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ARTISTIC CHINA PAINTING

By Anna T. Roberts



THE art of china painting has come into such general practice and the study of the work into such general fashion and favor, that scarcely any girl or woman with artistic tendencies but is a student of the work in this department of art. The results shown are very different from the productions current ten years ago, and warrant the admiration of all lovers of beautiful china. Below are given directions for painting several pretty and useful articles.

SOME USEFUL SUGGESTIONS

LA CROIX mineral colors, in tubes, are the most satisfactory to use for overglaze painting. Some of these require a small addition of flux to glaze them properly. The colors must be kept free from dust. A china palette with a cover is very desirable. For the amateur who has had little experience with china painting, I should advise an outfit of colors ranging from twenty to twenty-five. It is less confusing to use as few colors as possible until a thorough knowledge has been acquired, when others may be added to the list. A palette knife for mixing the colors is indispensable. Oil of lavender, turpentine and essence grasse are some of the mediums used in china painting. It is always economy to procure the best

A PANSY VASE

A BEAUTIFUL background for the pansies on vase in Illustration No. 1, and one which will greatly set off the rich and varied tones of these flowers, is a light pale blue at the top of the vase, gradually merging into delicate gray near the centre, and shaded into a warm golden brown below. After the design has been drawn on the vase begin with the background, take a good-sized flat camel's-hair brush and lay on a delicate wash of deep blue green with just enough of gray No. 1 to qualify it. For the grayish tones in the centre use deep ultramarine blue, violet of iron, and yellow brown mixed together, and for the dark brown at the lower part yellow brown, brown 108, bitume or brown 17 can be used. After the different tints have been evenly laid take a soft blender, or a piece of chamois tied up in cotton and blend the colors until they fade one into the other. The vase should be set away until the ground has thoroughly dried, otherwise there is danger of rubbing the wet color with the hand. Wipe off any superfluous paint that has been stippled over the flowers and leaves before you paint them. As pansies are of so many varied colors a great deal may be left to the taste of the painter. For yellow pansies use silver yellow, shading with either yellow brown or brown green. Light purple pansies can be painted with deep ultramarine blue and carmine No. 1 used together, and shaded with light touches of ruby purple and the blue. For shades of deep purple, as shown in the back petals of the larger pansy at the lower part of vase, ruby purple and deep blue are used. Do not put on these colors thickly, but in repeated washes, after each under-color has thoroughly dried. This will give transparency to the tints that you would be unable to get if the color is painted heavily. For certain shades of reddish pansies, deep red brown, silver yellow, yellow brown, ruby purple and brown 17 can be used. The dark veinings in the lower three petals of each pansy are painted in dark rich tones of purples and maroon. The leaves are painted with chrome and brown greens, shading with violet of iron and brown 17. The band across the middle of the vase may be painted brown and then worked up with gold after firing, or a solid dull gold band can be used if preferred.



DESIGNS FOR CANDLESTICK (Illus. No. 2)

brushes. See that they are elastic and come to a good point; those that spread when charged with the colors are worthless, and good work cannot be accomplished by their use. A broader style of painting is acquired by the use of rather large brushes. Keep on hand a good supply of square shadders of assorted sizes. Two large brushes for tinting backgrounds, three or four small and medium sized stiplers, a deer-foot blender and two or three fine-pointed brushes for outlines and finishing touches, should be sufficient for general work. If possible, place the painting table where a north light will fall on your work over the left shoulder. See there are no cross-lights from other windows, which would make the light extremely trying for the eyes. Those who wish to do their own firing must be prepared for failures, as it requires patience and experience to fire china in a satisfactory manner. Nearly all the colors lose in strength by the process of firing, with the exception of the yellows, some of the greens and carmines, which appear brighter. The gas kilns are considered the most convenient and easy to manage. Carmine is the test color. It requires considerable judgment to stack the kiln properly. Each china article has stils placed between so they will not touch each other. Small pieces can be placed within larger ones, separated with stils. Large platters and trays should be placed in an upright position. The china must be thoroughly dry before placing in a kiln, as moisture is a frequent cause of its breaking. One very important thing in china painting is cleanliness—the article to be painted must be kept free from dust and soil.

DESIGN FOR CANDLESTICK

THE design in Illustration No. 2 of bats and owls will serve as a quaint and appropriate decoration for a candlestick, although it would look well painted on a vase, pitcher or other piece of china. The four corners of the candlestick, on each of which is depicted a tiny owl, are turned over. The background is made to represent a clouded sky on a moon-light night. For this you will need deep blue green and violet of iron for the lighter part of the sky, and violet of iron and deep blue for the dark effect around the moon. The light clouds are wiped off with a stippler or piece of chamois while the color is wet, which gives a soft effect to the sky. The bats are painted with neutral grays. The moon and stars may be painted with a thin wash of silver yellow or dull gold.

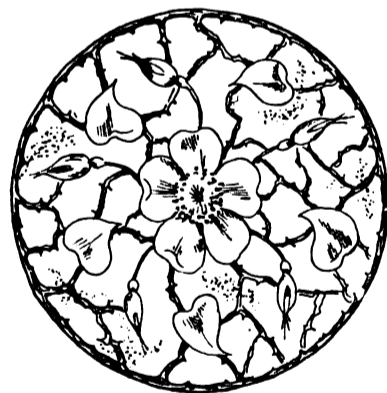
A DAINY ROSE JAR

THE roses on the pretty jar in Illustrations Nos. 3 and 4 are painted lightly with a thin wash of carmine No. 1, growing almost white as it nears the stamens, shaded with either gray No. 1 or carmine and apple green mixed together. Make the parts of the petals which turn over a deeper pink than the rest by adding more carmine. Care should be taken in using this color as it will chip off in firing if put on too thickly. Violet of iron is also useful for shading and outlining some of the flowers if used sparingly, otherwise it will give a too purplish tone to the roses if used too freely. Paint the stamens with silver yellow and yellow brown, and shade with brown 17 and violet of iron. The leaves are painted



PRETTY PANSY VASE (Illus. No. 1)

with brown and chrome green, brown 17 and violet of iron, using apple green and silver yellow for the lighter young leaves. The interlacing, thorny branches at the top and lower portion of the rose jar are laid in with yellow brown, violet of iron, brown 108 and 17. Another effective treatment for the jar is to paint the whole design in shades of red, using carmine No. 1, and shading carefully and delicately with deep red brown.



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DAINTY ROSE JAR (Illus. No. 4)

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ENEMIES OF OUR HAPPINESS

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



WE have in our modern civilization a class of people who do more to disturb the happiness of thousands of homes than almost any other type of persons in our land. They are so small that, alas! they escape the fine-tooth comb of the law. They go on and they go on, escaping the judges and the juries and the penitentiaries. The district attorney cannot find them, the sheriff cannot find them, the grand jury cannot find them. Shut them off from one route of perfidy and they start on another. You cannot by the force of moral sentiment persuade them to desist. You might as well read the ten commandments to a flock of crows, expecting them to retreat under the force of moral sentiment. They are to be found everywhere: the whisperers of scandal, the tattlers of gossip. I think their paradise is a country village of about one or two thousand people where everybody knows everybody. But they are also to be found in large quantities in all our cities. They have a prying disposition. They look into the basement windows at the tables of their neighbors, and can tell just what they have morning and night to eat. They can see as far through a keyhole as other people can see with a door wide open. They can hear conversation on the opposite side of the room. Indeed, the world to them is a whispering gallery.

WHEN WE SEE IT AT ITS WORST

SOME morning a wife descends into the street, her eyes damp with tears, and that is a stimulus to the tattler and is enough to set up a business for three or four weeks. "I guess that husband and wife don't live happily together. I wonder if he hasn't been abusing her? It's outrageous. He ought to be disciplined. He ought to be brought up before the church. I'll go right over to my neighbor's and I'll let them know about this matter." She rushes in all out of breath to a neighbor's house and says: "Oh, Mrs. Allear, have you heard the dreadful news? Why, our neighbor, poor thing, came down off the steps in a flood of tears. That brute of a husband has been abusing her. Well, it's just as I expected. I saw him the other afternoon very smiling and very gracious to some one who smiled back, and I thought then I would just go up to him and tell him he had better go home and look after his wife and family who probably at that very time were up-stairs crying their eyes out. Oh, Mrs. Allear, do have your husband go over and put an end to this trouble! It's simply outrageous that our neighborhood should be disturbed in this way. It's awful!" The fact is that one man or woman set on fire of this spirit will keep a whole neighborhood aboil. It does not require any great brain. The chief requisition is that the woman have a small family or no family at all, because if she have a large family then she would have to stay at home and mind them, look after them. It is very important that she be single, or have no children at all, and then she can attend to all the secrets of the neighborhood all the time.

SATAN'S BEST SUBSTITUTE

IT is astonishing how these whisperers gather up everything. They know everything that happens. They have telephone and telegraph wires reaching from their ears to all the houses in the neighborhood. They have no taste for healthy news, but for the scraps and peelings thrown out of the scullery into the back yard they have great avidity. On the day when there is a new scandal in the newspapers they have no time to go abroad. On the day when there are four or five columns of delightful private letters published in a divorce case they stay at home and read and read and read. No time for the Bible that day, but toward night, perhaps, they may find time to run out a little while and see whether there are any new developments. Satan does not have to keep a very sharp lookout for his evil dominion in that neighborhood. He has let out the whole contract. These women get husbands and wives into quarrels, and brothers and sisters into antagonism, and disgust the pastor with the flock and the flock with the pastor, and they make neighbors, who before were kindly disposed toward each other, over-suspicious and critical.

DEFAMERS OF MEN

THE work of masculine whisperers is chiefly seen in the embarrassment of business. I will undertake to say that in nine cases out of ten of business trouble it was the result of some whisperer's work. The whisperer uttered some suspicion in regard to your credit. You sold your horse and carriage because you had no use for them, and the whisperer said: "Sold his horse and carriage because he had to sell them. The fact that he sold his horse and carriage shows that he is going down in business." One of your friends gets embarrassed, and you are a little involved with him. The whisperer says: "I wonder if he can stand under all this pressure? I think he is going down. I think he will have to give up." You borrow money out of a bank and a director whispers outside about it, and after a while the suspicion gets fairly started, and it leaps from one whisperer's lip to another whisperer's lip until all the people you owe want their money and want it right away, and the business circles come around you like a pack of wolves, and though you had assets four times more than were necessary to meet your liabilities, crash went everything! How much business men have suffered. Sometimes in the circles of clergymen we discuss why it is that a great many merchants do not go to church. I will tell you why they do not go to church. By the time Saturday night comes they are worn out with the annoyances of business life. They have had enough meanness practiced upon them to set their whole nervous system atwilt. My chief wonder is that our business men control their tempers and retain their good health as well as they do.

"BETWEEN YOU AND ME"

I THINK among the worst of the whisperers are those who gather up all the harsh things that have been said about you and bring them to you—all the things said against you, or against your family, or against your style of business. They gather them all up and they bring them to you; they bring them to you in the very worst shape; they bring them to you without any of the extenuating circumstances, and after they have made your feelings all raw, very raw, they take this brine, this turpentine, this aquafortis and rub it in with a coarse towel, and rub it in until it sinks to the bone. They make you the pincushion in which they thrust all the sharp things they have ever heard about you. "Now don't bring me into a scrape. Now don't tell anybody I told you. Let it be between you and me. Don't involve me in it at all." They aggravate you to the point of profanity, and then they wonder you cannot sing psalm tunes! They turn you on a spit before a hot fire and wonder why you are not absorbed in gratitude to them. Peddlers of nightshade! Peddlers of Canadian thistle! Peddlers of nux vomica! Sometimes they get you in a corner where you cannot very well escape without being rude, and then they tell you all about this one, and all about that one, and all about the other one, and they talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk. After a while they go away leaving the place looking like a barn-yard after the foxes and weasels have been around: here a wing, and there a claw, and yonder an eye, and there a crop—destruction everywhere.

THE WOMAN AT THE CONFESSIONAL

RATHER than the defamation of good names it seems to me it would be more honorable and useful if you just took a box of matches in your pocket and a razor in your hand and would go through the streets and see how many houses you can burn down and how many throats you can cut. That is better business. The destruction of a man's name is worse than the destruction of his life. A woman came in confession to a priest and told him she had been slandering her neighbor. The priest gave her a thistle-top and said: "You can take that thistle and scatter the seeds all over the field." She went and did so and came back. "Now," said the priest, "gather up all those seeds." She said, "I can't." "Ah," he said, "I know you can't; neither can you gather up the evil words you spoke about your neighbors." All good men and all good women have sometimes had detractors after them. John Wesley's wife whispered about him, whispered all over England, kept on whispering about that good man—as good a man as ever lived—and kept on whispering until the connubial relation was dissolved.

HOLDING THE SACK OF GOSSIP

HOW are we to war against this iniquity which curses every community on earth? some reader asks. By refusing to listen to or to believe a whisperer. Every court of the land has for a law, and all decent communities have for a law, that you must hold people innocent until they are proven guilty. There is only one person worse than the whisperer, and that is the man or woman who listens without protest. The trouble is you hold the sack while they fill it. The receiver of stolen goods is just as bad as the thief. An ancient writer declares that a slanderer and a man who receives the slander ought both to be hung—the one by the tongue and the other by the ear. And I agree with him. When you hear something bad about your neighbor do not go all over and ask about it, whether it is true, and scatter it and spread it. You might as well go to a small-pox hospital and take a patient and carry him all through the community, asking people if they really thought it was a case of small-pox. That would be very bad for the patient and for all the neighbors. Do not retail slanders and whisperings. Do not be a messenger of gossip.

At your family table allow no detraction. Teach your children to speak well of others. Show them the difference between a bee and a wasp; the one gathering honey, the other thrusting a sting.

UNMINDFUL OF GOSSIP OR SLANDER

MOUNT TAURUS was a great place for eagles, and the cranes would fly along that way, and they would cackle so loud that the eagles would know of their coming, and they would pounce upon them and destroy them. It is said that the old cranes found this out, and before they started on their flight they would always put a stone in their mouth so they would not cackle, and then they would fly in perfect safety. Oh, my dear woman, every one of you who may read these words, be as wise as the old cranes and avoid the folly of the young cranes! Do not cackle. If you are being whispered about, if, perhaps, you are being slandered, if you are being abused in any circle of life, let me say for your encouragement that these little whispers soon run out. They may do a little damage for a while, but after a while their detraction becomes a eulogy, and people understand them. You go ahead and do your duty and God will take care of your reputation. How dare you distrust Him? You have committed to Him your souls. Can you not trust Him with your reputations?

THE RIGHT USE OF THE TONGUE

MAKE right and holy use of the tongue. It is loose at one end and can swing either way, but it is fastened at the other end to the floor of your mouth, and that makes you responsible for the way it wags. Xanthus, the philosopher, told his servant that on the morrow he was going to have some friends to dine, and told him to get the best thing he could find in the market. The philosopher and his guests sat down the next day at the table. They had nothing but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue cooked in this way and tongue cooked in that way, and the philosopher lost his patience and said to the servant: "Didn't I tell you to get the best thing in the market?" He said: "I did get the best thing in the market. Isn't the tongue the organ of sociality, the organ of eloquence, the organ of kindness, the organ of worship?" Then Xanthus said: "To-morrow I want you to get the worst thing in the market." And on the morrow the philosopher sat at the table, and there was nothing there but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue in this shape and tongue in that shape, and the philosopher again lost his patience and said: "Didn't I tell you to get the worst thing in the market?" The servant replied: "I did, for isn't the tongue the organ of blasphemy, the organ of defamation, the organ of lying?" Employ the tongue which God so wonderfully created as the organ of taste, the organ of deglutition, the organ of articulation, to make others happy, and in the service of God! If you whisper, whisper good—encouragement to the fallen and hope to the lost. The time will soon come when we will all whisper! The voice will be enfeebled in the last sickness, and though that voice could laugh and shout, and sing and halloo until the forest echoes answered, it will be so feeble then we can only whisper consolation to those whom we leave behind, and only whisper our hope of Heaven.

When that solemn hour comes to you and to me, as come soon it will, may it be found that we did our best to serve Christ and to cheer our comrades in the earthly struggle, and that we consecrated not only our hand but our tongue to God, so that the shadows that fall around our dying pillow shall not be the evening twilight of a gathering night, but the morning twilight of an everlasting day.

T. De Witt Talmage

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HEART TO HEART TALKS



APRIL is the promise month, some one says. Come forth and be glad, a thousand voices are calling. The arbutus and the violets are coming now. They have done their best in their underground life, and now they are called to come up higher. It is the real Resurrection month. And the call is not to the flowers alone—we are called to come up into the sunshine and meet the winds and the rain and to do our work in the light.

Maybe when the winds meet the violet and the arbutus that have left their prison-house, the flowers sometimes think, "Well, we do not know but we might better have stayed underground; we never felt the winds there as we do now." But they do not take it in that the winds will strengthen them and the perfume will be wafted thereby. His will is best; be ever sure of this. I wish this spring we might see God in Nature as never before.

If our spiritual eyes were only open we should see that "every common bush is aflame with God." All we need is to have Christ revealed to our souls and we shall then see God everywhere. To-day is commonplace if we only have eyes to see. I have often thought that one prayer was enough, "Oh, Lord, open my eyes."



FAITH IN GOD

THE older I grow the more I see in Christ's own words, "Have faith in God," and believe He is what Christ said—"God is Love." Never let go that inspired word. The trouble with us is we do not believe. We have read in the book that we call God's book of "everlasting love," "everlasting kindness," "everlasting arms," and if we really believed, we could never be unhappy again no matter what our circumstances. We would be like the good woman I heard of the other day, who was so poor she had but one small room and everything to match, and she said smilingly to a visitor of the poor, "My life is scrumpy in all but comfort." Alas, how many lives have everything but comfort! When shall we come to see that peace and comfort depend not on outward circumstances, but inward purity? There are heights of joy that the pampered rich will never know till the joy of self-sacrifice comes to them. I tried to imagine the joy of a poor seamstress who lived on the top floor of a tenement house in the lower part of the city. Down-stairs lived a father and mother with three children. The father sickened and died; in a few weeks the mother followed. The heart of the seamstress was touched. The youngest child was a baby; so she took them all up-stairs and resolved she would keep them as long as she had work. The work came in, and, somehow, she managed to feed and clothe them. The oldest was a boy, and sooner than most boys get work he obtained it. And during the late winter, though the work for the seamstress gave out for a time, he earned three dollars a week and that kept them. I tried to imagine the joy of that poor seamstress, who had taken those three children as her own, as she cared for and loved them. I must confess I could not take it in. Ah, no, only the self-sacrificing can know the joy.

CAN LIVING BE MADE INTERESTING?

I TOOK up my morning paper and found that an entire afternoon was spent by a woman's club in this city debating this question, and one way suggested was to close the eyes and think of some pleasant occurrence of the day. I quite agree with some of the women who spoke: that living is not an interesting affair to many people. And yet it can be. I know of one way. And they were right in saying that what you think has much to do with making life interesting, and I am so glad there is one Person worth thinking of, and in thinking of Him, living becomes interesting.

I have just laid down a book, and what



MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME

[Included in Mrs. Bottome's page by the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in the belief that the King's Daughters will be pleased to have this excellent portrait of their President]

would I not give to be able to impart to you the emotions that stirred me as I read the words:

"You can hear God's voice in Jesus Christ saying to us: 'I love you, I forgive you. No matter what you have done or what you have failed to do I love you with a love which nothing can change.'"

You point to poverty and distress, and say how can living be interesting to such as these? Well, I have for years believed in God's compensations when I could not see them, and when I took up my paper this morning, with my mind full of the distress of the poor, the starving in this city, my eye fell on an incident related by one of the mission workers in the poorest district in the city. She said the poor colored people frequently tell of beautiful dreams they have. One a poor widow told her was, that when she went to bed one night she thought that the Lord had forgotten her, but in the midst of her sleep He appeared to her and gave her food rich and fine, and she said to the mission worker, "When I am very hungry and cold my dreams are bright and cheerful."

I only read this in the paper, but I remembered that people drowning are said to have beautiful visions. But seeing things as they are in God's light I would rather be the colored woman who, cold and hungry, had beautiful dreams than the pampered and idle rich of whom it will be said some day, "I was hungry and ye gave me no meat."

Ah, there are many self-sacrificing women to-day who could answer the question, "How to make living interesting?"

THE ORDER OF "HELPS"

I HAVE a little grandchild who had read about the fairies so much that she thought she would be one and fly. So she went into the garden and gave herself up to fly, but she came down on her face, dear little thing, and hurt herself. And yet she was not more foolish than older children who are ignoring God's law. They will certainly fail—fall. God did not make us butterflies, but men and women with hands and feet to be used, and the wings of faith and hope and love will grow when we use our feet and hands and money for the help of others.

There was an order in the early church among all the other orders called "Helps." I have always been interested in that order because I felt sure that women belonged to it, and so one is not surprised to see that St. Paul wrote, "Help those women who labored with me." They were women of the order of "Helps." You can find that I am correct about this by referring, if you choose, to the passage.

And never was there a greater need of this order being enlarged than now. Give yourself up to simply help those nearest to you. I saw a young girl who belonged to this order (she did not know it) help another girl behind a counter in a prominent shop in the city of New York a few days ago. The young girl became confused in making out the bill. She kept making figures and rubbing them out till the woman who had made the purchase wondered when she would get out of the store. At last a young girl near saw the trouble and quickly said, "Let me help you." And the girl who had become confused was relieved to see it all straightened out. She was helped! So you remember when a girl at school helped you with your sums; I do. Ah, me, life is a big sum, and we all need to be helped a little. You need not have to go far to help; some one will be nervous, maybe, at the breakfast-table, and then just to "steer" the conversation so that the mind will be diverted and the weary nerves rested a little. Oh, how much a cheerful, thoughtful spirit helps in a family. The young girl who, in the store, helped the girl who stood next to her will never know how much she helped me. I felt impatient waiting for my purchase, but I went out of that store a re-proved and wiser woman. A sermon had been preached to me, and acted sermons stay with you longer than spoken or written ones.

After all there is no prayer like the old prayer, "Make me good." Life is not made interesting by what you get, but by what you are! You can make your life full of interest if you live for others and are loving and pitiful and generous. God's laws are not to be trifled with, and the law, "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down," is as sure as the law of gravitation.



ABOVE THE FOG

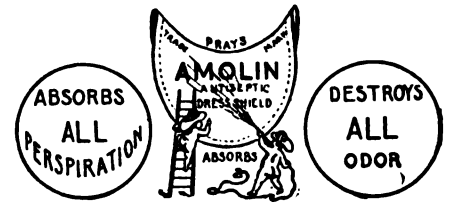
I HAVE just read a few lines that were much to me once, but I had forgotten them and it was like seeing the face of an old friend to see them again:

"To feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love."

Oh, friends, let us broaden the horizon, take in everlasting life. We shall soon be out of this fog. What is your life? It is a vapor—a fog—that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.

Last summer a party of tourists were going down the St. Lawrence and suddenly they were enveloped in a dense fog, so dense they could not see anything, and the boat continued its course down the river. The passengers became alarmed and one of them went to the first mate and told him of the fears of the passengers and that they thought they ought not to be going at such a rate. He said: "Tell the passengers there is not the least danger; this fog is only just about the boat; the captain sees just the way the boat is going." Oh, if we only believed in our Captain, who is taking us through the fog of time!

Margaret Bottome



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THE USE AND CARE OF FEATHERS

By Emma M. Hooper



WHEN we speak of feathers the thought of the ostrich is not far distant, as its feathers far outnumber and outrank all others. Feathers have been known since the most ancient period, and the ostrich plume has been of all the choicest. In fact, its only rival has been the peacock's feather, which was used in Rome and Egypt centuries ago. As a mark of special favor the German Landsknecht of the fourteenth century and their wives were allowed to wear large felt hats decorated with ostrich feathers. Nowadays all classes may and do wear ostrich plumes, tips and pompons.

HOME OF THE OSTRICH

SOUTHERN AFRICA contains a sufficient number of large ostrich farms to keep the whole world supplied with feathers. The ostrich farming commenced in California has not proven a success thus far. Cape Town, Africa, is the largest depot in the world for ostrich feathers. Many large houses in England are represented there by agents who ship these goods to London, where they are sold at auction every two months to buyers from all countries. No imitation of the ostrich feather has ever been found, though years ago dealers unsuccessfully experimented with the plumage of the vulture for this purpose. The Egyptian feathers are the most valuable, costing sometimes four hundred dollars a pound, but such feathers last a lifetime, and will stand any amount of curling, cleaning and dyeing. The plumes are classed under the names of wild, tame, male, female, white, black, drab and byacks. They are cut from the quill stubs, which the birds shed afterward, and tied in bunches of from eight to fifty feathers, the tail feathers predominating. The wild birds are rare, and the feathers very fine and the flue of a high lustre. Byacks are of mixed shades, and the male plumage surpasses the female. The value of a feather becomes lesser or greater after cleaning it with white Castile soap, according to the quality of the flues. An ostrich feather is a colony of feathers rather than one, as may be seen by separating each flue or barbule, each being perfect in itself. Ostriches are full grown at two years, when the female selects her mate and remains constant to him as long as they both live. Ten feet high, to the top of the head, is the ordinary size.

FEATHERS AND FASHION

WHILE it may be said that ostrich feathers are never out of fashion, yet there are seasons, like the present one, when they are more universally worn than ever. Their rich appearance and graceful beauty render them becoming to all persons, while their dainty softness worn near the face refines many hard lines. The very long plumes are not much worn, owing to their expense. Twenty years ago a plume a yard long, heavy and wide, would retail for twenty-five to forty dollars. Half-long plumes, large and short tips, close and loose curled, round pompons, the narrow Prince of Wales tips, and out-spreading tips shaped like a bow with a pompon in the centre, are all fashionable forms of ostrich feathers. Black is especially fashionable, though all colors are well represented and many show shaded effects. Although long plumes are no longer worn in riding hats, except on the stage, they are put on every other kind of a hat worn by women, girls and children. Tiny edgings and wreaths of these feathers are always pretty on broad hats. The only place where they should not be worn is at the seashore, where the curl will come out, although it can be restored by heat. Feathers arranged in wavy bands also trim evening and dress wraps and evening toilettes, forming a most becoming finish to the neck and foot of a gown, or when placed in clustered tips on the shoulder or skirt. Many English wedding gowns are thus trimmed. Small tips are worn in full dress coiffures, and no lady may be presented to Queen Victoria without a white tulle veil held by the historical bunch of three tips, called the Prince of Wales' feathers. Feather boas were introduced a few seasons ago by some clever woman having a long face and neck, but every one at once adopted them. Special favorites were the long ones in light colors that may be worn with low-necked evening costumes. While these in ostrich feathers are the prettiest and cost from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars, cheaper boas of cocks' feathers have been introduced in black, white and light shades, and are equally as becoming to a slender face.

OSTRICH FEATHER FANS

THE handsomest feather fan on record is that owned by the Countess of Lonsdale, which consists of five wide white feathers, the longest twenty inches, with a handle of amber, having her monogram in diamonds and costing fifteen hundred dollars. Pearl, shell and amber mountings and shorter feathers in the lyre-shaped fans cost from twenty-five to one hundred dollars. Even for twenty dollars a dainty one, though simple, may be had. In the closing fans a really choice specimen costs from fifteen to twenty-five dollars. From eight to fifteen dollars come very stylish ones, but under that price they have a cheap look, though many are carried in black, light colors and the natural mixed gray. The sticks or mountings have much to do with the price. A feather fan is supposed to last a lifetime and should always be kept in a box. It is quite a favorite bridal present and is never out of style, but remember that a handsome design of this kind is only suitable for full dress.

As moths are apt to get into feathers a piece of gum camphor should be kept in the box with them from March until October, when these little pests are around. To avoid a strong odor of camphor expose the fan to the air for an hour or two before using it, and keep in the same box a sachet bag of violet orris-root, or white rose powder, or sandalwood chips, to prevent the camphor getting too prominent. White feather fans are considered stylish with any toilette prepared for full dress. A satin "hanger" of No. 12 ribbon the color of the fan is tied about the handle with a short bow, while a larger one decorates the other end of the "hanger," which hangs on the left arm or from the right shoulder, in the latter case a longer one being required.

CLEANING AND CURLING FEATHERS

WHITE or light colored feathers can be washed in benzine without losing their curl or color. They should be swung in the air until dry. Another plan for white feathers is to wash them in warm water and Castile soap; rinse three times to remove fully all the soap; pass through a warm solution of oxalic acid and then lightly starch; dry in a warm room by lightly beating each feather against the hand or near the fire. Hats trimmed with feathers should be kept in a bandbox when not in use, to preserve them from dust and damp. In the summer rip feathers out of winter hats and put them in a tightly-sealed box with gum camphor. To curl ostrich feathers have a dull knife, with the top hollowed out near the point if you are going to make a business of it. Hold your feather over a fire, but not sufficiently near to scorch it, shaking it gently until warm; then holding the feather in the left hand, place the fibre of the feather between the thumb and knife edge and draw it along quickly, curling the end only. If feathers are damp at any time the curl may be retained by holding the hat over the fire and waving it until dry; then place in a cool room for the fibres to stiffen. Feathers may also be curled over a knife held near a hot flatiron, the heat making the curl more durable. A little blue in the water in which white feathers are washed improves the color.

TO DYE FEATHERS

FOR light colors clean the feathers first in warm water and soap; mix the colors in the starch and add a little tartaric acid. For dark colors clean the feathers, heat the dye and dip the feathers in it until the correct shade comes; rinse well in pure starch water. To dye them black immerse for three days in a bath, first hot, of eight parts of logwood and one part of coppers or acetate of iron. Starch them, and if the black is not satisfactory soak in cold logwood—one pound of chip logwood to a gallon of water. Feathers can only be made to take a darker dye than they were originally. In the city dyers charge ten cents to curl an ordinary-sized tip and twenty or twenty-five cents for dyeing. If it must be done at home the prepared dyes that are suitable for silk or woolen goods may be used. White and cream feathers may be tinted light shades by squeezing a sufficient tube paint of the color desired into a bowl with benzine to cover the feathers. In using benzine keep it away from the fire or light, as it is very explosive. With a brush stir the mixture until it is well dissolved. Dip the feather until every part is well covered, then fan and shake until dry. The benzine evaporates and does not injure the curl, while it makes the color fast. The tinting must be done as soon as the mixture is prepared, or it will evaporate entirely.

REMODELING FEATHERS

THIN, worn-out tips or plumes may be improved by fastening two together and then curling the fibres as though they were one. Other worn-out feathers are curled up to be very narrow, using a tight curl, like the Prince of Wales cluster. If only the ends are good cut the quill shorter and use for a tiny tip. Pompons, like a huge rosette, are made of two or three tips twisted to form the soft ball, and aigrettes added in the centre. Buy good feathers in the beginning for their wear and appearance. The shaded feathers are about fifty per cent. more costly than the ordinary ones, but they are always extreme novelties. Long plumes can be doubled up to disguise their length when desired. Tips can be pieced out in length, as well as added to in the way of thickness, using glazed thread for fastening them securely together. Working with feathers requires patience, and deft and neat fingers, but all of these are easily obtained with a will and experience, and nothing will excel them as ornaments of use and beauty in the dress and millinery lines. Feathers are now mixed with fur, lace, velvet, ribbon, flowers, straw, etc., and are worn almost as much during the summer as in the winter months, owing to the caprice of "Dame Fashion."

FEATHER EDGINGS AND TRIMMINGS

BLACK bands of short flues, not of the best quality, form one of the prettiest trimmings for tea-gowns, finishing the neck and continuing down either side of the loose silk front and affording a change from the inevitable velvet or lace jabot. When of a good width they are usually two dollars a yard, while if of the best quality and curly feathers they will cost certainly three dollars and a half. If the latter quality loses its curl it may be recurred according to the directions given for feathers, with a dull knife. Feather edgings are merely an edging of one row of flues sewed on the under side and finished with a tiny heading, leaving just a mere fringe of feathers to curl over the material thus trimmed. After feathers are dyed they always look smaller, as the dye eats up much of the fluffy appearance. As much as seventy-five cents is charged for coloring a long feather, so it only pays to have feathers of a good quality dyed. In selecting plumes or tips pick out a broad, thick and fluffy-looking one. The long ones may seem to be more—in length—for your money, but when recurred or dyed they look decidedly thin and poor, while a thick, fluffy one is beautiful as long as the flues hang to the parent stem, which they will do for years if given half a chance.

FREAKS OF FASHION

THE oldest and quaintest of pictures show us ostrich feathers in all kinds of bonnets and head-dresses. Half of the beauty of the Gainsborough belles may be credited to the lovely ostrich plumes drooping over the upturned brim of the picturesque hat, and all know what a perfect finish Rembrandt's heads always have with the "darkly dim" hat laden with feathers as a background to a striking and characteristic face. Women of the present day are just as keenly alive to the flattering effect of feathers, so we see them worn even by the grandmothers, whose bonnets are adorned with the demure pompon, while the matron, the young girl and the little child have their hats trimmed with bunches of tips or the long plumes. All ages, sizes and complexions patronize the ostrich feather, and in every clime within civilization it will be found, as well as in the head-dress of the African king. Of late years the fashion has sprung up for feather-trimmed hats during midsummer, which incongruity no milliner can explain except by saying, "The trade wants them."

FOR THE SPRING

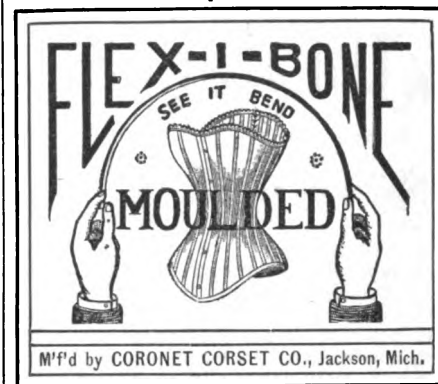
FEATHERS will continue to be worn more or less through the spring months, either alone or in conjunction with flowers. In either case they will nod over the crown or stand erect, as if in saucy defiance. Black will prove especially fashionable, as will also black and white. One of the newest effects is a pompon of flowers combined with one upright, narrow and closely-curling tip. Another novelty is a closely-massed bunch of small flowers, the violet especially, from the centre of which spring two or three tiny black tips. Lace wings, black or white, combined with ostrich tips, have proven one of the fads of the present season. Large carriage hats having long plumes drooping to the shoulders have been the fashion in Paris of late. Picturesque poke bonnets worn by fashionable dames lately have nodding tips on top, bobbing forward with every motion. Being copied from old pictures they are more quaint than becoming in many cases, but the feathers save them from absolute ugliness.

One of the latest French pattern hats showed two half-long plumes and six rather small tips, and its famous designer, Virot, called it "a simple hat for America."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Miss Hooper's answers to correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on page 38 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

HOW DIFFERENT WE WOULD BE

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD

How different we
Would all of us be
Could we know of the future awaiting
To sever the ties
That at present comprise
The life that our hopes are creating.

How many a word
Would remain unheard,
How many a sentence unspoken,
How many a thought
Would remain unwrought,
How many a promise unbroken.

How many a heart
Would its feelings impart
And hold them no longer in keeping,
But would gladly express
The love we repress
Till the spirit forever is sleeping.

How many an act
We would now retract,
How many a selfish emotion
To joyfully bear
Vexation and care
With patience and loving devotion.

How different we
Would all of us be
Could we look o'er the graves of the morrow,
Could we look from the light
To the infinite night,
From the joy to the infinite sorrow.

CUSTOMS OF EASTER EVE

BY VIRGINIA ASHLEY

THE day before Easter is sometimes called Holy Saturday, and there are numerous rites and ceremonies belonging to it, some of them practiced at the present day. On the evening of this day, in the middle districts of Ireland, great preparations are made for the finishing of Lent, and the ushering in of the glad Eastertide. On that night the good cotter's wife puts into the pot many a fat fowl or special piece of bacon, which no one dares so much as to taste by putting finger in the pot until the cock crows on Easter morning.

At midnight may be heard the wild clapping of hands and the joyous laugh of the light-hearted Irish people, and above all rises the shout, "Out with the Lent." Jollity and merry-making prevail for an hour or two, when they go to rest and sleep till four o'clock, then arise to see the sun dance in honor of the Resurrection. Nor is this superstition by any means confined to the humbler classes, but is scrupulously observed by many people of high birth and great wealth, some of them asserting positively that they have literally seen the sun dance on Easter morning.

Sir John Suckling, in his ballad upon a wedding, alludes to this superstition:

"But, oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter Day is half so fine a sight."

In England it was customary on Easter Eve to light the churches with what were called Paschal tapers, which were usually very large. In 1557 these tapers used in the Abbey Church of Westminster weighed three hundred pounds.

In Dorsetshire during the last century it was the custom on Easter Eve for boys to form a procession bearing torches and a small black flag, and chanting these words:

"We fasted in the light,
For this is the night."

This custom was no doubt a relic of the Popish ceremonies formerly in vogue at that time.

Another custom attached to this season was the putting out of the fires in all the churches and kindling them anew from flint, blessing the wax for the Easter tapers and other customs. A translation of Googe's from the Naogeorgus describes the superstition as to the rekindling of the fires:

"On Easter Eve the fire all is quencht in every place,
And fresh againe from out the flint is fetcht with
solemne grace;
The priest doth halow this against great dangers
many one,
A brande whereof doth every man with greedie minde
take home,
That when the fearewell storme appeares, or tempest
black arise,
By lighting this he safe may be from strokes of hurt-
ful skies."

HOW THE EASTER LILIES CAME

BY SEWALL READ

THEY grew beside the carven tomb—
Great, gorgeous flowers of tropic gloom.
The sunset blaze seemed mirrored there
Within their petal's dainty flare—
Rare *sangs de boufs* in floral bloom

That morning—when pale Mary came—
The first sweet Easter Day—in shame
And sorrow for her Master's scorn;
Her tears—like pearls—how sadly born,
Washed white those regal flowers of flame.

And so the Easter lilies came.

THURSDAY OF HOLY WEEK

AUNTY THURSDAY, or Shere Thursday, as it was formerly called, according to an old homily which says:

"For that in old Father's days
The people would that day shere
their hedes and clypp their berdes,
and pool theyr hedes, and so make
them honest agenst Easter Day."

The translator of Naogeorgus in the Popish Kingdom describes the "Maudie" custom in language which is somewhat difficult to understand without a careful study of the words:

"And here the monkes their Maudie make with
sundrie solemm rites,
And signs of great humilitie and wondrous pleasant
sights:
Ech one the other's feete doth wash, with hateful
minde and secret fraude, that in their heartes
doth lye,
As if that Christ with his example did these things
require,
And not to help our brethren here with zeale and free
desire.
Ech one supplying others' want in all things that they
may,
As he himself the loaves doe make, and pottes in
every place they skinke,
Wherewith the Holy Fathers oft to pleasant damsels
drinke."

Cowell describes Maundy Thursday as the day when they commemorate and practice the commands of our Saviour in washing the feet of the poor, as kings of England have long practiced the good old custom of washing the feet of poor men in number equal to the years of their reign, and giving them shoes, stockings and money. Maundy Thursday is the day before Good Friday; on that day Christ washed the feet of His disciples.

A REALM OF TINY FOLK

BY EDITH VERNON MANN

THERE is a realm called Babyland—not very far away,
Where dwell a race of tiny folk whose life is
one long play;
A land of broken dollies, and of headless
horsemen bold,
Where nobody has work to do, and nobody
grows old.

A place where fairies are quite real, and dollies
talk and sing,
Where buttercups are made of gold, and blue-
bells truly ring,
Where poodle dogs and woolly lambs with
melancholy looks
Are taught their letters and their sums from
tattered picture books.

The chief town is called "Nursery"—there
toys are strewn about,
And little feet make music as they patter in
and out.
But when the lamps are lighted, and it's time
to go to bed,
The sandman comes, the eyelids droop, and
nods each heavy head.

"And does the sun shine always in that land of
golden hours,
Among the birds and animals, the pictures and
the flowers?"
Ah! no, the storms come sometimes, but then
the queen is near
To comfort every sorrow, and to kiss away
each tear.

We all have come from Babyland—that country
dear and sweet,
And some of us would fain turn back our old
and weary feet—
And play again with fairies, and with babies
made of wood—
In Babyland—where mother's queen, and all
her subjects good.

WHEN DUTY CALLS

BY W. D. ELLWANGER

HARD is his lot indeed, and sad his life,
Who needs must leave his happy home,
his wife,
His babes, his friends—all that the heart
enthalls—
And go to banishment in foreign lands,
Or go to war and stain with blood his hands,
When duty calls.

And he of different mould is wretched too,
Who has ambitions, longs for something new,
Who craves adventures, whom no hap
appalls;
Yet whom each day brings but the wonted
chore,
The weary task at office, bank or store,
Where duty calls.

Unhappy both! But wretched more—poor
wight!
Is he whom fashion and the world polite
Drag out to nightly dinners, routs and balls.
There, be his moods and tenses what they may,
There he must smirk and smile, be perk and
gay,
Tattle and talk, and dance the night away.
Nor then is done, for he has still to pay
His duty calls.

GROWN WISER

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

I USED to watch her girlish head
Bent over work; the sunlight stole
To touch her wayward hair, and spread
A soft encircling aureole.

She looked so slight, so innocent!
I thought, at twenty-one or so,
With all-sufficient self-content,
I knew so much she did not know.

For men grow old in knowing, taught
By evil things as well as good;
My life was in the world, I thought,
And hers in gentle solitude.

But now, at twenty-four, there lies
Such wisdom won of joy and pain,
Deep shining in her quiet eyes,
As I may never more attain.

I might not learn it, if I would,
This strange sweet thing she understands:
It came to her with motherhood
And tiny touch of baby hands!

WHEN JIMMY COMES FROM SCHOOL

BY JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS

WHEN Jimmy comes from school, at four,
J-e-r-u-s-a-l-e-m! how things begin
To whirl and buzz, and bang and spin,
And brighten up from roof to floor;
The dog that all day long has lain
Upon the back porch, wags his tail,
And leaps and barks and begs again
The last scrap in the dinner-pail,
When Jimmy comes from school.

The cupboard-latches clink a tune,
And mother from her knitting stirs
To tell that hungry boy of hers
That supper will be ready soon;
And then a slab of pie he takes,
A cookie, and a quince or two,
And for the breezy barnyard breaks,
Where everything cries, "How d'y do,"
When Jimmy comes from school.

The rooster on the garden fence
Struts up and down, and crows and crows,
As if he knows, or thinks he knows,
He, too, is of some consequence;
The guineas join the chorus, too,
And just beside the window-sill
The red-bird, swinging out of view,
On his light perch begins to trill,
When Jimmy comes from school.

When Jimmy comes from school, take care!
Our hearts begin to throb and quake
With life and joy, and every ache
Is gone, before we are aware;
The earth takes on a richer hue,
A softer light falls on the flowers,
And overhead a brighter blue
Seems bent above this world of ours,
When Jimmy comes from school.

GOOD FRIDAY BREAD AND BUNS

IN many counties of Great Britain a small loaf of bread is baked every year on Good Friday morning and carefully put away until the same anniversary of the following year. This bread is not made to be eaten, but is used for medicinal purposes, and is prepared by grating a small portion of the dry bread into water and forming a kind of panda. This is believed to be a specific for many diseases. In the North of England the people make little cakes, on which a cross is cut with a knife before putting them in the oven, and it is an old belief that eating hot cross buns on Good Friday protects the house from fire during the ensuing year. Many other virtues are attributed to these cakes. In almost all countries the "hot cross bun" is used on Good Friday.

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HAVE recently been impressed with the value of training. When one is very ill and sensitive to every sound and movement it may even make the difference between life and death whether the nurse is good or not. Fine theories and even long experience stand abashed beside training. To read in a book how to make a bed for a sick person is not enough to make one deft in doing it—there must be practice under guidance. It was humiliating to me after having been twenty-four hours in charge of a sick-room, to see the trained nurse step in and quietly and quickly do without exciting the patient what would have taken me much longer to do not half so well. An exigency which would have thrown me into a flutter gave her no alarm, and the patient felt a confidence in her attendance which went a long way toward assuring recovery. This experience has deepened my feeling that in this day when there is such an increase of intelligence and knowledge we must add to it a greater attention to training. In a hundred instances coming before my own observation the lack of it has resulted in pitiful suffering. It requires patience to train, and fathers and mothers are in danger of neglecting it, depending too much upon precept in bringing up their children.

CAN a woman who is too deaf to hear general conversation attempt to receive visitors at her own home? Is it done by persons who are afflicted as I am? I am only thirty-five years old, and for my husband's sake I wish to do the right thing. I can execute and hear my own music well enough, but cannot enjoy good concert music any more, neither can I catch one word of a drama or sermon or lecture if I attend any such performance. I have lost so much that I feel that there is next to nothing to live for now.

If you could tell me how other women in a similar condition manage it would help me. M. E. B.

For your husband's sake and for your own do not withdraw yourself from social life. Your friends will be glad to speak a little more distinctly and to interpret to you what you cannot hear of general conversation. It is said that deaf persons are inclined to grow morose. One way to guard against this would be to keep in touch with active life as much as possible. A friend I value has been gradually growing very deaf, but she has been brave and determined not to drop out from her place in life. She is very efficient in charitable work and it is a joy to visit her in her home.

Put down every feeling of envy and jealousy. Do not imagine that you are discussed when you do not understand what the topic of conversation is. And do not draw off into a corner. Get nearer to your friends and tell them you want to know what is going on. When you cannot hear you can think pleasant things and can have some pleasant word ready to say when your chance comes. It is wonderful how much can be communicated by gesture and facial expression. I can carry on quite a spirited "conversation" with my neighbor across the way when we neither of us hear a sound the other makes. She tells me she is crocheting a pretty shawl for herself; that she has made them for others, but has none. She asks me how my sick daughter is, and I reply that she is sitting up. I ask for her pet monkey and she shows him to me with his new coat on. Carefully watch the lips of the person speaking to you, and if necessary ask him to speak a little more slowly and with more decided action of the lips, and you will find you lose very little of what he says.

JUST a few lines to thank you for your kindness in forwarding my name to Miss S., who at once sent me some choice reading and a kind, delicate note. While I read I have many happy, loving thoughts of you and of Miss S., and feel sure that to you both the blessing of giving is as great as that of receiving. J. E. B.

This note, lying for several months on my desk, has been a constant reminder of two things: one, that it is very pleasant to receive thanks for a favor done. Although one does not do kind things for the sake of hearing gratitude expressed, it is, nevertheless, very encouraging when one is sure of help and pleasure given. Second, that a lady who would be called a "rich lady" was thoughtful enough to send, in addition to the coveted reading matter to her poor unknown sister, a kind, delicate note, and in sending it, the writer gained more than she knew, and blessed even more than she could have hoped.

I WAS left with the care of three children by the death of my parents twelve years ago, and God knows I have tried to do my duty by them, despite the terrible struggle I have had to keep body and soul together. But now the way is easier. I have put the youngest two children in positions where they will learn to be what they are adapted for, but in my oldest brother I have a riddle which I cannot solve. He is a graduate from the public schools here, and I sent him one year to college. He is now nineteen years of age, and knows no more about what position he would like to occupy in life than I. After the death of my parents I joined the Catholic church, and, of course, brought up my brothers in that faith. The oldest, of whom I am writing, thought that he would like to be a priest, so I sent him to college, where he gained great applause on account of "his intellectual and sound moral principles." But while there, doubts came to him, first as to the truth of the faith in which he was brought up, and then as to Christianity in general, and now, he, although only a boy, is an atheist. One thing comforts me, however: he is as honest, steady, industrious and moral a boy as I have ever known; I say it even though I am his sister.

I do not know what to do with him. One person will say to me, "He ought to study art, he is a natural artist." Others say, "Music is his forte." Some of his teachers say he will some day make a great prose writer, others that even now his poetry shows the soul of a true poet; other teachers say he is a born orator and actor. Sometimes I think so myself. Now the question is what shall I do with him. He is old enough to start at something. I cannot afford to give him any more of an education.

He is industrious, but not as the world generally puts it. He has no taste for manual labor or for mathematics; but he rises at four A. M. summer and winter, and then divides his time between reading, writing, rehearsing, painting and music, besides saving enough to pay for his board and clothes.

What to do with him I do not know. He wants to go to New York. He says he will find an opening at some one of the above things there, and that he would be willing to live on one meal a day and follow one of them. AN ANXIOUS SISTER.

I wish you had given me your full address so that I might have written to you a personal letter earlier. Sisters left as you have been have a heavy burden. They are often repaid a hundred fold by the love and gratitude of their charges, but the weight of responsibility is heavy and young hearts fail beneath it. Do not despair because of your brother's seeming doubts of religion. I say *seeming* because it is not uncommon for boys to pass through this season of skepticism. He may throw off some things which seem to us important, and yet in the depth of his heart hold on to that which is really the heart of religion. Certainly if he is "honest, steady, industrious and moral," I believe God will guide him into faith in His love. The practical question as to how you shall meet his desire to leave home and pursue his studies, is one upon which it is difficult to give advice. If he can be with friends, judicious and sympathetic, so that he may not be left to struggle alone with the temptations of a large city, I should think it wise to help him carry out his wish. The danger with such a versatile person is that he will do something with many things and not much with anything. He should be encouraged to pursue one thing and do it well.

WE are told by scientific writers that the kind of food we eat and the way it is cooked have much to do with our physical, mental and spiritual welfare. Few housekeepers realize these things, and too many families eat whatever they like, or what is convenient to get, often poorly or indifferently cooked. I have just been reading a scientific treatise on food substances and their dietetic properties, which contains some practical explanation of the principles of healthful cooking. It is just such instruction that housekeepers need. F. A. R.

It is said that the drink habit is very largely caused by the lack of proper nourishment; that the craving for stimulants would be very largely overcome if abundance of wholesome food were provided. Baker's bread and tea form the staple in many homes. The other evening a company of rough boys and girls were gathered in a meeting. It was difficult to keep them in order, and to interest them a lady began to question them about what they thought was good to eat. She asked them first what was good for breakfast; hands went up eagerly and one after another—oatmeal, bread, butter, coffee, etc., were mentioned. As each article was spoken Miss B—talked about it, and if she decided it was a good thing for breakfast the name was put upon the blackboard, under the title of "good things for breakfast." She found that every one of the children drank coffee, although several of them acknowledged they did not think it was good for boys and girls. Probably few of them had ever thought whether the things they ate were going to make them strong or not; whether the fat boy should eat different food from the lean boy; and whether the pale girl would not be wiser to spend her money for good beef instead of candy. An intimate acquaintance with the habits of poor children leads me to believe that they spend more money for candy than is spent by the children of the "well-to-do."

I WANT to get your idea about my boy's music. I sit every moment of practice with him, still he hates it and gets so tired sitting up. I have to get cross at him and make him do it, and actually, when I am forcing him he looks so pale and slim. I think he is the palest little fellow I ever saw. I do want my boys to be able to play on the piano for me as we grow older, and I will take such comfort with their music. Have I started him too young, and is he able to do the work besides his school studies? Is the pleasure going to pay me for the trouble I have to take? My husband will find a lot of fault (for waste of money) if I stop the lessons, as he is very careful in all things, and ready to find fault. L. K. G.

It would be better for your boy to be getting health and color in his face. If he hates music, as you say, you can scarcely expect to get much pleasure from his playing. Do not sacrifice your boy to your own love of music or to your fear of your husband's fault-finding.

I HAVE a baby I would like to have baptized. As it is my first child and as I was the youngest at home, I am entirely ignorant of the proper way. I would like to have her baptized in the house, and if you will give me the required information it will be very much appreciated. Mrs. W. E. S.

Something of the meaning of the ceremony of infant baptism is lost when it is performed privately. If it means anything it means that the parents by this outward sign acknowledge their own allegiance to God and pledge themselves to train their child in the love of God. It is, therefore, a very solemn thing and should not be entered into carelessly. A few friends gathered in the house to witness the rite will not take anything away from its seriousness, but if, as is sometimes the case, there is a showy feast and display of presents, all the beauty and solemnity of the occasion is destroyed. You should consult with your pastor about the details.

I WISH to suggest a method of settling difficulties that arise among boys, and girls too, of the same family. Of course we all wish that our children would never quarrel; almost equally, of course, they sometimes do. To allow them to strike each other at any time is not to be thought of, and to allow them constantly to complain to the mother is to permit the formation of a very disagreeable habit of "tattling." If the utmost possible formality in preferring the complaints be insisted upon it goes far toward preventing the last of these evils. If the children are old enough the complaint should be made in writing, and in every case time should be taken to secure a full statement and a complete investigation of the matter. The knowledge that to "tell" will take time, will in great measure prevent needless fault-finding.

Few qualities of character are more desirable for our boys than respect for law and law-makers, and no one thing helps more toward this end than absolute fairness on the part of those whose word is, for the time, law to their children.

Incalculable harm may be done by blaming once unjustly the child who is usually at fault. The spirit which says, "No one thinks I am good whatever I do, it's no use to try," easily takes possession of a child's heart, and is with difficulty exorcised. G. C. T.

This taking of time for the management of children is just what we are not pleased to do. We want everything to be made right in a moment, everything except ourselves. We are in a hurry to correct all other faults but our own, and we spoil everything by haste in the one case and delay in the other. To be a fair-minded judge would require a father or mother to be calm, and entirely without that spirit of vengeance which enters so largely into the discipline of the family. The child is more often rebuked because the parents' pride or comfort or self-love is hurt than because a real wrong has been committed.

WILL you kindly give me all the information possible on training schools for nurses. I would like to know all the particulars: how long a time one has to go before graduating, and what one's duties would be, also the charges for schooling. IRVINE.

The requirements differ in different training schools, and I cannot tell what one would be most convenient for you. In some a certificate of good health from a family physician, and the passing of an examination showing proficiency in the elementary branches of the English language are all that is required. But most of the good schools have a long waiting list, and accepted candidates must wait their turn. The terms of service in different hospitals vary. I can speak of one in which it is two years, during which time the student is under direction in the hospital, hears lectures and is examined upon them. In this case there is no expenditure required of the nurse excepting for her "incidentals" and her clothing. If she comes to the hospital with twenty-five dollars and a fair stock of clothing she might go through the two years without calling upon her friends or her savings for any money. There is an allowance of about eight dollars a month for the purchase of uniform and so forth, and with care that amount will cover all her needs. At the end of two years she may graduate, and then she will probably take her place as a supervising nurse in a hospital or devote herself to private nursing. A trained nurse is paid, besides her board and shelter, from twenty to twenty-five dollars a week. In some hospitals under-graduates are sent out to nurse, the remuneration in such cases going to the training school.

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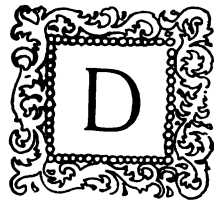
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THE INDISPENSABLE APRON
By *Emma M. Hooper*



DURING the past two years the wearing of aprons has increased, though not to such an extent as was the custom in our grandmothers' days. Besides using them from an economical point of view and because of a desire to present a tidy appearance, they are worn often from the coquettish idea that they impart an air of womanliness that will prove attractive to masculine eyes, and that they give the wearer the appearance of being a busy housewife. At first aprons were intended merely to save the dress and for use, but now they are made ornamental as well, as is shown by their adoption by young ladies when pouring tea.

THE MATERIALS USED

BLACK taffeta, satin and moiré, colored surah and changeable taffeta; white goods, as dimity, dotted Swiss, checked and plain nainsook, India linen, mull, lawn and cambric, as well as embroidered flouncings, are all appropriate dress aprons, while gingham, denim and Holland linen serve for the plain working ones.

A pretty dotted Swiss apron of a quality sufficiently transparent to look well over any color, is made of four tabs or slightly gored pieces rounded at the bottom and joined by Valenciennes insertion of from one inch to an inch and a half in width. The same insertion is sewed all around the edge and Valenciennes lace, some five inches deep, whipped on, using once and a half as much lace as the space to be covered. Gather the top to a piece of the material twelve inches long for a belt, and to the ends of this sew strings of No. 12 ribbon.

A more elaborate effect may be given by basting colored ribbon under all of the insertion and heading each scallop of the lace at the bottom with a bow, but, of course, this must be removed for washing. A remarkably pretty apron for serving tea was made in this manner with yellow satin ribbon run in, and over each dot of the material was worked a yellow star in wash silk.

FOR NURSE AND WAITRESS

EVEN in plainly conducted households long aprons are worn by the nurse and also by the maid who acts as waitress. These are usually made of lawn or cambric and are sufficiently full to almost meet at the back. The plainer they are the better, the nurse wearing hers long enough to reach to the bottom of her skirt, while the waitress has hers ten inches shorter. The hem is five to eight inches deep, with two clusters of narrow tucks above, or the apron may be finished with a deep hemstitched hem. The top is gathered to a belt the size of the waist, which has two ties of the material, each ten inches wide and one and a half yards long. Sometimes embroidery is put between the tucks or the latter are dispensed with and one or two rows of insertion, three to five inches wide, used, but the plainer style is the favorite. Another long apron is of cambric, with the edge cut in square or rounded tabs, which are faced to their depth with a piece of the material cut out exactly the same shape.

FOR AFTERNOON TEAS

COLORED silk, plain and brocaded, is the fabric for the apron so often worn by the young ladies who are seated at the dainty afternoon tea tables. An apron made to wear over a bright red gown is of black net having velvet or satin dots or jet spangles. The rounded edge is trimmed with an accordion-plaited—very fine knife-plaits—ruffle of net edged with rows of No. 12 satin or velvet ribbon or a tiny spangled gimp. Belt of No. 12 ribbon tied in a long bow on one side. Black and white net aprons have the centre of black, with a ruffle of black net edged with white lace insertion. Black lace insertion, known as beading or *entre-deux*, has colored ribbon run in the holes on net and black silk aprons. These aprons may be developed in plain surah, etc., silk or the changeable figured and striped taffetas. There should be slightly gored front and side pieces, with the fullness at the top shirred to form a pointed yoke at the top. The tri-cornered pocket is also shirred and trimmed with ribbon bows, the belt being of wider ribbon. The bottom of the apron is trimmed with a ruffle of lace headed by festoons and bows of ribbon. Similar aprons are of white Japanese silk trimmed with *point d'esprit* or the patent Valenciennes lace, using the insertion in one or more rows and the edging below.

FOR FANCY-WORK

THERE are two kinds of aprons especially liked for wearing while doing fancy-work, for the purpose of keeping the work clean and the dress free from bits of silk, worsted, etc. One is of silk, having the hem all around feather-stitched with embroidery silk, and a pocket ten inches deep finished in the same style and set just above the hem, reaching across the entire apron, with two rows of the fancy stitching dividing this long pocket into three parts for holding the different articles used in the work. The belt and the ties should be of ribbon.

The second style of apron for fancy-work is made of scrim or fine canvas, costing from ten to thirty cents a yard, with meshes sufficiently large to thread No. 1 satin ribbon through. The apron should not be gored, as the threaded ribbons must run straight down and across in several rows. The square pocket is decorated in a similar manner, and the usual ribbon forms the belt and ties at the side. Pretty ready-made aprons cost from fifty cents to two dollars of Swiss, lawn or embroidered flouncing, but those of scrim must be made at home or to order.

FOR GENERAL WEAR

AROUND the house, until the daily duties are over with, housekeepers wear aprons of a two-thirds length of lawn, nainsook or dimity, trimmed with a hem four inches deep and clusters of tucks divided into threes by insertion or rows of feather-stitching. This last trimming can be done with flax or cotton on the garment or the ready made be had by the piece of twelve yards, costing from fifteen to thirty cents a piece. The belt and long, wide strings, which are to be tied at the centre back, are of the material, and if a more fanciful effect is wanted a ruffle of Hamburg or nainsook edging trims the bottom.

A pocket on the right side is indispensable with all sizes and kinds of aprons.

A pretty apron made of lawn is trimmed with three clusters of five tucks, each divided by two rows of feather-stitching and edged with a ruffle of embroidery. The belt is also feather-stitched and a tiny ruffle of embroidery is gathered with the top of the apron and forms an unusual finish. Strings of the material and a square pocket laid in a double box-plait and caught with a narrow bow of the material.

APRONS FOR ARTISTS

AS paint leaves a never-to-be-forgotten stain it is well for the artist to cover the dress entirely with an apron of blue denim, brown Holland or gingham. Trimming seems out of place, though some artists choose an edging of white braid or a bias band of the goods piped with white muslin. A sensible pattern for an artist's apron has a full skirt gathered to a pointed yoke, with a baby waist cut with a deep, V-shaped neck, shirred to form a standing ruffle. The lower part is shirred to the upper part of the yoke, at outer back and front, and fastens with buttons at the back. The sleeves are gathered full at the top, and while tapering at the wrists, are sufficiently full to go over any dress sleeve; they are shirred at the hand, leaving a ruffle. This apron, which must meet at the back, requires four widths of twenty-seven-inch goods.

THE DRESSMAKER'S APRON

DRESSMAKERS and milliners while at work must wear aprons to protect their dress, to keep the materials clean that they are using, and to give them a tidy appearance when interrupted by a customer. White aprons of cambric, lawn or nainsook, and made of a centre front and two gored side pieces reaching nearly to the foot of the skirt, are usually worn for this purpose. Such aprons need only a deep hem, though clusters of tucks and bands of inserting are never out of place as trimming. The belt and wide strings are of the material and a large pocket on either side is an absolute necessity. The waitress' apron is often bought ready made for this use and large pockets added.

THE CLERK AND TYPEWRITER

FAST black cambric at eight cents and sateen at twenty cents are worn by clerks in general retail stores, and typewriters, both of whom would soon ruin their clothes without such a protection. These are simple in construction and must be of a fast black material to prevent any unpleasant rubbing or staining. The aprons are of two widths simply hemmed, gathered to a belt and either buttoned in the back or tied with long and wide strings. They are provided with a pocket and reach to the bottom of the skirt.

FOR KITCHEN WEAR

STRIPED and checked gingham aprons of two breadths simply hemmed and with a belt and strings of the goods may be bought for twenty-five cents, which is remarkably cheap, when we consider that they contain two yards and a quarter of eight-cent gingham. After adding the cotton, the apron costs many a weary woman twenty cents, and she might snatch an hour's rest or reading if she would buy it for twenty-five cents.

Striped gingham aprons trimmed with a bias band of the goods are a little more ornamental. Aprons of this sort are also excellent for wear when sewing. The sewing apron proper has a gored front and side pieces in one-piece style, the latter meeting at the back after forming a curve below the waist-line, and fastening with one button. The waist or bib is fitted with two darts and the gored side seam, with two long tabs passing to the back of the neck where they button. The large pocket is placed at a convenient distance for the hands in the outer front, and stitched down the middle to form two divisions.

Such an apron without the pocket being divided is very convenient for use while washing, the clothes-pins being carried in the pocket while hanging out the clothes. For this purpose aprons of light weight or table oilcloth are unrivaled. They should have the edges bound with skirt braid. These aprons protect the front of the dress on wash days. The next choice for a wash apron would be striped ticking made in the same manner and with the deep pocket. Surely when aprons are useful for so many occasions and when they may be made of such a variety of fabrics we may well call them indispensable.

WHAT CHILDREN WEAR

WHITE wash materials, plain, striped and checked, trimmed with white or colored embroidery, the patented frilling or cotton lace, as torchon or Valenciennes, are worn by children of three to twelve years. It is no longer customary to wear aprons at all times and places in lieu of dresses or to hide a shabby frock. Now they are worn by city children only while at play, or during the morning hours, though country lassies still wear them to school, which is a sensible plan that should never have fallen into disuse. Caprice is found with as homely a matter as a useful apron, age not influencing the effect, as a school child of ten years will not wear an apron without vigorous protest if "the other girls don't wear them." At some of the large boarding-schools aprons of black silk or white wash goods are insisted upon. The former naturally are preferred, as they do not increase the wash list. Surah and taffeta are the neatest materials for black silk aprons intended to be worn by school girls, and consist of a gored front and sides, with a belt and ribbon strings, one pocket and a simple hem or rows of feather-stitching for a finish on the entire edge. Others will have a row of heavy inserting let in above the hem.

APRONS FOR YOUNG GIRLS

FOR a girl of fifteen a black surah apron has a row of black lace beading or *entre-deux* threaded with a row of No. 3 blue satin ribbon and tied in rosettes at the lower corners; belt of the lace over the ribbon, which is matched in wider ribbon for the strings. A girl of this age also wears an apron of dotted Swiss, made with a fancy bib that reaches the shoulders in the form of two bretelles. The entire apron is edged with a frill of Valenciennes lace and has ribbon ties. Such aprons reach the knees.

Tiny girls wear full, gathered skirts sewed to a waist shaped like a skeleton yoke and edged with a frill of the pretty colored embroidery now in vogue. Another style has a low, round baby waist, with a full, gathered skirt; belt of insertion and frill of embroidery around the yoke. Girls of ten years have a fitted bodice belt buttoning in the back, to which the full skirt is gathered. Sometimes the front of the waist is most elaborately trimmed in the shape of a vest of lace or the goods edged with jabots of lace. However, as aprons on children are intended solely for use it seems to be poor taste to trim them in such a fanciful manner.

A very popular design has a bib waist buttoned in the back, with a full skirt gathered to a feather-stitched band, ruffle of embroidery around the low neck and similar edging on the sides of the bib, with a V of the embroidery let in the front of the bib; the skirt portion is trimmed with a cluster of tucks divided by feather-stitching. Another apron for a girl of eight years is of dotted Swiss, with an entire waist, having a low, square neck and a cluster of plaits at the centre, back and front. There are sleeve frills of Valenciennes lace and bretelles of the same lace from the belt over the shoulders. The neck and belt have a row of inserting threaded with "baby" ribbon in pink, blue or yellow.

Dimity and checked nainsook offer two well-wearing materials for girls' aprons, though not as well known as other fabrics. The ready-made, plain and edged frilling will trim them prettily.

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SCHOOL LESSONS AT HOME

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovill

WHILE parents have long objected to the custom of obliging children to learn lessons from text books out of school hours. There are indications that their objections have produced some effect and that the burden is gradually being lightened. While this is true there is still room for improvement in this matter, and if thoughtful persons can be induced to give it due consideration, and to act upon their convictions in the case of the children intrusted to their care, there will be less difficulty in accomplishing the reform.

Children have many lessons to learn beside those included in the school programme, and the time they spend at home is too precious to be used in preparing tasks which should be studied where they are to be recited, at school.

THE teacher can infuse into the pupil's mind during the school session as much knowledge as he can profitably assimilate in the twenty-four hours. If not, more or less of the time spent there must be sadly wasted.

It is overtaxing parents and friends to ask that they shall supervise work which properly belongs to the duly qualified instructor.

Text books and methods change so rapidly that we who finished our school days a score of years ago feel that our powers are altogether inadequate to the demands upon them when we are confronted with some knotty point in grammar or a serious difficulty in mathematics. We can only sigh helplessly over our inability to throw any light on the subject, and feel strongly that it was the duty of the teacher to have explained the problem so as to make it clear to the juvenile understanding.

The kindergarten at one end of the scale and the institute of technology at the other have shown us that it is possible and desirable to train children's minds and fingers at the same time, whatever their age may be. And not only this but also that the homely arts, those which lie at the foundation and make the building of a home possible, may be used to the greatest advantage in this training.

A foolish mother of the last generation remarked with pride that her daughters did not even know the way to the kitchen, implying that a knowledge of the work to be done there was far beneath their dignity. Now, the long discarded and flouted housewifely accomplishments of cooking and sewing have been elevated almost into fine arts. They are taught with the accuracy and precision of a mathematical science, to the great benefit of the fortunate learners.

Carpentering and blacksmithing take the place of these for boys. The mind is trained in a knowledge of principles and at the same time the hand acquires deftness in putting them into practice.

Industrial education is just beginning to be a power in the land. We are awakening to a sense of its importance, and as we realize it more fully the demand for it will increase. It must soon be a component part of the public school system, and the day is not far distant when we shall look back with wonder to the time when we imagined it possible to train the youthful mind through the eye alone and with no other implements than books and pencils.

We shall make mistakes, but we have made a great many in the past, and if we are on the right road our blunders will not prevent our reaching the end we are aiming at, the symmetrical development of all the powers of mind and body.

THOSE who have read the pathetic autobiography of Anthony Trollope, the distinguished novelist, will remember the melancholy story of the years that he wasted at school. He sat with a book open before him, usually the Latin grammar, but learned, as far as he could remember, not one useful fact. The marvelous fertility of his imagination in after life may have been the result of his mind having lain fallow during these apparently unprofitable years of seeming inaction. It was a very unhappy experience to him, and it would be hardly a safe precedent to follow with the average child in the faint hope of his proving a genius and of producing a like result of a brilliant maturity.

As we read we think with sorrowful scorn of the teachers who could have so wasted their opportunities, yet do not too many of us achieve failure by directly opposite means?

WE try to teach too much, and so destroy the sensitiveness of the mind and render it less susceptible. It is not so easy to excite an interest in any subject. The child responds languidly to our efforts to stimulate him. We have given him more mental pabulum than he can digest or assimilate, and he feels the plethora that follows repletion. Abandoning metaphor and stating the case in plain English our school children have too many subjects to study and are required to spend too much time in purely mental labor. As a result of this they cannot accomplish their work during school hours, and are forced to use the time which should be devoted to relaxation and recreation at home to learn the lessons that ought to be mastered at school.

AS most of our schools are at present constituted the five hours of the daily session should be sufficient for the preparation of the tasks assigned in them. It is as long a period as children of from ten to fifteen years of age ought to spend in brain work. It is wrong to add another hour of study in the evening when mind and body are tired and ought not to be farther taxed.

When the pupils are divided into two classes, as is done in most of the departments of the graded public schools, it is necessary to furnish one with occupation while the other is reciting or directly engaged in receiving instruction from the teacher.

It is often difficult to provide "busy work," as it is technically called, that is sufficiently absorbing to fully engage the attention of the children and to occupy them profitably. Every moment of school life is precious, and in the ideal Utopia, which we shall never reach, not one would be wasted.

It seems as if some of these quiet moments of comparative leisure might be utilized in preparing the lessons for the next day.

A CERTAIN amount of memorizing is a necessity, although it is the fashion in modern educational systems to make light of it and reduce it to the smallest dimensions. To make children learn *verbatim* a string of dry facts or statements, which are almost without meaning to them, certainly appears a waste of brain power. They should be talked over and explained to the little learners, and as much interest as possible infused into them, for they have a value of their own which renders it undesirable to dispense with them altogether.

How often do we elders recur to some formula learned in early youth, of whose utility we then had the strongest doubts, and find it a most useful friend in need. We have used it as a peg to hang other information upon, and the mere repetition of it brings back the knowledge we are in search of or helps us to fix the fact we doubted.

In our desire to make everything easy for the children and to remove obstacles from the path of learning we must not lose sight of the danger that lurks in every extreme. Enough of difficulty must be encountered to make the mind put forth its powers to overcome it. The individual must be obliged to take some trouble on his own account, use some effort to attain what he is required to reproduce, and not merely be a passive receptacle of information predigested and poured into him by his teacher.

AFTER children have passed the kindergarten age and begin to study from books, we must be on the watch that mind and body keep pace in their development.

Our grandfathers learned Latin at their mothers' knees and entered college at fifteen. Perhaps our over-wrought nerves and too sensitive organizations are an inheritance from these achievements. No doubt there were dunces in those days as in our own, but their shortcomings are buried in oblivion while the shining examples of precocity remain for admiration or warning.

Many, if not most, of the geniuses had interruptions in the form of healthy manual labor: those domestic employments of sawing wood and drawing water that no longer fall to the lot of our youth, and which we have devised industrial education to replace as a means of developing the physical side of our being.

Then, too, they were not exposed to the stimulating atmosphere of this age of hurry which affects even childish natures unfavorably and deprives them of the repose essential to the fullest development.

TIME takes no backward steps. We cannot return to that golden age of leisure which no doubt looks far more calm to us in the retrospect than it did to those who bore its burdens. We must adapt our lives to our surroundings, and bend our energies in our educational methods to protect the children from the tendency to over-pressure that seems inseparable from these closing years of the century, into which it appears as if so much must be crowded.

One means of doing this suggests itself in this connection. It is that the study of text books, unless in very exceptional cases, shall be confined to the schoolroom and not be permitted to intrude into the home.

The result of the education given in the schoolroom should be to fit children for the practical work of life. Every child who has had the advantage of remaining there until fourteen years of age ought to be able to write a legible hand, to compose a letter capable of conveying his meaning in terse, well-expressed sentences, to read aloud correctly in an agreeably modulated voice, so as to give pleasure to his listeners and to himself, and to have such a knowledge of arithmetic as will enable him to grapple successfully with the simple mathematical problems that arise in the daily conduct of the shop or household.

This does not seem too much to ask from the great educational system which pervades our land with its battalions of teachers and armies of pupils. Yet how many of the children who leave our grammar schools can be truly said to have attained to this very moderate standard?

IT is well for the advanced student to study the grammar of his mother-tongue. He ought to be familiar with its structure and able to explain its principles. What younger pupils need is a command of the English language in speaking and writing, and this they cannot obtain from treatises on grammar.

The modern system of teaching foreign tongues points in the right direction. Children require to be taught words and exercised in using them in many combinations. This gives them facility of expression and leads toward correctness of speech. The latter is so much a matter of imitation that where the home usage is incorrect it is difficult to eradicate the errors that come from following an imperfect model.

Have children, as a rule, such a command of words that they can use them as a workman does his tools, and express their ideas with ease and precision when they are called upon to do so? Is it asking too much that they should be thus equipped when they are sent back to us from the teacher's hands?

It is a matter of great importance to a young person to be able to write a fair, easily-read hand. To many it means securing an opening that will enable them to earn a living. Should not our schools be obliged to see that each pupil leaving them possessed this acquirement? It is even more essential than drawing, and will remain so until the typewriter has banished it from the earth. A good, practical working knowledge of arithmetic, as nearly perfect as possible within certain well-defined limits, is most important. The higher mathematics can wait their turn.

ALL the foundations indicated may easily be laid during school hours without the necessity of learning a single lesson at home. Would it not be wiser to be sure that the children are perfectly instructed in these elementary branches, and able to show good results, before permitting their time and attention to be dissipated by efforts in so many other directions? Geography and history can be introduced incidentally while they are being practiced in reading and composition, and spelling is gained in writing.

This may seem a limited curriculum to the ambitious parent or teacher. If the child is first thoroughly grounded, and has these necessary tools in the most exquisite order, it will not be difficult for him to take up any branch of study if time permits. He will in the end have a greater amount of knowledge and a far more accurate acquaintance with the subjects he studies than if they had been introduced early in his course. To give children a smattering of the elements of various branches of learning, interesting and most valuable in their proper place, does little to advance their education.

Many will have no opportunity to follow them up, and the beginnings are worse than wasted because they push aside other and more important preparation. Those who have a thirst for knowledge can be aided to seek it. High schools and colleges exist for them. In the lower grades our efforts should be directed to fitting every child in them for the practical work of the world outside, and none should leave them until these requirements are fully met.

Industrial education as it becomes universal will materially assist in reducing the great army of incapables.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Scovill's former column of "Mothers' Corner," which is now treated under the title of "Suggestions for Mothers," will be found on page 34 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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THE HOME GREENHOUSE

By Eben E. Rexford



THE lover of flowers always takes pleasure in exciting a love for them in others. He knows that a love for them is inherent in all women and most men, but this love may be dormant to a great extent, as the result of circumstances and conditions about which we know little. If we can rouse this instinct—for an instinct I believe it to be—and incite it to action, we will be doing for that man or woman in whom this awakening occurs a really good deed, for the love of flowers makes life brighter and men and women better. Every flower is a silent preacher of the gospel of the beautiful, and those who open their hearts to the gentle ministry find that good to self and all about them grows out of it.

FLOWERS ARE SAFEGUARDS

I HAVE tried to get men and women interested in them, because I knew how much pleasure could be got from them, and what benefit comes to mind and body from a study of them. It affords me great satisfaction to know that I have succeeded in making some lives brighter by what I have said, and I hope to accomplish still more in this direction. I would be glad to see a flower in the window of every home in the land. Where flowers come in bad thoughts and acts go out to a great degree, for the two cannot live happily together. A flower in the window is a safeguard against much of the unhappiness that makes many homes what no true home ought to be. Therefore, I say to all, have a flower in the window. But the main object of this paper is to urge those who can afford it to have a place—a home—made expressly for their plants, in other words, to build a small greenhouse which shall be attached to the living-room, if possible, where the growing flowers may be constantly enjoyed, and in which plants may be grown in larger quantities and greater variety than is possible in the window of the sitting-room, and to better advantage in all ways, because in such a place the requirements of the plants may be met, and conditions to satisfactory growth secured as they never can be in the ordinary room.

EXPENSE NOT NECESSARY

A SMALL home greenhouse need not be expensive. A warm house and a conveniently-arranged one are what one should principally have in mind in constructing a place for plants. It does not cost a large sum to secure these conditions. The greater expense, in most cases, comes in in the ornamentation of the building. In this paper I shall confine myself to suggestions regarding very plain and simple houses. Those who are not obliged to take economy into consideration may, perhaps, not be greatly interested in what I have to say, because they can intrust the work of building their greenhouses to some one who makes a business of it, but such a house as I shall describe may be built by the local carpenter under the supervision of some member of the family. A house sixteen by twenty-four feet will be large enough to accommodate all the plants the ordinary family will care to take care of. If arranged with a view to economizing space several hundred plants may be grown in it. I would, therefore, recommend this as a good size for a small greenhouse. Some persons might prefer a longer and narrower house, with simply a walk through the centre, but I have found the dimensions given very satisfactory because there may be benches placed on each side, and a space in the centre, not taken up by walks, in which to display large plants, and plants in tubs, which could not be properly cared for in a narrow house, having only a walk between the side benches. The foundation of a greenhouse built to last, as all home greenhouses should be, should be a stone or brick wall, let into the ground deep enough for the foundation stones of the wall to be below the frost-line. If above this line the wall will be likely to heave, and any action of this kind will be pretty sure to cause breakage of glass. On this wall place sills eight by eight inches in size. Along these sills set two by fours, not more than sixteen inches apart. These should be set along the centre of the sills. They should be about five feet in length, so as to give a wall on the sides of a height nearly sufficient to enable a man to stand upright under the lowest part of the roof.

SIDE WALLS AND EXPOSURE

THE side walls may be boarded up to the roof, or a row of glass may be run along the upper part of them. Boarded walls make a warmer house, but a row of glass gives the outside a much better appearance because it allows the plants to be seen. Plants, I find, grow equally well under either condition if the glass on the sides is made double in winter. If but one thickness of glass is used considerable more heat must be provided, and care must be taken to keep the plants from coming in contact with the glass. Where two sets of sash are used the plants may be allowed to touch the inner glass without fear of injury from frost. A very substantial wall is made by boarding up each side of the two by fours along the sills with matched lumber. Over this, outside and in, put a thickness of best sheathing paper, and finish with matched lumber, snugly put together and firmly nailed. Such a wall will keep out frost much more effectively than a brick one, and is not so easily affected by heat and moisture. It is the cheapest good wall I know of. It should be given two good coats of oil paint, as a preservative from moisture.

I have said nothing about exposure. If possible have the greenhouse on the south side of the dwelling. The sixteen feet of width should come against the wall of the dwelling. This gives a chance for a roof twenty feet in length, with an equal slope to east and west. If the side walls are five feet high and the roof is given the usual pitch, the ridge along the centre will be between ten and eleven feet from the floor, and this allows one to group tall plants the entire length of the house in a very satisfactory manner. If the end fronts the south, as I would have it do if possible, it can be all glass except about three feet at the base of the wall. This gives plenty of light in connection with the roof, which should be all glass, admits the sunshine freely, and makes a very good-looking house at the end. An eastern exposure is better than a western one. A northern one is undesirable.

MAKING THE ROOF

THE roof should be made of sash-bars set just the right distance apart to accommodate the size of glass you determine to use; twelve by twenty is a convenient size. Sash-bars may be bought at a reasonable figure, all ready to use, and it is cheaper to buy them ready-made than to make them. I would always advise double-thick glass for glazing the roof, as glass of that grade is seldom injured in hailstorms. In glazing the roof I always use zinc strips between the glass. These give a snug joint—much snugger than you can obtain by lapping the glass, as is usually done—and there is no danger of breakage from frost, as there is no lap for moisture to collect in. Much heat escapes between lapped glass, but when zinc joints are used you have an almost air-tight roof, provided that a good job is done. I would not use putty on the sash-bars under the glass. The bars should be well painted before being put on; then lay the glass flatly on the wood, putting a zinc strip, lightly coated on each side with thin putty, between each pane, pressing the glass firmly together. Then fasten the panes securely by large glazier's points, which can be most effectively set with a machine made for this purpose. When the glass is all in place and securely fastened, go over the roof carefully, and run a stream of white lead and putty, thinned to the consistency of cream, with boiled linseed-oil, all along the sash-bars where the glass touches them. This may be easily and rapidly done by using a putty-bulb of rubber, which, on being squeezed, forces the liquid putty through a tube which can be made to distribute it just where it is wanted. In this way the cracks between glass and sash-bar can be entirely filled, and the roof be made perfectly water-tight. After applying the putty go over the roof and sift fine sand into it. This, with the putty, which is soft enough to take it in, forms a cement when dry that is good for years. Have a section on each side the roof that can be used as a ventilator. Hang it to the ridge by stout hinges. This may be pushed open by a rod, or ventilating apparatus can be used if one feels able to stand the expense, by which the hinged sections can be swung open by turning a crank. The floor may be made of brick or cement or of strips of wood. I prefer the latter, as water runs through between them and is taken up by the soil below, while brick or cement retains it, and the walks, as a consequence, are generally muddy.

HEATING THE GREENHOUSE

THIS brings me to the question of how the greenhouse shall be heated. If built against a dwelling in which steam or hot-water heating is used, it is an easy matter to run pipes from the heater into and around the greenhouse, under the benches. Consult some practical builder or contractor about this. It is impossible to give instructions for doing it here, because no two jobs will be just alike, and general instructions would not apply. I prefer hot-water heating for a small house, but steam heat is good, provided plenty of moisture is kept up in the greenhouse. Hot-air flues may be run to the greenhouse from the ordinary furnace, but with this heat great care must be taken to provide liberal quantities of fresh air and much moisture if one would have plants do well. Oil-stoves are frequently used, and some write me that they have no fault to find with them, while others say they injure the plants. No cases of injury from the use of them have come under my own observation. The central draft heating oil-stove makes no more smell in a room than a lamp does, and I do not see why it could not be used advantageously in a small greenhouse. The ordinary-sized stove ought to furnish ample heat for a house of the size named, if well built, with solid walls to the roof and the roof tightly glazed.

ESTIMATING THE COST

I CANNOT give any estimate on the cost of a house of the size named, because the cost of material and work varies so in different sections that what would apply at one place would not apply at another. A practical carpenter, after reading this paper carefully, will understand how much material is required, and the amount of work necessary to put it together, and he is the man to go to for estimates. I have seen several such greenhouses built for less than two hundred dollars, this not including heating. A New York firm has a small hot-water heating boiler that costs about the same as a base-burning stove, that heats such a house perfectly and requires very little attention. It may be placed in the cellar or basement, and connected with pipes to carry hot water around the greenhouse below the benches. Where it is necessary to put in independent heat I would advise this plan.

As to arrangement of benches, I would, in a house connected with the dwelling, run them along both sides and across the end. I would have them about three feet wide. Across the end there may be placed shelves above the benches. If the central space is not occupied by large plants a table can be placed there. It should be quite high, in order to bring the plants as near the glass as possible. If one or two posts are placed along the centre to support the roof they can have vines trained up them, and a long wire netting stretched below the ridge in such a manner as to make this part of the house very pleasing.

WHEN NOT PRACTICABLE

THERE are many homes to which a house of the shape described above could not be attached, but a lean-to house could be used instead. The term "lean-to" is applied to a house having a roof with but one slope. Where a southern or eastern slope can be secured, such a house is quite as satisfactory, if the roof is all glass, as a span-roof house. What one must aim at principally is light and sunshine. In any room that has plenty of light, considerable eastern and southern sunshine, and perfect freedom at all times from frost, plants can be grown as it is never possible to grow them in the parlor or living-room, because, in such a room, it is much easier to imitate the natural conditions under which plants are grown successfully. No one but those having a greenhouse can realize the pleasure it affords during our long, cold winters. Build one, and fill it with plants, and you will wonder how you ever got along without it.

Where a real greenhouse cannot be afforded very often a good substitute for one can be built on a small scale with small outlay. Very often a porch or veranda can be made into one by inclosing it with glass and giving it a glass roof. My first greenhouse was made in this way. It was about six by twelve feet and opened off the kitchen, from which it received warmth. In it I grew as fine flowers as I have ever grown since. The cost of converting a veranda into a home for plants is not large, but the results are most gratifying. A man having a fair knowledge of carpentry can do all the work required at "odd spells." If built against the south side of the house enough warmth can be gained by cutting a wide opening between it and the adjoining room, to afford the plants security from frost, if a continuous fire is kept in the sitting-room or kitchen. If care is taken to make all joints very close, and double sash is used on the sides in winter, it will not require a large fire in the room, off which a greenhouse of the size named opens, to keep out frost. On no account use two thicknesses of glass in the roof. The warmth which rises will generally keep frost and snow melted off where there is but one thickness, but it might not if there were two.

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PLANNING THE SUMMER GARDEN

By Eben E. Rexford

Too frequently the summer garden is unsatisfactory; often, quite disappointing. There is lack of system and harmony in its arrangement which might have been avoided in a great degree, or altogether, if proper attention and forethought had been exercised at the beginning. Many amateur florists wait until the time for garden making is at hand before giving any thought to the arrangement of beds, or the kinds of plants to grow in them. They form no plans and trust to luck to have things turn out satisfactorily, which they never do. Luck cannot be depended on in such matters. The only way to bring about a satisfactory result is to give careful study. Find out what you can do, or, at any rate, what you would like to do, and decide whether you can fully carry out all the ideas that suggest themselves to you as being necessary to a successful accomplishment of your plan. If you cannot give the time or labor that it is likely to require, decide on something less ambitious and exacting.

A FEW DON'TS

Don't make elaborate plans when you are doubtful of your ability to carry them forward to successful completion.

Don't undertake more than you can easily do.

Don't attempt to have everything that is worth growing in your garden. You cannot. The ordinary home-garden can include but a small share of all really desirable plants. Select a few of the best, but only as many as you feel sure of being able to do justice to, remembering always that a few plants well-grown are sure to give pleasure to yourself and others, while a great many poorly-grown plants are a source of vexation and regret. Quality should be considered, not quantity.

Don't imitate any one's else garden. Be original. A great share of the pleasure derived from flower-gardening consists in planning it to suit the owner's ideas of the fitness of things, rather than in copying some one's else designs.

Don't go to work with a great deal of enthusiasm, and set out to accomplish great things, "grow weary in well-doing," and end by letting your garden grow to weeds. Unless you feel sure that you are willing to do a good deal of hard work in weeding, and hoeing, and transplanting—unless you have enough "stick-to-it-iveness" to give your garden the attention it needs all through the season, don't attempt to have one.

If you have never had a garden and do not fully understand the demands it will make upon your time and labor, start out in a very conservative way. Have a small one this year. Next year have a larger one, if the success of this year encourages you to attempt it. It may be that one year's experience will convince you that it is not desirable to attempt having any. But I do not fear such a result if you really love flowers, and only those who do really love them should attempt to grow them.

ARRANGING FLOWER-BEDS

NEVER allow the "design" of a bed to give you more concern than what to put in it. As a general thing fanciful beds are to be avoided. Unless they are given a great deal of attention they are unsatisfactory. Aim then to have beds of pleasing shape, but let these shapes be simple and in keeping with the habit and character of the plants to be grown in them. Circular or oval beds are suited to prominent locations, because tall plants may be grown in the centre, smaller ones about them and low growers at the edge, giving an effect which is pleasing from all points of view. Circular or curving beds are more satisfactory than straight or square ones, because all plants seem more in harmony with curves and flowing lines than with angles. If you are not very particular about the shape of your bed, but want something easy to work in, a long, narrow one will suit you best, because you can get at it from both sides to weed and stir the soil. Such beds near the path and following its curves and angles in general outline, are always more pleasing than wide ones. If you have wide beds that are to be seen from the path, and are at some distance from it, plant tall growers at the farther side, and graduate the plants in such a manner as to give one the idea of a bank of flowers. Always keep in mind the principal points from which your beds will be seen, and arrange your plants in such a manner as to have them make an effective display from those positions.

SELECTING THE PLANTS

In order to do this it will be necessary to study your catalogues thoroughly, so that you may know what kinds to plant in the background, in the middle distance, and in the foreground. If your garden is long and narrow and at one side of the path, as many necessarily are because of circumscribed space, let the "banking" idea prevail throughout, that is, plant tall growers in the farther beds and work down to low-growing plants in the beds nearest the path. In this way it is easy to give all a chance to display themselves. Such a result, however, cannot be attained without a knowledge of the material you are at work with. Know your plants.

THE BEST POSSIBLE EFFECTS

If you want the best possible effects do not plant several kinds of flowers in the same bed. Most satisfactory results are secured by planting each kind by itself, and, as a general thing, each color by itself. But where contrast is desired two or three colors may be used in the same bed very effectively, provided the colors used are such as harmonize perfectly. Not all colors of the same kind of flower are in harmony. You will see the force of this statement if you find scarlet, mauve and Magenta shades of the annual Phlox growing side by side. The combination is positively painful in its effect upon the eye. So do not place several varieties of one flower in the same bed unless you know what the colors of those varieties are. It is because of the inharmonious combination of color that nearly always results when "mixed" packages of seed are used, that I advise buying packages in which each color is kept by itself. You can plant for a particular effect, and be reasonably sure of getting it, if you do not use "mixed" seeds.

PLANNING THE GARDEN

In planning the garden do not consider one bed as entirely independent of all the others. Rather, consider the garden as a whole, and arrange your beds in such a manner that the color in one will harmonize with that in the next one. Study general effect rather than individual display in the arrangement of colors.

Early in the season make a plan of your summer garden on paper. Think it over carefully when you have plenty of time to do so. Imagine the effect of this or that plant in this or that place, and shift and change about until you feel sure you have an arrangement by which each kind you have decided to use may be most effectively seen from path to house. If you are familiar with plants it is not at all difficult to form mental pictures of the garden-to-be, which will be of great help to you in coming to conclusions as to what plants to have and where to have them. When you have decided draw a map or diagram of your garden, marking each bed with what it is to contain. When the time comes to do the work you will know just what to do, and when the time comes to sow seed or set out plants you will know just where they belong. A plan of this kind greatly expedites matters, because it simplifies them and gives something to be governed by. Without such a plan gardening operations are sure to be on the haphazard system. The garden which affords most pleasure is the garden that has been carefully thought out in all its details. I have said but little about beds, their form or their arrangement, because it is impossible to do very much in this line without knowing the conditions that prevail in each case. Each person must be a "law unto himself" in this matter. If he has good taste and understands the plants he has to work with, he can arrange his garden much more to his pleasure than any one else can arrange it for him. The man or woman who has the true gardening instinct will choose to attend to this matter for him or her self. Let me give one item of advice: Do not attempt anything very elaborate unless you have had a great deal of experience. There is safety in simplicity. I would also advise having separate beds for annuals and the so-called "bedding" plants. The two classes do not combine well.

The "bedding plants," so called by the florists, to distinguish between the annuals and the greenhouse plants used for filling beds on the lawn or in the garden, seldom bloom as freely—with the exception of the Geranium—as annuals do, and have a quite different habit of growth, and because of these differences it is better to keep them apart. Most "bedding" plants have more delicate flowers than the annuals, and a greater "air of distinction," because of quality, and they should be given a place near the house or path where their beauty can be seen to the best advantage.

PLANTS THAT ARE CONSPICUOUS

PLANTS adapted for conspicuous positions on the lawn or for back rows: Dahlias, Amaranthus, Salvias, Zinnias, Cannas, Ricinus and Gladioluses. For low beds near the path or house: Pansies, Portulaca, Mignonette, Myosotis, Eschscholtzia, Daisies, Candytufts, Ageratums and Alyssums. For beds where a brilliant show of color is desired: For yellow, Calliopsis and Eschscholtzia, the former of a deep, rich shade, the latter lighter and softer in tone; for pink and white, Phlox *drummondii*, in rose and white varieties; for scarlet, *Salvia splendens*; for orange and maroon, *Nasturtium* in variety; for violet and crimson, *Petunias*. For low beds of shades of scarlet, crimson and rose, also white: *Verbenas*.

FOR BORDER PLANTS

FOR edgings among annuals: Candytuft and Alyssum, white; Ageratum, blue; Mignonette, brick color. The best edging plants among the bedders are *Mad. Salerai* Geraniums, green and white; Golden Feather Pyrethrum, yellow, and Centaurea, gray. By using the various shades of *Coleus* a greater range of color can be obtained, but I do not consider the *Coleus* a very good plant for edging a bed. It does better as a "filler," with some more close-jointed, compact plant as a border. For combinations where brilliant show is aimed at: scarlet *Salvia* as centre, surrounded with yellow *Calliopsis*, edged with Candytuft or Alyssum, or *Salvia*, surrounded with *Euphorbia heterophylla*, bordered with dwarf crimson *Nasturtium* or *Eschscholtzia*.

For tropical effects in beds on the lawn: For most important positions, *Ricinus*, several plants in a group. These can be used alone or in combination with *Cannas* or *Caladiums*. For smaller beds: *Cannas* in variety, planted with due regard to size and color of foliage. For covering fences and screens: Sweet Peas, Morning-glories, flowering Bean, *Maurandia* and the Gourds. For sunny locations: *Portulacas* and *Nasturtium*. For shady places: *Pansies* and *Myosotis*. For beds near the path: *Tea Roses*, first of all; *Geraniums*, second, and third, *Heliotropes*.

PLANTS FOR CARPET BEDDING

FOR carpet bedding when color alone is required: *Coleus*, for yellow, and several shades of red and maroon; *Achyranthes* and *Alternantheras* for crimson, yellow, and combinations of these colors with green; Golden Feather Pyrethrum, for a peculiar shade of yellow; *Centaurea*, cool, silvery gray.

FOR MASSING

DAHLIAS, *Zinnias*, *Gladioluses* and the *Poppies*. Most charming beds of the latter flower can be made by using several harmonious shades of the Shirley strain. They range through rose, crimson, carmine and pale pink to pure white, begin to bloom quite early in the season, last well and make a most vivid show. I consider them one of the very best annuals for beds on the lawn.

Hollyhocks are extremely effective when planted in large clumps, and where young plants are bought in spring, it is easy to arrange them to one's liking. I would suggest buying plants of special colors, rather than mixed seedlings—say yellow and scarlet or maroon sorts, and planting for contrast. Grand effects are secured in this way.

FOR CUTTING PURPOSES

FOR cutting: Sweet Peas, *Heliotrope*, *Mignonette*, *Nasturtium*, *Calliopsis*, *Tea Roses*, *Salvias*, *Poppies*, *Pansies* and *Dahlias*. I would suggest having a corner somewhere in the background in which to grow flowers expressly to cut from. You will have small quantities of seed left, perhaps, after sowing the large beds, extra plants at weeding time, and possibly a few surplus "bedding" plants. Give these a place by themselves in a "cut-and-come-again" corner, and you will be surprised to find what an amount of beauty may be drawn from this little floral bank, whose capital consists of "odds and ends" from the more pretentious garden. For planting about the veranda: Sweet Peas, *Morning-glories* and *Maurandia*. For late flowering: *Asters* and *Ten-week Stock*. Of the easiest culture: *Petunias*, *Phlox*, *Calliopsis*, *Asters*, *Gladioluses*, *Candytufts*, *Nasturtium*, *Zinnias*, *Balsams*, *Marigolds* and *Larkspurs*. These plants are especially adapted to the beginner's garden, being robust, self-reliant, free-flowering and constant. They are all good. I think that a careful study of the above lists will enable any one to select plants suited to each purpose in flower-garden or lawn requirements. I have named the best kinds for general use and given lists large enough to admit of free selection. In looking over the catalogues you will find a great many kinds not named above. Some are good; some are not so. Some are satisfactory when grown by an experienced gardener, but the opposite when grown by the amateur. The kinds named are better adapted to the ordinary gardener. They are "stand-bys," and any one who gives them proper care can be reasonably sure of success with them.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Rexford's answers to his correspondents, under the title of "Floral Helps and Hints," will be found on page 31 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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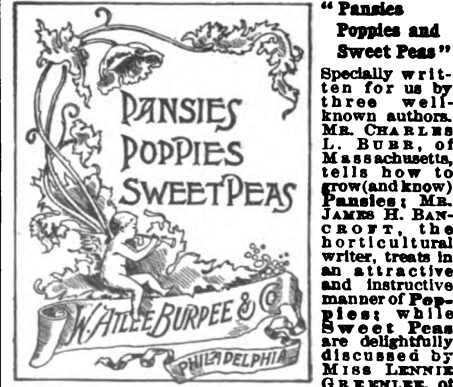
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- NEW SWEET PEA—American Belle. The FLORAL NOVEMBER FOR 1894. Extremely early, wonderfully free-flowering; bright rose, with wings of crystal white, vividly spotted rich purple-carmine.
- ECKFORD'S GILT-EDGE, or SURPASSING SWEET PEA. This grand strain is unequalled.
- BURPEE'S DEFIANCE PANSIES, Finest Mixed. Magnificent new giant-flowered Pansies, which measure two and one-half to four inches across.
- SUPERB IMPERIAL GERMAN PANSIES. All known colors, including the brightest fancy varieties, blotched, veined, mottled and margined.
- NEW CARDINAL POPPY. Glowing cardinal-scarlet flowers, which are uniformly of enormous size and perfectly double; of great profusion and long duration in bloom.
- GOLDEN GATE POPPIES. If you already have this superb strain you can give this packet to a friend, to whom the beautiful flowers will be a constant source of delight.



[Reduced fac-simile of front cover.]
For other special offers of Flower and Vegetable Seeds see our advertisements on page 26 and 27 March Journal, and page 39 of February Journal.

W. Atlee Burpee & Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E REXFORD

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

AMATEUR—I have no plants nor seeds for sale. Consult the advertising columns of this magazine.

MRS. P. MCF.—The Cherokee Rose is not hardy at the North. You could do nothing with it in the house.

MRS. F.—The flowering Currant is perfectly hardy anywhere at the North. It is catalogued as Ribes. Most dealers in shrubs can furnish it for you.

SUBSCRIBER—I know so little about the culture of small fruit that I do not feel competent to give the advice you ask for. Write to some dealer in small fruits.

M. A. W.—If you use a rich compost in potting the Bermuda Lily I do not think you will need to use bonedust. Too rich a soil produces a weak growth of stalk.

MRS. W. S. B.—Let the shoots of your Calla grow to furnish foliage. Put only the lower portion of your Sacred Lily bulb under the soil. Plant as you would the Hyacinth.

MRS. W. H. W.—There are any number of good fertilizers in the market that are advertised extensively and are perfectly safe to use according to the directions given.

MRS. H.—Jasmine revolutum has a bright, golden-yellow flower. J. grandiflorum is white. The Cape Jasmine has a flower whose petals are thick and wax-like of a creamy white.

A. C. H.—I propose giving an article shortly on planting small yards, and in it you will find your questions answered more satisfactorily than I could answer them in this department.

MISS O. O. S.—I am not editing "Success With Flowers." I have had nothing to do with that publication since last August, so please do not consider me responsible for anything you have seen in it.

W.—Solanum azureum is all that is claimed for it. It has flowers of a pale, soft lavender blue, borne in clusters. It is of semi-climbing habit, but by cutting it back sharply from time to time it can be kept in shrubby form.

P. S.—The Streptosolen is very easily grown from seed. You will generally find young plants springing up in the pot about the old plant shortly after seed has ripened. Seedlings are preferable to plants grown from cuttings.

JASMINE—Prepare an emulsion of kerosene, and apply it to your plant. Heliotropes require a rich, light soil, considerable warmth, sunshine and a good deal of water. They are easily affected by gas, either from stoves or furnaces, or illumination.

M.—The best perennial vine for a trellis, where a great show of flowers is wanted, is probably Clematis. One of the best annuals is the good old Morning-glory. Chionodoxa danieli is a hard plant to grow well. Put the Yucca in the cellar over winter.

MRS. G. C.—You would not be likely to get Roses from plants in your pit if the temperature fell below 50° at any time. The plants may not be frozen, but they get a chill which injures the new growth greatly. A small lamp would doubtless furnish enough extra warmth to keep out the frost in severely cold weather.

W. F. S.—Probably some insect was at work on your Hollyhock. Possibly it was affected by rust. In the former case I would have applied kerosene emulsion, which I find a most valuable remedy. I do not know what one could use to prevent rust, which seems to result from peculiar conditions prevalent at different seasons.

MRS. C.—The new Anemone Whirlwind is one of the best cemetery plants we have. It is especially valuable because of its late habit of blooming. It comes into flower after nearly all other plants have given up for the season. The old single Anemone is a beautiful plant, but the new variety, being double, is a great improvement on it.

M.—The Marguerite, or Paris Daisy, can be brought into bloom about Easter by keeping it pretty dry and cool until the first of January. Then give plenty of water and a temperature of about 65 to 70°. These plants require an immense quantity of water when growing. Give a sunny window while growing. The flowers last longer in shade.

NEW YORKER—The insect on your Ivy is scale. The sticky matter you observe comes from it. Washing the foliage with soapy water will rid the plant of the pest if sufficient force is used to remove it, but an ordinary washing does no good. I would advise the application of kerosene emulsion. Unless removed your plant will soon be greatly injured.

MARION—In inclosing your porch with glass have about two or two and a half feet at the bottom double-boarded, with sheathing-paper between. Take pains to make it as snug as possible. Above this fit the opening with frames, the same as if windows were to be put in, and fill the openings with sash. Use an extra sash for winter. The larger the panes of glass used the better the effect.

A. B. G.—Tuberous Begonias are easily raised from seed. The seed being fine care must be taken to have the soil in which it is sown very light and free from lumps. Smooth the soil over lightly before scattering the seed. You can do this by pressing it with the palm of the hand. Then dust the seed over the soil as evenly as possible. No covering will be needed. Keep moist and warm.

R.—I am aware that some claim that Goldenrod is responsible for hay fever, but I do not believe any such thing. I know parties living in Milwaukee who have hay fever each year if they remain at home where there is no Goldenrod, but who escape it by coming into this vicinity early in the season and staying until September, and here we have half a dozen varieties of the Solidago family growing in enormous quantities.

MRS. R. C.—Your Snapdragons are probably killed by the red spider, instead of rust. The only remedy I know of, provided I am correct in my diagnosis, is water, applied with a syringe in such a manner as to reach the underside of the leaves, where the spider lurks. I do not know where you can get seed of the Goldenrod. It would probably be easier to obtain roots of the plant. Cannas decay at the end of the shoot when injured or frozen.

MRS. S. W.—You can get the varieties of Chrysanthemums named of any large dealer in plants. They are all standard sorts, and all dealers who aim to "be up with the times" must keep them in stock for customers. Consult the catalogues. Procure in March or April from dealers, or use the shoots which spring up freely about old plants. Young plants grown from division of old roots, or from strong, healthy cuttings, are better than clumps of old roots.

MRS. F. D. H.—Palms require a somewhat heavy soil. They like deep pots, as the roots have a tendency to go down, rather than spread out, when allowed to do so. Keep in shade. Water only when the soil looks dry on top. Shower daily all over the foliage. It is a good plan to wash the leaves once a week with soapy water, applying it with a sponge. The best three varieties for general cultivation are Phoenix reclinata, Latania borbonica and Areca lutescens.

W. T. W.—Salvia splendens can be grown from seed, from cuttings or from division of the roots of old plants. It is one of our most effective bedding plants. Being very tender care must be taken to not plant it out until all danger from frost is over. S. patens is a blue variety, very rich in color, but not as free a bloomer as S. splendens. There is a white, also a rose-colored variety, and one with pink and white variegation. The variety first named is best of all for bedding.

TEXAS—Hydrangeas being brought from the cellar should not be cut back, because the buds for early spring flowering are generally formed, and to prune the plant now would be to destroy its flowers. It is propagated by cuttings, which root readily in damp sand. Prune the plants after blooming. I consider Ivory the best white Chrysanthemum. Harry Widener the best yellow and Mrs. E. G. Hill the best pink. Portia is an excellent scarlet Carnation, Tidal Wave, pink, and Degraw a good white.

SUBSCRIBER—This correspondent asks why the leaves fall from her monthly Rose, also why it does not bloom. Probably the red spider causes the leaves to drop. I presume you will find, if you examine them, that the underside is covered with a fine web, and that minute red specks are there. These specks are spiders. Nothing but water will rout them. Apply it daily, or oftener, with a fine syringe, taking care to get it to the underside of the leaves. The injury done to the plant by the spider would prevent its blossoming.

W. F. H.—Cuttings of Pelargoniums, taken when in the proper condition, root as readily as a Geranium. The wood should be about half way between the tender growth of a new branch and maturity. Geraniums seed freely, but I have never yet had a Pelargonium produce seed. I have never tried to secure seed from this plant, preferring to buy plants of choice varieties, for, in doing that, I knew what I was getting. Seedlings might give fine flowers, and they might not. You never know about that until they come into flower.

M. A. A.—There are several firms engaged in the manufacture of small greenhouses. Some send out a house of small size, complete in every detail except that of heating, for \$75. Such a house would accommodate a good many plants, but I would advise one of larger size, because one's plants accumulate so rapidly that they soon outgrow the very small houses. If you buy such a house you are sure of getting a good one, and it is more satisfactory in many ways than one built by a local carpenter who is not familiar with the business.

R. B.—I do not fully understand what you mean by saying that your plants are "shaggy." Do you mean scraggly, or what the professional florists term "leggy"—that is, long stalked, with few branches? If so your only remedy consists in cutting them back and keeping them cut back until as many branches as you want get started. You can make almost any plant compact and bushy by this treatment, but it must be followed patiently and perseveringly. One or two attempts are not enough. They must be kept up until your plant is what you want it to be.

E. B.—Chrysanthemums are easily raised from seed, which should be sown in a fine, light soil and very lightly covered by sifting a little earth over them. Keep moist, and germination soon takes place. They are as easily grown as any annual. By hybridization very pretty, new varieties are secured among nearly all collections. You may not get anything finer than the parent varieties, and then, again, you may get a flower of such striking merit that the florists will be glad to pay you a good price for. Experimenting with seedlings is very fascinating work.

L. N. B.—I would keep the Lily bulbs in the cellar over winter, and turn them out into the garden beds in spring. Annuals can be grown over bulbs without injuring them in the least if you are careful to not dig into the soil deep enough to reach the bulbs. There is a very pale yellow Nasturtium which is very pretty and affords a pleasing contrast with the rich scarlet and orange sorts. The dwarf variety is pretty for edging. The golden-leaved variety is effective among other plants grown for foliage whose colors are strong enough to afford contrast. It is charming when planted about the dark varieties of Amaranthus.

E. D. A.—The "Ostrich-Plume" Chrysanthemum requires the same treatment as that given other varieties. Cut off the old top after the blooming period is past, and set the pots containing the roots away in the cellar, giving no water through the winter. In spring, as soon as the pots are brought up and water is given, shoots will start up all over the surface of the soil. Cut these apart with a sharp knife, in such a manner as to retain a bit of root for each piece, and pot in small pots, where they should be allowed to remain until the soil is filled with roots. Then shift to larger pots. Give a rich soil and plenty of water while growing.

R.—The Sword Fern is an excellent plant for hanging-baskets if one is careful to see that the soil in which it is grown never dries out. It grows rapidly in proper soil—which is composed largely of leaf-mould—and makes a charming plant for a shady window. It will flourish where none of the Adiantums will; indeed it is one of the most easily-grown ferns I know anything about, and seems quite at home in the sitting-room if, as I have said, it is kept properly moist at the roots. It can be procured at nearly all greenhouses, or it can be ordered from the florists who send plants by mail. You will find it catalogued as Nephrolepis exaltata.

S. V. H.—The Chinese Primrose requires a moderately light, rich soil. Care must be taken in planting it to have the crown of the plant elevated above the surface of the soil, so that water will run away from it rather than toward it. Unless this is done decay often sets in, and the top is likely to rot off. The Cyclamen should be allowed to rest during the summer. Set it out-of-doors in some shady place, and allow it to remain pretty dry until September. Give just enough water to keep the bulb from shriveling. Probably your Amaryllis does not get proper treatment. It ought to have blossomed several times in five years. I cannot give full directions for growing it in the space allotted me in this department, but hope to devote a special article to it before long.

L. S.—There may be several causes for the yellowing of leaves on your Ficus, or Rubber plant. The roots may be cramped. The soil may be poor. The plant may not get water enough. The temperature of the room may be too high. Gas may affect it. Or several or all of these causes may act in combination. Examine your plant and see what conditions seem to prevail, and act accordingly. My experience is that this plant grows satisfactorily in ordinary loam. It requires about the same quantity of water that ordinary plants get, a temperature of 65 to 70°, and a good light, but not necessarily sunshine. Let the drainage be good. Keep the foliage clean and give the roots considerable room. Always have the soil rich enough to supply as much nutriment as the plant requires in making growth. If it becomes exhausted and you cannot conveniently replot in fresh soil use Food for Flowers, the best fertilizer I know of. You can buy it at almost all drug stores. If you starve a Ficus it will be pretty sure to drop its lower leaves, and as you can never succeed in getting new leaves to take the place of old ones your plant will be greatly injured. It pays to keep plants of this kind well fed. In no other way can you keep them in good condition as to foliage.



A Rose Offer.

For 50 Cts. we will send, post-paid, SCOTT'S QUALITY COLLECTION, embracing one strong plant each of Mad. Elle Lambert, carnation-rose of a delicate freshness; Clotilde Soupert, pearly-white; Comtesse Riza du Parc, bright coppery-rose; Meteor, dark velvety-crimson; Marie Guillot, pure white; Champion of the World, bright coral-pink; White La France. The 7 ROSES as above are all "thoroughbred," and remarkable for beautiful buds.

For \$1.00 we will send SCOTT'S QUANTITY COLLECTION, 20 free-flowering Roses, for \$1.00, post-paid, embracing Snowflake, pure white; J. B. Varonne, bright crimson; Mad. Pernet Ducher, a new yellow; Duchess de Brabant, soft rosy-pink; Etoile de Lyon, rich golden-yellow, and 15 other choice sorts, our selection.

For \$1.50 we will send all the above, and also new Rose, Mad. Caroline Testout—28 Roses in all. The above collections are offered at our lowest wholesale prices to advertise the superior quality of our plants. Try them!

Order now and ask for Scott's Catalogue of Beautiful Flowers.

It fully describes the grandest novelties in Plants, Seeds, and Bulbs, and is mailed free. Nineteenth and Catharine Sts. ROBERT SCOTT & SON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

\$2.40 FOR \$1.00

SEVEN RARE PLANT AND SEED NOVELTIES OF STERLING MERIT For House or Out-Door Cultivation; Spring, Summer and Fall Blooming

- Imagine a perfectly double, yellow CHRYSANTHEMUM as luminous as the rising sun, with a halo represented by the several outer rows of pure white petals, 24 inches in circumference. This describes our distinct and beautiful Chrysanthemum Novelty of 1894, which has been named "PITCHER & MANDA," and received Four First Prizes and certificates. One strong plant, price, \$1.00.
DATURA CORNUCOPIA, "HORN OF PLENTY." When in the wilds of South America one of our collectors came upon a floral gem, the flowers of which are trumpet-shaped, measuring eight to ten inches in length, and five to seven inches across the mouth, and form three distinct flowers growing each within the other, the throat and mouth of corolla a most delicate French white, beautifully contrasted and marbled with royal purple on the outside. They are produced in great abundance, a single plant giving easily from 200 to 300 fragrant blooms during the season, followed by a large thorny seed-vessel, which adds to the beauty of the plant. It is of a very robust habit. The stem is thick, dark brown-purple, shining as if varnished. The branches are very numerous, spreading symmetrically three or four feet in every direction. The leaves are large, of a dark green color. This Novelty is of the easiest culture, requiring no more care than the tomato. Price, per packet, .25
1 DWARF CALLA, "LITTLE GEM." Petite; grows only a few inches high, and flowers continuously. Plant, .30
1 PACKET PRIZE CHRYSANTHEMUM SEED. Certain to produce many new kinds. It is most interesting to raise Chrysanthemums from seed, as every seed produces a new variety, and there is a possibility of your raising one worth a hundred dollars. All the finest varieties of Chrysanthemums have been raised from seed, .25
3 PLANTS OF OTHER NEW PRIZE CHRYSANTHEMUMS of greatest merit, .75
6 SUMMER BLOOMING BULBS, .25
Total Value, \$2.40

We will send, postpaid, the entire \$2.40 collection for \$1.00, together with our new Plant Catalogue, if order is received before May 1st, and The Ladies' Home Journal is mentioned. We received 26 Gold Medals and Diplomas at the World's Fair.

PITCHER & MANDA

United States Nurseries, SHORT HILLS, N. J.

THE BEST THREE NOVELTIES FOR 1894.



PANSY, Vaughan's Odd Mixture. This now celebrated strain contains an extra large proportion of Reds, Striped, Brown, Gold and Silver Edge, and like colors, attractive from their distinct and peculiar markings. The thousands who admired these at the Fair prompted us to make this special mixture separate and we believe it the most novel one which has ever been offered in Pansies. You are sure to be pleased if you try it. Per packet, 10c.
PANSY, Vaughan's International Mixture. This, as shown by us in the numerous beds at the World's Fair, received the only award granted for Pansies in mixture. This strain is made up by us of the very choicest selections of European and American growers and never contains less than thirty different colors and shades. Our regular catalogue price has always been 25c. per packet, but for a trial this year, per packet, 15c.
The Little Gem Calla. A perfect miniature Calla, only one foot high and producing perpetually perfect snow white blossoms. It begins to bloom when only a few inches high in a three inch pot, and is seldom out of bloom, summer or winter. It is one of the most distinct plant novelties of recent years. Each, 30c.

Our SPECIAL OFFER: 1 plant Florence Vaughan Canna, 1 plant True Little Gem Calla, 2 pkts. Pansy, one each of above. Ladies' Home Journal: 1 pkt. Canna Seed, best new. The whole postpaid for only \$1.00. NEW YORK: 46 Barclay Street. CHICAGO: 88 State St. 146-148 W. Washington St.

The Seeds for Success. Whether you plant for profit, plant for pleasure, or plant for home consumption, you wish to be successful. Use FERRY'S SEEDS. They represent the highest degree of seed perfection. Send your name and address for Ferry's Seed Annual for 1894. It is brimful of handsome illustrations and timely suggestions. Successful planters consider it indispensable. Free to all. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

DAINTY KNITTING AND CROCHETING

Edited by Margaret Sims

OUR page for crochet and knitting is calculated to satisfy demands for patterns both useful and ornamental. The design for a cot quilt should be popular because of its adaptability to other purposes as well as for its extreme simplicity. The attractive method of utilizing for a needlecase and pincushion the now well-known and easily-obtainable moulds for crochet will commend itself for the making of dainty little gifts for the work-basket, while the knitted edging cannot fail to be acceptable to the many busy fingers that love to ply the magic pins to good purpose.

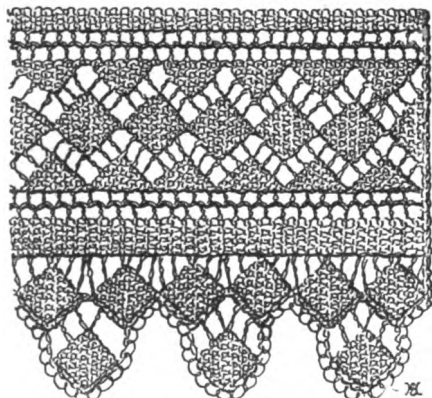
SUMMER COT QUILT

THE charmingly simple yet pretty and effective design shown in Illustration No. 1 would serve also for a child's carriage cover, and for this purpose crochet silk twist or lustrous thread might be substituted for the soft knitting cotton in which the original is worked. The design can be carried out either in one or two colors, according to individual taste; if in two, the stars on the centre of each square should be of the same shade as the openwork that connects the solid squares. The stars should be worked separately and afterward sewed in their place; roses may be used instead of stars if preferred. The design should be finished with a simple border; when finished the quilt should be lined throughout with silk, satin or sateen. The squares are made separately and caught together at the corners in working.

DIRECTIONS FOR WORKING

BEGIN with 10 chain, close in a ring, then into the ring work 5 ch 4 times with 1 double crochet between each 5 ch, continue without breaking off with 1 ch, 1 d c under the first 5 ch, *, 5 ch, 1 d c under the same 5 ch, 2 ch, 1 d c under the next 5 ch, repeat from *. For the third row, 1 d c under the first 5 ch of the second row, *, 5 ch, 1 d c under the same 5 ch, 2 ch, 1 d c under the next 5 ch, repeat from *. All the succeeding rows are increased in the same manner. When 11 rows have been worked begin the twelfth row as before with 1 d c, 5 ch, 1 d c in the first 5 ch of last row; then make a picot with 4 ch, 1 d c into the top of the d c preceding the 4 ch; then 1 d c under the next 2 ch, 2 ch, 1 d c under the following 2 ch; make another picot and repeat around the square. It may be noted that there should be a picot on either side of the 5 ch at each corner without a space between.

The openwork connecting the squares is commenced in the centre with 10 ch closed



DIAMOND EDGING (Illus. No. 4)

in a ring, *, then 4 ch, 1 picot, 4 ch, 1 pi, 4 ch, 1 treble into each pi right and left of 2 squares, 4 ch, 1 pi, 4 ch, 1 pi, 3 ch, drop the loop, put the needle into the first of the first 4 ch, draw the loop through, 2 d c under the ring, 12 ch, 1 tre into the third and another into the fourth pi of the square, 1 d c into each of the 12 ch, 2 d c under the ring; repeat 3 times and the bars connecting 4 of the squares will be completed. Continue in the same way until all the spaces are filled.

It might be well to note that the solid squares worked in thick wool and joined together closely make a beautiful and quickly-worked slumber robe. The squares can be of any given size in various colors.

THE LUCKY PINCUSHION

IN Illustration No. 3 is shown a pincushion somewhat in the shape of a horseshoe. The mould used combines two forms in one. Cover the moulds with close double crochet; into this work a row of single crochet, taking up the back of the stitch in previous row as usual; line both back and front with silk or satin, then sew on jewels as shown in the drawing; the large oval jewel in the centre is worked around with stem stitch. Cut out two pieces of thin cardboard exactly the shape of the moulds, put stuffing between and cover them, then sew on the outside parts neatly and finish with a dainty little bow.

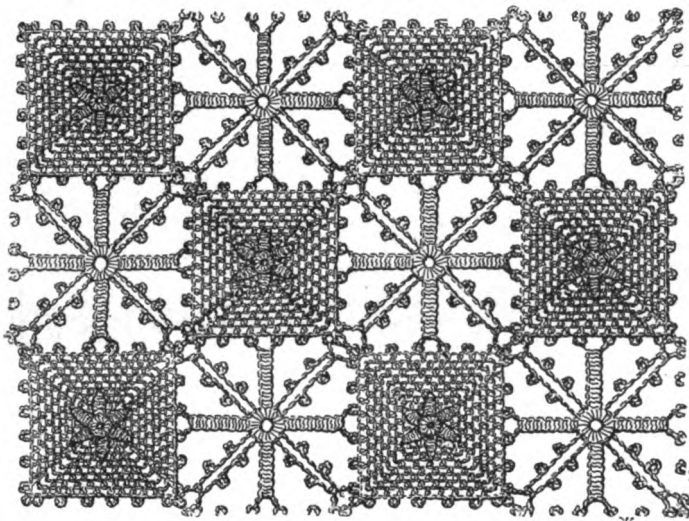
DIAMOND EDGING

IN Illustration No. 4 is shown a dainty edging suitable for almost any purpose.

1st row—knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 1, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 2.

2d row—over, knit 4, purl 1, knit 4, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, purl 1, knit 6, purl 1, knit 2, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3.

3d row—knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 1,



SUMMER COT QUILT (Illus. No. 1)

narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 4.

4th row—over, knit 10, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 4, purl 1, knit 4, purl 1, knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3.

5th row—knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow 3 together, over twice, narrow, knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 11, loop on 4 stitches.

6th row—over, knit 15, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 5, purl 1, knit 2, purl 1, knit 4, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3.

7th row—knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 4, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 2.

8th row—over, knit 4, purl 1, knit 11, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 4, purl 1, knit 4, purl 1, knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3.

9th row—knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 1, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 4.

10th row—over, knit 6, purl 1, knit 5, purl 1, knit 4, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, purl 1, knit 6, purl 1, knit 2, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3.

11th row—knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 5, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, narrow, over 3 times, narrow, narrow 2 together, narrow 3 together, bind first, narrow, over second, over twice, narrow, knit 6.

12th row—over, knit 8, purl 1, knit 2, purl 1, knit 5, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 2, purl 1, knit 8, purl 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3.

13th row—knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 1, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 4, narrow.

14th row—over, narrow, knit 5, purl 1, knit 4, purl 1, knit 4, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, purl 1, knit 6, purl 1, knit 2, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3.

15th row—knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together,

gether, knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 2, narrow.

16th row—over, narrow, knit 3, purl 1, knit 10, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 4, purl 1, knit 4, purl 1, knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3.

17th row—knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow 3 together, over twice, narrow, knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 11, narrow 2 together, knit 11, narrow 2 together, narrow 3 together, bind first, narrow, over second.

18th row—over, narrow, knit 10, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 5, purl 1, knit 2, purl 1, knit 4, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3.

19th row—knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 4, narrow.

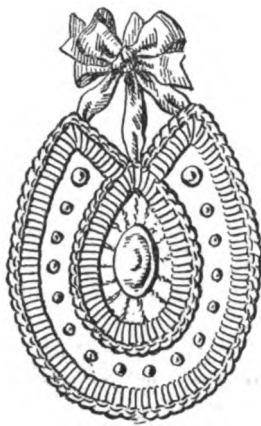
20th row—over, narrow, knit 9, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 4, purl 1, knit 4, purl 1, knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3.

21st row—knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 1, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 2, narrow.

22d row—over, narrow, knit 3, purl 1, knit 4, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, purl 1, knit 6, purl 1, knit 2, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3.

23d row—knit 3, over twice, purl 2 together, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 5, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3, narrow, over 3 times, narrow 2 together, narrow 3 together, bind first, narrow, over second.

24th row—over, knit 2, purl 1, knit 5, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 2, purl 1, knit 8, purl 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 3.

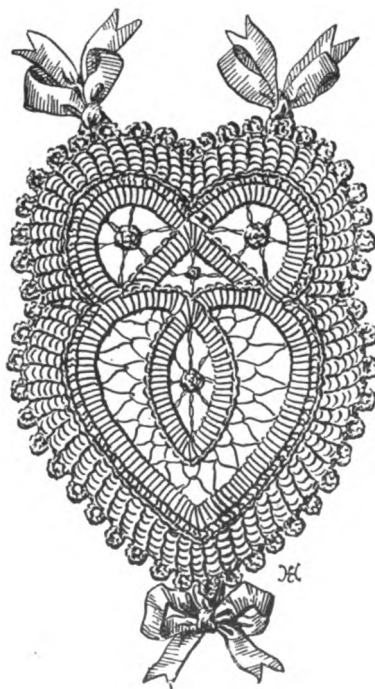


THE LUCKY PINCUSHION (Illus. No. 3)

Worked in coarse thread this border looks well on curtains made of scrim.

DAINTY NEEDLECASE

THE extremely effective needlecase, Illustration No. 2, has for its foundation a single mould on either side, combining in itself three or four forms. The mould is first covered in close double crochet, either with silk twist or lustrous thread, then a second row of d c is worked around



DAINTY NEEDLECASE (Illus. No. 2)

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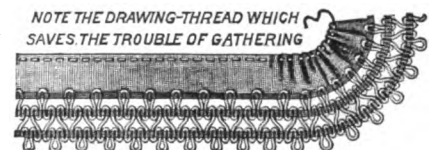
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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS BY RUTH ASHMORE

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

A. A.—It is not necessary to fold one's napkin on leaving the table.

M. R. AND OTHERS—I cannot give personal addresses in this column.

ANNIE LAURIE—Unless a wedding is very informal it is customary to send engraved invitations.

M. E. S.—It is not compulsory to wear one's engagement-ring at all times, but it is customary.

H. E. S.—One sends invitations to one's friends who are in mourning to show that they are not forgotten.

GERMAN A. D.—I would advise submitting your music to a music publisher. The price paid for music varies.

CHARLENK—If the letter to the young man was merely a formal one I see no reason why you should ask to have it returned.

ETHEL—It is in very bad taste for a girl of fifteen or sixteen to receive visits from young men, or to accept presents from them.

DOROTHY C.—Nothing is necessary, that is, nothing legal, to permit you to use a fictitious name as the signature to your stories.

MAUD—If the gentleman offer you some money to put in the contribution box at church it would be rather rude in you to refuse it.

A. T.—I do not think it good taste when you are engaged to be married to receive the visits of a man whose proposal of marriage you refused to accept.

C. A. P.—When the plate is handed up for a second helping the knife and fork should be laid well to one side, so that they will not interfere with the server.

J. L.—Care as to diet, regular exercise and bathing will do more to keep the complexion in good condition than all the balms or creams that were ever made.

DAISY BELL—I certainly advise young married people, if possible, to have a home of their own, and to live neither with the bride's nor the bridegroom's people.

FLO—It would be quite proper for you to bow to the young men with whom you have talked when they came to your home to inquire after your ill brother.

N. S.—I should advise submitting the music that you have composed to a music publisher. The names and addresses of the best known houses can easily be found on any sheet of music.

KATHLEEN—I cannot recommend any method of removing superfluous hair, as I consider all of them more or less dangerous. (2) A girl of seventeen is too young to receive men visitors.

JOYCE—Your intended should give to you a list of the friends of his family as well as his personal friends, and to all of these, whether you know them or not, you should send wedding-cards.

BUTTERCUP—A young girl does not have visiting-cards of her own until she has made her debut in society, and even then, while she is quite young, her name is only seen on her mother's card.

M. B.—It is certainly an evidence of very bad taste for a young woman to send wedding-cards to a married man without including his wife's name, even if she has no acquaintance whatever with her.

CHRISTINA—Write a note to the young man, insisting on his returning you the ring which you value so much. I must say that I think it very foolish to lend one's rings to men who are mere acquaintances.

PUZZLED—It would be quite proper, as you no longer speak to the young man who at one time was a very dear friend, to write a formal note and ask him to kindly return the photograph which you gave him.

MARGUERITE—It is customary to put the vegetables served with the meat on the same plate. The use of individual dishes is no longer approved of. (2) Family portraits are frequently hung in dining-rooms.

M. B.—A gentleman would raise his hat to a lady only if she were an acquaintance, and if for some unknown reason an absolute stranger should do this I advise your simply looking in the other direction and not seeming to see it.

F. W.—There is no way in which a young woman can properly make the acquaintance of a young man without a formal introduction. (2) When a man is walking with two ladies he walks on the outer side and not between them.

VALERIE—My dear girl, if you continually remind your sweetheart of his faults I am afraid you will soon lose his love. Try in a quiet, womanly way to induce him to do what is right, but do not discuss his weaknesses so often.

PERPLEXED SUBSCRIBER—I think that a little borax thrown in the water will tend to soften it. I cannot recommend any special soap in this column, but the ones you mention are both good, and would be quite safe to use upon one's face.

GENEVIEVE—It would certainly be very improper to bow to a man whom you only know from meeting on the street, and who evidently has no special desire to meet you, else he would have found a mutual friend to present him properly.

AGATHA—The difference between the ages of the two people who wish to marry is so slight that it is scarcely worth considering, but I must confess I, myself, prefer that a man should at least be five years older than the woman he marries.

ONE OF THE GIRLS—Cheese is taken from the plate with a knife and put on a bit of bread or biscuit and carried by the fingers to the mouth. (2) No answer is necessary to a wedding invitation, unless it should be a wire of good wishes to the bride.

NARDINE—I cannot advise anything to thicken and lengthen the eyelashes. I am a little fearful about any such preparation, as one never knows what effect it may have upon the eyes. (2) Like you, one of my favorite books is "A Tale of Two Cities."

FORTUNE—If your father and mother approve of your marrying the young man that would seem quite sufficient. I should not, under the circumstances, permit either my brothers or some one who claimed to be a friend to say disagreeable things about my betrothed.

DAUGHTER OF SUBSCRIBER—The quotation, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest of these it might have been," comes from the poem entitled "Maud Muller," which was written by John G. Whittier.

VIRGINIA—A girl of sixteen wears her dresses well below her ankles. (2) It is not customary to ask the young man to call upon you immediately after he has been introduced to you. Wait until he expresses a desire to pay a visit to you, and then give your consent.

IONE—I would advise your consulting a physician in regard to the condition of your eyelids. I am most delighted to number you among my girls, and hope that you will take my advice about your eyelids, as you may injure your eyes by treating them as you are now.

M. L. G.—The linen in one's trousseau is usually marked with all of one's initials, but for some reason only one is put on it, is, of course, the first letter of the last name of the bride. She has no right whatever to use the bridegroom's name until after her marriage.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS—As you are not in the same town, post your visiting-card the day before the reception, so that it will reach your friend at the right time. (2) As your sister is married you are, of course, "Miss Jones," and should have that engraved on your visiting-cards.

NOVEMBER—It is usual to remove one's gloves when eating supper at an evening affair, unless, indeed, merely a cup of bouillon or an ice may be chosen, and then there would be no impropriety in retaining them. (2) Systematic massage will, it is said, develop the neck and throat.

A SUBSCRIBER—The night before the wedding the bridegroom who has come from a distance would, of course, stay at the hotel. He furnishes nothing at the wedding except the carriage which takes him to the house or church, and afterward takes him and his bride to the station.

MELTON—No, I cannot advise you to let the fact that you have "won the love of the best girl in the world" be kept a secret. See her father and ask his permission to announce your engagement to her. A concealed engagement, that which you call "an understanding," is always undesirable.

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY—If you love a man and he asks you to marry him I think you are very silly to refuse him simply because he has not proposed in the manner that you consider most desirable. Postures under those circumstances add nothing. It is the heart, and not the "outward seeming."

D. H.—It would be in best taste for you to write and ask the young lady for permission to visit her. (2) Because your friend approves of dancing and you do not you must not conclude that you are of necessity right and she is wrong, else I shall be forced to think my boys are less reasonable than my girls.

PET—A tea-table should have on it the tea-kettle, over its alcohol lamp, the teapot, the sugar-bowl, the cream-pitcher, and a plate with slices of lemon upon it for those who prefer to take tea in the Russian fashion. Thin wafers or sandwiches may have a place, but they are not a necessity to the "five o'clock tea."

J. C. N.—It is not customary to thank a gentleman when you have danced with him; he should thank you for having given him that pleasure. (2) Soaping the hair without washing it afterward will tend to coarsen it, but I do not know that it would change its color. Thank you very much for your kind expressions of affection.

HENRIETTA—It is quite proper at the beginning of the season to send your "at home" cards to the men friends who have always visited at your home. (2) It is certainly right and proper to ask the man to whom you are engaged to try and give up some bad habits. But remember that there is a right and wrong way of asking favors.

BONNIE L.—It is not in good taste to give presents to young men who are nothing more than mere acquaintances to you. (2) If you are sitting down and a young man is presented to you, you do not rise, but simply bow. The received mode of introduction is, "Miss Smith, may I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Robinson to you?" (3) It is not in good taste to ask a young man for his photograph.

LUDLOW AND WILL—As it is always easy to find a pleasant married lady to go with a party of young people to a place of amusement I must confess that I think it in best taste to have a chaperon. She can relieve you of many responsibilities, and if she has tact will make every one enjoy themselves more than if she were not along. (2) It is the abuse and not the use of any innocent game that makes it wrong.

MINNEHAHA—I do not think it is proper to meet a young man at the candy shop and let him walk home with you. (2) It is in very bad taste to make yourself conspicuous by cheering for any college, unless it should be at a ball-game or boat-race, where everybody is a partisan for one college or the other. (3) I do not think it in good taste to give a young man to whom you are not engaged a present of any sort.

MISTLETOE—If the mistletoe bough was hung up with the understanding that whoever got under it risked being kissed then I do not see why you should cut the young man who simply took advantage of your standing under it. Sometimes it is wiser to take no notice of what is merely intended as a bit of fun. You must remember that the kissing took place before a roomful of people, and therefore had no special meaning.

IGNORANCE—When a gentleman has been kind enough to act as your escort you simply thank him in the fewest words possible. (2) I cannot imagine the condition of mind that a girl can be in when she says she falls in love with every handsome man she meets. She simply doesn't know the meaning of the word "love," and I would advise her to think a little and not allow her fancy, for it is nothing more than that, to show itself quite so plainly.

MIRIAM—An article in the March number of the JOURNAL on "The Art of Dressing the Bride," by Mrs. Mallon, will undoubtedly give you the help you desire. It is usual, in preparing a trousseau, to have six new pieces of each kind of underwear; more than this is considered unnecessary and rather vulgar, inasmuch as it is supposed that in the years to come your husband will be able to furnish you with the articles that are absolutely necessary.

TRUSTING GIRL—When some one who is to escort you to an entertainment calls for you at your own home it is proper for you to come down with your wraps on and be all ready to start at once. (2) I think it is wise to learn to talk about the small nothings of life. If you find this difficult then train yourself to be an interested listener, and you will be surprised to find how popular you will be, for three-quarters of the world likes to talk, while to listen intelligently is a great talent.

BOSCOBEL—My dear girl, I fully believe in the propriety of asking God for anything that we may wish, but I also believe that the prayer will be answered as seems best to Him who knows all things. (2) It is possible that the love for which you long may never come to you, and I would advise you to stop thinking about it, and to live along your life in as happy and bright a manner as you possibly can, so that even if you do not gain your heart's desire you will give and receive sunshine day in and day out.

A. D.—If you are sufficiently intimate with a friend to spend a day with her, quite informally, she would be acting with propriety in excusing herself to see a visitor, provided she left you with books, or was certain that you would, in some way, amuse yourself. (2) It is decreed by custom, by kings and by etiquette that the small bones of any bird can be taken in the fingers and the meat eaten from the bone. But this must always be done daintily. (3) A widow wears her white cap as long as she does her crepe veil.

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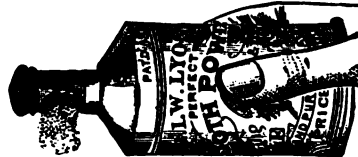
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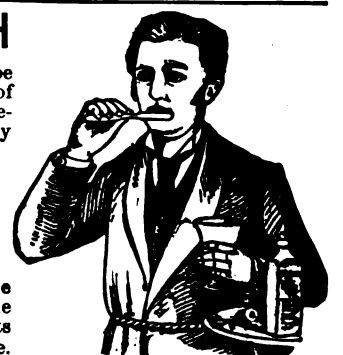


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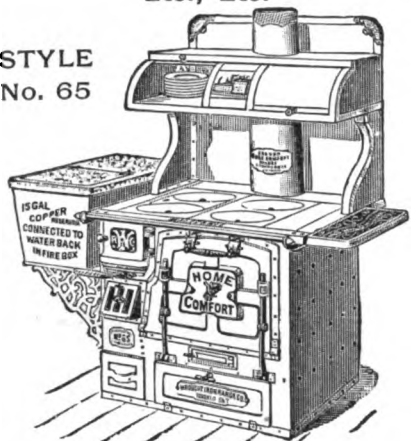
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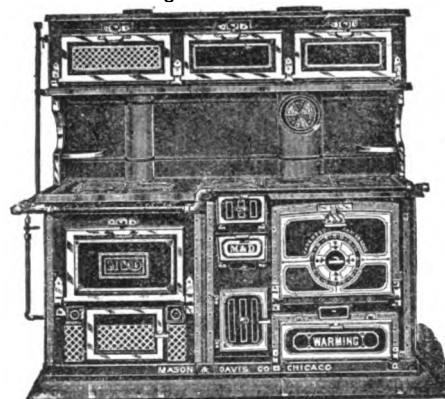
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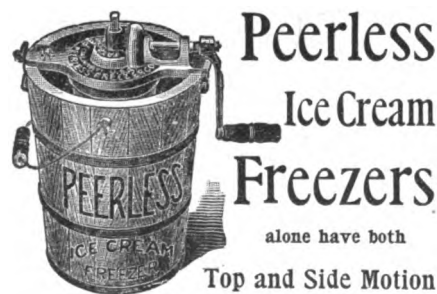
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ART HELPS
FOR ART WORKERS
BY EMMA HAYWOOD

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

M. C. McG.—For making the kind of designs you describe I should recommend best water-colors and hot pressed paper, Whatman's for choice.

R. C. M.—Far from being harmful to copy studies it is very helpful as an education in color and technique, always provided that the studies copied are really good ones.

C. B.—*Terre verte* in water-color is a very useful shade of green for flesh painting; combined with the warmer coloring it gives a cool clear gray called for in half-tones; it is not considered indispensable. (2) I am willing to criticize work sent to me in this column, but expect that stamps be inclosed to cover postage if you wish your specimens to be returned.

M. W.—If you have only as yet taken a few lessons in art, a year's instruction will certainly not be sufficient to fit you for a teacher. Do you think one year's study in music could by any possibility fit you for an efficient musician capable of taking pupils? There is no royal road to art; only long and patient study will fit you to teach others; one year's tuition is absurdly inadequate. (2) There is no exclusive art school in Texas, but several female colleges have art departments.

H. L.—For illustration, your technique is altogether at fault, even viewed on its merits, apart from the question of reproduction; there is no method in the shading, the lines do not follow each other as they should, but come from all directions, and are lost in each other, thus transgressing one of the primary rules for good pen and ink work. (2) Illustrations are reproduced by different methods, sometimes, from photographs. It is easy to recognize pen drawings, because the lines are distinguishable in the shading.

SHIRLEY—It is never satisfactory to lay down an arbitrary code for coloring; it is so much a matter of individual feeling and experience outside of a certain amount of practical knowledge, embracing the proper understanding of the value of complementary colors in shading. (2) It is not necessary to prepare bolting cloth or silk specially for painting on. Be careful that the turpentine is fresh; if old it is apt to be oily and will spread; also the paint must be used sparingly, never loaded on, as sometimes done with good effect on canvas. (3) If your paints are dry they are of no further use.

ORLANDO—To attach the celluloid to a mount of card or paper, melt some gum-arabic of the best quality in a little water, making the mucilage very strong; this mixture should be nearly white; it must be applied at the corners, a little away from the edge; it will not show through to the front. Another plan especially suitable for applying celluloid to textile fabrics is to bore holes in it at distances and lace it on with baby ribbon. (2) For a fish-platter decoration shells and seaweed are very suitable; fish swimming can be added if desired. Pearly shells, with a variety of weeds in delicate shades of pink and green carelessly scattered around the dish, form a charming motive—one not very difficult of execution.

MAB—To answer all your questions in detail would call for a long article. No journal would order illustrations of a novice. It would be wise for you to submit illustrations with your story. Every magazine employs artists on whom it can rely, but that does not exclude meritorious work from outsiders in the shape of illustrated articles. If the article be accepted and the illustrations do not fill the requirements of reproduction they are put in the hands of a competent artist for revision. (2) Pencil work is not suitable for reproduction. (3) It is preferable to make drawings larger than they appear in print, but it is necessary to make due allowance for reduction in the method of shading. If the lines are too close they will run into each other when reduced and become blurred.

E. M. C.—Your drawings, if entirely original, as you say, show a remarkable aptitude for composition, with a strong sense of artistic dramatic feeling; therefore you may aspire to the higher branches of illustration, but first you must go through considerable training; this, in view of your youth, should not discourage, but rather stimulate. While the grouping of the figures is in each case excellent and full of life, the drawing of them is faulty in detail. The technique is altogether wrong for pen and ink work. In your case with figure illustration in view I should recommend the practice of wash drawings. Above all I would advise you to study figure drawing earnestly for two or three years, laying aside all thought of gain for the present, so that you may improve the undoubted talent you possess.

O. K.—In placing any object for painting the light should be allowed to fall on it from left to right; concentrate it as much as possible. For instance, if there are two windows in the room one should be shaded; unless the window is very high up through which the light comes the lower part of it should also be shaded; some kind of background must be improvised calculated to throw up the subject; finally place it some distance from you so that you may duly appreciate the breadth of light and shade; half-close your eyes and you will be surprised to find how clearly the shadows are defined. (2) A cupid's hair is generally represented gold or golden brown; in La Croix colors chestnut brown, with a little ivory yellow on the high lights, gives the desired tint; if too bright modify it very slightly with ivory black in the shadows.

A. T. H.—It is best to have the Worcester tint fired in first; if not it will absorb the painting over it to such a degree that the piece will probably require repainting. You can, of course, erase the tint from within the lines of the design, but this takes time, and great care is needed to avoid injuring the purity of the ground in handling. If painting in the La Croix colors the case is different; almost any delicate tint can be painted over before firing, always avoiding the use of a complementary color. For instance, you cannot paint pink roses over a green ground; but suppose you have tinted your plate thinly with ivory yellow, over that you can paint with pink for the flowers and green for the leaves. Pompadour red would serve beautifully over the ivory yellow for wild roses. (2) I do not quite understand how you wish to apply the enamel; it requires some skill to prevent it from spreading out of shape. It is not intended for outlining, but rather to enhance effects by slightly raising the petals of simple flowers. It is seldom possible to finish an elaborate design in one firing, albeit there is no objection to putting the enamel on the tint when it is thoroughly dry. (3) Festoons of forget-me-nots caught up with bows of pink ribbon make a charming decoration for cups and saucers, tinting the inside of the cup and the outside of the saucer with pink to match the ribbon. The petals of the blossoms might be raised; the handles of the cups should be painted in solid gold. Hawthorn blossoms with blue ribbons and tint would look equally well. Deep blue green, really a delicate blue, gives the best forget-me-not tint in La Croix colors; for the slight shading required use brown green. Enamel is sometimes used to simulate jewels in a conventional pattern.



Rub In is the way you have to wash clothes with soap. First you
Rub Out rub the soap in; that's work in itself. Then you rub it all out again over the washboard. If you're strong and healthy, and rub hard enough, you may get the dirt all out, too. It's hard work, and every woman knows it. But it isn't the woman only that suffers. She's wearing the clothes out, rubbing them to pieces, all the time. It's just as hard for every thing as it is for every body.

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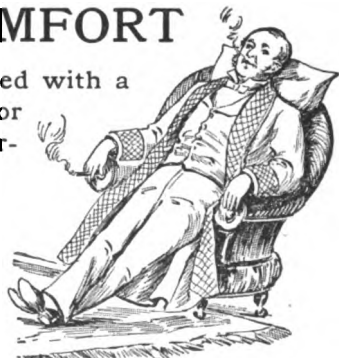
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LITERARY QUERIES

Under this heading the EDITOR will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning literary matters.

ROBERT S. M.—John Bunyan was a clergyman of the Baptist persuasion.

MAID MARIAN—There is a school of journalism in connection with the University of Pennsylvania.

BENNINGTON—It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who gave Boston the title of the "Hub of the Universe."

JOSETTE—Charles Dickens' novel, "Hard Times," was dramatized under the title of "Under the Earth, or the Sons of Toil."

SCIALER—The author of the song "The Old Oaken Bucket" was Samuel Woodworth, of Plymouth County, Massachusetts.

S. J. A.—Under the international copyright law authors have the exclusive right to translate or dramatize their own works.

LAL—The editor of "The Forum" is Walter H. Page. (2) The first editor of "The Century Magazine" was Dr. Joseph G. Holland.

NELL—Mary T. Lathrop claims the authorship of the poem beginning "Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing ever lent by the Hand above?"

MARGARETTA—It is believed by some authorities that Hood had in mind London Bridge and some particular incident when he wrote his poem, "The Bridge of Sighs."

LANSING—Peter and Thomas Moran, Stephen J. Parrish, Joseph Pennell, C. A. Platt, George H. Smilie and F. S. Church are a few of the prominent American etchers.

HARRIET—The late Constance Fenimore Woolson was known principally as a novelist; she did, however, write some poems, the most noticeable one, perhaps, being "Kentucky Belle."

DR. JOHN—Mrs. Lucy Hamilton Hooper wrote "Under the Tricolor" in 1880. The characters were all supposed to represent prominent Americans resident in Paris. Mrs. Hooper died in Paris in August, 1893.

MAYWOOD—The JOURNAL celebrated its tenth anniversary in November, 1893. The issue for that month, a special jubilee number, may be obtained for ten cents by addressing The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

THE DUCHESS—"Lucas Malet" is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. William Harrison, who is a daughter of Charles Kingsley. "The Wages of Sin" is her best known production. (2) "If I had had" is not grammatically incorrect.

COPPERPLATE—Illustrators usually sell only the right to reproduce their pictures, reserving to themselves the right of keeping or selling the original drawings. But this is only possible where the illustrator has an established position.

B. I.—Hamlin Garland was born in La Crosse County, Wisconsin. His father was born in Maine. He is of Scotch descent on his mother's side; he is in his thirty-fourth year; he is unmarried, and lives, for the most part, in Chicago, though he travels much.

JANE—The author of the words of the French national hymn "Le Marseillaise" was Claude Joseph de Lile; it was set to the music of a popular air. It was written shortly after the fall of the Bastille, and begins, "Ye sons of France, awake to glory."

KENLOCK—Ben Jonson wrote the comedy, "The Poetaster, the Tale of a Tub." Dean Swift's "Tale of a Tub" was a religious satire. Its object was to ridicule the Presbyterians under the name of Jack (Calvin); the Church of England under the name of Martin (Luther), and the Roman Catholics under the name of Peter.

LOVER OF OPERA—"Fra Diavolo" is Italian for "Brother Devil." The music of the opera of that name was written by Francois Aufer, the French composer; the libretto was furnished by Scribe. (2) It was Lowell who said that almost all French novels should have upon their covers "Entertainment within for man and beast."

JANE—"Lizzie Hexam" is one of the principal characters in Dickens' novel, "Our Mutual Friend." (2) In printing conversations between different persons that each person says constitutes a separate paragraph. (3) All words formerly ending in "our," with the "u" unsounded, are, in this country, spelled without the "u," the only exception being the word Saviour.

READER—The Century Club in New York was called so because it was intended to limit the number of its members to one hundred. Of course that was not possible. Its membership is, however, limited to authors and artists, and amateurs of literature and the fine arts. There is also an "Authors' Club" in New York City, the membership of which is confined to authors and writers.

PETER—Conan Doyle's full name is Arthur Conan Doyle. He is by profession a doctor, and has served as surgeon in the merchant service. He is married, and is about thirty-four years old. (2) The word "Eurasian," used by Rudyard Kipling, is a compound of the words "European" and "Asian." The term is applied to half-breeds of mixed European and Asiatic blood, and to their offspring.

BELLE—A portrait of Mrs. Mallon appeared in the JOURNAL of November, 1893. Mrs. Mallon is a widow; her husband died shortly after their marriage. She resides with her mother in New York, and has no children. (2) Mr. Bok is averse to having his picture in the JOURNAL; it may, however, be obtained from Mr. C. M. Gilbert, photographer, 926 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, upon receipt of twenty-five cents, postage free.

GLENWOOD—Probably nothing in the literary line is in such special demand as the short story. Translations, serial stories, bad poetry and uninteresting sketches of travel come to the magazine office in quantities, but very seldom does the good short story put in an appearance. If you can write such stories and have the genius to know "what to leave out," as some writer has expressed it, and can put that "ought to be in" into a story of between five and six thousand words, you need not go far to find a market.

FERN AND OTHERS—The editor is honored by the submission of manuscripts to him for criticism. But while he is glad to hear personally from his readers, he finds it quite impossible to accede to any requests for expressed opinions. His time is so completely filled with his editorial duties that the reading and criticism of manuscripts other than those which form part of the JOURNAL is quite impossible. His advice to "Fern," as to all other would-be authors, is to persevere in writing, for the reason that facility comes only from constant practice, and success from infinite patience.

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HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

DOUBTFUL—Wear a hat and street gown to a musicale, but have both as dressy as possible.

DOLLIE'S MOTHER—Let Dollie wear white guimpes, which are never out of style for girls of two to eight years.

MISS CARRIE H.—Gray mixtures will be more worn than plain shades. (2) Black and white will be worn through the spring and summer.

MRS. S. S. D.—Both small boys and girls will wear the loose blouse called the Fauntleroy waist, which is made of white and colored cotton goods.

OCEAN TRAVELER—Wear light-weight wool underwear and a mixed chevrot gown during a May trip. A heavy wrap and soft traveling hat are also necessary.

SISTER KATE—Twin sisters usually take pleasure in dressing exactly alike, and in a small place it cannot prove conspicuous where you have lived all of your life.

LAURA C.—Trim your dotted Swiss with light-weight *point de Venise* lace, the dimity with nainsook embroidery and the challie with velvet ribbon and heavy guipure lace.

MRS. W. V.—A black batiste having white figures and trimmed with white lace for a yoke and shoulder ruffles, and worn with a black silk belt, will answer for a light mourning summer gown.

BRIDE NO. 1.—Read answer to "Bride No. 2." An inexpensive white silk would mean a satin dotted taffeta trimmed with guipure lace and satin ribbon trimming. Satin slippers and suede gloves.

HELEN P.—Reddish blondes should avoid orange and pink; the deep copper reds are becoming if your color is not very high. White and black lace will tone down the bright dresses you already possess.

SILK—Black, white, navy and green grounds will be worn in the figured Japanese silks. (2) An inexpensive evening costume can be made of the new silk and cotton crepe trimmed with lace and ribbon.

SUMMER BRIDE—Have a dust cloak of waterproof black Japanese silk made long and full, with a full collar of the same fabric, which will shed both the water and dust and is not warm for summer use.

MRS. BELLE J.—Read answer to "Laura C." and vary the lace by using white, cream and the deep yellowish tint called "butter yellow." (2) Satin, moiré or velvet ribbon or piece silk for the other trimming.

I. M. J.—It is too late for an answer to be of any use to you, but I will tell you for future reference that in asking such a question you should describe your personal appearance and state the cost of the costume wished.

NELLA—Yokes, bertha ruffles, round waists, large, wide, but not high sleeves, gored fronts and full backs to skirts for all cotton dresses. (2) The latest lace insertion has fancy edges and is laid over the goods, not inserted as of yore.

RILLA E.—The printed dotted Swisses are newer than the plain white. (2) Gingham dresses can be trimmed with lace or embroidery. (3) Organdy is sometimes made up over silk, but personally I think such a style unsuitable and expensive for a cotton frock.

MISS JOSEPHINE—Have a tamise, clairette or challie, all wool or silk warp, for a light-weight black house dress for all the year. (2) Make with yoke and sleeve caps or epaulette ruffles of white guipure lace, using a becoming color of satin under the yoke and repeating it for a crush belt. Black gowns are very fashionable with colored or white garnitures.

NONPLUSH—Put lace on silk, cotton and nice woolen goods, using the heavy guipure or *point de Venise* designs in white, cream or butter yellow. (2) Flowers, moiré ribbons, buckles and lace for millinery. (3) Four-button suede or glacé dressed kid gloves. (4) Veils should match the hat; of course those of black or white may be worn with all colors.

BRIDE NO. 2.—Mohair effects are new and appropriate for traveling gowns in mixtures, not plain colors. (2) Certainly have one black woolen gown in your outfit. (3) A cape is more convenient to wear with the large dress sleeves than a jacket. (4) Wear Oxford ties in the street during the summer and have separate ones for the house for both neatness and comfort. (5) Wear brown and gray hose with your house dresses of these colors, and black in the street.

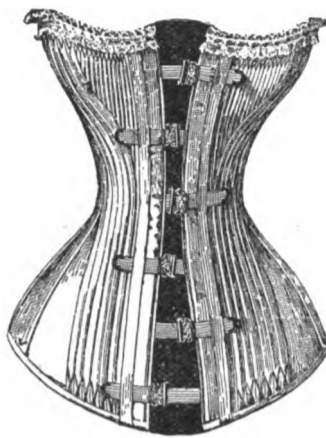
PATTY—Yes, have a pink chiffon waist trimmed with bands of jet, white or black lace. (2) With a sallow complexion I could not advise dark blue without a warmer color, as a changeable gold, red or bright brown and blue silk, or a vest of golden tan ladies' cloth. In asking for the design of a gown always give the occasion for which it is intended. Your blue can have a skirt three and one-half yards wide trimmed with three rows of black mohair braid set three to five inches apart. Gigot sleeves having the wrists trimmed with the same number of rows, a round waist having a belt of wider braid, short, wide revers and epaulettes, each edged with braid. Soft vest and crush collar of the changeable silk.

I. A. T.—A poor or sleazy quality of skirt canvas will not fill the purpose for which it is intended—to keep the bottom of the skirt somewhat extended. In New York an excellent quality sells for twenty cents a yard, while a finer and lighter quality costs twenty-five cents. (2) All woolen goods do not require sponging, but glossy cloths do. If at all convenient to a dyer let him do all sponging by steam, thereby retaining the gloss. When done at home they are ironed over a very wet muslin cloth until it is made dry. A manufacturer of ladies' cloths tells me that if such goods are hung out on a foggy or damp evening, no rain falling though, for several hours, that they will never spot afterward from water, and will still retain their gloss, but I have never tried this plan.

EMMA—The real Italian Leghorn straw may be cleaned with a nailbrush and Castile soapsuds. Rusty black hats may be renovated with the liquid dressing or polish sold for ladies' shoes. White or yellow hats may be bleached by washing them in clear water and placing them in a box with burning sulphur, the fumes of which uniting with the water form the sulphurous acid which bleaches. Brown, blue or gray straws may be freshened by painting them with colorless varnish. Velvet that is crushed and shabby-looking may be restored by holding the wrong side over a pan of boiling water: the pile gradually rises, and a second person should brush the pile up the wrong way with a whisk broom. Another plan is to cover an iron which is very hot with a wet cloth, and holding the wrong side of the velvet or plush firmly against it, brush the nap at the same time with a soft whisk.

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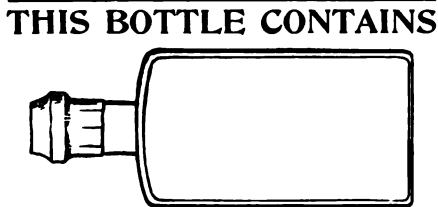
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THE SMALL BELONGINGS OF DRESS BY ISABEL A. MALLON

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

J. G.—The fancy for green is very general, and no better evidence of this can be given than to announce that a dinner gown of superb white brocade has sleeves of apple green velvet.

F. J. S.—In seeking a bit of jewelry that has oddity to recommend it, and which is said to bring very good luck, there appears for sale a crescent brooch of dead gold with a monkey—a ring-tailed one—worked out in emeralds, sitting just on one point.

I. C.—The felt sailor hat, trying as it may be, continues to be popular for traveling wear. It is shown in golden brown, dark blue and black. Of course, on a long trip one may remove it and have the comfort, in our well-heated cars, of discarding anything that tends to make the head too warm.

M. R. E.—Turquoise blue velvet continues to form a trimming on black silk. It is used to form the girdle, yoke and sleeves. If, however, one wishes the bodice to be very elaborate, the velvet girdle is done away with, and a galloon of black silk thickly covered with turquoise spangles makes the belt and falls far down over the front of the skirt.

AGNES—The fashionable veils are very deep, are of real Brussels net with small sprigs thrown upon them, have a border in Vandykes, and when they are draped about the hat, reach far below the corsage. Those of black tulle with dots of white chenille and a finish of white duchesse are odd, but should be worn by a special type of woman to be becoming. The type is naturally the woman with dark hair, dark eyes and a high color.

MABEL S.—With the coming of the Louis XIII styles the jewelers are showing the daintiest of patch-boxes. They are usually of silver or gilt, heart-shaped, very ornate in design, and have a tiny miniature of some famous beauty just in the centre. Of course they need not be used as patch-boxes, but they are scarcely large enough to pose for anything else. However, they add one more to the numerous little pretties that belong to the fair sex.

AMY—It is predicted that the coarser laces in white, coffee and black will be used almost as liberally during the spring as they have been during the past season. As black is combined with so very many colors it is likely that a great deal of black lace will be used, but very fashionable dressmakers exhibit black gowns trimmed with brown fur and deep coffee-colored lace. One cannot but like a lace decoration on a frock, because it is so essentially feminine.

FLORENCE T.—It is in very bad taste, indeed, to wear bracelets outside of your gloves on the street. Although very many fashionable women wear their bracelets outside of their gloves in the evening, the propriety of it has always been questioned. Three or four strands of small gold beads make the prettiest necklace for a young girl, unless she should be fortunate enough to possess pearls, which, of course, are specially suited to youth and innocence.

LOUISE—A ring of to-day which is an exact copy of a very old one shows a band of small diamonds, and in a heart-shaped framing of diamonds, surmounted by a crown, is set a small miniature. This is considered a very proper betrothal present, and it makes one think of the rings that have played their part in romances that are historical. It has always seemed to me that it must have been a ring something like this that Caesar Borgia wore, and in which was concealed the deadly poison that he gave when he honored (?) a person with a handshake.

C. R.—When the hair can be worn perfectly plain and still be becoming, one is counted specially fortunate, but as very few faces can stand this a very short fringe is still worn, which, while it is not tightly curled, is made fluffy. The single curl in the centre of the forehead, so much fancied by French women, has not the vogue of last season. Every one wants to be able to part the hair, wear a little jeweled comb at each side and twist it softly either high or low on the neck, for this is not only the most fashionable, but the most artistic style, and is valued accordingly.

X. Y. Z.—The prettiest nightdresses have either an Empire cape or sailor collar as their bodice decoration; whichever is chosen is made elaborate with rows of insertion and deep frills of lace, it always being taken for granted that the stitching is done by hand. The veritable Empire nightdress is gathered in at the waist to a belt of lace insertion, and is cut round at the throat, with a lace frill falling from under it. Spotted batistes continue to be proper, but are seldom trimmed with much lace, frills of the same material, having their edges scalloped and embroidered in a solid color, being counted more harmonious.

L. C.—The ribbon bands for the hair, that is, those twisted ones that are worn like coronets, are made to look very smart by having at one side a cluster of flowers standing straight up. A combination liked shows a band of twisted white satin ribbon and on one side standing up as straight as possible, a small dead white rose framed in its green foliage. A very effective, but rather more pronounced contrast shows the coronet band of green velvet, and a gold butterfly poised ready for flight at one side quite near the front. The high loops and ends of stiff ribbon are still liked, but they are not, of course, quite as novel as the flower and butterfly contrasts.

E. L. R.—Undoubtedly spangles will be extremely prominent, not only in the millinery of the spring, but also upon elaborate bodices. Sleeves and yokes are thickly spangled with jet or steel, and sometimes on a very elaborate costume deep spangled flounces appear. Pansies formed of jet spangles are wreathed about a tiny jet bonnet, while daisies formed entirely of gold spangles are noticed on black velvet, white velvet, pale gray felt and on large hats of black satin-finished felt. Of course, all the spangled decorations are expensive because the work is done by hand. For my own part, I am glad to see them in the market again, inasmuch as they give employment to a number of women.

T. T. T.—Even on a tailor-made gown the coarse lace has crept, and it is noticed overlaying a waistcoat or outlining broad silk revers. This really seems incompatible, but as the rage for lace is very great it is almost surprising that more of it has not appeared on the cloth frocks. Very elaborate decorations that suggest Byzantine work are used, especially on bodices. Usually lace forms the background, while velvet is frequently applied upon it by gilt spangles or imitation gems. A favorite combination shows finely-cut jet and emeralds on a black background, while on a yellow one are noted jets and turquoises. A very elaborate white trimming has an appliqué of pale green velvet, outlined and studded with silver, gold and jet spangles, with imitation amethysts glittering here, there and everywhere. Probably the most novel of all the decorations, and which is intended for belts, consists of circles of gold galloon, in each one of which is set a cameo. Certainly it is a season when nobody can complain of a lack of richness of coloring or decoration.

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THE OPEN CONGRESS

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

R. T. B.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher lives in Brooklyn.

C. F.—Ex-President Harrison's home is at Indianapolis, Indiana.

FANNY—Rosa Bonheur is living. She resides in a suburb of Paris.

QUERY—An edition *de luxe* is an especially choice edition of a book.

Mrs. X. J.—The mean annual temperature of the tropics is 86° Fahrenheit.

N. J.—Clara Barton, the President of the Red Cross Society, was born in Maine.

ROSEMONT—Mr. Harrison is the only living ex-President of the United States.

SECANE—The population of the earth at the present time is estimated at about 1,450,000,000.

MADGE—There is a Department of Dressmaking in connection with the Drexel Institute.

PATTY—The Elizabethan style of architecture is that used in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

JENNIE—The next meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society will be held in Cleveland, Ohio.

LEWIS—The word "cantilever" comes from the Latin words, "*guante libre,*" meaning "of what weight."

WESTERN GIRL—The "Old Liberty Bell" has been returned to Philadelphia to its old abiding place, Independence Hall.

GREENSBURG—Esther, President Cleveland's second child, was born in the White House at Washington on September 9, 1893.

JOURNAL READER—Dakota was named after the common name of the confederate Sioux tribes. The name signifies leagued, allied.

JANE S.—The name of Harvard Annex has been changed to Radcliffe College in honor of the first woman who gave money to Harvard College.

COLUMBIA—We object very decidedly to the terms "lady friend" and "gentleman friend." Can you not say "my friend Miss—" or "my friend Mr.—?"

TARRYTOWN—Originally the title of Poet Laureate implied service, as the writing of odes on royal birthdays, etc., but the office now is almost an honorary one.

GREEN MOUNTAIN GIRL—Financially speaking, the occupation of trained nurse is a good one. Good nurses are well paid and are seldom out of employment.

SOUTHERN GIRL—Virginia was named in honor of Queen Elizabeth, "The Virgin Queen," in whose reign the first attempt was made to colonize that region.

E. E. C.—All the articles of your trousseau, and all the house linen which you are preparing for your new home should be marked with the initials of your maiden name.

CONTRIBUTOR—A "kodik" is a special sort of a portable camera with a continuous roll of sensitized film upon which successive and instantaneous negatives may be made.

CARRIE—Louisa Alcott died several years ago. She, and her father and sister, are all buried at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Massachusetts. (2) Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is living.

OSKALOOSA—The words of the song "Sherman's March to the Sea" were written by Mr. S. H. M. Byers. They were written while Mr. Byers was a prisoner of war in South Carolina.

CHILLICOTHE—Under the McKinley law, the producer, not the refiner, gets the sugar bounty. (2) The initials A. B. C. F. M. stand for American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

MADISON SQUARE—Edwin Booth's last appearance before the public was at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, where he played "Petruchio" for the benefit of the Edgar A. Poe Memorial Fund.

SIMPLE SIMON—Charybdis is a whirlpool on the coast of Sicily, in attempting to avoid which mariners were in danger of the opposite rock, Scylla, hence the saying, "between Scylla and Charybdis."

WATERTOWN—The United States Government issues bank notes of the following denominations: one, two, five, ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand, five thousand and ten thousand dollars.

MATRON—If you suffer so much from cold feet you may obtain relief by wearing a sole of chamois skin inside your shoe. Do not attempt to wear a low shoe, but confine yourself to those that will protect your feet thoroughly.

NEW HAVEN—Nathan Hale, the patriot, to whose memory a statue was erected in New York in November, 1893, was a native of Coventry, Conn. He was educated at Yale College. He was just of age at the time of his execution.

RELANDS—You can obtain detailed information concerning the number of acres of ground that have been given to the various railroads of this country by the United States Government, by writing to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

BLACK AND WHITE—Abraham Lincoln had four children, all boys, only one of whom is alive. (2) When addressing a female physician give her simply her title of "Dr." She should never be addressed as "Mrs. Dr." (3) The Brooklyn bridge was opened to the public on May 24, 1883.

WELLESLEY GIRL—The colors of Lehigh University are brown and white. (2) The fare on the elevated railroads in New York City is five cents. (3) Because so many people who are in business in New York live in Brooklyn it is sometimes called the "Bedroom of New York."

MADGE—It has always been considered quite proper for a widow to retain her husband's Christian name upon her visiting-card, but if she prefers to use her own and have her cards engraved "Mrs. Sarah Jones," instead of "Mrs. William Jones," no exception need be taken to her choice.

LITTLE MOTHER—The old-fashioned girls' names are the prettiest and also are the most used nowadays, so do not be discouraged over the name which your husband desires to give your little girl. The name Margaret signifies a pearl. With such a name your mother's heart should be content.

UNION CITY—A sketch of Mrs. James G. Blaine, with portrait, was given in the *JOURNAL* of December, 1892, a copy of which will be mailed to your address on receipt of ten cents. (2) The points of the compass should be written as single, not compound words. (3) The birthday stone for July is the ruby.

T. J. B.—The Assistant General Secretary of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching states that from one-third to one-half the members of local committees are women. The number of women students in the classes is very large. Probably seventy-five per cent. of those receiving certificates are women.

C. N. F.—In 1875 Congress passed a law forbidding the engraving of the portraits of living men upon postage stamps, note or other Government securities after that date. Previous to that time the honor had been given to several men of more or less political importance. (2) The American "Black Friday" occurred on September 24, 1869.

Mrs. C.—After his conversion St. Paul changed his name from Saul, as he had been called by his Jewish parents, to Paul, the Greek form of the name. Apparently he made the change to mark the fact that he had, in adopting the new religion, begun a new life. It was very customary in the early days of the church to adopt a new name upon baptism.

A. G. J.—At a wedding breakfast the bride should sit at the bridegroom's left hand at the head of the table; the bride's father next to her, and her mother beside the bridegroom; the bridegroom's mother next to the bride's father, and his father next to the bride's mother. The bridesmaids should sit with the groomsmen. (2) Ice cream may be eaten either with the spoon or the fork.

AMERICAN PARENT—There are no public schools in Great Britain such as we have in this country, but primary education in England is compulsory. School education must be provided in every district for all the children resident in such district between the ages of five and thirteen. There are a large number of endowed public and grammar schools, but over them the Government has no control.

MATILDA—The top of the wheel moves faster than the bottom because the top of the wheel must reach the ground and yet gain distance forward in the same time that the bottom of the wheel must reach the top; therefore, as it has a greater distance to go, it necessarily goes faster. (2) Mr. P. P. Bliss, who wrote the hymn "Hold the fort for I am coming," was killed in the Ashtabula, Ohio, disaster. (3) Spectacles were first made in Italy.

ONE GIRL—The fleur-de-lis is an heraldic device of disputed origin, best known as the bearing of the royal family of France. It is of frequent occurrence in Egyptian and Oriental art, and has been variously explained: as the flower of the lotus, the white lily, and the iris; as a lance-head; as a rebus on the name of Louis VII, who is said to have adopted it as his seal in 1137; as an emblem of the Trinity, etc. The literal translation is "flower of the lily." It is known in English as the "flower de luce" and in botany as common iris.

PRINCETON—The following is the prophecy for the year in which Christmas falls on a Monday:
"If Christmas Day on Monday be,
A great winter that year you'll see,
And full of winds both loud and shrill;
But in summer, truth to tell,
High winds shall there be and strong,
Full of tempests lasting long;
While battles they shall multiply,
And great plenty of beasts shall die.
They that be born that day, I ween,
They shall be strong each one and keen;
He shall be found that stealthy naught;
Tho' thou be sick thou diest not."

EGERTON—The seventeen-year locust exists within the limits of the United States in no less than twenty-two broods, each of which appears at definite intervals. They are not at all equal in extent. Some of them infest a large territory, while others are confined to one or two States, or even to parts of a State. In some cases and with some of the broods, only thirteen, instead of seventeen years, are required to complete their transformation. New Jersey has four distinct broods, two of which appear in very small numbers. This insect injures fruit trees by puncturing the twigs, but there is no efficient remedy to prevent their ravages. As their appearance can be known a year in advance it is proposed that no pruning be done the previous year in autumn, and the mass of twigs will prevent them from concentrating their punctures for laying eggs.

H. C. H.—Applicants for civil service examinations must be citizens of the United States of the proper age. The limitations of age are: For the departmental service, not under twenty years; in the customs service, not under twenty-one years; in the postal service, not under twenty-one years of age, and in the railway mail service, not under eighteen nor over thirty-five years of age. The age limitations do not apply to any person honorably discharged from the military or naval service of the United States by reason of disability resulting from wounds or sickness incurred in the line of duty. Persons passing the required examination are graded and registered, and the Commission gives a certificate to each person, stating whether he passed or failed to pass. No discrimination is made on account of sex, color, or political or religious opinions.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW—Women now have some form or portion of the elective franchise in nearly two-thirds of the States and Territories. In Wyoming women have voted on equal terms with men since 1870. In Kansas, and in some cities in Delaware, women have municipal suffrage. School suffrage in various forms exists in Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming; other States may be put on the list later. The Montana State Constitution allows to women the power to vote on local taxation. Arkansas and Missouri allow a peculiar form of voting on liquor licenses. In New York and Pennsylvania women can, in certain ways, vote on local improvements and other local matters.

FORT SCOTT—We cannot undertake to provide you with an excuse for declining to allow your maid to receive occasional visits from the young man to whom she expects to be married. Try always when any perplexing question, domestic or otherwise, comes before you to put yourself for the time being in the place of the person who is to be affected by your decision, and you will generally decide wisely and well. There can be no reason why you should not permit a faithful servant to receive either friend or lover after her day's work is done; indeed you should be glad to know that she is safe under the shelter of your roof, instead of walking the streets. Mistresses should consider anything which tends to make their servants feel that they really have homes as a very great help to themselves. We are quite sure that if you give your girls any privileges they will be all the more devoted to your service. When it is possible a room should be given the servants in which they may sit and sew in the evenings, or receive a visitor occasionally, always with the distinct understanding that the house shall be closed at a certain hour. Personal interest is the only thing which will bind the maid to the mistress.

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