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# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

## CHRISTMAS 1895



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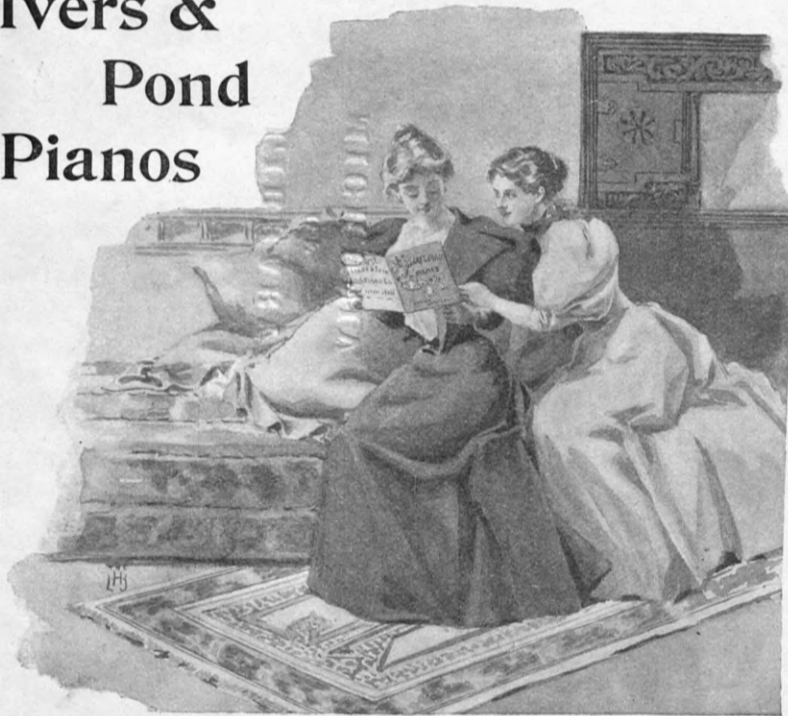
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The brilliancy of those pretty things, dainty women make and like to have about them, perishes miserably in the hot suds of a strong soap. Ivory Soap because of its mildness and purity if used in warm (not hot) water will brighten them after soiling, until they are equal to new.

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514, 515 BROADWAY, N. Y.  
SOLE AGENTS



# THE COMING YEAR OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

It will be the aim of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to make 1896 the red letter year of its existence. The twelve issues of the magazine will greatly excel any that have ever been produced. They will be popular and readable in the best sense. Among the more prominent features will be:

## GENERAL HARRISON'S ARTICLES ON "THIS COUNTRY OF OURS"

Ex-President Harrison's aim in these articles is to explain how this Government is conducted, and what it means in all its most important phases. It will be made possible, through these papers, for every person to intelligently understand his and her own country. The articles will run through a number of successive issues, and promise to be the most important and instructive magazine feature of the year.

## MISS ALCOTT'S LETTERS TO FIVE YOUNG GIRLS

A series of unpublished letters, recently discovered, written to five girls in whom the late Miss Louisa M. Alcott took a great interest. In the most familiar manner she discloses to them her inner self and thoughts on some of the most vital points in life: religious, literary and social.

## THE PERSONAL SIDE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON BY GENERAL A. W. GREELY, U. S. A.

All indications point to an early revival of interest in George Washington as pronounced and absorbing as the recent wave of interest with regard to Napoleon.

In a series of three articles General Greely, who is as alert a student of Washington as he is famous as an explorer of the Arctic regions, will present the personal side of Washington—that is, his domestic, religious, moral and home side. He will be seen as a son, husband and neighbor, rather than as a General, Statesman or President. No history will be interwoven; Washington will stand forth in these articles as a man,—and alone.

## JULIA MAGRUDER'S NEW NOVEL

Miss Magruder's new novel, "The Violet," which begins in this JOURNAL, will be adjudged by many, we believe, to be her best story. It is the absorbing story of a woman with a history and a mystery, and no better aid for its complete success could have been secured than the series of drawings which Mr. C. D. Gibson has made for it.

## JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S POEMS

Mr. Riley has given all of his new poems—six—to the JOURNAL, and, with striking pictures by Mr. A. B. Frost, they will appear in rapid succession. Each poem is different in character and treatment, showing this gifted poet's remarkable versatility.

In company with Mr. Riley's poems will appear

## A SERIES OF EUGENE FIELD'S VERSES

Which will also be representative of this clever poet's best work. Mr. Field's poems will be illustrated by the foremost of the American artists.

## FROM A GIRL'S STANDPOINT BY LILIAN BELL

Men will see themselves from the standpoint of a clever girl in these articles by the author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid." She turns the tables on men writers who like to lecture girls on their men friends, their dress, and questions of love, courtship and marriage.

## MY EARLY LITERARY INFLUENCES BY EDNA LYALL

An article in which the author of "Donovan" and "We Two" tells of her earliest literary influences and experiences; how she became an author, and what led to the writing of her books.

## MODERATE HOUSES TO BUILD

Will be a new feature for the JOURNAL. For this series the most prominent architects in different parts of the country have been engaged to produce their model suburban houses, costing to build from \$3500 to \$5000. These articles go into the work in detail, and are illustrated.

## MRS. WHITNEY'S LETTERS TO GIRLS

Will be continued—five of them. They will treat of dress, courtship and marriage, and prove the most interesting of Mrs. Whitney's successful series.

## KATE GREENAWAY'S BONNIE CHILDREN

Will be given with more frequency, it is hoped and believed, in 1896 than in 1895.

Of the wealth of practical articles to be given during the year it is impossible to speak here. This part of the magazine will receive the attention of a strengthened corps of editors. All the editorial features of the JOURNAL will be retained and strengthened.

**And yet the Subscription Price will Remain at One Dollar per Year**

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARY ANDERSON

Three of the most interesting chapters from Mrs. Mary Anderson de Navarro's autobiography will be given in the JOURNAL. The first installment speaks for itself in this issue; the second and third will be even more interesting since they take the reader more into the midst of the great success achieved by Mrs. de Navarro while on the stage.

## MISS WILKINS' NEIGHBORHOOD TYPES

Will be six in number, and depict the most unique and striking characters of a supposed New England village. Each "type" is remarkable for that singular fidelity in character portrayal for which Miss Wilkins is famous. Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens has illustrated the entire series.

## PADEREWSKI TO HIS AMERICAN ADMIRERS

The great pianist has long wished to offer to his thousands of admirers among American women, a composition written by him expressly for them. It is this composition, just finished by him for the JOURNAL, which he now presents to them. It is sweetly melodious, and simple enough to make it possible for the average performer. In its entirety the composition will be exclusively given in the JOURNAL.

## STORIES OF THE TOWN BY JEROME K. JEROME

Mr. Jerome's long-promised work for the JOURNAL has now taken the definite form of a series of short stories which will shortly begin. They will be stories suggested rather than stories told, and will present a series of vignettes of life in a great city.

## RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW STORY

Of "William the Conqueror," which begins in this issue of the JOURNAL, will reach its conclusion in the January number, after which some further work from Mr. Kipling may be expected.

## DR. PARKHURST TO YOUNG MEN

After writing in the JOURNAL the most successful series of articles for women that has been published for many years, Dr. Parkhurst will turn his attention to young men in a succession of familiar "talks." His words to young men will be as from a man who knows the world and understands the problems with which every young man has to contend.

## A WALTZ BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

The great "March King," will be a pleasing novelty in the JOURNAL's musical series. Then will follow compositions by

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, composer of "Pinafore";  
REGINALD DE KOVEN, composer of "Robin Hood," etc.;  
EDWARD JAKOBOWSKI, composer of "Erminie,"  
And other composers, known and unknown.

## THE JOURNAL'S SHORT STORIES

In the coming issues promise the best array of short fiction ever presented. There will be stories by

BRET HARTE  
LILIAN BELL  
IAN MACLAREN  
SOPHIE SWETT  
R. C. V. MEYERS  
FRANK R. STOCKTON  
SARAH ORNE JEWETT  
JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH  
WILL N. HARBEN  
CAROLINE LESLIE FIELD  
And an unpublished story by the late  
JANE AUSTEN

## A NOTABLE MUSICAL SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE VOICE, PIANO, VIOLIN AND ORGAN

Will present the foremost vocal and instrumental artists and authorities in the world.

MADAME MELBA will write of "The Voice";  
MISS MAUD POWELL on the "Playing of the Violin";  
MR. BEN DAVIES will treat of "Oratorio Singing";  
MR. CHARLES R. ADAMS on "Finish in Singing";  
MRS. HAMILTON MOTT on "Women's Choruses."

While other articles on vocal training, piano fingering and organ playing will be contributed by

MADAME CLEMENTINE DE VERE SAPPJO  
MR. THOMAS A' BECKET  
MR. FREDERIC PEAKES  
MADAME BLAUVELT  
GEORGE W. CHADWICK

There will also be presented during the year a succession of pages of biographical sketches of the most distinguished musicians and composers in every branch of music and song.



MARY E. WILKINS



MARY ANDERSON



LOUISA M. ALCOTT



SARAH ORNE JEWETT



EDNA LYALL



JULIA MAGRUDER



MADAME MELBA



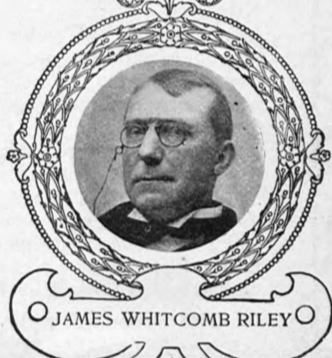
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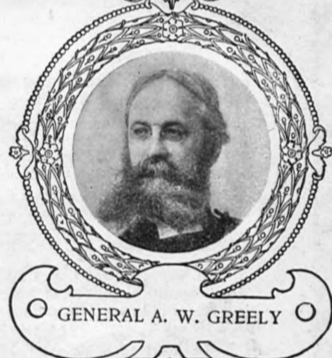
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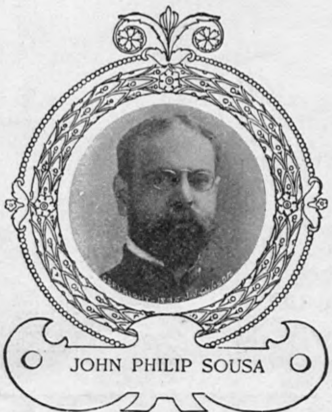
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JEROME K. JEROME



LILIAN BELL



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA



EUGENE FIELD



FRANK R. STOCKTON



# MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S

New Novel, "Sir George Tressady,"  
Will Appear as a Serial Exclusively in

## THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

THE first instalment is contained in the November CENTURY—a beautiful issue, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. This novel, the latest work of the famous author of "Robert Elsmere" and "Marcella," is a story of the England of to-day. THE CENTURY will print also, during the coming year, novels by W. D. Howells, F. Hopkinson Smith, Mary Hallock Foote, and Amelia E. Barr, with the best work of Rudyard Kipling, Mark Twain, Henry M. Stanley, George Kennan, and many other well-known writers.

Rudyard Kipling's novelette, "The Brushwood Boy," contained complete in the December CENTURY (the Christmas number), is one of the most powerful stories ever printed from the pen of this remarkable writer. A series of articles on Rome, by Marion Crawford, superbly illustrated by Castaigne, who made the famous World's Fair pictures which THE CENTURY published, will be a feature of the coming year.

THE ATTENTION OF READERS OF "THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL" is especially invited to the great offer made to them on the inside front cover of the November JOURNAL—a copy of the latest bound volume of THE CENTURY free with a new subscription for 1896. Send \$4.00 to the publishers and receive **FREE** THE CENTURY for a year from November, 1895, with Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel and all the other features, and in addition this beautifully bound book of 1000 pages, post-paid. No family wishing the best in art and literature can afford to be without THE CENTURY. "There are plenty of magazines, but there is only one CENTURY."

THE NOVEMBER CENTURY is the richly illustrated Anniversary Number, containing a great array of attractions, beginning the volume.  
THE DECEMBER CENTURY is the beautiful Christmas number, containing complete stories by Rudyard Kipling, Frank R. Stockton and others, with reproductions of the most wonderful series of pictures of the Life of Christ ever made.

Don't Miss These Numbers.

### A NEW COOK BOOK

(The best ever made, containing 150 Photographs of Prepared Dishes)  
AND OTHER NEW BOOKS.

"MARY RONALD'S CENTURY COOK BOOK," just issued by The Century Co., will be wanted at once by every housekeeper. It contains receipts gathered from all parts of the country, with a "New England Kitchen" edited by Susan Coolidge. Receipts are given for simple and inexpensive as well as for elaborate dishes, and the rules are in such precise language, with definite measurements and time, that they can be easily followed. Economy, practicability, and the resources of the average kitchen have been constantly borne in mind. There are chapters on Suggestions for the Table, The Five-O'Clock Tea, Manner of Serving Dinners, Economical Living, Emergencies, etc., each chapter worth to young housekeepers more than the price of the book.

The illustrations are a remarkable feature. They are photographic reproductions of dishes,—over 150 of them, showing just how a dish should look when it is served, with pictures of utensils, views of well-set tables, etc. There is an edition with a special cover for the kitchen. The book contains 600 pages, and is for sale everywhere at \$2.00.

#### The Second Jungle Book.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.  
The new Jungle Stories, beautifully illustrated, 324 pages, \$1.50.

#### Kitwyk Stories.

Capital stories of village life in Holland, by Anna Eichberg King. Cover an imitation of Delft ware. Illustrated, \$1.50.

#### Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire.

Interesting reminiscences of a lady who resided for nine years at the Tuileries with a family of the court of Napoleon III. and Eugénie. A most delightful book. Beautifully illustrated. \$2.25.

### NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

(No Christmas Stocking Complete Without at least One of Them.)

#### Jack Ballister's Fortunes.

By Howard Pyle, author of "Men of Iron," etc. With fifteen full-page illustrations by the author. Mr. Pyle's best work. 8vo, 420 pages, \$2.00.

#### Chris and the Wonderful Lamp.

A new Arabian Nights story, by Albert Stearns. Fascinating to young and old. Richly illustrated, 8vo, 253 pages, \$1.50.

#### The Brownies Through the Union.

A new Brownie book by Palmer Cox. Quarto, boards, 144 pages, \$1.50. Four other Brownie books are on The Century Co.'s lists.

#### The Horse Fair.

By James Baldwin. Stories of horses of mythology and history. 8vo, 418 pages, illustrated, \$1.50.

The above are for sale by booksellers everywhere, or copies will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers, The Century Co., Union Square, New York. Write for The Century Co.'s new "Portrait Catalogue," free.

## ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY  
MARY MAPES DODGE.

"The King of all Publications for Boys and Girls."

THIS famous magazine stands preëminent in America and England. There is nothing like it,—it is "the children's delight and the mother's best friend."

#### THE PROGRAM FOR 1896

will include "Letters to a Boy," by Robert Louis Stevenson; a great serial story of the days of the founding of Christianity, by W. O. Stoddard; a serial story "The Prize Cup," by J. T. Trowbridge; the romantic history of Marco Polo, related by Noah Brooks; "Talks with Children about Themselves"—helping them to take intelligent care of their bodies; stories by Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Sarah Orne Jewett, John Burroughs, Tudor Jenks, George Parsons Lathrop, and many other well-known writers.

\$1000 in Prizes are promised in this new volume,—see November or December numbers for particulars. Open to all readers of St. Nicholas not over sixteen years of age.

The volume begins with November, '95. December is the great Christmas issue. A year's subscription costs \$3.00, and remittance may be made by check, draft, money or express order. All dealers and the publishers take subscriptions. Don't miss November.

THE CENTURY CO.

Union Square, New York.

## CHRISTMAS CONTENTS

For December, 1895

Vol. XIII, No. 1

	PAGE
At the Gate—POEM . . . . . James Whitcomb Riley . . . . .	3
Drawings by A. B. Frost	
This Country of Ours . . . . . Hon. Benjamin Harrison . . . . .	4
William the Conqueror—PART I . . . . . Rudyard Kipling . . . . .	5
Drawings by W. L. Taylor	
Neighborhood Types . . . . . Mary E. Wilkins . . . . .	7
I—Timothy Samson: The Wise Man	
Drawings by Alice Barber Stephens	
A Friendly Letter to Girl Friends—VI . . . . . Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney . . . . .	8
From a Girl's Standpoint . . . . . Lilian Bell . . . . .	9
I—The Man Under Thirty-five	
Drawings by Alice Barber Stephens	
How Longfellow Wrote His Poems . . . . . Hezekiah Butterworth . . . . .	10
The Violet—CHAPTERS I-III . . . . . Julia Magruder . . . . .	11
Drawings by Charles Dana Gibson	
My First Appearance on the Stage . . . . . Mary Anderson de Navarro . . . . .	13
Illustrations from Photographs	
The Holiday Dance at Worrosquoyacke . . . . . Mrs. Burton Harrison . . . . .	15
Drawings by W. T. Smedley	
Maidie's Dance—POEM . . . . . Laura E. Richards . . . . .	17
Drawings by Kate Greenaway	
Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee—HYMN . . . . . Bruno Oscar Klein . . . . .	18

### EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Editorial Page . . . . . The Editor . . . . .	20
The Passion of Money-Getting . . . . . Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. . . . .	21
Wasting Other People's Time . . . . . Robert J. Burdette . . . . .	22
Attractive Dinner Cards . . . . . Mrs. Garrett Webster . . . . .	23
Illustrated by E. Grivay, F. M. Hallowell, E. S. Green and W. S. Rice	
The Girl Who is Employed . . . . . Ruth Ashmore . . . . .	24
The King's Daughters . . . . . Margaret Bottome . . . . .	25
A Page of Savory Puddings . . . . . Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Compton . . . . .	26
French Bonbons and Chocolate Candies . . . . . Nellie Willey . . . . .	27
Christmas Decorations . . . . . Eben E. Rexford . . . . .	28
Suggestions for Christmas Gifts	
Selecting Christmas Presents . . . . . Mrs. Burton Kingsland . . . . .	29
Making Christmas Gifts . . . . . Mary J. Safford . . . . .	30
A Set of Marking Initials . . . . . Patty Thum . . . . .	31
New Designs in Crochet and Knitting . . . . . Margaret Sims . . . . .	31
New Ideas for Home Parties . . . . . Various Entertainers . . . . .	32
Twilight Poems for Children . . . . . Various Contributors . . . . .	33
Gowns for Special Occasions . . . . . Isabel A. Mallon . . . . .	34
With Illustrations by Abby E. Underwood	
Evening Bonnets and Wraps . . . . . Isabel A. Mallon . . . . .	35
With Illustrations by Abby E. Underwood	
The Ideal Kitchen . . . . . James Thomson . . . . .	36
With Illustrations	
A \$3500 Suburban House . . . . . W. L. Price . . . . .	37
With Plan and Drawings by Author	
Designs for Holiday Gowns . . . . . Emma M. Hooper . . . . .	38
Art Helps for Art Workers . . . . . Emma Haywood . . . . .	42
Literary Queries . . . . . The Literary Editor . . . . .	43
Musical Helps and Hints . . . . .	44
Side-Talks with Girls . . . . . Ruth Ashmore . . . . .	45
The Home Dressmaker . . . . . Emma M. Hooper . . . . .	46
Suggestions for Mothers . . . . . Elisabeth Robinson Scovil . . . . .	47
The Open Congress . . . . .	48

## THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

An Illustrated Magazine with a Larger Circulation than any other Periodical in the World

Edited by EDWARD W. BOK

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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### THE JOURNAL'S FREE EDUCATIONAL COURSES

The free educational offers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL which have been so successful during the past four years, will be again strengthened and broadened during the year 1896. The force of an entire and separate bureau in the JOURNAL'S building is now exclusively given over to this feature of the business. The musical and fine arts courses, under which 250 scholarships have now been given, and the new collegiate and university courses, which, although but a year old, have been received with the widest acceptance, will not only be continued during 1896, but have been strengthened by the additional cooperation of several universities and colleges. To these there has now been added

### A NEW PRACTICAL COURSE

OF FREE SCHOLARSHIPS IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND INDUSTRIAL ARTS

Offered at the two foremost institutions of practical learning in America

The Drexel Institute of Philadelphia, and  
The Pratt Institute of Brooklyn

These scholarships include the most thorough courses in cooking, millinery, dressmaking and all the practical arts of the home. They likewise cover all the applied arts of the working world, fitting a woman for a self-sustaining career,—all under the most experienced teachers and at the two finest schools in America.

Any information regarding the offers will be cheerfully supplied by the Educational Bureau of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

### THE JOURNAL'S NEW LITERARY BUREAU

Is now prepared to supply, at an advantageous price to the purchaser, any book or books desired. It makes no difference what book you write for, old or new, it will be at once secured and sent. In the buying of books for the holidays the Literary Bureau can prove invaluable to you. Its easy guide to the best reading, called "5000 Books," with 180 portraits of authors, is the best catalogue published anywhere. It is sent free to any one for 10 cents to cover cost of mailing.

### AN ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS CARD

Has been prepared by the JOURNAL for the convenience of those who like to send the JOURNAL for a year as a Christmas present to a friend. The card is beautifully illustrated and printed in delicate tints. It is sent in a sealed envelope to the person for whom the subscription present is ordered, giving name of the donor. Hundreds of these cards were used by our readers last year.



# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Vol. XIII, No. 1

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1895

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, ONE DOLLAR  
SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS

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ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER



## AT THE GATE

By *James Whitcomb Riley*

Author of "Neighborly Poems," "Afterwhiles," "Green Fields and Running Brooks," etc.

DRAWINGS BY A. B. FROST



IN THE WARM, HEALTH-GIVING WEATHER  
MY POOR PALE WIFE AND I  
DRIVE UP AND DOWN THE LITTLE TOWN  
AND THE PLEASANT ROADS THEREBY:  
OUT IN THE WHOLESOME COUNTRY  
WE WIND, FROM THE MAIN HIGHWAY,  
IN THROUGH THE WOOD'S GREEN SOL-  
ITUDES—  
FAIR AS THE LORD'S OWN DAY.

WE HAVE LIVED SO LONG TOGETHER,  
AND JOYED AND MOURNED AS ONE,  
THAT EACH WITH EACH, WITH A LOOK  
FOR SPEECH,  
OR A TOUCH, MAY TALK AS NONE  
BUT LOVE'S ELECT MAY COMPREHEND—  
WHY, THE TOUCH OF HER HAND ON  
MINE  
SPEAKS VOLUME-WISE, AND THE SMILE  
OF HER EYES,  
TO ME, IS A SONG DIVINE.



THERE ARE MANY PLACES THAT LURE  
US:—  
"THE OLD WOOD BRIDGE" JUST WEST  
OF TOWN WE KNOW—AND THE CREEK  
BELOW,  
AND THE BANKS THE BOYS LOVE BEST:  
AND "BEECH GROVE," TOO, ON THE  
HILL-TOP;  
AND "THE HAUNTED HOUSE" BEYOND,  
WITH ITS ROOF HALF OFF, AND ITS OLD  
PUMP-TROUGH  
ADRIFT IN THE ROADSIDE POND.



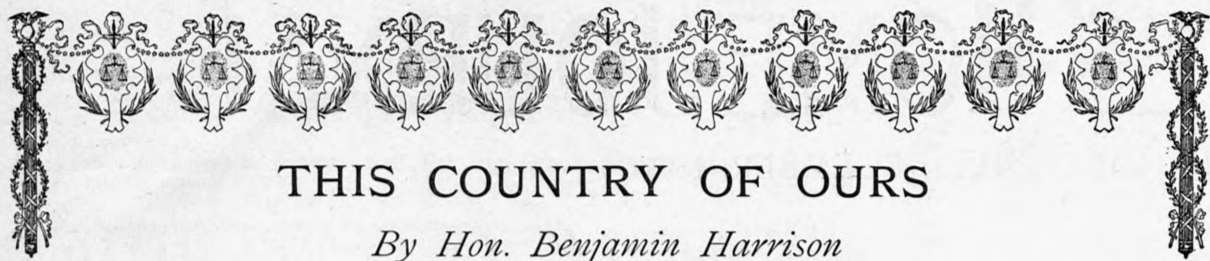
WE FIND OUR WAY TO "THE MARSHES"—  
AT LEAST WHERE THEY USED TO BE;  
AND "THE OLD CAMP GROUNDS"; AND  
"THE INDIAN MOUNDS,"  
AND THE TRUNK OF "THE COUNCIL-  
TREE":

WE HAVE CRUNCHED AND SPLASHED  
THROUGH "FLINT-BED FORD";  
AND AT "OLD BIG BEE-GUM SPRING"  
WE HAVE STAYED THE CUP, HALF-LIFTED  
UP,  
HEARING THE REDBIRD SING.

THEN THERE IS "WESLEY CHAPEL,"  
WITH ITS LITTLE GRAVEYARD, LONE  
AT THE CROSSROADS THERE, THOUGH  
THE SUN SETS FAIR  
ON WILD-ROSE, MOUND AND STONE. . . .  
A WEE BED UNDER THE WILLOWS—  
MY WIFE'S HAND ON MY OWN—  
AND OUR HORSE STOPS, TOO, . . . AND  
WE HEAR THE COO  
OF A DOVE IN UNDERTONE.

THE DUSK, THE DEW AND THE SILENCE!  
"OLD CHARLEY" TURNS HIS HEAD  
HOMEWARD THEN BY THE 'PIKE AGAIN,  
THOUGH NEVER A WORD IS SAID—  
ONE MORE STOP, AND A LINGERING  
ONE  
AFTER THE FIELDS AND FARMS,—  
AT THE OLD TOLL GATE, WITH THE  
WOMAN AWAIT  
WITH A LITTLE GIRL IN HER ARMS.





## THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

By Hon. Benjamin Harrison

### \* I—INTRODUCTORY PAPER



IF any mistake has been made in the assumption that American women need and will welcome a series of articles on "This Country of Ours," or in the selection of the writer of them, I disclaim all responsibility. The assumption is not mine, and I am not a volunteer. The editorial trap was baited with a theme that fatally tempted me. I shall not, after

the manner of some, hang up at the beginning a skeleton before you; and when you have told the bones thereof and examined their articulations, lay on the muscles and tissues. I hope to have and to keep in my mind the outlines of a plan; but you do not need to bother about plans. If you should get lost and should feel like putting that famous query of the bewildered Congressman from Alabama—and are left to find your own answer—it will be good mental exercise.

Perhaps, before entering upon a study of the structure of the Government, it may be well to speak of the relations of the citizen, in a broad way, to the political organization to which our fathers gave the name: The United States of America. God has never endowed any statesman or philosopher, nor any body of them, with wisdom enough to frame a system of government that everybody could go off and leave. To pay taxes and to submit to the laws are far short of the whole duty of the citizen.

A GOVERNMENT is made strong and effective, both for internal and foreign uses, by the intelligent affection of its citizens. Men may stand with a fair degree of steadiness in the front of battle, out of fear of the provost guard or of the court-martial, but only a love of the flag will send the line forward with an *esprit* that walls of earth and men cannot withstand. Nothing in the late war between Japan and China—not the wonderful revelation it gave of military equipment and leadership on land and sea, on the part of the Japanese—was so surprising as the animating and universal spirit of patriotism that the Japanese people displayed. Many young men domiciled in this country hastened home to join the army, and almost to a man, however poor, they sent a money contribution to the war chest. One of our naval officers told me that the Japanese servants on his ship contributed a month's pay—and did it with enthusiasm. The Japanese thought seemed to be, "What can I give to the war?" while the Chinese more often asked, "What can I get out of it?"

A true allegiance must have its root in love. And, since kings have ceased to be the State, and constitutions have put bridles upon rulers, loyalty has a better chance. Institutions have no moods. Since constitutional government has been fully established in England "the king can do no wrong"—the cabinet must answer to the country. There is a love in English hearts, and respect in all hearts for the good and venerable woman who for so long has been Queen of England, born of her personal virtues; but she is loved by Englishmen more for what she personifies—the Government and the glory of England. She is always for the State, never for a party—party management is left to the ministry.

IF we would strengthen our country we should cultivate a love of it in our own hearts and in the hearts of our children and neighbors; and this love for civil institutions, for a land, for a flag—if they are worthy and great and have a glorious history—is widened and deepened by a fuller knowledge of them. A certain love of one's native land is instinctive, and the value of this instinct should be allowed; but it is short of patriotism. When the call is to battle with an invader this instinct has a high value. It is true, I suppose, that the large majority of those who have died to found and to maintain our civil institutions were not highly instructed in constitutional law; but they were not ignorant of the doctrines of human rights, and had a deep, though perhaps a very general, sense of the value of our civil institutions. And they would not have died less willingly or less bravely if they had known more about them. And in peace—the longer and the larger enlistment—they would have been more trusty and serviceable. If a boy were asked to give his reasons for loving his mother he would be likely to say with the sweetest disregard of logic and catalogues, "Well I just love her." And, for one, I shall never be hard on the young citizen who "just loves" his country, however uninstructed he may be. Nevertheless patriotism should be cultivated—should, in every home, be communicated to the children, not casually, but by plan and of forethought. For too long our children got it as they did the measles—caught it. Now, in the schools American history and American civil institutions are beginning to have more, but not yet adequate, attention as serious and important studies.

\* The prefatory article of a series of papers that ex-President Benjamin Harrison is preparing for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. In "This Country of Ours" series General Harrison will discuss National governmental affairs, relating in interesting and instructive detail the exact functions of our Government, its relation to the people and their relation to it. This subject brings into consideration every department of our Federal Government—administrative, executive and judicial—and shows how each and all are operated and conducted. It also discusses International relationships and defines the work of our diplomatic and consular service. Ex-President Harrison aims to inform the women of this country upon governmental affairs, presenting the matter in a readily comprehensible form, making attractive and entertaining a study that is of vital importance to womankind, especially in the fulfillment of the mission of training the minds of the younger generation. These articles teach a better and more enthusiastic love of country, inspire a higher patriotism and point out the requisite elements of good citizenship. In discussing "This Country of Ours" General Harrison has eschewed partisanship or politics. The Harrison papers will appear in consecutive numbers of the JOURNAL through the greater portion of the year.—EDITOR.

IF the boy does not need to be helped to an ardent love of his mother he does need to be instructed how to serve, defend and honor her. So the impulse of patriotism needs to be instructed, guided—brought to the wheel—if it is to do the every-day work of American politics. Sentiment? Yes, never too much; but with it, and out of it a faithful discharge of the prosy routine of a citizen's duty. A readiness to go to the field? Yes, and equally to the primaries and to the polls. The real enemies of our country—the dangerous ones—are not the armed men nor armored ships of the great powers. If there is too much exuberance in the thought that we can whip the world it is a safe saying that we can defend our land and coasts against any part of the world that will ever be in arms against us. We are alert as to foreign foes—the drum tap rouses the heaviest sleepers. But we are a dull people as to internal assaults upon the integrity and purity of public administration. Salvation Army methods seem to be needed in politico-moral reforms. It has seemed to me that a fuller knowledge of our civil institutions and a deeper love of them would make us more watchful for their purity; that we would think less of the levy necessary to restore stolen public funds, and more of the betrayal and shame of the thing. A good argument might be made for the wave theory as applied to patriotism, for it seems to have its ups and downs. There are eras when it rises to the combing point and others when greed and selfishness rise above it on either side.

THE old-time Fourth of July celebration, with its simple parades and musters, the reading of the Declaration, and the oration, that more than supplied the lack of glitter and color in the parade—once the event of the year—went out of fashion. We allowed ourselves to be laughed out of it. It may be that the speaker was boastful, but a boaster is better than an apologist or a pessimist. The day as a patriotic anniversary was almost lost, and a family picnic day or a base-ball day substituted.

It is coming back, and we ought to aid in reinstating it. The old Declaration has a pulse in it and a ring to it that does the soul good. Has your boy ever read it? Have you—all of it? I would like our census-takers to be required to get an answer to that question. I read recently, to a little eight-year-old boy, Macaulay's "Horatius." There was much that was beyond him, but he caught the spirit of the heroic verse, and his eye kindled as I read. Children are eager for true tales of heroism, and our history is replete with them. The story of Washington's army at Valley Forge, told in a familiar way is better than Macaulay's "Horatius"—for the sufferings at Valley Forge were by our countrymen, for us. The fathers ought not to be too busy to give some lessons in patriotism; but if they are, let the mothers—who are more busy—see that a love of country is cultivated, and that the children are very early made acquainted with the wise, unselfish and heroic characters in our history. In the home, and before the school days come, the feelings should be kindled and sentiment awakened. Do not be ashamed to love the flag or to confess your love of it. Make much of it; tell its history; sing of it. It now floats over our schools, and it ought to hang from the windows of all our homes on all public days. Every man should uncover when the flag is borne by in the parade, and every one should rise when a National air is given at a concert or public meeting.

DURING the Atlanta campaign our army had for weeks been marching and fighting amid the timber and brush, so thick that often the right company could not see the regimental colors. The soldier knew that his corps was in line to the right and left of him; but what a mighty, spontaneous cheer went up one day when the advancing line unexpectedly broke into a long savannah (or meadow) and each regiment with its fluttering banners was revealed to every other. It was an inspiring sight. It is so with the peaceful forces that are enlisted for law and social order and good government. They are revealed now and then under the flag—to the patriot a security and an inspiration; to the evil-disposed "terrible as an army with banners." I like to think of the flag as I saw it one night in Newport Harbor. Clouds of inky blackness had extinguished the stars, and only the harbor lights revealed to our pilot the path to the sea. Stillness and darkness brooded over the waters and over the shores. Suddenly there was presented to our sleepy eyes a dazzling sight. Away up in the heavens the star-spangled banner appeared, lustrous as a heavenly vision; its folds waving gently in a soft night air, seemed to shine by inherent light, and to move by inherent life. The flag was "transfigured before us," and seemed to have been flung out of the skies, rather than lifted from the earth. It was not a supernatural effect. A great search-light turned upon the flag as it hung from a high staff wrought all this surpassing beauty.

A GREATER reverence for law is a sore need in this land of ours. Perhaps a better knowledge of what the laws are, how they are made and how their defects may be remedied in an orderly way, will strengthen the conviction that they must be observed by every one. Government implies a body of rules, called laws or ordinances, proceeding from a source, whether King or Parliament or Congress or Legislature or City Council, having authority to frame and declare them. The authority to frame and declare implies a power to enforce—to compel obedience and to inflict penalties upon the persons or estates of the disobedient. In free representative Governments such as ours, the people, either directly or indirectly, at popular elections, choose the persons who make the laws, whether of the United States, of the States or of the cities and towns. But the obligation to yield reverence and obedience to the laws is not diminished, but greatly

strengthened, by the consideration that they proceed from the people. Laws for the government of society can have no higher origin than the consent of those who are to be governed by them. Who, unless it be an exiled king, can question the legitimacy, the authority of a Government "of the people, by the people and for the people"? In these words of Mr. Lincoln we have a terse and comprehensive description of the ideal American civil system. They might be used as a spirit-level or a plummet to test the courses we are placing upon the old foundations.

A GOVERNMENT that proceeds from the people, is administered by them, and has for its high and only end the general welfare, ought to be able to command the respect, the allegiance and the obedience of its citizens. But obligations, whether of a contractual, civil or moral sort, only influence the conduct of men through their consciences or through their fears. We have not too much help when both of these conservators of social order are in strong exercise—and both should be cultivated and used. But our dependence is, and must always be, chiefly upon the educated consciences of the people; and a cultivation of a love for the flag, of which I have spoken, and of a law-reverencing conscience should be begun in childhood. It must be largely the work of women, for they, so much more than men, have the care and instruction of the young. My plea is to the mothers that they will stir the young hearts in their homes to love the flag and the things it stands for, and teach them to have a scrupulous regard for the law as a rule of action for the citizen. They will readily understand that they should keep the law, "Thou shalt not kill," whether it is read from the Decalogue or the criminal code. But those laws that have, or seem to have, no moral quality in them—that forbid the doing of things not bad in themselves—may they not be slighted or evaded if the observance of them is inconvenient or against our interest, and the penalty not too threatening?

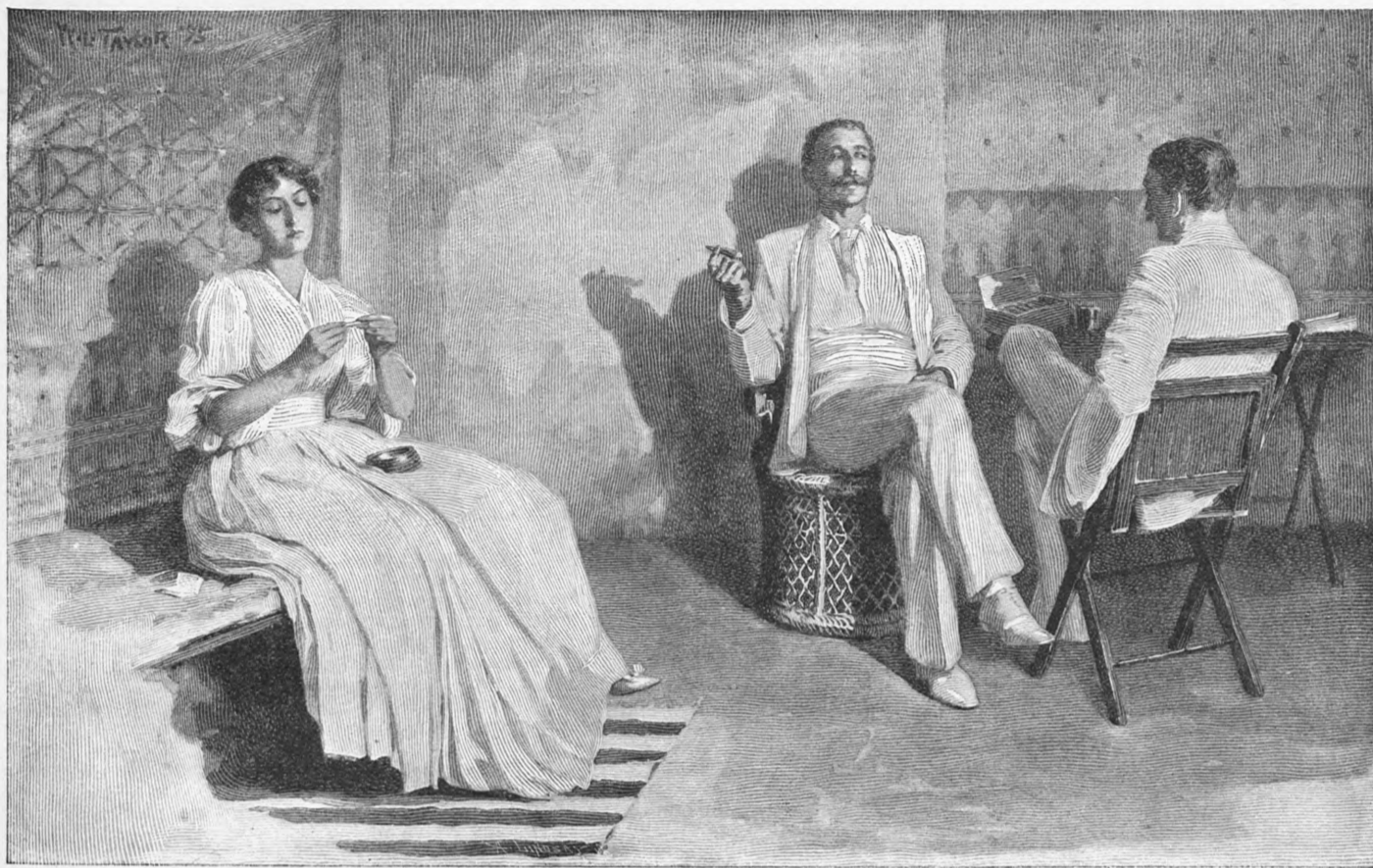
MANY laws are made necessary because we have neighbors—because there are so many people. If there were not so many people using the park we might repeal the law that forbids the plucking of flowers and substitute the milder rule that Senator Hoar has set up on his grounds, "Don't pull up the roots." The flowers are planted in public grounds and at the public expense, and in a sense they belong to the people; but since there are not enough for all to pull, and as there cannot be an equal, and the largest enjoyment of them in that way, the pulling of them is forbidden. All can have frequent and equal enjoyment of the flowers if the appropriation of them is by the eye, and hands are kept off. A very little child can understand this object lesson, and when it has once been received it will restrain the feet from crossing many a forbidden border. If all laws, great and small, are not to be observed by every citizen, but each is to make an elective code for himself, it is the end of civil order. If you may choose I may, and each of us has disabled himself as a citizen. The man who participates in or apologizes for the blowing up of a saloon ought to be held particeps in the retaliatory crime—the blowing up of the church. We are having a Renaissance of patriotism and need a Renaissance of conscience toward the law. The man or woman who hides property from the customs officer or the taxgatherer, or slips a fee into his hand to obtain a preference he ought not to give, cannot take the lead in a "tiger hunt." No executive officer should be criticised for enforcing the law. We cannot allow him any choice; if we do he becomes a lawmaker. The legislators, under our system, make the laws; and if they are unwise in the opinion of a majority of the people they can be changed. But till then obey them, as you love your country and her peace.

A LYNCHING is a usurpation—a dethronement of our constitutional king—the law—and the crowning of a cruel and unbridled tyrant. No excuses nor extenuation should be allowed, for none will hold in a State where the courts are in the orderly exercise of their powers, and the judges are subject to impeachment. The persons who are the victims of mob violence are mostly not the rich and the influential, but the ignorant and the friendless—those of whom an undue influence with courts and juries cannot be predicated; and the imputed crimes are mostly of a nature to exclude the sympathy of the trial officers. The feet of justice may well be quickened without any loss of dignity or certainty; but the inquest, the open trial, the judicial sentence and execution are the constitutional rights of every man accused of crime; and every citizen is under the highest obligation to make the case his own when they are denied to any other citizen. A lynching brutalizes those who take part in it, and demoralizes those who consent to or excuse the act. Crime is not repressed, but stimulated. The evidence has not been taken; and to his friends the man is a victim whose blood calls for revenge. The frequency of this high crime against the law, and the immunity that attends its commission in our country have suggested an organized movement for its repression. As a nation we are inexpressibly shamed by these lynchings, and a broad movement on National lines to educate public sentiment, and to enliven the slumbering consciences of our citizens is desirable and timely. There should be a medal of honor for the sheriff or jailor who, at the risk of his life, and in the face of an inflamed community, defends his prisoner against the mob. The man who loathes the guilty and cowering wretch in his custody, and yet dies to defend him from a mob because the law makes it his duty to keep him and to present him before the lawful tribunal, is worthy of a monument. I can think of no higher test of the loyalty of a soul to duty.

ALL this has been said to impress upon my readers the fact that we live under a Government of law, and that our oath of fealty includes all the laws—the small as well as the great—the inconvenient as well as the convenient. We should regard the law with more of the awe and reverence given in old times to the king. If we have not consented unto each particular law that it is good, we have given to legislators chosen by us power, within certain limitations, to make laws, and have solemnly obligated ourselves to obey such laws for the time being, or until other legislators, better informed as to public sentiment or more responsive to it, shall repeal or modify them. This compact is the basis of our civil system,

(Continued on page 40 of this issue)





"Rolling cigarettes for her brother"

## WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

By Rudyard Kipling

Author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Jungle Book," "Soldiers Three," "The Light that Failed," etc.

DRAWINGS BY W. L. TAYLOR

I have done one braver thing  
Than all the worthies did;  
And yet a braver thence doth spring,  
Which is, to keep that hid.—  
*The Undertaking.*

### PART I

**L** S it officially declared yet?"  
"They've gone as far as to admit extreme local scarcity, and they've started relief-works in one or two districts, the paper says."  
"That means it will be declared as soon as they can make sure of the men and the rolling-stock. 'Shouldn't wonder if it were as bad as the Big Famine.'"

"Can't be," said Scott, turning a little in the long cane chair. "We've had fifteen-anna crops in the north, and Bombay and Bengal report more than they know what to do with. They'll be able to check it before it gets out of hand. It will only be local."

Martyn picked up the "Pioneer" from the table, read through the telegrams once more and put up his feet on the chair-rests. It was a hot, dark, breathless evening, heavy with the smell of the newly-watered Mall. The flowers in the Club gardens were dead and black on their stalks; the little lotos-pond was a circle of caked mud, and the tamarisk trees were white with the dust of days. Most of the men were at the band-stand in the public gardens—from the Club veranda you could hear the native Police band hammering stale waltzes—or on the polo-ground or in the high-walled fives court, hotter than a Dutch oven. Half a dozen grooms, squatted at the heads of their ponies, waited their masters' return. From time to time a man would ride at a foot-pace into the Club compound and listlessly loaf across to the whitewashed barracks beside the main building. These were supposed to be chambers. Men lived in them, meeting the same faces night after night at dinner, and drawing out their office work till the latest possible hour, that they might escape that doleful company.

"What are you going to do?" said Martyn with a yawn. "Let's have a swim before dinner."

"Water's hot," said Scott. "I was at the bath to-day."

"Play you game o' billiards—fifty up."

"It's a hundred and five in the hall now. Sit still and don't be so abominably energetic."

A grunting camel swung up to the porch; his badged and belted rider fumbling a leather pouch.

"Kubber-kargaz—ki—yektraaa" (newspaper extra), the man whined, handing down to the gray-bearded butler a slip of paper printed on one side only, and damp from the press. It was pinned up on the green baize board, between notices of ponies for sale and fox-terriers missing.

Martyn rose lazily, read it and whistled. "It's declared!" he cried. "One, two, three—eight districts go under the operations of the Famine Code *ek dum* (at once). They've put Jimmy Hawkins in charge."

"Good business!" said Scott, with the first sign of interest he had shown. "When in doubt hire a Punjabi. I worked under Jimmy when I first came out and he belonged to the Punjab. He has more *bundobust* (faculty of administration) than most men."

"Jimmy's a Jubilee Knight now," said Martyn. "He was a good chap even though he was a thrice-born civilian and went to the Benighted Presidency. 'Unholy names these Madras districts rejoice in—all *ungas* or *rungas* or *pillays* or *polliums*.'"

A dogcart drove up in the dusk, and a man entered, mopping his head. He was editor of the one daily paper at the capital of a Province of twenty-five million natives and a few hundred white men, and as his staff was limited

to himself and one assistant, his office hours ran variously from ten to twenty a day.

"Hi, Raines; you're supposed to know everything," said Martyn, stopping him. "How's this Madras 'scarcity' going to turn out?"

"No one knows as yet. There's a message as long as your arm coming in on the telephone. I've left my cub to fill it out. Madras has owned she can't manage it alone, and Jimmy seems to have a free hand in getting all the men he needs. Arbuthnot's warned to hold himself in readiness."

"Badger' Arbuthnot?"

"The Peshawur chap. Yes, and the *Pi* wires that Ellis and Clay have been moved from the Northwest already, and they've taken half a dozen Bombay men too. It's *pukka* (out and out) famine by the looks of it."

"They're nearer the scene of action than we are; but if it comes to indenting on the Punjab this early there's more in this than meets the eye," said Martyn.

"Here to-day and gone to-morrow. 'Didn't come to stay forever," said Scott, dropping one of Marryat's novels, and rising to his feet. "Martyn, your sister's waiting for you."

A rough, gray horse was backing and shifting at the edge of the veranda, where the light of a reeking kerosene lamp fell on a brown calico habit and a white face under a gray felt hat.

"Right, O!" said Martyn. "I'm ready. Better come and dine with us if you've nothing to do, Scott. William, is there any dinner in the house?"

"I'll go home first and see," was the answer. "You can drive him over—at eight, remember."

Scott moved leisurely to his room and changed into the evening dress of the season and the country: spotless white linen from head to foot, with a broad silk *cummerbund*. Dinner at the Martyns was a decided improvement on the goat-mutton, twiney-tough fowl and tinned *entrées* of the Club. But it was a great pity Martyn could not afford to send his sister to the hills for the hot weather. As an Acting District Superintendent of Police, Martyn drew the magnificent pay of six hundred depreciated silver rupees a month, and his little four-roomed bungalow said just as much. There were the usual blue and white striped jail-made rugs on the uneven floor; the usual glass-studded Amritsar *phulkaris* draped to nails driven into the flaking whitewash of the walls; the usual half dozen chairs that did not match, picked up at sales of dead men's effects, and the usual streaks of black grease where the leather punkah-thong ran through a hole in the wall. It was as though everything had been unpacked the night before to be repacked next morning. Not a door in the house was true on its hinges; the little windows, fifteen feet up in the wall, were darkened with wasp-nests, and lizards hunted flies between the beams of the wood-ceiled roof. But all this was part of Scott's life. Thus did people live who had such an income; and in a land where each man's pay, age and position are printed in a book that all may read it is hardly worth while to play at pretenses in word or deed. Scott counted eight years' service in the Irrigation Department and drew eight hundred rupees a month, on the understanding that if he served the State faithfully for another twenty-two years he could retire on a pension of some four hundred rupees a month. His working life, which had been spent chiefly under canvas or in temporary shelters where a man could sleep, eat and write letters, was bound up with the opening and guarding of irrigation canals, the handling of two or three thousand workmen of all castes and creeds, and the payment of vast sums of coined silver. He had finished that spring, not without credit, the last section of the great Mosuhl Canal, and, much against his will, for he hated office work, had been sent in to serve during the hot weather

on the accounts and supply side of the department, with sole charge of the sweltering sub-office at the capital of the Province. Martyn knew this; William, his sister, knew it; and everybody knew it. Scott knew too, as well as the rest of the world, that Miss Martyn had come out to India four years before to keep house for her brother, who, as every one knew, had borrowed the money to pay for her passage, and that she ought, as all the world said, to have married long ago. Instead of this she had refused some half a dozen subalterns, a Civilian twenty years her senior, one Major and a man in the Indian Medical Department. This, too, was common property. She had "stayed down three hot weathers," as the saying is, because her brother was in debt and could not afford the expense of her stay at even a cheap Hill station. Therefore her face was white as bone, and in the centre of her forehead was a big silvery scar about the size of a shilling—the mark of a Delhi sore which is the same as a "Bagdad date." This comes from drinking bad water, and slowly eats into the flesh till it is ripe enough to be burned out.

None the less William had enjoyed herself hugely in her four years. Twice she had been nearly drowned in fording a river on horseback; once she had been run away with on a camel; had witnessed a midnight attack of thieves on her brother's camp; had seen justice administered, with long sticks, in the open under trees; could speak Urdu and even rough Punjabi with a fluency that was envied by

her seniors; had altogether fallen out of the habit of writing to her aunts in England or cutting the pages of the English magazines; had been through a very bad cholera year seeing sights unfit to be told, and had wound up her experiences by six weeks of typhoid fever, during which her head had been shaved; and hoped to keep her twenty-third birthday that September. It is conceivable that her aunts would not have approved of a girl who never set foot on the ground if a horse were within hail; who rode to dances with a shawl thrown over her skirt; who wore her hair cropped and curling all over her head; who answered indifferently to the name of William or Bill; whose speech was heavy with the flowers of the vernacular; who could act in amateur theatricals, play on the banjo, rule eight servants and two horses, their accounts and their diseases, and look men slowly and deliberately between the eyes; yea, after they had proposed to her and been rejected.

"I like men who do things," she had confided to a



"Oh, I'm so glad you've come"

man in the Educational Department, who was teaching the sons of cloth-merchants and dyers the beauty of Wordsworth's "Excursion" in annotated cram-books, and when he grew poetical William explained that she "didn't understand poetry very much. It made her head ache," and another broken heart took refuge at the Club. But it was all William's fault. She delighted in hearing men talk of their own work; and that is the most fatal way of bringing a man to your feet.



Scott had known her more or less for some three years, meeting her as a rule under canvas, when his camp and her brother's joined for a day on the edge of the Indian desert. He had danced with her several times at the big Christmas gatherings when as many as five hundred white people came in to the station; and he had always a great respect for her housekeeping and her dinners.

She looked more like a boy than ever when, after the meal was ended, she sat, one foot tucked under her, on the leather camp-sofa, rolling cigarettes for her brother, her low forehead puckered beneath the dark curls as she twiddled the papers and stuck out her rounded chin when the tobacco stayed in place, or, with a gesture as true as a schoolboy's throwing a stone, tossed the finished article across the room to Martyn, who caught it with one hand and continued his talk with Scott. It was all "shop"—canals and the policing of canals; the sins of villagers who stole more water than they had paid for, and the grosser sin of native constables who connived at the thefts; of the transplanting bodily of villages to newly-irrigated ground, and of the coming fight with the desert in the south when the Provincial funds should warrant the opening of the long-surveyed Luni Protective Canal System. And Scott spoke openly of his great desire to be put on one particular section of the work where he knew the land and the people, and Martyn sighed for a billet in the Himalayan foot-hills, and said his mind of his superiors, and William rolled cigarettes and said nothing, but smiled gravely on her brother because he was happy.

At ten Scott's horse came to the door, and the evening was ended.

The lights of the two low bungalows in which the daily paper was printed showed bright across the road. It was too early to try to find sleep, and Scott drifted over to the editor. Raines, stripped to the waist, like a man at a gun, lay half asleep in a long chair, waiting for night telegrams. He had a theory that if a man did not stay by his work all day and most of the night he laid himself open to fever: so he ate and slept among his files.

"Can you do it?" he said drowsily. "I didn't mean to bring you over."

"About what? I've been dining at the Martyns."

"Madras, of course. Martyn's warned too. They're taking men where they can find 'em. I sent a note to you at the Club just now asking if you could do us a letter once a week from the South—between two and three columns, say. Nothing sensational, of course, but just plain facts about who is doing what, and so forth. The regular rates—ten rupees a column."

"Sorry, but it's out of my line," Scott answered, staring absently at the map of India on the wall. "It's rough on Martyn—very. Wonder what he'll do with his sister? Wonder what the deuce they'll do with me? I've no fame experience. This is the first I've heard of it."

"Oh, they'll put you on relief-works," Raines said, "with a horde of Madrassis dying like flies; one native apothecary and half a pint of cholera-mixture among the ten thousand of you. It comes of your being idle for the moment. Every man who isn't doing two men's work seems to have been called upon. Hawkins evidently believes in Punjabis. It's going to be quite as bad as anything they have had in the last ten years."

"It's all in the day's work, worse luck. I suppose I shall get my orders officially some time to-morrow. I'm awfully glad I happened to drop in. Better go and pack my kit now. Who relieves me here, do you know?"

Raines turned over a sheaf of telegrams. "McEuan," said he, "from Murree."

Scott chuckled. "He thought he was going to be cool all summer. He'll be very sick about this. Well—no good talking. Night."

Two hours later, Scott, with a clear conscience, laid himself down to rest on a string cot in a bare room. Two worn bullock trunks, a leather water-bottle, a tin ice-box and his pet saddle sewed up in sacking were piled at the door, and the Club Secretary's receipt for last month's bill was under his pillow. His orders came next morning, and with them an unofficial telegram from Sir James Hawkins, who was not in the habit of forgetting good men when he had once met them, bidding him report himself with all speed at some unpronounceable place fifteen hundred miles to the south, for the famine was sore in the land and white men were needed.

A pink and fattish youth arrived in the red hot noon-day, whimpering a little at fate and famines, which never allowed any one three months' peace. He was Scott's successor—another cog in the machinery moved forward to take the place of his fellow, whose services, as the official announcement ran, "were placed at the disposal of the Madras Government for famine duty until further orders." Scott handed over the funds in his charge, showed him what he esteemed to be the coolest corner in the office, warned him against excess of zeal, gave him a clean blotting-pad, and as twilight fell, departed from the Club in a hired carriage with his faithful body-servant, Faiz Ullah, and a mound of disordered baggage atop, to catch the Southern mail at the loop-holed and bastioned railway station. The heat from the thick brick walls struck him across the face, as if it had been a hot towel, and he reflected that there were at least five nights and four days of travel before him. Faiz Ullah, used to the chances of service, plunged into the crowd on the stone platform, while Scott, a black and succulent cheroot between his teeth, waited till his compartment should be arranged for him. A dozen native policemen with their rifles and bundles shouldered into the press of Punjabi farmers, Sikh craftsmen, and greasy-locked Afree-dee peddlers, escorting with all pomp Martyn's uniform-case, water-bottles, ice-box and bedding-roll. They saw Faiz Ullah's lifted hand and steered for it.

"My Sahib and your Sahib," said Faiz Ullah to Martyn's man, "will travel together. Thou and I, O brother, will thus secure the servants' places close by, and because of our masters' authority none will dare to disturb us."

When Faiz Ullah reported all things ready, Scott mopped his face and settled down at full length on the broad leather-covered bunk, coatless and bootless. The heat under the iron-arched roof of the station might have been anything over a hundred degrees. At the last moment Martyn entered hot and dripping.

"Don't swear," said Scott lazily; "it's too late to change your carriage, and we'll divide the ice."

"What are you doing here?" said the policeman.

"Lent to the Madras Government, same as you. By Jove, it's a bender of a night! Are you taking any of your men down?"

"A dozen. Suppose I'll have to superintend relief distributions. Didn't know you were under orders too."

"I didn't till after I left you last night. Raines had the news first. My orders came this morning. McEuan relieved me at four, and I got off at once. Shouldn't wonder if it wouldn't be a good thing—this famine—if we come through it alive."

"Jimmy ought to put you and me to work together," said Martyn, and then, after a pause, "My sister's here."

"Good business," said Scott heartily. "Going to get off at Umballa, I suppose, and go up to Simla. Who'll she stay with there?"

"No-o; that's just the trouble of it. She's going down with me."

Scott sat bolt upright under the oil lamp as the train jolted past Tarn-Taran station. "What! You don't mean you couldn't afford—"

"Oh, I'd have scraped up the money somehow."

"You might have come to me to begin with," said Scott stiffly, "we aren't altogether strangers."

"Well, you needn't be stuffy about it. I might, but—you don't know my sister. I've been explaining and exhorting and entreating and commanding and all the rest of it all day—lost my temper since seven this morning, and haven't got it back yet—but she wouldn't hear of any compromise. A woman's entitled to travel with her husband if she wants to, and William says she's on the same footing. You see, we've been together all our lives more or less since my people died. It isn't as if she were an ordinary sister."

"All the sisters I've ever heard of would have stayed where they were well off."

"She's as clever as a man, confound her," Martyn went on. "She broke up the bungalow over my head while I was talking at her. Settled the whole *sub-chiz* (outfit) in three hours; servants, horses and all. I didn't get my orders till nine."

"Jimmy Hawkins won't be pleased," said Scott. "A famine's no place for a woman."

"Mrs. Jim—I mean Lady Jim's in camp with him. At any rate, she says she will look after my sister. William wired down to her on her own responsibility asking if she could come, and knocked the ground from under me by showing me her answer."

Scott laughed aloud. "If she can do that she can take care of herself, and Mrs. Jim won't let her run into any mischief. There aren't many women, sisters or wives, who would walk into a famine with their eyes open. It isn't as if she didn't know what these things mean. She was through the Jaloo cholera last year."

The train stopped at Amritsar and Scott went back to the ladies' compartment immediately behind their carriage. William, with a cloth riding-cap on her curls, nodded affably.

"Come in and have some tea," she said. "Best thing in the world for heat-apoplexy."

"Do I look as if I were going to have heat-apoplexy?"

"Never can tell," said William wisely. "It's always best to be ready."

Her compartment was arranged with the knowledge of an old campaigner. A felt-covered water-bottle was slung in the draught of one of the shuttered windows. A teaset of Russian china packed in a wadded basket was ready on the seat, and a traveling spirit-lamp was clamped against the woodwork above it.

William served them generously, in large cups, hot tea which saves the veins of the neck from swelling inopportunely on a hot night. It was characteristic of the girl that her plan of action once settled, she asked for no comments on it. Living among men who had a great deal of work to do, and very little time to do it in, had taught her the wisdom of effacing as well as of fending for herself. She did not by word or deed suggest that she would be useful, comforting or beautiful in their travels, but continued about her business serenely; put the cups back without clatter when tea was ended, and made cigarettes for her guests.

"This time last night," said Scott, "we didn't expect—er—this kind of thing, did we?"

"I've learned to expect anything," said William. "You know in our service, we live at the end of the telegraph, but, of course, this ought to be a good thing for us all, departmentally—if we live."

"It knocks us out of the running in our own Province," Scott replied, with equal gravity. "I hoped to be put on the Luni Protective Works this cold weather, but there's no saying how long the famine may keep us."

"Hardly beyond October, I should think," said Martyn. "It will be ended one way or the other then."

"And we've nearly a week of this," said William. "Sha'n't we be dusty when it's over?"

For a night and a day they knew their surroundings, and for a night and a day, skirting the edge of the great Indian desert on a narrow-gauge railway, they remembered how in the days of their apprenticeship they had come by that road from Bombay. Then the languages in which the names of the stations were written changed, and they launched south into a foreign land where the very smells were new. Many long and heavily-laden grain-trains were in front of them; and they could feel the hand of Jimmy Hawkins from far off. They waited in extemporized sidings for processions of empty trucks returning to the North, and were coupled on to slow, crawling trains, and dropped at midnight, Heaven knew where, but it was furiously hot and they walked to and fro among sacks, and dogs howled. Then they came to an India more strange to them than to the untraveled Englishman—the flat, red India of palm tree, palmyra palm and rice, the India of the picture-books—of "Little Harry and His Bearer," all dead and wire-dry in the baking heat. They had left the incessant heavy passenger-traffic of the North and West far and far behind them. Here the people crawled, clamoring to the side of the train, holding their little ones in their arms, and a loaded truck would be left behind, and they would see the men and women clustering round and above it like ants by spilled honey. Once in the twilight they saw on a dusty plain a regiment of little brown men, each bearing a body over his shoulder, and when the train stopped to leave yet another truck they perceived that the burdens were not corpses, but only foodless men and women picked up beside their dead oxen by a corps of Irregular troops. Now they met more white men, here one and there two, whose tents stood close to the line, and who came armed with written authorities and angry words to cut off a truck. These men were too busy to do more than nod at Scott and Martyn, and stare curiously at William, who could do nothing except make tea and watch how her men staved off the rush of wailing walking skeletons, putting them down three at a time in heaps; with

their own hands uncoupling the marked trucks, or taking receipts from the hollow-eyed, weary white men who spoke another *argot* than theirs. They ran out of ice; out of soda-water and out of tea, for they were six days and seven nights on the road; and it seemed to them like seven times seven years.

At last, in a dry, hot dawn, in a land of death, lit by long red fires of railway sleepers, where they were burning the dead, they came to their destination, and were met by Jim Hawkins, the Head of the Famine, unshaven, unwashed, but cheery, and entirely in command of affairs.

Martyn, he said then and there, was to live on trains till further orders; was to go back with empty trucks, filling them with starving people as he found them and dropping them at a famine camp on the edge of the Eight Districts. He would return, and his constables would guard the loaded grain-cars, again picking up people, and would drop them at a camp a hundred miles south. Scott—Hawkins was very glad to see Scott again—would at once take charge of a convoy of bullock-carts, would load from the trucks, and would go South, feeding as he went, to yet another famine-camp, where he would leave his starving—there would be no lack of starving on the route—and wait for orders by telegraph. Generally, he was in all things to do what he thought best.

William bit her under lip as she listened. There was no one in the wide world like her one brother, but *his* orders gave him no discretion. She came out on the platform, masked with dust from head to foot, a horse-shoe-wrinkle on her forehead, put here by much thinking during the past week, but as self-possessed as ever. Mrs. Jim, who should have been Lady Jim, but that no one remembered to call her aright, took possession of her with a little gasp.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come," she almost sobbed. "You oughtn't to, of course, but there—there isn't another woman in the place, and we must help each other, and we've all the wretched people and the little babies they are selling."

"I've seen some," said William.

"Isn't it ghastly? I've bought twenty, they're in our camp; but won't you have something to eat first? We've more than ten people can do here; and I've got a horse for you. Oh, I'm so glad you've come, dear."

"Steady, Lizzie," said Hawkins over his shoulder. "We'll look after you, Miss Martyn. Sorry I can't ask you to breakfast, Martyn. You'll have to eat as you go. Leave two of your men to help Scott. These poor devils can't stand up to load carts. Saunders" (this to the engine-driver, who was half asleep in the cab), "back down and get those empties away. You've 'line clear' to Anundrapilly; they'll give you orders north of that. Scott, load up your carts from that B. P. P. truck, and get off as soon as you can. The Eurasian in the pink shirt is your interpreter and guide. You'll find an apothecary of sorts tied to the yoke of the second wagon. He's been trying to bolt, you'll have to look after him. Lizzie, drive Miss Martyn to camp, and tell them to send the red horse down here for me."

Scott with Faiz Ullah and two policemen were busy with the carts, backing them up to the truck and unbolting the sideboards quietly, while the others pitched in the bags of millet and wheat. Hawkins watched him for as long as it took to fill one cart.

"That's a good man," he said. "If all goes well I shall work him hard." This was Jim Hawkins' notion of the highest compliment one human being could pay another.

An hour later Scott was under way; the apothecary threatening him with the penalties of the law, for that he, a member of the Subordinate Medical Department, had been coerced and bound against his will and all laws governing the liberty of the subject; the pink-shirted Eurasian begging leave to see his mother, who happened to be dying some three miles away: "Only verree, verree short leave of absence, and will presently return, Sar—"; the two constables, armed with staves, bringing up the rear; and Faiz Ullah, a Mohammedan's contempt for all Hindoos and foreigners in every line of his face, explaining to the drivers that though Scott Sahib was a man to be feared on all fours, he, Faiz Ullah, was Authority itself.

The procession creaked past Hawkins' camp—three stained tents under a clump of dead trees; behind them the famine-shed, where a crowd of hopeless ones tossed their arms around the cooking kettles. One must not describe these things.

"Wish to Heaven William had kept out of it," said Scott to himself, after a glance. "We'll have cholera, sure as a gun, when the Rains come."

But William seemed to have taken kindly to the operations of the Famine Code, which, when famine is declared, supersedes the workings of the ordinary law. Scott saw her, the centre of a mob of weeping women, in a calico riding-habit, and a blue-gray felt hat, with a gold *pagri*.

"I want fifty rupees, please. I forgot to ask Jack before he went away. Can you lend it me? It's for condensed milk for the babies," said she.

Scott took the money from his belt, and handed it over without a word. "For goodness sake, take care of yourself," he said.

"Oh, I shall be all right. We ought to get the milk in two days. By-the-way, the orders are, I was to tell you, that you're to take one of Sir Jim's horses. There's a gray Cabuli here that I thought would be just your style; so I've said you'd take him. Was that right?"

"That's awfully good of you. We can't either of us talk much about style, I am afraid."

Scott was in a weather-stained drill shooting-kit, very white at the seams and a little frayed at the wrists. William regarded him thoughtfully from his pith helmet to his greased ankle-boots. "You look very nice, I think. Are you sure you've everything you'll need—quinine, chlorodyne and so on?"

"Think so," said Scott, patting three or four of his shooting-pockets as the horse was led up, and he mounted and rode alongside his convoy.

"Good-by," he cried.

"Good-by, and good luck," said William. "I'm awfully obliged for the money." She turned on a spurred heel and disappeared into the tent, while the carts pushed on past the famine-shed, past the roaring lines of the thick, fat fires down to the baked Gehenna of the South.

(Conclusion in January JOURNAL)



NEIGHBORHOOD TYPES

\* I—TIMOTHY SAMSON: THE WISE MAN

By Mary E. Wilkins

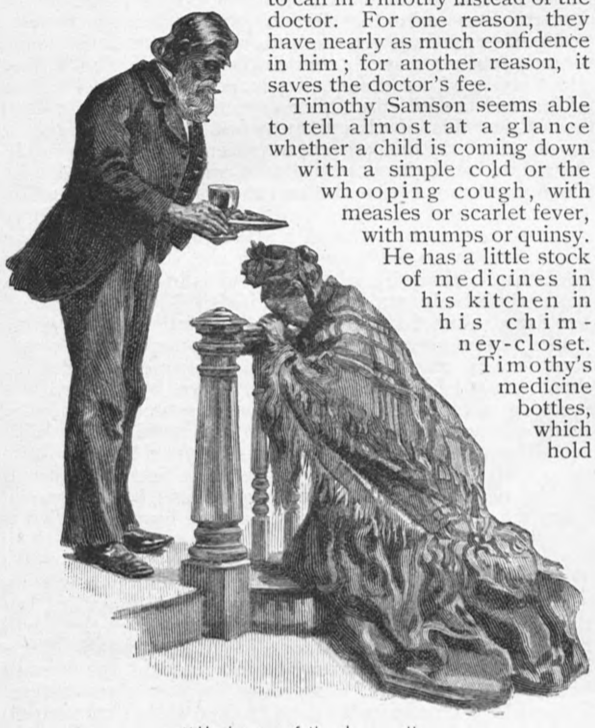
Author of "A Humble Romance," "A New England Nun," "Pembroke," etc., etc.

DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

TIMOTHY SAMSON is not a college graduate. Not more than three men in this village are. I never heard that he was remarkable as a boy for his standing in the district school, but he is the village sage. Nobody disputes it. The doctor, the lawyer and the minister all have to give precedence to him. The doctor may know something about physic, the lawyer about law and the minister about theology, but Timothy Samson knows something about everything.

The doctor's practice suffers through Timothy. If any of the neighbors or their children are ill they are very apt to call in Timothy instead of the doctor. For one reason, they have nearly as much confidence in him; for another reason, it saves the doctor's fee.

Timothy Samson seems able to tell almost at a glance whether a child is coming down with a simple cold or the whooping cough, with measles or scarlet fever, with mumps or quinsy. He has a little stock of medicines in his kitchen in his chimney-closet. Timothy's medicine bottles, which hold



"He is one of the deacons"

a good quart apiece, are always kept replenished. Nothing is ever lacking in case of need. Most of them he concocts himself, from roots and herbs, with a judicious use of stimulants. For this last he is forced to make a slight charge when medicine is taken in large quantities. "I ask just enough to kiver the cost of the stimulants," he says, and little enough it is—only a few cents upon a quart. Timothy's ministrations are simply for humanity's sake and love of the healing art, and not for gain.

He is a cobbler, a mender of the cheap rustic shoes that wear out their soles and stub their toes on our rough country roads. He used, until machine-work came in vogue, to make all the shoes for the neighborhood by hand. Indeed, there are now some few conservative mothers of families who employ him twice a year to fit out their children with his coarse, faithful handiwork. Timothy owns his little cottage house, and his little garden, and his little apple orchard. He paid for them long ago with his small savings, and now he earns just enough by cobbling to pay his taxes and keep himself and his old wife in their plain and simple necessaries of life.

Timothy's shoe-shop forms a tiny ell of his tiny house. In it he has a little rusty box-stove, which is usually red-hot through the winter months, for Timothy is a chilly man; his work-bench with its sagging leather seat, a rude table heaped with lasts, and three or four stools and backless chairs for callers. The hot air is stifling with leather and the reek of ancient tobacco smoke, for Timothy smokes a pipe. A strange atmosphere, it seems, for wisdom to thrive in.

Often an anxious mother is seen to scuttle down the road with her shawl thrown over her head, and disappear from the eyes of neighbors in Timothy's shoe-shop, and reappear with Timothy ambling at her heels.

Timothy is a small, spare old man, and he has a curious gait, but he gets over the ground rapidly when he goes on such errands.

The children like Timothy; they are not as afraid of him as of the doctor. Sometimes one sets up a doleful lament when the doctor is proposed, but is comforted when his mother says: "Well, I'll run over an' get Timothy Samson. I guess he'll do jest about as well."

The children run out their tongues quite readily for Timothy to inspect; they even stretch their mouths obediently for his potent doses. There may, however, be reasons for their preference. All of Timothy's medicines are tintured high with flavors which are pleasant and even delectable to childish palates, and they are well sweetened. So much peppermint and sassafras and winter-green, indeed, does Timothy infuse in his remedies that the doctor has been known to be very sarcastic over it. "Might as well take sassafras-tea and done with it," he said once with a sniff at the dregs of Timothy's

\* The first of a series of character sketches of New England life which Miss Wilkins has written for the JOURNAL. Each sketch has been illustrated by Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens, and all will appear exclusively in the JOURNAL during the year 1896.

medicine when Mrs. Harrison White called him in to see her Tommy, after Timothy had attended him for two weeks. But the doctor was three weeks curing Tommy after that, and she called in Timothy the next time he was sick.

Aside from the pleasant flavors of Timothy's medicines there is another inducement for taking them. Always after taking a dose he tucks into the patient's mouth a most delicious little molasses drop made by Mrs. Timothy.

She makes these drops as no one in the village can, indeed she holds jealously to the receipt, and cannot be coaxed to disclose it. She keeps her husband's pockets filled with the drops; for some occult reason they never seem to stick, even in hot weather.

Mrs. Timothy is a tall, shy, pale old woman who scarcely ever speaks unless she is asked a direct question. There is a curious lack of active individuality about her. At times she seems like nothing so much as a sort of spiritual looking-glass for the reflections of Timothy, and yet he is not an imperious or unpleasantly self-assertive man. Still, great self-confidence he undoubtedly has, and that may eliminate a weaker nature without designing to do so. Perhaps the whole village reflects Timothy more or less, after the manner of his wife.

Many a tale is told of a triumph of his sagacity over the doctors, and people listen with pride and chuckling delight. The doctor is a surly, gruff and not very popular old man, and everybody loves to relate how "the doctor said Mis' Nehemiah Stockwell had erysipelas, and doctored her for that several months, and she got worse. Then they called in Timothy Samson on the sly, and he said, jest as soon as he see her, 'twa'n't erysipelas, 'twas poison ivy, an' put on plantain leaves and castor oil, and cured her right up."

Timothy Samson's triumphs in law and theology are even greater than in medicine. He draws up wills, free of charge, which stand without a question; he collects bills with wonderful success. Everybody knows how he made Mr. Samuel Paine pay the twenty-five dollars and sixty-three cents which he had been owing John Leavitt over a year for wood. John had asked and asked, but he began to think he should never get a cent. Samuel Paine is one of the most prosperous men in the village, too; he owns the grist mill. Finally poor John Leavitt sought aid from Timothy Samson, who bestowed it.

Mrs. Samuel Paine had company to tea that afternoon—the minister and his wife, and some out-of-town cousins of hers who have married well. They wore stiff black silks trimmed with jet, and carried gold watches; the neighbors saw them out in the yard.

They had taken their seats at the tea-table, which Mrs. Paine had bedecked with her best linen and china; the minister had asked the blessing, and Mrs. Paine was about to pour the tea, and Mr. Paine to pass the biscuits, when Timothy Samson walked in without knocking.

He bade the company good-day, and then, with no preface at all, addressed Mr. Samuel Paine upon the subject of his long-standing debt to John Leavitt. He told him that John Leavitt was a poor man, and in sore need of a barrel of flour.

"Poor John Leavitt, he can't afford to have no sech fine company as you've got to-night, an' give 'em no sech hot biscuits and peach sauce, and frosted cake," said Timothy, pitilessly eyeing the table; "he can't have what he actilly needs, 'cause you don't pay your just debt."

Samuel Paine, thus admonished, turned red, then white, but said not a word, only pulled his old leather wallet stiffly out of his pocket, and poor John Leavitt had his barrel of flour that night.

And all the village knows how Timothy settled the dispute between Lysander Mann and Anson White. Anson's hens encroached upon Lysander's young garden; he would not shut them up, and Lysander threatened to go to law. They had hot words about it. But Timothy said to Lysander, with that inimitably shrewd wink of his handsome blue eyes, which must be seen by everybody hearing the story who knows Timothy, "Why don't



"The children run out their tongues quite readily for Timothy to inspect"

you jest fix up a nice leetle coop, an' some nice leetle nests in your yard, Lysander?"

And Lysander did, and Anson shut up his hens when they took to laying eggs upon his neighbor's premises, instead of scratching up his peas and beans.

When theology is in question there is a popular belief in the village that the minister is indebted to Timothy for many a good point in his sermon.

In fact, the minister, who is an old and somewhat prosy man, seldom gets credit among many of his congregation for any bright and original thought of his own. People nod meaningly at each other, as much as to say, "Thet's Timothy Samson." It is universally conceded that if Timothy had been properly educated he would have made a much better parson than the parson. Timothy is especially gifted in prayer, and often seems to bear the whole burden of the conference meeting upon his shoulders. He is one of the deacons, and he passes the sacramental bread and wine with the stately and solemn bearing of an apostle. Indeed, there is something which approaches the apostolic ideal in the appearance of Timothy Samson with his handsome, benignantly-beaming old face, and his waving gray locks. There is only one thing which conflicts with it, and that is the twinkle of acute worldly wisdom and shrewdness in his blue eyes. One cannot imagine an apostle twinkling upon his fellow-men, after that fashion.

Beside the wisdom comprised under the three heads of medicine, law and theology, Timothy has more of varied kinds in stock. He is strangely weatherwise. He seems to read the clouds and the winds like the chapters of a book. We all believe he could write an almanac as good as the "Old Farmers'" if he were so disposed. If the Sunday-school thinks of having a picnic Timothy is consulted, and the day he selects is invariably fair. He has even been known to name the wedding-day instead of the bride.

Not a woman in the village dreams of going abroad in best bonnet and gown if Timothy Samson says it will storm. On the other hand, one sets forth in her finest array, and carries no umbrella, no matter how lowering the clouds are, if Timothy gives the word that it will be fair.

Timothy knows when there will be a drought and when a frost. Often we should lose our grapes or our melons were it not for Timothy's timely warning to cover them before nightfall with old blankets and carpets. Timothy is a master gardener, and knows well how to make refractory plants bud and blossom. He grafts sour and stubborn old fruit trees into sweet and luscious bearing; he knows how to prune vines and hedges and rose-bushes.

Timothy always knows where the blueberries and blackberries grow thickest, and pilots the children thither, and he knows the haunt of the partridge if an invalid has a longing for delicate wild meat.

Timothy's wisdom can apply itself to small matters as well as great, and fit the minutest needs of daily life. If a housewife's carpet will not go down, if her curtains will not roll up, if the stove-pipe will not fit, his aid is sought and never fails. If any one of the thousand little household difficulties beset her, Timothy runs over in his shoemaker's apron and sets the matter right.

If there is any matter which Timothy's wisdom can fail to cover we have yet to find it.

If this sage did not live in our village what should we all be? Should we ever go anywhere without spoiling our best bonnets? Should we have any wisdom at all unless we paid the highest market price for it? And we could not do that, because we are all poor. What shall we do when our wise man is gathered to his fathers? We dare not contemplate that.



"If Timothy gives the word that it will be fair"



## A FRIENDLY LETTER TO GIRL FRIENDS

\* VI—By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney



**D**EAR GIRL FRIENDS: Shall we pass from our talks about books to a talk about society? Is this a jarring, difficult transition? Sometimes much reading makes people unsocial; much thinking sometimes shuts people up. Is this the fault of books and thought, or is it because of the fact that the two planes—of mental sympathies and outside human intercourse—do not always rightly join? I think the latter; it is like a fault—a dislocation—in the geological strata of the earth. To use another simile, it is like the trouble and confusion of sight, when a person's two eyes do not see as one. There is "want of accommodation"; "astigmatism." They have to be fitted with glasses having two different lenses. And that is the way most of us do have to be fitted, in taking ourselves—if there is anything of us—out of our separate life into the world. And yet, "society is the redeemed form of man." Personal association and influence are really—if we can get them as we need them—more than books. They are what we do get—apart from personal form—from books themselves. The inner sympathy and the outer expression—these combined are really society, which is incomplete and unsatisfying if it fail of either. There are so many books, and so many people, of all sorts, and so much easy circulation of both in our day, that every life can pretty surely find something of its own in each. The consequence is a force of common impulse which is almost appalling. From the highest and sweetest human interchange and influence, to the lowest contaminations of folly and crime, we see extreme illustration in the complex and strangely contrasted life of our period.

**W**E read that which we would like to live. We try continually to live that which we have thought and imagined. We want to act in realities, our ideals. We want society, and the play of life, to demonstrate and apply that which is in us. So we come from our books, from our fancies, to the live moving world about us, and seek our place and part. The question of finding it, of having it accorded, is the question of getting into society. We shall all do it, sooner or later. It is only put off by our trying at false, closed gates. The individual comes first; we cannot make society out of anything else than individuals. Be individual, therefore; honestly and contentedly, the best individual you can. Don't trouble about "getting into society," as an obvious achievement. It is no matter whether you make it obvious or not. If you are a genuine anybody, you are in society already, and nothing can keep you out, even though you may be outside some cobweb line of a "four hundred." You have the "innumerable company," and are on the way to your place in it, so long as you keep safe your own reality. Do not be like the lost dog in the express car, whom nobody knew what to do with; "and he didn't know; an' he'd eet his tag." Your destination, your certificate to it, is your character and fitness. The fittest shall survive.

**T**HE best way to grow to your society is to make individual friends. The artificial exclusive thing of clique and numbers is bar and hindrance. In it we cannot give and take freely of our real and best. If we could, if we did, there would be no need to put up barbed fences. There would be no rushing in of those who only want the show and pretense. There is an inmost, behind and notwithstanding all trammels. There are friendships which penetrate straightway to this inmost, and care nothing for the ticket-taking at the gates. There are those who meet each other, even where custom hinders and frets, in the quiet recollection of the truth that Carlyle, unclothing to its essentials a drawing-room company, asserts with his relentless courage; that "such drawing-room is simply a section of infinite space in which so many God-created souls are for the time met together." The trouble is souls have to be covered up; it is the penalty for the sins of Eden. It needs to be, in a measure, the decorum of outward life. So the best waits often silently; or we say profitless things when the very heart of us is burning with a hidden earnestness. Less and less of sincerity, of demonstration, is tolerated; more and more of brick and mortar closes up around the cells in which we separately famish.

And yet, what should we think now of a girl who at an afternoon tea, should, like Miss Bremer's "Angelica," lean back in a rapture against a marble pedestal and pour forth her unsolicited, if exquisite, inspirations? I wonder where would be the "Count Alarik" to clasp her gently round the waist and lift her to the enthronement of the "Altar" beside which she stood? I think she would have the rotunda and the sculptured Socrates to herself in a very few minutes, and that she would receive no more "at home" cards for four to six o'clock crushes. Of course things like that will not do. Even a Corinne would not to-day be crowned at the Capitol. She would more likely be hustled off to a Bedlam or gently put away in a private nerve sanitarium. We don't want wild souls let loose in society. We cannot go to that extreme. Yet shall the other be eventually reached, and society have resolved itself into a solicitously guarded establishment for idiots?

**W**HAT are we to do about it? Are we always to be smothering our best as something abnormal—a queerness—an idiosyncrasy? Because "people do not talk so" at a chrysanthemum show or a luncheon, or such things are never "heard in an electric," are we never to speak from our true selves, and are we never to know each other in the spirit? Must we be so "realistic" as never to lift up our realism? How, without social outrage, are we to make a better thing—the best possible thing—of our human association? Plainly, only by strengthening the foundations. By making the beginning whole and sure; individual character, home-life, personal friendships. Let them be primal, central; let outside social intercourse be occasional, resultant. Contribute to the general what the particular has made of you; then you will bring about the veritable, widening companionship which society stands for; and cease expending your lives in making foolish sign of that which is not.

Society as a pursuit, an end, is a thing without a soul. The home-spirit, from the sharing of which between home and home it grew, has departed out of it. It is dead. It is a corruption. A professional society woman is a parasite upon the world's heart-growth; helping, as a microbe of disease, to eat out its vitality. There is a terrible reaction in the influence of what we make society to be, without its true heart and centre. It is to blame for the many confused problems of our time; it is responsible for the frantic turning of the world upside down. Conventionalities, false effort and restriction, crowd in upon and choke out our most beautiful and sacred realities. True homes become more and more scarce. Society women abandon them; they make of them mere arrival and departure stations in the rush of a whirling round. Women who cannot or who will not maintain the modern artificial conditions, are discouraged and repelled from any home-making at all. They are forced, through the very need of their natures, to outside work and interest for fellowship; and so there is a great deal attempted, from strong desire for the best, that is yet, in its turn untrue, one-sided; adding a fresh derangement to our perplexed systems and theories—our transitional social and political economies.

**A**ND then when it has done all this, society itself is invaded, spoiled, defeated, even on its own plane. Society is very much like tree growth in a tract of country. It has its inevitable successions. There are few old neighborhoods where one who has looked on for fifty years may not be able to trace them. Once there was the grand stateliness of permanent, long-rooted, commanding oaks; there were the gracious seclusions of beautiful, sweet, quiet pine-woods; many pleasant things that were not oaks nor pines, and that did not aspire to be either, yet found congenial place and a safe cherishing. All this lasted peacefully for awhile; then came changes: some old trees died out, some were tempest-smitten; hewers and delvers got in; openings and levelings were made; the natural primitive forest thinned away; the vines and pretty shrubberies of a contented undergrowth disappeared; the ground was laid bare to the sun; and lo! it is now a gay, fluttering multitudinous birch-pasture! The funny thing is, that since the birches have got into the place where the oaks used to be they do not know themselves, that they are not oaks. Once more the only remedy is to go back and plant acorns. The individual—and then the homes—must begin and grow again. Real human being makes the real homes. Perfect homes must be the centres and starting points of the perfect commonwealths. The making of homes is the making of country. Neither polite conventions, careful exclusions, nor ambitious clubs can do the work, or keep out or patch over popular vulgarities or state mischiefs. There was an artist once, who sought to make a beautiful image of the Madonna from a costly piece of sandalwood. All his efforts signally failed; the image lay not in the wood. A voice came to him: "Carve it from the block of oak in your heartplace!" And of that he made his masterpiece—a superb creation.

**I** WISH the girls now growing up could see what a mission they might take up as American women. Our own American women—those of highest training and possibilities—are responsible. There is a great waste of the force which they should be in the nation, either in foolish surface-living, of elegant form and pretense, or in a struggle to assert an outside power. Either way, homes are dropping through, while colleges and clubs flourish; the best element is being drafted away. Families, such as should make the noble increase, or leaven and morally control it, are dwindling to a minority in the community.

One passing word—good-natured, not cantankerous—about clubs: It is borne in upon me—anxiously—that women nowadays, at least in and about the great centres, are clubbing themselves to death. And I think I have found out the heroic reason why. Suddenly—a little while ago—they discovered that they were too many in the world—ever so many to one man—and with a grand sagacity and a yet grander altruism, they set out to thin down, as rapidly and effectively as possible, their own ranks. Naturalists tell us of a wonderful little race of Alaskan rodents, which once in a certain so long reaches an enormous increase, so that its numbers are beyond computation. Then, all at once, of their own accord, they set forth in steady columns, deliberately, comfortably, gayly, picking up their sufficient substance as they go, and even multiplying on the way, until their persistent march brings them to the Pacific Sea, into which they calmly walk, and are drowned. Toward some such brave, pathetic burial and end is the great woman-concourse, of its own sublime will and purpose, marching to-day!

**S**OCIETY, truly regarded, is the enlarged family. The same gentleness, the same consideration, the same hand-in-hand helpfulness should rule and inform, that do so in the best family life. Then if we do not know the best family life how are we to expand into true society? It is the want of this human basis and unity that makes the falsehoods, the hard refusals, the cruelties of bad society. And there can be terrible cruelties.

The "best society" has only justification in being that it can hold up the best, not away from all the rest of the world, but for all the rest to reach to. When, instead of this it crowds down and deprives, it is an oppressor and robber. It strips humanity and leaves it half dead by the way, and the Priest and the Levite look on, and pass by on the other side. Do good people always know what their drawn lines do to them who are shut off by but a hair's breadth, yet against whom the wires press and cut with their invisible forbiddance and torture? I have seen a young girl educated right alongside a privileged few to the same point of capacity and feeling; brought into youthful contacts a little higher—so called—than those her parents' youth had happened to command; and then snubbed and left out until with her eager instincts for companionship, and the first impulsive rush of girlish spirits, she took amusement and friendliness where she could get them, made really inferior, coarse associations, lost the fine sense that had begun to develop in her; made life-mistakes, even failures and indiscretions, which stamped her unhappily; and all from the check and unsatisfying of the more delicate and sweet in her nature which had been denied full recognition. Or, I have seen her, in the midst of a happy, busy and congenial neighborhood, grow gray unshining, and patiently wait out her dull, slow time, until the angels should come for her and take her up into the place with them she had been made ready for. And then the little world that knew her not may send flowers for her burial, and tardily confess that she was a fine, true soul. Yes; when she shall be simply a soul, they can say it; while her soul is in the body she is not of their body, and may walk invisible among them all her days. And I have known a boy fall into yet worse things, from greater exposure, and come to wreck and ruin through want of self-respect and proper confidence; these having been rudely shaken down by the heedless ignoring or repulses of those in more assured traditional place who would not let him in. The society of by-and-by will not be like this. "Every creature's best" will be welcomed to it and help to make it up. And yet it will not be heterogeneous but homogeneous; having grown from the one root in the right, natural, human—which is also the angelic—way.

**I** THINK the good society of the future will not tend to crowds. Great social functions there may be, but there will be a centre, a meaning in them; and there will be an orderly participation for all. A gay gregariousness is not society, whatever may be imagined of the bliss of being "in the swim." Herding is not consociating. Indeed, it is chiefly in the early savage state that men go in droves, like buffaloes, or even antelopes. As they emerge from the animal, sensuous condition, they emerge from the mass, and individuality is distinguished; this lifted up, enlarged, evolved, they draw together afresh by a higher law, on a grander plane; yet with a certain fine separateness, like the separateness of planets in a solar order. It is only when a deterioration, through over-civilization in the material, sets in, and the race falls back into the life of the mere material—which is in another way but savagery once more—that it swarms into multitudes again. This is the confession and self-protective instinct of individual insignificance. The unit makes little or no count except as it can attach itself to a long array of ciphers.

The impositions of an artificial society upon time and personality are destructive of the only real elements of a true association. Little, frittering, life-exhausting etiquettes are demanded even between those who are fitted in a genuine friendship, until friendship tires out, faith dies, and there is nothing left but pasteboard certificates, and a ledger balance of dues and receipts.

**M**Y friend Emery Ann often says things for me which I would hardly venture to say for myself. You remember Miss Emery Ann Tudor, who went to Europe with Miss Patience Strong? Well, then you remember that Emery Ann is graphic, if she is anything. Miss Strong is an old lady now, close upon her three score and ten. She loves the real life-sweetness, and real human beings, as much as ever she did; and loving as much as ever up to seventy years is inevitably loving deeper and more. But she cannot with bodily presence and act keep up her manifestations. A few understand and come the closer. But again a few give her a little love-tweak at the end of a call or letter. "It is so long since you wrote," or, "Now you are so much better I hope you will get into town to see us." Not remembering nor allowing that to be pretty well in her own sunny parlor, with her easy-chair at hand, is not inconsistent with being quite unable to face the northers and easters that blow through Boston streets, or to struggle with the perils of the broomstick trains. Miss Patience feels these little nips in the postscript or in the doorway. They make Emery Ann furious. "I presume," she burst forth one day after she had shown a visitor out, and closed the door with a vigorous certainty of catching the slip-latch, "I presume there's some folks that if they was to come to your funeral would expect you, now you was comfortable, to get up and return the call the next day!"

"Maybe I shall," answered Miss Patience with a lovely unsurprise. "Then there will be no hindrance."

The thought of those words is the best I can leave off with. There will be no hindrance. The unfulfilled will come to its fulfillment; it will learn with joy what it has waited for. And the joy of the great welcoming angels in that Kingdom of the True will be to reach forth the strong, generous, lifting hand to the very least who, tired and sorry with the world, comes to the tender cherishing, the careful encouraging, the loving comradeship of that new sphere to which only the heart, not the circumstance, of the earlier, harder, testing life can enter.

I will bring them all, said the Lord of Humanity, "and there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd."

*Adeline A. T. Whitney*

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FROM A GIRL'S STANDPOINT

\*I—THE MAN UNDER THIRTY-FIVE

By Lilian Bell

Author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," etc.

DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

YOU cannot argue with a man under thirty-five. In fact, I never argue with anybody, either man or woman, because women are not reasonable beings and men are too reasonable. Men never convince me, because my brain is not intricate enough to follow a chain of reason. And when I have proved my point with them without the aid of a trifle like logic,

leaving them bewildered because they are convinced without knowing why, or seeing how I did it, I feel that I have taken a mean advantage of their blundering intellects, and I have the conviction that they have written me down as obstinate or clever, either of which is a fatal reputation to acquire.

Conversation with a man under thirty-five is equally impossible, because the man under thirty-five never converses; he only talks. And your chief accomplishment, of being a good listener, is entirely thrown away on him, because he does not in the least care whether you listen or not. Neither is it of any use for you to show that he has surprised or shocked you. He cares not for your approval or disapproval. He is utterly indifferent to you, not because you do not please him, but because he has not seen you at all. He knows you are there in that chair; he bows to you in the street, oh, yes! He knows your name and where you live. But you are only an entity to him, not an individual. He cares not for your likes and dislikes, your cares, or hopes, or fears. He only wants you to be pretty and well-dressed. Have a mind if you will. He will not know it. Have a heart and a soul. They do not concern him. He wants you to be tailor-made. You are a Girl to him. That's all.

The eyes of a man under thirty-five are never taken off himself. They are always turned in. He is studying himself, and he finds the subject so fascinating that he cannot leave off. He fully indorses Pope's lines, "The proper study of mankind is man," and he is that man. Join in his pursuit if you will; show the wildest enthusiasm in his golf record, or how many lumps of sugar he takes in his coffee, and he will not evince any surprise. You are only showing your good taste. You may hold his attention for a few moments while you eulogize his greatest weakness, but he believes it all so thoroughly that even that soon bores him.

Try to talk to a man under thirty-five on any subject except himself! Bait him with different topics of universal interest and try to persuade him to leave his own point of view long enough to look through the eyes of the world. And then notice the blind stupidity with which he avoids your dexterous efforts, and mentally lies down to worry his Ego again, like a dog with a bone.

I have a whist-loving friend who says the only signal for trumps that he has found to be universally efficacious is to kick his partner's shins. So the only thing I can think of to get the mind of a man under thirty-five off of himself is to build a fire under him.

The conceit of one of these men is the most colossal specimen of psychological architecture in existence. As a social study, when I have him under the microscope, I can enjoy this. I revel in it just as I do in a view of the ocean or the heavens at night—anything so vast that I cannot see to the end of it. It suggests space. But oh, what I have suffered from a mental contact with this phase of him in society! Sometimes he is really ignorant—has no brain at all—and then my suffering is lingering. Sometimes he really knows a great deal—has the making of a man in him—only it lies fallow, because in his opinion what he knows is as naught to what he is; and then my suffering is acute. When success—either business or social, or athletic, or literary, or artistic success—comes to a man under thirty-five it comes pitifully near being his ruin. The adulation of the world is more intoxicating and more deadly than to drink absinthe out of a stein; more insidious than opium; more fatal than death. It unsettles the steadiest brain, and feeds the too ravenous Ego with a food which at first he deemed nectar and ambrosia, but which he soon comes to feel is the staff of life, and no more than he deserves. With success should come the determination to get down on your knees every day and pray Heaven for strength to keep from believing what people tell you, so that you may still be bearable to your friends, and livable to your family.



"Excellent for a two-step"

In classifying men I once was inexperienced enough to declare that a man was only nice after he reached the age of thirty. But some little time since I have added five years to that age, so that the proposition now stands that he is only fit to live after he is thirty-five. It's per-

fectly dreadful to say that. I know that I am getting myself into no end of trouble with injured masculinity, and that a diplomatic feminine contingency will raise a howl of protest, and will read this aloud to men under thirty-five, for the express purpose of disclaiming all complicity with any such heterodox views, and doubtless will be able to make the men believe them. But knowing girls as I do, I know that we have been thinking this for a long time, and that with this declaration of independence the shackles will fall from many a girl's soul, because another girl has dared to speak out in meeting.

Of course I know, too, that girls with nice brothers and cousins and husbands under thirty-five, will also offer violent protest. I'm willing. Doubtless feminine influence has circumvented nature to such an extent that no one would suspect that they were under thirty-five. I am not discussing the girl-trained man or the widowers. Both of these types are as near perfection as a man can get to be. I am only discussing man in the raw.

A man whom girls have trained is really modest. Even at twenty he does not think he knows it all. He is willing to admit that his father and mother have brains, and that thirty years' experience entitles them to a hearing. He also is willing to give the girls a show, to humor them, to find them interesting as studies, but never to claim to understand them. In short, he has many of the charming qualities of the man over thirty-five and the widower. That is the man who is girl-trained. But Heaven help the man who is girl-spoiled! Nor am I withdrawing from my position of making occasional exceptions to this rule in my own acquaintances. But this I say: If I have led any man under thirty-five to think that I consider him an ornament to society, and that I wish him to continue to live, I want him to distinctly understand that I have not let down in my principles, but only that he is a great and glorious exception.



"Under thirty-five"

Far be it from me to say that the man under thirty-five is of no use in this world. He is excellent for a two-step. I have used a number of them very successfully in this way, and have suffered no pain therefrom—except when we stopped to promenade. But I know that the awful thought already has pierced some people's brains: what if the man under thirty-five does not dance? So there you are—clear back to first principles.

Sometimes a man under thirty-five will actually have the audacity to say to me that he takes small pleasure in society because the girls he meets are so silly, and that he must use society small talk in order to meet them on their own ground. I am aghast at his temerity, as he, too, will be when he has heard our side of the subject. When a man over thirty-five says it he has my sympathy, for he is a real sufferer, but his sufferings are as naught to ours. We girls never have allowed ourselves the luxury of vindicating ourselves, or refuting this charge. It is the clever girl who suffers most of all—not the brilliant, meteoric girl—just the ordinarily clever girl, as other girls know her, for a truly clever girl is one who never shows her cleverness to men. It is this sort of a girl who drags upon my sympathies, because she occupies an anomalous position.

Being a real woman she likes to be liked. She wishes to please men. We all do. But what kind of men are we to please? Men under thirty-five! Owing to the horrible prevalence of these men, some girls become neither fish, flesh nor fowl, nor good red-herring. They see their silly, pink-cheeked sisters followed and admired. They know either how shallow these girls are, or else how cleverly hypocritical. Clever girls are also human. They love to go about and wear pretty clothes, and dance and be admired quite as much as anybody. The result is that they adopt the only course left to them, and bringing themselves down to the level of the men, feign a frivolity and a levity which occasionally bring down a criticism upon them from a thinking man, which is, in a sense, totally undeserved. What will not the man under thirty-five have to answer for in the day of judgment?

It is of no use to argue about this state of things. Facts are facts. Men make no secret of the kind of women they want us to be. We get preached at from pulpits, and lectured at from platforms, and written about in "Woman's Columns" and "Gossip of the Fair Sex," telling us how to look to please men, how to care for our teeth and save our souls to please men, until, if we were not a sweet, amiable set, we would say that we thought we were lovely just as we were, and that we were not going to change for anybody.

You lords of creation ought to be very complaisant, or else very much ashamed of yourselves. You send in an order: "The kind of a girl that I like is a Presbyterian without bangs." And some nice girl begins to look up Presbyterian tenets, and buys invisible hairpins and side-combs. Or you say, "Give me an athletic girl." And presto! some girl who would much rather read, buys a wheel, and learns golf, and lets out the waists to her gowns, and revels in tan and freckles. We do everything you men want us to. And then, when you complain about our lack of brains, that we can't discuss current events, and that you have to give us society small talk, I feel like saying: "Well, whose fault is it? If you demand brains we will cultivate them. If you want good looks we will try to scare up some. If you want character we will let you know how much we have concealed about us."

Often it is not that we are not secretly much more of women, and better and cleverer women than you think us. But there is no call for such wares, so we lay character and brain on the shelves to mildew, and fill the show-windows with confectionery and illusion. We supply the demand. We always have, and we always will.

Of course, some of us, together with the men over thirty-five, get very much disgusted with the *debutantes*. But aside from the great superiority they have over girls with thinkers (in regard to the number of men who admire them—for under thirty-five and over fifty all men adore cooing girls with dimples), aside from this, I say, there is something to be said in their behalf. Don't you believe, you dear, unsuspecting men, who dote upon their pliability and the trustfulness of their innocent, lim-



"Whose life-work often may be only to improve them"

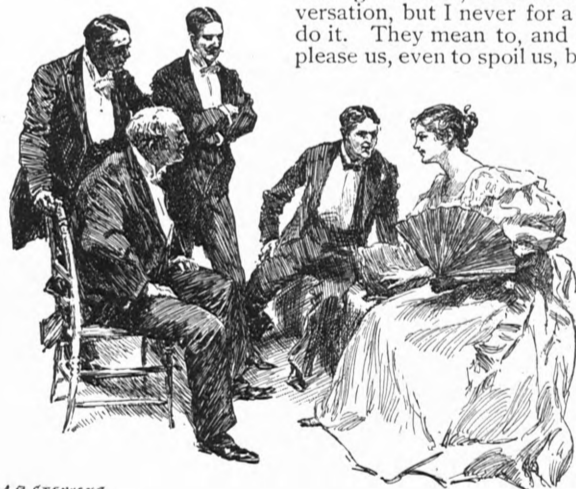
pid, blue-eyed gaze, which meets your own with such implied flattery to your superior strength and intelligence, don't you believe for one instant that the simple little dears do not know exactly the part they are playing. They are twice as clever as the cleverest of you. They feel that they are needed just as they are. The fashionable schools are turning them out in select packages every year, exactly as the men under thirty-five would wish them to be.

They feel this. Therefore they remain as nature or art has made them. Feeling themselves admired by the kind of man they wish to attract, they see no reason to fly in the face of Providence and change. To improve would be to degenerate. I am free to admit that I once thought their beauty was their excuse, but now I see deeper. They are an actual necessity to a certain class of men.

With all your societies for the prevention of suffering, I wonder why nobody has ever organized a Society for the Suppression of Men Under Thirty-five. And yet I suppose that they have their use in this world. So have flies. Girls even marry these men. Nice girls, too. Clever girls—girls who know a hundred times more than their husbands and are ten times finer grained. I wonder if they love them, if they are satisfied with them, if *ennui* of the soul is not a bitter thing to bear? I am always wondering why girls marry them. Every week, almost every day brings me knowledge that some lovely girl I know has found another man under thirty-five, or that some of my men friends of that persuasion have married out-of-town girls. It does not surprise me so much when girls from another city marry them. Most men do not like to write letters, and visits are only for over Sunday. But then it always surprises me to see a clever girl go into a small, country book shop to buy something to read on the train. She wants companionship and she is going on a long journey.

"Did you get something you like?" you ask her. "I got something which will do," she answers you, with the patience of a woman.

Men are always saying, "Well, why don't you tell us the kind of men you would like us to be?" and their attitude when they say it is with their thumbs in the armpits of their waistcoats. When a man is thoroughly pleased with himself he always expands his chest. There is something very funny to me in that question, because I suppose they really believe that they would change to please us. Yes, I really think they do. I do not mind talking about it, because I am sociable and I like conversation, but I never for a moment dream that they will do it. They mean to, and their inclination is always to please us, even to spoil us, but the dear things do not know



"Adore cooing girls with dimples"

how to change. They either cannot or will not change to please the girls, and they think if they can refuse pleasantly, and mentally chuck us under the chin and make us smile, that they have succeeded in getting our minds off a troublesome subject.

Of course, it is partly our fault that we do not insist, but no one wants to be disagreeable. Therefore we choose personal discomfort for ourselves, rather than to demand radical changes in the men which might bring on contention. Thus, if men want to smoke in our faces, we humbly choke and say nothing. If they will not go to church with us, we trot off alone, leaving them to their newspapers. When we get home they have read all they want to and then they are at liberty to be entertained by us.

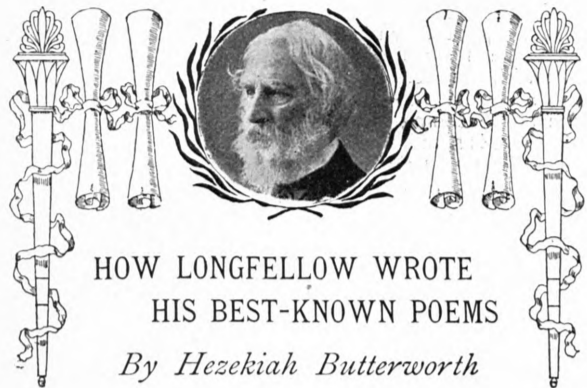
No, women really wish to please men aside from their power of winning them. Whereas, if men can get the girls without any change on their part, they consider themselves a great success. But they might be a little bit surprised if they could read the minds of these very sweethearts and wives whom they have won, whose life-work often may be only to improve them so that they will make some other woman the kind of a husband they should have made at first, and then to lie down and die.

So let them beware how they criticize us unfavorably, no matter what their ages, for the truth of the matter is that we be frivolous or serious, vain or sensible, clever or stupid, rich or poor, we are what the American man has made us. We are supremely grateful to him for the most part, for he has literally made us what we are by the sweat of his brow. But let him beware how he cavils at his own handiwork. 'Tis not for the man under thirty-five to complain of us, when now he knows why we are so.

"I'm not denyin' that women are foolish," says George Eliot, "God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

\*The first of a series of articles written by Miss Bell for the JOURNAL, and which will appear during the ensuing year.





**I** ONCE wrote to the poet Longfellow asking him to give me some account of the circumstances under which he wrote "The Bridge"—

"I stood on the bridge at midnight"—

a poem which an eminent English critic has called "the most sympathetic in the language." I received, in return, a cordial note from the poet in which he said: "If you will come over and pass an evening with me it will give me pleasure to tell you the history of the poem, and also of any of my poems that may have interested you."

A few evenings later found me at the poet's door at his Cambridge home. He was then verging on seventy years, in the fullness of his experience and the ripeness of his fame. I paused at the door before ringing the bell. I felt like Phillis Wheatley, as I can imagine, when the poor colored poet stood at the same door in response to an invitation from George Washington. Opposite the house gleamed the Charles, winding through the Brighton meadows, and according to the poet's fancy, there forming the letter C, and so often recalling to his mind three of his friends whose first names were Charles.

I rang and was shown into a long hall-like room, dimly lighted, in which was a broad table, antique furniture and a tall Colonial clock. The poet was there alone. He arose to meet me and formed a striking and statuesque figure, with his kindly smile and his long white hair and beard. He bade me be seated, and put me at once at ease with his accustomed kindness and grace. He sat down by the table, put his right hand to his head, and his thoughts seemed to go away into a dream of the past.

"And so you would like to know something about the first inspiration of some of my poems, what led me to write them?" he mused. "Well, you are very kind."

"I WILL tell you first how I came to write the 'Psalm of Life.' I was a young man then; I well recall the time. It was a bright day and the trees were blooming, and I felt an impulse to write out my aim and purpose in the world. I wrote the poem and put it into my pocket. I wrote it for myself; I did not intend it for publication. Some months afterward I was asked for a poem by a popular magazine; I recalled my 'Psalm of Life'; I copied it, sent it to the periodical; it saw the light, took wings and flew over the world. There you may see it, written on a Japanese screen!"

He pointed to a high, richly-ornamented screen that stood before a great fireplace. He added an anecdote that I have always regarded as a true picture of his soul.

"When I was in England I was honored by receiving an invitation from the Queen. As I was leaving the palace yard my carriage was hindered by the crowd of vehicles. There came to the door of the coach a noble-looking English working-man.

"Are you Professor Longfellow?" he said.

"I bowed.

"May I ask, sir, if you wrote the 'Psalm of Life?'"

"I answered that I did.

"Would you be willing, sir, to take a working-man by the hand?"

"I extended my hand to him; he clasped it, and never in my life have I received a compliment that gave me so much satisfaction!"

I quote, as well as I can remember, his words.

The anecdote opened to me the heart of the poet and prepared me for what was to follow. I felt that I understood the inner life of the poet whose youth had been spent amid the Deering woods and the far Maine hills and lakes, of the toilers of the forests and on the sea. "Horace" had been the favorite poet of his college days, and amid the patriarchal trees and seclusions of Bowdoin College he had learned that "He who makes agreeable what is useful wins every vote; his book crosses the sea and will enrich the bookseller, and gain for himself imperishable fame." He had the heart to make what is useful agreeable in the interpretations of life, and he studied his inspiration and enriched it by art. "I must study all things, for I will be eminent in something," he said on leaving college. Out of this clear view and open experience came the "Psalm of Life" like a voice. The young world recognized it as its own, and he found his reward in the touch of an English working-man's hand. The honest world had extended a hand to him in the incident.

"I WROTE 'Excelsior,'" he continued, "after receiving a letter from Charles Sumner, at Washington, full of lofty sentiments. In one of the sentences occurred the word 'Excelsior.' As I dropped the letter that word again caught my eye. I turned over the letter and wrote my poem. I wrote the 'Wreck of the Hesperus' because after reading an account of the loss of a part of the Gloucester fishing fleet in an autumn storm, I met the words 'Norman's woe.' I retired for the night after reading the report of the disaster, but the scene haunted me. I arose to write and the poem came to me in whole stanzas."

I quote, as nearly as possible, his own words.

The mystic sound of "Cumnor Hall," in the old English ballad, haunted Sir Walter Scott to write "Kenilworth." The dreary suggestion of the words "Norman's woe" touched the heart of Longfellow and compelled him, as it were, to write a ballad in sympathy with the poor fisher-people of Cape Ann.

"The clock in the corner of the room is not the one to which I refer in my 'Old Clock on the Stairs.' That clock stood in the country house of my father-in-law at Pittsfield, among the Berkshire hills."

The great clock in the room was beating the air in the shadows as he spoke. I could seem to hear it say,

"*Toujours—jamais!  
Jamais—toujours!*"

It was these words by a French author that had suggested to him the solemn refrain:

"*Forever—never!  
Never—forever!*"

"Excelsior" had been set to popular music by the Hutchinsons, when the poet met one evening the minstrel family after a concert in Boston Music Hall. "I have," he said, "another poem which it would please me to have you see. I will send it to you." He did so; it was the first copy of the "Old Clock on the Stairs." One of the family set to music the unconnected words.

"MY poem entitled 'The Bridge,'" he said, in effect, "was written in sorrow, which made me feel for the loneliness of others. I was a widower at the time, and I used sometimes to go over the bridge to Boston evenings to meet friends, and to return near midnight by the same way. The way was silent, save here and there a belated footstep. The sea rose or fell among the wooden piers, and there was a great furnace on the Brighton hills whose red light was reflected by the waves. It was on such a late solitary walk that the spirit of the poem came upon me. The bridge has been greatly altered, but the place of it is the same."

The poet was twice married and "Hyperion," according to a pleasing legend, was written to win the heart of her who became his second wife. Her death, as many know, was pathetic. She had been diverting her children by making figures on the floor with melting sealing-wax, when her dress took fire and she was fatally injured by the flames. It is said that a week after the event the poet appeared on the streets so changed as to excite the surprise as well as the pity of his friends. Age seemed to have come on in a day. Many years afterward, in reference to this event, he wrote the "Cross in the Snow." He used to take a few choice friends into the room where her portrait hung, and turn aside to weep, saying: "That was my dear wife!"

He told me how the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" came to assume their form. He had published a part of the metrical stories in magazines. He desired to include them with others in a continuous narrative, and he thought him of the old Wayside Inn in Sudbury, where his father-in-law used sometimes to give hospitable dinners, but which he himself had only once seen. He placed his story-tellers there. The student was Mr. Wales; the poet, Mr. Parsons, the Dante scholar; the Sicilian, Luigi Monte; the Jew, Edrehi. There were many places described by the poet that he had only seen in his mind's eye. Such were the scenes of Grand Pré, or the "Land of Evangeline," as the country has come to be called, and the Falls of Minnehaha. "I never wished to see Acadia" (Grand Pré), he once said, after the reputation of "Evangeline" had become established. "I would feel that the sight would not fulfill my vision." I think that he once or twice visited the Wayside Inn after he had made it famous by his poem.

THE Indian epic of "Hiawatha" took the world by surprise. Its form and its matter were for a long time mysteries. How could a Cambridge literary recluse produce such an epic? Certain critics claimed that the idea, form and magic treatment of the poem had been borrowed from a Scandinavian sage, and the implication greatly disturbed his publishers, and must have caused his sensitive spirit great pain. It partly eclipsed for a time the new star in the literary horizon on which all eyes were fixed. The criticism was disarmed; the wonder grew; a fixed star had appeared. But the mystery of the poem is simply solved. Longfellow desired to produce an epic that should be in sympathy with all that was most beautiful and noble in the vanishing Indian race. Abraham Le Fort, an Onondaga chieftain, had furnished Schoolcraft, the historian, much Indian lore and many mystic traditions, with certain Indian vocabularies, in which the musical and unmusical sounds of many words indicated their meaning. These traditions and vocabularies made the work of the poet easy. One only needs to read Schoolcraft, to whom the poet acknowledged his indebtedness, to see how this monument to the Indian race, their only great literary memorial, was builded.

THE impression made upon me during that evening's visit was that I was in the presence of a man of a great heart. Everything that he said indicated his sympathy. He had written these things that must appeal to human need, or that must promise hope and help. He was, indeed, a worker not uncareful of art.

"In the early days of art,  
Workmen wrought with greatest care  
Each unseen and hidden part,  
For the Gods see everywhere."

He himself quoted Fitz-Green Halleck as saying: "A little well written is immortality." But with the ambition for perfect work he had yet followed his heart and had so found the way to the open door of humanity.

A little incident happened as I was about to leave which will serve as a side light to such a view. Applications for autographs were daily to be found on his table. He alluded to it and said:

"As a rule, I answer all such requests. If any one so likes my work as to desire my name would it not be discourteous in me to refuse it?"

Some time after I recalled these words when a Boston schoolboy came to me to ask if I thought that the poet would receive a call from him and some of his comrades and would give them his autograph. I remembered the poet's words then and encouraged the boys to make the call. It was a lovely day when they went; winter was melting into spring, and a new light filled the advent of the vernal influence and atmosphere. The poet received the boys with open doors and an open heart. He showed them his literary treasures and the historical rooms of the old house, and wrote verses for them to which he affixed his autograph. Then he sat down with them and they looked out on the Brighton meadows. It was the last time that he gazed on the winding C of the Charles.

He had dwelt in a house "on the way to Mount Auburn," Boston's city of the dead; to Mount Auburn his body was borne, soon after the scene that I have noted, and there it rests with his "three friends," in a simple grave, kept fresh with flowers from friendly hands, under a monument, marked, "LONGFELLOW."

## THE ART OF SOCIAL DISCOVERY

By Agnes H. Morton

**A** VERSATILE woman of my acquaintance, who delights in entertaining odd and clever people, was frequently besieged with requests to introduce some awe-stricken admirer to the object of reverence—the poet, or the reformer, or the distinguished political leader of the hour—and her parlors were often filled with lion and lion-hunters, all as unlike as people are liable to be whose sole bond is a common curiosity about some public character. On one occasion, at luncheon, it was a poet who was to be informally "on view" for the benefit of several people—a fledgling journalist of a critical turn of mind, a shy, sentimental Southern youth, a giggling young lady devoted to fancy-work, another young woman with high art aspirations, two or three society women of no special bent, and a bright, practical young man, an "all-around" science teacher from a neighboring school, who brought with him an old college chum who had just returned from an extended journey around the globe. Besides these, there was a group of young people addicted to tennis.

With much misgiving the hostess prevailed upon the sedate, unsocial poet to join this conglomerate circle, and her heart sank as she observed the slightly contemptuous indifference with which he endured their compound gaze of admiration. Nor was she at all reassured by the cool, iconoclastic expression on the face of the scientist, who evidently did not "think much of" the poet; while the languid air of the tourist implied that he was so used to lions that they no longer impressed him. The artist looked coldly askance at the "impossible" goldenrod on the other girl's embroidery-frame, but made no audible comment. The romantic boy gazed abstractedly at the Great Man to whom he dared not speak, and who quite ignored him. The other women of the group made a few simpering attempts at small talk, but were soon frozen into silence by combined masculine contempt. To crown the dismay of the hostess, her husband brought two business acquaintances home to lunch; one, a prosaic coal merchant from an interior Pennsylvania coal town and the other a "bustling" Chicago architect.

UNFORTUNATELY, the husband of the hostess was a cautiously silent man, and could render his wife no aid, while their two sons—"too big to be whipped, and not big enough to behave"—added much to her burden. She was, therefore, left to battle single-handed, and bravely set about the work of changing incompatibility into sympathy and incongruity into likeness. She united the serious-minded poet and the giddy embroiderer in a discussion of the relative claims of goldenrod and arbutus to be elected the national flower. She interested the scientist and the architect in a "specimen" of stone, found somewhere along the line of the St. Paul and Duluth road, and which proved an object of interest to one as a possible page in nature's record of the earth's history; to the other, as an attractive material for ornamental copings. She drew the coal merchant into the same talk by artlessly inquiring whether this peculiar rock formation was "at all like the shale in the anthracite regions?" which it is not, in the least, as she perfectly well knew, but the voluble denial and elucidation which such lamentable feminine ignorance seemed to demand of the chivalrous masculine mind resulted in such a rivalry of explanation from these representatives of three distinct phases of geological knowledge, that not only was the wide difference between Minnesota and Pennsylvania strata fully established, but also a new topic was started: something about the peculiar features of the Appalachian system, and forms of vegetation found within limited regions. And at this point the hostess addressed a question to the Southern youth, who forgot his shyness, as in reply he gave a most enthusiastic description of the variegated leaves—the winter flowers found on the Blue Mountains of North Carolina. The note of admiration was echoed by all the young ladies, and the artist broke her haughty reserve, and eagerly asked that some of these rare leaves might be sent to her by mail, which the youth, no longer awkward, gracefully promised should be done. And then the goldenrod-arbutus debaters, sniffing this poetical zephyr, joined the general circle, on the "common ground" of a dainty frost-tinted "evergreen" leaf. But this "tilting, tilting" platform was too perilously delicate for the ponderous business men of the group to stand upon for any length of time, so the hostess made haste to remark, apropos of rare plants, on the odd contradictions in nature: as, for instance, the fact that the most succulent plants—as the cacti and aloes—"grow in the driest places," to which remark she quickly correlated a reference to the possible future of irrigation, and thus at a bound she landed the solid men on terra firma once more, before the slender stem of the leaflet gave way under them, and set them vigorously at work digging imaginary aqueducts all over the Rocky Mountain plateau, in which enterprise the young journalist did very effective work.

BUT lest the poet should grow listless again she managed a comment on the rarefied atmosphere, and the mirage of the Western plains, asking the tourist to compare it with the similar phenomenon in the Arabian Desert, which reminded some one to ask him if he sailed through the Suez Canal while on his recent Oriental trip, and this, by the law of association, finally brought them back to the Panama project, and the Monroe doctrine, gigantic government schemes generally, and a question as to whether the much-talked-of "ship canals" would ever transect the States. The conversation at this point growing suspiciously "heavy" for the young people, the hostess rescued it from dullness by playfully wondering whether some day the "canal party" would supersede the "trolley party," and, of course, this suggestion inspired some animated remarks on the merits and demerits of the popular fad, concerning which nearly everybody had some decided opinion. And so, on and on, from subject to subject, until every one present had been drawn into the conversation, and once there, held there by the tireless zeal of one determined woman.

Long before the hour arrived for the departure of the guests, the conversation, so lugubriously begun, had proven to be a cumulative success. The result was that everybody congratulated himself on the discovery of something interesting in a field never before explored. And, perhaps, the pleasantest discovery of all was the social discovery of each other.





"Louie came in for a good share of notice"

# THE VIOLET

By Julia Magruder

Author of "A Beautiful Alien," "The Princess Sonia," etc.

DRAWINGS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

WHEN you can give me no reference except yourself?"

"None whatever. Isn't that enough?"

"Oh, of course it's enough," said Mrs. Blair, "but then, you see, you are going off to the ends of the earth as soon as you are married, and I should have no one to complain to, in case Louie's chaperon should prove to be unsatisfactory."

"But she will not," said the bride-elect, who had stolen the few moments necessary for this conference out of a sort of cyclone of wedding preparations, and who, politely, but very plainly, manifested her desire to be brief. "You may take my word for it that you will not want to complain. I tell you she is perfection as a chaperon, and

as she was mine for a year, and you profess to have faith in my opinion and judgment—what more do you want?"

"Oh, of course that is enough, really," said Mrs. Blair, "but I can't see why you are so sure that she will give no account of herself, and will not be able to refer to any one but you. Being English and all that, and quite out of the range of my knowledge and experience, it seems to me I am hardly doing my duty by Louie Wendell, if I don't satisfy myself wholly as to the woman who is to be so intimately associated with her."

"Quite true!" said Elinor Dexter, rising to her feet, "and unless what I have told you does satisfy you, you must look elsewhere. I'm awfully sorry not to be able to give you more time this morning, my dear Mrs. Blair, but, with a dressmaker, a maid and several excited relations waiting to consult me about various vital matters, I am obliged to leave you. I can only repeat what I have already said—that Mrs. Bertrand is the most ideal of chaperons—a thorough lady, a good and lovely woman, and one of the most delightful, as well as improving companions that a young girl could possibly have. My dear mother confided me to her, for a year's travel abroad, with perfect confidence, and when I was summoned home on account of her illness I tried to induce Mrs. Bertrand to come with me and to make my home her own. I have long looked upon her as my devoted friend, and I can say no more than what that implies."

A few moments later Mrs. Blair took leave, as satisfied as so exacting a woman could ever be. Miss Dexter was to cable for Mrs. Bertrand at once, but with the understanding that she was to come to her at first, and remain her guest until after her wedding, an arrangement as to which the bride-elect was inquisitive.

Louise Wendell was, at eighteen, unusually alone in the world, her nearest relative being her father's mother, an old woman who had spent her life in a small rural community very unlike the world in which her granddaughter's lot was cast. Old Mrs. Wendell had recently come to make her home with Louie, but was, of course, utterly unequal to the task of taking her into society, so this devolved chiefly upon Mrs. Blair, who was the sister of the young girl's mother. She, however, had home duties, and an irritable and tyrannical husband,

and it was obvious that some one was needed to chaperon Miss Wendell at home and to be a companion for her. The selection and engagement of this person was a duty which naturally fell upon Mrs. Blair. This lady, though inherently exacting and hard to please, had settled the matter with far more decision and promptness than was usual to her, for the reason that, if there was an opinion to which she deferred, with an almost slavish conformity, it was that of Elinor Dexter. The latter was not only one of the most prominent and important girls in society, with immense social vogue and influence, but she

was also about to make a marriage which would give her, as a married woman, a position which the somewhat sycophantic soul of Mrs. Blair regarded almost with reverence. There was but one difficulty which she foresaw, and that was the fear that a paid chaperon, who was on terms of friendship with Miss Dexter, might possibly give herself airs. She reflected, however, that Miss Dexter would, by that time, be Mrs. Egerton King and well on her way to the East, and so she was content.

As for Louie herself, no girl could have been more amiable and easy to please. She loved her grandmother, and she even loved her somewhat unlovely Aunt Caroline, but to tell the truth, the love of Louie was no very great tribute, as she loved pretty much every one. As for Miss Dexter, Louie did not know her very well, being so much younger, but most of the *débutantes* had Elinor Dexter held up before them as a being to be recognized as worthy of worship, if imitation were impossible. Louie thought her magnificent, beyond expression, and when she heard that her new chaperon was spoken of by Miss Dexter as her friend, she felt somewhat overawed, but, at the same time, consciously flattered and delighted.

There could scarcely have been a stronger contrast than that which existed between Miss Wendell's two near relatives. Her grandmother, little, timid, ignorant, deprecating and anxious for every one to know that she was insignificant and not to be considered, so that, in that way, she might escape worry and shirk responsibility—and her aunt, showy, fashionable, self-assertive, lording it over every one, except those whom she felt to be in a position for her to subservise, in which cases she was astoundingly humble. Mrs. Wendell she regarded with a scarcely-concealed contempt, and, as far as possible, ignored her altogether—a course which made the little old lady deeply grateful—for to have been noticed by Mrs. Blair would have made a demand upon her forces to which she felt herself quite unequal.

Louie, in the ardor of her anticipation of the arrival of her chaperon, occupied herself in beautifying and making comfortable one of the best rooms in the house for her use. It opened into her own little morning-room, and on the other side of this was her own bedroom. Nothing would do but the expected lady's room must have new curtains and hangings, and when these had been decided on she found that the wall-paper did not harmonize, and so this must be torn down and a new design put up. She threw herself into the task with enthusiasm and directed, and even helped her maid in the sewing on of curtain rings and such things, a proceeding which pleased her little grandmother as much as the extravagance of all this expenditure shocked her. For the keynote to so much of character and individuality as the dear little old lady possessed was economy. She was a being incapable of enjoying luxury, because it could only exist at the expense of what was a still dearer indulgence to her—that of saving. This trait had no element of selfishness in it, for she had no wants to indulge—indeed her greatest trial now consisted in being compelled to conform to a luxury which she would so far rather have done without. It simply pained her to see money spent in what she regarded as superfluities, and in her eyes anything that went beyond necessity was a superfluity.

## II

THE marriage of Miss Dexter to Mr. Egerton King was an event which made a sensation in society even at the outset of an unusually brilliant season. The bride-elect was, of course, absorbed in preparations and important functions, and it proved impossible for Mrs. Blair to



"Mrs. Bertrand had now become the chief object of interest"



secure an interview with her. She had, therefore, to content herself with the tidings conveyed in a note to the effect that Mrs. Bertrand had cabled that she would accept the position, and would enter upon her new duties immediately after the wedding. Miss Dexter added that she would, until that time, claim her friend's society, but that she hoped Mrs. Blair would call.

Mrs. Blair accordingly did call, not only once but twice; but, on both of these occasions, she was told that Mrs. Bertrand was out—once with Miss Dexter, and again driving with Mr. King. The latter announcement rather disconcerted the visitor, and she came away saying to herself that she hoped the new chaperon would not have her head turned by all this notice taken of her by Elinor Dexter, and might not prove troublesome by giving herself airs, and expecting to go into society, a thing which she must make her understand was not to be thought of for a moment. Louie also must be warned about this, for she was as impulsive as Miss Dexter, though not, Mrs. Blair reflected with satisfaction, of such a bold and determined cast of mind, and could more easily be conformed to rule. She resolved to speak to Louie at once on the subject of keeping the new chaperon in her place and also to get Mr. Jerome to speak to her. Mr. Jerome was Louie's guardian and cousin on her mother's side—a brilliant and busy lawyer, who was, however, never too much occupied to take a warm interest in the affairs of his ward, of whom he was genuinely fond.

In course of time, Louie also received a note from Miss Dexter. It came only two days before the wedding, and it invited her to come next afternoon to tea and meet Mrs. Bertrand. The note was charming. It had just that mixture of equality and superiority which appealed to Louie. She was pleased with the familiarity of it, and at Miss Dexter's calling her "Dear Louie," and she was also pleased at the slight tone of *de haut en bas* in which Miss Dexter told her of what a privileged girl she was to have secured the companionship of such a woman as Mrs. Bertrand, and gave her some hints as to how to take her. Louie was in a flutter of delight as she told her girl friends of her invitation. To be asked to take tea with Miss Dexter on the day before her wedding gave her at once a great importance in their eyes.

When Louie's carriage stopped before the Dexters' handsome house there were florists' carts and delivery wagons blocking up the way, and when she entered the great hall there, also, were interesting signs of the preparations for the great event of the morrow. It was all the more agreeable, in connection with this, to be conducted through the more public parts of the house to Miss Dexter's own small sitting-room up-stairs. The servant opened the door and announced her, and then withdrew. Entering the room, Louie found that there was but one person in it, a slender figure, seated at a table, writing. As this figure rose and came toward her the girl got an impression of a very graceful outline dressed in a soft tea-gown of shades of purple which suggested violets. The odor of the same flower, from a small bunch at her throat, heightened the impression which the face of this woman, when she saw it, did not disturb. There was a look of frailness in her, despite a very exquisite complexion, which was clear white, and without color except in the red lips which were rather full in their modeling. Her hair was reddish and very thick, parted smoothly and waving backward from the temples and brow. She was of medium height and very slender, but her wrists, which were bare, were beautifully round, as was also her white throat, above the lace of her gown.

"This is Miss Wendell?" she said, with an agreeable mingling of tentativeness and self-possession in her manner. "I am your new chaperon, Mrs. Bertrand."

She offered her hand, which Louie quickly took, her heart bounding with pleasure at the quite unexpected charm of appearance in her new acquaintance. Only she did wish that she would call her Louie, instead of Miss Wendell!

"Will you sit down here and let us talk a little?" said Mrs. Bertrand. "Miss Dexter is purposely leaving us alone, to make acquaintance."

She spoke with a clear, distinct and somewhat foreign-sounding utterance, and in a beautiful deep English voice. Even in these few words, Louie recognized that charm in her, and in the many more which followed the impression deepened. She was simply dressed, and had about her no ornament nor jewel of any kind. The hands and wrists were devoid of such, and so were throat and ears, but the details of her toilette were all fine and finished. Louie noticed the texture of the little handkerchief on her lap, and also the shape and quality of her slippers, and in all about her there was such an air of accustomedness to what was rich that she could not recognize the possibility of paying her a salary for her services.

They sat and talked together until Miss Dexter came in. She looked imposing and handsome, almost too much so, Louie thought, contrasted with the supple grace and fineness of the other. All the same, she was very charming—kissed Louie and called her by her name, and was altogether most flattering in her familiarity. Tea was brought in and candles lighted, and in their tender glow Louie thought her new acquaintance distinctly beautiful, instead of merely charming and lovely, as she had thought her before. In a few moments there was a tap at the door, which opened to admit Mr. Egerton King, who, however, checked the familiar smile on his lips as he saw that there was a stranger present. Miss Dexter introduced Louie and then gave him an easy left hand (on which his diamond shone), as she used the right one in pouring tea. Then the young man walked round to where Mrs. Bertrand sat and shook hands with her with a manner so friendly that Louie divined a feeling of real affectionateness between them.

"You entered upon a function that was in progress," said Miss Dexter, as Mr. King sat down near her. "Violet has been under inspection by her new missis."

"On the contrary, I am to be the missis," Mrs. Bertrand began, when Miss Dexter interrupted her by saying:

"You must know, Louie, that it is against my indignant protest that Violet continues this thing of accepting situations. It makes me hot whenever I think of it, but she's stubborn as a mule—I'll give you that light on her character. I wanted her to live with me, and even Egerton, who rebelled at the idea at first, has done his best to persuade her, since he has known her, but all to no avail. She is bent upon this absurd idea of being independent, and since she is so I am glad that you are to be the profiter by it."

"Yes, I must say I consider you both unreasonable

and obstinate, Violet," said Mr. King, "but I live in hopes that you will repent, and come to us yet. In the meantime Miss Wendell will take the best care of you, I am sure."

"You forget," said Mrs. Bertrand laughing, "that it is my part to take care of Miss Wendell. Things are becoming mixed, and it's a good thing, I think, that in two more days I shall get out of these unnatural conditions and into my own place."

Somehow Louie felt quite hurt. There seemed to be an implication that, once with her, in a salaried position she would not receive nor expect the friendliness and kindness which she had here, and Louie, who already loved her, looked at her reproachfully. She was not conscious that her eyes had that expression until Mr. King said:

"Your own place is sure to be a pleasant place with this young lady—there can be no doubt of that," and Mrs. Bertrand said promptly:

"I have not a quail, I assure you, now that I have seen Miss Wendell."

"Louie's a little dear," said Miss Dexter, "in fact, I find her, on better acquaintance, almost too much so for my satisfaction. I am afraid Violet will never want to leave her."

"Some one will probably spare Violet the pains of doing so," said Mr. King, "by carrying Miss Wendell away."

"Ah, that is what I look forward to always," said Mrs. Bertrand, "and another man so situated is not going to show your generosity, Egerton. So I shall be spared in the future the pain I have had in saying no to you and Elinor now."

Louie sat and listened to all this, delighted and amazed. How sweet, how warm-hearted, how unworldly it all seemed, and she had always supposed these people—the Kings and the Dexters—to be the very highest exponents of the spirit of worldliness! It was so sweet and pleasant here that she hated to go away, but she felt that her presence might, at this important and significant time, be inconvenient, so she handed Mr. King her teacup and rose to take leave. She said a few shy words of congratulation to Miss Dexter on the event of to-morrow, ending with: "I do hope you'll be very, very happy."

"Bless you, child, I'm that already! It began some time ago."

"Yes, I don't think we feel that we are experimenting," said Mr. King. "We knew each other a long time, and tested each other thoroughly. That is the solid preparation for happiness in marriage."

Louie saw Miss Dexter glance quickly at Mrs. Bertrand as these words were spoken, and she noticed the latter turn away, as if she avoided meeting her gaze. For the first time it occurred to her that there might be some mystery about Mrs. Bertrand's marriage, and this idea made her manner all the sweeter when she gave her hand to her chaperon at parting, and said:

"I don't know what I have done to deserve you, Mrs. Bertrand, but I am very grateful for you, all the same. I can't expect to make you happy, as Miss Dexter and Mr. King could have done, but I will do my best—and I can promise you that I will love you."

To this Mrs. Bertrand responded so charmingly that the young girl drove homeward in a state of ecstasy.

### III

AT the time of Miss Dexter's wedding Louise Wendell had not made her formal entrance into society, but the bride had specially requested her to come, and Mrs. Blair was well pleased to show off her pretty niece at such a gathering of the notables of the world of fashion. It was an hour of great importance to Louie, and as she sat under her aunt's magnificent wing in the crowded church she felt happily conscious of having a nearer relation to the present event than had those about her. She was eager to see the bride, but even she was second in interest—to Louie, at least—to the bride's friend, for whose advent she now looked anxiously. The church was so full that the only vacant seats now remaining were those reserved for the immediate friends and family of the bride and bridegroom. And now, with a beating heart, she saw the ushers preceding a little knot of people up the aisle to admit them to these seats.

"Mr. and Mrs. George Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, Frank Dexter," whispered Mrs. Blair, ticking them off to Louie, "and who in the world is that?"

She put up her tortoise-shell lorgnette and leveled it, with bold curiosity, at Frank Dexter's companion—a *szelle* figure, in a very distinguished costume of gray velvet, fitting her like a sheath, with no trimming but a little band of feathers at throat and wrists, and no profusion of drapery except in the large sleeves, the massed folds of which threw out more distinctly the smooth perfection of the body between them. A small bonnet of violets completed the costume, a delicate veil being drawn over the clear-skinned, marvelously fair face and over a portion of the sorrel-colored hair at each side, dimming its brightness there only to throw it out more exquisitely where above her lovely throat it glowed like burnished copper. A bunch of fresh violets at her throat threw around her a little atmosphere of delicate odor as she passed up the aisle.

"Who can she be? I never saw anything quite so *chic*," said Mrs. Blair, and Louie answered demurely:

"She is Mrs. Bertrand."

"Mrs. Bertrand!" exclaimed her aunt with something like a shock showing itself in her face. "Impossible!"

"But it is," said Louie confidently. "Isn't she lovely?"

"H'm!" returned Mrs. Blair, with a little sniff of dissatisfaction. "I must say she does not look at all the person for her place. We must see that she does not give herself airs. In the first place she's quite too young. She looks like a girl."

"All the better for me," said Louie. "You and grandmamma are really chaperons enough for me. What I want is a friend and companion."

"What I want for you is a chaperon—a person fully qualified to give you the supervision and guidance which I have not the time for and your grandmother has not the experience and capacity for. This, Elinor Dexter assured me Mrs. Bertrand possessed and Elinor ought to know."

"I am sure it will be all right, Aunt Caroline," said Louie soothingly.

She was watching eagerly the glances of interest which were being bent from all quarters upon the elegant figure in the gray gown and violet bonnet, to whom the bride's brother was whispering some low sentences with an air of

marked interest. They were answered only by a bow and a grave look meant evidently to check him. Mrs. Bertrand was very pale and her face looked serious and almost cold, in contrast to the feeling written there when Louie had seen it last.

But now the desultory prelude from the organ changed into a sonorous burst of full chords, and the bishop and clergyman entered the chancel, as Egerton King and his brother came out and stood waiting. The bridal procession came slowly up the aisle, but Louie scanned hastily the other faces until her eager gaze rested on that of the bride. She was grave, white, still as a statue, advancing slowly on her father's arm, and while Louie admitted in her heart that she looked superb, still, while the congregation were absorbed in examining the back of her dress and her veil, the young girl's eyes strayed off to Mrs. Bertrand and rested on her during the whole ceremony. She saw the guarded coldness of her expression relax and soften, and the eyes which rested on her friend before the altar fill with tears. She was near enough to note that two large drops overflowed and fell upon her cheeks, and she saw the quiet motion with which they were gently absorbed through the veil by her crushed handkerchief. She also saw the strong effort for self-control which followed this act, and that it was not in vain. After one swift look upward, as if to free her lids and lashes from the heaviness of tears, there came a look of restored self-possession over the fair face, and by the time the ceremony ended Mrs. Bertrand was entirely composed and calm.

When the bride and bridegroom had disappeared down the long aisle, and while the congregation kept their places to allow the immediate friends and family to follow, there could be no doubt in Louie's mind, or in any other, that Mrs. Bertrand had now become the chief object of interest. No one knew where she came from, though many were able to pronounce where her clothes came from, and Louie felt quite elated, when in going down the aisle the much-discussed lady recognized her, and gave her a charming smile and bow.

And later, in the crowded rooms where the reception was in progress, when the bride and bridegroom had been spoken to and while the bride's family were being congratulated and condoled with by Mrs. Blair, Louie, to her great delight, found herself near Mrs. Bertrand, who smiled with genuine pleasure at seeing her, and taking her hand said affectionately:

"You don't know what a delight it was to see your familiar face in all that sea of strangeness. I cannot bear a crowd, and I don't think anything less than Elinor's wedding would have taken me into one. But isn't this your aunt, and will you not introduce me to her?"

The familiarity of her manner changed instantly to formal politeness as she bowed to Mrs. Blair, who did not offer her hand. Mrs. Bertrand expressed at once her regret at not having seen Mrs. Blair when she called, and then asked at what hour the next day it would be convenient for Mrs. Blair to receive her.

At this moment Frank Dexter came up and said earnestly:

"Do be amiable, Mrs. Bertrand, and let me introduce to you some people who are simply clamorous for the honor. I know I promised—"

"And you've got to keep your word. Please don't distress me by forcing me to meet all these strange people. You have interrupted a talk with Mrs. Blair which is really important to me. Please do as I ask. You know this is my one appearance in society and you did promise to respect my wish."

The young man shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows and disappeared, but in the hands which next laid hold of Mrs. Bertrand she did not come off so easily. It was the bride herself, who, in a momentary ebb in the tide of congratulations, summoned her friend peremptorily to her, and introduced her to a chosen few who she well knew would soon circulate through the whole of their acquaintance the fact that Mrs. Bertrand had been introduced by Elinor Dexter King as her dearest friend, and was to be treated accordingly. After that Louie had little chance of a private word with her new friend, for people came up and talked and introduced others, and whether it was curiosity or not it took up the time and attention to which Louie would fain have laid claim.

She soon found, however, that she had affairs of her own to look after, for people were being also introduced to her, and some old friends of her mother's talked to her very kindly and promised to give her a hearty welcome into society. She was known to be one of the promising *débutantes* of the season, and there was, therefore, a good deal of curiosity about her, and after the bride and Mrs. Bertrand had been examined and passed upon, Louie came in for a good share of notice. Perhaps that which was the most marked came from Frank Dexter, who lingered about her a long while, and to whom Louie talked with immense animation, owing to a fact which he was, perhaps, unconscious of—namely, that the subject of their talk was Mrs. Bertrand.

"You're in luck, by Jove!" said young Dexter, "I wish I were going to have her for my chaperon! She's a perfect jewel, and the entire establishment—Egie King included—are in love with her. Even my father, who generally goes slow, has done his best to make her throw you over and spend the winter with us, but she won't! She says she's a bread-winner and she's put her hand to the plow and that sort of thing! She has a history and a mystery, of course. Elinor knows all about it, but she's as close as wax. We can't get a thing out of her, and The Violet herself (that's what we all call her—Egie King started it) is the sort of person one couldn't pump."

This appellation delighted Louie, and as she glanced at the being to whom it belonged she got an impression of such coldness and formality in the manner, and such great reserve in the expression with which she was talking to a group of people that she said abruptly:

"I think The Violet is purposely shutting up now, and holding in both her beauty and her fragrance."

"Oh, she can do it—none better!" said young Dexter. "When she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't! Elinor thinks now that she has forced her into some sort of relation with society here, but I rather think she'll find herself mistaken. The Violet can draw a line as well as any one I know when the notion seizes her, and I fancy she means to draw it here. So—if my reading of her comes true—you are likely to have a monopoly. I'm coming around, however, to see if you will not share it with me. May I?"

(Continued on page 40 of this issue)



\* MY FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE

By Mary Anderson de Navarro



EARLY IN HER STAGE CAREER

**M**Y desire to become an actress came to me in my early schoolgirl days, and increased into a fixed, definite purpose as I grew in years and understanding. The matter was very much discussed at home, and after it was finally decided that I should be allowed to follow my inclination, or convictions, that the stage presented to me the opportunities for a career, we were confronted by the serious difficulty of obtaining sufficient funds to admit of what we considered the requisite preliminary steps—a trip to New York City for an interview with Mr. George Vandenhoff, who advised and instructed dramatic aspirants. The money, however, was eventually obtained, and the greatest difficulty that stood in my way removed. After an interview with Charlotte Cushman (whose kind interest in me I can never forget), and assured that only good characters in good plays would be attempted, my mother became greatly interested in my work, and in every way her help became of inestimable value to me.

It was with delight that we started for New York. Apart from the novelty of a first long journey, and the pleasure of watching the varied scenery, I felt an indescribably joyous gratitude to Heaven in realizing that every mile was taking me to further advancement in my work, and nearer to the life I was longing to begin. Arrived at our destination, and marveling at the great city, I found myself in the home of my mother's people. For the first time I saw my excellent grandparents, and we immediately lost our hearts to one another. They seemed to realize that the severe, though well-meant, discipline with which they had brought up their children had been a mistake, and, as most of us do, on becoming conscious of our errors, rushed to the other extreme, allowing me to rule, a monarch supreme. They were charmingly old-fashioned people. Though they had left their home at Düsseldorf when first married, and had spent the most part of their lives in America, their strong German accent never left them. Knowing their violent prejudice against the theatre we decided not to reveal to them the object of our visit, and my ambitions and hopes were likewise kept from Pater Anton. It was painful to hold back from them what was so engrossing to us, but we feared an estrangement. Being tempted on one occasion to confess all, I began by mentioning the name of Edwin Booth. They had heard it, or had

seen it on some street-poster, but—"These actors with their dreadful painted faces, their lives of unwholesome publicity and excitement, and the vanity it all leads to, why should you speak of them?" I discreetly dropped the subject, feeling it would be kinder to leave them in ignorance of my plans.

The first interview with Mr. Vandenhoff was most disheartening. Though already advanced in years, he was full of fire and vigor. The expression of his face was stern and far from encouraging; and his manner on that day was annoying in its extreme brusqueness. He insisted upon my reading from a book. This was a blow;

a book is such a hindrance when you know the words thoroughly. I began the first scene from "Richard the Third":

"Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,  
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried!"

"Stop!" he thundered, "you would split the ears of the groundlings with a voice like that."

This reproof, though he nearly split our ears in uttering it, was well merited, for I had not yet learned that one cannot touch the heart by piercing the ear. But it seemed then a cruelly unjust rebuke. His constant interruptions embarrassed and put me at my worst. Tyro-like, I chafed and champed under the curb, and my relief knew no bounds when the ten lessons, of an hour each, were over. The experience, however, had tamed, clipped, and done me general good, and I shall always be grateful to that capital actor and teacher of declamation for showing me the folly of attempting male characters, and for suggesting "Juliet," "Julia," "Pauline" and "Evadne" as better suited to my sex and youth. He had met my unbridled enthusiasm with a calm, businesslike check at every turn, which, though painfully irritating at the time, was very beneficial afterward. Though we met no more as master and pupil, he continued till the time of his death a kind and helpful friend.

Returning to Louisville, study was begun on a new plan. I had learned from Mr. Vandenhoff to turn my den into a stage. Imagining one of the walls the auditorium, it needed but a step further to crowd the house with an enthusiastic public, and a small audience was never seen in that theatre. Chairs were made to represent the different characters, and a bust of Shakespeare (the Chandos, to my mind the finest of all, though unfortunately not as authentic as the Stratford) was placed at a proper height, and converted into the "leading juvenile." "Clifford," "Claude," "Colonna," were the parts assigned to it, but as "Romeo," I imagined, it looked least stony. Six months of solitary work was now begun. Dancing and music, of which I was passionately fond, were renounced, and my girlhood friends and companions given up. The exaggeration of youth led me to believe that complete concentration on the one subject alone would lead to success. The labor was particularly hard, working as I did in the dark, having no one to consult and no experience to guide me. I longed for help, which never came, except from my mother, who was as ignorant as I of the rules of dramatic art. Still we worked on incessantly, I producing effects, she criticising them to the best of her ability.

Often in the middle of the night I would awaken her to show some new point. Indeed, I owe more to her constant and loving interest and encouragement than I can ever hope to repay. To get the hollow tones of "Juliet's"

voice in the tomb, and better realize my heroine's feelings on awakening in her "nest of death, contagion and unnatural sleep," I frequently walked to Cave Hill, Louisville's beautiful cemetery, there to speak her lines through the grilled door of a vault. Had a thorough schooling in the art been possible, instead of these random and unguided efforts, my work would have been halved and its results doubled.

After a year of this in many ways useless labor, no engagement seeming possible even in the distant future (we knew no manager), I grew ill with weariness and discouragement. Hope had almost sunk beneath my horizon when John McCullough was announced to appear in Louisville. Anxious to cheer me † Dr. Griffin pocketed his pride, and without an introduction, called upon the actor. Telling him of my despondency, he gave a description of my work as seen through his prejudiced eyes. McCullough hated stage-struck people and said as much. He came to our house, he afterward owned, only to rid himself of Dr. Griffin's importunities. It was humiliating for my excellent friend and stepfather

to have to beg an audience of one on whom he had no claim, but he kept to his point and at last won the actor's consent to give me a hearing. As may be imagined, when "Spartacus" arrived he was in a gladiatorial mood, ready to combat the entire family, its stage-struck heroine in particular. Seeing that we listened to his tirade against "would-be actors" quite unmoved, he changed his manner, yawned, looked bored and was generally disagreeable. "I have only a quarter of an hour," he said, "and as you will have my opinion of your daughter's abilities, she had better begin at once. Be on your guard (to me)—"

† Mrs. de Navarro's stepfather, who subsequently became her manager.—EDITOR.

Portraits, Her Early Stage Career, and Made for Friends, by Downey, London; Her Earliest Juliet, by Mora, New York.—EDITOR.

I shall observe every look and tone and criticise your work unsparingly." In spite of his discouraging manner and words, I went through the potion scene of "Romeo and Juliet," forgetting the stern critic entirely after the first few lines. When I had finished his manner had changed. He remained for several hours, acting with me scenes from all the plays I knew.

After months of rehearsing with the dumb bust in my imaginary theatre, it was with an indescribable emotion that I found myself acting for the first time with a living, breathing "Colonna," "Claude," "Macbeth." After our first interview, which began so unpromisingly, he was kind enough to propose our reading or acting scenes from Shakespeare daily together. He likewise took us all to the first rehearsal we had ever seen. On entering at the back of the auditorium, I could not realize that the barren, dusky, barn-like opening before me was the stage I had always thought the most glittering and romantic place in the world. As to the play, I have never seen it performed and to this day have no idea what it is about. The actors, book in hand, mumbled their parts indistinctly. Those who had acted in the piece before, spoke only the last three words of their speeches, or, in professional parlance, "came to cues." It was one of those



HER EARLIEST "JULIET"

rapid, careless rehearsals that could not well be avoided with the unfortunate stock company system, for during a week's engagement a legitimate "star" had time for only one rehearsal daily, as the programme was generally changed every night. It was extraordinary how, with such poor preparation, the actors managed to get through their performances at all. The jumble of dumb show and meaningless noise over, Mr. McCullough introduced us to the manager of the theatre, Mr. Barney Macauley, known later as "Uncle Dan'l." "Barney," said he, "when you can, put this girl on the stage. If I am a judge of such matters she will make a fortune for you." Before he left Louisville he offered me the part of "Lady Anne" in "Richard the Third," the only character I knew in his repertoire; and was amused when I answered that I would rather not play second fiddle, even to him. His friendship from that time proved itself in numberless acts of kindness and invaluable advice when most needed. My thankfulness to him can best be understood by those who, while struggling to make a career, would have fallen by the way but for the helping hand of one who had trodden the same difficult path successfully. When he had gone my solitary study began again. How painfully dull this was after a peep into the active side of an artist's life! My existence was almost that of a hermit. I saw



A PORTRAIT MADE FOR FRIENDS

\* The first of three installments which the JOURNAL will publish from Mrs. de Navarro's autobiography, "A Few Memories." Copyright, 1895, by Mary Anderson de Navarro.



but my own people, and they only during mealtime. However, as Tennyson says,

"More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of,"

and prayer, aside from giving me my wish afterward, kept me from despairing then.

One morning, on returning from the old Cathedral after my daily visit, I met Dr. Griffin in front of the manager's house. Neither of us had seen Mr. Macauley since our introduction to him some months before. "Let us call and ask if he can give me a start," said I, "something tells me there may be an opportunity for a first appearance." He acceded. Mr. Macauley received us cordially and seemed pleased and relieved when Dr. Griffin proposed his giving me a trial at his theatre. "Why," said he, "this is luck! You have come to help me out of a difficulty. The star I have this week is playing to such poor 'business,' that unless he gets one good house before the week is out he may be unable to leave the town. To-day is Thursday; now if you could act something on the night after to-morrow! Of course, I will pay you nothing. I will only give you the theatre, actors, music, etc., gratis. I am certain that in my way of advertising I could crowd the house for that night. I will furnish you with appropriate costumes; but I fear it is very short notice. Could you act on Saturday night?"

Could I? Here was my tide, and with my mother's consent I meant to take it at the flood! That had to be gained before an answer could be given. Leaving Dr. Griffin to talk over the rehearsal, etc., I ran through the streets and reached home panting for breath. Though startled at the suddenness of the offer, my mother gave her full permission. So it was all arranged in a wonderful way! That Thursday was one of the happiest days of my life, filled as it was with brightest hope and anticipation. Only one black cloud hung over it: the thought of Nonie and my grandparents, who were all very dear to me. Had I known then that I would never again see the face of the former—that he would die, my mother and I far away from him, and that almost until his death he would refuse to forgive or see me unless I abandoned the stage life which he thought so injurious, nay sinful—I would even then have renounced what was within my grasp. This estrangement saddened many years of my life, and has cast a shadow over all the otherwise bright and happy memories of him who was the father, friend and playmate of our childhood's days.

A rehearsal—the only one—was called for the next morning. On my way to the Cathedral I was enchanted to see posters on the fences with this announcement:

Thursday, November, 25, 1875

Amusements

MACAULEY'S THEATRE

Remember Thanksgiving Day Matinée

See THE SPY.

Thursday Matinée and Evening

The Most Successful Centennial Histrionic Drama

Received with marked favor, and

MR. MILNES LEVICK

Accredited with the Greatest Applause

HARVEY BIRCH, THE SPY!

With Mr. Levick in the *title rôle*, supported by

a cast of most unusual excellence.

Thursday (Thanksgiving Day) Matinée and Evening

THE SPY

Friday Evening and Saturday Matinée

THE SPY

Saturday Evening—MISS MARY ANDERSON, a young lady of this city, will make her first appearance on any stage as "Juliet," in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet"; Milnes Levick as "Mercutio," and a powerful cast of characters.

Next Week—OLIVE LOGAN in original comedies of rare merit.

As I was in the quiet church the hour for rehearsal struck, and I started for the theatre in a radiant frame of mind. Passing with my people through the darkened house and private-boxes covered with their linen dusters, I found myself for the first time upon the stage. How strange and dreamlike it seemed, that empty theatre, lighted only here and there by the faint glimmer of the gray day without, bereft of all the eager faces it had always been peopled with! And the stage! How dismal it was with the noisy patter of the rain on its tin roof, a small gas jet burning in the centre, throwing a dingy light on the men and women (they did not relish the extra rehearsal), gloomily standing in the wings. Could they be the brilliant, sparkling courtiers I had seen but a few nights before, blazing in jewels and wreathed in smiles? On seeing me, all looked surprised. Some made remarks in whispers, which I felt to be unkind; others laughed audibly. Scarcely sixteen, my hair in a long braid, my frock reaching to my boot-tops, tall, shy and awkward, I may have given them cause for merriment; but it was as cruel, I thought, as under-bred, to make no effort to conceal their mirth at my expense. However, their rudeness was salutary in its effect, putting me on my mettle before the work began. The stage manager clapped his hands for Act I. The actors immediately rattled off their lines, making crosses and sweeps down the stage quite different from the "business" I had arranged. I was bewildered and asked them to go through the play as they proposed doing it at night, and to allow me, at least in my own scenes, to follow the only "business" I knew.

"Oh, bother!" said one of the actors, who did not remark the tall figure of the manager at the back of the dark theatre, "I acted in this play before you were born, and I, for one, don't mean to change what I have always done."

To have all I had arranged in my sanctum thus upset in every detail threw me out so hopelessly that I was unable to go on with the rehearsal. Mr. Macauley's voice put an end to the awkward pause, saying that he had not thought it necessary to ask them, as old actors, to do all in their power to aid a girl who was then standing on the stage for the first time, and he added, "I must request now that you follow the 'business' she knows, and that you try to be obliging." The sulkiness that followed this rebuke was dampening, but the rehearsal proceeded more smoothly. They were, with three exceptions, the most dogged, coldly uninterested set of people I have ever met, sneering at my every movement or suggestion. It was a relief to turn from them to that excellent artist and true gentleman, Milnes Levick, and to watch the earnest care with which he rehearsed every line. Most playgoers in America know how full of charm and originality is his

† Pater Anton, a German priest, and the uncle of Mrs. de Navarro's mother.

reading of this difficult character. His interest in my work and his almost fatherly kindness I shall never forget. From that day we became friends, and he has no warmer admirer of his sterling qualities as man and actor than the unknown "Juliet" of that November morning. At last, the rehearsal, so full of torture and disappointment to me, came to an end. With one blow all my beautiful ideals had been dashed to the ground. It was a rude awakening from a long dream, and my heart was sore and heavy as I trudged home through the rain, longing to hide myself in the friendly den, and find relief in tears.

There had been so many humiliations, such cold, cruel treatment from nearly all the actors, that I dreaded the coming of Saturday, when I should have to encounter their sneering faces again. Still, it did come, and my mother and I found ourselves walking to the theatre in the crisp air of a starry winter night. After the sad experience of the day before I was hardly hopeful enough to be nervous. The borrowed robes were quickly donned. They fitted well, with the exception of the white satin train (the first I had ever worn), which threatened every moment to upset me. The art of make-up was unknown to me, and ornaments I had none. When "Juliet" was called to await her cue, what a transformation in the scene! The actors, in velvets and brocades, were gay and excited; some of them even deigned to give me a condescending nod, while the gloomy stage of the day before was flooded with light, life and animation. I became feverishly anxious to begin. It was hard to stand still while waiting for the word. At last it came: "What, ladybird! God forbid!—where's the girl?—What, Juliet!" and in a flash I was on the stage, conscious only of a wall of yellow light before me, and a burst of prolonged applause. Curiosity had crowded the house. "Why, it's little Mamie Anderson. How strange! it's only a few months ago since I saw her rolling a hoop!" etc., etc., were some of the many remarks which, I was afterward told, ran through the audience.

The early, lighter scenes being uncongenial I hurried them as quickly as possible. Even these were well received by the indulgent audience. But there was enthusiasm in the house when the tragic parts were reached. Flowers and recalls were the order of the evening. While things were so smiling before, they were less satisfactory behind, the curtain. The artist who had acted in the play before my birth forgot his words, and I had to prompt him in two important scenes. In the last act, the lamp that hangs above Juliet as she lies in the tomb, fell, and burned my hands and dress badly, and to make matters worse, "Romeo" forgot the dagger with which "Juliet" was to kill herself, and that unfortunate young person had, in desperation, to dispatch herself with a hairpin. But in spite of much disillusion, a burnt hand and arm, and several other accidents, the night was full of success, and I knew that my stage career had begun in earnest.

In our home we never read newspaper criticisms on acting, music or literature, preferring to determine for ourselves what we thought, good or bad, in each. We did not, therefore, think of the press in connection with my work, and were surprised the following morning to hear that the performance had been mentioned at length, and in a flattering way, by the Louisville papers. I give the least favorable notices:

"Miss Anderson's *début* last night was a decided success. Of course her rendition of a character like 'Juliet,' in which so many famous actresses have won distinction, was open to criticism. Its value, however, to correct criticism was an indication of her powers, and, looked at in that light, it justified all that we said in advance. We are sure that last night saw the beginning of a career which, in its progress, will shed radiance on the American stage."—*The Commercial* (Editorial), November 28, 1875.

"The *Début* of Miss Anderson Last Night—In noticing the *début* of Miss Anderson at Macauley's last night, before proceeding to the necessary task of criticism, we chronicle with great pleasure the fact that she achieved a very decided success. The house was filled with such an audience as only the most favored stars can bring out on Saturday night, and it showed a warmth of appreciation and made such demonstrations of enthusiasm as Louisville audiences rarely indulge in. Miss Anderson was called before the curtain after every act, and handsome bouquets were several times showered freely on the stage. Considering that she is just sixteen years of age, and has never been upon the stage of a theatre before her first rehearsal upon Friday, her achievement last night may be fairly classed as remarkable. We have too high an opinion of her abilities and of her good sense to think that she desires indiscriminate praise in a notice of her first performance. She attempted a very difficult and no less remarkable task last evening in coming before the public for the first time in her life in the character of 'Juliet.' But when we come to consider all the bearings that surround a first appearance, the manner in which she acquitted herself must have been very gratifying to her friends and very encouraging to her hopes. 'Juliet' is a character in which many an experienced actress has failed, while for a novice it is a task that few could perform as well as the fair *débutante* did last night. Shakespearean characters are the most difficult in the whole range of dramatic work, and to those not used to memorizing his verse it is almost like studying a new language. Then, too, his works are so generally read that every one has formed independent conceptions of his characters, and in nine cases out of ten the expectations of the audience run far beyond the power and capabilities of the artist. An audience expects more from an interpretation of Shakespeare's plays than from the rendering of any other class of dramatic works, and as the standard of expectation increases, the task becomes correspondingly greater. It was brave in Miss Anderson to attempt 'Juliet,' but in doing so we think she has overestimated her strength. In a less exacting character she would have encountered fewer obstacles, and her audience would not have expected so much from her. Miss Anderson demonstrated her possession of very decided talents, which, if properly cultivated, will fit her to shine in the highest ranks of the dramatic profession, and her performance last night shows her possessed of nerve and energy. With these success can be obtained upon the stage, and if Miss Anderson adopts the profession we shall look to see her make her mark in it, believing her possessed of too good common sense to let ambition run away with her judgment, and at the same time animated with an energy that will carve her way to the highest point."—*The Commercial* (Dramatic Criticism), November 28, 1875.

Those who have been in print when young naturally remember the feeling of importance they experienced on first seeing their names in a public journal. I was but sixteen, and it seemed to me that a name so prominently put before the world in the Louisville press would be made immediately famous throughout the length and breadth of the land. Fortunately I soon discovered that such was not the case; for though the performance created some discussion for several weeks, it was apparently forgotten both by manager and public in a short time.

## FROM A BED OF LAVENDER

By Harriet Francene Parker



HE who owns a bed of lavender may make it a very pretty and poetical source of pocket money, as well as an artistic delight. From its fragrant blue depths she can gather many a silver dollar in the course of a summer, as its treasures find a ready sale among women who love dainty things. In Southern California good-sized lavender beds keep many women supplied with spending money, for the long, slender stems in blossom sell readily for a cent apiece, and those whose purse of plenty and hours of leisure admit of luxurious bits of fancy-work, see a poetical fitness in working up the lovely old-fashioned flower into choice and dainty articles. For birthday and holiday gifts, and for church fairs and bazaars nothing could be sweeter than pretty things that can be made from lavender stalks.

A beauty-loving little woman has recently fashioned some exquisite articles of fancy-work, which are useful, too, in a very dainty way, using as her material long, smooth lavender stalks in bloom and many yards of lavender-colored baby-ribbon. With taste and skill her deft fingers wove in and out, between the slender stalks, shining rows of ribbon, until at last there lay a shimmering lavender-tinted and lavender-scented fan—large and substantial enough for actual use, but so fairy-like and delicate that one would be content to admire its beauty as a fan which might be used, but should not.

The fragrant blue blossoms were first folded down upon their stems, and baby-ribbon woven very closely and firmly in between the stems which covered them, the blossoms being in the centre. This makes a firm, smooth handle, which tapers toward the fan part. This is broad and flat like the old-time palm-leaf fans that went with our grandmothers to meeting. The stems are then expanded and trimmed with scissors into proper shape to make a rounding edge. This flat surface, from about two inches above the handle, is closely woven with the baby-ribbon, and a full cluster is fastened at the top, as is also a rosette of loops at the smallest part of the handle.

Another very popular way of using lavender is the making of "lavender sticks." These are similar to the handle of the fan described, and three or four are joined together in a cluster, by large, full bows of baby-ribbon of any delicate color. They are hung against lace curtains or over chair-backs, and the pungent, spicy odor from the hidden blossoms fills the room.

As a gift for some dear old lady, whose earliest years are somehow associated with the sweet, old-fashioned lavender, nothing can be more dainty and appropriate than a lavender fan. Gently swaying the lightsome, airy thing tender thoughts of long-past girlhood will come to her as the familiar fragrance floats out upon the air. Memories of that sweet pleasure of "going to meeting," with a sprig of lavender laid primly upon the snowy folded handkerchief, or pressed between the leaves of the Bible, will come to her with tenderest meaning, and visions of mother's lavender bed will be with her all day long.

Many a dainty woman loves the scent of lavender in her bedroom and upon her clothing and household belongings, and bunches of this fragrant herb, inclosed in some very fine fabric, tied with lavender ribbons, given to a fastidious friend to lay away in her bureau or wardrobe, would be a useful gift. Love of delicate odors is an evidence of refinement, and the very act of scenting a garment presupposes its immaculate cleanliness. Then how pretty and dainty it is to scatter blossoms from the lavender bed throughout one's possessions and to let the good, old-fashioned perfume become a part of one's daily life.

## THE FAD OF FORTUNE-TELLING

By Amelia E. Barr



DURING the past year fortune-telling has become a prominent social fad; and at a large number of entertainments the professional palmist has been a feature of the occasion. It is a very old subject of inquiry, for there are eighteen different kinds of divination mentioned in the Bible, many of which are still practiced. But supposing that it is possible to anticipate Time, and foresee our destiny, is it a wise thing to do so? If it had been for our welfare and direction, would not the gift have been as freely given as vision and understanding? On the contrary, the attribute of foreknowledge cannot be commanded by any mortal. It has always been miraculous and limited to a particular subject. We know not what a day may bring forth, and the concealment is wondrously merciful. Our hearts would have failed, foreseeing the sorrows before them, but as they approached, one by one, strength for each was given. Even if the future were fair and noble, how could we have deserved the destiny we had foreseen? But though many things are hid from us, enough is revealed to make us look forward without fear. We know that "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night, shall not fail." We know that the general social state will not change, and that God will always be the same, "that He will guide us with His counsel and afterward receive us to glory." And if the disciples were reproved for wishing to know "the times and seasons," will it not be best for us to remember that "our strength is to sit still" and say, "My times are in Thy hands"? St. Columba, in a hymn which has the piety of a psalm of David, and the musical march of a chorus of Sophocles, assures us of it:

"Let God order my life as it pleases Him. Nothing can be taken from or added to it.

"Each man must fulfill his own lot. The thing which he sees vanishes from his grasp; the thing which he sees not comes upon him.

"It is not a sign nor an omen which can fix the period of our life. Our trust is in One who is mightier.

"I care not for the voices of birds, or the casting of lots. My Seer is Christ, the Son of God. My portion is with the King of Kings; and I dwell with my brethren at Kells and at Moone."

There are many musicians among the readers of this JOURNAL, let them set this noble chorus to music, and sing, "Let God order my life as it pleases Him."



# THE HOLIDAY DANCE AT WORROSQUOYACKE

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "A Bachelor Maid," "An Errant Wooing," etc.

DRAWING BY W. T. SMEDLEY

PART II



HERE is no host like a well-bred bachelor," said Madame Cagliari, when, after the luncheon the day following their arrival at Pampatike, the ladies assembled in the library to have their coffee and await the coming of the men. "I

can't think why, when some women bestow their very best efforts upon entertaining, they miss making their guests as deliciously comfortable and as much at home as we are now."

The architect-decorator, sent on from New York to carry out the scheme of restoration in the old dwelling, had certainly acquitted himself with credit of the task. Never a "stately home" of old Virginia, Pampatike House was now as it had been in its palmy days—a livable, cheery place, with its wooden wainscotings and corner cupboards and spindle banisters and egg-and-dart

lustrous coat of cream enamel paint; its deep brick fireplaces freshly reddened; the dark floors polished and waxed, and strewn with Turkey rugs of the old lost shade of soft crimson; the furniture-covers and curtains of red moreen in the same tint, the tall old mahogany bookcases refilled with books in antique bindings.

"An ideal lodge in the wilderness," went on the Countess in her soft, approving voice. "And in my room there are crewel-worked bed-curtains, a knot-work quilt, and a pair of bedside steps, such as I have always coveted. They must have ransacked all the old curiosity shops in Washington and Richmond to fit up this house."

"What stories the old furniture and ornaments could tell of by-gones in the different families they came out of," said Miss Godfrey, with animation. "If we could understand their true feeling it would probably be one of protest against us as usurpers, and against themselves as pretenders arrayed here together out of place."

"Bah! This house belonged to nobody in particular," said a mocking lady of the party. "It was originally built for a bailiff, I believe, attached to estates of the Wilcoxes, who were the grandees in these parts, and was added to by some member of that family who wanted to live in it. Mr. Cleve, who has been here before with Blackburn, tells me the 'real thing' to see is that old gone-to-seed mansion of the Wilcoxes with the extraordinary name I can't remember—"

"Worrosquoyacke?" queried Camilla Godfrey, sitting up erect in her three-cornered armchair with the brass claw-feet.

"Yes, that is it—Wurrosqueak the negroes and country people call it. Well, Mr. Cleve tells me it is something no one ought to miss who wishes to see one of the best specimens of early Colonial architecture still extant. But the trouble is to get inside the house. There is only a young man living there now, poor and proud, and a couple of former slaves of the family to take care of the house and master. This young Wilcox would not relish a horde of us descending upon him, I fancy. Not unless he could entertain us, that is; and he is about as well able to do that as the gentleman with the falcon, who killed and cooked his pet bird to serve his lady's table."

"How immensely interesting!" drawled a woman whom Camilla Godfrey hated on the spot. "I should like so tremendously to go there, and see him just as he is—a last leaf trembling on the bough of ancient aristocracy. Now, dear Miss Godfrey, you have more influence than any of us with Mr. Blackburn, do persuade him to make up a party—a raiding party we will call it—to descend unexpectedly upon the gentleman with the squeak in the name of his place. Really, if you don't, I shall try coaxing Mr. Blackburn on my own account."

"I shall leave it to your eloquence," said Camilla freezingly. "Nothing would induce me to obtrude myself under such circumstances."

"No doubt Mr. Wilcox, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting," said Madame Cagliari, "will himself give us an invitation. If there are old pictures—a Kneller, I'm told—still upon paneled walls, and a room full of rare china, the owner would certainly consider it a favor to us to exhibit them."

"Now, why can't I say things like Aunt Elizabeth," meditated Camilla that night as, in reviewing this conversation, she sat before her dressing-table, "instead of flying off the handle as I did, and always do? Of course, she took the right view of it. He must come—he must

ask us to go there. I shall see his home, his surroundings that have haunted my imagination ever since I met him first. I can't think why I should have presumed to be disappointed because I saw or heard nothing of him when we landed on his shores. And why have I been waiting and watching all day in the hope of hearing Mr. Blackburn, say when and where we are to meet him? Not

a word, not a sign, from him. Oh, suppose—suppose he should not be at home!"

With this, Miss Godfrey relinquished the three parts of a massive plait of bronzed hair she was weaving for the night, allowing it to break up in a ruddy glory over her shoulders to her knees. As she caught sight of her eyes in the mirror they seemed to her to be smitten with alarm too deep for words. Then, with a sudden revulsion, she laughed, but not exactly a merry, light-hearted laugh, and, recapturing her locks, began anew her soft toil of plaiting them.

Miss Godfrey's vigil over night did not, however, affect her readiness next morning to ride after breakfast with her host. Blackburn, who had promised to show her a stretch of old Virginia woodlands so enriched with moss and crowsfoot, with laurel and pine and huge hollies in full array of living green and crimson fruitage as to banish the thought of winter's reign, felt satisfied that his experiment in bringing his young lady to behold her future kingdom was a success. He had never seen her so alert, so joyous, so full of interest in her surroundings, as now, when they rode swiftly through the scented green

challenged the rector to supply his deficiency; and it was not long before she was put in possession of the leading facts, present and past, of the annals of a quiet neighborhood. The rector, with whom all such things were a hobby, did not perceive the special interest expressed in his hearer's face when he touched upon the subject of the ancestral home of the Wilcoxes, its chimneys now visible not far away, on a wooded bluff near the river.

"That's a house worth showing you," the good gentleman went on, twisting in his saddle to point out a momentary glimpse of brick walls, half hidden by evergreens upon a sweeping lawn. "What do you say, Blackburn, to our taking the young lady inside for a peep at the woodwork of the main stairs and the pictures in the dining-room?"

"I had been rather expecting Wilcox to ask us all to see them," said Blackburn. "I sent an invitation over there yesterday to him to dine to-night at Pampatike at the same time I asked you. But, unlike you, he has not given us the pleasant promise of his company."

"He's from home, you know. Went to Richmond yesterday morning. Too bad the boy should not be here to profit by a little good company of his own age and standing. I did hope, Blackburn, you had succeeded in pulling him out of his reserve. But, by George, sir, lately he's worse than ever. However, his absence makes no difference, as far as seeing the house is concerned. You know I was Dick's guardian, and am, besides, his kinsman. I can answer for it he will be proud to have Miss Godfrey honor his bachelor quarters, and old Sylvie will thank God when the gentry set foot over her threshold. Did you chance, Miss Godfrey, to meet my lad when he was in New York?"

"Yes," faltered Camilla, turning her head to look down a forest vista. On no account must she show the tumult of her feeling.

"I really think you will enjoy the house better under Doctor Fauntleroy's guidance than with any one else," said Blackburn in a matter-of-fact way. "I know your dislike to doing anything in parties, and if we do get another chance to go there you will be at an advantage over all of them. I'll swear I am vexed, though, that Wilcox should have given us the slip. When he comes back and finds you have been to Worrosquoyacke he will be well punished."

"Do you really think we should go?" ventured the girl, hardly knowing how to frame her protest.

"Why not?" asked the rector.

And "Why not?" echoed her host—queries she could not answer. In her blank and bitter disappointment nothing just then seemed of much consequence. She let them open gate after gate for her passing, and at last rode under an archway of ancient iron-work bearing the Wilcox coat-of-arms, into an avenue of noble denuded trees that led up to the front door, feeling herself the creature of an elusive yet rather fascinating dream.

This, then, was his dearly-loved home; this large, rambling old pile built of mottled brick, the roof swept by the black, leafless branches of great trees; the long array of windows closed and shuttered; the stately front door, up to which they passed over a flight of worn marble steps, hermetically sealed. In response to the rector's vigorous and resounding attack upon the knocker no sound of life within was heard, and the vexed gentleman was about himself to go around to the rear when a wheezing cough inside proclaimed old Hannibal, the major-domo, one of Dick's solitary pair of servants.

"I'll bet you any money," said Doctor Fauntleroy, quite innocent of his unclerical offer, "that goose, Sylvie, saw us coming and kept Hannibal to put him into his old claw-hammer coat that was made in the time of Henry Clay. You will like Sylvie, Miss Godfrey. She is one of the truest souls and most transparent old idiots now living."

The door swung open and Hannibal appeared, so attired as to realize the rector's prediction, bowing to the ground in welcome. A little in the rear stood Sylvie, vast

and turbaned, her black face aglow with reverent rapture. Having acquitted herself of the honors of reception she waddled away, leaving gray old Hannibal to usher the guests within.

Not even the morning sunshine blazing through a wide east window could make the inside of Worrosquoyacke House cheerful to look upon. During the war this ample hall had served over night as a stable for the invaders' cavalry, and the defacement of walls and wainscoting had never been repaired. The lovely sweep of the double staircase, with its balusters like Chinese puzzles in ivory, soared away out of the cracked marble of the floor into a circular hall above, under a rotunda of which the glass was dimmed and broken so that birds flew in at will and nested on the tops of doors and windows. When they passed into a large drawing-room veiled in gauze and holland, containing furniture, ornaments and mirrors of value and great beauty, Camilla shivered at the desolation of the place. It was not until they recrossed the hall and entered a large dining-room filled with family portraits and solid pieces of mahogany furniture, gray for want of polish, that signs of human habitation relieved the sense of gloom. A desk, an armchair, a sideboard whereon a few bits of beautiful old Queen Anne silver caught Camilla's eye; books scattered everywhere, and a pair of fire-dogs mounting guard over a bed of hickory ashes upon which Hannibal speedily kindled a new and noble offering of logs, all testified to the habitual presence of some one not a ghost. While the rector



THE CHRISTMAS EVE DANCE AT WORROSQUOYACKE

arcades of the pines, talking of the vicinity, its people, its traditions. Everything that Sydney could tell she listened to with eager comment. And, by-and-by, when a horseman came out of a cross-road and rode up behind them suddenly Camilla felt herself start, then blush with an eagerness of expectation she feared her host must notice.

"Hallo, Parson!" exclaimed Blackburn, pulling up for greetings and introduction of the rector of Worrosquoyacke Parish.

An ex-soldier—and every inch of him proclaimed the fact that soldier he had been—was the Reverend Emilius Fauntleroy, despite the clerical cut of his rusty black suit, the trousers half-concealed by leggings of green baize, called in Colonial times "splatterdashers." Having fought through the war to emerge with a few honorable scars, the Doctor did not now concern himself greatly with affairs outside of State politics, his poor, his quaint old Colonial church, and the steed or two he always managed to keep in his stable—his stud now consisting of an ancient "buggy" horse and the fiery young colt he was at present breaking to the saddle.

Like everybody else in the neighborhood, Doctor Fauntleroy had heard the rumor that among the guests of the Pampatike House party was the lady of Blackburn's love; and, relishing a love affair, like all other good Virginians, he now rode at Miss Godfrey's saddle-bow, his eyes twinkling with satisfaction in the *rencontre*. Blackburn, who had begun to find Camilla's thirst for information, historic and genealogical, beyond his powers to satisfy,



detailed for the visitors the history and traditions of the Wilcox family gallery Camilla's spirit turned aside to speculate upon these daily haunts of the absent young master of the house. So intensely did her vivid imagination play around the object of her thoughts that it was hardly a surprise when a door in the wainscoting opened and Wilcox, in person, with a pair of cocker spaniels at his heels, came into the room.

For the young man, who had been pursued in his morning ramble by an envoy of Sylvie and brought back to receive his guests, there had been some preparation for this meeting. But in Camilla, surprise, vexation and other emotions met and almost robbed her of speech. Hardly were the explanations of their belief in his absence from home met by his assurance that he had set out for Richmond the day before—but, changing his mind, had returned late the previous night, and was just sending off an answer to Blackburn's note—when Miss Godfrey, looking out of the window at the horses in charge of Blackburn's groom, announced that she really could not keep those creatures waiting another minute to set off.

"You must first let Sylvie offer you some of her pet cherry cordial," said Wilcox, with a rather melancholy smile. "The old woman charged me to make you wait for that, and for a shortcake now preparing. And, to while away the time, let me show you the china boudoir in the visitors' wing, where the rooms are dry and in excellent preservation."

"Do you take the young lady to see the china, while I show Blackburn these books we found last week in the garret," said the rector on his knees before the lower shelf of a bookcase.

Camilla, her habit caught in one hand, stood the image of beautiful uncertainty; then, yielding, accompanied Dick through the drawing-room into a long, glazed and matted gallery hung with sporting prints and St. Mémin profiles, thence into a wing containing half a dozen rooms, of which the windows outside were almost overgrown with ivy, as well as shaded by the trunks of tall magnolias with their foliage of glossy evergreen.

"Does it make you nervous, this ghostly green light?" said he, noting her little shiver. "I suppose I ought to have the ivy cut away and sacrifice a tree or two, but in summer these rooms are so deliciously cool. Besides, there will be no one to occupy them in my time—and after me, the deluge!" he finished, pulling up suddenly.

They were standing close to each other upon the hearth of a faded boudoir crowded with the accumulated treasures of several of Dick's china-loving grandmothers. All about the two young people the atmosphere was surcharged with pathetic suggestions of decayed fortune and forgotten life. As Camilla, keenly feeling these things, fixed her soft gaze upon the young man who seemed to embody what so strangely attracted and moved her in his home, she did not know that she, in turn, appeared to him as a breathing embodiment of all that his life lacked. The glowing pulse of youth, hope, sympathy, beauty—it was like a draught of fresh water to thirsty lips. He stopped short in the conventional explanation he had begun to make to her of the contents of the room, stammered, and was again silent.

"Pray tell me more; I am most interested," she said hastily.

The consciousness of unspoken sentiment between them affected her also; so much so, that, womanlike, her impulse was to take refuge from it in rapid speech. But the young man, ignoring her words, continued to look at her with unspeakable content.

"I think we must go," she went on, startled at the revelation in the sound of her own voice, and moving toward the door.

"No, no! Don't go—when I rode all the way back yesterday, against my better judgment, on the mere chance of getting a glimpse of you. I'm not coming to Pampatike. I can't. If you stand where you are just five minutes more I will never ask you to do anything else for me. After this there will be nothing to try for. But I'd be a poor sort of creature if I could not endure."

As if under a spell Camilla remained, her eyes dropped before his, till the hush of the little low-toned lavender-scented room became intolerable. She was hoping he would say only a word more, anything that would free her tongue. But no word was spoken, and at last, with a quick repellent gesture, she darted away from him, and before him, into the entry and along the matted gallery.

### PART III

ONE morning at breakfast time, about a year after these occurrences, Dick Wilcox came into his own dining-room to find there the rector, who, having tied his nag to a rack outside, had stepped in unannounced.

"Ha, Dick! Caught you napping, didn't I?" said the Reverend Emilius in his hearty voice. "I came early because I want to talk to you."

"Always glad to see you, Parson," said Dick, shaking hands with his visitor. "But you'll wait a minute till I order in the provender?"

From the dining-room to the belonging places of cook and butler there had once been the necessary bells, but these were broken long since, and when Dick desired to inform his servants that he was ready for a meal, he accomplished it by opening a door and shouting, "Oh! Sylvie," at the top of his hearty young lungs. This act now accomplished, simultaneously Nip and Tuck, the spaniels, sent up a vociferous barking, awaking the echoes of the silent house.

Upon the remnant of a fine old damask table-cloth, Sylvie, arriving, deposited a dish of broiled bacon, delicately curled, with a crisp corn-pone, brown of hue, a pat of butter she had just churned in a bottle, and a tin pot of coffee emitting delicious aroma. Whatever was lacking at Worrosquoyacke it was not good cooking, so long as fat Sylvie's pincushions of brown hands were there to manipulate her scant material.

"I've had a surprising letter from Blackburn," said Doctor Fauntleroy, when the old woman had disappeared to prepare one of her famous omelets.

Dick's hand was steady as he set down his coffee-cup.

"Then he is back in New York again?"

"Yes, and says he will be here for Christmas with Mrs. Blackburn. The letter was principally concerned with the affairs of that rascally agent of his, whom we have just seen the last of, and the personal news was confined to this mere announcement. I suppose the marriage took place in Italy, where Miss Godfrey has recently been visiting and traveling with her aunt, which accounts for our not having had the details, *ad nauseam*, copied from the New York papers into our local sheets. That is one

of the benefits of our isolation, in my eyes. Well, I suppose, Dick, we shall have to furbish ourselves up to do honor to the bride, charming creature, but too young for Blackburn, according to my thinking. I have already told my good old Belinda to send my Sunday suit to the cleaner's in Richmond, and I've an idea, my boy, that it's about time for me to invest in another pair of shoes. What! Is that the best breakfast you can manage?"

"See here, Parson, I've made up my mind this farming the old acres will not do for me," answered Dick, getting up to walk to and fro beneath the concentrated gaze of his unremunerative ancestors ranged around the walls. "I was meaning to talk to you about it. There's an old chum of mine in Texas writing me to come down and go into a land speculation with him, and I think I'll accept."

"Small blame to you, my lad, to want to leave this dull neighborhood," said the rector kindly. "But bide awhile longer, Dick, I've hopes of a better chance for you than that. Blackburn, who is a capital fellow, has been busy working up a scheme for you in New York that, if I hadn't pledged myself not to unfold it, you'd soon see it was well worth your while considering."

"I cannot consider it," exclaimed the young man hotly. "I decline to be Blackburn's beneficiary. I shall go South at once, and, if I see there is nothing in Scott's affair, I can return here later. No, Parson, don't try to coax me. You, if any man, should understand that when I make up my mind to a thing it is settled. But I don't mind telling you there are reasons why I cannot take such a favor from Blackburn and retain my self-respect."

"Reasons?" persisted the rector. "Why a year ago you and he were as thick as thieves, and if your friendship has fallen off since it can only be because Blackburn has been away globe-trotting."

"If you must know, he has just married the only woman I ever loved or ever can love," said the young man, stopping short beside the rector's chair and looking him full in the face.

"Good gracious!" said the Doctor. "Am I blind or ossified that I did not find this out before? Since when, Richard, has it been going on?"

"Since I first laid eyes on her," answered the young man simply.

"Then I muffed it, didn't I, when I brought her over here last year?" went on the bewildered rector.

"You gave me, on the contrary, the quietus I sorely needed. Since then it has been plain sailing. But I'm not ready to take material advantage from her husband. Oh, no, Parson, that's not like a Wilcox."

"If you want to know my opinion," quoth the rector, after the interruption of Sylvie's arrival with her omelet, "it isn't like a Wilcox to run away in the face of a crisis. No, Dick. Stay here and see her and let yourself be cured for good, as you will not be if you go off and dream of her. Blackburn writes that his wife wants to see a Virginia Christmas, and that they will bring friends as before. We must do our part, for the credit of our State. The least you can do, dear boy, is to invite them here to break bread with you for once."

The rector had his way, and after dark on Christmas Eve, saw the "great house" at Worrosquoyacke in an unwonted stir of preparation for company. A powdering of snow capped the hollies and cedars of the lawn; the air was crisp and invigorating, and stars shone in a brilliantly clear sky. Along the final stretch of the avenue leading to the house Chinese lanterns were tied to the low branches of the trees, and at intervals between them were stationed little colored boys, each ineffably content with the consciousness of a box of matches in his pocket, and the sense that at a given signal he was to be part of a show. In the old hallway the scars of war and time were covered with screens of wild-wood greenery, with boughs of crimson-berried shrubs, with garlands of laurel and crowfoot. For Hannibal and Sylvie well understood the old-time methods of decoration for a "party of gentlefolks," and to aid them in preparation had convened half the black folks in the neighborhood. Improvised frames for candles upon every doorway were garnished with leaves of magnolia laid one upon another, like the wreaths upon great Cæsar's brow. The large drawing-room, rid of its shrouding bags, was polished and warmed and lighted brilliantly. All day long Sylvie had been proudly conducting to its threshold, to view its glories, deputations of her own color, whose rapturous admiration filled her soul with content. On the upper landing of the stairs were seats for the musicians, a band of negroes, who were presently to bring into their performance the soft cries and hand-clappings, the time marked with their feet, that makes their dance music often well-nigh irresistible.

When Dick had informed her that he was to offer on Christmas Eve a supper to the new Mrs. Sydney Blackburn, who would that day arrive in the neighborhood with a house party of friends, the old woman had gained two inches in stature. And when, putting into her hand a sum of money that Dick knew, and Sylvie knew, and each knew the other knew, to be extravagantly in excess of what he could afford, he bade her spread a table that should be a credit to her housekeeping, Sylvie accepted the trust with silent resolve to do or die. What if he went without afterward, thought the poor lad, so long as his lady was honored fitly? And it should go hard with her if she and the old man couldn't scrimp to make up for Marse Dick's outburst for the honor of the house, thought Sylvie.

Thus for to-night had come back to Worrosquoyacke the old baronial cheer of long-vanished days. The mahogany dining-table, reinforced by other claw-footed supporters, revealed to the combined gaze of ancestral Wilcoxes their once familiar dishes and beakers and flagons of antique silver, set upon it after the manner of supper-tables of the gentry in Richmond, as Sylvie remembered them before the war. At one end a huge block of ice set upon a platter was hollowed out to receive raw oysters. One of Hannibal's best hams, rubbed in hickory ashes some three years before and brought to the perfection of the nutty flavor he deemed desirable, now stuck with cloves and garnished with a cut-paper ruff, occupied the other extremity of the board. Between were jellied chicken and tongues and a substantial round of "huntsman's beef," cured after Mrs. Randolph's famous receipt; game, hot and cold; croquettes and salads were presently to be added, with a "hen's nest" of eggs made of blanc mange in a bed of quivering jelly, the hay simulated by cut lemon peel; charlotte russe, and other tremulous and deliquescent sweets. There was even a rumor that ran with ecstasy down the line of lantern-lighters outside of ice cream in store, enough for the black folks after the "quality" should be fed.

Dick, called in by Sylvie just before the arrival of his guests to survey his feast, found her with Hannibal radiant with pride. Not for worlds would Sylvie have let any of her retainers without see her do it; but, once inside and the door shut, she lifted high her hands and voice:

"I bless Thee, Lawd, that Thou has let Thy servants see this sight in ole Wurrusqueak House agin befo' they dies."

And Hannibal, closing his eyes, devoutly said "Amen!" "There ain't but one drawback to it, Marse Dick, darlin'," went on the old creature fondly. "This here's the spit en image of a weddin' supper, an' here's the best-looking groom on Jeameses River, ef I do say it as shouldn't. Ef there only was a bride fitten to mate with him."

"Hush, old woman, don't talk nonsense," said the young man, his cheek reddening as he walked into the hall.

At this moment a light twinkled far down the avenue, another, another, then two lines of them, then a bonfire of pitch-pine shot up a glare of radiance upon the façade of the old brick house. Dark faces and forms that had gathered from all quarters to see the fun were revealed in unsuspected numbers. As the first carriage drove up before the wide open front door, Dick advanced bare-headed to greet his guests.

There were two occupants only of this vehicle—Blackburn and the Countess Cagliari. In the little excitement of greeting them, and going to meet another carriage from which stepped two women robed in long furry wraps, and two men he did not know, who immediately joined the first arrivals on the portico to await the rest, Dick could do no more than stammer a few words in Countess Cagliari's ear:

"Your—your niece is not coming then?"

"Of course. Camilla is in the next carriage. You have no idea how eager we all were to accept your hospitality and how much Mr. Blackburn and I were charmed with this compliment. The old house is like a palace in a pantomime to-night, with all these lights—music, too? How I love that negro music. It is like nothing else. What a welcome to dear old Virginia! No, I assure you, you could have done nothing to please us half so much—my husband has always—"

"My wife is thanking you for both of us, eh, Wilcox?" interrupted Blackburn, coming up genially and putting a hand upon the shoulder of the late Countess Cagliari.

What he said more, what anybody said or did, just after that, poor Dick could not have testified to on oath. He stood stock still, the blood surging to his temples, his heart beating violently, till a carriage door opening gave into his very hand the gloved fingers of Camilla Godfrey, who sprang to the steps and turned toward his a face made up of beaming joy and maidenly reserve. There was no speech between them, for, after the Pampatike party, came neighbors thick and fast—neighbors in all sorts of vehicles, from the old pumpkin-colored chariot with unfolding steps, let down from inside the doors, to a mule wagon filled with young fellows and pretty girls seated upon split-bottomed chairs and making the night air resound with their gayety. Dick had his hands too full with greetings and congratulations upon the reopening of his house to pay especial heed to any one. Before the wide hall fireplace, wherein burnt a giant Yule log covered with lichen and bearded moss, the new Mrs. Blackburn stood between her husband and her host. Dick was struck with the happy, restful look upon the lady's mobile face, while her grace in receiving their friends was never more apparent.

At the first convenient interval, Parson Fauntleroy, with a quizzical gleam in his eye, whispered in Dick's ear:

"By George, sir, we were nicely taken in. When I told Blackburn just now that to the last minute I'd believed he had married the niece, he laughed as heartily as if such an idea had never touched his brain. He even had the cheek to tell me it was a year ago down here at Pampatike that he fell in love with the widow. And he says, Dick, he wrote me all about his engagement from Cairo last winter and told me to tell you. Of course, we must believe Blackburn; but I'll bet any money—I mean I'm pretty sure—he forgot to post that letter if he ever wrote it. Never saw a fellow more in love, though. Why, Dick, it makes me think there's somebody somewhere in this world waiting for an old bachelor like me."

The Reverend Emilius slyly took this turn to cover the glowing excitement his words had produced in Dick. But as just then the music struck up and the leader of the band called out persuasively, "Gentlemen will please select their ladies and take their places for the first set," it was the host's duty to lead off the guest of honor into the drawing-room, to open the merry ball.

The good rector moved away chuckling to himself. He had not thought it necessary to tell Dick that Blackburn had also communicated to him the business offer he was prepared on the morrow to make to young Wilcox in due form, an offer of prospective independence to be won in fashion so congenial that Parson Fauntleroy had no words in which to couch his satisfaction with Dick's good luck. As the dance progressed, the rector, standing on the outskirts and looking well pleased, happened to catch sight of the portraits of Dick's father and mother, both appearing from amid their Christmas garlands, likewise intent upon the scene, and a lump came into his throat.

"Their lives and fortunes, poor things, were part of our great sacrifice," he said within himself. "Thank God, their boy has 'outsoared the shadow of their night.'"

At last Dick was free to seek her. They danced together, and at the end of it he asked Camilla to go with him to the well-remembered china-room, into which Sylvie, with artistic sense of color, had put only pink shaded lamps that, with a little fire of oak boughs upon the dragon andirons, gave to it a new feeling of warmth and cheer.

Standing there again upon the faded Turkey rug before the fireplace, they went back together step by step over the months that had separated them. At his solicitation, Camilla, in delicious fashion, told her tale of wandering abroad with her aunt until they were joined at Cairo by Mr. Blackburn, after which the Countess's engagement to that gentleman was made known to every one concerned, and the marriage arranged to take place in Rome in the following November.

"Ah! Why did I not know?" interrupted he fiercely.

"Why have I lost all this time?"

"Could I write to you?" she asked archly. On her, now, there was no sorrow of the past that weighed.

"Besides, when Mr. Blackburn told Aunt Elizabeth that

(Continued on page 40 of this issue)



# MAIDIE'S DANCE.

Drawing  
by  
Kate  
Greenaway.

Verses  
by  
Laura E.  
Richards.



Little Miss Maidie gives a dance:—  
All the boys and girls are invited  
Hey for a skip, and ho for a prance!  
"Master and Miss will be delighted."  
Notes were writ with a golden pen,  
Perfumed too, and sealed with a posy:  
When they were brought by the serving-men  
Eyes grew bright and cheeks grew rosy.



II

Crimp the ruffle and curl the hair!  
Bring the frock, and some one  
© © © to button it!  
Three odd shoes, and never a pair!  
Shining head, and nothing to put on it!  
Grass-green kirtle and gown of blue,  
Scarlet hose, and who so gay in 'em!  
Velvet breeches, enough for two:  
Poor little Ned nearly lost his  
♣ ♣ ♣ way in 'em.



V

Hands across and bob it, my dear!  
Hands across and bob it so friskily!  
Turn your partner, and have no fear;  
He is the lad will whirl you  
© © © © whiskily.  
Swing and fling, and balance and set,  
Point your toes so light and airily;  
Back and forward and then  
♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ poussette.  
Flitting across so fleet and fairily.

IV

Sweet and neat in her gown of white,  
Dropping her courtesies trim and prettily:  
Blue eyes dewy with shy delight,  
Lips that could answer well and wittily.  
When she danced the Rigamaree  
Louis and Lawrence louted low to her,  
Gregory grinned the sight to see;  
Timothy tripped on tentative toe to her.



III

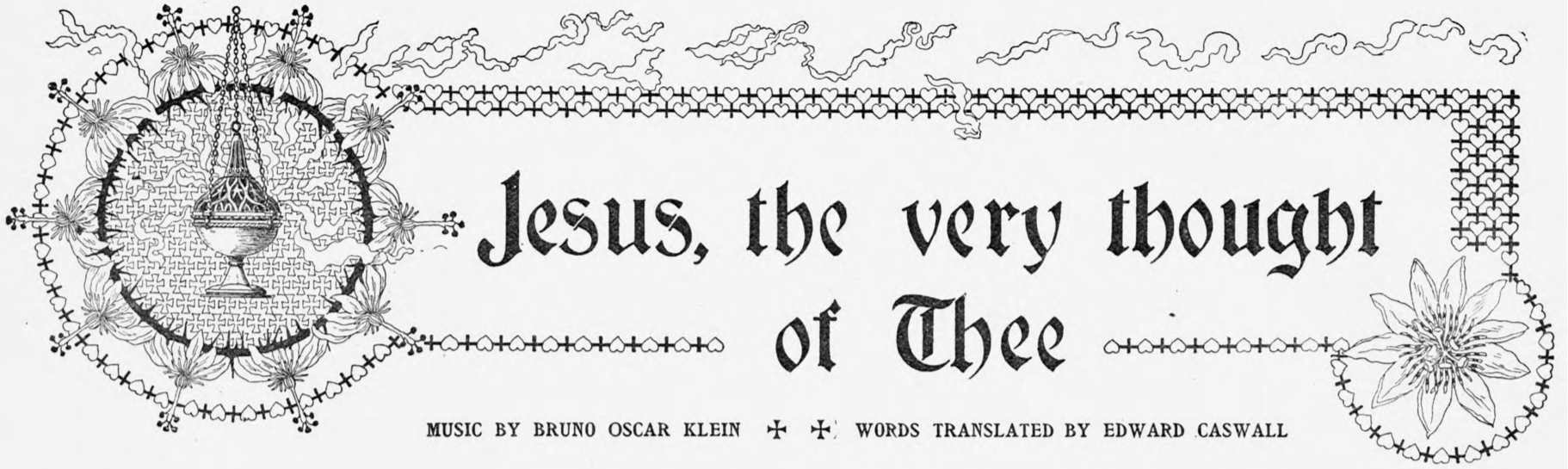
Saucy and smart came silk-haired Sue,  
Tossing her curls so gay and  
♣ ♣ ♣ winsomely;  
Lissome and long came lazy Lou,  
Hanging her head so shy and  
♣ ♣ ♣ grinsomely.  
Nell was natty, and Floss was fine:  
Few of them all could hold with Nancy,  
Yet when I saw them all in line,  
Little Miss Maidie took my fancy.



VI

When the dancers could dance no more  
Tea and cakes were brought on  
© © © © trays to 'em,  
Cherries and cream and sweets galore,  
Goodies enough to bring amaze to 'em.  
Tripping home by the light of  
☾ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ the moon,  
Lad and lass so merry and hearty,  
Cried each one, "Oh pray, again soon,  
Little Miss Maidie, give us a party!"





*Poco lento.*

**Voice.** Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee, ..... With sweet-ness fills, With sweet-ness fills my

**Piano.** *mf* *p*

breast ; ..... But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in thy pres - - ence rest.....

*espressivo.*

*poco a poco crescendo.* *f* *p* *pp*

No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find A sweet-er sound, ... than Je - sus'

*p* *pp*

*f*

name, ..... The Sav - iour of man - kind, ..... O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, .....

*cres.* *f* *p*

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2

*p subito.* *poco rall.*

O joy of all the meek ;... To those who fall, how kind Thou art!..... How good to those who

*f Piu animato.*

seek!..... But what to those who find?..... Ah! this, nor tongue, nor pen can show; The

*po - co rall - en - tan - do.*

*p poco piu lento.* *pp*

love..... of Je - sus, what it is, None but His lov'd ones know,... None but His lov'd ones

*poco rall.* *p a tempo.*

know..... Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou,..... As Thou our prize, our prize wilt be; In

*poco rall.* *p*

*f* *mp* *pp*

Thee be all our glo - ry, now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty..... A - men.....

*sf* *sf* *p*





## THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

DECEMBER, 1895

### A YOUNG CHRISTMAS

ONE of the most blessed things about Christmas is that it makes so many people feel young. It is the one season of the year when everybody feels that they can dismiss abstruse thoughts, put dignity aside, forget the worries of the world, and for a time return to their youth. It always seems a pity that men try to conceal this feeling so often at Christmas. Only a few men are capable of being gracefully caught in the act of making a miniature train of cars go over the carpet. Catch them at it a night or two before Christmas, and nine out of every ten will instantly get up from the carpet, brush the dust from the knees of their trousers—for dust will get on the carpets of the best-regulated homes—and immediately begin to apologize. I have often wondered why men resent being caught in this way. But a woman feels differently, and it is a blessed thing that she does.

I MUST confess that I like to see a woman dress a doll, and the older the woman the better I like to see her. There is something extremely fascinating about it to me. I can watch her by the hour as she straightens out the miniature petticoats, fits on the Lilliputian stockings, or tucks on the wonderful little bow at the throat which always makes a doll look so fetching to me, and without which I can never imagine the dress of a really well-bred doll to be complete. All this makes a woman feel young again, and why should it not? The good Lord knows we have enough in this world to make us grow old: why not have a few things to make us feel young? And nothing brings this feeling with such perfection as the full and keen enjoyment of Christmas and its toys. Some of us have not children for whom we can buy toys or dress dolls. But even then there is always some child whom we can make happy at Christmas-tide, and the very fact that she is bestowing happiness makes a woman feel young. For Christmas makes us happy and young just in proportion as we enjoy it with others and make them happy. A selfish happiness, an enjoyment of our pleasures alone, is no happiness at all. It is like kissing the air. The real delight of Christmas, that delight which brings the color to the cheek and the sparkle to the eye, and the feeling of joy to the heart, which nothing else in the world can bring, is the delight of sharing the happiness of the day with some one else, and making some other person feel as happy as we do ourselves. It is in this that the real essence of Christmas happiness lies.

A Christmas full of joy and glee, which will make us feel like little children, is only possible where envy, malice and hard feelings are forgotten, and where we merge our own happiness into that of others. Then it is that we grow young again. Why should we be ashamed to be like boys and girls again for a day? What means more than the glad happiness of youth? We are happier this year as a nation; let us be happier as individuals, forgetting the world and its worries for a day and being once more as we were years and years ago. The children who see us will be the happier for it, while we will feel the younger because of it. And the feeling of youth will not harm us if it lasts for some days after Christmas. So to my readers this year I do not say, after the usual trite fashion: May you have a Merry Christmas, but I say: May you have a young Christmas—a day when you may forget that you are forty, fifty or sixty, and feel that you are once more back to boyhood days and girlhood years. Once such a Christmas comes to you it will be the happiest of all your life. And that is the sort of Christmas I wish for each and every one of my readers this year,—the happiest in merriment, the youngest in feeling.

### THE HEART OF AMERICA

AMID all the noise of wrangling which has been going on during these past few months in New York over the question of Sabbath observance, no thought is more quieting, no picture more peaceable, no example more conducive to wholesome respect than that which the South at present offers to the entire country. As restful a picture, and suggestive of the true art of living, as the South always offers to those who can look at it and its people with a broad-minded spirit and with discerning eyes, that garden-spot of American life has never presented a more delightful aspect than at this moment. And it should command our national respect, admiration and thankfulness. Just now the Southern people are enjoying a Cotton States Exhibition at Atlanta, and at no time, thus far, in the history of their celebration and merry-making has the thought occurred to either the managers of the exposition, or to the people of the South, to question the propriety of Sabbath observance. There has been no repetition of the World's Fair wrangle, nor even a suggestion of it. Quietly have the gates of the exhibition grounds been closed each Saturday night, and opened again each Monday morning. The American Sunday has been kept inviolate, and it has been done without ostentation, without cant, without even a thought of aught else. It has been done as a matter of course. And a more forcible illustration of the wholesome strength of an older civilization to the restless and upsetting theories of a younger community is not possible of memory than this example set by the South to New York and to all America.

AND yet the difference of Southern ideas is marked only as it serves as a contrast to those which prevail in other sections of our country. The Southern idea in this matter of Sabbath observance, as it is in a great many other directions, is simply the pure, sound American idea. The most wholesome American ideas, those ideas upon which our government rests, are nowhere so prevalent as they are at present in the South. We who live in the more progressive East and in the bustling West are prone to speak of the South as slow, of its people as lackadaisical. We like to think of the South as behind the times. But no truer words can be uttered than those which say that if we would find to-day the American people at their best, where men and women are guided in their actions by wholesome sentiment, where people live righteously, and where the best of our customs are perpetuated and lived every day, where our own language is spoken by all, where hearts beat to the most loyal national sentiments, and where the people can be trusted to uphold what is highest and most lasting in our national life—we must turn to the South. How Sunday should be kept, or the manner in which it should be observed, does not trouble the Southern people. Their respect and honor for the day are too great and deep-seated to question its sacredness. They do not question Divine laws in the South; they accept and perpetuate them. Intellectual progress there goes hand in hand with a strict adherence to the accepted beliefs of religion. The Southern mother does not explain the Bible to her children in the light of so-called "modern teachings"; she places it in their hands as her mother gave it to her. And with the fundamental principles of religion the Southern child is taught patriotism and a love of country; hence religion and patriotism stand side by side in the education of a Southern child. The Southern people believe in progress, but progress along healthy, rational lines. Theories which mentally upset find no sympathy with them. They are content to move slowly, but sanely and surely. And some day when the vast majority of us who live in other portions of this country get through with our camping-out civilization, when we drop our boastful manners, when we get old enough to understand that there is a stronghold of conservatism which stands between tyranny and anarchism, our eyes will turn toward the South. And we will see there a people who are American in ideas and in living; a people worshipful, progressive, earnest, courageous and patriotic—a people who have made of their land, against defeat and prejudice, "the heart of America."

### AN EVIL OF THE HOLIDAYS

AS if it were impossible for even the brightest of festivals to be without its dark side, so the Christmas season always brings up an evil, which, in this progressive age of ours, it seems to me we might remedy. I refer now to the practice followed by certain merchants in keeping open their stores in the evenings during the holiday season. There can scarcely be a more inhuman practice, nor one more injurious in its effects upon our future womanhood, than this. The women who stand behind the counters of our great stores are mostly girls and young women. Women, either matured or old, could not bear the strain, even if they were possessed of the necessary agility. These girls come to their posts at eight o'clock in the morning and remain there until twelve. Then comes a brief respite of half an hour, or perhaps an hour, for lunch—oftener is it a half hour. Then they resume their posts again until six o'clock. At the least, they serve nine hours of a day in this way—the majority of them nine hours and a half. Now, let any woman not accustomed to standing try the experiment of remaining on her feet for nine hours, for, even where resting facilities are provided these girls, their duties call for a standing posture during the greater part of their working hours. The strain of the position is a fearful one in itself. No account need even be taken that during all these hours every faculty possessed by these girls must be on the alert. And during the holiday season the strain is ten-fold upon them during daylight hours. The constant stream of purchasers gives them not a moment of leisure from the time they reach their counters in the morning until nightfall—in thousands of cases not even time for lunch can be taken.

AND as if this were not enough, from one to three weeks previous to the holiday season these stores are kept open until ten o'clock. Four more hours of torture—and the severest ones—are added to the nine already passed. Granting even that an hour is allowed for dinner, which, in the majority of instances is not the case, the day's work foots up from twelve to thirteen hours of incessant strain—an inhuman drag upon body and soul. I care not whether our salesgirls are paid extra for evening hours, or whether they are not—which is nearer the truth in seven cases out of ten—the practice of keeping our stores open beyond the hour of six o'clock during the holiday season is a barbarous one and should not be much longer tolerated in enlightened communities. The injury which this inhuman system has upon the physical womanhood of the future is something appalling to consider. Here are thousands of our brightest girls—for the working girls of America are among the brightest and best in the land—in the formative period of their physical life called upon to endure a strain that cannot fail to leave its mark upon the generation which will succeed them. No girl, even of the most robust constitution, can stand this drag upon her system, and no girl should be called upon to endure it. For no excuse exists for any merchant to keep open his store during the evenings previous to the holiday season, and some of the higher and more humane order of merchants—thank God that we have them—have proved this fact by closing their doors at six o'clock, the same as at any other time of the year. It is argued by the proprietors of these "open-all-the-evening" stores that a certain class of employed people cannot do their shopping during the daytime. Very well; then let our stores be kept open for two Saturday evenings previous to Christmas. This will give every one a chance to buy. But let it end there. The blame for this unjust burden upon our working girls cannot, however, be entirely laid upon the shoulders of the merchant. Thousands of women, who can do their shopping in the daytime, and put it off until evening hours, are to blame as much as are the merchants. In fact, it is upon them that the heaviest part of the blame should and must fall. If it did not pay these merchants to keep open their stores in the evening they would be closed.

AND if our women who can do so, would do their shopping during the day, many of the stores would be closed. It is difficult to imagine what can possess the soul of a woman who will add a burden to a part of her sex by evening shopping when she might relieve that same burden by daylight purchasing. I have always fancied that if I were a woman there would be a lot of things I would do differently than they are now done by women. Many of them would probably be impracticable. But one thing I should do, and I would see to it that I did it: I would withhold my holiday patronage from any store which compelled its employees to work in the evening. I would avoid such a store as I would a pest, and I would adhere to that rule until the merchant was brought around to see the wisdom of altering his course. This is a small thing for any woman to do, even though it means purchasing a few things elsewhere which might be better purchased at a certain more advantageous place. And if the women who can, would, at this Christmas-tide, regulate their shopping with a view to giving thousands of girls relief, and earning the blessings, not only of them, but of future generations, we would have fewer "open-in-the-evening stores" next year. And womanhood, present and future, would be the better for a reform which is sadly needed and which ought to be taken in hand firmly and earnestly. Such a reform is human; therefore it should appeal to women.

### YOUNG MEN AND EVENING WORK

YOUNG men nowadays seem to be divided into two classes: those who won't work and those who overwork. And it is not easy to decide which class is the more unwise. The happy mean in mental activity is reached only by a few. If a young man is ambitious the first error he makes is to let his ambition run away with him. He suddenly discovers that there are not enough daylight hours, and he begins to encroach upon those which, from the very fact that they are shrouded in darkness, demonstrate that they were given for rest.

People are slow to realize how impossible it is to be mentally employed during the evening when they are so employed the entire day as well, and keep their health. More particularly is this true of young men, who find it one of the most difficult lessons to learn that night work is physically and mentally detrimental to the best business success. Let a machine run night and day and before long it will break down; and what a mechanism of iron and steel cannot bear the more delicate human organism certainly will not stand. I have written elsewhere on this subject, and I repeat here what I have said in another place that if a young man employs his evenings for work, he unfits himself for his work during the day. The mind needs diversion, recreation, rest; and any mentality kept at a certain tension for more than seven or eight hours per day will sooner or later lose its keen perceptive powers. No young man true to his best and wisest interests will employ his evenings in the same line of thought as that which engrosses him during the day. Mental work is unlike manual labor, in that it tires without physical exhaustion. Naturally, the worker does not feel it as much when he uses his head for ten or twelve hours per day as he would if he used his muscles for that period of time. But he goes, nevertheless, unconsciously beyond his powers of strength when he permits himself to overwork mentally. Unknown to him, the strain leaves its mark upon his mind. Youthful vigor throws its effects off for awhile, but not permanently; and a man's early breakdown, when he should be at the zenith of his powers in middle life, is very often directly traceable to an overtaxing of his powers in early life. But not only is the effect confined to the future, it is noticeable at the time of the indiscretion. It is seen in the inability of his mind to respond quickly to some suggestion at the office; and how can it be otherwise when the mind has been worked beyond its normal capacity? There is no question in my mind whatever, that a young man is untrue to the interests of his day-employer when he allows himself to work during the evening hours. Although he may not be conscious of it himself, he does not come to his work the following morning as fresh as he might if his mind had been given a season of diversion and rest.

I KNOW whereof I speak when I touch upon this subject. In common with other young men who are wiser than their best advisers, I made the mistake of continuing my work into the evening hours. For several years I gave up four or five evenings of each week to literary work. My family, my best friends, my physician warned me, but I thought I knew better than they. Other men, I contended, undoubtedly had suffered from what I was doing, but I should not. I was strong, young and of excellent physique. I could stand it; in fact, I was an exception to the rest of the human race. Two or three years went by, and I was proud of proving to my advisers that I was right and they were wrong. But suddenly, with scarce a warning, the blow came. Irritability and nervousness came first; everything annoyed me. The closing of a door, or the sudden entrance of a person into the room caused me to start. The harder I worked the less I seemed to accomplish. I could not understand it. Then I began to lie awake for half an hour after I retired; after awhile the half hour lengthened into an hour, then into two hours. Finally I had insomnia. After a bit my digestion did not seem to be as regular; a heavy feeling possessed me after eating. I was ordered away; stayed a week when I was told I should remain for a month. But, of course, I knew better. And what is the result? For the past three years I have suffered from an indigestion as constant as it is keen; and to-day I have to regulate my food, my hours and my habits, with the pleasing prospect that at least two years of such living are ahead of me before I can hope for relief. And why? Simply because of working when I should have been resting. But then I did not understand it. I do now, and I wish that every young man who reads these words may profit by my error. I have been fortunate to get off with nothing more serious than indigestion, but even that affliction has pains which only those who have suffered them can fully realize. Night work, when employed in the day, does not pay; on the contrary it kills. I wish fervently and sincerely that five, eight or ten years ago I might have reached this point of wisdom. I did not, and I write these words now and here as a warning to young fellows who value their health, their happiness, their peace of mind, and a comfortable feeling in the pit of their stomachs.



THE PASSION OF MONEY-GETTING

By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.



THE topic thus stated falls naturally within the scope of this series of articles, for the reason that it is home influence alone that can be trusted to deal in any manner of thoroughness with the involved evil and peril. The acquisition of wealth in the form and animus with which it is being currently conducted is distinctly a passion, which is to say that it is an impulse so earnest and heated in its energy as to defy the restraints both of reason and of conscience. It is at once a mental and a moral mania. Like most other forms of insanity the passion of acquisition may be expected in any specific instance to prove incurable. Any passion, once established, to such degree vitiates the organism in which it is rooted as to transform it from its natural estate into a condition of intellectual and ethical irresponsibility. Sensuality is a disease; alcoholism is a disease; money-getting is a disease. It is a disease that feeds upon its own work of disintegration. It is like the flame of a candle, which wins support from the very wax which it consumes. A confidential friend of mine once told me that he felt himself to be just on the verge of breaking down with the malady. He had accumulated quite a fortune without having yet been made irrational or vicious by it, but he told me that he was beginning to detect the premonitory symptoms of such an issue. He was still rational enough to know that he was becoming unreasonable, and principled enough to know that it would not take a great deal to make of him a rascal. At this critical juncture he had the good sense, and sufficient moral courage, to go out of business.

SUCH a step may not ordinarily be good policy, so long, at any rate, as one continues in the possession of ordinary powers, but it was good policy for him, and the only policy that, as a man of brains and integrity, was open to him. He had a keen sense of the tide that was weaving its energies about him, and knew that for him to hang longer upon the outer rim of the maelstrom was for him to become eventually engulfed by it without possibility of rescue. It is for that reason that what is done to contravene the passion of acquisition must be done as a preventive rather than as a restorative, and must, therefore, be done where the best constructive moral work always is done, namely, in the home. One way of accomplishing this is by fostering among the children habits of beneficence. They will have to get before they can give, to be sure, but getting never becomes a passion so long as it is held under the constant correction of bestowment. Giving is a thing to be learned just as much as is walking or writing. Virtues are the products of practice. What a man is at twenty is the summary of what he has been doing the previous nineteen years. We are schooled by our own behavior. A man's character is the sum total of his fixed habits. Everything begins in action, and when the action has been repeated times enough, it becomes an established and ineradicable habit of thought and demeanor. It is in that sense that our own acts are our real teachers and disciplinarians. What we amuse ourselves by calling our dispositions are often only the resultant of doing, a great many times over—a great many thousand times over perhaps—certain things that we began to do and were taught to do while we were yet children. When we were still in our first years we began, perhaps, to tell the truth; were taught to do so. We were so held to that line and told the truth so many times that we got in the way of doing so; that is, it became a habit with us; there was established in us a set in that direction. There may have been in us no more original truthfulness than there was in some neighbor of ours who possibly never tells the truth except when he forgets himself or blunders into it. The same holds of stealing. I am not a thief for the simple reason that I never learned to steal. If a man is honest at forty it is because he early learned to let alone what did not belong to him and has never lost that habit. What a man is when he dies is principally the product of all his anterior conduct. This, then, is what was meant by saying a moment ago that a man's character is the summary of his fixed habits. In no aspect of life does this principle hold more strenuously than in that of beneficence. We are trained into generosity by our own acts of giving.

MEN get in the way of giving. Children get in the way of giving, and then their lives run in the groove that early acts of kindly disbursement have worn for them. That is exactly what we mean by habit, morally sliding in the groove that our own repetitious act has worn for us.

We are not honest except as a result of doing honestly. We are not generous except as a result of doing generously. No quality becomes an element in our own character except by the preliminary of practicing it. More of the difference between generous and stingy people lies in this than is generally appreciated. No one of us can do well or easily a thing that we have not learned how to do. That thing may be the lifting of a twenty-pound dumb-bell or the contribution of a dollar. It is for this reason that with many people the giving of a moneyed gift makes them so tired. They are not necessarily bad people, but the moral muscles that come into play in motions of generosity have with them never been trained. Our natures being what they are, there is a necessary strain involved in parting with what is ours till the doing of it has been continued so long that the act becomes autonomic. We might as well understand that there is no particular difference in this respect between learning to be generous and learning to spell or learning to solve problems in arithmetic or algebra. People naturally selfish are not "converted" into beneficence any more than boys who cannot put three letters together in the right order are "converted" into good spellers.

There is a little friend of mine, still a boy at home, with whom it is a fixed fact in his life to give away a definite percentage of all the money that comes into his hands. Quite a considerable sum came to him recently and it was feared that he might be inclined to scale down the proportion; but the momentum previously acquired was sufficient to counterbalance contrary pressure, and there is no special reason to fear that he will jump the track in any emergency to come.

A MAN cannot be trusted to do right in this or in any other particular till he can do right easily, that is to say until it has become his habit to do right. Giving cannot be left to impulse any more than spelling can be left to impulse. We have seen what might be called impulsive spellers, and they make just the same wretched work with orthography that impulse-giving makes with charity. Nor is the purpose subserved by putting into the child's hands as a gratuity the money that he is expected to bestow as a beneficence. Merely letting money go through his hands will not make him charitable any more than letting water slip through a lead pipe will make the lead fertile. The act that is going to strengthen the little boy-giver or the little girl-giver in the direction of a matured generous disposition must be an act in which the actor feels that he is parting with something that is his own, not something which he is merely handling in the capacity of agent. It is a very common thing, if there is a beggar at the door to whom a pittance is to be given, or a gathering in the church or the Sunday-school where the contribution box is to be passed, for the child to obtain from his father or mother the requisite penny, and then for the child and parent both to imagine that the child was somehow involved in and disciplined by the penny's conferment. The child in the Sunday-school does not learn to give in that way any more than the child in the spelling class learns to spell by the bare mimicry of the letters that the teacher herself puts into the child's mouth.

WE learn to spell by making the spelling-act our act. We learn to give by making the giving-act our act. It is hoped that this truism will touch a vibrating chord in the intelligences and hearts of parents. The world is full of moneyed men, but really, great as is the amount bestowed in benefaction it sustains a very feeble ratio to the amount that men and women bestow on themselves; and it is not because these people are intentionally sordid and have no blood in their hearts, but because years ago, when they were children, their parents imagined that while schooling would be necessary in order to qualify their offspring to read and write, no schooling in particular would be necessary in order to educate them into the far more difficult capability of parting with their own possessions in the interests of and for the bettering of others; safeguarding the lesser, trusting to chance for the greater.

PARENTS can also check in their children the tendency toward this passion by taking care not to treat the amenities of life and the powers and accomplishments of mind as expressible in terms of dollars and cents. This has a particular bearing upon fathers in their relation to their sons. There is no easier nor surer way of convincing a boy that money-getting is the supreme art than for him to have his training and schooling shaped with exclusive reference to fitting him to practice the art. It is not necessary for the boy to realize distinctly what such a mode of procedure means, and still less is it necessary for his father to tell him in so many words that school-training is worth only what it will fetch in shekels; that way of estimating the matter will usurp a place in the boy's mind, and the usurpation will become all the more despotic and irresistible for having initiated itself insidiously. The ideas that master us the most imperiously are the ideas that were planted in us without our knowing when, and that go on deepening their roots within us without our knowing how. The situation here mentioned is one that I often encounter in conversation with business men who are considering the question of their sons' education. I am often told by them, especially if they are not themselves college-bred, that as their plan is to fit their sons for a mercantile career the only college they have any intention of sending them to is a business college. We have nothing to do here with the question as to whether a man's business chances are improved or impaired by a liberal education. There is a good deal to be said on both sides of that dispute. The question we have in hand just now is larger and looks farther. We are considering the effect which is going to be had upon the boy by being led to feel that the value of his training, whether it be obtained in a business college or in any other kind of a college, is determinable by the amount in cash, stocks and securities in which it may be expected ultimately to eventuate. That is an indirect—but none the less effective for being indirect—way of telling the boy that money is so transcendently great a thing that the only value that anything else can have is its efficiency in contributing to that end. It is an indirect way of telling him that the only value of an idea, the only value of a mental energy, the only value of a disciplined brain, in fact, is its cash value; which amounts substantially to listing intelligence and putting it upon the market in mercantile competition with wheat, leather and railroad stock. Of course there is no such intention as this on the part of parents when they hurry their sons into the store or the banking-house or on to the exchange, but the effect just stated comes, is bound to come, and is damning in its consequences; and it is monumentally unaccountable why intelligent Christian parents, are so stupidly slow in forecasting the logical issue.

THERE is something so almost fiendishly engrossing about the practice of money-making that it seems as though the intelligent and affectionate friends of such as are destined to this pursuit, instead of trying to narrow and pen in the powers, interests and sympathies of the prospective trader, banker or broker, would do everything possible toward multiplying the objects of his interests, and widening the channel of his sympathies. Men go crazy because their regards are held so tenaciously and so acuminately upon a single point. Men go money-crazy because they think and dream money so constantly and engrossedly that, like a spring inundation trying to work itself off through a narrow river-bed, the torrent breaks bit and bridle, and what might have been a prolific fountain of irrigation precipitates itself in a frenzy of inundation. If a man has been so trained as to have his interests multiplied and the area that appeals to his regard widened it may be that he will not work quite so concentratedly in his counting-house or pile up his assets with quite the same celerity. If he loves his country a little, lays himself out in behalf of his city occasionally, or acquaints himself with the events that are engaging the attention of the world-at-large, or does a little something toward informing himself upon questions of artistic or scientific interest, and toward keeping up with the life of the world, it will probably follow that the enlargement of his regard will cost him a corresponding contraction of his purse. Concentration is doubtless the secret of acquisition, but if convergence, urged to a certain extreme becomes mania, then the only rational preventive will be divergence, and that preventive wants to be applied early before the energies have hammered themselves down to a hot point. If John Smith, the boy, learns to be intelligently interested in a great many things, John Smith, as a man, will never burn himself up in one thing, and wide rational sympathies learned at home are the surest security against narrow, maniacal rapacity on the street and in the counting-house.

C. H. Parkhurst



Hair Cloth Crinoline

notwithstanding the great number of imitations and substitutes advertised to be twice as wide and twice as cheap, has a hold upon the fashionable dressmakers and fashionable women that cannot be shaken. It was only a matter of time for the old adage, "The best is the cheapest," to be proven, and now the demand for the genuine Hair Cloth Crinoline, of which every strand of the web is pure hair, promises to exceed the output. Experience has also taught the best manner of using it, and the fault of shrinking or cooking, which by the unthinking ones has sometimes been attributed to hair cloth without for a moment looking for the real cause, that of putting two fabrics of different nature together, either of which may shrink a little, has been overcome by scientific methods of interlining; shrinking, ironing and binding hair cloth before putting into a dress, has also produced satisfactory results, more than compensating for the little extra trouble in so doing. To make certain of the genuine hair cloth take out a few strands of the web, pull them, and if found to be elastic it is hair cloth, otherwise imitation. It is quite easily understood why hair cloth is so elastic and resilient if one will only stop to think that, no matter how many ways human hair is combed, whether twisted, curled, braided, crimped or frizzled, whether wet or oiled, it will resume its natural position and so, too, will Hair Cloth Crinoline, having a web of pure hair, resume its normal condition. Such Hair Cloth Crinoline, as above referred to, is made by the American Hair Cloth Company of Pawtucket, R. I., the largest hair cloth manufacturers in the world, whose goods are recognized as the leaders throughout the country, and are superior to any foreign or domestic make. They manufacture several grades suitable for skirts and sleeves for both day and evening dresses.

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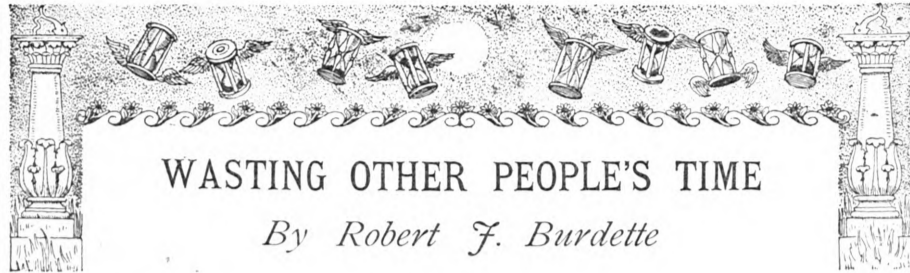
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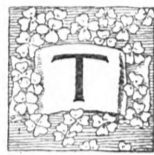
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## WASTING OTHER PEOPLE'S TIME

By Robert F. Burdette



TIME was when all the world having so much longer to live than it now hath, went at its own sweet will in its own long way. When a man made up his mind to be a patriarch and live as many years as we do months in these degenerate, "brisk and giddy paced" times, he made haste for naught; he went to bed when the stars came out, arose and made his ablutions without soap or water when the sun lighted the side of his tent. When he traveled he walked; where he pitched his tent at night, there he lived. When he married he was a duke; when his first baby was born that made him a king; and when his eldest son married he became a patriarch, raised a beard, quit hurrying and took things quietly for the next five or six generations. Although there was nobody else in all the world except himself and his immediate neighbors he took not the slightest interest in any part of the globe save his own pasture lands, and he would spend three months digging a well for his stock when there was a river not five miles farther on. He usually traveled in a circle in order to get back to the place whence he started. The ass of the Orient was his baggage train, and the camel was his trolley, but he preferred walking because it was so much slower and took him so much longer to go from Haran to Sichem. A man who was going to live seven or eight hundred years had to figure on some way of putting in the time, and if he hurried and made all haste day by day he never would get through with his spare time.

But times are different since they were changed, and a noticeable variation of things and ways has come in with the universal mutation of matters terrestrial. We have about as much to do as had our fathers, but we have far less time to do it in. Wherefore, this year let us turn over a new leaf. If the new one isn't handy the same old one will do quite as well. It got turned back again, just about a year ago, three or four days after we turned it over. Let us lay our hands upon our respective hearts and solemnly resolve: That we will not waste the time of other people. Now that is good resolution enough for one year; certes, if we can stick to that for a good twelvemonth then for years to come a white square on the calendar will mark the light and prosperous footprint of the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six.

FOR of a truth I do not believe that even people who are prodigal with the minutes, wasteful of the hours and spendthrifts with the days, are given over-much to squandering that which is their own. Were that the head and front of their offending, no word of censure or rebuke should they hear from this mild and gentle-spoken pulpit. But never yet knew I man or woman reckless of time in any way, who scrupled at all to use ten minutes of your precious time to one of their own idle leisure. So frequently had I observed this thing, in the years of my pilgrimage, that at one time I resolved that I would never again make the slightest effort to be punctual, save only in the matter of observing an appointment with a railway train, which loitereth not for any man but is gone as a shadow goes even at the stroke of time. Who is it that most suffers by reason of the leisurely ways of the sluggard? The sluggard? By no means. Rather the man or woman who waiteth for him. The man who riseth at five, intending to breakfast at six, but is compelled to wait until seven-thirty for the sluggard, he is the man who wastes precious time, or rather, who hath it wasted for him by the snores of the sluggard. The wasters of time, under compulsion, are the punctual people. They waste it, this priceless commodity, waiting for the good-natured people who come loitering along by-and-by—"So sorry to have kept you waiting"—a mild type of sorrow which causes not the lightest anguish to the sufferer; a sorrow that leadeth never to repentance. Eight o'clock is the advertised hour for lectures and various entertainments the world over. I doubt very much, if in all the thousands of lectures which will be poured out upon the long-suffering American people this year, a dozen will begin at the advertised time. Anywhere between the hour set and fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes later, the chairman will arise and forget his speech of introduction and get the initials of the speaker wrong. Often the lecture announced for eight o'clock begins at eight-forty. And by that time the punctual people, who were in their places at seven-thirty, want to go home, in which desire the rest of the audience join most fervently.

DON'T talk to me about the virtue of punctuality. I know all about the boy who came to the bank to apply for the position of cashier and got the place because he was so punctual, and married the president's daughter, and went into stocks and "got a twist" on the old man and became president himself. I know all about him. Read about him in my book when I was missing my lessons every day at school. Believed it, too, until I got to be about forty years older; then I grew a little skeptical. That story is one of the childish things I put away. That boy came down to the bank about six o'clock in the morning, and hung around until nearly eleven, before it dawned upon him that Good Friday was a bank holiday. The next day he came down in the afternoon and found that Saturday half-holiday was observed by all the banks in all civilized lands. Then he came down bright and early Monday morning and learned that the other boy had met the vice-president at the base-ball game, Good Friday afternoon, and fixed it up with him when he was in high good humor and got the "job." Don't talk to me about punctuality; it is a bond-slave to cunctation. The family that comes late to the lecture always has its seats at the other end of the row, that it may trample on your feet, climb over your knees and scrape every bonnet in the front row out of place as it scrambles in. This is to punish you for your inflated conceit about being on time. The man who comes late to church always times his untimely arrival so as to smother the text. Oh, beloved, when you loiter it isn't your own time you are wasting; that probably isn't worth even wasting. But think of the time belonging to other people, who have in life some work to do other than merely to sit around in uncomfortable and dismal places waiting for you.

IF I were a Populist, a Socialist and an Anarchist all boiled down into one, I would still be grateful to the railway, monopoly or not, for teaching people habits of punctuality, and enforcing its doctrine. It has been and is the greatest missionary of punctuality ever sent into this irregular old world. People—even the people who start late and arrive later on all other occasions—never go to the station at 9:10 expecting thereby to take the train leaving at 9:05. Oh, they do, once, perhaps twice, some very thick-headed people try it a third time. And in every community there is at least one family that makes it its habit and a part of its religion to do this so long as it lives. You know the family; it isn't necessary to mention names; as the immortal "Sairey" says, "Namin' no names, no offense can be took." But the vast majority of people learn the railway method of doing business and time their movements by the big clock in the station. The great apostle of tardiness, on the other hand, is the steamboat. The hours I have passed in lonely, but splendidly-ventilated wharf-boats on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers waiting for a boat that was expected along some time before the river ran by, could I have them put together, would give me ample time to collect and spend my own endowment life insurance.

NOW this is an age of organization. We do everything in the way of reform by organized work; nothing goes but concerted action; we have societies for everything that we want done, and don't care to undertake upon our individual responsibility. If, therefore, the young people—both because this is the young people's year, as have been all years that ever were, and will be all the years that are to come, and because the old folk are possibly too "sot" in their ways to be moved (this is not true; it is merely assigned as an impossible reason to keep the other one company; the old folk are the methodical, systematic and punctual class; the less time a man has, the more careful with it is he)—if the young people, then, would only postpone for another year the organization of the "Society for Providing Bookmarks for People Who Lose Their Places and Can't Remember How Far They Read," and organize a "Society for Punctuality," about eighteen months of good work in all lines of human Thought, with a big T and activity with a little a, might be done this year. "It is never too late to mend," but what is the use of smashing things early in order to mend them later? Let us be punctual this one year of our lives; let us go to church on time; let us pay our bills promptly; let us have family prayers before we go to bed, and get up every morning before breakfast; let us keep our engagements or break them altogether. Let's!

THERE is an old adage, "Better late than never." However, that depends. Napoleon, we are told, was fifteen minutes late beginning the Battle of Waterloo, and that quarter of an hour wrote "Finis" to the Empire and opened a chapter entitled "St. Helena." Wouldn't "never" have answered the purpose quite as well, especially to the few thousands of Frenchmen and Englishmen who never went anywhere after that battle, but stayed right there at Mt. St. Jean, in the awful sunken road at La Hain, or wherever they happened to be at the moment when Time, with all its hours and quarters, went out forever? Isn't "late" very often the same thing as "never"? The man who decided that he would go aboard the ark for a cruise of a day or two anyhow, the morning it began to rain—was "late" any better than "never" to that fellow? The "reprieve" that comes galloping and foaming and shouting along, just as the deserter falls on his face and the smoke from the muskets of the firing party goes wreathing up over him—how much better is that "late" than "never"? The five foolish virgins in the Good Book weren't so very late, but "the door was shut" just the same, and they might as well have postponed that trip to the house where the wedding feast was held. They would, at least, have saved some weariness of walking. I don't suppose their time was worth saving, then. The man who comes rushing up to the bank door five minutes after business hours will find that note protested next morning just as thoroughly as though he had gone to the circus and enjoyed himself. The man who fires himself down the float to see the ferry-boat only fifteen feet away from the slip, will wait for the next boat, which will miss his train, which will put off his wedding one day, which will make "her" so "mad" she will marry the other man. Did you ever write a letter to a dear friend whom you had somewhat neglected of late because of a multitude of swarming duties, and receive the shock of a telegram before your letter was half way to its destination, telling you in the cold, official crispness of the wires, that letters and silence, kisses or frowns were all alike to the dead friend at peace with everybody? "Better late than never!" It is the psalm of the tardy man, the golden text of the loiterer, the creed of the negligent.

THE late man comes just in time to misunderstand all that is being said, because he doesn't know what the convention has been saying and doing before he came in. He is able for nothing save to mix things up, to tangle suggestions and misconstrue motions, and true to his habit of delay he impedes business so continually by his repeated demands for information on things which are clear to everybody else, that all the rest of the delegates, who came on time, heartily wish he had "never" come since he must come "late." The woman who comes late to concert, theatre, lecture or what not, mars the pleasure of her punctual neighbor by whispering for all manner of information: "Who is she?" "What number are they playing now?" "Where are they at?" "How much have I missed?" "Which is Madame Hiskreechi?" "Will you let me look at your programme, please?" In a little radius of half a dozen chairs in all directions around her, punctual people are devoutly wishing she had fallen downstairs and broken her necktie, and so remained at home with the world at least at peace with her. I tell you, my readers, "late" isn't so very much better than "never" in many, many instances, and oftentimes it is the same thing. That is why we speak of a dead man as "the late" Mr. So-and-So. And the late man, in many, many instances, is not any better, so far as his usefulness is concerned upon that particular occasion, than a dead man.

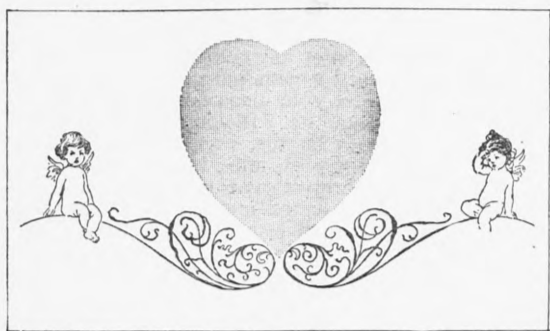
IT isn't that you are in people's way; it isn't that your friendship isn't dear, your companionship delightful, your presence as welcome as roses in December. Because it is. We can't see enough of our friends. Two of the best friends I have on this earth I can sit, or walk, and if we feel like it, converse by the half hour, without saying a word. We never get in each other's way, and we are never conscious of trying to avoid so doing. We never steal each other's time, any more than the sunshine crowds anything or anybody in the room when it fills it. Let us respect the property of other people this year, then—the most valuable, alas, the only property some of us possess—Time. Let us bear in mind that it is just as easy to be early as it is to be late; that it is economy of time to do all the hurrying—if one must hurry—in the first quarter of the hour, rather than at the last; that any one can get anywhere on time, if only he starts on time; that the sun set when the almanac said it would because it rose on time. Let us rise and repeat in unison the golden text: "Resolved, That we will not waste the time of other people."

Robert F. Burdette.



# ATTRACTIVE DINNER CARDS

By Mrs. Garrett Webster



"Frame your mind to mirth and merriment."

HERE are a few points to be observed in the giving of a dinner-party, be it elaborate or simple. These points refer to the food served and the manner of serving it, the latter including both the arrangement of the table and the instruction of waiters. Apropos of the first of these points it may be interesting and instructive to intending hostesses to learn that dinner menus this winter are to be much simpler than for many seasons past. The ten-course dinner with its "triple triplicates," as a witty woman has described the three fish, meat and dessert courses of which the dinner-party of past seasons consisted, was an abomination to cook, hostess and guests alike. We have learned better and the usual menu for the most elaborate of dinners now consists



"At Christmas play and have good cheer; For Christmas comes but once a year."

one has served creamed oysters to avoid a thick soup or a white sauce with the fish. Another point, and this is for impressing upon the cook, is that hot things shall be served hot, and cold things cold. As to the preparation and serving of dishes: When shaddocks are served one half should be placed at each person's place when all the seeds have been removed and a sharp knife has been slipped between the pulp and the skin, detaching the former so that it can be readily eaten. A teaspoonful of powdered sugar should be added just before serving.

With oysters or clams fresh celery may be passed. With soup thin wafers may be served, although it is more usual for bread to be eaten. With fish either potatoes or cucumbers, but no other vegetable, and but



one of these should be served. The entrée course comes next. With the roast come the vegetables. If no game is to be served the salad course comes next. If game is served a sherbet is served between these heavy courses, in order to

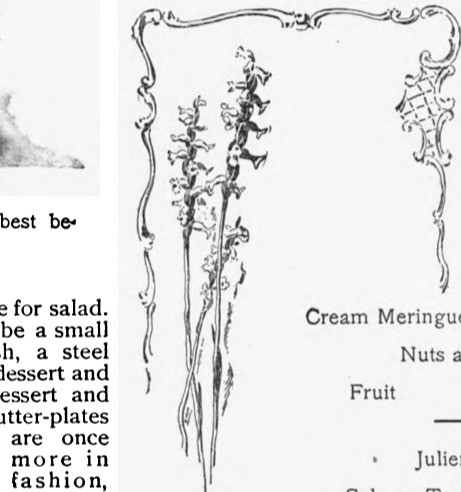
stimulate the appetite. Game is served unaccompanied, unless it be combined with salad, celery, lettuce or cress. When this is done the usual accompaniments of a salad course, crackers and cheese, are reserved until the end of the dinner and passed just before the coffee. Where, however, the salad course succeeds immediately to the roast, the crackers and cheese (Rochefort or Camembert for the men, and Neufchâtel or some other cream cheese for the women) are an invariable accompaniment. It is quite usual to serve two sweets, pastry and pudding; with fruit and nuts to follow as a dessert course. Coffee is served finally, cream and sugar being passed to each guest with it.

Whenever it is possible, unless a mistress has a marvelous aid in the person of a butler or maid, the setting and arranging of the table should be done by her own hands. At each place there should be placed, on the left side, an oyster-fork or a shaddock-spoon, a fork for fish, one for entrée,



"The guest that best becomes the table."

one for roast and one for salad. To the right should be a small silver knife for fish, a steel knife for the roast, dessert and table spoons for dessert and soup. Bread-and-butter-plates



- Creamed Oysters
- Clear Soup
- Salmon, Cream Sauce
- Potato Bullets
- Wild Duck, Jelly Sauce
- Potato Croquettes
- Turnips, Cream Celery
- Cold Asparagus
- French Dressing
- Crackers
- Cheese
- Cream Meringues
- Cherry Ice
- Nuts and Raisins
- Fruit
- Coffee
- Julienne Soup
- Salmon Trout, Cream Sauce
- Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms
- Potatoes au Gratin
- Green Peas
- Creamed Cauliflower
- Lemon Sherbet
- Roast Squab
- Mayonnaise of Celery
- Gooseberry Tart
- Iced Pudding
- Fruit
- Crackers
- Cheese
- Coffee
- Shaddocks
- Black Bean Soup
- Fried Smelts, Sauce Tartare
- Roast Venison, Currant Jelly
- Curled Potatoes
- Spinach
- Creamed Mushrooms



- one for roast and one for salad. To the right should be a small silver knife for fish, a steel knife for the roast, dessert and table spoons for dessert and soup. Bread-and-butter-plates are once more in fashion, and on each one of these should be placed the roll or bread, and if butter is served, the ball of butter. A handsome plate, on

which the dinner napkin should rest folded in a triangle, on top of which may lie the menu card, is at each cover. A large tumbler for water and a smaller one for mineral water should stand at each place.

Dishes of olives, bonbons and salted nuts should be upon the table. It is considered bad form nowadays to offer even a flower to guests, so the only decoration is that of the flowers which form part of the table service. A beautiful effect may be obtained at a Christmas dinner by having a large low bowl of holly in the centre of the table, and by laying a border of the same plant around the table about fifteen inches from the edge. The lamps or candles may have shades of



- Lettuce, French Dressing
- Crackers
- Cheese
- Mince Pie
- Ice Cream
- Fruit
- Nuts and Raisins
- Coffee

white tissue paper, covered with dusted spangles to represent snow, and having a wreath of holly for their only decoration. The effect of the table is entirely that of winter and "Christmas cheer."

Instruct the maids or waiters thoroughly about the serving of each course, showing them exactly what dishes and silver they will require for each. Write out plainly in English two extra copies of the menu, one of which should be placed in the



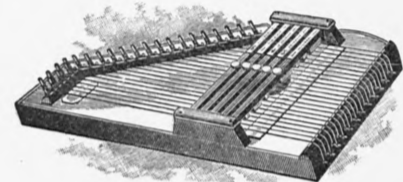
kitchen and the other in the pantry, as a guide to cook and waiters. The guest cards, upon each of which should be written the name of the person for whom it is intended, should be laid upon the table at the

place which the guest is to occupy, the usual place for them being at the tip of the fork. Upon each guest card may be placed some quotation appropriate to the guest it is intended for. I append three "menus" as useful for holiday dinners and as suggestive of the customs which will this winter govern the dishes served, and the order of their serving. All of the articles named can be procured during the holiday season.



## This will be an Autoharp Christmas

The prevailing Christmas gift this year, all over the land, will be an **Autoharp**, and good reason why, for as shown in the October number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, "this good-natured instrument" can be bought for from \$4.00 to \$150.00, and whatever be the condition of musical development in the individual there is an **Autoharp** to match it. We shall undoubtedly be able to supply the demand of those who order promptly.



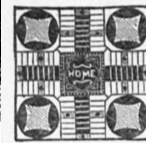
Style 2 1/4 at \$5.00 and 2 1/2 at \$7.50 are still, of course, the most popular. We have seven other styles described in full in our booklet entitled "How the Autoharp Captured the Family," sent free, but if you have the October number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL you will have particulars enough from which to order. Watch for our Christmas advertisement in the December magazines. Send money order. Furnishings accompany **Autoharp**. Express prepaid.

**Alfred Dolge & Son** Dolge Building, Dept. C  
110 East 13th St., N. Y.  
N. Y. Retail Salesroom, 38 East 19th St.

## The Best Home Game

"What Shall We Play?"

For twenty years the answer has been



## Parcheesi

THE ROYAL GAME OF INDIA  
A Christmas Present that's enjoyed for years by young or old.

Sold by leading Book, Stationery, Toy and Department Stores, or mailed, postpaid.

PRICES  
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Selchow & Righter, 390 Broadway, N.Y.

Have you thought of Cut Glass in considering Holiday Gifts?

Have you ever been in a store exclusively devoted to the sale of Cut Glass? Have you any idea what is made in Cut Glass? If you cannot call, write us for a pamphlet.



**DORFLINGER'S AMERICAN CUT GLASS**

C. Dorflinger & Sons,  
915 Broadway (near 21st St.), New York

No matter what burner or lamp you use, do you get the right chimney for it?

Write Geo. A. Macbeth Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., for "Index to Chimneys."

Pearl glass, pearl top, tough glass.

## FOR 35 CENTS

We will send the Kensington Photograph Frame, complete front screws, back, and glass, with the stamped linen piece in any floral design. For 29c, we will send an all pure linen centrepiece, size 18x18, stamped in the latest Delft designs, and for 39c, extra a set of 6 doilies to match the centrepiece. Address  
**KENSINGTON ART SCHOOL, 12 W. 14th St., NEW YORK**  
By mail add 15c. for Photo. frame; 7c. for linen piece.  
Send for Circulars of Special Offers for December.





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**"Kayser"**  
 in the hem is a sign that you have the genuine

**"Kayser Patent Finger-Tipped" Cashmere Gloves**

the kind that don't wear out and have a **Guarantee Ticket** in each pair.  
**25 cts., 35 cts. and 50 cts.**  
 If your dealer hasn't them—notify  
**JULIUS KAYSER & CO., New York**



Sold at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.00

If your dealer does not keep them, write to  
**R & G Mfrs., 361 Broadway, New York**

**Eiderdown Jacket**

**\$1.35**

As a special offer to the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, we offer a **Ladies' Eiderdown House Jacket** same style as in cut, large sleeves, stylish collar, finished with ribbon ties, also fancy embroidered edges—colors, light blue, pink, garnet and gray; sizes, 32 to 44. Price, **\$1.35**. Same style in fancy stripes, finished with hem, **\$1.98**. Mention THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and inclose 16 cents extra for postage on either. Our Catalogue of Dry Goods, etc., for Fall and Winter is now ready. Send for one. It is mailed free.



**JORDAN, MARSH & CO.**  
 BOSTON, MASS.



**Cotton Dress Linings**

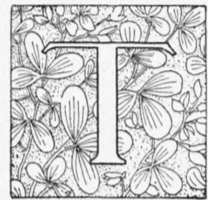
will not become limp like cheap linings, their firmness preserving the original style and fit of the dress.  
**Absolutely Fast Black** and will not crock or discolor by perspiration.

For Sale at All Dry Goods Stores  
 Look for this on every yard of the Selvedge:



**THE GIRL WHO IS EMPLOYED**

By Ruth Ashmore



**T**HE girl who must, perforce, earn her living is my dearest friend, for whom I hope much and fear more. All day long she is kept busy. It may be that her fingers are playing on the keys of the typewriter; that her pen is keeping up a debit and credit page; that she is selling beautiful materials, or doing one of any of the thousand things that are the business of the girl out in the workaday world. She wrote to me not long ago and said, "It is very easy for you to tell us what to do; you don't have to get up early in the morning, hurry through your breakfast, stay in an office all day long and be too dead tired when evening comes to enjoy yourself." Now, my dear girl, I have had every bit of that to do, and because I know what it all is I want you to make your life not only as good as possible but as easy as possible. And when I say easy I mean easy in the right way. You are not the only woman who has to work—no matter how hard your work may seem there is always somebody else whose work is harder and whose life is sadder. Therefore, take up your burden with a smile and you will be surprised to find how much easier it is to carry. Arm yourself with hope, and then if to-day seems one of trouble you can think about to-morrow and hope that it will be pleasanter, and so, thinking on your mercies, the sun will eventually set on the very longest day and it will come to an end. A sermon? Just a bit of a one, because you do make mistakes and you should rectify them. You can do this, because though a mistake is possible, no matter how careful one may be, still a mistake need not be repeated.

TEXT OF THE SERMON

**I**F there is one it should be that your word is as good as your bond. Consequently you are going to be an honest worker. You shrug your shoulders and look disdainful, and wonder who it was that ever dared call you dishonest. Well, I do. This morning you were due at your desk at eight o'clock; you got there at a quarter past, and it took you another quarter of an hour to get your wraps off and to get settled at your work. Stolen by one busy woman—one-half hour of her employer's time. Now, my friend, I have been through it all, and I know it is just as easy to get up at half-past six as it is at a quarter of seven, and then it is much more to your credit to be known as a worker who is always punctual.

That was a mean thing you said: That at your office they don't deduct if you are a little late. We were not talking about that, we were talking about honesty, and I am putting it in plain language because pure, unadulterated Saxon is good for us all once in awhile, and you are a thief. That is the long and short of it. Then, after you have been working a little while, the telephone bell rings. You are doing some important work; you stop right in the midst of it because the boy tells you that you are called. A friend of yours, in another office, has rung you up to hear whether you are going out to-night and to ask if you have a pattern of that bodice that you wore last Friday afternoon. It is bad, very bad. Now if you wish to be honest make up your mind that, during business hours, you will have no personal conversations over the telephone, and also decide that your personal letters shall be addressed to your home, while you make it a point to tell your friends that you decline all visits, that is, all social visits, at the office. That place isn't hired for social purposes, nor are you employed there to wile away the few idle moments that come either with a yellow-covered book or with crochet.

By-the-by, beware of drifting into a morning gossip with your employer. When you go to him for orders or to submit some work say all that is necessary, but no more. It may interest him to know that Tom, Dick or Harry in the outer office has a sweetheart, but it is not your business to tell him this bit of news. He may listen to your account of how Miss Black shirks her work, or gets some of the men to help her, but, though Miss Black may not gain his good opinion, neither will you. In an extensive experience I have never known the tale-bearer in an office to be thought of except contemptuously, even by the people who listened to her and whose favor she has tried to win.

ABOUT YOURSELF PERSONALLY

**W**HAT care do you take? It ought to be good if you wish to be honest. You owe it to your employer that, as far as possible, you should be in condition to work when you are at the office. Now, if you danced in an over-heated room until four o'clock in the morning do you think you will be able to work with a clear head at eight? The figures will be dancing before you, your head will be aching until you feel as if it would split, and in your heart you will be envying every girl who does not have to work as you do, and never once will you dream of confessing that you took your pleasure improperly. My dear girl, to do your work honestly you must arrange your pleasures so that they will at least end before twelve o'clock. You tell one of the other clerks very confidentially that your nerves are all broken to pieces, and you start with fright if anybody speaks to you suddenly. And the cause? Well, it is not often over-work.

Sometimes it is an improper way of living. Sometimes it is an improper way of dressing. Sometimes an improper way of eating, and very often it is a combination of all three. The young man who sat opposite you at the breakfast-table ate some sort of grain, a chop, an egg, some potatoes and a cup of coffee, while you played with a piece of toast and grumbled because the tea wasn't stronger. Physically, you have commenced your day wrong. The brain and the stomach work in harmony and one rebels when the other isn't properly cared for. At noon you have an hour. You rush out, eat a luncheon composed mainly of sweet things and go back to the office and spend the rest of your hour either in reading or fancy-work. Now, even if you can't have more than a piece of bread and butter and a glass of milk, the food should be nourishing and you ought to stay out in the fresh air for the remainder of your time, even if you only amuse yourself by looking in the shop windows. For that time should be a rest to you and a change, consequently you should be where the air is different and where your eyes will look upon different sights than those before you in the office. About your clothes. A silk gown is very charming. It is feminine, it is becoming and every woman likes to have one, but after the silk gown is gotten and the dress-maker's bill is paid, how about your flannel underwear? Would the rheumatism be quite so bad, or would that pain in your shoulder come quite so often if you were properly dressed? And wouldn't the wool gown be just as becoming, and wouldn't you be a great deal more comfortable if you wore it and the proper underwear instead of the silk frock and poor, thin and miserable undergarments? I sympathize with you in your desire to look pretty, but you can look quite as pretty and be a great deal more comfortable in a less expensive gown.

THE DANGEROUS LAND

**I**MEAN that one of Bohemia which seems to you so attractive. In reality it is a country of which you should not become a citizen. No matter whether your friends call you a prude or not, do not permit the social side of your life to degenerate into a free and easy condition where no respect is shown to you as a woman. In Bohemia there may be some laughter, but be sure there are many tears. In that land you would probably spend all your wages in one day of festivity, and be a beggar, or worse still, a borrower for the rest of the week. In that land a woman buys one fine frock, too fine for her position in life, and during the working hours she looks untidy and always suggestive, by her shabby finery, of a gay girl rather than a well-bred woman, which is what the busy girl should aim to be. In Bohemia it is claimed there is a jolly good-fellowship, and nothing else, between men and women. You don't want to be a jolly good fellow. You want to be a woman who is respected, not only because of her sex but because of herself, and the free and easy life in which a man offers a woman a cigarette, and she volunteers to get for him something that he counts more cheerful than a cup of tea, is one which my busy girl does not want to live. If for no other reason this would be one. In Bohemia all women must be young and beautiful, and you are not going to be that forever. So make for yourself a social world that will be enjoyable, that will be pleasant, but where you will be liked when youth and beauty have gone, because of the good that is in you mentally and spiritually.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE

**I**T is possible that you are the one woman in an office where there are many men, and you wonder a little as to the position you should occupy toward these men. I will tell you what I think is best. Be cordial, be pleasant, never forget the morning and the evening salutation, and never forget that little phrase, "Thank you," in recognition of any courtesy, but—this may seem hard to you but time will prove it is wisest—let your business and your social life be separate. If you meet your fellow-employees on the street, or in a public place, bow pleasantly, but let that be all. And if—I must say this because so many girls have asked me about it—any of the men in the office speak or act in a way that is too familiar without your having encouraged it, report it at once to your employer, and if he doesn't put a stop to it leave the place. Your self-respect demands it, but be sure, my dear girl, before you do this, that you haven't, either by a laugh or in some other way, given a quiet encouragement to these familiarities, for remember that what you do not discourage you encourage.

THE WHOLE DAY LONG

**I**T must be tiresome to stand behind the counter the whole day long and wait upon women whom you think more fortunate than yourself. But does this excuse your being indifferent to them? Does this excuse your unwillingness to show the goods you are put there to sell? Of course your behavior explains why you seldom get beyond being the girl behind the counter. In shops where men are employed as salesmen it is a fact that in nine times out of ten the new man starts in to learn all about the stock. Then he is able to tell his customers which is best and which is newest. And Mrs. Millionaire, who spends many hundred dollars at that one place, says, "I'll wait until that dark young man is disengaged; I prefer to have him attend to me." This is reported to the superintendent and in time the dark young man is promoted, and his promotions go on and on and on until he occupies a position of importance, and all because he was willing to take a little trouble. Why don't you do this? How many special customers have you? I deal at one store where, when I wish either a yard of ribbon or a bolt of it, I invariably wait for one young girl. She has taken the trouble to understand her business, and within two years she has been promoted twice and now she is hoping to be made the ribbon buyer. But in my entire acquaintance among girls behind the counter I regret to say that she is the only one I know who has thought it worth while to look into the future.

You say you expect to get married. That is right, and I hope you will, but you will be just so much more desirable as a wife if you are good as a worker. And a thoughtless, flippant employee is going to make a very bad mistress for a house. I respect the working-girl very much because in nine cases out of ten she is not working only for herself. There is nothing finer than a noble woman, and the girl who is giving a helping hand to those whose years are many, whose working days are almost over, deserves not only your and my approbation, but she also deserves to be told of her small mistakes, for they are small, so that she may be a better woman every day of her life.

THE END OF THE SERMON

**N**O matter how long it may be the end of the sermon always comes, but I would like you to take to heart what I have said, and believe that it comes from me to you as from one who loves to those who are loved. Take a sponge and wipe off the slate of your life the small and the mean mistakes. Wipe off the petty pride that makes you think that because you work for your living the world looks down upon you. It doesn't. It respects you and it is proud of you as long as you do your work well and honestly, and it is only ashamed of you when you shirk it or seem ashamed of it.

Sponge out that other mean pride that won't let you confess your ignorance or say that you have done wrong. There is something fine in the woman who can apologize. She stands, mentally, head and shoulders above her who does wrong and trusts that time will make the wrong forgotten. She who confesses the wrong and makes the apology, no matter how she may suffer, is a queen beside the woman who receives the apology in a grudging, half-hearted way. Take my little sermon in the loving spirit in which it has been given—the preacher means to be kind, and if some of the words seem a little severe it is because she feels as a mother would to her many children, and counting these busy girls as her children she reprimands them so that they may be the finer and the better from seeing the wrong, knowing just how mean it is and choosing to do that which is right. Let your account-book have this upon its last page: Credit Theodora with a strong desire to do right to God and man.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 45 of this issue of the JOURNAL.





HEART TO HEART TALKS

**T**HIS month in speaking to you from my heart to your heart my word to you is, be earnest, be alive. You know how fond I am of telling you what helps me. I have just laid a book down that has helped me so much. The writer says, "Do not, without a trial, allow that others are greater than you are; we must not be too reverent. There is no crime more awful and yet more common than this yielding up our place to others whom we have obsequiously dubbed great, while we refuse to see our own possible greatness, which is ours, not in ourselves, but in that we are God's. Also, great men are, after all, only other men, and it is a great and rather startling discovery when a man sees this for the first time, that even so-called great men lived on the same earth that we do, under the same skies, eating the same bread, sharing the same lot, suffering like troubles, and were in every way surrounded by the same conditions that we are, and that, in fact, they were and are only earnest editions of ourselves. What keeps any man from being great? Want of earnestness, that is all." It is many years since I first read that earnestness and goodness meant the same thing. Some one says the experiences of life kill most of us sadly soon; more people die of want of soul than of want of breath!



LIFE'S POSSIBILITIES

**T**HERE is no necessity of our being dead now, but perhaps you say, "If you knew all you would not wonder at my being the ghost of my former self." Yes, I would. You were made to outlive adversity; you haven't, I fear, learned to say,

"Life is real, life is earnest  
And the grave is not its goal.  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest  
Was not spoken of the soul."

And you must take in the immortality of your life and the life of those you mourn. "She went to the grave to weep there," but the One she thought was in the grave was at her side. Oh, why will we live among the tombs, when the everlasting voice is saying, "He is not here, He is risen"? It is so sickening to think how we have repeated, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead," and have never really believed it. It is certainly deteriorating to character to repeat words that have no meaning to us; but perhaps you are saying, tell us what we are to be earnest about? I simply reply, earnest about being good. There is so much said these days about woman's work; the greatest work any woman will ever be engaged in will be the work of becoming good, becoming a saint. All we need to make this world perfect is good men and women, and if we could only see that out of just such people as you and I and others, saints can be made, we would never be out of business. Do you remember that fact that Ruskin tells us of in his "Modern Painters"? He says that the black mud or slime of the footpath, the absolute type of impurity, is composed of four elements—clay mixed with soot, a little sand and water. "Separate these, the clay particles left to follow their own instinct of unity become a clear, hard substance, so set that it can deal with light in a wonderful way, gathering out of it the loveliest blue rays, only infusing the rest—we call it then a sapphire. The sand arranges itself in mysterious parallel lines which reflect the blue, green, purple and red rays in the greatest beauty—we call it then an opal. The soot exchanges the blackness it once had for the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once in the vividest blaze possible to any solid—we call it then a diamond. Last of all the water becomes a dewdrop and a crystalline star of snow." Maybe some of you, in your humble homes, wish for the beautiful around you, and that is all right, but only to think of being beautiful, and that is what this Order of the King's Daughters means more and more to me. Think of being a diamond—is that not much more than wearing one? And you will not have to get rid of anything dismal in your surroundings to become beautiful "within"; all can be made to work for your good. Oh, I wish I could tell you how clearly I see what you can become; only be earnest in your effort, in your will, and all will be well with you.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

**I**MAGINE the answers to my question; I seem to hear the different States mentioned—I cross the sea and hear the answer from the other side—I come still closer and ask, Have you a home of your own? And how the answers vary; some say yes, I have a home of my own; others say I once had, but my old home is broken up; others say I never had a home I could call my own; but the question comes closer still, Where do you live? the real you, for your body might have a home or a resting place and your spirit be homeless. Were you ever homesick? To this day I have never forgotten a feeling of homesickness I had when a child. A friend of my parents feeling an indebtedness to my father, urged my father and mother to let me come with my little brother to visit them in their country home, and we went, but the house was full of company and we were neglected. We had never been away from home, and we became homesick—it makes me ill almost to think of it now, we two poor homesick children—we looked at each other, we walked alone, and all we thought of was mother. Then we sat down and cried, oh, if we were only at home! Many a time it has been a lesson to me to be attentive to little children, so when I say, were you ever homesick? you could answer very quickly if you ever were. Well, I think there is a homesickness of the spirit that is not met by any earthly home, but a house with scarce conveniences may have such a high air that you feel exhilarated, lightened—all doors and windows opening out on great views. What many of you want, and perhaps do not know it, is a home for your soul, for the real you. There are women who walk the rooms of their palatial homes that they own, and they are forlorn and weary and restless. You answer, yes, but you would not ask me to leave my house, would you? No, of course, I don't, but you think if you only had what you say you need you would be happy in your beautiful house, and you would be at home, as you are not now. Well, it is denied you, you have not what you want. Ah, my dear friend, what you need is what you can have. You can have God.



THE REAL HOME

**I** WAS in a strange church not long ago, and even the hymn-book was strange to me, and when I opened it I saw a verse I had never seen before—I was early and I thought I would commit the verse to memory, and then I did not feel sure I would remember it, so I borrowed a pencil of a little boy who sat near me, and I had just enough paper to write the verse on—well, this was it:

"No good in creatures can be found,  
But may be found in Thee,  
I must have all things and abound  
While God is God to me."

I looked at it carefully and said, is that so? Can I have in God what my nature craved in the human? Can I have the tenderness, the love that makes home where the heart is? And I was sure if God is God, it must be so. It would not be right to create us and then have no supply for the creature created. Oh, dear ones, believe me, as I write from my heart to your heart, I would not deceive you, I know what I am talking about. You may say home! sweet, sweet home! and have no home of your own, and all that made home to you gone, and yet you, the real you, may be conscious of home, home in God. And when you get to that home, and it is so near for everybody, you will find that in that home you will have company, the friends you are separated from will be with you; it matters not if the ocean divides you on earth, they will be with you now in your spirit home in God. Oh, there are so many lost people who say, what am I? Where am I? Now let me tell you how you will find yourself. By saying instead of what am I? say what is God? and a low, sweet whisper will come, "God is love"—and to the other question, where am I? substitute where is God? and the answer will come, He is within you—don't seek Him in the skies. He is within you, and when you thus find God you have found yourself, and then you are home, with all the feeling of home. The same feeling you have had maybe when you have been away from home, and when at last you have reached home and have thrown yourself down in the dear old-fashioned rocking-chair, and have exclaimed, oh, I am so glad I am at home again!

RESTING IN THE LORD

**I**T will be just as natural when your spirit apprehends that God is your home, and you just rest in the Lord. Oh, do come home! Don't think of this or that, of him or his, but come home to God, who is like a mother or like a father or a brother, a friend—all you need. I cannot bear to have you so homeless, with that far-away look in your eyes, as if you would never be at rest here. It is not so. God is here; as Faber says: "He never is so far as even to be near." He is within you! His home is your spirit. Let me give you a little verse maybe you have never seen. I am sure I do not know where it came from:

"The foxes have their holes,  
The sea birds have their nests,  
But save in thy surrender'd soul  
I have not where to rest."

Will you not give Him a home in your spirit? If you will make God your home, and give Him a home in your soul, you will never know the meaning of homesickness, though when people ask you where you live, as I have, you may not say it, but you will think I live in God, and move and have my being in Him, and the result will be that those around you will feel that you are home, and will say, I, too, will go home, and rest in God, my sweet, sweet home! You may be away from home in an earthly way, or may have no home, and yet be at home in spirit, but you will have to know, according to my way of thinking, the meaning of "in Him we live and move and have our being." I have just received a letter from a deeply spiritual friend of mine, and he says, "The Holy Spirit is the real habitation of humanity; a house may have every possible furnishing—all combinations of convenience and elegance—but suppose there is no atmosphere, one may just as well live in a cistern, or any other place where one cannot breathe."



UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE

**I**N a letter just received from one of the "Daughters" she says, "I cannot put my finger on one human soul and say with certainty, I have brought you nearer Heaven. Isn't the thought appalling?" She then immediately added, "I have tried to do the best I could with the fifty children placed in my care from day to day. The thought of having tried so long and done so little almost overwhelms me." I think there are very many people who are saddened by the thought of what they have not done. Now we have no time to "look back." We must sow our seed now and sow in hope—and I do not think we have any right to say, when we have done our best to help souls upward, that we have not touched them. I think it impossible to be true to our highest convictions and not make any impression on those for whom we labor. We may not see the results we have labored for but we should not say we have done no good. There is a beautiful thought I would like to give my despondent friend: "He that goeth forth (sowing seed) and weepeth (I think that means earnestness) shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Why not say there will be results from my sowing, instead of I have done no good? No good deed is ever lost. Let us sow our seed in faith and hope—it makes so much difference in our own character whether we do or not. I cannot rid myself of the impression that God would like to have more happy, bright children—not that He does not love all, He does, but don't you know how much your mothers love the child that is so bright? She may not do more than the other children but she helps by being bright. There are people who always suggest sunshine and others who are sweet but always in shadow. I went not long ago into a room where lay a sufferer, and she had been a sufferer for forty years—had been confined to her room for that time. I was glad I took pink flowers to her—her room was very simple and it was pink—and the face was sweet and bright. On a table by her bed were heliotropes, her favorite flower. I told her it was the flower that could not live without the sun. As Adelaide Procter said of it:

"It turneth ever toward its lord,  
The Sun,  
Would that our hearts, as fondly sought our  
Beloved One."

As I looked at the patient sufferer I knew that she had lived in the sunshine of His presence and her face reflected the glory. There is eternal sunshine if we will only live in it. Think of an unchangeable friend, isn't that sunshine? Think of everlasting arms—everlasting time—everlasting kindness—isn't that enough to make you bright? Ah, we let our hearts be troubled because we do not believe. The Father's house and the many mansions are only just a little way ahead. A good man was asked once if he had an assurance that he would reach Heaven; his answer was, I intend to believe myself there.

*Margaret Bottomé*

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## A PAGE OF SAVORY PUDDINGS

By Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Compton

**S**OME like it hot, some like it cold." Thus runs the old nursery rhyme, and so it is in our day. Puddings both hot and cold, baked or boiled, frozen or chilled, are delightful, but much less appreciated than they should be. A properly-made pudding is light and easily digested, and in these two particulars differs greatly from the favorite American dessert of pie; they are also much easier of preparation, and as for their delicacy few persons who have eaten the light and perfect concoctions of fruit and flour, eggs, sugar and spice which form the average pudding, but will unite in singing their praises. The fruit puddings are an inheritance from our English ancestry and prove always the most satisfying and delicious of the more substantial desserts. Creams, custards and soufflés the French confectioners sent to us, but the idea of freezing and icing these compounds was entirely an American idea. On this page we have endeavored to give some receipts for puddings of all sorts, all of which we hope will be found available.

### SOME LIGHT PUDDING

**A** DAINTY dessert, known as fancy pudding, may be made by cutting half a pound of stale spongecake into slices about four inches long and one and a half wide; spread one side with currant jelly and dip the other in lemon juice. Line the sides and bottom of a pudding dish or mould with thin slices of spongecake, and arrange those spread with jelly over each other in the centre of the dish, leaving small spaces between. Make a pint and a half of custard; flavor with vanilla; let cool and pour over the cake. Beat the whites of the five eggs which have been used for the custard, with five tablespoonfuls of sugar until very stiff; flavor with orange extract and heap over the top of the pudding; set in the oven to brown, and serve immediately.

### CREAM PUDDING

**A** DD a pound of flour gradually to a pint of rich milk; mix in half a cup of powdered sugar and one grated lemon; beat all together; add a pint of thick cream, a pinch of salt and the frothed whites of six eggs; pour into a greased pudding mould, and set in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Serve with lemon sauce.

### TRANSPARENT PUDDING

**C** REAM a pound of butter and sugar together; add eight well-beaten eggs; flavor the mixture with nutmeg. Line a pudding dish with thin puff paste, pour in the pudding and set in a very hot oven for ten minutes. Serve without sauce.

### ANGEL'S PUDDING

**B** EAT four ounces of sugar and two ounces of butter together; add four ounces of sifted flour, a pint of thick cream and the beaten whites of four eggs; flavor with vanilla; bake in tart pans and cover with very stiff meringue.

### QUICK PUDDING

**S** IFT two cups of flour; add one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three well-beaten eggs, with a pint and a half of milk; flavor with extract of lemon; turn into a greased pudding pan, and set in a quick oven to bake for twenty minutes. Serve with hard sauce.

### BATTER PUDDING

**S** IFT a quart of flour; add half a cupful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of salt, seven well-beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of soda and two of cream-of-tartar, with sufficient sweet milk to make a thick batter; turn into a greased mould; bake in a very hot oven, and serve with rich pudding sauce.

### FIG PUDDING

**C** HOP half a pound of figs and mix with a teacup of grated breadcrumbs, a teacupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four beaten eggs, and five ounces of candied orange and lemon peel; turn into a greased mould; steam two hours and a half. Serve with pudding sauce.

### ORANGE PUDDING

**G** RATE the rind of three oranges; squeeze over the juice of one lemon and the oranges; mix with a pound of sugar, half a cup of butter and the beaten yolks of half a dozen eggs; pour into a deep pudding dish and set in a hot oven to bake for fifteen minutes. Take out, spread with meringue, set back in the oven for one minute. Serve with lemon sauce.

### LEMON PUDDING

**G** RATE three lemons; beat the yolks of six eggs; add to the lemons with two cups of sugar and half a cup of butter. Line the bottom of a deep pudding dish with slices of stale cake; pour the mixture over, and set in the oven to bake for twenty minutes. Take out; cover with meringue made of the whites of the eggs and a teacup of powdered sugar beaten together; set in the oven to brown slightly, and serve with sauce.

### PUFF PUDDING

**P** UT a pint of sweet milk in a saucepan and set over the fire to heat; add a teacup of butter; when melted sift in a cupful of flour, and stir rapidly for five minutes. Take from the fire; let cool; add six well-beaten eggs to the mixture, and beat with a wooden spoon for ten minutes. Let stand in a warm place for fifteen minutes; mix in a teaspoonful of baking powder; grease gem pans with fresh butter, drop a tablespoonful of the mixture in each and bake in a very quick oven. Serve hot with cream sauce.

### SNOWBALL PUDDING

**B** OIL a quart of milk; thicken with three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Beat the yolks of four eggs with half a cupful of sugar, and add to the milk; pour into a pudding dish and set in the oven to bake for ten minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff with four tablespoonfuls of sugar; add half a teacup of boiled rice; flavor with extract of lemon, and drop in little balls over the pudding; set in the oven until a slight crust is formed, but do not let color.

### JAM PUDDING

**C** HOP three tablespoonfuls of beef suet fine; add half a pound of sifted flour and a pinch of salt; mix with cold water to make stiff dough; roll out an inch thick on a well-floured bread-board; spread thickly with blackberry or currant jam; roll up in a well-floured cloth, and steam for two hours and a half. Serve with foaming sauce.

### TAPIOCA PUDDING

**W** ASH a teacup of tapioca through several waters, and put to soak for half an hour; pour over a quart of milk and let stand on the back of the range until warm; add a teacup of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, and four well-beaten eggs; flavor to taste; turn into a pudding dish, and set in a hot oven to bake for three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot or cold.

### SOUTHERN BREAD PUDDING

**P** UT a coffee-cupful of grated stale breadcrumbs into a bowl. Beat five eggs with half a cupful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of rice flour together; add them to a quart of milk; pour over the breadcrumbs; flavor with a little nutmeg; pour into a greased mould, cover securely, put into a kettle of boiling water, and let boil one hour. Serve with lemon sauce.

### BLUE GRASS PUDDING

**P** ARE and slice half a dozen tart apples; stew in a little water until tender; drain carefully, and press through a sieve; flavor with lemon and sweeten to taste; stir in the well-beaten yolks of six eggs; beat until the sugar is dissolved and the whole well mixed. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour, one of butter and the grated rind of a lemon. Line a pudding dish with a delicate crust of puff paste; turn the mixture into it, and set in the oven to bake until the crust is brown; take out; cover the top with meringue made of the beaten whites of six eggs and six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar flavored with lemon juice; set in a hot oven for two or three minutes, and serve.

### POTATO PUDDING

**T** AKE half a pound of boiled mashed potatoes; add half a pound of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a teacupful of milk and three beaten eggs; flavor with lemon. Line a pudding dish with thin puff pastry; turn the mixture in, and set in a hot oven to bake until slightly browned.

### RICE PUDDING

**W** ASH and soak a cupful of rice; drain; put in a saucepan; cover well with sweet milk, and let boil until tender; put into a deep pudding pan; add a pint of milk, a small cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, a teacupful of seeded raisins and the beaten yolks of four eggs; set in a hot oven to bake for an hour and a half. Beat the whites of the eggs with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; flavor with nutmeg, and spread over the top of the pudding; set in the oven for one minute. Serve without sauce.

## SEVEN ENGLISH PUDDINGS

By Margaret Compton

**T**HE English excel in making boiled puddings—they have mastered the art of light batter and the perfect cooking of suet. The secret of the latter lies in having it chopped until it resembles meal, and in boiling the pastry which contains it steadily for hours. The receipts herewith given have been tested with American ingredients, and are recommended, with only the precaution that should be attached to all directions, "Never follow any receipt implicitly when common-sense suggests a variation."

The use of bowls, instead of plain cloths or even moulds, for boiled puddings is characteristic of English cookery. A pudding thus cooked requires longer boiling, but the time may be approximated by allowing an hour for each pound. Over-boiling is hardly possible with suet, but under-cooking renders it unfit for use.

### GOLDEN PUDDING

**O** NE-QUARTER of a pound of sifted flour, ditto of breadcrumbs, ditto of finely-chopped suet, ditto of orange, peach or apricot marmalade; one egg; put into a buttered bowl; cover with a cloth, and boil two and one-half hours. This pudding is generally served with sifted sugar, but a well-made hard sauce makes a delicious accompaniment.

### EVE'S PUDDING

**O** NE pound of chopped apples, one pound of breadcrumbs, three ounces of suet, one-half pound light brown sugar, four eggs, juice and grated peel of half a lemon and one-half pint of milk; boil four hours in a mould or bowl and serve with sweet sauce. This pudding may be made with butter in place of suet, and baked.

### GINGERBREAD PUDDING

**M** IX one-quarter pound of suet with one-half pound of sifted flour; add a pinch of salt, one and one-half gills of molasses (either Porto Rico or New Orleans, preferably the former), one teaspoonful of ginger, and when thoroughly mixed one well-beaten egg and one-half pint of milk, in a part of which should be dissolved one-half a teaspoonful of soda. It may be necessary to use more liquid. It should be proportioned to the stiffness of molasses and flour. The original receipt calls for candied peel, but currants, sultanas or all three may be used. Turn into a buttered mould or bowl, and boil for three hours.

### LEMON PUDDING

**M** AKE a suet paste with one-quarter pound of suet and one-half pound of sifted flour, and line a buttered bowl as for any other boiled pudding. Take one large lemon and to the juice add three or four tablespoonfuls of light brown sugar—sugar varies in sweetness, hence the directions—and enough flour to make the mixture as thick as honey. Put layers of this and rounds of crust alternately until the bowl is filled; cover with the crust, and boil for three hours.

### RASPBERRY PUDDING

**T** AKE two eggs, their weight in flour, sugar and butter, two tablespoonfuls of raspberry jam, and one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream, then add flour, eggs, jam, and lastly the soda, which should have been dissolved in a little cold water. Steam for one hour and a quarter.

### HALF-PAY PUDDING

**T**HE name suggests many a figure familiar not only to those who know the life of the London suburbs, but to readers of English fiction. It tells of a dainty, well-ordered service on means which are extremely limited. Half-pay pudding is really a sort of cheap plum pudding, and the same care should be exercised both in mixing and in cooking it. The ingredients for this pudding are one-quarter pound of suet, the same of flour, breadcrumbs, raisins and currants, two tablespoonfuls of molasses mixed gradually with one-half pint of milk, and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Mix thoroughly and boil four or five hours—preferably five.

### TREACLE PUDDING

**T**REACLE is molasses—the New Orleans is the nearest that can be obtained in America. Take six ounces of suet—no more—one pound of flour, and just enough water to enable you to mix and roll out a crust which should be of the consistency of biscuit dough. Line a bowl with the crust the same as for a meat pie or pudding. Cut it off evenly at the top. Put a little molasses—just enough to cover the bottom of the bowl—then a round of crust, then more molasses, and alternate until the bowl is filled. Cover, and secure the top around. If the crust be well pressed down there will be no danger of the molasses coming out until the pudding is served. It should be boiled at least three hours, and at no moment during that time must the water in which the pudding is being boiled go below the boiling point.

All of these puddings should be served with a hard or soft pudding sauce, and all to be thoroughly enjoyable must be served immediately after being cooked.



FRENCH BONBONS AND CHOCOLATE CANDIES

By Nellie Willey



FRENCH bonbons, as the term is generally understood, are the cream candies made of cooked sugar and sold in candy stores as "best" candies. Uncooked candy, which is sometimes called French candy by the amateur, is not the French candy of the professional confectioner. I have been unable to find explicit directions for the manufacture of the fondant, which is the basis of all French candy, in any book.

Most books take it for granted that you will understand how to cook this foundation if the quantities are given you. I have for this reason tried to be very careful in the directions which I here give for its manufacture. The sugar used in all candies should be pure, in clear, sparkling crystals and perfectly dry. For French creams I prefer the Coffee A, but granulated or confectioners' powdered can be used if pure. Coffee A, by standing, dries into lumps, and in order to soften them the water to be used should be mixed with the sugar and allowed to stand a short time before the cooking.

MAKING THE FONDANT

TO make the fondant, take one pound of Coffee A sugar and one teacupful of cold water and mix them together in a granite or bright tin pan; let it stand about half an hour, then add a piece of cream of tartar about the size of a small white bean, dissolved in cold water, and set over a quick fire and stir constantly until the candy begins to boil, then stop stirring and wipe the sugar crystals off the inside of the pan with a damp cloth, being careful not to touch the boiling sugar nor to shake the pan. This helps to keep the fondant from graining. When it has cooked a few minutes test it by dropping some into cold water. If it has reached the point where it can be gathered up between the fingers into a ball which will retain any shape it is pressed into, it has reached the right degree, which is called soft ball. Carefully pour into a wide flat ungreased pan and stand in a cool place. When it is cold, or almost so, gather into a mass and stir constantly with a large spoon or wooden paddle until it is too thick to stir, then gather it quickly into a ball and put it on a marble slab, if you have it, and knead with the hands as you would bread dough. If you have no marble slab use the pan in which it was cooled. Let it stand after kneading a few minutes if you want to use it that day, if not, pack it away in an earthen dish until wanted. It is better to let it stand over night if you can. It should stand a few minutes anyway. When it is put away the fondant should be a mass of pure white cream, looking like lard, which can be cut with a knife and which should be as hard as hard butter; if put in the mouth it should melt away, leaving absolutely no grain. If there is a grain it has not been made correctly. It may have been stirred while boiling, or shaken while cooling, or stirred before it was cool enough. If it is grainy add a little water, let it melt slowly and boil again as before, exercising even greater care not to shake the pan nor stir the sugar. If it is not hard enough boil again in the same way and allow the ball to become harder this time before taking it off the stove. On a windy or damp day you will experience more trouble than on a clear, bright one in making this fondant, and this is one of the reasons why it should be made in advance of the time when it will be wanted.

DELICIOUS PEPPERMINT CANDIES

PEPPERMINT patties are made by breaking off a piece of firm fondant and placing it in a cup set in boiling hot water; add one or two drops of oil of peppermint and stir until somewhat melted; take it out of the water and stir until smooth; drop quickly from a spoon, or with a funnel and stick, or in any way desired, on waxed paper in drops about the size of a silver dollar. When the candy gets too thick to work this way put the cup back in the water and let it melt again. If it will not get soft enough one or two drops of water can be added, but be careful not to use too much. In an hour these patties should be ready to eat, but they may require a little more time. If allowed to stand over night they will probably be found all right; if not, take them up and melt again. These are never hard enough to pile in a dish and leave in a warm room. Their nicety consists in having them very delicate in flavor, color, looks and keeping qualities. Wintergreen patties are colored pink with fruit coloring, strained cranberry jelly or any harmless red coloring, flavored with oil of wintergreen.

CHOCOLATE AND MAPLE

TO make chocolate patties, melt some of the softer fondant in a cup and add some finely-cut chocolate, bitter or confectioners'; if too thick to drop add a few drops of water. These can be flavored if desired and usually will be found harder than the peppermint or wintergreen patties. Chocolate peppermints are made in the same manner as peppermint patties, as described above; when hard each one is dipped in confectioners' chocolate which has been melted over steam.

Maple patties are made by cutting up two cupfuls of maple sugar, adding one cupful of cold water, and just a speck of cream of tartar dissolved in water, and cooking like plain fondant. When cold melt and drop like the other patties. This fondant can also be used to dip candies in, as described below, or if it is not desirable to have so strong a flavor of maple, a little white fondant can be added when it is melting for patties.

MIXED BONBONS

ROSE bonbons are made by taking a small piece of the hardest fondant in the hands and working in one or two drops of rose-water; be careful not to use too much flavoring. Color your candy a light pink and make into balls about the size of a small marble, and put them away on waxed or oiled paper for a short time to harden. For a change from the rose, flavor a few balls with tea, coffee, lemon or orange. For another change mix cut raisins, dry and clean currants or chopped fruit or nuts with fondant and make into the balls. When making cream walnuts, melt some of the fondant in a cup set in hot water and dip in it half of an English walnut, taking care that the nut is completely covered; wipe off the surplus candy on the side of the cup and lay on paper to harden. A fork makes a good tool for all this dipping, using it as a spoon, but many of the regular candy dippers are simply loops of wire shaped like a long hairpin with the loop bent up like the bowl of a spoon. When these French bonbons described above have stood a short time, over night if you choose, dip each in melted fondant and drop on paper. This time they will look shiny and comparatively smooth, and in an hour they will be ready to eat. The lemon, orange, rose and coffee can be colored if desired, and an English walnut can be put on the top of any of these balls. A pretty novelty is coconut potatoes, which are made by grating some fresh coconut or taking the prepared dry coconut and mixing with fondant; if too moist add a little powdered sugar, the XXXX if you have it. It must be dry enough to roll into balls. Make into balls half the size of an egg, then roll in ground cinnamon and with a dull stick make indentations like the eyes of a potato; if desired cut a blanched almond in long strips and stick some of the strips in the eyes of the potatoes like sprouts. The making of the eyes will help to shape the ball into the oblong of a potato. Set them aside until the next day.

FRUIT BONBONS

TAKE candied pineapple and cut into cubes—either red or white fruit can be used. Take some of the plain balls described above and dip in melted fondant, and on top of each lay a piece of pineapple. Another way is to dip the pineapple cube in the fondant once or twice, as may be necessary to cover it well, and then harden. Still another is to cut the pineapple in pieces pointed at one end and wider at the other, and dip the wide end in fondant, leaving the other end uncovered. Cream cherries are candied cherries used in the same way as the pineapple. Do not use a whole cherry for the top of the candy, as a half or even a quarter is enough. Stuffed cherries are made by taking candied cherries and cutting them so that there will be four or eight points to stick up; fill the inside of each cherry quite full of fondant so that the points will lie against the fondant, thus making a pretty candy which will look something like a flower. To make pecan creams, take a ball of fondant, flavor to taste, dip in melted fondant and lay a pecan-nut meat on top and let it harden. Cream almonds, same as pecan creams. Almonds may be dipped in melted fondant if desired. English walnuts may be used in the same way. To make raspberry creams, add to a dessertspoonful of raspberry jam enough XXXX or confectioners' powdered sugar to make a paste; if not acid enough to taste like the fruit add a speck of tartaric acid. Make into balls, melt some of the hardest fondant you have and add a few drops of red coloring; dip the balls twice if necessary, as it sometimes will be.

SOME NEW IDEAS

TAKE some of the bits of various colored fondant which you have left and roll into pieces the size of a lead pencil an inch long. Chop up some of the bits of nuts which are left and roll each candy in very thin fondant and then in the chopped nuts. These are very nice to fill the crevices of a candy box with, but are so easily spoiled in appearance that they should be carefully handled. Fruit may be used in the same way. Flavor some of the fondant with coffee extract or with chocolate, and roll into very small balls. Indent one side of each with the back of a dull knife, which will make it look like a coffee bean. Take the odd pieces of fondant which you have left, mix some of them with chopped nuts, some with chopped fruit; flavor some with chocolate, color some pink and make the different kinds into flat cakes half an inch thick; lay on a tin or marble slab, using waxed paper under it to keep it from sticking. When it has stood awhile cut into squares three-quarters of an inch in size.

Economy in using up the bits of fruit, nuts and fondant may make the difference between profit and loss if you are making to sell, but, of course, judgment is necessary in this as in other matters. Do not try to combine too many colors or flavors in one candy, and remember that all should be very delicately flavored and colored if you wish to please all tastes.

CHOCOLATE CANDIES

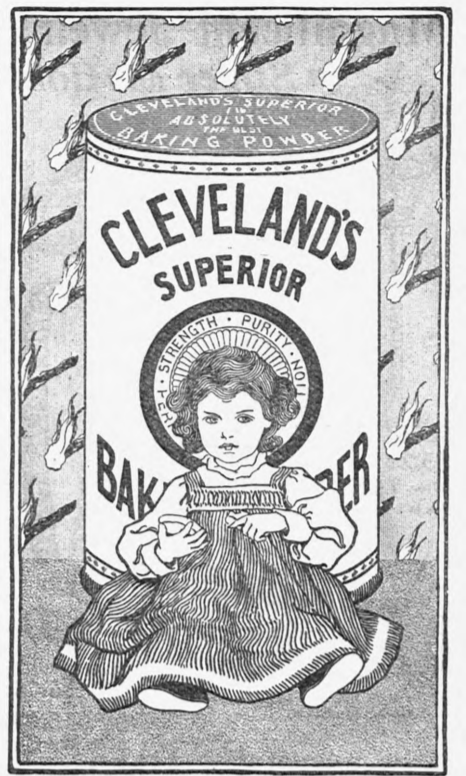
THE chocolate familiar to the housekeeper is the bitter chocolate; a sweet chocolate is occasionally found in kitchens, but the confectioners' sweet chocolate is seldom seen. For candy-making a medium, light-colored grade of confectioners' sweetened but unflavored chocolate, which sells for about twenty-five cents a pound, is to be preferred. If confectioners' chocolate cannot be obtained use the common chocolate, either bitter or sweet, but remember the bitter must be sweetened by the addition of some of the fondant made as described in the beginning of article or a little confectioners' sugar, which is the XXXX sugar of the trade. The common sweet chocolate, if pure, can be used as it is, but all chocolates are so adulterated that it is never safe to count upon what a certain brand will do until tried. It is best to inform the confectioner from whom you purchase your supplies that you wish a chocolate for dipping. Ask the name of the brand and if you are satisfied with it you can ask for the same the next time, and if you are not you will know what to avoid.

To melt chocolate, cut into pieces and put in a cup set in a pan of hot water. Be very careful that no water gets into the chocolate. If the chocolate is too thick when melted add a little fresh melted suet; if too thin thicken with fine sugar dust. This chocolate can be flavored with cinnamon, mace, allspice or cloves. To make chocolate almonds, blanch and slightly brown the almonds in the oven; when cool throw them into the melted chocolate, stir until all are covered, then lift out one at a time on the tines of a fork, or between the prongs of a pair of candy-tongs, and drop on waxed paper. The implement used should be wiped on the side of the dish as each almond is lifted out so that no chocolate will be wasted. On a cool day these candies will be ready to eat in an hour. Roasted peanuts, English filberts, pecans and Brazil-nuts can be used in the same way. When making chocolate dates remove the seeds from the dates, roll between the hands until they resume their original shape, then dip them one at a time in the chocolate. Candied cherries, pieces of pineapple or apricots may be dipped in chocolate and left to harden. These will be found delicious.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOWS

CHOCOLATE marshmallows are made by taking some marshmallows, which I would advise buying instead of making, and dipping each one in chocolate. Chocolate creams may be made in several ways. One is: Take part of the white of an egg, beat stiff, add an equal amount of water, add XXXX sugar until stiff enough to mould in the hands; flavor with vanilla, almond, tartaric acid, coffee or rose, and mould into such shapes as wished, round, long or square; lay on paper to harden an hour or so, then dip each in melted chocolate. A piece of nut or candied fruit can be added to the top after the dipping or they can be left plain. Some of the firmest fondant can be made into balls and used for the centres, and it makes a nice change to mix chopped nuts, raisins or fruit with the fondant when working into shape. Coconut, either fresh or desiccated, can be worked in the cream before it is made into balls; in this case sprinkle coconut over the tops after the balls are dipped in the chocolate.

If your chocolate gets hard before you get through dipping set it on the stove in hot water again. It may be melted as many times as you wish and will not get any harder. Bitter chocolate will take longer to harden than the confectioners', but it often has to be used because no other can be obtained. The chocolate candies we purchase are very easy of imitation.



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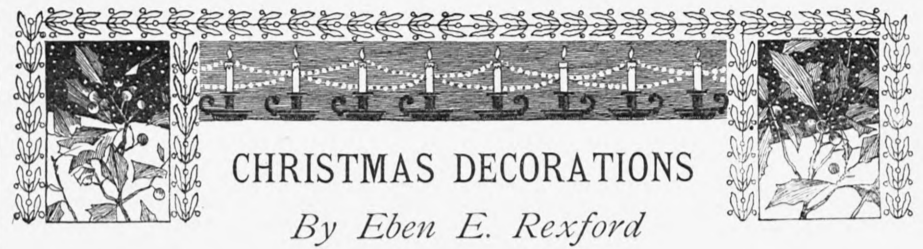
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**CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS**

By Eben E. Rexford



WHILE many committees on Christmas decorations have a definite idea of what they would like to have, others have none. Some are able to plan out a scheme of decoration that will, if properly carried out, afford general satisfaction, while others are not sufficiently familiar with the details of ways and means in working out any plan they may decide on to make the work easy. It is the purpose of this article to give a few hints and suggestions which may assist the inexperienced decorator in some measure. Evergreens are almost wholly depended on as material for Christmas decoration. Whatever else comes into play in the decorative scheme is regarded as accessory. But while the consideration of that part of the subject which treats of what may properly be called foundation effects is of chiefest importance, the consideration of accessories should not be neglected, for by the use of them we secure variety, and can produce effects that could not be brought about if nothing but evergreens were used.

CEDAR is used extensively in the manufacture of wreathing for festooning arches and many other parts of a building, but if you want pleasing results do not confine yourself to it to the exclusion of other varieties of evergreen. If you do you are certain to have too much sameness, and the result will be a very tame effect. While it answers very well in the making of long festoons I would never advise its employment in wreathing for arches. You will find that the use of branches, which can be fastened in place by nails or brads, is much more satisfactory, as they do not give that flat effect which wreathing almost invariably does. Let them follow the outline of the arch, either starting at its apex and running down its sides, or at each side where the arch leaves its supports, and meeting at the top. I think the result is generally most satisfactory when the decoration is heaviest at the apex of the arch, letting it gradually decrease in size and quantity as it nears the base. When this plan is made use of all branches used should point downward, as if springing from or being an outgrowth or continuation of the large mass at the top. When this is done the pillars on which the arches rest can be wound to within a short distance of the floor with wreathing. This should start from the place where the branches terminate, at the junction of arch and pillar. This scheme gives the heaviest effects to the upper part of the building. To carry out the dominant idea the windows should have large branches massed at their tops, and very pleasing results are secured by using long sprays of Running Pine at the sides, letting them fall naturally and in irregular lengths. This Running Pine is not a Pine in any sense of the word, except that it is an evergreen, but it is so called by dealers in Christmas greenery, and if ordered under that name you will get what is referred to. Wreathing has too formal an effect to be pleasing about windows.

FROM prominent points of the building ropes of wreathing can be festooned to a central point, or to other prominent points, with good effect, thus continuing the general scheme of decoration overhead. Unless this is done the wide expanse of ceiling has a bare look as compared with arches and walls, and it will not be satisfactory unless this bareness is broken up in some way. If a large quantity of greenery can be massed overhead, in the centre of the ceiling, the effect will be much better than it would without it. Let there be enough used at this point to make it seem, in a sense, the starting point of the whole scheme of decoration. If this is done let the ropes of wreathing running from the central point to the walls be so made up that they will decrease in size as they lengthen. This result can be secured by using less and less material, as the rope extends, and smaller and smaller branches, until at the point where it reaches the walls it seems like the terminal spray of a vine more than anything else. Thus graduated in size it will be found to have a much more pleasing effect than it would if of the same size throughout its entire length. Where expense does not have to be considered, the use of Running Pine for festooning is advised, as a much lighter and more graceful effect can be secured by its use than is possible with branches. It can be lightly wound about small ropes or wires in such a manner as to have quite the effect of a vine.

SPRUCE is valuable where flat work is to be done because of its flat habit of branch formation. Hemlock, for some reason, is seldom used, but it is very beautiful, and lends itself to fine effects much better than Spruce or Cedar. Pine, because of its bolder and more irregular habit, will be found to produce a lighter, airier effect, and it should be used much more extensively than it is at present. Large branches of it are extremely pleasing when used where the strength and dignity which characterize them can be brought out fully. Never attempt to make use of them in places where their natural freedom has to be hampered and restricted. Make them into wreathing and they will surely disappoint you, because you have tortured them into unnatural shapes, and their individuality, which is one of their charms, is lost. If you have a large surface whose bareness you wish to break up pleasingly, make a sort of panel of it by running a border of greenery around it, and across it dispose as naturally as possible a large branch or a combination of branches of Pine. If full of cones all the better. The effect will be very good if the branches are allowed to retain their natural shapes, if not, the piece will be sure to haunt you for a long time to come with its mute but powerful accusation of your violation of artistic taste. Holly is always beautiful for decoration, but because of its scarcity and its expense it is frequently not thought advisable to use much of it. If you have but little do not weaken the effect of scattering it about here and there, but concentrate it. Confine it to the altar or the chancel. Running Pine, heretofore spoken of, is very pretty for use about the chancel rail, around the font, or as a decoration for chandeliers or the organ front, where large branches or heavy festoons would seem out of place.

TO brighten the somewhat sombre effect of dark evergreen foliage, the berries of the Mountain Ash are extremely useful. Concentrate the color effect given by them as much as possible at each point where used. One large mass of light color, showing against a dark background, is much more pleasing than several small spots of it distributed over a considerable space. The bright scarlet spikes of the berries of the Alder are so intense in color, that, judiciously placed, they give almost as vivid an effect as bits of flame. These can be used most effectively among the lower decorations, where they can be given the upright position which is natural to them. Mountain Ash berries, because of their semi-pendulous habit, are better adapted to wall use or overhead work.

If that plan of decoration is decided on which is based on the idea of an upward reach of everything used, begin at the floor, and have the heaviest part of the decoration of pillars and arches at their bases. Let that part of the decorative work which runs up them seem to spring from the mass at their feet, and grow lighter and more vine-like as it ascends, exactly as a tree grows smaller and thinner in branch and foliage as it runs up. About the windows, mass the bulk of the branches used at the bottom, and let vines of Running Pine, or small, lightly-foliaged branches of the main material used, run up the sides or up one side, across the top, and partly down the other side. If this plan is carried out it is quite as well to dispense with festooning, as that is hardly in harmony with the idea on which this plan is based. This is a much simpler plan, and one that is much more easily carried out satisfactorily, than the first one mentioned, and small churches will do well to give it a trial. But for large churches, where it can be carried out well, I prefer the first scheme of decoration.

I would impress upon the minds of the committee on decoration the importance of thoroughly planning the decorative scheme before anything is done about trimming the church. Unless this is done the result is almost sure to be unsatisfactory, because it is without a definite plan, and everything is done in a haphazard way. Always decide upon some scheme of decoration that can be explained to those with whom you work, so that all will have an intelligent idea of it, and can work toward the embodiment of that idea in what is done. If possible, have a sketch made of the effect you have in mind, so that a better idea can be gained of the scheme decided on than can be given by a verbal description. Not only does this insure more artistic results than the method usually employed, which is simply without method, but it helps to expedite matters, for when you know just what is to be done there need be no aimless labor.

IN making wreathing always use a stout, small rope as a foundation. Cord is quite likely to break from the weight of the branches used on it, especially if long festoons are needed. Use stout twine of some dark color or fine wire for fastening the branches in place. In making up wreathing do not allow it to become flat, as it is quite likely to if care is not taken to arrange the branches used about the rope instead of on it.

Sometimes it is desirable to use lettering where there is nothing to which the letters can be securely fastened. Wires, perhaps, can be stretched in such a manner as to form a sort of support, but they are hard to arrange, and the results are often unsatisfactory, as, in order to furnish a firm framework on which to fasten the letters it is necessary to use so many that they show too plainly. A good substitute is coarse-meshed netting of some dark color. To this the letters can be fastened easily and in such a manner that there will be no danger of their getting out of place.

TO use against dark backgrounds very pretty lettering is made by lightly covering pasteboard forms with cotton, pulled apart until it is fluffy as down. Sprinkle these with glue, and then sift coarsely-powdered mica over them. When a strong light falls on them the effect will be very pleasing. These letters must be made by some one with deft fingers, as their effect depends greatly on the fluffiness of the cotton. It must be laid on lightly, just caught in place here and there by fine stitches, and fastened to its background by fine wires, which should be attached to the frames of the letters before they are covered. If it is not thought best to attempt such lettering very pleasing substitutes can be made by covering pasteboard with gilt paper; or, if colors are wanted, tissue paper can be used. Crumpled tinfoil makes a pretty covering, and is easily put on. A beautiful letter can be made by covering pasteboard with velveteen in some dark color, like scarlet, olive or blue. Fasten the cloth in place by folding its edges over the letter and sewing them together on the back. Then string popcorn and run it around the edges of the letter, fastening it well by stitches here and there through the cloth covering. Then go over the popcorn with a wash of the gilding liquid used in ornamenting furniture and fancy-work. The effect will be rich and striking if good colors are used for covering the letters and the gilding is well done. The rough regularity of the edging formed by the popcorn gives somewhat the appearance of coined or hammered work. These are effective on dark or light backgrounds, as the gilding outlines them clearly, and brings them out prominently in proper light.

A VERY pleasing effect may be secured by the use of Pine as an altar or chancel decoration if the branches are dusted over with powdered mica after giving them a sprinkling of glue. They will have the appearance of being covered with particles of hoar frost. This effect is quite easy to produce if the work is carefully done. It is well to experiment a little to ascertain just what consistency the glue should have, and how to apply it in order to secure the desired effect. A most charming panel can be made by running a large branch of Pine thickly covered with this imitation of frost across a background of rich color. If this branch is full of cones gild them and you add another touch of brightness to the picture that heightens its charm. If it has no cones of its own it will be found an easy matter to attach some by wires and give them a natural appearance.

FLOWERS should never be scattered about among such decorations. They are not in harmony with them. If any are used let them be confined to the altar. White ones will be found most effective. Lilies are best of all. Neither would I advise the use of Palms or other plants of similar character in combination with evergreens. If they are used keep them by themselves. I am sometimes asked about "designs" for Christmas use—"bells," "stars," and the like. Invariably I discourage any such idea. A "Christmas bell" in evergreens is a burlesque on good taste, and its "tone" is one of discord rather than harmony. A "Christmas star" is more objectionable, because, as generally constructed, it suggests thoughts entirely out of keeping with the time and place.

And now a word about the Christmas tree. As generally set up it is a rather shaky affair, top-heavy, and in constant danger of being tipped over when it is touched. If you want a substantial base for it, but one that will allow of its being moved easily without any danger of its being upset, go to some hardware store and borrow a set of stove trucks. Cover them with boards fastened securely to their frame. In the centre make a hole large enough to admit the base of your tree. Fasten strips of wood from each corner of the trucks to the tree, in such a manner as to brace it firmly in place. The casters under the frame will allow you to move the tree easily and safely.



SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS  
*What to Buy and How to Make*

SELECTING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

**B**EGIN your holiday purchases early in December when the goods are fresh, the shops free of crowds and the salespeople unfatigued. Be wary of bargains and do not buy impulsively—if the apparent value of your gift exceed its cost, next year you will feel obliged to give something as costly as this year's gift appears to be. For your wealthy friends limit your gifts to trifling and inexpensive souvenirs.

And now to the consideration of what to give. For the mistress of a home the selection offers "the embarrassment of plenty." Her five o'clock tea-table invites the most varied and dainty furnishings. One may offer a single pretty cup and saucer, or a tea-cloth with large doilies to match. A silver match-box, tea-ball or tea-strainer are conveniences, and for a more ambitious gift a tea-caddy of silver or of Japanese white metal. If a lady's writing-table be in evidence, be sure that she will prize any trifling addition to its furnishings. At a trifling cost one may find silver-topped mucilage-bottles, letter-clips, perpetual calendars and thermometers framed in silver, silver penknives, hand blotters and large ones with small silver corners, cut glass ink-stands silver-topped, letter-openers and paper-cutters.

Her drawing-room will receive welcome additions in a bit of bric-à-brac, in photograph frames in silver, old brocade, leather, porcelain, embroidered linen and soft-hued velvets with designs worked in gold thread, spangles and mock jewels, an etching, some small treasure from the collector's shops, or a sofa-pillow, even though to the uninitiated there seems to be no room for another. If she be fond of entertaining she will appreciate a chime of Japanese bells, an embroidered centerpiece for the table, small doilies and large ones to be used under the dishes on the bare mahogany, bonbon spoons, some trifle in cut glass, a pretty set of "menus" or name cards. A library, of course, is never complete, and books are always welcome.

**F**OR the young lady of the household the choice of gifts is practically unlimited. Her dressing-table accessories offer a large field for selection in articles of Dresden china, silver, ivory and tortoise-shell. A bureau-cover and pincushion embroidered in rosebuds and blue ribbons, will please the fancy of most girls, and an acceptable gift would be a bed-cover of sheerest nainsook with large monogram embroidered in its centre; finished with a hemstitched flounce at each side and laid over a color, it is dainty and durable. Hatpins, fans, an opera glass, or bag to hold it made of brocade with a touch of fur, silver trifles for her desk, an engagement pad, silver-mounted or of leather, vases for flowers, some new book with silver book-mark, a photograph, a clasp-pin to hold a bunch of violets in her gown—almost anything will bring pleasure to the young, fresh heart, if unspoiled by luxury.

In the matter of gifts from a young man friend, an unwritten law of conventionality limits his choice to either books, flowers or bonbons. The warmth of his feelings may express itself in as costly a manner as desired, but it is an evidence of common sense, if, discarding the usual set basket of flowers, he send a few cut blossoms in a dainty vase, which will have an enduring association with the giver.

An "engaged" girl, dreaming of that stray bit of paradise, her future home, will be made happy by any trifle that later may find place within it. Her pleasure in a piece of bric-à-brac or silver will anticipate the joys of wedding gifts.

**T**HE schoolgirl will rejoice in the possession of anything that seems the prerogative of her elder sister who is "out." From fifteen to eighteen the budding desires of young ladyhood will find gratification in a pretty cardcase, an opera glass, a "party" fan, a bit of jewelry, a painted sachet of orris powder, a puzzling ring of gold wire, that shall be an object of interest to her mates, note-paper with address and monogram, a canary, if she be fond of pets, the works of some celebrated author, which as the nucleus of her own little library, may develop her taste for literature. It is not difficult to find presents to make the eyes of a little girl dance and sparkle. Her family is never large enough to satisfy her motherly little heart, and if the new member be a "baby" to be cuddled and rocked to sleep, it will probably be doubly welcome. Something for her doll will come next.

**A** NOVELTY for the small boy is a box containing modeling tools, a can of moist clay and a set of moulds in the forms of animals or busts of famous men—a step in advance of the primitive "mud pie." He may play architect with little blocks, resembling bricks and stone, with pictured models for copying. A few stamps, a stamp album, a coasting sled, skates, a tennis-racquet, a rare coin or two and a knife with many blades, are usually much-coveted treasures. The boy from twelve to sixteen is usually looked upon as a difficult subject for Christmas presents, but he will like a pedometer, Indian clubs, a camera, boxing-gloves, a lantern or other attachment for his bicycle, or, perhaps, musical instruments of some simple variety. A good tool-box is likely to develop useful tastes. The collegian will appreciate a sofa-pillow made up of his college colors. A tiger's head worked on orange cloth would be a delicate attention to a Princeton enthusiast. Photograph frames are especially affected by youthful admirers of pretty faces, and Brownies, arrayed in college colors, attitudinizing for a game of foot-ball, are trifles that generally please.

It has usually been a distracting problem what one may give to a man, as a little mark of courtesy or friendliness, but the shopkeepers have evidently given the matter serious consideration with gratifying results. Among the best are silver pencil-holders to inclose an ordinary lead pencil—an improvement upon the old form that exacts leads of a given size—cigar-cutters, dog-whistles, leather cases for the pocket, cork-screws, contained, when closed, within a silver cylinder the size of a pocket pencil, calendars, silver funnels, bag-tags and hat-tags, pocket compasses, cigar and cigarette cases, and match-boxes engraved to imitate the autograph of the recipient, and writing-table furnishings. Things of home manufacture rarely find an exuberant welcome in the manly breast, but handkerchiefs of exceptional quality may afford opportunity for loving fingers to add the initials, and white silk mufflers for evening wear will not come amiss. Three yards of soft washable silk in each may be doubled about neck and chest without bulkiness. Some prefer a dress-shirt protector of black cloth lined with white satin. Jewelry, to be appropriate should be rare or grotesque, rather than fine or pretty. A man has an unlimited capacity for umbrellas, if only to lend, and a good whip, a cloth carriage robe, an electric lamp, made to stand or hang from a hook, may be acceptable.

In some phases of a man's experience he may like a miniature case for his pocket, exactly resembling a silver dollar or foreign coin when closed. If he has begun a set of silver toilet articles a single piece will find favor. Brushes without handles are preferred.

Grandma must not be forgotten. Those who have outlived most of their contemporaries are keenly appreciative of any little attentions. Knitting seems to be simple, easy work for fingers grown tired a little after their long ministry, and I have never seen anything so much enjoyed by an old lady as a wonder-ball. Within a ball of worsted many little gifts are wound, which reveal themselves as the yarn is unrolled in the knitting. A footstool, a musical-box, a hanging cabinet for medicines or little conveniences, a screen against draughts, pots of primroses, a thermometer, a silver tea-ball or folding fruit-knife, a salts-bottle and a *couvre-pied* are things that will not fail to please.

**O**F course, the servants will not be overlooked when the rest of the household are reveling in generous plenty. Money gifts are the most acceptable, but they seem perfunctory and lack the touch of friendliness, unless concealed among the folds of a pretty handkerchief, tucked into a pair of gloves or pinned to the fly-leaf of a book, showing a personal thought. In some such disguise money may be often given to those whose needs have been confided to us, with an apology about the difficulty of choosing, etc.

One's gifts are much more attractive if prettily wrapped in white paper, tied with bright ribbons, a bit of holly in the knot or with colored tissue papers with mistletoe. It is worth while to take time to send a few words of friendly greeting with each gift. A round basket *boubonnière* surmounted by a bow of violet ribbon crisply erect, tying in a large bunch of violets with stems encased in tinfoil, was all the more appreciated when accompanied with the little pun, "One corner of my heart is kept inviolate for you," and any little message of a personal nature individualizes the gift, as does also the marking it with the name of the recipient.

MAKING CHRISTMAS GIFTS

By Mary J. Safford

**A** DAINTY powder-puff case makes a pretty and useful gift, and the materials, with the exception of the powder-puff and powder, are likely to be in every woman's possession. A satisfactory one may be made by cutting a cardboard circle three inches in diameter and covering it on both sides with white or blue silk. Next cut a strip of chamois three inches wide and long enough to pass around the circle. Sew the short sides together with "over and over" stitch. Cut one of the long sides into points a little more than an eighth of an inch deep; then sew the other side with small stitches very closely to the circle, making the piece fit very tight. Cut a piece of blue and white silk thirty-one inches long and four and a quarter inches wide, and join the short sides. Cut a second piece the same length and two and a half inches wide, of white silk. Run it along one side of the silk, turn it, hem it down, and half an inch above the hem run another row of stitching. Gather the other side of the silk and sew closely around the circle just beneath the chamois. Make two eyelet holes on opposite sides of the bag, in the space between the hem and the line above it. Run two pieces of ribbon half a yard long through them from opposite directions, draw up the bag and tie in bows. This gives a pretty little ruffle at the top in a contrasting color. Put some nice powder into the bag, filling it about half way, and add a powder-puff just large enough to fit.

Many ladies in traveling carry their surplus money in an envelope pinned inside the dress, but some one has now invented for the purpose a pretty case made of a bit of linen, eight inches long and three and a half inches wide, embroidered with the heavy white Roman silk in five-pointed stars, each an eighth of an inch long. If this is too troublesome a simple cross-stitch, made with this silk irregularly over the linen about three-quarters of an inch apart, will give a pretty effect. Or the bag may have on the back the future owner's three initials, written with a fine-pointed hard lead pencil—to make the line as narrow and light as possible—by the giver, and done in outline stitch heavy enough to cover the pencil marks. Having embroidered the linen, hem one end narrowly, baste it up to the depth of three inches, and, beginning half an inch above the pocket thus formed, round off the square corners, which will give the envelope shape. Commencing at one end baste a piece of linen tape half an inch wide along the sides and around the flap of the envelope, and ornament it with a row of feather-stitching. Finish the hem across the pocket in the same way; sew a small pearl button one inch below the hem in the centre, and make a white silk loop in the middle of the flap.

**T**HE materials for a dainty baby sachet are also inexpensive, and, with the exception of the doll, will probably be found among the odd pieces of silk, lace and ribbon which accumulate season after season. It requires two pieces of silk or satin of some plain color, each four and a half inches wide and five and a half long, wadding enough to fill them, and some sachet powder. A tiny china doll two inches long, and a yard and a half to two yards of baby ribbon, according to the quantity used in the bows, will also be needed. First dress the baby in a bit of white lawn, dotted muslin or any thin material, eight inches wide and five long, drawn up closely around the neck on the eight-inch side, and tied around the waist with a bit of baby-ribbon, hanging in two long loops and ends in front. Finish the skirt with three rows of lace. Next make a sachet bag of the silk or satin, edge it all around with what remains of the lace, gathering it as full as taste dictates and the quantity will permit. Baste a row of baby-ribbon over the lace where it is gathered on, make a pretty bow and ends at each of the four corners, and sew the doll to the cushion. Another way to use a china doll is to select one five inches long, with fluffy light hair, and buy a yard of blue ribbon two inches and a half wide. Put the doll's feet in the centre of the ribbon, fold it upward on both sides as far as the head, then fold both ends down, letting them fall on the outside, and sew the four pieces neatly together over and over, from the neck of the doll to the outside edges. Bring the arms out at the sides and fasten the ribbons above and below them with two or three stitches. Cut two pieces of flannel nine inches long and two wide. Cut them in notches all around, and make a row of feather-stitching on one, with blue filo silk just inside the notching. Fasten them—the embroidered one uppermost—about half way up the ribbon case containing the doll's body, and put in three rows of needles of different sizes. Tie a piece of blue baby-ribbon closely around the neck; then four inches from the neck make a bow and ends, and you will have a very pretty needlebook.

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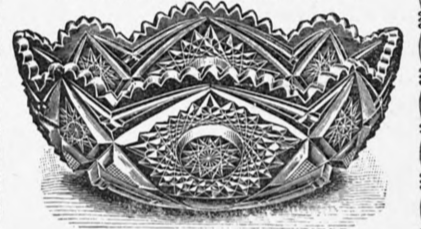


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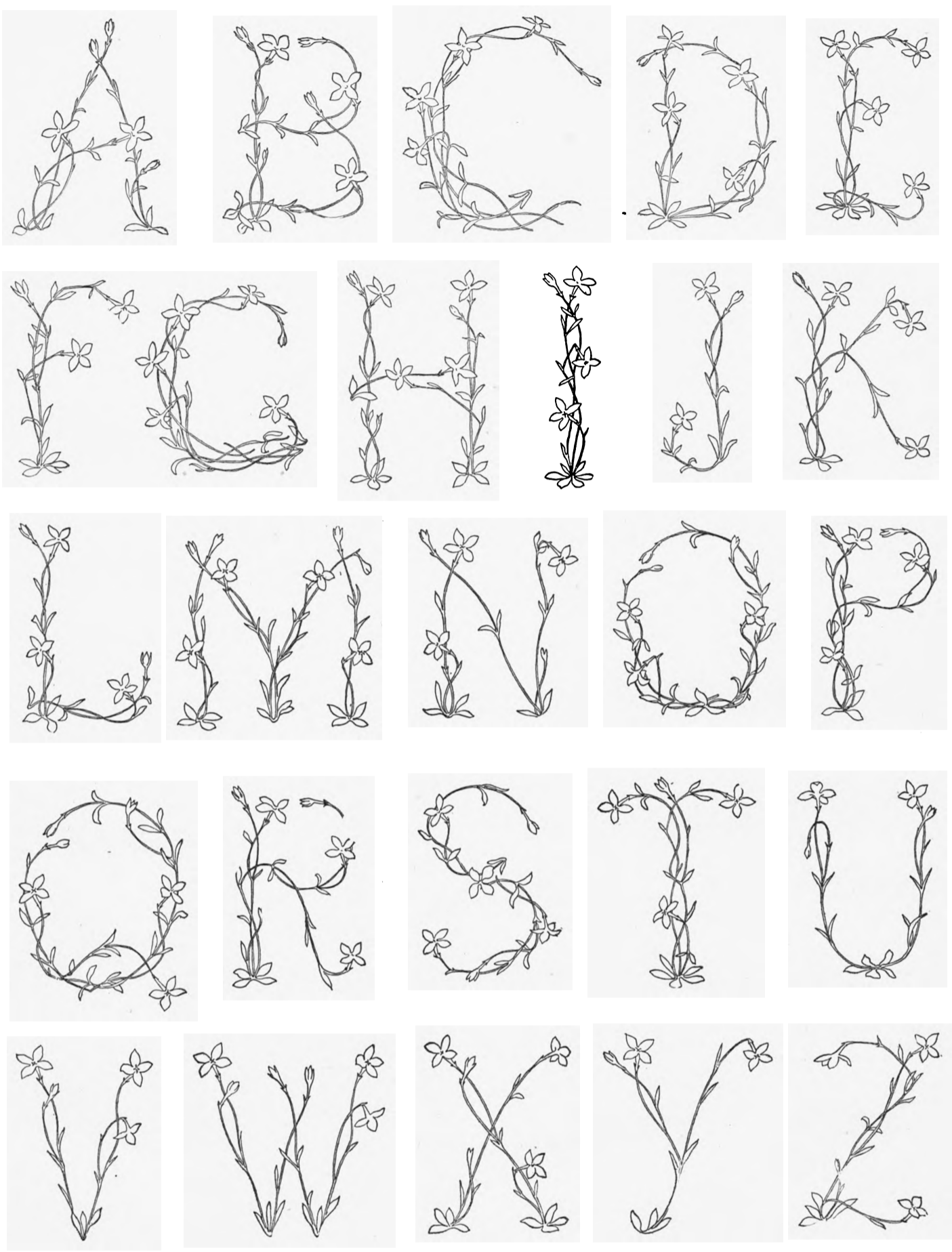


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## A SET OF MARKING INITIALS

By Patty Thum



WHEN used for marking white linen for the household the initials here given should preferably be embroidered in white floss.

Linen floss has always been considered the more durable, but silk floss is now preferred on account of its superior beauty. For table-cloths the initial should be about two and one-half inches in height, placed in one corner. Table-

napkins should also have the initial in the corner but the letter should be smaller than on the cloth. Handkerchiefs should be embroidered with an inch-high letter, and where these initials are employed upon clothing they should be quite as small. But the larger size of the letter, namely, two and a half inches, is effective upon such articles as sheets, towels, pillow-cases, pillow-shams, bureau-covers and sofa-cushions. Upon sheets the letter should be embroidered just below the middle of the upper hem. Upon the pillow-case the initial should be placed on one corner just

above the hem, never upon the centre of the pillow, as such a disposition of embroidery conveys to the mind a vague sense of possible discomfort. Indeed, an initial, while it is well that it should be as pretty and dainty as possible, an ornament instead of a scar on the article upon which it is placed, should never be too obtrusive.

The flower used in the alphabet here given is the bluet, plant and blossom. When used of this size upon articles where other than white lettering is in place these designs would be pretty embroidered in their natural colors, which are very delicate and dainty, and when well carried out the initial will look more like a spray of bluet that had chanced to fall into a letter of the alphabet than like the arbitrary drawing of a designer, for their manner of growth is not represented here as forced or unnatural in any way. The natural color of the blossom is the exact blue of the forget-me-not. The small tube of the corolla that raises the blue petals above their tiny calyx is white. There is a tiny yellow spot at the centre of each blossom, as there is also in the forget-me-not, but, differing from the forget-me-not, the thread-like stems are slender

and uniform in thickness and spring from a small rosette of green leaves at the root. The stems and the few leaves should be embroidered in a light harmonizing green.

These initials embroidered in colors would be especially appropriate upon sofa-cushions of either fine linen or silk of light yellow in all its tints and half tints, or pink or green tint, or upon a linen photograph frame intended to contain the likeness of the owner of the initials; upon side-board scarfs or bureau-covers, and upon glove or handkerchief cases, or sachet bags or pincushions.

Upon sofa-cushions of a deep vivid color the letters would appear best embroidered all of some one color, where all reference to the natural color of the flower is intentionally dispensed with, as violet upon light green or purple, gold yellow (not gilt) upon crimson or green or blue, or any combination of two colors only which your taste suggests.

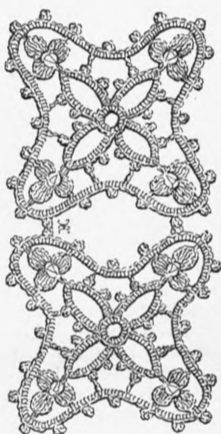
In whatever color the letter is rendered the stitch is the same. The leaf and flower should be in solid embroidery, while the stem should be a narrow, well-defined line of outline stitch.





By Margaret Sims

THE illustration given in our heading shows a completed doily in which one arrangement of the always graceful trefoil is used for the design. The required number of squares can be made separately up to the row of chain spaces connecting the trefoils. Begin with 7 ch, join in a ring, into this work 16 d c; join, then work 1 s into 1st d c, 14 ch, miss 2, work 2 s into next 2 st, 14 ch, and repeat till 3 loops of ch are made; 11 ch, 1 tre into last st of previous row; 1 d c under the ch where it joins the tre. Begin the 1st clover leaf with 6 ch, 3 tre into 3d ch; 3 ch, 1 s into same ch, 4 ch, 3 tre into 1st of the 4 ch, 3 ch, 1 s into same ch; 4 ch, 3 tre into first of the 4 ch, 3 ch, 1 s into same ch, 1 s into next of the 6 ch, 2 ch, 1 d c under the tre worked into the centre; this completes a clover leaf; 3 more d c under this tre reaches the ring; 4 d c under next loop, 2 ch, catch into other side of the clover leaf by taking up second of 6 ch made in starting it; 2 ch, 7 d c under loop, then make another leaf; 7 d c under loop, another leaf; 3 d c under loop; this again reaches the ring; repeat for the three remaining sides of the square from the first clover leaf. To join the squares start in the middle of a corner leaf 5 ch, 1 tre into middle of next division of leaf, 1 d tre into next leaf, 5 ch, 1 d c into middle of same leaf, 5 ch, 1 d tre into next section of same leaf, 1 tre into next leaf, 5 ch, 1 d c into middle of same leaf. Work a second side of the square in the



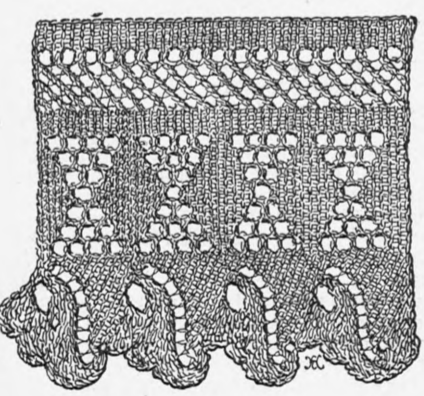
BORDER FOR DOILY

CROCHET BORDERS

IN the accompanying illustration is a pretty variation of the one just described. Begin with 7 ch, join; work 16 d c into the ring, 1 s into first of the d c, 14 ch, miss 2, work 2 s into succeeding st; repeat until 4 loops are made; 4 d c under first loop, 1 picot of 5 ch, 4 d c, 1 picot, 5 d c, then 1 clover leaf as in first pattern; work down to the centre as before and repeat till 4 leaves are made; fasten off. Start with 1 d c in picot beyond a leaf, 5 ch, 1 d c in corresponding picot on next section, 5 ch, 1 d c in middle of first part of leaf, 6 ch, 1 d c in centre of leaf, 6 ch, 1 d c in last section, 5 ch, 1 d c into next picot; repeat all around. Now work 1 d c into every ch of last row, making picots of 5 ch at intervals, as shown in the drawing. For the triangular trefoil arrangement for the tidy, begin with 6 ch, join, work 12 d c into the ring, 1 s into first of the 12. Make 3 leaves as before directed, with 3 s between each leaf; fasten off. Start from centre of leaf with 9 ch, 1 d c in next section, 4 ch, 1 d c in first section of next leaf; 9 ch, 1 d c in centre of same leaf; repeat; then work 10 d c under the 9 ch and 5 under the 4 ch all around. For the next row 1 tre in every other stitch with 2 ch between, increasing at the 3 corners. For the last row 2 d c under every 2 ch, with a picot of 5 ch over every alternate treble. The picots can be omitted at the top if it is preferred to sew the work closely to the linen. Any of these patterns are pretty and artistic worked in crochet silk or with fine linen thread.

A KNITTED BORDER

THE knitted lace patterns shown in illustration are of the generally useful kind and well adapted either for curtains, or for finishing bedspreads, or for trimming underwear if a broad edging is called for. For this edging begin with 40 stitches. First row—k 4, nar, over twice, nar, k 5, nar, ov, k 1, ov, nar, k 9, nar, ov, k 1, ov, nar, k 2, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2. Second row—k 34, p 1, k 5. Third row—k 2, nar, ov twice, nar, k 6, nar, ov, k 3, ov, nar, k 7, nar, ov, k 3, ov, nar, k 2, ov, nar, ov, k 3. Fourth row—k 37, p 1, k 3. Fifth row—k 11, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 1, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 5, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 1, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2, ov, nar, ov, k 3. Knit all the even rows plain up to the thirty-sixth row. Seventh row—k 10, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 3, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 3, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 3, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2, ov, nar, ov, k 3. Ninth row—k 9, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 5, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 1, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 5, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2, ov, nar, ov, k 3. Eleventh row—k 8, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 7, ov, nar, ov, k 3 together, ov, nar, ov, k 7, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2, ov, nar, ov, k 3. Thirteenth row—k 7, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 6, nar,



A HONEYCOMB PATTERN

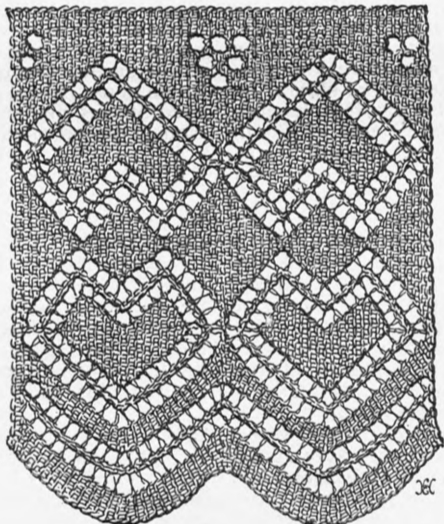
same way, 2 ch, join with 1 d c to the corner leaf of another square. Join all the squares in the same way. When all are joined continue the same way on the inside. For the outside edge 7 d c under the first 5 ch, 1 picot of 5 ch; repeat all along, omitting the picot between the squares, substituting 3 d c under the 2 ch connecting them.

ov, nar, ov, k 3, \*, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 6, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2, ov, nar, ov, k 3. Fifteenth row—k 6, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 6, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 5, k from \* in thirteenth row. Seventeenth row—k 5, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 6, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 7, k from \* in thirteenth row. Nineteenth row—k 4, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 6, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 9, k from \* in thirteenth row. Twenty-first row—k 6, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 6, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 5, \*, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 6, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 2, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 2. Twenty-third row—k 7, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 6, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 3, k from \* in twenty-first row. Twenty-fifth row—k 8, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 6, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 1, k from \* in twenty-first row. Twenty-seventh row—k 9, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 6, ov, nar, ov, k 3 together, ov, nar, ov, k 6, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 2, nar, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 3, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 3, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 3, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 2, nar, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2. Thirty-first row—k 11, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 1, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 5, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 1, nar, ov, nar, ov, k 2, nar, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2. Thirty-third row—k 12, ov, nar, ov, k 3 together, ov, nar, ov, k 7, ov, nar, ov, k 3 together, ov, nar, ov, k 2, nar, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2. Thirty-fifth row—k 2, nar, ov twice, nar, k 7, ov, nar, k 1, nar, ov, k 9, ov, nar, k 1, nar, ov, k 2, nar, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2. Thirty-seventh row—k 37, p 1, k 3. Thirty-ninth row—k 4, nar, ov twice, nar, k 6, ov, k 3 together, ov, k 11, ov, k 3 together, ov, k 2, nar, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2. Thirty-eighth row—k 34, p 1, k 5. Thirty-ninth row—k 2, nar, ov twice, nar twice, ov twice, nar, k the rest plain. Fortieth row—k 32, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 3.

KNITTED SKIRT TRIMMING

THE pretty honeycomb lace pattern is especially suited for trimming white underskirts or flannel petticoats. It worked in colored or black Victoria knitting silk it also makes a particularly pretty dress lace. It may, perhaps, be well to explain the abbreviations that are used to save space: Thus, ov stands for over, nar for narrow, k for knit, st for stitches, p for purl. Begin by casting on 34 stitches.

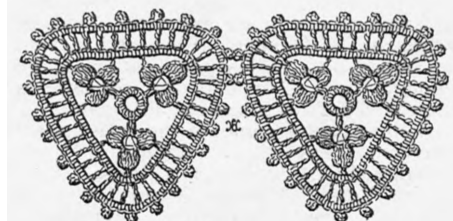
First row—k 4, \*, ov, nar; repeat from \* twice; k 17, ov, nar, ov twice, k 5. Second row—k 5, make 6 st out of the ov twice of previous row; k the rest plain. Third row—k 5, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2, nar, ov twice, nar, k 8, nar, ov twice, nar, k 1, ov, nar, k 10. Fourth row—\*, k 1, ov twice, repeat from \* five times; k 9, p 1, k 11, p 1, k 12. Fifth row—k 4, \*, ov, nar, repeat from \* twice; k 3, nar, ov twice, nar, k 4, nar, ov twice, nar, k 4, ov, nar, k 3, drop 2 st, slip the next st on to the right-hand needle; drop 2 and slip 1 st until there are 6 left, then slip back on to the left-hand needle and draw the 4th st



KNITTED EDGING FOR QUILT

ov the first 3 and knit; k the 5th and 6th st the same, then k the 3 remaining; this is called lattice work. Sixth row—k 17, p 1, k 7, p 1, k 14. Seventh row—k 5, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2, \*, nar, ov twice, nar, repeat from \* three times, k 3, ov, nar, k 8. Eighth row—\*, k 1, ov twice, repeat from \* five times, k 9, p 1, \*, k 3, p 1, repeat from \* twice, k 12. Ninth row—k 4, \*, ov, nar, repeat from \* twice, k 3, \*, nar, ov twice, nar, repeat from \* twice, k 6, ov, nar, k 1, drop 2 and k the same as in the fifth row. Tenth row—k 17, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 3, ov, nar, k 2, \*, nar, ov twice, nar, repeat from \* three times, k 5, ov, nar, k 6. Twelfth row—k 15, p 1, \*, k 3, p 1, repeat from \* twice, k 12. Thirteenth row—k 4, \*, ov, nar, repeat from \* twice, k 3, nar, ov twice, nar, k 4, nar, ov twice, nar, k 8, ov, nar, k 5. Fourteenth row—k 17, p 1, k 7, p 1, k 14. Fifteenth row—k 5, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2, nar, ov twice, nar, k 8, nar, ov twice, nar, k 7, ov, nar, k 4. Sixteenth row—k 15, p 1, k 11, p 1, k 12. Seventeenth row—k 4, \*, ov, nar, repeat from \* twice, k 25, ov, nar, k 3. Eighteenth row—Knit plain. Nineteenth row—k 5, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 31. Twentieth row—k 6, slip 5 st ov the 6th of the right-hand needle, nar, k the rest plain.

p 1, k 14. Eleventh row—k 5, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2, \*, nar, ov twice, nar, repeat from \* three times, k 5, ov, nar, k 6. Twelfth row—k 15, p 1, \*, k 3, p 1, repeat from \* twice, k 12. Thirteenth row—k 4, \*, ov, nar, repeat from \* twice, k 3, nar, ov twice, nar, k 4, nar, ov twice, nar, k 8, ov, nar, k 5. Fourteenth row—k 17, p 1, k 7, p 1, k 14. Fifteenth row—k 5, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 2, nar, ov twice, nar, k 8, nar, ov twice, nar, k 7, ov, nar, k 4. Sixteenth row—k 15, p 1, k 11, p 1, k 12. Seventeenth row—k 4, \*, ov, nar, repeat from \* twice, k 25, ov, nar, k 3. Eighteenth row—Knit plain. Nineteenth row—k 5, ov, nar, ov, nar, k 31. Twentieth row—k 6, slip 5 st ov the 6th of the right-hand needle, nar, k the rest plain.



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## NEW IDEAS FOR HOME PARTIES

By Clever Creators of Pleasant Evenings

### A CLEVER LITERARY EVENING

By Helen C. Candee



"COME at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon and bring your brains," is what she said in inviting us. We were curious to know what sort of amusement our hostess was going to provide that would necessitate intellect, and wondered with a shudder if it could be that stultifying game where one must find a sentimental likeness between Heine, Chopin and Munkacsy as typifying in turn poetry, music and art. For a brief moment we thought we would stay at home, but, reflecting that entertainments at the Manor House were never dull, we went, and became charmingly enlightened.

Each guest on entering was decorated with a picture-card, four or five inches square, tied at the top with a dainty ribbon bow. One of the young lady assistants of the hostess pinned the card on and another supplied a blank card of generous size with a pencil attached and having a line of figures from one to fifty extending down the margin. Each picture-card was numbered and contained a rebus, the answer to which was the name of a well-known book. Every one was to guess these rebuses and put down the answer on his tablet opposite the corresponding number. For some avaricious reason the interest in all contests has to be stimulated by the incentive of a prize, no matter how small, and so for the guessers of the greatest number of cards there were prizes.

THE party at the Manor House was given on a winter afternoon, and the guests wandered about the large drawing-room and the cozy library, enjoying all the pretty books and engravings until the big bell was rung as a signal to stop guessing and hand in the cards, and then the refreshments were served.

Making the cards had caused so much thought, albeit pleasant thought, that to assist those who may like to give a "book party" I add a list of books which may be easily pictured. The pictures may all be cut from old numbers of magazines and weeklies and even newspapers, some of them dressed with a little water-color and some added to with a few pen touches. "A Pair of Blue Eyes" was typified by two large eyes, such as dressmakers use, painted in blue, and lest there should be any mistaking them, the familiar legend, "Do you see that hump?" was written in the corner; "Looking Backward" was made evident by the first word, only with all the letters reversed; "Prince of India" was expressed by footprints in which India was written; "Dead Men's Shoes" were cut from a shoe advertisement and had written under each the name of some celebrated man not living; "The Descent of Man" was a man falling from a cliff; "Dodo" was expressed by a treble clef and the note "do" repeated an octave apart; "Adam Bede" was made of a capital A, a blank anathema and a black bead sewed on to the card; "A Yellow Aster" had the heir of the house of Astor painted in large letters; "Middlemarch" was March fifteenth, and Napoleon's portrait stood for "A Gentleman of France." From these suggestions it may readily be seen that with little trouble, no expense and much amusement, a set of cards may be made.

THE prudent hostess will save her set of cards for another party instead of letting her guests go off with them, for they would be but trifling souvenirs if taken away, but left behind make the foundation for another entertainment. Programme pencils, which cost but a trifle and are easily attached to the cards, are the best for fastening to the blank tablets. The prizes are, of course, a matter of individual selection and largely dependent upon the amount to be expended upon them. It is better taste to have simple ones, otherwise the winners feel under disagreeably heavy obligations to the hostess.

While supper is being served, the tablets, which have been marked with the owner's name and handed in, are being examined, and when the winners are determined the prizes are distributed. First and second prizes for both ladies and gentlemen are enough, but, of course, the pleasure is increased if third prizes are also given.

A short list of some of the well-known books most easily depicted follows: "Old-Fashioned Girl," "Red as a Rose is She," "Vice Versa," "Black Arrow," "White Wings," "Helen's Babies," "Heavenly Twins," "First Violin," "Gates Ajar."

### A WINTER PICNIC

By Jeannette J. Westcott



IN a household blessed by the presence of four bright girls a conference was recently held concerning the possibility of evolving something new—entirely new—in the way of an evening party. The conference was held in a pretty morning room, while the snow fell softly outside; it was decided to send out invitations for "A Winter Picnic." The cards of invitation were at once prepared:

#### THE MISSES LANSING

Request the pleasure of your company at

#### A BELATED PICNIC

on

Tuesday, February Fifth, at Half-After Seven O'clock

Larksnest

Miniature lunch-baskets, smothered in pretty field flowers or other as suggestive designs, were painted daintily upon the cards in water-colors.

Of course, these missives created a great deal of wonder, and there was not a little guessing as to what the Lansings were going to do this time. But the recipients entered at once into the spirit of the affair, and appeared on the evening designated, every one carrying dainty baskets, the contents of which were not exactly picnic fare, perhaps, but was there ever a time when bonbons, almonds and sugar kisses were not acceptable to a party of young people?

The preparations for the novel event consisted in opening the large doors between the sitting-room and the pretty library. The carpet, happily for the purpose, was green. Two small brothers were inveigled into helping, and brought from the woods big boughs of laurel and spruce and pine. The bay-window was filled with flowers; rustic chairs and settees were placed under the boughs in convenient nooks. Three or four pine trees here and there gave a pretty, woody look, and across one corner a hammock was swung. All the tables and all the upholstered furniture were removed, so that there was nothing in the room but a few wicker chairs and the rustic settees. Shades were made for all the gaslights of rose-colored paper. Then one of the girls made a whole garden full of flowers out of crepe tissue paper, roses, daisies, poppies, black-eyed-Susans and carnations, which, judiciously placed, made the rooms charming.

WHEN the evening of the picnic arrived a few natural flowers were added, which, with the pine boughs, made the place delightfully fragrant.

It was a stormy evening, and the guests came wrapped in storm-coats and mackintoshes, but a miracle was wrought in the dressing-rooms, for when they all assembled on the "grounds" the girls were in light dresses and straw hats, and most of the men wore tennis coats and caps.

THEY took possession of the picnic grounds at once, and great was the glee. Hats were hung up on twigs and boughs, baskets deposited, and well-bred picnic ethics reigned supreme. The guests swung in the hammock, made daisy wreaths and had a regularly good time. The mother, a pretty, dark-eyed old lady, acted as chaperon.

In the open fireplace a kettle was swung gypsy fashion, and there the coffee was made. Supper was served at ten, and was eaten from picnic plates, while all sat round in picnic fashion. There were dainty sandwiches cut into attractive diamonds and triangles; olives, cheese, crackers, delicate cake, ice cream and coffee. Everything was handed about in true picnic fashion. The olives were served in their own jar, which had to be opened by one of the men. There was much laughter and merriment over the supper. Before it was ended it seemed to grow darker, and it was found that one of the gentlemen was lowering the gasjets, each one a little, until gradually there stole into the room a soft twilight. Then the supper was cleared away, and all gathered about the open fireplace, telling stories and singing. Two or three of the men and a couple of the girls had brought with them their mandolins and banjos, and to their accompaniment the picnickers sang college songs and glees.

The guests went home regretfully, leaving their baskets as souvenirs, and taking away with them pretty mementos in birch bark which their young hostesses had prepared as souvenirs of the occasion.

### A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

By Alice Lyster Lee



HAVE you ever studied a coin to see how many symbols it represents? By following out the directions given below you will find you will be the means of giving a very pleasant and agreeable time to one or any number of friends, as "A Penny for Your Thoughts" is a game that both young and old can participate in.

Procure enough tally cards for each guest, on the top of which write, "A Penny for Your Thoughts." Attach a ribbon to each card with a small pencil at the end, and have holes put through enough pennies to string one on each tally, in order that everybody may have one to study out by themselves.

The questions given below are to be written on the cards, leaving enough space for the answers. Of course, an allotted time is given in which the answers may be written, and when time is called the one having the greatest number correct is the recipient of the prize.

Questions and answers will be given below, but the one giving the party, of course, withholds the answers:

- 1 A messenger? One cent (sent).
- 2 Mode of ancient punishment? Stripes.
- 3 Means of inflicting it? Lashes.
- 4 A piece of armor? Shield.
- 5 A devoted young man? Bow (beau).
- 6 A South American fruit? Date.
- 7 A place of worship? Temple.
- 8 Portion of a hill? Brow.
- 9 Spring flowers? Tulips.
- 10 Three weapons? Arrows.
- 11 The first American settler? Indian.
- 12 Emblem of victory? Laurel wreath.
- 13 An animal? Hair (hare).
- 14 Two sides of a vote? Eyes and nose (eyes and nos).
- 15 An emblem of royalty? Crown.
- 16 One way of expressing matrimony? United State.
- 17 Youth and old age? Youth 18—95 Old age.
- 18 Part of a river? Mouth.
- 19 Something found in a school? Pupil.
- 20 Part of a stove? Lid (eyelid).
- 21 Plenty of assurance? Cheek.
- 22 The cry of victory? Won (one).
- 23 Implements of writing? Quills.

### A NEW PROGRESSIVE GAME

By Abbie F. Brown

THIS game has about it all the excitement of a progressive game, while it is not confined to cards, for which many do not care, and of which many do not approve. It may be played at any number of tables, arranged in the order of progression, the winning couple at each table going on to the next and there changing partners as in progressive euchre. The requirements for the game are a box of the ordinary "Anagram" cardboard letters, such as may be obtained at the toy stores for twenty-five cents, and tally cards, one for each person, the arrangement of which is left to the discretion of the hostess. A small heap of these letters is placed in the centre of each table, all turned carefully face downward.

Two couples play at each table, the opposite partners joining forces and counting their joint gains at each progression.

Before the bell rings as a signal to "play," the hostess goes to each table and assigns to the players there a class of names, so that each table has a different class. For instance, to the head table may be given "names of cities," to the others respectively, "men's names," "animals," "things to eat," "noted writers," "names of books," etc. When a name has been assigned to each table the hostess rings her bell and immediately the first lady at each table draws and turns over a letter so that all four players may see it simultaneously. The first one of the four to name an object of the assigned class beginning with that letter wins the letter and places it to one side as his first gain. Then the next player turns up a letter, and so on in turn for the three minutes allowed at each table.

When the bell calls a halt the partners at each table count together the letters they have captured, and the two having the greater number progress to the next table, or if at the head table, remain there, while the other two "go to the foot," as in progressive euchre. At the next table the letters are turned over on their faces once more, the class of objects to be named is changed, and on the ringing of the bell the play is continued as before. So the game goes on for as long as may be desired, when prizes are awarded to the lady and gentleman whose tally cards show the greatest number of progressions. The class of objects must be changed each time and should be varied as much as possible. There may be names of flowers, fruits, colors, birds, fishes, heroes, articles of clothing, of drink, countries, rivers and all the geographical divisions, magazines, colleges and Bible personages.

The tally cards for this game may, of course, be made very attractive and amusing, and so may the prizes. At one party which I attended the first prizes were tiny silver pencils shaped like matches, having enameled ends and accompanied by cards on which was written, "You have won the match."

The booby prizes were cheap linen alphabet books—a gentle hint for the studying of the dictionary.



# TWILIGHT POEMS FOR CHILDREN

## A SURPRISED FAIRY

By Nan More

ONE day while Mabel took a nap,  
And I had on my thinking cap,  
A fairy all in golden sheen  
Came floating by me. When first seen  
I thought she came from Fairyland,  
Then saw the book in Mabel's hand,  
And knew that when she fell asleep  
She let this fairy from it creep.

In gold and rosy hues arrayed,  
This dainty little fairy maid,  
With eyes of blue and face most fair,  
With sunbeams tangled in her hair,  
With winning smile and brow serene,  
Of all bright fairies she was queen.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S WISH

By Elizabeth R. George

MAYN'T I be a boy?" said our Mary,  
The tears in her great eyes of blue,  
"I'm only a wee little lassie,  
There's nothing a woman can do.

"'Tis so, I heard Cousin John say so,  
He's home from a great college, too;  
He said so, just now, in the parlor,  
'There's nothing a woman can do.'

"My wee little lassie, my darling,"  
Said I, putting back her soft hair,  
"I want you, my dear little maiden,  
To smooth away all mother's care.

## THE CRADLE SHIP

By Charles Gordon Rogers

WHEN baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze  
is fresh and free,  
His ship is just the queerest craft that ever  
sailed to sea!  
Ten fingers true make up the crew that watch  
on deck must keep,  
While all a-row ten toes below are passengers  
asleep!  
And mother is the pilot dear—ah, none so  
true as she  
When baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze is  
fresh and free!

When mother rocks the cradle ship, the walls—  
for shores—slip past;  
The breezes from the garden blow when baby  
boy sails fast!  
So fast he flies that Dolly cries she fears we'll  
run her down,  
So hard a-port! we're not the sort to see a  
dolly drown;  
And then, you know, we've got the whole wide  
carpet for a sea  
When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is  
fresh and free!

When baby lies becalmed in sleep, and all the  
crew is still,  
When that wee ship's in port at last, all safe  
from storm and ill—  
Two eyes of love shall shine above, two lips  
shall kiss his face,  
Until in deep and tranquil sleep he'll smile at  
that embrace!  
For mother watches, too, at night; while  
through his slumbers creep  
Dream-memories of sailing ere the breezes fell  
asleep.

## FROM WIDDLETON TO WADDLETON

By Carl Smith

WHEN we set out a-journeying, my baby  
girl and I,  
It really is a wonder how the way goes fleet-  
ing by;  
The course is from the sitting-room, her  
charger is my knee,  
And the minstrel music with us is her little  
laugh of glee.

"Oh, from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eight-  
een miles,  
But from Waddleton to Widdleton it's nine-  
teen miles  
(Which is just a freak in distance which my  
conscience reconciles  
With the theory that baby songs are full of  
tricks and wiles)—  
Oh, from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen  
miles."

Her grandma is so jealous when we set about  
our trip,  
She claims to see a tear shade in the quiver of  
her lip.  
She says the way is rocky and the steed is  
roughly shod,  
But we tell her of another path that's smooth  
and clear and broad.

We never have arrived at where we set about  
to go,  
For always on the journey baby's curly head  
drops low,  
And then I draw her closer, closer, closer to  
my breast,  
And the steed is turned to pasture and its rider  
is—undressed.

"Still from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eight-  
een miles,  
And from Waddleton to Widdleton it's nine-  
teen miles,  
And the breezes bring a murmuring from  
drowsy afterwhiles,  
And a little prayer is uttered for a life to know  
no trials—  
Oh, from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen  
miles."

# A Button-Hole Bouquet

by Marcia Crabbing Gordon



Do you think Elizabeth—name very stately,  
For a small damsel some two feet in height  
Just three years old, too, a birthday but lately,  
Full of her frolics from morning till night.

Do you think Elizabeth—sweet, fair and rosy,  
Dark brown of eye and hair chestnut in hue,  
Can't do the same things that grown folks propose, eh?  
You don't know Elizabeth rightly—I do!

When dear mama, in arranging the vases,  
Brightens her dress with a boutonniere  
Elizabeth the chance to do likewise embraces—  
Here are the posies, the button-hole, where?

Down the pink frock front the small fingers wander,  
Futile, alas! and the eyes grow quite grave  
What new design does the baby brain ponder,  
Her plan to fulfil and her project to save?

At last in the parlor she takes up her station  
Head twisted round like a bird on a stile  
In the back of her tunic a full-blown carnation  
And great satisfaction (sweet pet!) in her smile!



A cocoon on the window-sill  
(Left there by careless brother Will)  
Caught Fairy's eye. "Poor ugly thing,"  
She said, "you have no gauzy wing,  
Nor anything to make you glad,  
I really think it is too bad."

The ugly little chrysalis  
Seemed very much amused at this,  
And though he tried to be polite  
He chuckled—choked—then laughed outright,  
His sides shook so they burst apart  
The coat he'd spun with wondrous art.

And there appeared before her view  
A butterfly of varied hue,  
Whose rainbow-tinted wings were bright  
As any that had met her sight,  
E'en in her own dear Fairyland,  
'Mong all the beauties of her band.

"Oh," said the sylph, "I didn't know  
That things in real life happened so."  
With that she vanished into air,  
And I—stopped dozing in my chair.

## GRANDPA'S GLASSES

MY grandpapa has to wear glasses,  
'Cause his eyesight is not very strong,  
And he calls them his "specs," and he's worn  
them  
For ever and ever so long.  
And when he gets through with his reading  
He carefully puts them away,  
And that's why I have to help find them  
'Bout twenty-five times in a day.

But at night when we sit 'round the table,  
And papa and mamma are there,  
He reads just as long as he's able,  
And then falls asleep in his chair.  
And he sits there and sleeps in his glasses,  
And you don't know how funny it seems;  
But he says that he just has to wear them  
To see things well in his dreams.

"Is there nothing you can do, my darling?  
What was it that 'pa' said last night?  
'My own little sunbeam has been here  
I know, for the room is so bright.'

"And there is a secret, my Mary,  
Perhaps you may learn it some day—  
The hand that is willing and loving  
Will do the most work on the way.

"And the work that is sweetest and dearest,  
The work that so many ne'er do,  
The great work of making folks happy  
Can be done by a lassie like you!"

### A Dog with a Future.

Such a cunning little, foolish little, clumsy little thing!  
Would you name him for the President or simply call him King?  
Or Prince, or Duke, or Hero—  
Julius Caesar—Tommy—Nero?  
He will surely feel his duty is to live up to his name,  
& not to have a noble one would be a perfect shame.

He shall learn to fetch and carry & to play that he is  
To beg upon his hind-legs & to stand upon his head  
He shall guard the house at night, too,  
And nobler bands to flight, too,  
& this summer at the sea-side he'll let nobody  
I suppose there'll be a hundred lives  
saved by my gallant hound.

& next winter I shall tell him—if a blizzard comes, you know,  
He must rescue all the travellers who might  
perish in the snow.

Oh! if you only knew, sir, The plans she has for you, sir—  
"You soft and warm, and limp, and helpless, good-for-nothing pup—  
Though the prospect is very glorious—I believe you'd not grow up!"

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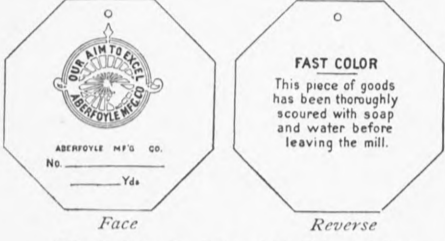
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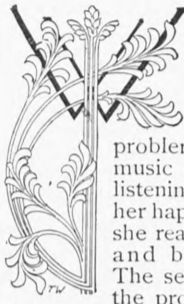
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## GOWNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ABBY E. UNDERWOOD



WITH the beginning of the season there come those special occasions that bring so much pleasure, for which the proper dressing is sometimes a problem. The girl who loves music is happy when she is listening to its sweet strains, but her happiness is intensified when she realizes that she is suitably and becomingly dressed. The semi-evening gown is the proper one for wear

to the concert. It may be rich of material, elaborate of design, but should not be cut low in the neck, nor with it should too many jewels be worn. A dainty bonnet, perfect-fitting gloves and a picturesque fan are the adjuncts to the concert dress. The gloves in vogue are rather easy in fit, and are of the finest undressed kid in tan or gray, and of glacé kid in white. At a very elaborate affair it would be quite proper to go without a bonnet, but the average woman prefers to have some excuse for a head-covering, even if it be but a band of velvet or a string of beads and two roses. Probably the prettiest costume seen recently was that worn by a brown-haired young woman as she listened to a famous orchestra, and which is pictured in our illustration.

### AT THE CONCERT

THIS costume shows the fashionable combination of velvet and satin, and that essentially French contrast in color—pearl gray and white. The skirt, which has a smart flare, is made entirely of the gray velvet, and has for its only decoration a long strap of three-inch wide satin ribbon on each side of the front, fastened at the waist and again a short distance from the foot, where it terminates under a huge many-looped ribbon bow. Of course, each loop is tacked to position, but still the effect of its having been tied has been retained. The short, round bodice is of the gray velvet, with enormously wide white satin revers, flaring over on to the sleeves and outlined with narrow steel beading. The sleeves are huge puffs of gray velvet, slashed to permit puffs of white satin to show from underneath, and then they are drawn in



AN ELEGANT COSTUME



GOWNS FOR A SMALL RECEPTION

ened with frills of black lace, makes a rich and fashionable gown for the matron, while for the younger woman all the pretty figured, striped and chiné silks are in good form. Silks showing changeable backgrounds with brocade figures upon them are advocated by the dealers, but I confess myself to not caring for them, inasmuch as they look better suited to covering a chair than making a lady's gown.

A flower-like frock shown in the accompanying illustration is made of a lightweight inexpensive silk, showing a half-inch stripe of salmon pink alternating with one of prairie green. The skirt is made in the usual flaring fashion, and just touches the ground, which gives it a graceful air, and is proper because it will not be worn in the street.

The bodice is a draped one of prairie green silk overlaid with pink chiffon. Epaulettes of prairie greensatin, each forming three points, fall over the fullsleeves; these are of the pink chiffon over the green silk, and have, starting from under



A THEATRE GOWN

to cuffs of white satin, finished with bands of steel beading and decorated with four cut steel buttons. The high stock is of broad white satin ribbon, fastening in the back under a large, flaring bow, so flaring that it shows well from the front at each side. The bonnet is a small one of gray satin felt, decorated with a band of Rhinestones across the front and one large white velvet rose at each side.

The gown worn to the lecture should be just such a one as would be dedicated to formal visiting in the daytime. The bonnet may be a little more fanciful. A typical one shown in our illustration is made of tan cloth, smooth and almost satiny in appearance. The skirt is quite plain save for a narrow piping of mink fur about three inches from the lower edge.

The short basque has a square tab on each side of the front, arches over the hips and has the short double box-plait postilion in the back that has superseded the ripple. Square revers of prairie green velvet, outlined with mink fur, decorate the front, while in the back there is a square collar of velvet finished in the same way. The sleeves are full puffs of the cloth that shape in to velvet cuffs outlined with fur. The stock collar is of tan-colored satin ribbon. The bonnet is a small one.



A FRENCH CONTRAST IN COLOR

each epaulette, straps of green satin, that, extending over and coming in below the elbow, seem to hold the huge puffs in place. Another pretty gown worn at a small reception by a fair-haired girl, shows a front of black velvet slashed at the bottom so that fans of black satin are visible, while the demi-train is formed of several full skirts of black tulle. The bodice, which has a round English neck, is black tulle draped over black satin, and the sash is one of three-inch wide black satin ribbon. White India silk trimmed with écu lace makes a pretty and useful evening dress, for an all-white, like an all-black, costume does not become *passé* even with custom.



# EVENING BONNETS AND WRAPS

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ABBY E. UNDERWOOD



**HAT** the evening bonnet of the winter is decidedly a bonnet, and not merely a strap of velvet with a bunch of blossoms on each side, is undoubtedly due to the fact that the Dutch bonnet having been worn by every woman whether it suited her or not has at last reached a rung on the fashionable ladder marked "undesirable." Of glossy felt, sometimes plainly shaped, sometimes cut in fine strips and plaited to shape, as well as of rich velvet, is the smart bonnet for evening wear. The rosette at each side continues to be in vogue, but for the

evening this is either of fine lace or chiffon. The bunches of violets, so generally noted on the evening bonnets of last winter, are quite out of fashion. The new aigrettes, especially those of white, are quite ten inches high, and will suggest that one which stands so proudly on the drum major's hat.

Wings, quills and feathers massed in rosette fashion are well liked on evening bonnets, while the large velvet roses of a purplish red, of which I have spoken before, are given a special *cachet*. The blue and green, black and white and the scarlet and black contrasts are all approved by French milliners and seen in some of the smartest bonnets. Spangles of all colors and shapes make rich the dressy chapeaux, while beautiful buckles of Rhinestones or well-imitated colored gems increase their



VELVET AND FUR COMBINATION

elaborate air. French women are giving special vogue to the black and white contrast, which has, of course, this to recommend it—that it harmonizes with almost every costume.

**MAGPIE CONTRAST**  
THE magpie contrast, which is the name given to the effect when black and white are brought together, is well displayed in a bonnet intended for evening wear

at concert or opera during the season. The small, rather low crown is of white satin felt, the tiny strips being braided in basket fashion. The narrow brim is of softly-twisted black velvet, cut out at the back so that the hair shows below, while there are falling over it two of the long, hornlike-shaped rosettes so much fancied, daintily made of fine duchesse lace. A narrow twist of white satin is just above the velvet at the edge of the crown, and on one side there stands up a ten-inch white pompon, while on the other is a star-shaped buckle of Rhinestones. Velvet ties come with this bonnet.

## THE FASHIONABLE COLLET

WITH it is worn the fashionable collet, which is the smart little wrap counted necessary at a place of amusement in the evening. A seven-pointed white satin collar, full and flaring, makes the foundation for the collet, and from it depend three double ruffles of black chiffon, so that it reaches almost to the waist. Loops and ends of broad white satin ribbons are at one side of the front falling from under a Rhinestone buckle, and a strap from under this buckle and its bows and streamers goes across to the other side and hooks under a full white rosette so that a secure and pretty fastening is furnished. The high collar is a folded stock of white satin ribbon with a flaring bow at the back, which makes a most stylish finish to this very fashionable collet.

### AN ALL-BLACK EFFECT

WELL-DRESSED women always appreciate the vogue given to all-black costumes, but especially now when black is



A BLACK AND WHITE EFFECT

shown in such beautiful fabrics. In the illustration given are pictured a bonnet and short wrap made of several materials, but

of the one sombre shade. The bonnet inclines to the toque shape and is worn well back on the head. The crown is a plain black felt, thickly spangled with jet, and having a brim of stiffened black lace made brilliant with long pointed jets. At the left side is a black aigrette and on the right one two or three loops of velvet with a small jet buckle seeming to hold them in place. At each side of the back, but as if to give breadth to the bonnet, which they do, are two very full rosettes of black lace. No ties are with this bonnet.

The cape to be worn with it has a round, rather deep-fitted yoke of black velvet, from which depend two ruffles of black lace with one of black chiffon between them. On each shoulder, to give the fashionable width, is a five-pointed falling epaulette of black satin ribbon. The full neck finish is a double ruche of black chiffon tied with long ends of black satin ribbon. If one grew weary of the all black it would be very easy to take out the pompon and put a colored velvet flower in the bonnet, but as an all-black get-up is invariably refined this would scarcely be likely to happen.

## VELVET AND FUR

FUR in the shape of the heads and entire bodies of small animals is greatly liked in combination with velvet, and to add to the contrast white lace or chiffon is often put with it, so that color and fabric are both intensified. A very smart bonnet and collet intended for evening wear are shown in our illustration. The bonnet has a crown not unlike a Tam, though it is bent in a little here and there. The material used for it is velvet in the new shade



AN ALL-BLACK EFFECT

of green called prairie. The brim is a small poke shape of satin felt the same color as the velvet. At each side, adding to the width, is an enormous white velvet rose, and leaning against the crown, standing some distance above it, is a crinkly quill, that on the left being green, that on the right being blue. At the back are two drooping horns of white lace that fall on the hair, but are, usually, by the wise woman, pinned to position against it.

The collet is a flaring, round full one of prairie green velvet, having on each shoulder an entire little mink so arranged that his head falls to the front while his body and tail hang over the back. The high collar is a folded one of prairie green satin, with two tiny mink heads seeming to clasp it just in front. From under the velvet cape, as if to show the disdain the milliner of to-day has for all rules in regard to contrast of material or color, fall three full plaitings of white chiffon. The general effect is not only good, but picturesque, and the wearer of these pretty belongings really looks, in her chiffon and lace, velvet and fur, as if she overruled all sumptuary laws and created laws of fashion for herself. Another collet made after this style has ruby velvet used instead of the green, but though the chiffon is black the contrast in colors is not as good as in the one displaying brown, green and white.

### A FEW LAST WORDS

THE evening bonnet to be smart must not only be becoming, but must show that it has been created for evening wear. The day of extreme simplicity has gone by, and the chapeau counted good form for the street is no longer to be advised for wear at any place of amusement. Lace, velvet, chiffon, quills, spangles, and all the pretty trimmings in vogue may be liberally used, always with that proviso that they are becoming. Shapes may be ruthlessly cut into by the scissors to suit one's head, and the amateur, as well as the professional, milliner has learned that the bonnet must be subordinate to the woman and not the woman to the bonnet.

The collet, simple as it looks, must have a certain air to be a success. It does not want to stand up high on the shoulders, but it should go out in a very broad fashion so that the waist below it looks very small by comparison. Then the frills must be very full, and whatever is used must be at once harmonious and *chic*. If there are ribbons they must be very long. Rosettes are more like cabbage roses than ever before, and chiffon frills are in fullness like unto the drops of water in the ocean. Give to your evening bonnet and collet that intangible air, which, for want of something better, we call style, for then, and then only, will it be a success. And then, and then only, will you look well in it and will it be an absolute success on you. And it is only when one's gowns and one's belongings are successes that the general woman feels comfortable and really enjoys herself. Since man furnishes the strength and woman the beauty to life this is altogether as it should be.



VELVET AND LACE

What LILLIAN RUSSELL thinks of Fibre Chamois

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# THE IDEAL KITCHEN

By James Thomson



LITTLE reflection will convince one that the place where the cooking is effected, however prosaic it may seem, is one worthy of our earnest study and consideration. It

should not require the warning note of the sanitary expert to arouse us to a sense of the importance of perfect cleanliness in connection with our food supply, and yet there are people who would be appalled could they but have the mask torn away and be able to see under what conditions their cooking is done. Those housekeepers who are so fortunately situated as to be able themselves to supervise this department, or who, perhaps, do their own cooking, have it within their power to keep the kitchen (within certain limits) above suspicion. But those who are obliged to depend entirely upon others in its management are oftentimes, did they but know it, fit subjects for commiseration. Persons living in rented houses have as a general thing no voice in the selection of the kitchen arrangements, and are obliged to accept things as they find them, no matter how unsatisfactory these may be. And should the bad carpentry be such as seems best calculated for harboring all manner of dirt and creeping uncleanness, unceasing vigilance will alone atone for the builder's ignorance or lack of thought. Handicapped in this regard, as the modern housekeeper often is, it depends entirely on herself whether or not the kitchen be kept in a condition which will insure health and comfort to the members of her household. Unfavorable conditions demand extra care and attention to details on the part of the mistress.

It may be surprising to learn that our forefathers were much ahead of us in this regard. In the Middle Ages palaces, castles and abbeys had great roomy kitchens with plenty of light, and arrangements for securing an active circulation of air were had by the use of a great central opening in the roof through which the hot air and vapors escaped. The modern housekeeper may not aspire to the possession of one of the old-time kitchens where oxen were roasted whole in the great fireplaces, but where one is thinking of building, or owns a home and is desirous of remodeling it, it might be well to investigate and see what ideas may be borrowed with profit from the arrangements obtaining in primitive times.

In the model kitchen of the present, as in the old, the walls should be of glazed tiles or enameled brick to the height of six or seven feet. In place of these, painted brick or plaster may be used. Soapstone is also excellent. The tiles or brick should be carried clear to the floor, no wooden baseboard must be used. The floor should be of tiles, plain mosaic, stone or cement, all hard and dirt-resisting and easily kept clean. Have as little woodwork as possible, and what you are obliged to have let it be plain, with as few joints and crevices as possible. Your cook will at first object to this style of flooring, but a few days' care of this cleanly surface will convince her.

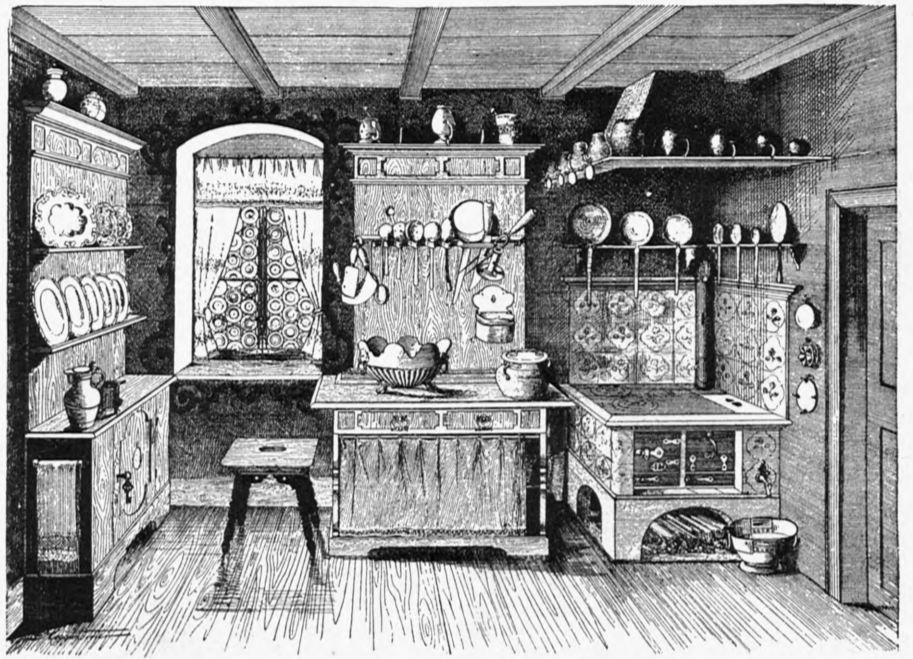
BEHIND all woodwork insects find a lodging place. Wood also being porous quickly absorbs and retains moisture, therefore it should be well varnished. In the matter of cubbyholes and closets let them be as few as possible—varnished inside and out—and have the shelves adjustable and removable. All the plumbing should be in plain sight, nothing of that sort should be boarded up.

In the perfect kitchen of the future, woodwork will be entirely banished. The table will be formed of iron or brass tubing, with drawers and bins of tin or aluminum. Instead of the dresser or closet, tiers of shelving resting on a framework of metal tubing will be substituted. The walls will be of tiles and the floor of cement or mosaic. No woodwork will be tolerated around the sink, soapstone or slate taking its place. The only woodwork used will

It is a good plan to have the kitchen floor stained with potash. It is an excellent stain for any floor, but more particularly for that of the kitchen; permanganate of potash, a quarter of an ounce to each quart of water, should be used. It is to be applied freely and quickly to a dry floor with a cloth or brush, repeated for a dark color. When applied hot it will penetrate the grains of the wood and kill many insect germs that may be lurking there. Care should be exercised in handling so that it may not come in contact with the hands, as it is a caustic, therefore it is always well to use rubber or old kid gloves in the operation. A floor thus treated may afterward be coated with linseed oil, shellac, wax or varnish. Oilcloth and linoleum make desirable floor coverings.

"As neat as a Dutch kitchen" has passed into a proverb, and it is possible for us to profit by a study of their methods. Unfortunately the ideal kitchen is, as I have said, the possession of the future: the problem before most housekeepers is how to better their present possessions in the form of the culinary department.

The care of the dresser is an important matter toward this end, as the dresser in most kitchens is the grocery pantry, only the heavy dishes and kitchen china finding



THE GERMAN KITCHEN

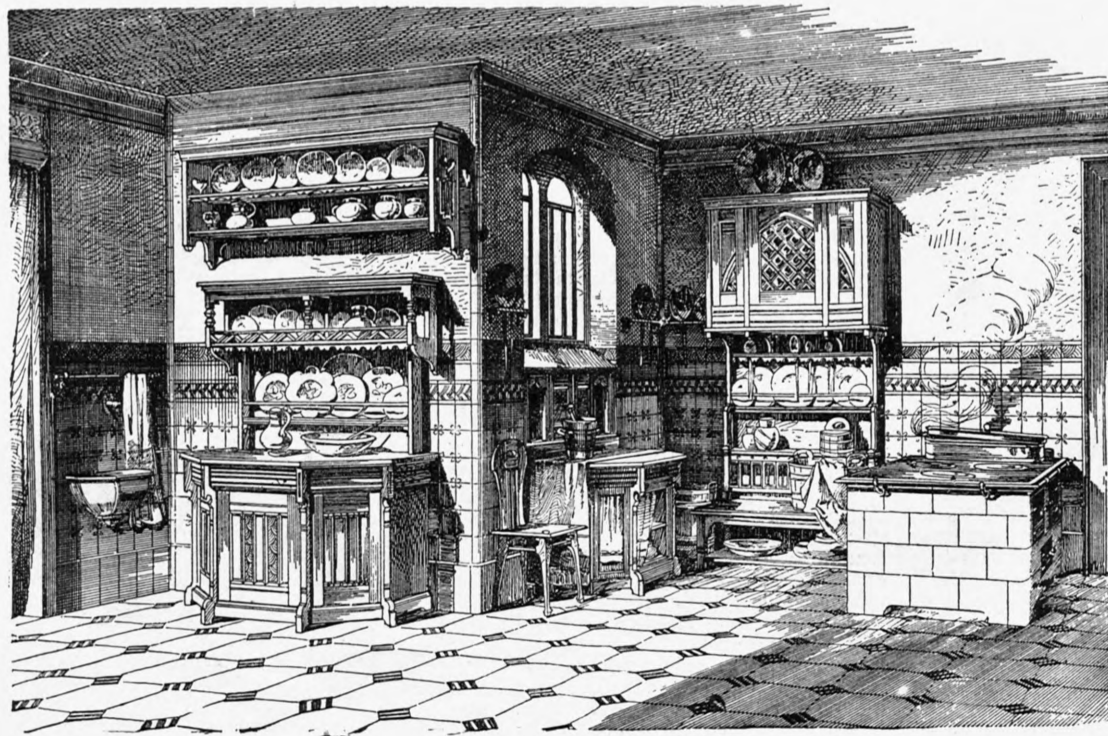
be for doors and window frames which will, of course, be heavily varnished.

In the ordinary every-day kitchen a vast improvement is possible by the substitution of tin bins and lockers, similar to those used by grocers, for the usual wooden drawers. Tin is more cleanly, and keeps the contents in better condition.

WITH regard to a kitchen table, there are improved ones now made having drawers of tin and wooden extension slides also covered with the same material. The bottoms of the drawers are semi-circular and are easily kept clean.

While it is not advisable to fill a kitchen with every so-called labor-saving device it will be well to avail one's self of every true and tried kitchen convenience that is to be found. It is a short-sighted policy to ignore labor-saving aids of actual merit, when we may profit greatly by adopting them. Multiplicity of objects implies additional work in keeping them in order.

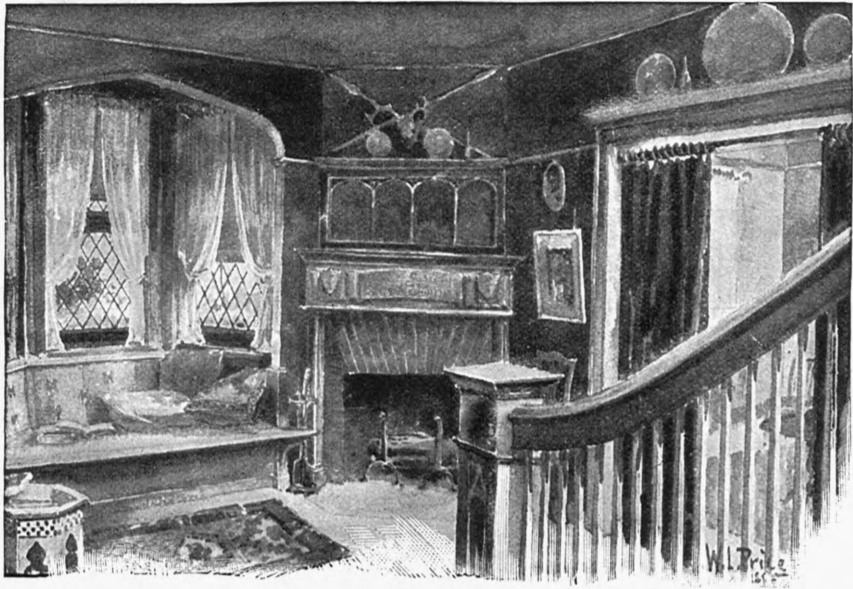
lodgment on its shelves. It is needless to speak of the necessity for cleanliness there, that is an understood and appreciated fact. The glass preserve jars having close-fitting screw tops are the best of all grocery receptacles. They can be gotten in various sizes, and being transparent, require no labeling. A glance will reveal their contents. Insist that the instant groceries arrive they shall be placed in these jars, and let your orders apply equally to those commodities which arrive in pasteboard boxes, such as cornstarch, gelatine, oatmeal, etc., and to those which appear in ordinary bags. Do not permit the use of paper anywhere about the dresser. If the shelves and drawers are well varnished they can be wiped clean with a damp cloth, and eventually, when the need comes, revarnished. If the room be sufficiently large to afford it, and you have no servants' sitting-room, purchase a couple of capacious armchairs—without rockers, of course—for the use of your temporary "mistress of the kitchen." She will work the better for your kindness, and your kitchen be the more pleasant abiding place for her when her day's work is done.



THE DUTCH KITCHEN

THERE are many features in the illustrations accompanying this article that are noteworthy, particularly that of the Dutch kitchen, which embodies many of the special features herein advocated, notably the tiled flooring and wainscoting. The German kitchen is also picturesque and exhibits much order in its arrangement. The German *hausfrau* is, as we all know, noted for her housekeeping; consequently we cannot go far wrong in planning our kitchen after hers.





## A \$3500 SUBURBAN HOUSE

By W. L. Price

**I**N attempting to adopt any one of the well-defined styles of architecture to American uses it is necessary to put aside at once all thought of exact reproduction; the customs and requirements are so different that what we most admire abroad would make but a sorry year-round home here. More particularly is this true of houses of moderate cost, so that in the accompanying design of a house in the style of the English cottage, many points at variance with English work must be made allowance for.

The charm of the English cottages lies largely in their tile or thatch roofs and low stories set close to the ground—all of which in this country we must abandon at the outset, and, most radical difference of all, we must provide a large, roofed porch in place of their stoop. Then again the unnatural, speculative value of land in the suburbs of all of our cities forces us to build our houses on narrow lots, so that the end of the house is usually toward the road or street, making it still more difficult to follow English precedent.

The choice of site is generally restricted for the same reason, but select, if you can, a lot facing either south or west; in any case the house must be designed to suit the ground, on account of the exposure and also the lay of the land. As to the placing of the rooms, insist first that the dining-room have south and east exposures, giving it the morning sun and sheltering it from the late afternoon sun, which is very annoying when at meals. I make an especial point of the dining-room, as it is, after all, the daily reunion room of the family, and because it is so frequently neglected in the designing of small houses—the very ones in which most care should be exercised that every inch of space be utilized. The hall, if it be more than an entry, may be made a charming reception-room, and thus save the best room, so often sacrificed to the goddess, Fashion, for a living-room or library, which should properly have at least south and west exposures. The stairway, pantry and kitchen will then shelter these rooms from the most severe cold, and while the kitchen must be bright and airy it can well afford to take the colder side of the house. Next to the exposure of the rooms their relation to each other is the most vital point

in a plan. The hall should properly divide the house, and the dining-room and living-room or parlor should not, as a rule, open together, for while it is pleasant at times the noise incident to the preparation and clearing away of meals is something to be avoided if possible.

Entrance from dining-room to kitchen is best had through the pantry, which then answers as serving-room as well, and



keeps much of the noise and smell of cooking out of the dining-room. The kitchen should not open directly into the hall for the same reason, but passage from kitchen to hall without going through any other room is very desirable.

The kitchen should be well lighted and ventilated, especially near the range and the sink, and should be so arranged that the work may be readily and easily done.

All the bedrooms should have large windows and sufficient space for bed, bureau, washstand and chairs, as well as good closet room.

The alcove in main bedroom giving access to child's room I have found a very satisfactory arrangement, as it makes communication between the rooms without their opening directly into each other. The closet in this room, large enough to give ample hanging room and shelving, and accommodating a trunk as well, is another great addition to it.

The bathroom properly claims much care, not that it may be made gorgeous with tiling and stained glass, nor that it need necessarily be very large, but it must contain good open fixtures with all piping exposed and everything about it cleanable. The large linen-closet across the entry does away with the necessity of any bathroom closet except a small wall-cupboard.

The heating of the house is almost as important as the plumbing in a sanitary way, and unfortunately most of our houses are badly heated. With the heating arrangements usually provided we are compelled to either go cold or breathe incinerated air, mainly because of a heater too small to do the work required of it.

A heater should give, not a little hot air, but a large volume of pure warm air, and it is not necessary to go to the expense of a steam or hot-water plant in the ordinary house to get this result, as a good portable hot-air furnace with a duct for fresh outside air will do the work and do it well, with proper attention, if only it be large enough. It is much more economical, both in coal and wear and tear of furnace, to run a low fire in a large furnace than a forced fire in a small one, and the difference in first cost is not great enough to be considered.

As to lighting, few of our suburbs are without electric light or gas, and if you have the choice by all means use electric light; it is somewhat more costly to put in, but if used with moderate care is not an expensive luxury.

The interior finish should be very simple, as any attempt at elaboration in moderate-cost houses means tawdriness, and good narrow mouldings without corner blocks or gingerbread work of any kind add much to the charm of a room.

The finish of hall, living-room and dining-room may be of chestnut or of red oak—at no great cost if plain, and when stained and finished with wax will be very service-

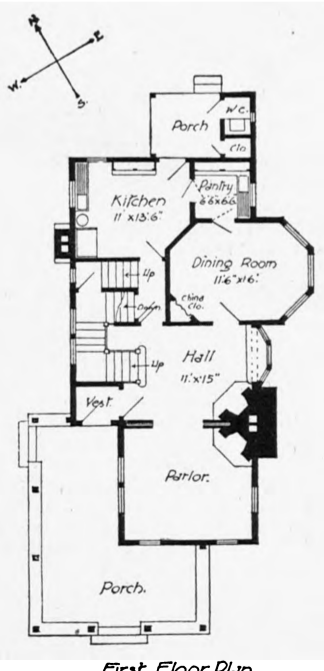
able as it does not show wear. The rest of the house should be finished in white pine, either natural, stained or painted, as the color scheme of the room may require.

For the roof use in preference to anything else cedar shingles unstained, letting them take their own beautiful gray tone, but if you must have stains use only some one of the established makes and avoid the painters' "just as good" substitutes, which are usually just as bad as possible. By combining a little stone work in base, porch, walls and chimneys, with half timber work and plaster, a look of solidity is given that the ordinary frame house does not otherwise possess.

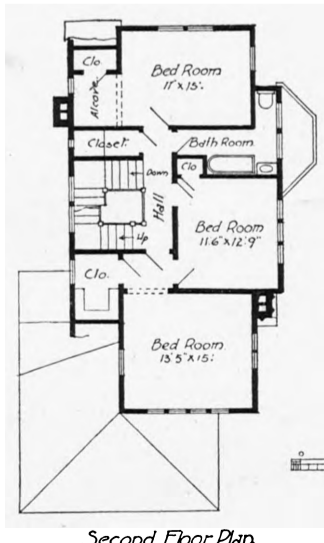
The half timber work should be of two-inch stuff without dressing, as the sawed surface takes a stain well and looks much richer. This should be securely spiked on top of the sheathing. Although not a part of its real construction the plastering or pebble-dashing is done best on grooved plaster-board nailed on to sheathing, and if properly done makes a warm, tight and cozy house.

The second floor covered with shingles should be at least slightly stained as the shingles on walls are apt to weather badly; never place half timber work above a shingle story as it makes the house top-heavy in appearance.

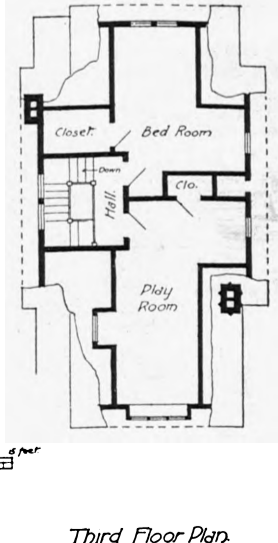
And now a few words in behalf of the builder and architect: Don't expect your house to be perfect; wood will shrink, plaster will crack more or less, and doors and windows stick; and don't expect them to keep the house in repair. They cannot afford to do more than put it in proper condition when they hand it over to you.



First Floor Plan



Second Floor Plan



Third Floor Plan

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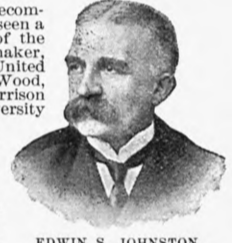
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accept no imitation, but send his name, your corset size and 25 cents to EUGENE PEARL, 23 Union Sq., New York—a pair will be sent post free.



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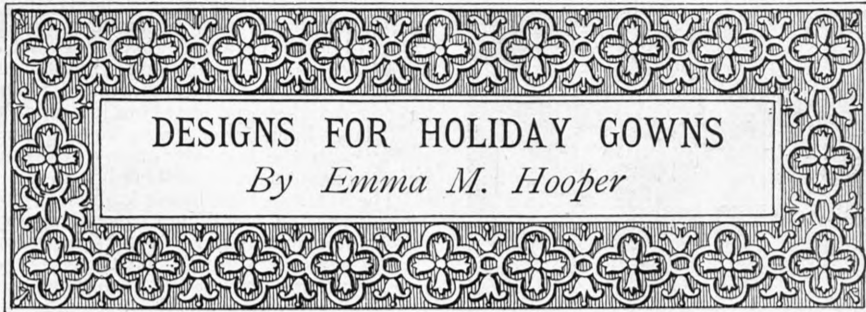
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The Blum Shoe Co.  
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**M**AKING new gowns or trimming old ones afresh for holiday entertainments cannot fail to prove an interesting and profitable task during this month when all thoughts are holiday bent. Dress waists are now so much trimmed that the gown of last year may by retrimming be transformed at small expense into an apparently new and quite fashionable one. In buying new trimmings I would not recommend velvet under a dollar and twenty-five cents a yard, or velveteen for less than eighty cents. These are New York prices. Fancy taffetas from seventy cents up and satins from a dollar up are good materials to combine for woolen and silk gowns, and plaid silks from a dollar upward make stylish and effective trimmings. Chiffon is from fifty-nine cents and spangled nets from two dollars and seventy-five cents.

**DEMI-EVENING WAISTS**

**T**HE Vandyke shades, reddish orange, are handsome for evening wear, also bright pink, gold, Nile and stem green, turquoise, mauve and deep brick red, a copper red that is very becoming to clear brunettes. Black is very stylish, but needs brightening. A demi-evening waist of black figured taffeta cut low in the neck and with a slightly-pointed effect at top and lower edge would prove becoming to a stout figure. The elbow sleeves made of two widths and a half of silk, gathered in two rows of stitches at the shoulder and to a narrow band that is pushed up under the puff above the elbow, and a crush collar and yoke of the same light figured chiffon as the sleeves. The top of the low neck is trimmed with jet passementerie, which also forms the pointed girdle over a lining of black silk like the waist and the five-yard godet skirt. The front and side seams of the skirt may be trimmed with narrow passementerie to give height to the wearer. A pretty evening waist to wear with odd skirts of silk, crepon, satin, Henrietta, etc., is of figured or striped taffeta or satin Liberty, a very soft fabric. There is a half low-necked vest of heavy cream or écu guipure lace narrowing to nothing at the waist-line, over which the round waist opens, with tiny plaits in place of darts. A large, square sailor collar is turned over from the neck and the ends in front curved upward, with a knife-plaited frill of silk all around, and above this a band of guipure insertion two inches wide. A narrow crush belt is worn fastened in front under a large rosette above two jabot ends of silk. The sleeves are in a large puff to the elbow and their only stiffening is of four plaited ruffles of grasscloth on the top half of the lining extending from shoulder to elbow.

**FULL BLOUSE EFFECTS**

**F**ULL blouses are so becoming to slender people that they continue to be worn in spite of the jacket fronts and godet basques that are newer. Two gowns can be combined into one with but little expense, that of the braid. A yoke blouse of dark color may be laid in two plaits at the back and three in front, the latter dropping over the belt. The sleeves in a large puff, with close cuffs from elbow to wrist of lighter goods; the sharply-pointed yoke and high, plain collar, with a point on each shoulder, reaching over the box-plaited top of the sleeves, and one back and front. A belt is of the same light hue, with mohair braid edged with sou-tache braid for its scroll decoration. The braid is used around the wrists and in a deep point on each cuff, besides trimming the high collar and forming Arabesque scrolls around the yoke. If the skirt is too narrow side panels of the light goods may be inserted next to the front breadth, making them twenty inches wide at the bottom and seven at the top. A pretty new sleeve for a full blouse or plain bodice should be made of soft material, for it falls in thick folds. It is shirred four times at the top, half an inch apart, reaches halfway between the wrist and elbow, where it is shirred three times, and finishes with a turn-over cuff of velvet, which should be lined with crinoline and faced with silk. The grasscloth ruffles on the lining will keep the sleeve stylishly full unless it has been cut too scanty, but to save in this manner nowadays at once divorces fashion from your gowns. Allow four yards of silk for stylish sleeves, whether made with a puff or cut in the very fashionable leg-of-mutton style.

**NEW COLLARETTE EFFECTS**

**T**HE jaunty pointed waist having a godet back, which was illustrated in the October JOURNAL, may be reproduced in a bright French blue twill, with a round yoke and vest in plaid twill, blue, green, red and yellow, with sleeves similar to those described in the preceding paragraph. Three large steel buttons ornament each front edge from the point to the berth. The berth, or these epaulettes, for the accessory is given both names, is of blue velvet shaped to outline a modestly low neck, flaring deeper on the shoulders, lined with the plaid or plain goods and interlined with crinoline. At the back the two points meet, while in front they finish under an artistically careless knot of velvet. The crush collar and cuffs were of the same velvet, which was a nice quality of velveteen, in fact. It may be seen from all of the reigning fashions that while the sleeves are softer and more drooping in effect, the collars, epaulettes and such broad accessories still keep up the wide shoulder effects which seem so well adapted for wear with the flaring skirts and large hats. By making a large collar-ette and crush collar removable several changes may be had. This is an excellent plan with a black gown. Have one set of violet, green, etc., velvet, and one of plaid silk, and edge the velvet with narrow jet-spangled passementerie.

**THE LATEST SKIRT**

**T**HE latest skirt shown by French designers requires ten yards of twenty-two-inch silk for a skirt forty inches long. It is cut in nine gores, with the straight centre of each breadth being in the centre of the gore. Make the sides slightly bias, which will give them a handsome flare. Be sure that a bias seam comes at the centre back and that the lining is cut just like the outside. With wider goods two gores can come out of the same width. This skirt is five yards wide and should be interlined stiffly ten inches deep all around. The front and sides should be slightly gathered to the belt and the back laid in three narrow box-plaits at the top. Skirts should be made to open at the left of the back rather than made to lap the centre back. A pocket can be put on the right side in the seam next to the back one. No dresses are interlined throughout now by any one understanding skirt-making. The flare effect, however, requires the stiff interlining from ten to fifteen inches deep all around. If a skirt is made with two double box-plaits in the back they must lap slightly at the top or all of the fullness will fall toward the sides instead of the centre back. Made-over skirts may be lengthened by a bias band of velvet, velveteen, silk, plaid, etc., but trimmings on skirts are only used when necessity requires. A broad braid bordered with loops or trefoils of a narrower braid is sometimes seen on the edge of a skirt.

**SOME FASHIONABLE TRIMMINGS**

**D**RESS trimmings are greatly worn this season, which gives encouragement to those making over gowns. The trimmings are very striking and brilliant and a little of them sometimes is as much as a conservative dresser can wear. The net bands, bearing flowers and scrolls in colored, jet and gold spangles, are the newest. Then there are satin ribbons, plain and printed, covered and bordered with spangles of every shade, and galloons from the width of a single row of overlapping spangles in plain or iridescent colorings. Piece goods in gauzes and chiffons are also spangled in patterns and stuffed with single spangles. In spite of all of the color effects jet holds its own in spangles and beads for galloons and shaped pieces. Of the latter there are many and the prettiest nearly cover the front of the corsage, with long fringe effects. Fancy printed, brocaded and striped ribbons are worn as crush collars and belts. The Persian cashmere ribbons are lovely on dark gowns. They are also used down the front in place of a box-plait, and on this will be set three large handsome buttons in diamond, pearl, ruby, etc., effects, which are all of Rhinestones. Cut steel buttons are also showy and pearls surrounded by Rhinestones. Jet is mingled with these brilliants, also Roman pearls and enameled settings in Persian colors. Many small dull gold buttons are used on tailor-made suits. Miniature painted and Dresden buttons are worn on blouses and coat basques for ornament but not for use. Bronze buttons set with cut steel are handsome on the fashionable brown goods now in vogue.

**ODDS AND ENDS**

**A** WIDE lining belt on a skirt adds to the size of the waist. Wide sash ribbons are worn in Paris on evening dresses as a crush belt, two long ends at the back or left side and a knot. Black and white striped ribbon is used as a belt and collar on a black gown having white satin vest overlaid with heavy lace. Printed velveteen in bright colors is novel for dark dress trimmings. The godet basque backs require a stiff interlining and deep facing of the goods as they roundly flare. In fitting crush collars over crinoline take a dart in the top edge of the crinoline at the centre front. White satin revers, yokes and vests are very dressy covered with heavy lace, spangled net, gold and silver spangles or a regular embroidery of gold, silver and iridescent spangles and beads. Black and white is as fashionable as it was two years ago when first revived. Plaid skirts are worn with plain colored waists. The round bolero jacket fronts are worn again over a full front and belt of silk. The back may be a godet basque or round waist. Crush collars extend to the chin, and sleeves are well over the wrist, halfway between elbow and wrist, only to the elbow or a short balloon puff for evening gowns that require twenty-button gloves to meet them. Sixteen-button gloves are worn to evening entertainments.

**A STANDBY GOWN**

**E**VERY woman needs one dress suitable for all occasions and seasons and it should be of black. From seventy-five cents for a serge to two dollars for a fancy weave of wool and mohair is a wide range, but this proves that every one may be suited in figure, face and purse. Such a gown should be made up without any trimming except a removable black satin crush collar. Then it can be worn severely plain or made dressy with colored velvet or plaid silk, collars, collar-ettes, etc., which were illustrated in the October and November issues. A godet skirt five yards in width, large, but not immense, leg-of-mutton sleeves and a short, pointed basque is a standard design for such a gown. For a slender figure have two box-plaits at the back and three in front lined with crinoline, and set on and finish the lower edge with a twist of the material. Line the skirt with the stiff skirt cambric now in vogue and interline it with stiffening as directed before. Line the waist with a good quality of percaline and finish the neck with an inch-wide silk band lined with crinoline, which serves as a rest for the separate crush collars to be worn with the convenient gown.

**FUR-TRIMMED COSTUMES**

**F**UR and ostrich feather edgings trim the handsomest midwinter costumes of ladies' cloth, camel's hair, now called zibeline, and heavy cheviot mixtures. If you have selected a ladies' cloth let all of the pieces run one way of the goods, and unless you wish to risk spotting the cloth have the merchant send it to be sponged before making it up. For church and visiting wear bright golden-brown cloth gowns are made with a godet skirt five yards and a half wide, with seven godet plaits and an interlining ten inches deep all around. The waist close in fit, round and with large leg-of-mutton sleeves. A pointed girdle narrowing toward the back of darker brown velvet, with two large Rhinestone buttons on either side of the centre front. Crush collar of velvet having a sharp point on each side, which stands out. Round collar-ette rolled over at the top, cut in points, front and back, and fastening in front under two large buttons. The upper and lower edges of the collar-ette and lower edge of the belt as well as the wrists edged with brown marten fur. If an entire suit is desired let the outer garment be a short, full cape lined with plaid silk or woolen twill and interlined. It should have a flaring collar and a large sailor one besides, with a fur edging on both. A full-crowned cloth toque would be trimmed with velvet and quills or ostrich tips, and tan-colored gloves would complete the costume, which might be of cloth at a dollar and fifty cents, using ten yards fifty-four inches wide, and three yards of velveteen twenty-four inches in width at a dollar a yard. Fur is also used for collar-ettes covering the shoulders and for vests, which are worn with heavy interlined basques. Sable, mink, ermine, black marten, Persian lamb, astrakhan, blue, black and brown fox, beaver and sealskin are the trimming furs. A velveteen suit trimmed with fur is handsome and not expensive. Piece velvet is a perfect craze for trimming and combinations in stripes, plaids, miroir, printed, brocaded and plain goods.

Nothing looks better than fur with velvet, but a little of the trimming, and in narrow widths, is sufficient. The so-called imitation fur trimming, which is of silk, trims both ladies' and children's dresses and wraps in a neat, inexpensive manner. It is also called plush trimming, and imitates mink and beaver remarkably well. Eton sleeveless jackets of astrakhan are worn with dress waists.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "The Home Dressmaker," will be found on page 46 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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**Holiday**  
Shopping  
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**CARSON, PIRIE, & SCOTT & CO.**  
ADDRESS "MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT" CHICAGO.

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Now comes the time when the anxious husband gets the paper early and cuts out all the advertisements of—

**Seal Skin Sacques**—for "a cut in time" may save—  
**\$167.50**



No. 4701. Finest quality London dyed skins, extra large sleeves, double breasted, high storm collar, umbrella or Prince Albert back, full 26 in. long, lined with heavy brown satin.

Our Fur Garments are all made in our own establishment, and have for years been recognized as the standard for quality. There are cheaper furs than ours—we don't make or sell any that we cannot guarantee absolutely.

If you are disposed to purchase a really dependable garment we will be glad to give you our ideas and prices.

OUR NAME IN A SACQUE MEANS THE HIGHEST EXCELLENCE.

**FLANNEL WAISTS**

—AND THE PICTURE DOES N'T FLATTER THEM EITHER.

All-wool—in plain colors—Garnet, Brown, Black, Navy, Green. The samples we'll send will look prettier than the type-colors. Sleeves full 16 inches wide and lined. Yoke back, lined, and fulness gathered on yoke. Turnover collar and plated front.

SIZES 32 TO 44. POSTAGE 15C. . . . **\$1.50**



**These Three Ladies'**

Outer Garments we consider unmatched for style and use for "wear-ability." The low prices speak for themselves—more eloquent than all we could say—and if you'll write for quality samples you'll understand the



No. 141. REEFER JACK. "Tailor-built," fine quality Beaver, black and navy, 26 inches long, double stitched seams, new four-button box front, coat back lined throughout except sleeves, with satin rhadame. Sizes 32 to 44. There is \$12.00 worth in each one. **\$7.50**

No. 142. REEFER JACKET all wool, Dobson Chinilla. Box front, ripple back, high storm collar, lined throughout except sleeves, with fine quality satin rhadame. Sizes, 32 to 44. These have been \$18.00 all season until now. **\$10.50**

No. 143. DOUBLE CAPE—imported Bouclé cloth, 30 inches deep, with full 120 in. sweep. Both cape and collar finished around edges with six rows of stitching. Lined throughout with fine quality satin rhadame. Black only all sizes. Yes, they look and wear \$18 worth. The price is **\$12.50**

**Ostrich Boas**

—genuine and warranted—

bought before the price went up—luckily.

18 inches usual neck length—

**\$2.50**

27 inches, \$3.75

36 inches, \$5.00

WRITE FOR THE **SHOPPERS' ECONOMIST**  
IT SHOWS THE GOODS YOU WANT AT THE PRICES YOU HOPED FOR! MAILED FREE.

Our Bargain-Breath comes in **ODD SHORT PANTS**

Cheviots and Cassimeres in medium and dark mixtures, winter weights School ble knees wear out, strongly wool—4 to 15 yrs. guaranteed, a **\$1.00** SEND FOR SAMPLE.

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we've made it easy to be so through our waist-energy, for every garment is made in our own work-rooms.

**SERGE—ALL WOOL**, in black, navy, brown and garnet. New 3-pleat blouse front, extra large interlined sleeves, velvet collar, close-lined bodice. **\$4.50**

**SCOTCH FLAIDS—**all wool, style of above or the new fulled blouse front, equal in every respect to the "milliner-made," **\$6.50**



**"The winter girl** in all her loveliness" wears a Jacket like this—



Double breasted, box front, made of imported Beaver in Navy or Black with the new three piece sectional sleeves—coat collar and double inverted coat back. Sizes 14 and 16 years. A sample will convince you of the quality—which looks down on the price—**\$5.00**

**Smart Skirt** carries with it more style than the rest of the Wardrobe. Does n't it?



These hang correctly. It's not hard to make them so—just a shade of difference in the cutting here and there—our designers tell us. It's that trifle that has made their reputation. They are stiffened around the bottom, have velvet binding that won't rip off—

are tailor-finished in every respect, and are full 5 yds. wide. All usual sizes, or we'll make to measure.

**BLACK SERGE, \$5.00**

**BLACK CREPON, \$6.50**

**French Opera Glasses**

12 hinge Mother of pearl mounting—Gold plated tubes and guaranteed achromatic and perfect in every respect—Morocco Case—The price has nothing to do with the value except to it... **\$4.50**



THIS SET COMPLETE **\$4.95**



Sugar bowl, cream pitcher and spoon holder—best quadruple silver plated on hard white metal, satin finish—hand engraved design and Rococo border. The cream pitcher and spoon holder are gold lined.

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With Belgian iron work standard and the new flat Kettles either in brass or copper. Stands 15 inches high. Complete with Alcohol lamp,..... **\$1.87**



**"BONNIE LASSIE"**

Reefer with Tam to match, is, we think the prettiest outfit ever shown for "her"

Made of fine Diagonal Cheviots, in Navy and Gray drab, or the new two-tone drab, this season's best Bouclé, this season's best libed fabric, in Blue and Black, Red and Black, Brown and Black. Fancy sailor cap, Black, Red and Black, cap, collar, and pockets. It buttons close to the throat and has the new inverted coat back, mandarin sleeves, richly braided and has the new inverted coat back, "pull-down" band. The Tam O'Shanter Cap is made with double braid to match jacket, and trimmed with three rows of braid to match jacket. The finish throughout shows the real \$10.00 value. Sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. **\$6.75**



**BANQUET LAMPS**

Solid Mexican Onyx Shaft

Gold plated detachable open work front and base—filled with the CELEBRATED "B & N" NEW IMPROVED RATCHET-LIFT BURNER—complete with Florentine silk shade in all the popular colorings, trimmed with lace match. Stands 31 inches high. **\$5.00**



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They're never out of place, for they belong on the floor as well as on the lounge or chair. While they're pretty as pictures, we think pillows in bad taste as wall decorations, but they're specially nice for these

**India Stools—**

which we carry in walnut, mahogany, natural cherry, light or antique oak, birch or maple. Retailed everywhere at \$3.00 and higher, but our Xmas prices **\$1.95**







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Gives the Wearer a Beautiful Figure. If not in stock at your retailer's send \$1.00 for a corset, free by mail, to BRIDGEPORT CORSET CO. FITZPATRICK & SOMERS, SOLE AGENTS 85 Leonard St., New York



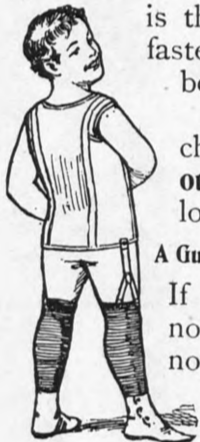
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To the wearer—and health—and comfort—and wear. If W. B. Corsets do not fit with perfect ease RETURN THEM, and money cheerfully refunded. 4, 5 and 6 hook clasps. Short, medium, long and extra long waist.

Price, \$1.00 to \$5.00 per pair. Insist on having W. B. CORSETS, at all dealers

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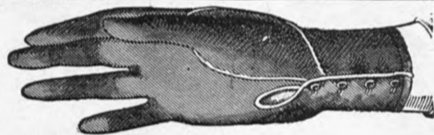


is the only kind that fastens itself to the bottom of corset, corset-waist or child's waist, without pins, buttons, loops or sewing.

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and the personification of Elegance—the Cluze Patent Thumb Glove. Ever wear it? Ever see it? It doesn't strain or tear. The peculiar yet simple cut of the thumb piece makes it an ideal glove. There is not a misstitch in its entire construction. It's the only glove that will fit every kind of hand comfortably and handsomely. The cost of the Cluze Patent Thumb Glove isn't any more than for imperfect-fitting and one-day-wearing kinds.

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LONG WAISTED NO PADDING

These Corsets give a perfect curve to the form, there being no pressure on the chest, as the spring holds the Corset in a natural way without any padding. We also manufacture Corsets for stout ladies which give perfect satisfaction. A perfect fit guaranteed.

Gray, . . . \$2.50 up White, . . . 3.00 up Black, . . . 4.00 up To order, . . . 5.00 up

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THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

[Continued from page 4 of this issue]

and the only guarantee of social order, and it follows that the scrupulous observance of it is the test of good citizenship. He who breaks one law is guilty of all, for the covenant is not divisible. It is a false and mischievous opinion that any law can be voluntarily broken without guilt. I do not stop to consider real cases of conscience, such as arose under the Fugitive Slave Law, nor the ultimate right of a people to overturn a government that has ceased to subserv the true ends of government; for our danger does not lie in the direction of the highly conscientious. The chief promoters of lawlessness are greed, corporate and individual, in its various manifestations, and the parasite of greed— anarchy. These corrupting and destructive forces assume in their campaigns the indifference of the body of the people. The forces of good order have no outposts; the whole army is generally on furlough. Signal fires and minute guns, and runners carrying the torch from village to village, as in the old days of Scotland, are needed to summon the forces.

WE have not realized in government, any more than in mechanics, inherent and perpetual motion. It is not enough to construct and to start. Watchfulness, administration and love are needed to keep the best-planned government on its projected lines. Men, rather more than machines, need watching. Not only in civil affairs but in business, especially in corporate affairs, the idea of the delegation of power and responsibility has been carried too far. The citizens or the stockholders choose officers and then go about other business—devolving upon these officers all responsibility for good administration. That is not the true idea of the relation of a citizen to public officers. He should put himself and all his personal influence behind the faithful public officer, and confront as an accuser and prosecutor the unfaithful. This is not an agreeable duty, but it is as much a part of the covenant of citizenship that we will lend our aid in making others obey the law, as that we will keep the law ourselves. Our Government is a "law and order league" in perpetuity, and the members have something more to do than to elect officers and appoint committees. Public abuses are the direct and necessary result of public indifference. The plunderers step over sleeping sentinels and take by stealth the citadels they could never carry by assault. The law and order forces, on the other hand, are without strategy; the assault in force is their only war resource. Small evils grow to be large because there is no one to take a walking-stick and kill them. Reformers affect broad swords and columbiads. A walking-stick reformer might invoke ridicule, but enough of them would put the columbiads and broad swords out of use.

WE need general assemblies of the people in the smaller civil subdivisions, to be held regularly once or twice a year, town meetings in which two questions only shall be considered: First, are the public officers faithfully and honestly transacting the public business? Second, are the laws—not this law nor that, but all laws—enforced and obeyed? All questions of law reform should be excluded, left to parties or societies organized to promote them. The enforcement of the law, whether we opposed or aided the making of it; the strict accountability of public officers, whether we opposed or aided their election, should be the objects and the limits of these meetings. There should be no distinction of persons: Our law and order movements are too apt to be confined to what we, not too accurately, call "influential" people. Every man and woman ought to have a chance to choose his side, without regard to station or wealth or race or color. There will be none too many. In some such movements it has seemed to me that many have been assigned to the wrong side who would have chosen the right. There is danger that such may accept the place they would not have chosen. Can any working plan be devised to maintain from day to day an effective watchful interest among the body of our citizens in the enforcement of the laws, and in a clean honest administration of public affairs—small and great? Or are we to accept the humiliating conclusion that bad things cannot be made good, or even better, until they come to be persistently and utterly bad; or still worse, that when the river of popular indignation has cleaned the stable it is only to leave us without a supply of water for daily sanitation?

With an ardent love for our nation, with a profound reverence for the law, and with a new resolve to be watchful, helpful citizens, we are ready now for some familiar talks about "This Country of Ours."

Amj Harrison

THE VIOLET

[Continued from page 12 of this issue]

"Of course you may," said Louie. "You know I am coming out this winter and am free to receive my friends, with Mrs. Bertrand as chaperon."

"How jolly! And you'll give a poor famished fellow a cup of tea now and then! And The Violet will decoct it! All the fellows in town will want to come—with such a combination as that! When are you going to make your formal debut, for you are an unfolded bud yourself as yet?"

"On the eleventh," said Louie smiling. "That's the great day appointed by my aunt."

"Is it to be at her house or at your own?"

"At my aunt's. I'd rather have it at home, except that I'm afraid the commotion would scare my poor, dear little grandmother into fits."

"Oh, you've got a little grandmother, have you? I don't think I'd heard of that. You are mighty well chaperoned, it seems to me. A sort of double-breasted arrangement."

"Oh, grandmamma isn't a chaperon," said Louie laughing. "She's just a little old dear for us to love. She wouldn't venture to make a suggestion, for the world. She's always lived in the country and I think town frightens her."

"Ah, I can see traces of your country ancestry," he said. "They crop out in spite of that Paris gown you're wearing."

"Where do you see any such traces?" Louie asked, pretending to be offended.

"Half way between the brim of that Paris hat and the border of that Paris collar, if you require me to be exact," said Dexter; "just such roses as those do not bloom in city cheeks, even for debutantes! But now I've made you angry. Do forgive me. Personalities like that are inexcusable, I know, even if the provocation was strong."

Louie, who was blushing adorably, was relieved just here to be interrupted. This interruption was from a no less important source than the bride herself, who, just before going up to change her dress, took Louie aside, and putting both hands on her shoulders said earnestly:

"Be good to my Violet, Louie. I know you will be. She is one of the dearest, truest, best of human beings, and she has had a hard experience of life from which it is my hope that she will react now, with kindness and love. If you will take my word and judgment you can trust her implicitly with any trust on earth. God bless you both, dear women that you are, and some day I hope to see you both as happy as I am to-night."

Her voice was slightly tremulous and seemed to warn her to hurry away. She gave Louie a hasty kiss on the cheek and allowed herself to be carried off, leaving the young girl full of tender emotion.

(Continuation in January JOURNAL)

Our readers will pleasantly recall Miss Magruder's delightful serial story, "A Beautiful Alien," published in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for December, 1893, January, February, March, April, May and June, 1894. Miss Magruder comes before the JOURNAL's readers again with a romance of delightful and fascinating interest—"The Violet." The perfection of her art, as the teller of delightful stories, is further beautified by that of Charles Dana Gibson, who has charmingly illustrated "The Violet," which will be continued through several of the succeeding issues of the JOURNAL.

THE HOLIDAY DANCE AT WORROSQUOYACKE

[Continued from page 16 of this issue]

he had informed Doctor Fauntleroy, and no answer came, pray what was one to think?"

"But you knew—oh, tell me you knew," he went on with eager passion in his tones, "that I loved you and wanted you from the first—the very, very first. Would you have given yourself to me, here, a year ago—just where we stand—Camilla?"

"You expect me to admit everything," began the girl, trying, as girls will, to keep at bay the moment of surrender they know is at hand.

Directly after this a Dresden clock upon the mantel-shelf chimed twelve. Outside arose a babel of sounds: horns, torpedoes, shouts. The negroes around their bonfires were bidding welcome to Christmas morn. Simultaneously, upon the threshold of the boudoir, appeared a little round-eyed darky, an offshoot of Sylvie, sent by his grandmammy to summon his master to lead in the march to supper. But, as this small person heard the sudden noise without, habit overcame borrowed ceremonial, and with a joyous cadence in his voice he cried:

"Chrismus' gif, Marse Dick!" And Dick, who, from the beautiful, happy eyes and lips close to his had just received his own Christmas gift, did not say the saucy rascal nay.

(Conclusion)

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Advertisement for G-D Chicago Waist, featuring an illustration of a woman in a corset and text: "Gives Such Comfort." G-D Chicago Waist. Price \$1.00. Wear one, and discover what real comfort means. It allows perfect freedom of movement and perfect development of the body, gives grace to the form and imparts to the entire person a sense of absolute ease. Made of Satene, white, drab or black. All dealers, or sent postpaid for \$1.00. 262 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO.

Advertisement for Highest Award World's Fair Skates, featuring an illustration of a skater and text: "Highest Award WORLD'S FAIR SKATES. Catalogue Free. BARNEY & BERRY, Springfield, Mass."

Advertisement for SKATE SHARPENER, featuring an illustration of a sharpener and text: "SKATE SHARPENER. POSTPAID, 30 CENTS. LYNCH SKATE PLANE. PATENTED JULY 17th 1894. The only sharpener making a concave or square surface. Works like a plane. Weighs only four ounces. Easily operated and will last a lifetime. Write for catalogue of Skates and 5,000 interesting Tricks and Novelties. PECK & SNYDER, 130 Nassau Street, New York City. DRESS CUTTING by Tailor Method Waist, Skirt and Sleeve system. Simplest and most practical in use. LEARN IT IN 1 HOUR. Half price to introduce it. B. M. KUHN, Inventor, Bloomington, Ill."



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## LITERARY QUERIES

BY THE LITERARY EDITOR

Under this heading the Literary Editor will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning Literary matters. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

- HOWES**—Stanley Weyman is married.
- GLADYS**—Gilbert Parker is a Canadian by birth.
- MARIETTA**—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe resides in Boston.
- WILLOW STREET**—Herbert Spencer visited the United States in 1882.
- C. L. D.**—Edmund Clarence Stedman was born at Hartford, Connecticut.
- LOON LAKE**—"Katrina Trask" is Mrs. Spencer Trask, of New York City.
- HOLYOKE**—Richard Watson Gilder is editor of "The Century Magazine."
- RICHARD**—The Rev. Edward Abbott, D. D., is editor of "The Literary World."
- CONCORD**—Anthony Hope's novel, "The Princess of Zenda," has been dramatized.
- AMBER**—The author of the poem, "No Sect in Heaven," is Mrs. E. H. J. Cleveland.
- MONTGOMERY**—"Brevity is the soul of wit," you will find in "Hamlet," act II, scene 2.
- GUADALOUPE**—The "Grolier Club" is located at 29 East Thirty-second Street, New York City.
- FRANCES**—Margaret Fuller was lost in a shipwreck off Fire Island, near New York, on July 16, 1850.
- ENGLISHTOWN**—"Fanny Fern," Mrs. James Parton, is buried at Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge.
- C. H. K.**—Laurence Oliphant died in 1888. (2) "Flavel Oldboy" was the *nom de plume* of John Flavel Mines.
- SEATTLE GIRL**—Eugene Field is married and has several children. A sketch of Mrs. Field appeared in the JOURNAL of April, 1892.
- O. I. D.**—Phillips Brooks is buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge. (2) John Boyle O'Reilly died in March, 1890.
- W. X. Y.**—In Plutarch's "Political Precepts" you will find Cato said, "I had rather men should ask why my statue is not set up, than why it is."
- MABELLE**—"Ivory Black" was a *nom de plume* used by Thomas Janvier. (2) The "S. R." in S. R. Crockett's name stand for Samuel Rutherford.
- BROCKTON**—Miss Dodge took her *nom de plume* from the last syllable of her Christian name, Abigail, and from the town of Hamilton, where she was born.
- SPRINGFIELD**—William Dean Howells was United States Consul at Venice in 1861-65. (2) Balzac may be considered the chief of the realistic school of French novelists.
- I. K. F.**—It was Disraeli who said, "The art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practice than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract."

- MARIAN**—"Meg Merrilies" is a character in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Guy Mannering." She was a weird and masculine gypsy who was devoted to the fortunes of the Bartram family.
- C. T. H. M.**—H. C. Bunner is editor of "Puck"; J. A. Mitchell, of "Life" and I. M. Gregory of "Judge." (2) "Droch" is the *nom de plume* of Mr. Robert Bridges. Mr. Bridges is one of the editors of "Scribner's Magazine."
- GRETCHEN**—It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said, "Put not your trust in money, but your money in trust." (2) "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" was written by Mrs. Emma Willard, the famous educator, of Troy.
- M. P.**—In the London "Quarterly Review" of April last you will find an article entitled "The Bible at Home and Abroad," which will give you the information which you have asked us for but which it is impossible for us to spare space for.
- LOMBARD**—Baron Tauchnitz, who died in August last, was an eminent German publisher who established a continental edition of English works. He was created a Baron by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and in 1877 he was called to the House of Peers in Saxony.
- DOLLY**—Miss Merrington writes us that the version of "He loves me, He loves me not," which is used in her play of "Captain Lettarblair," is her own.
- RIVERSIDE**—Mr. Zangwill has been credited as the author of the philosopher's definition of philosophy, art and religion as follows:  
"Philosophy—all my I,  
Art—all my eye,  
Religion—all my aye."
- G. S. T.**—The punning lines on Ann Hathaway's name are as follows:  
"Thou knowest, fond heart, Ann hath a way,  
She hath a way,  
Ann hath a way,  
To make grief bliss, Ann hath a way."  
They were not written by Shakespeare, but by Charles Dibdin, an English song writer.

- SEVERAL INQUIRERS**—In his lecture on "Ben Hur" General Wallace said: "I selected the name of 'Ben Hur' for my book because it was easy to write, spell and pronounce, and it was Biblical. The beginning of 'Ben Hur' was brought about by a quotation from St. Matthew, 'Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod, the king, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem saying, 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him?'"
- MAGGIE C.**—The verses you quote incorrectly are all of a little poem by Mary A. Butt, called "Trust," which is here given correctly:  
"Build a little fence of trust  
Around to-day,  
Fill the space with loving work  
And therein stay.  
Look not through the sheltering bars  
Upon to-morrow.  
God will help thee bear what comes  
Of joy or sorrow."
- GARDEN CITY**—"Edna Lyall" is the *nom de plume* of Miss Ada Ellen Bayly, an English woman. (2) Mrs. Barr's name is Amelia Edith; she was born in England and educated in Scotland, where in 1850 she married Mr. Robert Barr. In 1854 they came to the United States and settled in Texas; in 1867 her husband and three sons died of yellow fever. In 1869 Mrs. Barr removed to New York and began teaching, and two years later began writing for publication. She has been most successful, and deservedly so, in all her literary work.

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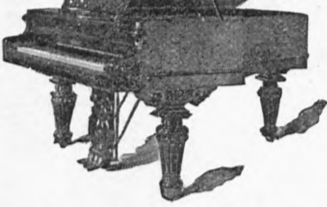
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**R. B. G.**—You cannot make an artistic success of a musical career if you regard it merely as a lucrative profession. We would suggest that you adopt whatever department of music, vocal or instrumental, your talents seem especially fitted for.

**M. R. K.**—You can secure the course in vocal music and the French and German languages of which you write at any of the large conservatories in either this country or Europe. The instruction to be obtained in the United States is now as good as that to be secured abroad.

**PROF. BASS**—The division of the male voice known as second bass, should have, at the least, a range from middle C to the E flat below the bass clef. Some compositions for male voices require in the second bass part an E flat above middle C, and a C natural below the bass clef, but these are infrequent.

**IGNORAMUS**—In the passage concerning which you make inquiry the octave F below the group of notes is to be struck as an arpeggio by the left hand. (2) The term *Hongroise* (Hungarian) was applied by Liszt to his Rhapsodies, because in subject and treatment they are characteristically Hungarian.

**M. L. S.**—The way to secure publication for a composition is to submit it to a music publisher, who will pass upon its merits, making you an offer of cash or royalty payment if he thinks the composition worthy of purchase. If you will send us a stamped and addressed envelope with a request for the names of music publishers we will send you a list.

**JAMES SMALL**—It is undoubtedly the case that some persons are gifted to an unusual degree with that department of musical memory which compasses the ability to play or sing without musical notes. But this sort of memory can to some degree be acquired by study and perseverance. Study a composition, bar by bar, phrase by phrase, and repeat constantly. In this way you may possibly succeed.

**READER**—In mandolin music, where a single bar is placed across a stem with two dots, the indication is that the note is to be struck twice, one down and one up stroke. (2) To secure information in regard to positions, etc., you must consult a competent teacher. (3) The use of bars across notes, whether one, two or three are used, is to indicate the tremolo, some mandolin writers using only one, while others use either two or three.

**IGNORANCE**—In correct musical writing for the piano, chords of notes, so far apart as not to be played by some arrangement of the fingers of both hands, should not appear, and those composers who know how to write for the piano will not compose passages impossible of performance. If the chords you mention are properly written the difficulty must be that you do not know how to correctly arrange your hands in playing the composition.

**C. R. M.**—The inscription inside the old violin in your possession which reads, "Andreas Guarnerius made this at the siege of St. Theresa, Cremona, 1670," does not necessarily indicate that it is a genuine Guarnerius; if it is it would be very valuable, but there are many imitations of these old instruments, and the only person who could pronounce upon its genuineness and its value would be an expert. If you will send us a stamped envelope with your name and address we will give you the addresses of a couple of reliable violin experts.

**YOUNG BARYTONE**—We would advise any person who intended to study singing, and especially a young man, to adopt the Italian method. It holds its own, in the opinion of all artists, as the best system of voice production and training, despite the constant appearance of new methods and systems, and is the method under which the voice improves in quality and quantity, and enlarges its powers. "If Law's Severe," from "The Jewess"; "No, si pagli," from "The Marriage of Figaro"; "Oh, Hear the Wild Wind Blow," Mattei; "What Noble Joys," Kreutzer; "Oh, Ruddier Than the Cherry," Handel; "Who Treads the Path of Duty," Mozart; "How Fair Art Thou," Weidt; any of these songs would suit the purpose you mention.

**SCHOOLGIRL**—The real reason for your lack of progress in piano study has apparently been the interrupted course of instruction and your inability to practice regularly. Ask your teacher's advice as to the length of time you should give to daily practice, and give most of that time to the study of scales and exercises. There is no other way by which you can attain proficiency in this art. Do not regret your inability to play by ear, as you say your friends do, for the best musicians do not come from that group of pianists. We would advise you to continue your lessons with whichever teacher gives you at this stage of your work the greatest number of exercises and the fewest of "pieces." Your progress, however, depends as much upon the use you make of your daily practicing time as upon your teacher.

**MARIE**—The symbols which you describe refer to the using of the instrument known as the metronome. Allegro vivace  $\text{♩} = 100$ , or half note = 100, signifies that the composition is to be played in a lively and brisk manner, and to correspond to the metronome, which should be arranged so as to beat one hundred times in a minute, to each beat being counted one half note.  $\text{♩} = 88$ , or quarter note = 88, signifies that the metronome shall be arranged to beat eighty-eight times in a minute, to each beat being counted one crotchet or quarter note.  $\text{♩} = 138$ , or eighth note = 138, signifies that the metronome shall beat one hundred and thirty-eight times in a minute, each beat being counted as an eighth note.

**GRACE M. F.**—A woman's voice which ranges from the E below middle C to high C—the C above the treble clef—is unusual in its compass. Of course, the quality of the tones, as well as the range, is taken into account when considering the actual worth of a voice, and of this we are, in your case, naturally ignorant. As you say that your voice is weak in the upper register, and that you are only sixteen years of age, we would be inclined to think that your unusual range of notes resulted from the fact that your voice was still in a transition state, that it had not yet completed the change from childhood to maturity. In this case your voice will probably lose the high notes of the treble later and develop into a contralto or mezzo soprano. We would advise you to select one of the best of the vocal teachers in Boston and have her or him try your voice. A competent teacher will be able to judge at once as to the natural placing of your voice and your fitness for an operatic career. Such a person will also be able to advise you further concerning the preparation for such a career. Your four years of piano study should be an excellent preparation for your vocal work. (2) The first vocal teacher of Madame Eames Story was Miss Clara Munger, of Boston.



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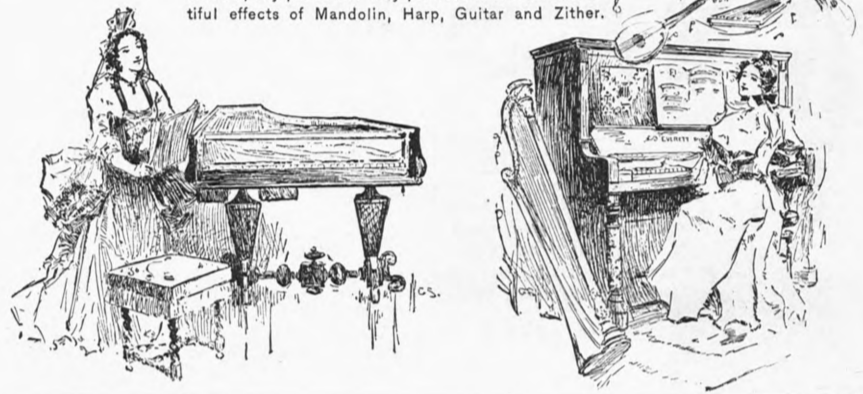


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**SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS**  
BY RUTH ASHMORE

**C. E. S.**—A host would present his guests to his daughters.

**MARY**—A young boy should be addressed as "Master."

**FRANCES**—The birth stone for the month of May is emerald.

**M. C. S.**—You are quite correct in addressing me as "Dear Miss Ashmore."

**T. S. AND OTHERS**—I cannot discuss the question of the marriage of first cousins.

**GRACE G.**—The more formal way of beginning a letter is, "My Dear Miss Smith."

**MARIE**—I do not approve of philopenas. They seem to me almost a hint for a present.

**MARY S.**—When you send flowers at the time of a death, you simply attach your visiting-card.

**GRACIE**—With what you have, six new pieces of each kind will be sufficient for your trousseau.

**HOMOSELLE**—It would be perfectly proper to have your fourteen-year-old sister for a bridesmaid.

**LYNN**—When an engagement is broken it is proper to send back all presents, no matter how trifling.

**S. W. L.**—A girl of sixteen would wear all black without crape for one year after her father's death.

**SUBSCRIBER**—One should thank a gentleman for any courtesy, even if it is merely for a refreshing ice.

**ADELE**—The place of honor at the table for your betrothed would be at the right hand of your mother.

**LIZZIE**—Melons are usually eaten either from a fork or a spoon; a knife is never offered with them.

**ANNIE H.**—When a gentleman takes you to a place of amusement he would naturally pay your car fare.

**THREE**—When a man friend has spent the evening with you it is courteous to express a desire to see him again.

**CLARA B.**—No matter whether the letter is to one's husband or to a stranger his name should be prefaced with "Mr."

**MRS. M. E. J.**—Whether you intend to become intimate or not it is proper to return all first calls within two weeks.

**ANXIOUS**—An inexpensive wedding supper would consist of ices, bride's cake, small cakes, sandwiches, coffee and lemonade.

**BESS**—The young man who is too bashful to ask permission to call should be permitted to suffer because of his *gaucherie*.

**HEBE**—It is considered in better taste to wait until a young man asks permission to call rather than to extend him an invitation.

**PHOEBE**—Why not write to the editor of the paper in which the article appeared, if you wish to know the real name of "Bab"?

**S. G.**—I should not answer the letter of a young man who requested a promise that his letters should not be shown to your father.

**A. X. X.**—It is customary when the bridal party go into the dining-room for the mother and father of the bride to accompany them.

**MADGE AND OTHERS**—I must ask my girls not to request that I recommend a depilatory. I do not know of any that are quite safe.

**M. A.**—A young girl does not have callers of her own until she has made her *début*, which is, generally, when she is about eighteen.

**B. H. F.**—No well-bred man would tell an unkind story about his *fiancée* to a party of men unless he were lacking in every proper feeling.

**H. H. AND OTHERS**—I shall be glad to answer your letters privately if you will put your questions clearly and inclose a stamped envelope.

**ESTELLE**—If you and your husband are invited to a card-party and are unable to go, you should send not your cards, but a little note of regret.

**HAWTHORNE**—Nearly all of the large hospitals in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore have training schools for nurses attached to them.

**INEXPERIENCE**—Any present, no matter whether it comes at Christmas, New Year's or on a birthday, should be acknowledged at once by a note.

**PEARL**—It is never proper, no matter what the bride may wear, for any of the men of the bridal party to assume evening dress in the daytime.

**A MINISTER'S WIFE**—As you accepted the present from the gentleman and his wife, you should, in addition to your note of thanks, call upon them.

**JOANNA**—The eldest daughter, even at seventeen, is "Miss Smith," but she does not have visiting-cards of her own until after she has made her *début*.

**C. D. M.**—If there is something of importance to be told to the young man it would be quite proper to write him a note asking him to call at your home.

**S. C. G.**—Send your cards with your hotel address written upon them to those friends, both men and women, who are in the city where you are visiting.

**B. G.**—If you did not understand the young man's name and wish to introduce him to some one else, it would be perfectly proper to ask him what his name is.

**L. M. F.**—It is very improper for a girl of sixteen to receive men visitors alone. At sixteen a girl should still be in the schoolroom and thinking about her studies.

**E. E. H.**—If you are walking with a gentleman and meet a friend to whom you bow, he raises his hat, whether he is an acquaintance or not, out of respect to you.

**M. S.**—It is specially convenient to the woman who keeps no servant to have a special day and hour on which to receive her friends, for then she is prepared for them.

**T. R.**—When a lady and gentleman meet on the street it is a lady's place to speak first, her bow being equivalent to saying that she is willing to continue the acquaintance.

**B. B.**—The sending of a wedding invitation is not considered "equivalent to asking for a present." (2) Announcement cards do not go out until a day or two after the ceremony.

**GERTRUDE**—When a letter is sent by the hand of a friend it should be left unsealed. (2) Sandwiches, ices, cake and lemonade constitute a suitable collation for an evening affair.

**P. C.**—In presenting a gentleman to a lady his name should be mentioned first unless you use this formula, "Miss Dash, may I have the honor of presenting to you Mr. Blank?"

**TRILBY**—Finger-bowls are used after dinner, but are only used at breakfast when fruit is served. (2) No woman has a right to believe a man is in love with her until he tells her so.

**GENEVIEVE**—Nothing can excuse the taking a woman's arm by a man except her being so old that she is decrepit, or so much of an invalid that she cannot walk without such assistance.

**M. E.**—When a man friend is being entertained at your home it will be in good taste, if you wish him to go to a place of amusement with you, to see that the tickets are purchased beforehand.

**KIT**—When a young woman has asked a young man not to smoke in her presence and he persists in doing so, she will be acting with propriety if she refuses to see him the next time he calls.

**W. E. D.**—A smart gown for a bride would be one of tan-colored broadcloth trimmed with black satin; the hat should be a large tan felt trimmed with black tips and the gloves of tan undressed kid.

**G. E.**—For a slender girl a high-busted corset is not desirable. (2) Generalizing it is better to wear one's stays over the petticoats, letting them be the last garment assumed before the gown.

**H. R.**—The family name of Queen Victoria is Guelph. Her husband's family name was Wettin. (2) When you are introduced to sisters you address each, in speaking to her, as "Miss Smith."

**HENRIETTE A.**—I can only suggest that you write to the friend who behaved coldly to you and find out if any one has been trying to make mischief between you. A good friend is too valuable a possession to lose.

**A. V.**—When a traveling costume is worn, even if the marriage takes place at home, the bonnet and gloves should be put on before the ceremony. (2) Before six o'clock the bridegroom should wear a frock coat.

**M. H. A.**—It is very certain that I am not a man, for I am possessed of many feminine weaknesses. (2) It is not permissible to take a friend to any entertainment without first asking permission of the hostess.

**MARIAN**—Have your story typewritten, with your own name and address at the top of the page, and your *nom de plume* just under the title. (2) The birth stones for March and July are the bloodstone and ruby.

**E. L. S.**—The feeling that one must send a wedding present when an invitation to a marriage is received, does not obtain among well-bred people, who only send a gift when there is a close tie of kinship or friendship.

**DAISY**—The "at home" cards are separate, but they are inclosed in the same envelope with the wedding cards. It is customary to name a special day, but it is quite proper to announce "At home after December fifteenth."

**TORONTO**—The bending of the upper right-hand corner of a card is supposed to mean that it was left in person, but it is a fashion no longer in vogue. (2) The maid of honor raises the bride's veil to permit the bridegroom to greet her.

**F. B. B.**—A girl of fifteen should wear her dress skirt so that it reaches to her ankles. (2) I do not think it either ladylike or womanly for women to assume bloomers, and no outdoor exercise, no matter how desirable it may seem, excuses them.

**AMOROSA**—Send to your betrothed on her coming-out party a box of flowers, the handsomest you can get. Even if you are far away from her this can be easily arranged, as you can telegraph to the florist in the town where she lives and he will attend to it for you.

**VINITA**—I think you quite misunderstand me. I do not object to dancing in the home. My objection to the public dance is that young girls there meet men about whom they know nothing. A dance in a private house where all are acquainted is quite different.

**COUNTRY GIRL**—A card of inquiry, sent by mail, is quite sufficient when a man friend is ill. I do not think it would be in good taste to send flowers to him. (2) When a gentleman walks home from church with you at midday it is not necessary to ask him to enter the house.

**A NEW ENGLAND GIRL**—Consult a physician in regard to the scar made by the burn. (2) A guard is not usually worn with the engagement ring, for it is supposed to fit the finger, but the engagement ring is worn as a guard to the wedding ring. (3) Men seldom wear wedding rings.

**G. D. AND OTHERS**—The simplest and best treatment for a rough skin is to rub well into it some simple cream. In the morning wash it off with very hot water and soap, afterward washing the face thoroughly with cold water. The cold water tends to make the skin firm and smooth.

**JEANNETTE**—If you sent your cards to the tea to which you did not go personally, no after call is required. (2) When you give a reception in honor of your friend have upon your invitations, "To meet Miss Blank." (3) In making formal calls leave a card each time and for each lady of the family who is in society.

**A SUFFERER**—It is extremely rude and ill-bred when at table to criticize the food that is served; the fact that it is paid for makes it none the less an evidence of bad manners. People who are not satisfied where they are boarding should always leave; they have no right to make others uncomfortable by their lack of good breeding.


**E. W.**—After spending a day at the home of your betrothed's family you should, of course, speak of the pleasant day you have had when you say goodbye. (2) Cards of invitation are usually addressed either to "Mr. and Mrs. Brown" or to "Mr. Brown and family." (3) Write a note of thanks for every wedding present. (4) When the wedding is to be informal the invitations should be written by the mother of the bride.

**LILLIE**—As the gentleman to whom you are engaged cannot, as you say, do more than furnish the capital for a business of his own, I should advise your letting him know that your parents are willing to give him the money to furnish a home for you, and so make it possible for your marriage to take place. I can quite understand that you feel a delicacy in telling him of their generous offer, and I would suggest that you ask your father to confer with him.

**SEVEN WOMEN**—When you are dictating to reduce flesh you must eat stale bread, and give up potatoes, rice, beets, corn, peas, beans, milk, cream, all sweets, cocoa, indeed, anything which even suggests sugar or starch. Dry toast without butter, tea without either milk or sugar, rare meat with no fat, and, as far as possible, no vegetables at all should form your diet. Take all the exercise you can in the way of walking; go twice a week to a Russian bath and invariably go to bed hungry. Anybody brave enough to live up to these laws will certainly lose flesh.

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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.

VERA—Ermine is much used this winter on little girls' coats.

UNA—Capes, waists, costumes and trimmings of velvet will be much worn this season.

INQUIRER—Address me as Miss Emma M. Hooper, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

MRS. JANE X.—The iridescent trimmings do not look well on a street dress unless concealed by a wrap.

MRS. D. F.—Children's coats are made with a round, full cape or a large sailor collar cut squarely off in front.

ANGELA W.—A bright Persian ribbon five inches wide will make you a pretty crush belt and collar with a short bow at the back.

R. A. D.—You can use pink velvet, pink satin under cream guipure lace, or black velvet. Personally I favor the first named.

MISS NONA—A new ribbon for crush collars and belts is of black and white stripes, with an inch-wide band of colored satin on one edge.

L. J.—Shaped pieces of jet or colored beads or spangles are very stylish and are generally known as garnitures, which cover all waist pieces.

LISBETH—Your plaid silk skirt will make you a pretty waist to wear with any black skirt. Have a crush belt of the same; no trimming is needed.

LA JOLIE ROBE—Get a twilled plaid woolen goods showing brown and blue, and make with a crush collar and belt of velvet the color of the brown skirt.

THEATRE—The velvet you have will make a muff, cape and toque for evening wear; trim with sable or mink fur, plenty of ribbon bows and a little white lace on the toque.

MRS. M. K.—The handsomest coats for little girls are of bengaline, velvet, lace collar and fur edging, but they are too elegant to be comfortable for a healthy, active child.

MOTHER—Quaint bonnets are in the "granny" style of bengaline silk, with a large plaited brim, full crown, ribbon strings and bow of ribbon on top with three short ostrich tips.

DOTTIE—You can have your dresses hook in the back, but it is an inconvenient and not a stylish fashion. (2) Try bright French blue or take a mixed goods showing blue, orange or red and golden brown.

MARJORIE H.—Godet skirts are still worn. (2) Add removable collars and plastrons of velvet and taffeta silk, or have a large sailor collar and a crush one as well of plaid taffeta showing red and gold prominently.

K. C. B.—There are some pretty mixed cloths. Dark red having bouclé or curls of black mohair is used for little girls' coats. (2) Let her dresses continue the same length until she is three years of age, when they may be worn shorter.

MRS. E. B. K.—If you are short and stout make your black silk with a five-yard godet skirt, leg-of-mutton sleeves and pointed waist. Trim with a corsage garniture of jet and wear removable collars of colored velvet made in a crush style.

ORPHAN—For a really useful tea-gown nothing is as good as Henrietta; have a front of Japanese silk at fifty cents or surah at sixty-five cents. A brighter color, with very elaborate trimming, is allowable for this dress than for one intended for the street.

SUSAN G.—The brown dress might have sleeves, revers and crush collar of striped goods. Have the stripes narrow or you might like brown velveteen for the sleeves, which should be of a moderate leg-of-mutton shape. Cut the waist short and pointed, back and front.

OLGA—Your broad felt hat should be trimmed with blue velvet and gray wings. (2) Rip off the buttons and add a box-plait down the centre of dress waist. Also a crush collar and belt of blue velveteen like the box-plait. Cut the waist short and pointed, and wear your skirt over it, so that your pretty belt may be in evidence.

MATERNITY—Black is the least conspicuous, selecting a serge or twill. Have a godet skirt fitted with a yoke top, leg-of-mutton sleeves, and a jacket basque fifteen inches below the waist and opening over a soft vest of bright-colored silk, which should fall like a blouse below the waist-line. Revers on the jacket fronts and a crush collar of silk.

K. M. G.—Freshen your velvet by holding it over a pan of boiling water and at the same time have some one brush the pile up the wrong way. (2) Your idea of a coat is good; have it rather short, godet back, nearly tight fronts and immense sleeves. (3) The material is velveteen, which wears better than velvet, and is, of course, much less expensive.

LOUISE—Try a street dress of mixed chevot in dark brown with a blue thread, and trim with crush collar and revers of brown velvet; then a pretty home dress of one of the purplish shades trimmed with jet. These would break the line between gaudy colors and black. Black and white is always a stylish combination, and black dresses with colored collars, cuffs and revers are always fashionable.

WIDOW—Make your Henrietta in the prevailing fashion: as godet skirt, untrimmed, large sleeves and round waist having a double box-plait down the centre. This is very becoming to a slender figure. Then add a large collar cut in two points in front, two at the back and one over each shoulder, a crush collar and belt of crape. An outside cape can have a collar, sailor shape, and thick neck ruche of crape, with a lining of surah, taffeta, sateen, velvet or colored silk.

IRENE W.—Wear untrimmed skirts, pointed waists and tall hats. (2) Arrange your hair in a lengthwise coil like the figure eight, and comb it back, leaving only a few curly locks at the temples. (3) Try a godet skirt, mutton-leg sleeves and short, pointed waist of bright blue and brown in indistinct narrow stripes. Have crush collar and large high revers of blue velvet or velveteen; the latter will give breadth to the shoulders; or try the large collar illustrated by Miss Abby E. Underwood in "Novelties in Autumn Designs" in the October issue. Outside, short jacket, half-fitting, with large sleeves, rolling collar and revers; half-large hat having narrow sides, something of the modified English walking hat.

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**SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS**  
BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered on this page whenever possible. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

**PERPLEXITY**—The condition is an annoying one. Rub the child's feet with alcohol and dust them with powdered French chalk. You will find explicit directions for the care of the feet in "The Care of Children."

**SCHOOLROOM HELPS**—"Suggestive Lessons in Language and Reading" is a plain, practical manual for primary teaching, a transcript of work actually done in the schoolroom. "Stepping Stones to Reading" is also a useful book.

**ELLEN C. R.**—The best protector for the children's table-cloth at meals is a square of white table-oil-cloth. It occupies less room and is less clumsy and conspicuous than a tray. If fork or spoon is accidentally dropped upon it there is not as much noise as when it falls upon a metal surface. It is easily kept clean and being inexpensive can be frequently renewed.

**MRS. J. L. T.**—"What to Name the Baby" can be obtained through the Literary Bureau of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Armored, Yolande, Iolanthe, Lolita, Hermione and Daphne are names for girls that have at least the merit of being unbackneyed. A second name may be added if desired. It is seldom wise to change a child's name after it has been in use for some years. It creates unnecessary confusion.

**ARKANSAS**—Sufficient knowledge of the kindergarten system to enable one to teach a kindergarten class cannot be gained from books alone. Training under competent instructors and practical experience are necessary before one is properly equipped for the work. "The Kindergarten Guide" contains directions for the use of the gifts and occupations which would help a mother who wished to utilize them in her home teaching.

**AN ANXIOUS QUESTIONER**—Many inquiries have been made as to a pattern for the fitted diaper mentioned in "A Baby's Belongings," in the September number of the JOURNAL. I cannot give addresses in this column. If any one will send a stamp for a personal reply I shall be glad to say where it can be procured. It is simple and easily cut and in many ways an improvement upon the square that has been so long the accepted form.

**MRS. B. W. T.**—A patent tin or rubber bubble blower will outlast many clay pipes and furnish amusement for many winter afternoons. One costs ten cents and a prepared soap is sold with it. By using this the bubbles can be blown of immense size and are brilliantly iridescent. If this cannot be procured a tablespoonful of glycerine added to the water renders the bubbles more tenacious and of brighter colors than ordinary soapbuds alone.

**MOTHER OF ONE**—Get a pattern of a fitted napkin and make a few of gray flannel. These can be worn over the white ones to prevent their being soiled when the baby creeps on the floor. Stockinet and cotton flannel are the best materials for the under ones. Do not use stockinet with a coating of rubber, nor the little rubber drawers that are sold for the purpose. Rubber prevents the moisture from evaporating and causes it to act as a poultice on the tender skin.

**DETROIT**—You would find a good baby tender a great relief in taking care of your baby. There are excellent ones which are walkers and jumpers combined. The baby sits in a saddle suspended upon adjustable steel springs. Until it is old enough to stand on its feet it springs up and down, reaching the floor with its toes. After a time, being partially supported, it begins to walk, moving the light frame from place to place. One costs between three and four dollars.

**MRS. E. B. E.**—Many mothers prefer to dress their babies in white during the second winter. Lonsdale and cambric are the prettiest materials. If you find it more convenient to use dark dresses, flannel in very narrow stripes or pin checks may be chosen for every-day wear, and plain cashmere for the best dresses. A short full waist falling over in front with a blouse effect looks well. There should be a deep pointed collar, full sleeves to the elbows and plain cuffs.

**YOUNG WIFE**—"A Baby's Requirements," which may be ordered through the Literary Bureau, will give you full information as to the baby's first wardrobe and all things necessary for its comfort. The list is too long to be published in this column as you request. There is also a chapter on the preparations needed for the mother's welfare that would be useful to you. "The Care of Children" also gives explicit directions for the management of children in sickness and health.

**MRS. L. W. K.**—"Stories of Old Greece," by Emma M. Firth, is a delightful introduction to mythology for boys or girls. The old myths are charmingly retold and in such a simple style that with a few explanations they can be easily understood by a child of four, while they are also interesting to much older children. Pandora and Psyche, Arachne, the little spinner, and Orpheus, the sweet singer, become familiar friends whose names and histories never will be forgotten.

**HARASSED MOTHER**—When a child is old enough to ask questions he is old enough to be answered truthfully and intelligently. There are many things which it is difficult to explain so as to render them comprehensible to a young child, but whatever is said should be absolutely true. "Teaching Truth," a little book by Dr. Mary Wood Allen, would be of great assistance to you in this matter. Do not forfeit your child's confidence by an attempt to evade the issue, putting him off with half-truths.

**C. N. R.**—A young child can learn German only by hearing it constantly spoken. Teach him a vocabulary as you teach him English, giving him the German names for the objects that surround him and the articles in daily use. Then add the verbs, the names of actions, and so on until he learns to express himself fluently in the language. Unless care is taken a little child speaking two languages is apt to confound one with the other and use hybrid words; this you must guard against.

**HELEN J.**—"The Story of the Stars," in the "Library of Useful Stories," would help you to understand the starry mysteries that are nightly unfolded above us, and to explain them to your children. They should be familiar with all the easily-distinguished constellations. The Great Bear, Orion, the Pleiades, the North Star, should be dear friends. In after life under alien skies some of them, at least, will be visible to bring back thoughts of home and of the mother who first pointed them out. We are too apt to underestimate the power of association in the education of children. "Among the Stars," and "Sun, Moon and Stars," both by Agnes Giberne, are admirable books for children of fourteen, or older ones, to inspire interest in the subject.

**CONSTANT READER**—A list of birthday stones for the different months was published in the October number of the JOURNAL. Various superstitions are connected with the different precious stones. The turquoise is said to mean conscientiousness and the emerald active usefulness; it also promotes friendship and constancy of mind, and fades to a paler green if the friend who gave it is faithless. The opal signifies submission and the sapphire heavenly mindedness. Jasper is strife and the amethyst uprightness. The ruby means love, the onyx humility and white carnelian disinterestedness. Coral was long believed to be a talisman against enchantment and witchcraft. The chrysolite mentioned in the Bible is the modern topaz; the beryl a bluish green stone, and the chrysoptase a dark, yellowish green.

**MRS. D. M. H.**—Invitations are always issued in the name of the mistress of the house; sometimes, as in an invitation to dinner, that of the master accompanies it. Write friendly notes to the mothers of the children whom you wish to have, something after this fashion: "My Dear Mrs. Clarke, will you allow Alice and Harry to spend Thursday afternoon from four to seven with us? Trusting that nothing will prevent our having the pleasure of seeing them, believe me, yours very sincerely, Mary Brown." (2) Japanese trifles make pretty and inexpensive souvenirs. Tiny fans of different kinds, kites and baskets, all of paper, and little silk bags filled with bonbons please children. Bonbon boxes in various shapes of fruit and animals are pretty but more expensive. (3) At a recent birthday party the ices were in the form of yachts with "Defender" on the sails. Had you sent an address I would gladly have written a personal reply.

**CHRISTMAS EVE**—"An adjective letter" will give much amusement to a party of young people. The framework is a letter to be written by one of the number describing some recent event or familiar occurrence, possibly the entertainment in progress. As many names are introduced as is possible and each is preceded by a blank to be filled with an adjective. The writer asks for an adjective from each member of the circle in turn to fill the space. These are, of course, ludicrously inappropriate and when the whole is read aloud it calls forth peals of merriment. A book can be procured giving full directions for the presentation of Mrs. Jarley's far-famed wax-works; these can be managed by clever girls and boys without difficulty, if they have a little help with the costumes. Parlor comedies and comic charades can also be obtained which stimulate home talent and induce it to undertake tasks that otherwise would seem to be beyond its scope.

**PROGRESSIVE MOTHER**—There is an almost endless variety of interesting books to introduce children to the study of Nature, one of the most fascinating subjects that can occupy their attention. "Nature Stories for Young Readers," by Florence Bass, is admirable; there are two volumes: "Plant Life" and "Animal Life." "Leaves and Flowers," by Mary A. Spear, could not fail to inspire a child with love for its subject. "My Saturday Bird Class," by Margaret Miller, is a charmingly graphic account of a real class taught by the author. Robins, sparrows, bluebirds and a dozen other feathered friends are closely observed and accurately reported upon by the children. "Seaside and Wayside Nature Readers" is profusely illustrated. Among other delightful acquaintances the hermit-crab, shell-fish, the sea-babies, jelly-fish, sea-stars, flowers of the sea and barnacles are introduced to the juvenile auditors. In these days there is no excuse for children being ignorant of the habits or habitations of any living thing that walks, creeps, swims or flies. There is abundant literature on the subject that can be easily and cheaply obtained by the progressive mother.

**DISTRACTED MOTHER**—A baby sewing-machine would be a useful present for a little girl ten years old. She could easily learn to use it and could make her doll's clothes and many other things upon it. It costs two dollars and is worked by hand; there is a finger protector which prevents the finger from getting under the needle by accident. With this and a set of doll's patterns, which can be procured from any firm that deals in paper patterns, she would be provided with occupation that would lighten many tedious hours. A printing press with an elaborate outfit can be purchased for two dollars and a half; it is an excellent present for a boy. Vocophones cost from seventy cents to two dollars and a quarter. Music most fascinating to youthful ears can be produced by simply singing the tune into the instrument. They are said to be practically unbreakable. Conjuring tricks and magical apparatus appeal to boys who are quick and dexterous and have a taste for the mysterious. With a little practice they can produce marvelous illusions. An electric telephone outfit with a call bell can be procured for five dollars. These suggestions may help you in the difficult task of choosing gifts for "children who have everything." Try to interest them in giving to others of their abundance. It is sometimes more delightful, as well as more blessed, to give than to receive.

**MRS. R. T. P.**—There are many excellent books of Bible stories suitable for reading aloud to children. "The Gospel Picture Book" has a full page picture to accompany each story, and the narratives are largely in the words of the Bible. "The Good News Told in Simple Words" would be easily understood by children of six. "The Colored Picture Bible for Children" is illustrated by R. André, whose skillful illustrations of Mrs. Ewing's poems of child life are well known. The histories of Joseph, Moses, David, Daniel and many other Biblical characters are bound separately, adorned with colored pictures. "Art Pictures from the Old Testament" contains ninety illustrations by eminent artists, and so helps to cultivate the artistic taste. The letter-press is well done and the whole is a charming book for children of ten or twelve. "God is Love" is another beautiful book of Bible pictures and stories. The colored plates are exquisitely soft, and the stories from both Old and New Testament are so told as to be interesting to children. "Old Testament Stories" is also a beautiful gift book. "Some Sweet Stories of Old" has charmingly-tinted pictures and is suitable for older children. "The Children's Bible Story Book" is an old favorite that has stood the test of a generation of readers. It has full-page illustrations. A little pamphlet, "Coins of the New Testament," is deeply interesting to thoughtful children. It contains an exact representation of the coins mentioned in the New Testament, the widow's mite, the farthing, the penny, the shekel, etc. Each is raised and in its appropriate color, copper or silver. "Sunday Echoes in Weekday Hours" is also a well-tried favorite. There are several volumes. One story illustrates the journeyings of the children of Israel, another the parables, a third the miracles, and so on. "Sunday" is a collection of stories that may be read aloud on Sunday, although the stories are not taken from the Bible. It is profusely illustrated.



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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.

**J. L. A.**—As a rule giants are not long lived.

**SUBSCRIBER**—The name Margaret means a pearl.

**SCHENECTADY**—President Cleveland is of English descent.

**BARTRAM**—The turquoise is the birthday stone for December.

**LACLEDE**—Benjamin Franklin invented lightning conductors.

**PROVIDENCE**—General Robert E. Lee is buried at Lexington, Virginia.

**H. H.**—Thomas Nast, the caricaturist, was born at Landau, Bavaria, in 1840.

**A. P.**—The Rev. Lyman Abbott was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts in 1835.

**MALDEN**—The population of Japan by the Imperial census of 1893 was 41,388,313.

**JAMES**—Generals Sherman, Grant and McClellan were educated at West Point.

**L. P.**—Nantucket County in Massachusetts has an area of sixty-five square miles.

**M. E. F.**—The seed division of the Department of Agriculture has been abolished.

**BELLEVEUE**—General Harrison is the only living ex-President of the United States.

**DOUGLASS**—Lord and Lady Aberdeen have four children, three sons and one daughter.

**CAROL**—The Talmud contains the complete civil and canonical law of the Jewish people.

**LANCASTER**—The eight points of the Maltese cross are said to symbolize the eight Beatitudes.

**SEVERAL INQUIRERS**—Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, is married and has several children.

**M. C. B.**—The "seven virtues" are faith, hope, charity, prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude.

**T. P. T. B.**—Charles Stewart Parnell's remains are interred at Glencevin Cemetery, Dublin, Ireland.

**ARCADIA**—General Sheridan was born at Albany, New York, in March, 1831. He was of Irish descent.

**P. I.**—There are no Buddhists in India; the religion vanished from there in the early days of the Christian era.

**S. P. B.**—George Washington was a Free Mason; he took his first degree when not quite twenty-one years of age.

**GWEN**—The Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst is married. A sketch of Mrs. Parkhurst appeared in the JOURNAL of March, 1894.

**GERALD**—Philadelphia's three nicknames are the "Quaker City," the "City of Brotherly Love" and the "City of Homes."

**CLARA**—Ex-President Harrison has two children, a son and a daughter, Mary and Russell. They are both married and have children.

**RALSTON**—Levi P. Morton's term as Governor of New York will expire in December, 1896. The salary attached to the office is \$10,000.

**HARRIS FALLS**—Alum will purify water that contains either vegetable or animal impurities. Any good chemist will give you the formula.

**WESTERNER**—Whistler's portrait, "The Lady with the Yellow Buskin," is in the possession of the authorities of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

**BESSIE C.**—In the value of church property in the United States the Roman Catholics stand first, the Methodists second and the Episcopalians third.

**GARFIELD PARK**—The Battle of Sedan, which was fought on September 1 and 2, 1870, has always been considered the deciding battle of the Franco-Prussian War.

**J. F. T.**—It is true that the famous mare, "Nancy Hanks," was named after the mother of Abraham Lincoln. (2) New Hampshire is called the "Granite State."

**BAGOT**—Lexington, Kentucky, had, by the census of 1890, a population of 21,567. (2) The census of 1890 was the eleventh in the series of United States censuses.

**ROBERT**—The President of the United States, both on his arrival and departure from a military post, or when passing its vicinity receives a salute of twenty-one guns.

**J. R. S.**—The Duchess of Albany was born in 1861. Her husband, who died suddenly in 1884, was the youngest son of Queen Victoria. The Duchess has two children.

**L. R.**—The Baltic Ship Canal connects the Baltic with the North Sea. (2) The Harlem (New York) Ship Canal unites the Hudson River with Long Island Sound.

**CURIOUS**—The Emperor of Russia is represented at Washington by a legation, the chief of which bears the title of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.

**SOUTH BAY**—Sam Patch was killed in attempting to jump from a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet into the Genesee River, at Genesee Falls in November, 1829.

**WALLINGFORD**—Builders recommend quartered white oak as perhaps the best material for floors; maple and birch, which are cheaper woods, also make excellent floors.

**STELLA**—The word cathedral comes from the Latin "cathedra," a chair. A cathedral is the chief church in a diocese, and is so called because there the bishop has his seat.

**GALEN**—An illustrated article giving the best method for furnishing "A Japanese Room" appeared in the JOURNAL of October last, a copy of which may be ordered for ten cents.

**CURIOUS ONE**—The terms "indemnity" and "smart money" are not synonymous. As a legal phrase the words "smart money" mean exemplary or vindictive damages in excess of the injury done.

**ANTHONY**—The time made by the St. Louis on her first trip between New York and Southampton was seven days, three hours and fifty-three minutes. No attempt was made to run her at full speed.

**L. G. P.**—Queen Victoria has been a widow since December, 1861. (2) Henry Beerbohm Tree was born in London, England, in 1853. He made his debut at the Globe Theatre, in London in 1878.

**POUGHKEEPSIE**—The official trial trip of the St. Louis proved her to be the fastest vessel afloat of her class. (2) Jay Gould died in December, 1892. (3) The largest county in England is Yorkshire.

**CARLISLE**—Visiting-cards are now engraved in a clear script, small or large, to suit each individual taste. Visiting-cards are, as a rule, smaller than they used to be, and are made of much thinner paste-board.

**MANY READERS**—It is not possible for us, in our limited space, to give the facts in the case of John L. Waller, formerly U. S. Consul at Tamatave, Madagascar. His sentence was twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor.

**H. R.**—Excluding Alaska the geographic centre of the United States is in Northern Kansas at approximate latitude 39° 55' and approximate longitude 98° 50'. Including Alaska the geographic centre will fall near the northern boundary of Montana.

**FORT SHAW**—The proper way to roll an umbrella is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand, and hold them tightly enough to prevent their being twisted while the covering is being twirled around with the other hand.

**GARRISONS**—The hours that must be observed by post-offices are not uniform throughout the United States. As a general rule the hours of the post-office conform to the usual business hours of the place, and these are determined by the leading business firms.

**SUBSCRIBER**—Chances of appointment for those who have successfully passed the civil service examination vary according to the branch of service in which appointment is sought, and are, of course, greatly increased for those who have special qualifications of any sort.

**BROOKLYN**—The "Rainy River District" is that part of Western Algoma which is bounded on the south by Minnesota, on the east by the height of land west of Lake Superior, and on the west by Manitoba. It obtains its name from the river which forms the boundary between Ontario and the United States.

**LANSING**—It was ex-President Harrison who said, in response to a request asking him to be present at a flagpole raising last July: "I not only believe that the American flag should be hoisted on top of every schoolhouse and on every public place, but that it should be planted in the heart of every American citizen."

**JANETTA**—President Cleveland was married on June 2, 1886, at the White House, to Frances Folsom. They have three children; the eldest, Ruth, was born at her father's residence in New York City on October 3, 1891; Esther in the White House on September 9, 1893; Marion at "Gray Gables," Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, on July 7, 1895.

**MAY E.**—Queen Victoria has seven living children. (2) The Hon. Seth Low, who presented Columbia College, New York City, with a million dollars, is in his forty-fifth year. He was born in Brooklyn, of which city he was Mayor in 1882-1884. (3) Mrs. Kendall's maiden name was Madge Robertson. She is a sister of T. W. Robertson, the dramatist.

**H. A. D.**—About twenty-three years ago a corporation formed among a number of Lutheran congregations purchased Brook Farm, and founded there a home for orphans. With the exception of this home, and the Gethsemane Cemetery which now occupies the slope of the hill, the old Brook Farm remains unchanged in its appearance. (2) Millais, the artist, was born in 1829.

**LESTER**—Sanford B. Dole, the Hawaiian President, was born in Honolulu in 1844. His father and mother were American missionaries who went from Maine to Honolulu in 1840. He is a lawyer by profession, and has been admitted to the bar in the Hawaiian Islands. He acquired his knowledge of the law at Williams College, Massachusetts. President Dole is married.

**RITA**—Marie François Sadi-Carnot, President of France, was stabbed by Santo Cesario, an Anarchist, while riding in a carriage, at a fête in Lyons, on Sunday, June 24, 1894, and died in a few hours. Cesario was subsequently executed. Carnot's body was removed to Paris, where imposing religious ceremonies were held at Notre Dame. Interment was made in the Pantheon.

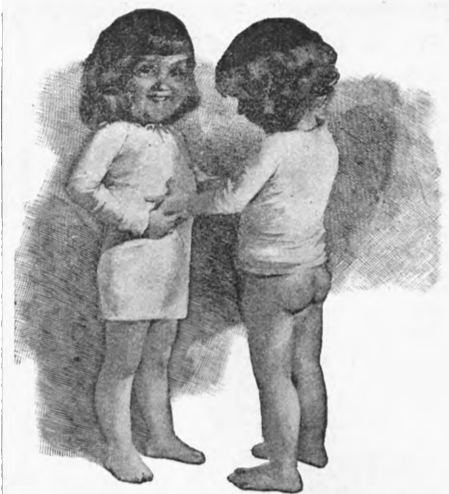
**NEW ORLEANS GIRL**—Consuelo Vanderbilt was educated at home by a governess and by private teachers. She was born in March, 1877. Her brother, William Kissam, was born in October, 1878, and Harold in July, 1884. She is an only daughter. Her father, William K. Vanderbilt, is the second son of the late William H. Vanderbilt. His fortune is estimated at eighty-five millions.

**DISAGREED**—A gentleman always announces himself by his title, "Mr. Brown" or "Dr. Jones," as the case may be. In the instance you mention he should tell the maid that "Mr. Brown," or if he knew that any one of the same name was in the habit of calling at the house, that "Mr. James Brown" had called. Never, unless he be of the Society of Friends, should he leave word that "James Brown" had called.

**SEABURY**—The terms upon which peace is said to have been concluded between Japan and China are given as follows: First, The independence of Corea; second, Japan to retain the places she has conquered; third, Japan to retain the territory east of the Liao River; fourth, the island of Formosa to be ceded permanently to Japan; fifth, the payment of a large indemnity; sixth, an offensive and defensive alliance between China and Japan.

**SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS**—Captain Coffin, in his history of the America's Cup, says: "For a long time it was known in this country and generally spoken of as the 'Queen's Cup.' This was an error; it was never the Queen's Cup, but was simply a prize offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, each year, to be sailed for by yachts of all nations, without regard to difference in tonnage, the course being around the Isle of Wight."

**SEVERAL INQUIRERS**—Only two copies of "Cromwell's Soldiers' Bible" are said to be in existence, but a fac-simile reprint with a preface by Lord Wolseley has been issued. The preface runs as follows: "In my humble opinion the soldier who carries this Bible in his pack possesses what is of far higher value to him than the proverbial marshal's baton, for if he carries it teaching in his head, and lets it rule his heart and conduct, he will certainly be happy, and most probably eminently successful." The history of the little book is interesting. It used to be asserted that every soldier in Cromwell's army was provided with a pocket Bible, but Mr. George Livermore, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, in 1854 pointed out that if Cromwell's soldiers carried the Bible in their knapsacks, it was not the whole Bible, but the "Soldiers' Pocket Bible," which consisted of appropriate quotations from the Scriptures printed in pocket form, and which was generally buttoned between the coat and the waistcoat, next to the heart.



(My mamma used Wool Soap.) (I wish mine had.)

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