

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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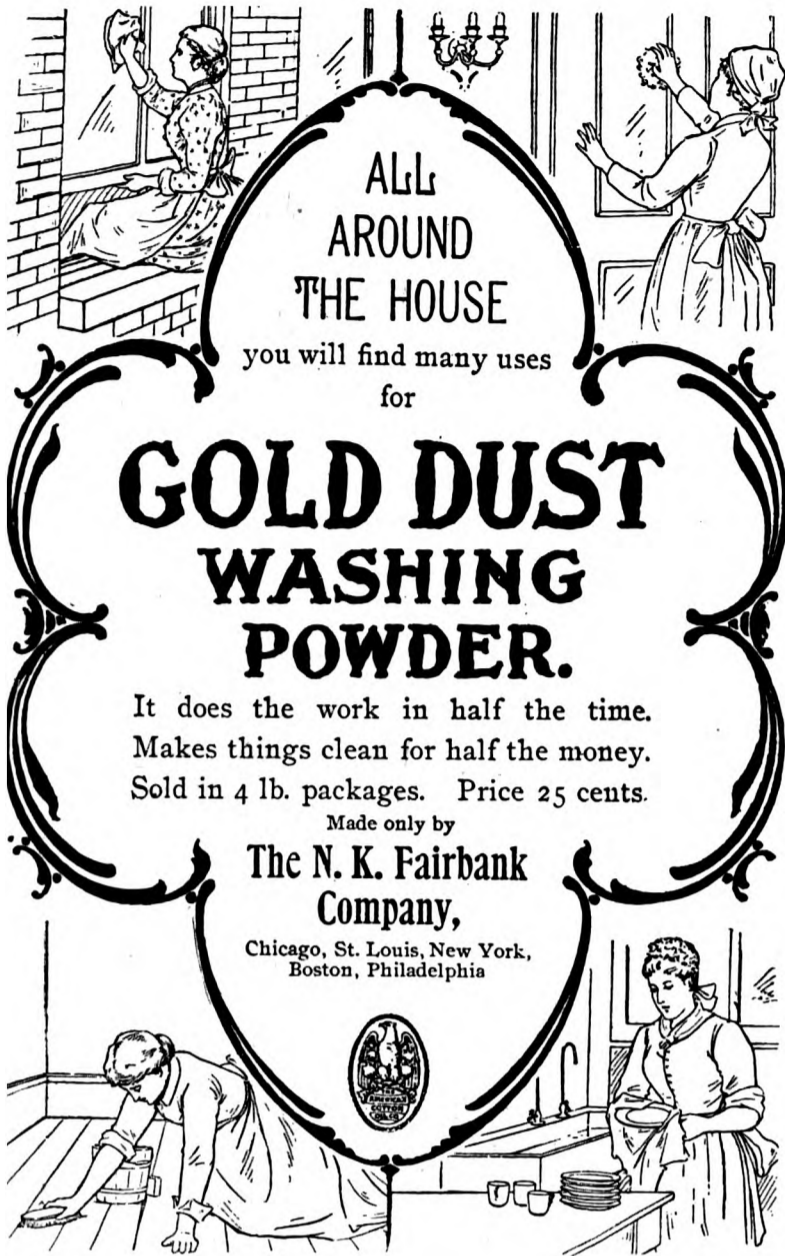
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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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MY wife had made me a present of a superb walking-stick. This walking-stick was a combination of strength and elegance. It was handsome enough to figure at a church pa-

rade in Hyde Park and strong enough to fell an ox with.

In my peregrinations through the bush of Australia this stick was always with me. It was a stout support and a weapon of defense in case of need. If ever a snake had confronted me I leave you to guess the reception he would have got. Talk about mincemeat!

I have a perfect horror of snakes—those pests of central Australia—and so, as soon as I had arrived in the country, I made every inquiry as to the best methods of protecting one's self against the reptiles.

"Cover your legs with leather gaiters," I was told, "and then, with a good stick in your hand, you need have no fear."

Thereupon, I was enlightened as to the infallible manner of slaying the enemy:

"Avoid placing yourself behind or in front of your snake—behind especially—but take it side on, grip your stick hard and bring it down on its back with all your might: Bang!—there you are; you have broken its slippery spinal column, and your snake is soon as dead as a door nail."

Over and over again people said to me: "Surely you will not return to Europe without being able to say to your compatriots: 'I killed a serpent in Australia, and this is how it was done!'" Every Frenchman who has traveled in far countries is supposed to be more or less tinged with *tartarinade*.

All that is very well; but I am a prudent man, and I said to myself: "Instead of a Frenchman telling his fellow-countrymen how to kill a snake, it might just as likely end in a snake telling its friends and family how to polish off a Frenchman."

However, when I was in the bush, wandering about armed with that new stout walking-stick, I went through the rôle that I might be called upon to enact at any moment, and I killed them by hundreds—the snakes that were not there. Not one escaped. Just a tremendous whack, and the thing was done exactly as my friends had told me: "Bang!—there you are."



"I killed them by hundreds—the snakes that were not there"

In the case of two enemies, the one who is first discovered by the other is half beaten. And so the snake I feared especially was the one hidden in the grass or the dead wood with which the bush is strewn and which, being walked upon, has a way of entering an energetic protest in the form of a bite on your calf before you have time to know where you are.

But the snake that I dreaded most of all was the one which insinuates itself at evening into people's houses, glides into a bedroom and quietly curls up in the bed.

A snake will never attack you unless you tread on it, or put yourself in the path to its hole, and if ever you find one in your bed do not disturb it and it will not disturb you. This is the kind of thing I was told by every one who had had any sort of acquaintance with snakes; but in spite of all that, I remained convinced that if ever I, a full-grown man, found a snake in my bed I should scream like any schoolgirl.

I arrived one evening in a town situated



"I grew emboldened and went so far as to uncover half my head"

in the interior of New South Wales. The season was what the inhabitants of those parts called winter: 105 degrees of heat at midday and 90 at nine in the evening—regular snake weather. Not a leaf stirred; one could scarcely breathe in the leaden atmosphere. The little town was right in the bush. Behind the hotel where I had alighted ran a small river that furnished the establishment with mosquitoes of an energy and voracity beyond competition. The cookery in that hotel was atrocious.

Like poor dead Polonius, we, the guests, were at a feast, not where we ate, but where we were eaten. Before retiring to rest on the first night I had a chat with the landlord, who informed me that the district was infested with snakes. The close vicinity of the bush and of the river, added to the intense heat, naturally rendered the town a likely resort for snakes. That very afternoon my host had killed one measuring eight feet in one of his flower beds. "And," he said, "the plague of it is that the brutes are constantly getting into the house and hiding in the bedrooms."

For an hour we talked snakes. It was enough to fill my dreams with the most horrid, tortuous nightmares. When I left him for the night I was careful to bear in mind his last words: "I always recommend travelers to look well into the corners of their rooms and to close their windows before retiring."

You may imagine whether I

searched my room in every part; in the corners, under the furniture, under the bed and in the bed. I carefully prodded with that good stick of mine the bed-coverings and the pillows.

No snakes anywhere. Quite reassured I closed the window, undressed, put out the light and got into bed.

The heat was stifling. Presently some mosquitoes began to buzz around my head, intoning the battle cry that heralds a combat without quarter. There were curtains, but with holes in them; worse than none. It is generally so in Australian hotels. The consequence is that when the beast is inside he cannot get out. A *duel à mort*. You or he must die. That buzz of the mosquitoes is as irritating as the whizzing of bullets on the battlefield, but with this difference, however, that the ball which has just gone singing past you is gone forever, while the buzz of the mosquito announces to you that the battle is about to begin.

As a protection for my head, and at the risk of suffocation, I drew the sheet over my face, and then, bathed in perspiration, I tried to forget in sleep real mosquitoes and imaginary snakes.

A snake, just fancy!
A cold perspiration broke out all over me.
What was to be done?



"I carefully prodded with that good stick of mine"

Get up and fly? Yes, no doubt; but what if I woke it up and it nailed me to the door? To lie still and wait for daylight appeared to be the wisest thing to do after all. Yes, much the wisest. But, alas, it could scarcely be midnight yet, and never, never should I be able to endure that living nightmare for seven mortal hours.

The snake moved not a muscle, neither did I. What seemed strange to me was that this snake slept stretched out straight, instead of being curled up as his species generally are in repose. By means of an imperceptible movement of my knees I came to the conclusion that it must be about three feet long. This is the length of the terrible death adder. It made my poor brain reel to think that the horrid brute was there ready to give me my death when it should wake up.

Another plan suggested itself: roll the quilt very softly and, wrapping it over the creature, strangle it. Yes, yes, but the room was in dense darkness, and I should be running a great risk. It might wriggle deftly from my grasp and dart its poisoned fangs into my arm.

Haunted by visions of Laocoön, father and family, dripping with perspiration, the darkness multiplied my sufferings and made the situation seem terrible.

Then I had a few calm moments—thanks to the idea that death caused by a snake bite is painless. You go to sleep and do not wake any more, that's all. I thought of Cleopatra. Heigho! far better die like that than of gout or rheumatism.

Stop a moment though! I had rather not die of that or of anything else to-night. To die a painless death is dying all the same, and I feel so grateful to be alive!

I was going crazy, and I felt that a light was the only thing that could bring back my wits. I would have no more suspense. I would strike a match and have the enemy face to face, or rather on the side, as people had all recommended.

The snake was there at my side, still immobile, soundly asleep, never dreaming that a man nearly six feet, strong, healthy, and in the prime of life, was trembling at the side of it.

I put out my right arm and reached the match-box that stood on a table by the bed, and after frantic precautions I succeeded in lighting the candle. The light appalled me at first. The snake would certainly wake up and the duel would begin.

The snake moved not.

I grew emboldened and went so far as to uncover half my head and steal a glance down the bed. There it was, sure enough, motionless still, and still as straight as a line. I took courage, and after ten minutes spent in imperceptible efforts, I arrived at the edge of the bed at last and stealthily vacated it. I was going to look for my trusty walking-stick, resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible. I looked on the mantelpiece, on the chest of drawers, in every corner of the room. Where on earth could that stick be?

I turned toward the bed again. I took up the light, and feeling now once more in full possession of my faculties, drew near and looked at the snake.

* * * * *
Well, well! Is it possible for a man to be such a fool!

P AND MARRIAGE IN PURITAN DAYS

By Alice Morse Earle

WHEN young New Englanders in the early days of the Colony wished to enter the state of matrimony they did not find it any too easy work. In the first place, no young man could "make a motion of young woman whose fingers, or sweet disposed his fancy or his affection obtaining the consent of her or guardian to thus was liable to arrest, fine he spoke to her first and her affections." Many a young swain was punished fense in early days, and another slyly inveigled, discovered, in order to own lips, the state of ward him by the one he ve been somewhat of a aking to have to make nning, but there was no Indeed, single persons d in the Puritan com- t maids" were few and Bachelors were looked ifavor, were not allowed sometimes had to pay a town as long as they re- ith all these penalties it would seek to marry

the Colonies a marriage or betrothal sometimes as Cotton Mather. This s abandoned after a few e New World, as it was ctive of high moral re- nd, with rude manners igh courtships are re- d methods of wooing, e been for years a stand- few England morality in

method of courtship is termed a "courting served in Long Meadow, is a slender, hollow tube, through which lovers, f an assembled family, nder nothings to each om the pages of Judge ary (which he kept dur- ars of the seventeenth eighteenth century), of elapsing between a pro- it of marriage and its s evident that short en- e prevailing mode, and gements were begun as ment was announced.

en, quilts and blankets een spun, woven and e long before any lover d often been collecting ited to the furnishing of Sometimes these prepa- in childhood—but other rstitution that work done would never be needed. ere held to furnish the it supply of warm quilts inters. "Job's trouble," love in the window," tar and swallow," and signs were pieced and ought that the girl helper itch would be the next d if any one chanced to rs or thimble, she must looking under the quilt, er be married.

on of the use of betrothal ith Sewall's lover sent eptance of his offer, a fan and a noble letter." ding rings in common eemed by the Puritans he "Devil's circle." man began a persistent y-evening visiting to a was supposed to "mean e usually did. But gen- ent of marriage was not as published or "cried" as everywhere the law ngland that "intentions ing the names of both posted by the town clerk se, on the door or in the successive Sundays or ually this publishment he marriage, yet it "held r. It must have been issing to walk into meet- n "publishing" posted k's best "large hand," all observers." But I in meeting" must have custom of public vocal : minister, deacon or Concord, Massachusetts, intentions of marriage n the church on Mount ar.

THERE was one exception for some years to this universal law of publishing. The government of New Hampshire, previous to the Revolution, as a means of increasing its income, issued marriage licenses at the price of two guineas each. Sometimes easy-going parsons kept a stock of these licenses on hand, ready for issue, at a slightly advanced price, to eloping couples. Such a marriage, without proper public publishing in meeting, was not, however, deemed at all reputable. It was known as a Flagg marriage, from one Parson Flagg, whose house was a sort of Yankee Gretna Green.

Wedding gloves were sent by the bridal couple as gifts to friends, as were mourning gloves at funerals. Judge Sewall records many gifts of gloves from newly-married friends. I have seen old wedding gloves, gold-laced and fringed, with rich gauntlets—far from an inexpensive gift. I do not learn that it was customary to give presents to the bride, though Judge Sewall tells of his presentation of a psalm-book at a wedding, and at a later date a long shovel or "peel" and a pair of tongs was a universal bridal gift. Bride-cake was made in early days, and was always served with cheese at a wedding, and given to friends. A rich wedding feast was frequently given, and the bride was kissed by all present, especially at Quaker weddings, though I must state that in some parts of New England bride kissing was strongly dis- countenanced. So, also, was dancing at weddings, as "abuses and disorders" arose, especially at taverns, where weddings often took place, since the inns contained the only large room to be found in the town. This was specially in early days, when marriage was held to be merely a civil contract, and was performed by magistrates, or by any other man of dignity in the community, and not by a clergyman.

IN a community that opened every func- tion—a training, bridge-planning, christening, house-raising, or journeying, with prayer and psalm-singing, it was plain that at that most important of gatherings—a wedding—a religious ceremony would not long be withheld, and by the end of the seventeenth century the ministers solemnized weddings.

As a rule the wedding took place at the home of the bride. On the following day the bridal party were often entertained at the house of the parents of the groom or some near relative of his. This was called the "second-day wedding" in Maine.

A marriage in church was rare. Occa- sionally one took place in the new home of the young couple. This was held to be somewhat unlucky. Thanksgiving Day was a favorite time to choose to be married, as friends were then gathered from afar.

The bride was universally advised to wear

"Something old, something new,
Something borrowed, something blue,"

and though she could dress before a mir- ror, she must not look in the glass when once her toilette was completed, else ill-luck in vaguely-defined, but positive form, were the result. Sunday was really the exhibi- tion day for the bride; indeed, she found at meeting the sole place in which she could appear before an assembled public, and for this exhibition the happy pair donned their finest bridal attire. The bride and groom and bridal party opened the show by proudly walking in a little proces- sion, through the narrow streets, to the meeting-house on the Sabbath following the marriage, observed of all their fellow townsmen and townswomen, and as they entered the church. On the Sabbath fol- lowing the wedding the bride and groom, dressed in their richest garments, occupied a prominent seat in the gallery of the meet- ing-house, and in the middle of the sermon they rose and slowly turned around several times to display fully and unblushingly on every side their wedding finery. In Larned's "History of Windham County, Connecticut," we read a description of such an amusing scene in Brooklyn, Connecticut. Further public notice was drawn to the bride by allowing her to choose the text for the sermon preached on the first Sunday of the coming-out of the newly-married couple. Much ingenuity was exercised in finding appropriate and sometimes start- ling Bible texts for these wedding sermons. The instances are well known of the mar- riage of Parson Smith's two daughters, one of whom selected the text, "Mary hath chosen that good part"; while the daugh- ter Abby, who married John Adams, de- cided upon the text, "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say he hath a devil." Abby's curious choice has given rise to an incorrect notion that her marriage with John Adams was distasteful to her father and her family. Mr. Charles Francis Adams tells me that this supposition is en- tirely unfounded, and that old President Adams would fairly rise in his grave to denounce any such slander about him, should it become current.

A HALF-SAVAGE custom prevailed in many New England towns. A group of those young men who had not been invited to the wedding would invade the house when the marriage ceremony had been performed, and drag away the bride to an inn or some other house, when the groom and his party would follow and rescue her by paying a forfeit of a dinner to the bride-stealers. In Western Massachusetts this custom lingered until Revolutionary times. In Judd's "History of Hadley" the names of stolen brides are given. Mrs. Job Marsh, married in 1783, is said to have been the last bride thus stolen. A very rough variation of this custom is reported to be still in vogue in some localities in Rhode Island. Madame Sarah Knights, in her journal of a horseback ride from Boston to New York in 1704, tells of a ridiculous al- teration of this marriage custom which she saw in Connecticut—to steal the bride- groom.

Many other curious fashions prevailed in different localities. In some towns the young men rode or ran to the bride's house for a bottle of rum. In others the bees were told of the wedding and given bride- cake. In still others the unmarried girls scrambled for the bride's garter, to see who would be married next.

MY FIRST DINNER PARTY

BY MRS. VAN KOERT SCHUYLER



MRS. BRUCE POMEROY is famous for her little dinners. She has the happy knack of bringing congenial people together, and apparently unconscious of re- sponsibility she entertains her friends as though she were herself a guest.

Each time that George and I have accepted her hospitality I have grown more and more apprehensive of the moment when we, in our turn, could no longer defer the payment of our social debts, and must ask the Bruce Pomeroy's to dinner!

Before coming to New York, eighteen months ago, as a bride, I had lived in a small town, where ours was the "leading family," and with Sewanscot as a back- ground I had found favor with city-bred George Danvers, but among his New York friends my one fear was that he think me "provincial."

I was very kindly received by many charming people, dined and fêted, and enjoyed it all, until, with a sinking at the heart, I recognized the fact that not the shred of an excuse remained for deferring reciprocal attentions.

Our tiny "apartment," our inefficient waitress, even the new cook, could not be made a plea for our apparent lack of hospi- tality. George and I discussed the subject of guests and viands *ad nauseam*. When- ever anything was well cooked we rejoiced and took heart, and over every culinary failure we mourned as though all our friends had been present to share it.

I bought a book on the subject, and found such sorry consolation as: "It is a great intellectual feat to achieve a perfect little dinner with a small household and small means. It implies discretion to arrange, skill to prepare and taste to direct. It cannot be done superficially, and if well done it takes time, experience and care."

I discarded the book for fear of getting discouraged, and for a week thought and dreamed of little beside "menus." I drilled Mary Ann, the waitress, until the very chairs seemed to assume the person- ality of our expected guests.

At length the invitations were sent. I had burned my bridges behind me!

I was divided between hope and fear until the answers came. All six guests accepted: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Thorne—people of wealth and of boundless hospitality; Miss Chandler, a former admiration of George's, before whom I was particularly anxious to shine, and Mr. Frank Betts, a noted society man and a reputed wit.

On the morning of the fateful day I rushed to the window upon rising, to discover that it was raining. I felt personally re- sponsible for the abominable conduct of the weather, since mine had been the selection of the day, and I wondered if my guests did not regret their acceptances.

When evening came I was busy until the last moment, putting the finishing touches to the table, rushing into the kitchen for last admonitions to the cook, and had only succeeded in finishing a hurried toilette when the clock struck seven, and I took my place in our little drawing-room to await our guests.

"You look as though dressed by a tornado, my dear," exclaimed George, who had coolly "prinked" at his ease.

"I wish that it might be followed by an earthquake," I replied, "for if the floor would obligingly open I should go down with a sigh of blissful relief."

The door bell rang, the supreme moment had arrived, and my heart beat so that I could hear it. Several long seconds passed, but at length Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy entered the room, and I hastened to apolo- gize for the weather, and was on the point of making excuses for having invited them at all when Mrs. Thorne pantingly an- nounced herself and husband.

"Good-evening, my dear; you know that I am so nervous about elevators that we walked up, and thinking that you were on the floor below we quite insisted upon being admitted at one of your neighbor's. I trust that we are not late."

Again I was about to apologize for liv- ing on the fifth floor, but checked myself, lest my apologetic attitude become habitual, and I then presented our friends to one another. We had been moved to their selection by no sense of their possible con- geniality. Our reasons were simple and sordid.

Miss Chandler was the next arrival, look- ing cool, composed and graceful, and twenty minutes later Mr. Betts made his appearance, smilingly unconscious of hav- ing kept five hungry people waiting, and probably spoiling both the dinner and the temper of the cook.

By this time all my carefully-paired couples had become hopelessly mixed.

As I was about to detach George from Miss Chandler's side, and recall him to his obligations to Mrs. Pomeroy, the familiar sound of the dinner bell smote our ears!

I had forgotten to instruct Mary Ann to announce dinner in person, for, as George was often late in dressing, and the nursery held the strongest possible attraction for me, a bell had been our usual summons.

Upon entering the dining-room I had the satisfaction of knowing that the table was a picture, with its rose-shaded lights, its flowers, silver and dainty china. All my fears were allayed for the time, as we took our seats and were served with the oysters.

My comfort was short-lived, however. Mary Ann lost her presence of mind. She put the plates down before each one as she did for Fido, and with as little ceremony. She felt bound by no conventionality re- quiring her to pass things at the left of the person served, and I chattered wildly to distract the attention of the company.

All of a sudden there proceeded from the kitchen a sound, as if something over- turned, followed by a strong odor of burnt soup. Mary Ann went to investigate, and returning, announced, with a smile, to the entire company that the cook had upset the soup by an accident and was "burnt dreadful."

Common humanity required that I should go to her, but, to my relief, I found that, like most bearers of bad news, Mary Ann had magnified the misfortune of the cook, but my guests went souless.

The fish was half cold, but with the fillet the climax of my discomfort was reached.

As Mary Ann was serving Mrs. Pomeroy she lurched toward her with the heavy dish, sending a little stream of gravy over the cloth at her side.

George rose to his feet and ordered the girl from the room, whereupon he ex- plained that she was evidently intoxicated—that he had noticed her uncertain move- ments ever since we entered the room.

He suggested that I should go for Jane, the nurse, and ask her to come to our as- sistance, as the baby was sleeping quietly.

Jane returned with me, dazed and half asleep, after sitting in a darkened room with the child for an hour or more, but she did her best until we had finished the fillet, when a roar from the nursery announced that Baby George had discovered that he had been imposed upon and resented it. Jane fled incontinently to her darling, and George, laughing nervously, suggested that I should "get the cook to come and help us through." I found that person sitting in the kitchen rocker, which I had charitably provided for her leisure mo- ments, violently swaying to and fro.

She greeted me with a senile smile, and I found that she, too, must be suffering from the same trouble as Mary Ann, and I was afraid to speak to her. Returning to the dining-room, my explanation was received with shouts of laughter.

Certainly my dinner party could not be accused of stiffness. In desperation I rushed to the nursery, and seizing George, Jr., in my arms, told Jane to follow. The vision of the rosy cherub in his nightdress was a novel attraction at a dinner party, and he behaved like a six-months-old angel.

Jane served the remainder of the meal as though it had been a nursery dinner. I think it would have set her quite at her ease had we allowed her to cut up our food and tie our napkins about our necks, but things had reached a point where only the ludicrous side of the subject was upper- most, and never was there a merrier party.

Our guests withdrew early, but all said the kindest things possible. The women kissed me good-by as though we had been friends for years, and the men wrung George's hand and mine, declaring that they had not had such a laugh for years, and, but for my discomfort, had thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The next day I was confined to my room by an attack of neuralgia, and George under- took the pleasant duty of dismissing our hand-maids, who explained that:

"The mistress had them that rattled with all her explanations and directions and fussifications that they took a wee drop just to stiffen their courage like."

The career of a society woman has no charms for me. I am satisfied to live for George and the baby.



A WHISTLING GIRL

BY JULIA BOND VALENTINE

[With Illustrations by Irving R. Wiles]



It was a pity the Tarleton girls were all so near of an age," everybody said, "four of them counting Dolly," though, to be sure, nobody ever did count Dolly. The other three were all "out" and, of

course, were asked everywhere together, while Dolly, who was only just out of short frocks, spent most of her time in the country where nobody saw her.

"She should by right be 'out,' too," sighed her mother in confidence to her especial friend, Mrs. Gardiner. "It is Virginia's fourth winter, and not one of the girls really provided for." And Mrs. Gardiner acknowledged that it was the part of wisdom to keep Dolly back as long as possible.

"It is lucky the child herself does not care," said Dolly's mother. "She doesn't want any things that other girls are wild about. She seems as well contented in the country at her grandfather's, driving or walking, and running wild generally. She's the only one of my children," went on Mrs. Tarleton, "who is really fond of books, but the others are all pretty—nobody can deny that." And Mrs. Gardiner made no attempt to deny it.

"Dolly is a clever little soul," she said.

"Yes," sighed Dolly's mother. "It's astonishing how fond she is of books, but it's always so; there's generally some compensation for lack of beauty—but I do wish that she could have taken after my family instead of the Tarletons."

As Mrs. Gardiner drove home she thought "what a pity that affair of Virginia Tarleton's ended so badly, as it couldn't help spoiling the others' prospects."

For Virginia had become engaged during a visit at Newport to a most eligible foreigner it was thought, but after the congratulations had been showered upon her mother, the bridesmaids asked, and the wedding gown all but chosen, it turned out that Virginia's foreigner was not eligible at all. Some people said he had jilted Virginia when he found she had no fortune, others, that Virginia was a flirt and had jilted him, and still others, that he had a wife on the other side. All this was, of course, very bad for Louise and Marian, to say nothing of Dolly.

As for Dolly, she continued to take life easy, wore the made-over frocks, the shabby hats, the cleaned gloves of all the others, which she inherited, as she cheerfully remarked, "by right divine, for in the Tarleton family, as in the Royal one of England, there is no Salic law." She was profoundly interested in her sisters' social triumphs, and always begged to be "waked up" when they came home from balls and parties. She arranged their hair, sewed on their glove buttons, teased them, laughed at them, and admired them tremendously.

In return they allowed her to run their errands, were not above quoting her clever speeches as original, kept the fact of her youth well uppermost, spoiled her a little, but pitied her more.

Dolly was not as pretty as Virginia, but what could any one tell of the possibilities of a girl who was never well-dressed, whose hair was worn in short curls, and whose fingers were frequently inky from writing German exercises? She had not a voice like Louise—Louise's voice was her stock in trade, so to speak—neither had she Marian's figure; in fact I do not know that Dolly had any particular accomplishment except a rather singular one that "didn't count." She could whistle! Not an ordinary girlish treble with more shrillness than sweetness but a truly remarkable whistle!

When she sat down to the piano and pursed up her lips straightway one heard the loveliest flute-like notes, deep, sweet, soaring up into the treble, trilling like a bird, now dying away to an almost imperceptible sound; then rising, falling, with

such wonderful facility, that one wondered if that could be the same music which came from the lips of the little boot-black or the remotest connection of the whistle of the small boy.

This story, perhaps, would never have been written, had it not been for Louise Tarleton's sore throat or Mrs. Gardiner's musicale, for so do widely differing events combine to produce a definite result.

"I never was more utterly in despair," said Mrs. Gardiner, pausing at the door of the Tarletons' little drawing-room. Dolly took her fingers out of her tumbled curls, and looked up from her book.

"Dear Mrs. Gardiner," she said, "what is it?"

"What isn't it, you had better say, child," responded the lady, vexation written all over her face. "Here am I in the greatest pickle, and nothing, absolutely nothing, can be done."

Dolly gave a little ejaculation of surprise, leaning against the door with her hands locked behind her head.

"I thought you never came to the end of your resources, Mrs. Gardiner," she said.

"Where did you get that idea, Dolly? I assure you I am not infallible by any means. Just now, however, I should like to shake that sister of yours."

"Poor Louise!" said Dolly. "She's having a bad enough time as it is with her sore throat, Mrs. Gardiner."

"I know; of course I'm dreadfully sorry for her, and all that. I've just been to see her; the doctor says she has quinsy; and she was to sing at my musicale to-morrow, and be the success of the evening—and there she lies—poor, dear child! And on top of all this comes a note from Herr Wollkauff, my violinist, to say that he can only give me one selection, 'as he is obliged by his management to leave for New York on an early train!'" Mrs. Gardiner ceased from sheer inability to find an expression adequate to the occasion. Dolly was all sympathy in a moment.

"I'm so sorry, so awfully sorry! Can nothing be done? Can't you put it off?"

"No, that's the worst of it; the invitations are all out long ago; the special people I want to entertain are in town, and if Wollkauff can only give me one selection it's better than nothing. I was especially anxious for the girls, for Louise, to meet him—my nephew I mean—Dolly, he's a shamefully rich young man, my dear. Not that you would take that into consideration, you silly child, but he is just what we could have wished for Louise; he is so fond of music too. I declare it's abominable, and I wanted something entirely unique this time," went on Mrs. Gardiner. "All musicales are alike nowadays, and this of mine was to have been different. Mandolins and zithers we've all met, but Wollkauff's violin and Louise's voice you can't hear every day! And now, not a thing to fill the blank. If only some brand new accomplishment could be devised."

Dolly was silent, her curly head bent, apparently lost in a dream, when Mrs. Gardiner, sighing out, "Well, such is life. I must go, Dolly," made her look up, the color rushing into her face.

"Mrs. Gardiner," she said shyly, locking her hands together, a way she had when confused. "I wish—I wonder how you would like—" and then she broke down.

"Well, child, what is it?" Mrs. Gardiner was always good to Dolly, and the girl took heart of grace.

"Of course, as to the young man, I couldn't be any good," she began hurriedly, "and I'm awfully sorry he can't see Louise, but—but—if you really would like something different—why, you know I can whistle!"

Mrs. Gardiner looked down at the eager, flushing face, and for the first time thought Dolly Tarleton pretty, but laughed as she exclaimed:

"Whistle, Dolly? What in the world do you mean, my dear?"

"I know it sounds silly, Mrs. Gardiner," blushed Dolly, "but really it isn't so bad—at least some people like it, and you said you wanted something different. It is different certainly."

"It must be," laughed Mrs. Gardiner. "I don't think I ever heard a girl whistle. Isn't there some proverb about 'a whistling girl and a crowing hen'?"

"Oh, don't! Mrs. Gardiner, dear," pleaded Dolly, "I've had that quoted at me so often. It may be queer but it's all I can do, and I would like to help you if I could."

"You're a dear little soul. How do you do it, Dolly?"

"Wait a minute; I'll show you," and Dolly sat down to the piano. She was too unaffected and unconscious to be nervous, so she did her best while Mrs. Gardiner leaned back listening. Dolly had chosen an exquisitely pathetic air from "Faust," which lent itself particularly well to being whistled, and as the last note died away Mrs. Gardiner cried delightedly: "Bravo, Dolly! I never imagined anything half so pretty. I didn't know whistling was like that, and you don't look badly when you do it either."

"Don't I, really?" said Dolly with shining eyes. "Do you like it, Mrs. Gardiner? Do you think it will do?"

"The very thing, I should say. I declare, Dolly, you will turn out accomplished yet."

Dolly laughed. "Dick Tarleton always calls me 'Miss Cinderella.'"

"Well, I'll be your fairy godmother," said Mrs. Gardiner heartily. "You shall come to my musicale to-morrow, and if you do as well as you did just now I prophesy a success."

"You know you need not introduce me to people," said Dolly earnestly. "I can stand behind one of the big screens and they won't even know who it's coming from."

"Like Cinderella herself, you absurd child. No, that's all nonsense, Dolly—but have you a gown?"

Dolly's face fell. "I'm afraid not," she said. "Oh! wait a minute—up at grandfather's the other day I was trying on some old-fashioned gowns—and there was one such a dear—a little, pale yellow satin, with short waist and puffed sleeves. It belonged to grandmother, and is very much like the things *débutantes* wear now—do you think it would do?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Gardiner, much amused. "It would be quite original, like your whistling, Dolly. Well, I leave that to you—you must find a gown somewhere."

"But mother and the girls," suggested Dolly. "Do you believe they will let me?"

"Nonsense! tell them I said you must



"A slip of a girl, in a quaint, old-fashioned gown, stood beside the piano and began to whistle"

come," and Mrs. Gardiner hurried away, and as her carriage whirled off, her last words were, "Remember, Dolly, you are not to fail me!"

CHAPTER II

DICK TARLETON going up the Gardiners' staircase the night of the musicale met his three cousins. "My eyes!" he exclaimed. He had absolutely failed to recognize the fourth Miss Tarleton in her warpaint and feathers.

"You don't mean to say it's you, Dolly," he cried, as she smiled up at him saucily.

"Yes, the very same. Dick, didn't you really know me?"

"Not a bit! Upon my word, Dolly, we Tarletons always will be handsome—it must come out some day. 'What's bred in the bone'—you know. Where did you get this?" as he touched a soft fold of her gown. "It's satin or something. Why, Cinderella, how did they happen to let you out? Did the pumpkin come for you?"

"Hush! Wait a minute—I'll tell you all about it," said Dolly. But her sisters hurried her away. Mrs. Gardiner, off duty for a moment, met them in the hall, gave them a hasty greeting, and sending Virginia and Marian into the room, claimed Dolly as a performer. In reality she wished to review the child with her keen eyes, for if she was to do at all, Mrs. Gardiner wanted her to make a sensation.

"Well, Dolly, I don't know what you've done to yourself, but you certainly do look pretty," she said in her brusque way.

"Oh, Mrs. Gardiner," said Dolly, as she was half led, half pushed to a long mirror, where the Dolly therein reflected was a revelation even to herself. Her cheeks had a tender color called into their brown by excitement; her rough curls lay soft and cloudy upon her forehead; her eyes were dancing, full of life and appreciation. Her neck and arms were set off by the pale gleaming satin and old lace, and the strings of amber beads about her throat. She had a great fan that she furled and unfurled when she did not know what else to do, and her frock and her fan and her feelings generally had made another girl of her.

"Dick, you will take your cousin in," said Mrs. Gardiner. And Dolly entered the room on the arm of her tall cousin. The pair made quite a stir and everybody inquired:

"Who is that fascinating little girl with Dick Tarleton?"

Mrs. Gardiner did not introduce her except to one or two fellow-performers in the music-room, so Dolly got behind one of the big screens and took in her surroundings with delighted eyes.

"What rugs and jugs and candle lights," she said to herself, quoting a well-beloved nursery rhyme.

She heard a quiet, amused laugh, and turned quickly to find a man at her elbow. She had never seen his face before and she rather liked it—a somewhat lazy, dark face with eyes which had a slightly sleepy look, which belied them—for Alec Forbes, to use an old-fashioned phrase, "could see quite as far through a millstone" as his fellow-men. He had a good mouth, not hidden by a short mustache, so that his smile helped his face wonderfully.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for listening to your soliloquy, but you ought not to quote other people's favorite authors if you don't want to be heard."

Dolly laughed. He was so quietly at ease that he put her there at once. "Favorite authors have a trick of being other people's," she said. An odd, satisfied expression stole over the man's face, as if he had said, "Thank you, I expected you to say something like that," and it was quite true. Alec Forbes, leaning idly against the piano a moment before, looked up as Dolly came in, and walked straight over to her, drawn by the piquant, clever face as by a magnet. Her words, as she peeped through the screen, amused him, and, accustomed to do as he pleased, he spoke to her. He did not think she would mind, and if she looked shocked he would tell her his aunt had included him in the introduction a few moments before.

"That is true," he replied. "It's a pity one cannot put 'all rights reserved' on one's specialties."

"Would you rather I didn't quote Edmund Lear?" asked Dolly politely.

"On the contrary, I regard it as an evidence of superiority on your part."

"Really, I'm so glad. I don't think I ever gave any evidences of superiority before."

"Perhaps people haven't been frank enough to tell you so," suggested the other.

"People are not very frank in society, I believe," said Dolly.

"I am to infer from that, you've had a great deal of experience."

"I!" Dolly was so amused at this idea that she laughed outright.

"I don't know the first thing about it," she said.

"Then you speak purely from hearsay?" went on Dolly's friend, with his dark eyes full of quiet amusement fixed on her face.

"Altogether," said Dolly. "I've never been in society in my life."

"No! Then might I make so bold as to

inquire how you happen to be here tonight?"

"No," said Dolly, after a moment's thought, "I don't think you may."

"Not even guess?"

"It is not a conundrum," laughed Dolly. "I think it is and that you are the answer."

"Well, I am the answer—in a way; you aren't so very far wrong after all."

"I can easily find the answer by resorting to unworthy means."

"How?" inquired Dolly.

"Looking at the programme," he returned quizzically.

"Why do you think you will find me there?"

"Because I think you play or sing, or do something."

"Why?"

"I never knew any one ask so many questions," he said in a quiet voice, apparently to no one in particular.

"I never knew any one give so few answers," returned Dolly. "I don't play or sing either."

"Nor do anything?" he continued.

"Well, yes."

"Are you going to do it this evening?"

"Yes—hush! They're going to begin."

Dolly was whisked away from her companion, who was not at all pleased by this sudden desertion. He looked down at the programme, a trifle of white and gold, and scanned the list of names anxiously. He saw "Miss Tarleton" recurring often, a familiar name to him, owing to his aunt's frequent mention of the family. "Little witch!" he muttered. "A girl with a face like hers must do something. To be sure, she can talk, an accomplishment when it's done after her fashion." But his soliloquy was interrupted by a sound that was not a voice, nor a violin, nor a flute, that was—"By jove! it can't be! it isn't a whistle?"

To say that everybody was surprised when a slip of a girl, in a quaint, old-fashioned gown which made her look like one of Abbess's drawings, stood beside the piano and began, without any preliminary warning, to whistle, is to speak mildly.

She looked so unconscious, as if she had forgotten all about her audience, that the audience itself was half piqued. There was a buzz of applause as the last note died away, and Alec Forbes watched people crowding about the girl, asking one another who she was, or begging for an introduction. He was not a man who cared to share his individual tastes with the multitude, so he only stood looking on, while Dolly talked pretty, broken German to Herr Wollkauff—who behaved benevolently upon her through his glittering eye-glasses—or looked up with frank, clear eyes to reply to some newly-presented admirer.

"They will turn her head," he said. "People are such fools," and he was already planning how he could carry her off to some pleasant corner, where he could make her talk to him as she did a few moments since, without the interference of the multitude, when his aunt approached.

"Now, Alec," she said, "this is not what I intend you to do at all. No glowering in corners, if you please, sir. I know your tricks of old, and if you have your eye on any especial person, you may as well resign her to her fate, for I intend you to meet every one of the thirty individuals here."

"Oh!" was the stifled exclamation which Mrs. Gardiner fancied she heard. But she was inexorable, and Alec Forbes was obliged to content himself by putting out his hand in congratulation as he passed Dolly, saying in a low voice, "You see, I was right; you did do something after all."

Each of us has some day his own brief hour of glory. Cinderella went to the ball at last, and one winter night, in the eighteenth year of her age, Dolly Tarleton was a belle.

That it was a short lived triumph only made the memory sweeter. What booted it that Marian and Virginia told her, "It made a girl ridiculous to talk continually to one man; that, of course, she did whistle very well, but it wouldn't do to get a reputation for that sort of thing? Men didn't really like a girl to be unfeminine. It had been awfully good of Mrs. Gardiner to ask her to take part in the musicale, but, of course, it was only a whim, and the less she thought of it the better."

People were beginning to ask the girls for that sister of theirs, and when questioned innocently as to whether they meant Louise, Virginia or Marian, the reply was so frequently, "No; the little one who whistled so beautifully at Mrs. Gardiner's," that, as it would not do at all for Dolly to appear in public yet, she was sent off to her grandfather's.

But still Dolly couldn't help seeing, as she closed her eyes at night, the vision of a softly-lighted room, with brilliantly-dressed people talking in a modulated confusion, and among them there always appeared a tall, dark man with the kindest smile in the world.

CHAPTER III

FROM her winter retreat in the country Dolly heard echoes of the gay world in her sisters' letters, and the ever-recurring name of Alec Forbes. They seemed to see a great deal of him, which was but natural, as he was the nephew of their best

friend, although it does not happen that nephews are always so amenable to their aunts' wishes.

In this instance, however, there was a happy combination of circumstances, and it was soon taken for granted that Alec Forbes was the property of the Tarleton girls, only not as yet decided whether he belonged especially to Louise, Virginia or Marian.

"He is such a thoroughly first-rate fellow," said his aunt confidentially to Mrs. Tarleton. "People have called him a flirt, but I don't think it myself. He is rich, good looking, and he has been run after, but he hasn't really been spoiled, and he has the kindest heart in the world."

Mrs. Tarleton sighed and glanced at two people strolling slowly through the square overlooked by the house. They were Alec Forbes and Virginia. The girl was all animation and sparkle, her dark furs setting off her rich color. She looked the beauty society had pronounced her. But Mrs. Tarleton would rather have seen her eyes pensive, downcast and demure, for the tall, lazy-looking fellow, with his hands behind him, certainly could not be telling a love tale to such a vivacious audience. Indeed, Virginia was planning an expedition into the country for some sleighing. The snow was delightful now, packed and frozen hard, and a party to the Tarleton country house to stay a few days would be such a lark—"doesn't Mr. Forbes think so?" And Mr. Forbes did think so, agreeing with more alacrity than was usual, and when he left Virginia at her door, declining her invitation to "come in for a cup of tea," he asked her carelessly:

"By the way, Miss Tarleton, where is your sister now—your youngest sister?"

"Who? Dolly? Oh! she is in the country with grandfather," laughed Virginia. "Dolly is a perfect child wedded to outdoor life. I dare say she's coasting in rubber boots and red mittens this very minute."

Alec Forbes' short mustache scarcely hid his smile as he turned away.

"Decidedly," he said to himself, "decidedly, Dolly has been sent to Siberia."

The evening that Alec Forbes had spent in Dolly's company at the musicale was by no means the only time he had seen her. Mrs. Gardiner lost no time in taking him to call upon Louise, and he had looked in vain for the fourth Miss Tarleton. Then he had boldly asked for her, and was told that she was out walking.

He discovered that she always went for a walk on certain afternoons in the week. So Dolly was much surprised at being joined in the square, in company with her beautiful greyhound, by Alec Forbes, who said in the most natural way in the world:

"Why are you never on view in the afternoons when I come to see you?"

"I didn't know that you came to see me," said Dolly surprised, but not displeased. "Don't you know that I do not receive?"

"I can't understand how, having once had the proclamation of emancipation read over you, you can go back to servitude."

"Servitude!" she exclaimed; "it's really freedom. Don't you think it's servitude to have to pay visits, to go to teas, to dress for dinner, to bore yourself in a hundred ways, because it's 'society'?"

He looked down at the piquant face beside him with secret satisfaction. He delighted to make Dolly flash out like this.

"Calling the same pastime," he said, "I had a wild idea those were the things young women's souls hankered after."

"Why do you take young women in the lump that way?" she said resentfully.

"Do you think we are all alike?"

"I think there are certain resemblances, but every now and then one meets a startling anomaly."

"A freak of Nature," suggested Dolly, smiling up at him.

"Yes, or a return to the original type, the primeval woman."

"An example of atavism," replied Miss Dolly carelessly.

He looked suddenly startled. "Gracious!" he exclaimed. "Much learning, Miss Dolly."

"Would you rather I talked in words of one syllable?" asked Dolly.

"No indeed, no! I beg your pardon, only you are rather unexpected, you know."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Dolly severely. "I should hate to be just like everybody else."

"You need not be afraid," he said, tossing a pebble for "Max" to run after. They had reached the park.

"I don't want to be eccentric either," she protested with charming inconsequence. "I don't care to have people say, 'That queer Dolly Tarleton.'"

Alec Forbes laughed, but his mirth had a ring of tenderness. "Let me catch anybody saying it," he growled, his eyes absolutely wrathful, whereat Dolly looked appeased.

It was rather strange that Dolly should not have mentioned this walk to her sisters. When he came again, however, to find Dolly alone, deep in a German translation, over which she accepted his proffered help, they did know it, and it was not long after this that Dolly's exile began.

Mrs. Tarleton had consented to her daughters' giving a house party, and so a gay bevy of men and maidens invaded her father's old mansion, driving from town in a great four-horse sleigh, whose bells and the voices of whose occupants were heard by an eager listener in an upper window long before their actual arrival.

They literally took possession, and the sound of light feet on the old staircases, men's voices in the halls, music in the evenings, when the merry party come indoors from a long day's sleighing or skating, transformed the quiet old house.

But for the most part in all these festivities Dolly "didn't count." They begged her to whistle, however, and she did so to every one's delight. But Dolly was a shy plant that only blooms in a congenial atmosphere, and there, where she was strictly "kept in her proper place," Alec Forbes, seeing her fill the part of "the Tarletons' little sister," could scarcely believe her the same girl. Once or twice he tried to approach Dolly, but she rather eluded him, and the old frank manner that existed between them seemed suddenly and unaccountably to have disappeared.

But at last came a day when the party broke up, and drove over to the station. The train was late, and as it was heard to whistle afar off Alec Forbes, who had been rather silent on the way over, turned to Virginia, saying:

"Miss Tarleton, I find I have left something at the house, so if you do not mind I will go back and try to find it. I can take the next train if I miss this one."

Louise and Virginia did not at all approve of this, nor did the rest of the party, and suggested telegraphing and various other expedients, but Alec eventually got his own way.

"Alec Forbes is terribly spoiled," said Marian; "even Mrs. Gardiner must acknowledge that. When he has made up his mind it's quite hopeless trying to change him."

"Well, I rather like it," returned Virginia. "I like a man who knows his mind and will have his own way."

Dolly had waited till the guests had all gone, leaving the halls deserted; then she stole down-stairs, and calling her dog, curled up in a deep chair by the fire, and with her hands idle in her lap, gazed into the flames. Somehow, before very long, the fire grew misty and blurred, and there were tears on the interlaced fingers she put up to screen her eyes.

Alec Forbes, tramping through the snow, his head bent against the wind, passed, on his way from the gates, the window of the room where Dolly sat, and looking in and seeing a slight figure in an attitude of utter abandon, curls buried in the pillows of the big chair, hands locked before her eyes—his heart gave a great leap of happiness. He stood irresolute one moment, then opened the hall door very gently and entered. The sound in the dim room of Dolly's sobbing made a curious tightening come into his throat. She did not guess that her trouble had a spectator until she felt an arm about her, and heard a voice that trembled from tenderness saying in her ear:

"Dolly! my darling! my dear little girl! won't you let me comfort you?"

It was a hard struggle for Dolly Tarleton to yield, but some minutes afterward, when she was standing in the window, with Alec Forbes' arm about her, her pretty brown curls against his shoulder, the greyhound won the day by coming up to her and putting both paws upon her dress.

"Look, Dolly, won't you look up, dearest?" whispered a voice in her ear. "Even 'Max' is pleading for me; you can't resist him, can you?"

And Dolly, who was the shyest of sweethearts, took heart of grace to look up through her tears and say:

"'Max,' you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"You didn't come just because you thought you had to love me—you did not ask me because—because I was such a goose just now?" she asked eagerly.

He laughed softly. "You darling," he said; "yes, I really had to love you because you were such a goose; you don't mind, do you? Why, Dolly, what must I say to satisfy your pride? I don't care in the least how abject I am, now that I have you. Shall I kneel down here, in token of servitude, or anything like that?" he asked, his eyes gleaming as he tried to see her face.

"No!" cried Dolly, "I think you would look perfectly horrid kneeling."

"Bravo! so do I. This is ever so much better."

"That's the last train whistling now," remarked Dolly inhositably.

"You're not going to send me away again, are you?"

"I didn't know," faltered Dolly, with the suspicion of a laugh in her eyes, "whether you ought not to go back—whether the other girls might not want you."

"My dearest Dolly," he began with the utmost gravity, "if any other girls in the world want me now—"

But Dolly, with a return of her old spirit, interrupted him.

"They can't whistle for you any way," she said.

THE AUTHOR OF "GALLEGHER"

BY EDWARD W. BOK

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS was thirty years of age—a significant fact when his wide repute as a writer is considered. But he was born in a literary atmosphere. A boy could scarcely be the son of Rebecca Harding Davis and of L. Clarke Davis without inheriting some of the literary genius of either parent. And Richard Harding Davis has, just as his brother, Charles Belmont Davis, has. An only sister, Nora, completes this remarkably interesting family. Philadelphia is Richard Harding Davis' birthplace. His education began at the age of nine at the Episcopal Academy in that city. In 1882 he became a student at Lehigh University. There he became an enthusiastic foot-ball player, and there, too, did his first writing as editor of the college paper. He wrote a dozen stories for the paper, and afterward collected them, put them into a book and paid ninety dollars to get the book published. It had a limited sale—very limited. From Lehigh he went to Johns Hopkins University for a year, and there he wrote, reckoned pro-

FOUR FAMOUS YOUNG AUTHORS

Who Have Achieved Fame Before or in Their Thirtieth Year

RUDYARD KIPLING

BY ALICE GRAHAM MCCOLLIN

STRONG personal affections, even stronger love and habits of domesticity, an unquestioned genius for narrative, literary abilities of the first order, and a style which is as incisive as it is individual, should make any man worth the knowing. Such a one is Rudyard Kipling. Rudyard Kipling was born at Bombay, India, on December 30, 1865. Through his mother he can trace his connection with three nationalities, the English, Irish and Scottish, while his father, John Lockwood Kipling, although an Englishman by birth, is of Dutch descent. Mr. Kipling, Senior, went to India many years ago, where he became the head of the Mayo School of Art at Lahore, and where he remained until a year or two ago, when he returned to England.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

BY WILLIAM MCKENDREE

AMONG the leading humorists of America Mr. John Kendrick Bangs has enjoyed an enviable distinction for many years. He was born in Yonkers, New York, in 1862. His father was Francis N. Bangs, one of the most prominent lawyers the bar of New York has known, and his grandfather was the Rev. Dr. Nathan Bangs, a minister of renown of the Methodist denomination, the historian of his church and the first editor of its publications. Mr. Bangs has inherited a leaning toward literature, a keen but kindly insight into human nature, and very unusual energy and power of application. A few years ago, when about to deliver a lecture in the city of his residence upon "The Evolution of the Humorist," Mr. Bangs said in introducing himself, in default of a presiding officer: "I was born

"THE ENGLISH MARK TWAIN"

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN

JEROME KWATA JEROME has in his time played many parts. He has been a railway clerk, an actor, a newspaper reporter, a school teacher, a short-hand writer and a solicitor's clerk. Surprising as some of these changes of occupation must have been to his friends, probably none surprised those who knew him best so much as his latest change of all from the ease of literature to the bustle of journalism. During that period of Mr. Jerome's life when he was "everything by turn and nothing long" it is to be feared that he was not always able to consult his own choice. For when but a lad Mr. Jerome's father, a colliery proprietor, was ruined by the flooding of a mine, and the boy became dependent on himself. For several years he had a hard struggle to find even the means of subsistence. In each new vocation there was only fresh disappointment, the cause and the consolation probably being alike attributable to Mr. Jerome's deep interest in subjects far removed from the prosaic task of "making a living." He took his poverty as philosophically as he has since



professionally, his first story, "Richard Carr's Baby," a tale with foot-ball tendencies. It appeared in "St. Nicholas."

In 1887 the young student returned to Philadelphia and became a reporter, taking assignments from several newspapers and earning the princely salary of seven dollars a week. Then he started a dramatic paper called "The Stage." When the Johnstown flood occurred Davis went to the scene and reported it. Soon after his return he went to England with the All-Philadelphia Cricket Team, and upon his return remained in New York, connecting himself with the "Evening Sun." In one day he became famous. Mistaken by a bunco-steerer for an Englishman, an impression which a very English-made suit of clothes, a bundle of sticks and umbrella, and a hatbox covered with labels helped to color, he held the man in full daylight on Broadway, shouted lustily for help, had the man arrested, wrote the account of it for his paper, and from that day the name of Richard Harding Davis has been familiar to every New Yorker. Then he wrote his famous "Van Bibber" tales. Next came "Gallegher," a success from the moment it appeared in "Scribner's Magazine," although it had been refused by three editors. Now it has sold sixty thousand copies in book form. Then followed in quick succession "The Other Woman," "An Unfinished Story," "My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegan," and the other short stories that have made his name so familiar to thousands.

In 1890 Mr. Davis became editor of "Harper's Weekly." This position he held for a year, and then traveled in the West, with "The West Through a Car Window" as the result. Then he went to London and described life there, returning only to pack his valise and start for Egypt and write of "The Rulers of the Mediterranean." With this his thirst for travel was satisfied, and he resumed his direct connection with "Harper's Weekly," of which he is now associate editor.

Mr. Davis' portrait here given is an excellent likeness. He is well, almost magnificently built, standing six feet high, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, and with a physical strength that many envy. He has a frank, boyish manner about him, and is conscious of his success, as is only natural and quite pardonable, but he is not so in any obtrusive way. His manner of talking is quick, his laugh is of the heartiest, and he is an ideal companion. Popular in society he is sought by every one, and lionized generally. But with all his success he is conscious only of a desire to give to the reading public a book or a story that will be superior to the last.

When but five years of age, following the necessary custom of English residents of India, his parents sent Rudyard to England, where he was educated. It is claimed that the pathetic experience of Black Sheep in Mr. Kipling's story of "Baa Baa Black Sheep" is a brief but unfortunate portion of autobiography. The lad was educated at the United Services College, at Westward, Ho, North Devon, where he received from his schoolmates the charming sobriquet of "Giglamps," owing to the fact that he wore spectacles. At college he was a leading member of the literary and debating society, and associate editor of the school newspaper. About this time, too, he earned his first pen money, for a sonnet which he wrote for the London "World." At the age of sixteen he returned to India, where he entered upon a journalistic career, with more of literature about it than belongs to most of its kind. In 1889 he came to America, where he hobnobbed with newspaper men in most of the prominent cities, studied the many different phases of life, and in the fall went back to London, taking with him, it is claimed, the very manuscripts which afterward made his fame and which had been rejected by American publishers. The publication of these stories, followed by their favorable review in the London "Times," and a full description of their author, his place, hours and habits of work, in Edmund Yates' "Celebrities at Home" in the London "World," gave Mr. Kipling the introduction he needed to English people, and in the intervening five years his fame has spread wherever his books have traveled.

On January 18, 1892, Mr. Kipling was married at All Soul's Church in London to Caroline Starr Balestier, a sister of C. Wolcott Balestier, the young American novelist who died abroad in 1892, and with whom Mr. Kipling wrote in collaboration. Mrs. Kipling is small and slender with dark brown eyes and hair. She was educated in Rochester, New York, where she was born. Mr. and Mrs. Kipling have one child, a daughter, born in December, 1892. Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Kipling have made their home in Brattleboro, Vermont, where they have built a charming country house, which, from its mountainous situation, has been named "Crow's Nest."

In appearance Mr. Kipling is short, squarely built, broad shouldered, with black hair and mustache. His eyes are the Irish gray blue and are shielded always by either spectacles or glasses. He is fond of fishing and of horses, but is little or nothing of an athlete. His Vermont neighbors give him a cordial liking, which is grateful to both the man and the author.

and have resided in Yonkers for a number of years; have braved the perils of life in this community, and have endured, without a murmur, the privations common to all of us." These words, if otherwise unimportant, indicate the uneventful course of his private life.

While an undergraduate of Columbia College Mr. Bangs was a contributor to the "Acta Columbiana," and one of its editors.

Upon leaving college he entered the office of his father, but after a year or two, feeling himself irresistibly drawn toward a literary life, he gave up the study of law. He then became associate editor of "Life," where, in addition to his editorial work, he contributed the "By the Way" page and an almost incredible quantity of original matter.

In 1887, while he was still connected with "Life," "Roger Camorden, a Strange Story," his first work to appear in book form, was published. It was a striking story of hallucination, and was reasonably popular and successful. In the same year, in collaboration with his classmate and friend, Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman, he wrote "New Waggings of Old Tales," a series of humorous and satirical parodies. About this time he retired from "Life," and in 1888 he wrote "Katharine, a Travesty," for the dramatic association of the Ninth Company, Seventh Regiment, N. G., S. N. Y. Although a travesty of "The Taming of the Shrew," the construction of which it followed rather closely, it was really a comic opera, with a good libretto, full of quaint sayings and quips and songs, and through it Mr. Bangs became more widely known. The following year "Mephistopheles, a Profanation," was written. In 1891 appeared "Tiddledy-wink Tales," the first of his books for children. It has been followed by two other children's books, "In Camp with a Tin Soldier" and "Half Hours with Jimmie-Boy."

In 1893 "Toppleton's Client," a novel, was published in London. "Coffee and Repartee," published last year by the Harpers, has been the most successful of his books for older people.

Mr. Bangs is a frequent contributor of jests and verses and short stories to the periodical press, and for several years has been editor of the humorous departments of the publications of the Harpers.

Personally, Mr. Bangs is very popular, and while his good humor, his wit and his kindly nature have endeared him to his intimates, his practical ability, his industry and his good sense have gained him the respect of all with whom, in any way, he has come in contact.

taken prosperity, gratifying as often as he could his love for the drama by a visit to the pit or even to the gallery of the theatre, and afterward talking of the play and the players with a few kindred souls.

It was from such humble beginnings, by the way, that the now influential Playgoers' Club in London came into existence; Mr. Jerome and one or two friends started the club while he was still busily engaged by day in a solicitor's office and by night as dramatic critic for a small weekly paper. It is very interesting to hear Mr. Jerome tell how at one time the writing of a great play seemed to him the only thing worth doing in the world, and how in his devotion to this idea he would dog the footsteps of theatrical managers with the manuscripts of his dramas and comedies.

As the event has proved, none of these mixed experiences have been wasted. Mr. Jerome has himself related in "The Idler" how, in his brief experience as an actor in a third-rate provincial company, he found the material for the little book which first started him on a literary career, "On the Stage—And Off." And it was clearly the varied experience of men and things which had been crowded into a few years which, with his keen eye for humor, enabled him before the age of thirty to make a reputation with two such books as "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" and "Three Men in a Boat." Mr. Jerome is one of the few men who are younger than they look—he has not yet celebrated his thirty-third birthday. "Barbara," the pathetic little play which first gave him the ear of the play-going public, was written before he was eighteen; "The Idle Thoughts" was put to paper in the course of the next year or so, and "Three Men in a Boat" was written when he was about twenty-six.

When the success of "The Idle Thoughts" brought him some degree of affluence, Mr. Jerome left the solicitor's office and ensconced himself with his bright and sympathetic young wife in a cozy "flat" overlooking the river at Chelsea. It was at the top, I remember, of a very high building which was without an elevator, but people would cheerfully undertake the toilsome ascent for the sake of a cup of tea in the Jeromes' delightful rooms. About three years ago Mr. Jerome chose for his residence one of the semi-rustic villas which, with their walled-in gardens, render St. John's Wood so attractive. In this house I have spent some very pleasant hours, Jerome every now and then bringing out some quaint saying, and as the sly humor plays about the fair face that indicates his Scandinavian ancestry, I am reminded that I am, indeed, in the society of the English Mark Twain.



THIRD PAPER—THE BOY IN THE OFFICE

By Edward W. Bok



HE parents of the boy who is earning three or four dollars per week in an office are naturally full of anxiety for his future. More particularly is this true of the mother. She watches him as he leaves the house to go to his desk each morning, and after a year or two she wonders why her boy's salary is not increased. "He is such a good boy," she reasons to herself, or tells some friend, "I am sure he deserves more money than he receives." This is the parental belief, and it is a natural one. But to be "a good boy" in the home does not always imply a helpful boy in the office. One does not necessarily follow the other, yet it must be confessed that domestic influences play an important part in the success of the boy in the office.

SO far as possible every parent should try and see that his or her boy gets from the very start into that particular line of business for which he seems to have either a natural bent or taste. An uncongenial position is just as distasteful to a boy as it is to a man, and it is always a fatal mistake to turn a boy away from his natural inclinations. If his mind seems to be that of a lawyer it is far better that he should be put into a lawyer's office from the start. By being office boy in such an office, and climbing up, he knows just what every position calls for, and ten chances to one he will treat his employees better, when he becomes a practicing lawyer himself, than if he had not had the experience. I am a strong believer in the theory that a man should be an employee before he becomes an employer, and if he can pass through every position in the same business from the office boy's desk up, in which he afterward starts for himself, he will be the gainer for it.

THE advancement of a boy when in an office is necessarily slow, and a great deal of patience is necessary, especially on the side of the parents. If they become impatient the feeling is quickly imbibed by the boy, and he becomes impregnated with that most fatal of all beliefs to a boy—that he is not appreciated by his employer. When a parent, by word or action, instills that belief in a boy, he impresses upon him the first wrong lesson in life. Promotion from errand or office boy to the next position is very tedious work, and it is slow because there is a wide gulf between the office boy's desk and the next position above it. At the same time the office boy's desk is the only one in a business house which is absolutely transient in its character. A man may remain a stenographer, a clerk, a bookkeeper, a cashier, all his life, but the office boy's desk is just what it indicates: the starting point of graduation.

After a boy passes his sixteenth year he is supposed to pass from under his mother's care to that of the father. But it is before his sixteenth year that the average boy begins or passes through his experience as office or errand boy. Hence, the responsibility of impressing correct principles in a boy's mind rests with the mother.

If, for example, punctuality is an unknown quality in a household, it is not likely that a boy will reach his desk punctually. In fact, he cannot do so. He is dependent upon the home machinery for rising and getting his breakfast. When I was an office boy I was always at my desk at eight o'clock, but the fact that I was there was not due to myself in any sense. It was because my mother saw that I rose in time, had my breakfast in season, and left the house in plenty of time to reach the office. In that way the value of punctuality was impressed upon me. It is, indeed, the first essential of success in the life of an office boy. Rushing into the office at five minutes after eight, or whatever may be the hour set for the boy, is bad, since it is just as possible to reach the office five minutes before the hour.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of "Before He is Twenty" aims to give in five articles the wisest suggestions on the five phases of a boy's life most perplexing to parents. The first two articles were printed in the April and June issues of the JOURNAL, and treated of:

The Father and His Boy, . . . By Robert J. Burdette
When He Decides, . . . By Frances Hodgson Burnett

ANOTHER point in a boy's habits that leads to success in which the mother plays a part is in the neatness of his dress. No employer expects a boy earning three or four dollars per week to be dressed in the immediate fashions. But he has a right to expect that his boy be neatly dressed. No matter how poor we are, there is no excuse for any one wearing soiled linen. A clean collar and shirt should be made possible for every boy. Wherever possible, too, mothers should early train their boys to the wearing of cuffs, since they do much to impress cleanliness. A clean pair of cuffs adds a great deal to a boy's appearance. As we feel so do we work. Every man has experienced the comfortable feeling that arises because of the fact that he was wearing a new suit of clothes, and the increased interest in his surroundings and work because of this feeling. Our clothes unquestionably affect our feelings, and our feelings affect our work. If a boy feels clean and is neatly dressed he will do better work than if he is allowed to go to his office morning after morning with his clothes unbrushed, his face and hands only half washed, and his hair carelessly combed. Neatness does much for a boy in the eyes of his employer, and it costs nothing except a little pains. An employer likes to see the people in his office as well dressed as their circumstances allow, and it pleases him to see his office boy, when he sends him on errands to other business houses, make a good appearance.

IT is in the home life that a boy must have formed for him the habits that will win him success in the outer world, and here everything depends upon the parents, and, as I said before, particularly upon the mother. It is she who can strike the wrong or the right key for a boy's whole day in the manner in which she sends him from home. If, in the morning, he is scolded for this, and scolded for that, he will start the day wrong, and show the effects of it in his work during the entire day. If, on the other hand, he goes from a bright, sunny home with his mother's kiss as his last good-by, depend upon it the day will be bright for him. His spirits are affected just as he starts the day. It is sad enough that so many boys must be sent out into the world to earn money at too young an age, but if this must be so, the hardships can be lightened for them. Again and again have I seen boys going to their desks in the morning with red, swollen eyes and a look that betokened anything but a pleasant home-leaving.

I am inclined to believe, too, that our boys do not, in a great many cases, receive from their parents that degree of sympathetic interest in their work that ought to be extended them. If a boy feels interested in his daily duties and the people with whom he comes into contact, he naturally likes to talk about them over the dinner-table or during the evening at home. Parents who enter into a proper spirit of this interest on the part of a boy are the exception rather than the rule. They look upon their boy's going out into the world as a dire necessity, and once he reaches home they do not like to be reminded of it. This is better in theory than it is in practice. If a boy, filled with an ambition to become a factor in the business world which is yet all so strange to him, fails to find a sympathetic audience in his father or his mother, his enthusiasm receives a blow.

Parents should remain quiet factors in their boy's success in the office—not visible ones. Some mothers—and fathers, too—have a way of too directly entering into their boy's lives, and visiting the office where he is employed. As a rule, employers resent this, and their resentment is a just one. Sometimes circumstances make it possible for parents to meet their boy's employer in a pleasant and natural manner, and under such conditions the meeting can be made advantageous. But going to the office, and trying to advance the interests, is unwise. Interference is resented by the employer, as I have said, and it is injurious to the boy, since it is far better for him to feel that he stands for himself in the business world, and that he cannot rely upon any one's assistance. The employer feels the home influence indirectly, and it counts far more than if the father and mother became a visible quantity. A good home training has a way of making itself apparent under all circumstances.

UPON the boy himself, of course much depends—the largest part, by far. If he is taught one thing at home and does another when away from home, then the consequences are his own. A boy succeeds in an office just in proportion as he carries himself and shows that he is deserving. It is folly to say that an office boy is a unit in the eyes of his employer. He is not. A capable office boy has his value to an office—just as much value as has a good bookkeeper—and every employer realizes this fact. The boy in the office is far more in the eyes of his chief than he oftentimes imagines. An office boy is always looked upon by an employer as a possibility. He is ever hopeful that the boy may show those qualities which will justify him in giving him more responsible work. The willingness upon the part of the employer to advance the boy in his office is present. Neither boy nor parent need have the slightest fear on this ground. The whole point rests upon whether the boy justifies the interest of his employer.

NOW I shall not say that a boy will succeed just in proportion as he is honest and truthful. This must go by inference. Everything in the business world depends upon honesty and truthfulness. Without these foundation stones no business can live. I do not say that a boy *should* be honest, truthful and faithful. I say he *must* be. But to be simply and solely what those three qualities mean will not win him success. He must be something more.

The average office boy does just what he is told to do. There he stops, and just there he fails. Now running errands can be made an art just as well as scores of boys now make it a hardship both to themselves and to their employer. The streets of our large cities are filled, during business hours, with office boys. For the most part they are a deplorable sight. It is the exception to see a boy going along the street doing what he is sent out to do, and doing it in a businesslike manner. The average boy shuffles along as if it were an absolute impossibility for him even to pick up his feet. He must strike every sign and post he meets on his way. He must throw something at every dog he sees. He makes a stopping-place of every candy-stand and fruit-cart. If he is not yelling he is whistling. He believes that every empty truck or wagon is especially made for him to steal a ride upon. Now such a boy is more often seen on the street by his employer, or by some one who tells that employer, than the boy imagines. We do not expect our boys to be men, but we do expect that when sent on an errand, they will do that errand as well as they can, and behave themselves when they are doing it. Errand-running is the first test of a boy's character. If he can attend to errands well he will make an impression that will be valuable to him.

WHEN a boy is sent on an errand he should realize and feel that, for that moment, he is the representative of his employer, and see to it that his employer is represented by him and in him in the most creditable manner. When he receives his employer's message he should listen to it well, and for the moment dismiss everything else from his mind, and concentrate his thoughts upon the one thing expected of him. He should try to enter into the emergencies of a case and ascertain what will be expected of him if he finds it impossible to deliver his message. He should try to be something more than a messenger boy, pure and simple. Having his message well in mind, let him go straight to his destination as quickly as possible, and as quickly return. Business men always appreciate dispatch in a boy. Politeness, also, should be a living rule with every boy. Few things count for more in business or impress themselves so strongly. It is well for a boy to look upon every man he meets, in or out of his office, as a possible employer. A boy should strive to make an impression upon every business man he meets, not knowing what day he may be beholden to that man. Little acts of politeness on the part of a boy, such as invariably removing his hat when he comes into an office, or touching his cap when he meets men whom he has seen in the street, go a long way, and are not overlooked even by the busiest men.

In his work in the office, a boy should, above all things, be thorough. If his chief duty is to copy letters let him study the letter-press and its implements until he makes an art of what so many boys make a failure. Much depends upon the clear copy of a letter sometimes. If a boy is depended upon to sweep the office and keep it clean let him devote his every energy to doing it well. An office neatly kept is a very strong recommendation for a boy to his employer. The employer may, in the boy's eyes, not seem to notice that his room is always clean and neat, but depend upon it he does. He may not speak of it; he may have an entirely different and more substantial way of showing his appreciation. Even in cases where an employer may not be neat himself he appreciates neatness in others. A boy should always take care to keep his own desk and special little domain looking as neat as possible.

THE average office boy makes his greatest mistakes when he has any leisure moments. While he is kept busy he may be the best boy his employer feels he has ever had. But it is during those moments which come to every boy in an office when he has nothing to do, that he commits those lapses which undo for him everything he has done for himself during his busy moments. There are few things that are more irritating to an employer than to see his office boy sitting at his desk doing absolutely nothing. Then it is that the average boy either sits drumming on his desk with his fingers, whittling with his knife, idly gazing out of a window, or talking and laughing with others who have work to do. These things are very fatal to a boy's success. A boy should see to it that he has very few moments in which there is not something for him to do. If there is nothing just at his fingers' ends let him look around and see if there is not something he can do which he has put off during busy seasons. But let him keep himself busy, doing something no matter how insignificant. To read books is a good habit in its way, and yet I have never been able to feel that reading belongs to business hours on the part of a boy or any one else. I believe the mind of a boy who reads a newspaper, if he can find nothing else to do, is in better condition for business than the boy who reads a book, and I care not what may be its character.

IT is not unlikely that through this article I shall reach the eyes and ears of thousands of office boys, either directly or through their parents, and in these closing words I will write even more directly to them than I have in what I have said above.

The chance exists for every office boy to begin a successful business career just where he is to-day, even though he is earning but three dollars per week. It is not the salary you earn, my lad, nor the position you are now in that means your success, but it is what you give to your employer for that salary, and what you make of your position that will count. Never be afraid to give too much for the money you receive.

Be the first at the office in the morning, and the last to leave at night. Don't have your hat all ready to snap up and run for the door the moment the clock points to the hour of closing. Let your employer see you at your desk when he goes. Never fear an extra half hour or hour. A little extra faithfulness after business hours counts for much.

Whatever is given you to do, no matter how trifling it may seem, do it thoroughly. Do it as if it were the only act of the whole day. If it is only the mailing of a letter, mail it in a street letter-box if you think it will be collected sooner than if it waits for the carrier to collect it at the office.

Be at your desk as much as you can; be away from it only when it is absolutely necessary.

Don't play; don't fool at the office; you are not paid for that. Don't stay out at lunch longer than is necessary. Don't feel that you must be out a full hour simply because you are entitled to it. Rather take less than just exactly all or more.

Ask to be "off" only when necessary, such as sickness or death, demands it. Rather lose a picnic or an excursion than lose one point with your employer.

Don't eat during business hours; have neither candy, nor apples, nor nuts in your desk. A luncheon hour is given you, and time, too, in which to eat.

Don't cut out pictures and decorate your desk or the wall near you with them. An office is a business place where everything should lead to business, and not to things that belong more to your home than to your office.

Don't sulk because your mother sends you to bed early. She does it that you may be fresh in the morning, and better able to do a good day's work. You need all the sleep you can get.

Be truthful. Don't think "a little lie" won't hurt. It will, just as much as a big one. Liars, small or large, never make a success in business. Stick to the truth, even if you lose by it. You will gain by it later. Be able to look everybody straight in the face.

Keep your boy friends away from the office. They have no business there, and you have no right to have them there. Your employer pays you to receive his callers—not yours.

Be polite to everybody—to the peddler as well as to your employer's best customer. Politeness costs nothing, and is more valuable than many things that cost much.

Do your very best in everything. When you do that you do all you can, but be sure it is your very best. Then will many things come to you, and you will soon outdistance other boys who do as little as they can, or only do things in a half-hearted way. Never mind what other boys do—be you thorough in everything. If you are that you have the key to success.

* * * The next article in the series of "Before He is Twenty" will treat of "A Boy's Evenings and Amusements," by Mrs. Burton Harrison—herself the mother of boys whom she has successfully trained.

POMONA'S TRAVELS

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

By Frank R. Stockton

[With Illustrations by A. B. Frost]



ONE and me got to like Buxton very much. We met many pleasant people, and as most of them had a chord in common, we was friendly enough. Jone said it made

him feel sad in the smoking-room to see the men he'd got acquainted with get well and go home, but that's a kind of sadness that all parties can bear up under pretty well.

I haven't said a word yet about Scotland, though we have been here a week, but I really must get something about it into this letter. I was saying to Jone the other day that if I was to meet a king with a crown on his head I am not sure that I should know that king if I saw him again, so taken up would I be with looking at his crown, especially if it had jewels in it such as I saw in the regalia at the Tower of London. Now Edinburgh seems to strike me in very much the same way. Prince Street is its crown, and whenever I think of this city it will be of this magnificent street and the things that can be seen from it.

It is a great thing for a street to have one side of it taken away and sunk out of sight so that there is a clear view far and wide, and visitors can stand and look at nearly everything that is worth seeing in the whole town, as if they was in the front seats of the balcony in a theatre, and looking on the stage. You know I am very fond of the theatre, madam, but I never saw anything in the way of what they call spectacular representation that came near Edinburgh as seen from Prince Street.

But as I said in one of my first letters, I am not going to write about things and places that you can get much better description of in books, and so I won't take up any time in telling how we stand at the window of our room at the Royal Hotel and look out at the old town standing like a forest of tall houses on the other side of the valley, with the great castle perched up high above them, and all the hills and towers and the streets all spread out below us, with Scott's monument right in front, with everybody he ever wrote about standing on brackets, which stick out everywhere from the bottom up to the very top of the monument, which is higher than the tallest house and looks like a steeple without a church to it. It is the most beautiful thing of the kind I ever saw, and I have made out, or think I have, nearly every one of the figures that's carved on it.

I think I shall like the Scotch people very much, but just now there is one thing about them that stands up as high above their other good points as the castle does above the rest of the city, and that is the feeling they have for anybody who has done anything to make his fellow-countrymen proud of him. A famous Scotchman cannot die without being pretty promptly born again in stone or bronze, and put in some open place with seats convenient for people to sit and look at him. I like this; glory ought to begin at home.

LETTER NO. XXI

EDINBURGH.

JONE being just as lively on his legs as he ever was in his life, thanks to the waters of Buxton, and I having the rheumatism now only in my arm, which I don't

need to walk with, we have gone pretty much all over Edinburgh, and a great place it is to walk in, so far as variety goes. Some of the streets are so steep you have to go up steps if you are walking, and about a mile around if you are driving. I never get tired wandering about the old town with its narrow streets and awfully tall houses, with family washes hanging out from every story.

The closes are queer places. They are very like little villages set into the town as



"While the loose hook swung around and nipped him in his ear"

if they was raisins in a pudding. You get to them by alleys or tunnels, and when you are inside you find a little neighborhood that hasn't anything more to do with the next close a block away than one country village has with another.

We went to see John Knox's house, and although Mr. Knox was pretty hard on vanities and frivolities he didn't mind having a good house over his head, with wood-work on the walls and ceilings that wasn't any more necessary than the back buttons on his coat.

We have been reading hard since we have been in Edinburgh, and whenever Mr. Knox and Mary, Queen of Scots, come together I take Mary's side without asking questions. I have no doubt Mr. Knox was a good man, but if meddling in other people's business gave a person the right to have a monument, the top of his would be the first thing travelers would see when they come near Edinburgh.

When we went to Holyrood Palace it struck me that Mary, Queen of Scots, deserved a better house. Of course it wasn't built for her, but I don't care very much for the other people who lived in it. The rooms are good enough for an ordinary household's use, although the little room that she had her supper party in when Rizzio was killed, wouldn't be considered by Jone and me as anything like big enough for our family to eat in. But there is a general air about the place as if it belonged to a royal family that was not very well off, and had to abstain from a good deal of grandeur.

If Mary, Queen of Scots, could come to life again I expect the Scotch people would give her the best palace that money could buy, for they have grown to think the world of her, and her pictures blossom out all over Edinburgh like daisies in a pasture field.

The first morning after we got here I was as much surprised as if I had met Mary,

Queen of Scots, walking along Prince Street with a parasol over her head. We were sitting in the reading-room of the hotel, and on the other side of the room was a long desk at which people was sitting writing letters, all with their backs to us. One of these was a young man wearing a nice light-colored sack coat with a shiny, white collar sticking above it, and his black derby hat was on the desk beside him. When he had finished his letter he put a stamp on it and got up to mail it. I happened to be looking at him and I believe I stopped breathing as I sat and stared. Under his coat he had on a little skirt of green plaid about big enough for my Corinne when she was about five years old, and then he didn't wear anything whatever until you got down to his long stockings and low shoes. I was so struck with the feeling that he was an absent-minded person that I punched Jone and whispered to him to go quick and tell him. Jone looked at him and laughed and said that was the Highland costume.

Now if that man had had his martial plaid wrapped around him and had worn a Scottish cap with a feather in it and a long ribbon hanging down his back, with his claymore girdled to his side, I wouldn't have been surprised, for this is Scotland and that would have been like the pictures I have seen of Highlanders. But to see a man with the upper half of him dressed like a clerk in a dry goods store, and the lower half like a Highland chief was enough to make a stranger gasp.

But since then I have seen a good many young men dressed that way. I believe it is considered the tip of the fashion. I haven't seen any of the bare-legged dandies yet with a high silk hat and an umbrella, but I expect it won't be long before I meet one.

those fine fellows thought that the colors would run out of their beautiful plaids, or whether they would get rheumatism in their knees, but it did seem to me pretty hard that soldiers could not come out in the weather that lots of common citizens didn't seem to mind at all. I was a good deal put out, for I hate to get up early for nothing, but there was no use saying anything, and all we could do was to go home, as all the other people with full suits of clothes did.

Jone and I have got so much more to see before we go home that it is very well we are both able to skip around lively. Of course there are ever and ever so many places that we want to go to, but can't do it, but I am bound to see the Highlands and the country of the "Lady of the Lake." We have been reading up Walter Scott, and I think more than I ever did that he is perfectly splendid. While we was in Edinburgh we felt bound to go and see Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford. I shall not say much about these two places, but I will say that to go into Sir Walter Scott's library and sit in the old armchair he used to sit in, at the desk he used to write on, and see his books and things around me, gave me more a feeling of reverentialism than I have had in any cathedral yet.

As for Melrose Abbey I could have walked about under those towering walls and lovely arches until the stars peeped out from the lofty vaults above, but Jone and the man who drove the carriage were of a different way of thinking, and we left all too soon. But one thing I did do: I went to the grave of Michael Scott, the wizard, where once was shut up the book of awful mysteries, with a lamp always burning by it, though the flagstone was shut down tight on top of it, and I got a piece of moss and a weed. We don't do much in the way of carrying off such things, but I want Corinne to read the "Lady of the Lake," and then I shall give her that moss and that weed and tell her where I got them. I believe that in the way of romantics Corinne is going to be more like me than like Jone.

To-morrow we go to the Highlands, and we shall leave our two big trunks in the care of the man in the red coat who is commander-in-chief at the Royal Hotel, and who said he would take as much care of them as if they was two glass jars filled with rubies, and we believed him for he has done nothing but take care of us since we came to Edinburgh, and good care, too.

LETTER NO. XXII

KINLOCH RANNOCH.

IT happened that the day we went north was a very fine one, and as soon as we got into the real Highland country there was nothing to hinder me from feeling that my feet was on my native heath except that I was in a railway carriage and that I had no Scotch blood in me, but the joy of my soul was all the same.

There was an old gentleman got into our carriage at Perth, and when he saw how we was taking in everything our eyes could reach, for Jone is a good deal more fired up by travel than he used to be—I expect it must have been the Buxton waters that made the change—he began to tell us all about the places we were passing through. There didn't seem to be a rock or a stream that hadn't a bit of history to it for that old gentleman to tell us about.

We got out at a little town called Struan, and then we took a carriage and drove



POMONA DRINKING IT IN

or thirteen at the end few strong we had to on. And rembering ce Bled" at least a everything oil for we use, and I n as many likes, but to do and which he hat unless coffee so lor as his beautiful vely Loch zen miles. it can be. ome here onnets. I where it is dress like that it is year kilts. iven up to is about ing here is

their friends to help them shoot without costing them anything." Jone is pretty hard on sport with killing in it. He does not mind eating meat but he likes to have the butcher do the killing. But I reckon he is a little too tender-hearted. But as for me I like sport of some kinds, especially when you don't have your pity or your sympathies awakened by seeing your prey enjoying life when you are seeking to encompass his end. Of course by that I mean fishing. There are a good many trout in the lake, and people can hire the privilege of fishing for them, and I begged Jone to let me go out in a boat and fish. He was rather in favor of staying ashore and fishing in the little river, but I didn't want to do this. I wanted to go out and have some regular lake fishing. At last Jone agreed provided I would not expect him to have anything to do with the fishing. "Of course I don't expect anything like that," said I, "and it would be a good deal better for you to stay on shore. The landlord says a gilly will go along to row the boat and attend to the lines and rods and all that, and so there won't be any need for you at all, and you can stay on shore with your book and watch if you like." "And suppose you tumble overboard," said Jone. "Then you can swim out," I said, "and perhaps wade a good deal of the way. I

a switch which sent the flies out ever so far from the boat, then he drew it along a little so that the flies skipped over the top of the water. I didn't say anything, and taking the pole in both hands I gave it a wild swirl over my head, and then it flew out as if I was trying to whip one of the leaders in a four-horse team. As I did this Jone gave a jump that took him pretty near out of the boat, for two flies swished just over the bridge of his nose, and so close to his eyes as he was reading an interesting dialogue and not thinking of fish or even of me, that he gave a jump sideways, which, if it hadn't been for the gilly grabbing him, would have taken him overboard. I was frightened myself and said to him that I had told him he ought not to come in the boat, and it would have been a good deal better for him to have stayed on shore. He didn't say anything but I noticed he turned up his collar and pulled down his hat over his eyes and ears. The gilly said that perhaps I had too much line out, and so he took the rod and wound up a good deal of the line. I liked this better because it was easier to whip out the line and pull it in again. Of course, I would not be likely to catch fish so much nearer the boat, but then we can't have everything in this world. Once I thought I had a bite and I gave the rod such a jerk that the line flew back against me, and when I was getting ready to throw it out again I found that one of the little hooks had stuck fast in my thumb. I tried to take it out with the other hand, but it was awfully awkward to do because the rod wobbled and kept jerking on it. The gilly asked me if there was anything the matter with the flies, but I didn't want him to know what had happened and so I said, "Oh, no," and turning my back on him I tried my best to get the hook out without his helping me, for I didn't want him to think that the first thing I caught was myself after just missing my husband—he might be afraid it would be his turn next. You cannot imagine how bothersome it is to go fishing with a gilly to wait on you. I would rather wash dishes with a sexton to wipe and look for nicks on the edges. At last, and I don't know how it happened, I did hook a fish, and the minute I felt him I gave a jerk and up he came. I heard the gilly say something about playing, but I was in no mood for play, and if that fish had been shot up out of the water by a submarine volcano it couldn't have ascended any quicker than when I jerked it up. Then as quick as lightning it went whirling through the air, struck the pages of Jone's book, turning over two or three of them, and then wiggled itself half way down Jone's neck between his skin and his collar, while the loose hook swung around and nipped him in his ear. "Don't pull, madam," shouted the gilly, and it was well he did for I was just on the point of giving an awful jerk to get the fish loose from Jone. Jone gave a grab at the fish, which was trying to get down his back, and pulling him out threw him down, but by doing this he jerked the other hook into his ear, and then a yell arose such as I never before heard from Jone. "I told you you ought not to come in this boat," said I, "you don't like fishing and something is always happening to you." "Like fishing!" cried Jone. "I should say not," and he made up such a comical face that even the gilly, who was very polite, had to laugh as he went to take the hook out of his ear. When Jone and the fish had been got off my line, Jone turned to me and said, "Are you going to fish any more?" "Not with you in the boat," I answered, and then he said he was glad to hear that and told the man he could row us ashore. I can assure you, madam, that fishing in a rather wobbly boat with a husband and a gilly in it, is not to my taste, and that was the end of our sporting experiences in Scotland, but it did not end the glorious times we had by that lake and on the moors. We hired a little pony trap and drove up to the other end of the lake, and not far beyond that is the beginning of Rannoch Moor, which the books say is one of the wildest and most desolate places in all Europe. So far as we went over the moor we found that this was truly so, and I know that I, at least, enjoyed it ever so much more because it was so wild and desolate. As far as we could see the moors stretched away in every direction, covered in most places by heather, now out of blossom, but with great rocks standing out of the ground in some places, and here and there patches of grass. Sometimes we could see four or five lochs at once, some of them two or three miles long, and down through the middle of the moor came the maddest and most harum-scarum little river that could be imagined. It actually seemed to go out of its way to find rocks to jump over, just as if it was a young calf, and some of the waterfalls were beautiful. All around us was melancholy mountains, all of them with "Ben" for their first names, except Schiehallion, which was the best shaped of any of them, coming up to a point and standing by itself, which was what I used to think mountains always did, but now I know they run into each other

so that you can hardly tell where one ends and the other begins. For three or four days we went out on these moors, sometimes when the sun was shining and sometimes when there was a heavy rain and the wind blew gales, and I think I liked this last kind of weather the best, for it gave me an idea of lonely desolation which I never had in any part of the world I have ever been in before. There is often not a house to be seen, not even a crofter's hut, and we seldom met anybody. Sometimes I wandered off by myself behind a hillock or rocks where I could not even see Jone, and then I used to try to imagine how Eve would have felt if she had early become a widow, and to put myself in her place. There was always clouds in the sky, sometimes dark and heavy ones coming down to the very peaks of the mountains, and not a tree was to be seen, except a few rowan trees or bushes close to the river. But by the side of Loch Rannoch on our way back to the village we passed along the edge of a fine old forest called the "Black Woods of Rannoch." There are only three of these ancient forests left in Scotland, and some of the trees in this one are said to be eight hundred years old. The last time we was out on the Rannoch Moor there was such a savage and driving wind and the rain came down in such torrents that my mackintosh was blown nearly off of me and I was wet from my head to my heels. But I would have stayed out hours longer if Jone had been willing, and I never felt so sorry to leave these Gramscian Hills, where I would have been glad to have had my father feed his flocks, and where I might have wandered away my childhood, bare-footed over the heather, singing Scotch songs and drinking in deep draughts of the pure mountain air, instead of—but no matter. To-morrow we leave the Highlands, but as we go to follow the shallop of the "Lady of the Lake," I should not repine. (Conclusion in September JOURNAL)



one looked at him and said that was the Highland costume"

which he n and rest grouse on And what d shot, or the house, gs, he has I said I rs a pretty shoot one tside all t place he rly in the le, and to e heather neighbor- then he of ground the whole n he saw affing the breakfast ivilege of the moor wind and t him orous right and creep xistence. sneaky as ng behind nd some- stomach ; and do- that stag ometimes l the sun ous right let in its gets a lot for their ' said I, nen ever oney that rty stags noceros, nd shoot A game or years, ould ask

don't suppose we need go far from the bank." Jone laughed and said he was going too. "Very well," said I, "but you have got to stay in the bow with your back to me and take an interesting book with you, for it is a long time since I have done any fishing, and I am not going to do it with two men watching me and telling me how I ought to do it and how I oughtn't to. One will be enough." "And that one won't be me," said Jone, "for fishing is not one of the branches I teach in my school." I would have liked it better if Jone and me had gone alone, he doing nothing but row, but the landlord wouldn't let his boat that way and said we must take a gilly, which, as far as I can make out, is a sort of sporting farm hand. That is the way to do fishing in these parts. Well, we started, and Jone sat in the front with his back to me, and the long-legged gilly rowed like a good fellow. When we got to a good place to fish he stopped and took a fishing-rod that was in pieces and screwed them together, and fixed the line all right so that it would run along the rod to a little wheel near the handle, and then he put on a couple of hooks with artificial flies on them, which was so small I couldn't imagine how the fish could see them. While he was doing all this I got a little fidgety because I had never fished except with a straight pole and line with a cork to it, which would bob when the fish bit, but this was altogether a different sort of a thing. When it was all ready he handed me the pole and then sat down very polite to look at me. Now, if he had handed me the rod and then taken another boat and gone home, perhaps I might have known what to do with the thing after a while, but I must say that at that minute I didn't. I held the rod out over the water and let the flies dangle down into it, but do what I would they wouldn't sink, there wasn't weight enough on them. "You must throw your fly, madam," said the gilly, always very polite; "let me give it a throw for you," and then he took the rod in his hand and gave it a whirl and

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*** Mr. Stockton's humorous recital of "Pomona's Travels," which has been so popular, was commenced in the December, 1893, number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Single copies of any of the issues can be had at ten cents each. The entire set, beginning with the first issue containing "Pomona's Travels," will be sent for 80 cents, postage free. Immediately upon the close of "Pomona's Travels" in the next, the September, issue of the JOURNAL, there will be commenced a two-part story by Mr. Stockton, entitled "As One Woman to Another." After that will be printed another short story by Mr. Stockton, entitled "Love Before Breakfast." Succeeding this there will be other short stories by Mr. Stockton, all written in his happiest vein.

A SUMMER ROSE

BY FRANCES COURTNEY BAYLOR

WHAT so sweet as a summer rose? Why, a sweet woman, to be sure, any month or day of the month in all the year. The secret of the rose is that of the woman too, and we women should remember this whenever we take one of these exquisitely beautiful flowers into our hands and look deep into its glowing heart, admiring its beauty and rejoicing in its perfume. This darling of Nature, with its exquisite hue, its petals velvet, soft, veined, almost translucent, smoother than marble, sentient, rejoicing apparently in its own life and loveliness—this miracle of beauty with its heart of gold, its breath of Heaven, has its secret, has a word for you and a word for me. It has been set in a harsh soil perhaps, and had a bleak exposure. What deep snows, what icy blasts, what nipping frosts, what drenching rains, what scant sunshine has it got in the past winter? Silently, patiently, meekly has it received them all, and in the depths of its lovely nature, by a physical alchemy that has the power of a spiritual principle, it transfigures them all into this thing of wonder and delight, and pours its fragrance out upon evil and good, high and low, young and old, until it dies and drops back upon the bosom that gave it life. It knows the full sweetness of being sweet. It knows the blessedness of giving prodigally its best to all who approach it. It knows how to make the world more fair and more fragrant for even its short life, and gives as much glory to Him "in whose hand is the breath of every living thing." It knows the deep joy that lies at the heart of pain, and it has power to soothe by its beauty and fragrance. "Happiness, my fellow-creatures and earth-born companions," says this preacher, who, like Chaucer's priest, follows itself the law it lays down, "happiness does not lie in anything we get, but in what we give. Then let us imitate the rose and let every life that touches ours in every day be the brighter and sweeter for our existence if only by a word—a breath of love. Let us give to all alike, and give our best as does the summer rose."

HAND-PAINTED CHOCOLATE-SET

By Anna T. Roberts



This pretty chocolate-set consists of five cups and saucers—each with a different decoration—the regulation pot, and a small tray, on which the pot is intended to stand. The tray makes a very pretty cake-plate, and may be used for that purpose if desired. The designs are painted directly on white china in the mineral colors, the dainty little sprays and single flowers contrasting harmoniously with the rich gold employed in painting the handles, scrolls and the fancy patterns between. One will feel repaid for the time and labor spent in decorating this chocolate-set, as the result will be found most effective when carefully executed. The designs may also be used for the decoration of tea

COLORS FOR THE VIOLETS

It will be well to make some of the violets quite dark to give variety; others, again, may be painted in lighter tones of purple. The colors must not be painted heavily, or the delicate effect will be lost. Put the tints on, after the under color has thoroughly dried, in thin, transparent washes. If this is not done the under color will work up in the painting and ruin your work; no amount of stippling will give it its former smooth texture, and you will have to wipe off all the color and begin painting your flower over again.

SOME FURTHER SUGGESTIONS

If you wish satisfactory results—I speak now to inexperienced china painters—and if you observe these suggestions it will save needless disappointment in the end. The centres of the violets are painted with silver yellow and shaded with yellow brown; sometimes a little orange dot is used to bring out the effect instead of the yellow brown. Either capucine red or deep red brown mixed with silver yellow will give the correct shade for this. The stems and leaves are laid in with different shades of green, making some a bright yellowish green, while others, especially the larger leaves, are painted in darker tones. For the lighter ones use apple green and a small quantity of silver yellow, shading with brown green. For the dark leaves chrome and brown green will be found useful with brown 17 for the darker accents. Vein and outline some of the leaves with violet of iron. The lid, handles, scrolls and the lace-like patterns between some of the scrolls, as well as the under edge of the chocolate pot and cups, are to be finished with gold, which will give a very handsome and rich effect to the whole set.

A VIOLET SUGAR-BOWL

The design for the sugar-bowl in Illustration No. 3 is intended to match the chocolate pot, tray and one of the cups and saucers, so that a whole chocolate-set can be carried out with the violet decoration. If any of the other flowers are preferred to the violets they can be easily used, with very little alteration. The violets are painted with carmine No. 1, and deep ultramarine blue, while ruby purple and deep blue are the colors to use for shading and painting the darker violets. The centres of the violets are put in with silver yellow, shading with yellow brown or a touch of deep red brown. Silver yellow and apple green are useful for painting the stems and lighter leaves; these are shaded with brown green. The darker leaves can be laid in with brown and chrome greens, with brown 17 added to these for the darker touches. A wash of yellow brown over some of the brighter leaves greatly tones down the effect of the greens. The handles, fancy knob on the lid, scroll-work and lattice-work pattern between the scrolls, are all finished with gold, like the chocolate-pot.

THE YELLOW JASMINE

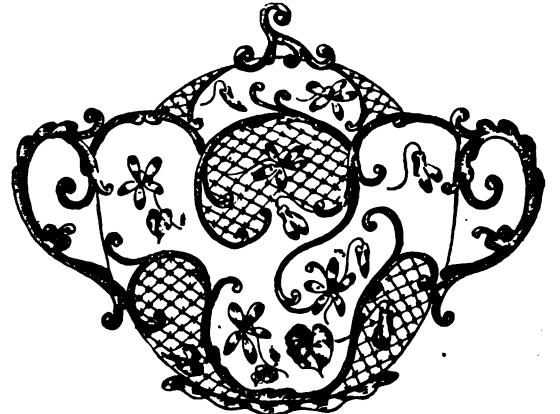
Paint the flowers and buds on the cup and saucer in Illustration No. 5 with silver yellow, shading with yellow brown. For some of the greenish tones in these flowers a small touch of brown green may be mixed with the yellow to give a good effect. The silver yellow must be put on delicately if a light shade is desired, as yellows are apt to come from the kiln a more brilliant tint if the color is put on thickly; it is well to remember this, for it is much easier to darken the color for a second firing than have the tint come out a bright crude yellow, which will be found almost impossible to tone down, and must be left as it is, fired into the china and cannot be rubbed off. Paint the stamens of the jasmine with yellow brown, with violet of iron or brown 108 for the darker touches. The leaves, which are a dark glossy green, are painted with chrome and brown green, to which a small quantity of deep ultramarine blue has been added; shade with brown 17. Make the calyx of the flowers, also the stems, a lighter green than the leaves; apple green with silver yellow, shaded with violet of iron will be the colors to use for this. This yellow jasmine cup and saucer are very beautiful if the design be carefully carried out and the colors carefully chosen and delicately applied.

CLOVER CUP AND SAUCER

Put a thin wash of carmine No. 1 over the clover blossoms, in Illustration No. 6, to which a small quantity of flux has been added; this imparts a fine glaze to the pink when fired, otherwise the carmine will come out a dull shade of pink, almost entirely without any glaze, but be careful not to use too much of the former, and see that it is rubbed down with the palette knife to a smooth consistency before using. While the color (carmine No. 1) is still wet, work in a little green, say apple green, on the shadow side of the clover heads; do not let it spread too much into the part catching the light. Let this dry, and work up the blossoms with ruby purple mixed with carmine, using a very fine-pointed brush. The high lights can be wiped or scratched out when finished. The clover leaves are painted with apple green and silver yellow, qualified with gray No. 1, which gives a soft, pleasing tone, shading the leaves with brown and chrome greens, also brown 17 or 108. Paint some of the leaves a cool green; for this neutral gray and chrome green can be used. The handle and under part of the cup, also the scrolls and spider-webs, are all to be done in gold, making a very rich effect.

CORN-FLOWER CUP AND SAUCER

Paint the little corn flowers on the cup and saucer in Illustration No. 8 delicately with deep blue green (this is not a green, as its name implies, but a bright blue, much used in painting blue flowers); shade with deep ultramarine blue. If the color appears too bright a thin wash of gray No. 1 will tone it down. The stamens are painted with ruby purple. The leaves are a soft sage green. These may be put in with brown green or chrome green and

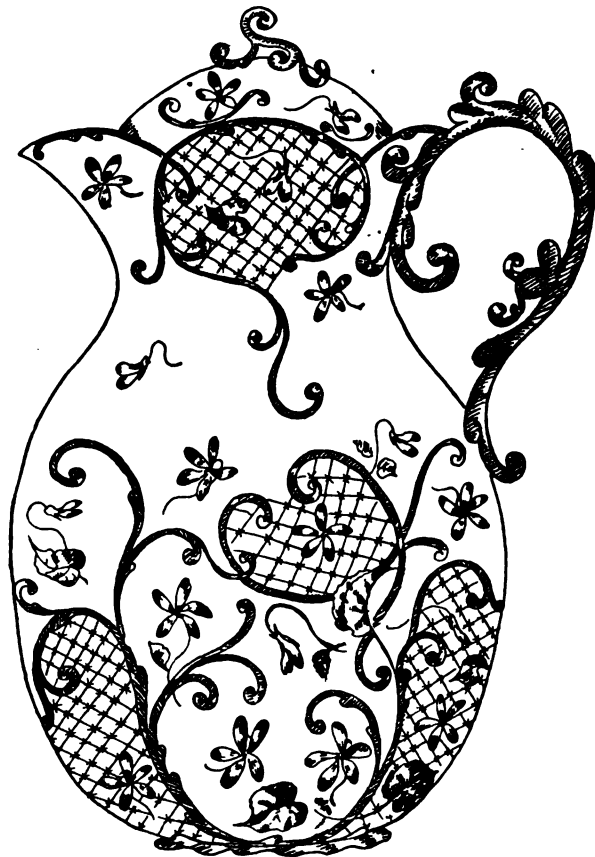


A VIOLET SUGAR-BOWL (Illus. No. 3)

neutral gray. The calyx of the flowers, stems and buds partake of a lighter green; for this shade apple green and silver yellow can be used, shading with violet of iron. Finish the handle, under part of the cup, scrolls and stars with gold.

MANETTA-VINE CUP AND SAUCER

The flowers of this vine, shown in Illustration No. 7, are a bright scarlet, with a yellow edge at the top of each flower. Use for this silver yellow, white



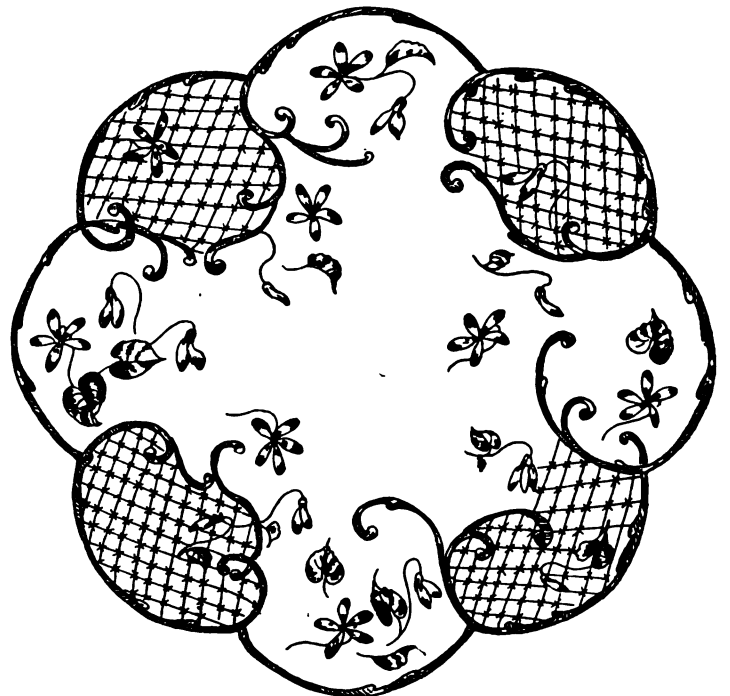
CHOCOLATE-POT—VIOLET DECORATION (Illus. No. 1)

or after-dinner coffee cups if desired, and, with very little alteration, will be found to be very pretty for the decorating of other china articles as well.

DECORATION OF VIOLETS

As violets are great favorites in china painting just now they will form the decoration of the chocolate-pot in Illustration No. 1, chocolate-tray in Illustration No. 2, violet sugar-bowl in Illustration No. 3, and cup and saucer in Illustration No. 4. Directions for painting them in the mineral colors are as follows: The violets to be laid in with a thin wash of deep ultramarine blue and carmine No. 1 mixed together; shade with deep blue and ruby purple. Some china painters prefer using violet of gold with blue for painting violets, but this color is very expensive, and I think the colors I have given will be found entirely satisfactory for decorating this exquisite chocolate-set.

whole chocolate-set can be carried out with the violet decoration. If any of the other flowers are preferred to the violets they can be easily used, with very little alteration. The violets are painted with carmine No. 1, and deep ultramarine blue, while ruby purple and deep blue are the colors to use for shading and painting the darker violets. The centres of the violets are put in with silver yellow, shading with yellow brown or a touch of deep red brown. Silver yellow and apple green are useful for painting the stems and lighter leaves; these are shaded with brown green. The darker leaves can be laid in with brown and chrome greens, with brown 17 added to these for the darker touches. A wash of yellow brown over some of the brighter leaves greatly tones down the effect of the greens. The handles, fancy knob on the lid, scroll-work and lattice-work pattern between the scrolls, are all finished with gold, like the chocolate-pot.



TRAY OR CAKE-PLATE—VIOLETS (Illus. No. 2)

capucine red, shaded with deep red brown, can be used for painting the rest. The leaves are rather cool in tone, which contrast pleasantly with the brighter tints of the flowers, and set them off to greater advantage. Brown green, shaded with violet of iron or brown 17, can be used for painting the leaves; chrome green and neutral gray can also be used for some of the leaves in shadow. The handles and edges of cup and saucer to be done in gold.



VIOLETS (Illus. No. 4)



YELLOW JASMINE (Illus. No. 5)



CLOVER (Illus. No. 6)



MANETTA-VINE (Illus. No. 7)



CORN-FLOWER (Illus. No. 8)

GENTILENESS IN TWO COUNTRIES

By Grace Ellery Channing

I hear a great deal—and justly—of Italian courtesy. Those who have dwelt in all the countries of Europe willingly concede the palm for gracious manners to the gentle race "who use the 'si.'" An Englishman upon "gentilezza" the worst you can say of it is "mal-educato"—using, as they do, education of refinement, breeding, and clumsily confusing it, as a distinction merely.

The Italian *gentilezza* is a genuinely beautiful thing. Twenty-four hours in Italy the gracious reply to the ready greeting, the courteous and smiling attention which is the mere humdrum of life. The Italian, for instance, to hear the conductor, "Signora, favor a ticket," than to have a rough you with the blunt demand, "And there is something very odd, in the ready relation of the bell boy's hat and his hand, in so long a part of the race that is instinct in the individual, by the finest gentleman can do the thing gracefully and as if it were a natural thing. Yes, all this is beautiful and striking, but there is one thing which Americans cannot forget.

The accused of a national boastfulness is something we should be very careful in making our national boast, the breeding, the courtesy, the without rival or parallel of our men. Against the land of *gentilezza* the native courtiers who inhabit the "oncho among nations" with its mode of barbaric Americans may be head fearlessly, for a land of brave paladins! The final test of gentleness must always be the bearing of the stronger to the weaker, the power of the less powerful. And the finest national courtesy is the respect which the men of a nation yield to one another. Measured thus, no men in all the world are so truly gentle and chivalrous as the American men. No women receive the same consideration of the men as the men receive.

for a moment at the courteous Italian. It is perfectly true that even an American boy is never surprised out of his wits. If you—a "signora"—run upon the angle of the stairs or a street, he flashes out of your path, and his comes off with a speed and grace which do not inhere in the American hat or nature. But it is equally true if you—an overladen laundress or a domestic—chance to encounter him so, he quite as probably push ruthlessly past less than no courtesy. It is true that an Italian gentleman will do you a gallant service, if he be inclined, with a charm that is imitable by no other, but he will, and he will sit unmoved in car or tram and let you clamber in or out with your heavy mantleau or arms full of packages without lifting a finger in your aid. He will, if he does, stand by the letter box conversing with a friend or simply fixing you with a cool stare, keeping you waiting his good pleasure to post your letters, and when you may do it as you best can. He will, and he does, crowd you on every possible occasion where there is an advantage, or merely a seat to be obtained. He will do this not once, but twenty times, not to-day only, but every day. You are only a woman, what business have you about anyway? I leave out entirely the aristocratic class who, since you are a woman and about, feel at full liberty to insult and annoy you to a greater or less extent.

It will be said that all this is the natural outcome of the different position of women in Europe and in America. Just precisely! It is the freedom of American woman which has ennobled her in the eyes of American man, and given her a status and secured her a respect impossible to a creature in a state of tutelage. But what matter for the origin? We are speaking of the fact. And it is needless to discuss here whether man's chivalry first gave woman her freedom, or her freedom commanded his chivalry. We are speaking of the fact, and the fact is that she is ennobled and is rapidly importing her freedom across the ocean, where we may hope the chivalry will follow. Thanks to the armies of our women students, already the phrase "She is an American" makes possible and safe, though not always and altogether pleasant, whatever degree of freedom you may choose to take when you are temporarily residing in Europe.

It is interesting to learn how both men and women appear to Italian eyes, and it is doubly satisfactory to bolster up the supposed prejudice of one's views by a foreigner's. A clever and observant Italian gentleman went from Italy to the World's Fair last summer. He sent back his impressions, for which one American feels personally obliged—they were more than a little instructive.

He had hardly been out of port twenty-four hours when his attention was distracted from the saloon furnishings and the luxurious appointments of the floating palace by the omnipresent American woman, and he began to study her—with commentaries—on shipboard. How perfectly at home she was, how always well dressed, how gay and how graceful; how merrily she adapted herself to the inconveniences, how calmly she ignored the discomforts, how self-poised and self-possessed she was, making herself agreeable to every gentleman on board and taking admirable care of her children. He began to ask himself, he says, whether in the same circumstances the ladies of his own land would have not been a good deal irked by these days of sea life; whether they would not have suffered a good deal under the inconveniences, and whether they would not, also, have made us, their masculine companions, suffer also? He concluded that the American system of education possessed certain advantages; but he would not be understood, he added hastily, as a loyal gentleman should, for a single moment to elevate any woman to a place in his admiration above his poetic and adorable countrywomen. Nevertheless there was something admirable in these Americans.

PRESENTLY he arrived in New York—but first, so did a friend of mine, an American woman, after a long European absence. From force of habit she looked about her for a *facchino* to take her hand baggage. Not a porter was in sight; she had barely time to think to herself, "how American," before two gentlemen hastened forward and cordially insisted upon carrying her bags and bundles. That, too, was "how American."

The whole tale of national differences is in that nutshell. In Europe you might or you might not find a *facchino*, but what is certain is that no elegant gentleman would disturb his mind about it. If *facchini* were scarce he would crowd by you in order to secure one first, if possible, and then walk off leaving you to your destiny and to your bundles.

To return to our particular Italian; he arrived in New York, promptly decided that in the matter of customs "all the world is one country," and then gave himself intelligently to observing, admiring and criticising the city. He had come from the land of functionaries, in which municipal guards with a great deal of cocked hat, silver epaulette, dangling sword and blue and scarlet pervade the streets in pairs; and one of the things which first struck him was the small number of policemen holding in order "the immense and active city," and the high respect shown for these few men, "distinguished only by a somewhat ridiculous cap" (one must own that the municipal guards are prettier to look at), "and possessing no arms—prevailing by a glance, by a sign of the hand, by a single word."

BUT what seized above all the imagination of this inhabitant of the land of *gentilezza*—himself of the gentlest, if his letters may be unconscious witness for him—was again the American woman and the place she occupies; incidentally he pays this tribute to our American men:

"The women go about alone; they have their business, their life of work and of effort, and they go ever numerous and ever respected. They are sure always of a seat, because the Americans, even to the lowest classes of the people, compete to offer the most comfortable place to a woman, and that with a courtesy perfectly natural and spontaneous. It is one of the so small proofs of the respect which they have for women here; one of the so small grains of incense burnt upon her altar, and this sincere and continuous devotion to the gentle sex is like a fine and delicate perfume which does the spirit good and strengthens it, and makes one pardon many things in the character of the 'business man.' Women work constantly in the offices of merchants, in the magazines of public sale; they hold posts of importance and render services highly prized, while the aureole of the most profound respect, the most sincere regard surrounds them everywhere."

So says our Italian, and perhaps only the American woman out of America realizes how well worth the saying it is, and how true that the women of our own country are at home treated always with the courtesy and consideration which, as women, they are entitled to.

IT has been my fortune—my good fortune I consider it—to travel much upon the American continent, and I never have received but one piece of discourtesy, and that was from an Englishman, of whom—never thinking he might not be a compatriot—I was so ill-judged as to inquire whether the car I had hastily boarded was a through car or not. His reply after a prolonged stare was, "There's a placard outside." From my own countrymen I have received nothing but courtesies and kindnesses which linger in my memory indeed like "a fine and delicate perfume, doing the spirit good." To be an American girl or woman traveling alone—or rather to be a girl or woman in America traveling alone—is to have, not one protector, but a score, to be the particular charge of every man who is traveling in your direction. I have in mind such countless instances, not only of the flowers gathered at momentary stopping places, the ice conjured up in hot deserts, the cups of cold water in thirsty places and warming comforts in cold ones, all the numberless little daily miracles perpetually operated in one's favor by strangers, but also graver services in moments of emergency. How many times a lost pocketbook, an accidental detention or a missed train has given birth to a kindly conspiracy; strangers opening their pocketbooks, setting in motion telegraph wires and even trains, expending time and assuming trouble naturally and simply as a thing which belonged to them of course. Thanks to the freedom with which even our girls travel, such emergencies will arise not infrequently; thanks to our men they may arise and no one be the worse for them.

I do not mean in the least that there are not Italian gentlemen capable of an equal kindness. I do not forget that my very entrance into Europe was made beautifully easy by the kindness of an Italian gentleman who had lived long in America. And that there are others who have fared as graciously I do not doubt; but the experience of every hour forces one to the belief that this, which with us is courtesy so ordinary as to be only remarkable when missed, is still in Italy courtesy extraordinary.

THE American woman, as she pokes and elbows her weary way about among these courteous *signori*, remembers many things. She remembers how, let her enter the busy post-offices of great Eastern cities or rushing Western towns, she is ceded a place and pushed to the front of a line of driving business men, none too busy or driven to wait for a woman; how her letters are taken from her hands to be mailed, her fare to be passed to the conductor, her packages that she may climb into a car or cross a muddy street; how seats in elevators and trams spring up for her; how, at her approach, in elevators, on the stairways of hotels, everywhere, hats are quickly removed in silent homage of recognition that she is a woman, not as in Europe some woman, but simply a woman. Finally she remembers that this is not true of any part or portion of her country alone—that she may travel over wide America, north and south and east and west, and the shrewd commercial Yankee, the rushing New York business man, the languid Southerner, the bluff and breezy Westerner, will all burn for her these "little grains of incense" before the altar of her womanhood. They may be little but they stand for a great fact. They mean that everywhere in her own land she is an honored presence.

IT has been said that the American man is the only man who can do a woman a service without looking at her; he is also the only man who can look at her as at another individual soul, a creature related to his mother, wife and sister, and not merely the *femelle de l'homme*. That is not in the European man. He is gallant, he is flattering, he can be all that is charming, he may nurse a poetic *rêve* of the young girl, the budding woman, he may have an individual respect for some individual woman or woman he knows, but reverence for womanhood as womanhood is not his.

On the other hand this reverence, however often desecrated, is, in American manhood, making of many a rough, helter-skelter schoolboy (who rarely knows where his hat is anyway) a "brother of girls," in the beautiful Arab phrase, and of many a bustling, hard-worked business man "a very parfait gentle knyghte" where women are concerned. No one professes that our men are perfect, in truth. We say only that our men are far in advance of other men in their treatment of women. Such as it is that advance is their honor and our glory, and ought to be matter of personal pride to every boy and girl in the land of which it is true. Patriotism does not mean only devotion to one's flag, it means the kindling love and enthusiasm for every trait of national nobility and the burning shame for every trait of national weakness. As Americans, then, we may lift our heads high, remembering that our land, which is so often reproved for her faults of youth, has been first among the nations of the earth to fix her glory in the freedom of her women and the chivalry of her men.

THE WOMAN WITHOUT FEELING

BY MARY JOHNSTONE



WITTY and sympathetic man once said to me: "I would rather marry a woman who looked feelings and had none than a woman who had feelings and looked none." Of course the saying came more from his wit than his sympathy, but I could not help feeling that there were moments when I could agree with him, although I have known the value and the services of the woman with no feelings to be underestimated.

My daughters have a friend—a woman only a little past girlhood—whose company is more sought after and relished than that of almost any one I know. She has admirers by the score and acquaintances everywhere, and no wonder, for she is cultivated, always cheerful, and will listen to and rally the poorest talker. She is asked to everything in the shape of a feast, for she is the amusement and relaxation of whoever may be about her. At the same time, whenever her praises are sounded the eulogy winds up with the inevitable and disheartening tag, "After all, you know, she has no feelings."

And this is perfectly true. Quick and comprehending as is her smile, and graceful as is her glance while one is talking to her, there is always the conviction that not a trace of real interest is involved. If she only had a heart the girl would be an angel.

I like the old-fashioned word. And when I have been alone with her I have often wanted to say, "My dear, do be an angel!" But she has no heart. If she were to marry a foreigner and go abroad to live she would leave us all without a moment's regret. So her friends are vexed with her want of feeling, and warn the world against her.

And this is what seems to me unjust. Take this girl as she is. Whether it is her nature or not she never refuses the challenge to be agreeable; whatever her own plans and likings are she never betrays impatience when they are crossed. Her companion may be plain, awkward and tiresome, but her eye and her gay little joke are never dulled for that reason. In fine, she may be the incarnation of the light which shines but does not warm, yet while she keeps a whole circle in good humor by her wit, as she does, it is a poor return to gird at her.

Again, and speaking now of a widely different type, I can call to mind older women, often only the survivors of a more rigid era—exact, severe, stern, unbending and ruling their households with a rod of iron. How little this generation understands them! How little merit it allows to the implicit faith in duty, the untiring devotion to work, the almost fanatic hatred of waste and self-indulgence, and the Spartan maxims of life in which they were brought up and which they still observe. What has become of our eyes that we cannot see the beauty of such lives? Why do we no longer recognize their value? These are not the women who have feelings but look none; they are without feelings at all, according to the standards of our new, diversified and exacting society.

I hear young girls saying that their grandmothers or aunts, or what you please, don't understand them, and, really, I think that many older people than these schoolgirls make just the same absurd complaint. I can appeal with safety to every one: Who has not known one of these same stern women almost bring the dead to life by her powers of nursing, or confront poverty single-handed and maintain her family on a beggar's pittance, or save a falling household by simple economy and hard work? I shall be told that all these things are admitted. But that is just the point, they are not. If they were, the cry of "no feelings" would never be raised, out of very shame. I know an old lady who has had the misfortune to live a long life and to see all her descendants grow up unable to "understand" her. She is of the old, unsparing sort, and they, artistic, original, clever, modern people, have no place for her either in their theories or their interests. With these her notions can scarcely be expected to agree either, yet the complaints come not from her, but from them. They are not complaints in words; they are complaints crystallized into entire disregard for the old school, which does not, as it cannot, wholly sympathize with them. It seems to take an outsider, like myself, to see what I do see, that without this erect, white-haired ancestress, who is apparently so separate from them all, wives and husbands both would have to teach themselves the fortitude which she communicates merely by her presence; their households would be dragging on without the strong axles, so to speak, which she put in almost unnoticed for each newly-married couple, and the whole family, now held together in an unusual vigor, would soon fall apart and be dispersed.

I believe there must be many such cases. I have the deepest respect for these strong, unbending characters who do not conceal their utter intolerance of our self-centred modern methods.



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1. When once I love, I love for ev - er, For -
 2. Long since, in summer's balm - y weath - er, He

ev - er af - ter and a day, And faith - ful - ly do I en - deav - or To prove that I am his for aye. I
 sung to me love's tune - ful lay, When roam - ing thro' the fields to - geth - er; Life then to me was in its May. We'd

know too well how I must lin - ger For joys a - lone that he can give; Then why does Cu - pid keep me wait - ing, Out
 wan - der thro' the per - fumed clo - ver; My hours seem'd one e - ter - nal bliss, My face bright red with maiden's blush - es As

of love's sunshine I can't live. } Love that is near - est, love that is dear - est, Oh for a word such a love to de - fine!
 he would boldly steal a kiss. }

Con amore.

1 2

Love that is fair - est, tru - est and rar - est, Ten - der and ho - ly, such true love is mine. mine.....

MUD-IMPRISONED WOMEN

By John Gilmer Speed

It has been truly said that the common highways of a country are at once the means and the measure of its civilization. This being the fact it is most astonishing that the United States has in it the worst system of common roads of any country enjoying a stable government who have thought upon a subject it has long been considered a wretched country roads in which are entailed upon the industries the most serious tax with which the people are burdened. Indeed, if there were a method by which the weight of the tax could be computed I am persuaded it would be found to be equal to all of the taxes levied by National, city and county laws combined yet the lawmakers in this country have not taken this general thing as one of only slight importance—that each neighborhood should be so arranged as to permit itself or permit to go unsolved. This indisposition on the part of the lawmakers lasts the road question in its larger aspects to remain un-

changed meantime much may be done which has hitherto not enlisted in the road improvers to ameliorate the conditions now existing, for any improvement in the roads of a country teaches the people thereof at mere arguments never could be made by the wives and the daughters of the men of the United States. If they were to give the weight of their influence with those who are earnestly laboring to improve the condition of the common highways a great advance will have been made for the good cause.

The average American village twenty years ago was about as unlovely as a city. During the last two decades, however, there has been a great and gratifying improvement in the majority of villages, and it may be that there is a similar improvement in other parts of the country. But of this I cannot speak from personal knowledge. Now the improvement in the beauty and the comfort of American villages is due almost entirely to the women who organized village improvement societies and worked with a wise and cheerful zeal that produced successful results at small expense. These societies and improvements have made village life at once pleasanter and more comfortable, for they have resulted in both improved social and material condition. The first instance these women were called upon for was social considerations entirely; material betterment was but the inevitable corollary. The successes of the women of American villages in improving streets, the sidewalks, the shade trees, the lawns and the drainage of their towns, and encourage them now in coöperation with the wives and daughters of the men to participate in the agitation for better country roads, and to assist in the solution of this most serious and sadly neglected problem. At the first casual glance it might seem to many women that the betterment of the common roads was a subject for men only, as men alone can work on the roads and as men are the chief users of the country highways. But when the subject is considered a little and looked at from its social aspect it will be seen that women who live in the country are vitally interested, for, as a matter of fact, they are the greatest sufferers from the present roads, which in summer are merely streaks of dust and the better part of the rest of the year only stretches of mud. Dust is disagreeable and can be endured; mud, however, makes of the farmhouses of the land prisons from which escape is most difficult.

The idea that the unthinking city people have is that no life is so wholesome and peaceful as that on a farm. It is peaceful and it ought to be wholesome. But under existing circumstances it is not wholesome because it is too peaceful, too uneventful. The household drudge with her mending course of duties that makes one lay but an unpleasant repetition of every other day, if she be a woman of ambitious spirit and nervous temperament, is, under the present conditions of her surroundings, an imprisoned woman—a mud-imprisoned woman. Than worry produced by a dissatisfied condition, there is no worse disease. This disease blossoms into full flower and grows with ever-increasing vigor so long as the condition that produced it is maintained. We get used to monotony just as a convict in the penitentiary gets used to the undeviating course of his life. But we like it no better after we get used to it than the convict likes the life enforced upon him. We should, as quickly as possible, liberate the mud-imprisoned woman.

It would be unfair, unquestionably, to argue that bad roads were entirely responsible for this hard condition and the sad consequences. But it is entirely within the truth to say that the bad roads do more to bring about that condition than any other thing—more, indeed, than all other things combined. This condition does not exist in the agricultural sections of those countries where there are good roads. Agricultural France, Germany and England, notwithstanding the fearful burden entailed by the great armies, which for twenty years and more have been kept on a war footing, are socially content and healthy even though not materially so. This is due to the fact that man's natural and uncontrollable gregariousness is not suppressed by impassable highways at those seasons of the year when there is some leisure for social intercourse. In England and in France, notwithstanding the density of the population, families five miles apart are near neighbors and well acquainted with each other. When they feel inclined they can visit each other without hindrance, either riding, driving or walking. But in America a visit of that distance from home must be a matter for consideration and preparation, and not a mere matter of course, influenced by a passing whim or a momentary inclination. For the women of a farm to go five miles from home with the country roads in their present condition is much more of an undertaking than a journey from Philadelphia to New York, and as a general thing, when these infrequent visits are made the time consumed in traveling over the muddy roads is actually greater than in the railway journey mentioned.

There are old fogies—they miscall themselves old-fashioned—who argue that because there have never been any better roads in this country than the present highways, and because our grandfathers and grandmothers got along pretty well in the olden time that the necessity of better roads now is imaginary rather than real. But these dull folk miss the mark in this contention in the same way that they miss it in many other regards. They forget that the times since the youth of our grandparents have changed. The development of the railways, the extension of the electric telegraph, the introduction of the telephone, and above all the growth of the newspaper, have so quickened the life-blood of the American people that they do not seem to be quite of the same race as their ancestors of sixty or seventy years ago. There is a feeling of unrest in the very air that we breathe, and this atmosphere—not so charged, perhaps, with the elixir of change in the country as in the towns, but nevertheless full enough of it there—extends over the whole countryside, and the young men and young women look about them with hate for the loneliness of their surroundings and a longing for the lights, the pavements, the crowds, the bustle, the animation of the city streets. And what is more, the strongest, the most venturesome, the most self-reliant, turn away from the old homesteads with their outlying fields and their wretched roads hub-deep in mud, and flock to the towns and cities already overcrowded with people seeking the opportunities that come only to the fortunate few. If the best be always taken from the country and given to the towns the result in a few generations will be most deplorable.

Bad roads contribute more than any other thing to this feeling of dissatisfaction among the young people; the departure of the young people makes farm life more tiresome and less cheery than it was before. It seems inexplicable that American lawmakers, when these facts have been pointed out to them over and over again, should still persist in regarding the road problem as unimportant. But they do so regard it, and it is necessary before any progress can be made toward better things, to recognize that they do. When we have reached this stage we are at the point where women individually and collectively, that is, each woman acting on her own account and all women working in coöperation, can effectively assist in the solution of one of the very gravest public problems that confront the American people. The men of the present and the men of the near future must be educated to know how grievously they are burdened and hampered by the sorry roads which connect village with village and farm with farm. If the women of America will take up this work of education the lessons will be surely and profitably learned, and we will not much longer be ashamed to have our country roads compared with those of other countries. And there could be no better time than this for the women of America to begin their intervention in this matter. The home is where the best lessons are learned. Let the road lesson be taken up at once.

HUMAN slavery rested like a hideous blight upon this country until one woman so spoke that she aroused thousands of her sisters to feel as she did on the subject. Then the minds of the men and women became educated to comprehend, and the consciences of them awakened to feel the sin, the shame, the hideous injustice of this barbaric relic, and emancipation was inevitable. In this road reform we need to use very similar methods to gain success. If we can once enlist the women on the proper side, and make them realize that they are the chief sufferers from bad roads, then we will have half won the battle. A bad road in a neighborhood is a disgrace to that neighborhood and a condemnation of the civilization of the neighborhood society; it is cruel to both man and beast; it is a hindrance to material and social advancement; it is a menace to posterity. Some Eastern peoples have reverence only for their ancestors and worship their dead; in this Western world civilization demands that we should reverence our ancestors and also have wise forethought for those to whom in the future we will bear the relation of ancestors. To them, though not yet born, we have the gravest responsibilities. Not the least of these is that we should attack this question of the betterment of the common roads, instead of leaving it to them unsolved, as our ancestors left it to us. With good, hard, well-drained roads of easy grade as the rule, instead of the rare exception in this country, life in the agricultural sections would be an entirely different thing. The fertile fields would yield their golden plenty, and the husbandman would gather a profit with his crops; the women and children would be released from their dispiriting captivity; a wholesome content would replace weariness and despair, and agriculture would soon be restored to its rightful place as the most independent, the most honorable and the most useful of all the employments of man.

COLLEGE GIRLS' ROOMS

By ANNA ISABEL WILLIS

FOR all sorts of striking and novel devices commend me to the rooms of college girls. I should say some college girls, because many inhabit rooms which are as bare almost as the cell of a nun. But if there is any new and easy way of making much out of little, turning plain things into pretty and re-creating generally, the average college girl is sure to find it. It is as natural to her to invent adornments for her bit of a room as to construct a ravishing costume for some "fancy dress ball," or for the amateur theatricals with which girls with a talent for acting delight to amuse and edify their classmates and instructors. It is these who arrange the folds of a tennis net so bewitchingly that its meshes snare many a word of admiration. The inventive power of the young woman who has a tennis net to find room for, sets to work and the result is a graceful drapery over the pictures, extending half way around the room. Or it may be the net is arranged as a frieze, looped at intervals with ribbon, rackets being placed at corners. Possibly there is a screen which serves to hide the toilet-table, and the net may be disposed over this, falling in long, clinging folds and loops so as to be a real ornament to an otherwise plain screen. Every college girl should try to possess a screen as part of the furnishing of her room; it will serve her in many ways and it may be said to be almost indispensable.

Two young women once roomed together at college in an almost hopelessly ugly apartment, in which the distance from floor to ceiling seemed to be greater than the other dimensions. How to seem to lessen the height was a puzzle which taxed the resources of even these girls, but they finally solved it by fastening around the walls at the top a straight strip of dark cambric, which answered for a frieze. Upon this they pasted all sorts of colored paper figures, mathematical, suggestive and grotesque, and the effect was really admirable. Fans make a good frieze or upper wall decoration. Either the spreading kind or the round ones with handles may be used. If ceiling adornment is wanted three or four open fans of bright colors may be arranged in a circle so that their sticks all converge to the same centre, one of these circles being placed at each corner of the room, a foot or two from the angle, a fifth in the centre.

Another successful bit of invention was that which transformed a tennis racket (out of season) into a photograph holder. The tiny card photographs which have been so popular were stuck in the interstices between the strings, and, placed regularly on the racket, looked very well.

The college "dig" does not decorate her room. She has not time. Day and night she is at her books, and the apartment she occupies goes unadorned and undusted. It matters little, for she has no time to make acquaintances or friends, so no one but herself suffers. The bureau stands in the worst light and back against the wall, instead of being pulled out and placed attractively cornerwise. There are no pic-

tures on the walls, no ornaments about and no cover for the plain study table. I always feel sorry for freshmen at college, unless their homes are very near. If they come from a distance they must come with only a limited stock of room adornments, because they have no means of knowing what sort of furniture and carpets they will find. The color of walls and woodwork, the spaces available for pictures, the size of bureau and table tops are unknown to them, and the only way to do is to live in a plain room and wait until the first vacation to stock up with the things required.

Suppose a room at college contains simple and necessary furniture of walnut, oak or cherry, including bedstead, bureau, washstand, chairs and study table, also a bookcase or set of shelves. The college girl at once softens the light from the high window by a half curtain of Madras, lace, scrim, cheese-cloth or silkoline. If she wishes to be very economical she does not buy a rod and rings, but procures on some ramble a pole of slender white birch, from which she suspends her curtain. It looks very pretty, too, and adds to the jaunty air which the room will have when she has arranged it to her liking. Next she attacks the bureau, setting it aslant in an attractive position and a good light. If she is addicted to scarfs she will drape one over the glass. In her few leisure moments she constructs a bureau-cover of dotted Swiss, perhaps the figures in it being worked over with colored silk to match the lining of cambric. If she is very particular she sews the Swiss carefully to the lining, but—surely it is no secret that college students are "rushed to death"—oftener she pins it hastily together, and it answers just as well for her temporary home. Perhaps she will prefer a bureau covering of linen ornamented with drawn-work or outline stitching, or a set made of dark felt with diagonal bands of contrasting plush, stitched on with gold silk. Another scarf is draped over an easel, on which stands a picture—framed, if the term's allowance will admit, if not, without. Either way it is an ornament. Some cat-tails, Florida moss and dried grasses are arranged over pictures on the wall. If she is clever she generally improvises pretty and inexpensive frames for her photographs, and everywhere they are in evidence.

Her books do not nearly fill the bookcase but this does not daunt her. She puts all the volumes at one side, and across the top of the case fastens a pole of birch bark or a light cane, from which she hangs a curtain to match that at the window.

There is a vacant space by the door, which a chair does not fill. There is nothing else in the room to put there, but the inventive young woman has brought a flat-topped trunk with her. It is put in the unfilled space, the top being slightly padded; a cover of cretonne with a plaited valance is put on it; two unused pillows are also covered with the same, a big rosette of the stuff being sewed in each corner, and behold! a neat little couch or divan. Her steamer chair is fitted up with cretonne-covered cushions to match the couch, and a head-rest of the same stuff is tied on with ribbons. Over the table is spread a cloth of plain or decorated felt, or an ornamented scarf, and her pens, pencils, ink-bottles, etc., are arranged thereon. Here, also, are placed her fancy pen-rack, paper-weight, cutter and writing tablet, if she fortunately possesses them. If the bed stands in the room she studies in, the college girl covers it each morning after making it with a spread of dark cretonne or flannel, and draws slips of the same over her pillows, setting them at the ends and back of the bed. Now she has a truly luxurious lounging place. Her chairs are made comfortable with cushions and gay with ribbons, her tennis cap hangs jauntily over one picture-frame corner, her oar—if she be a member of some boat crew—stands against the wall, and on the broad window seat is placed a fancy pitcher filled always with something from out-of-doors, daisies, field grasses, wild roses or gorgeous leaves, each in its season, and all delightfully fragrant and reminiscent of pleasant rambles in the woods or by the mountain side.

"It must look like a junk shop," some one says contemptuously. Well, what if it does? It pleases its occupant, and she is the only one who has to live there. She likes careless comfort, and though a trifle bizarre it certainly is attractive, and seems and feels like home to her. It is her own and only resting place, and lovely in her eyes.

There is only one danger: that our college girl may get more into her room than she can properly take care of. If she has the time, and chooses, there is no objection to her occupying all or half of Saturday in sweeping, brushing off cushions, dusting pictures and ornaments, and shaking out scarfs, rugs and bureau-covers. But it is not right to have more than she can keep clean, nor so much that she has to neglect her studies in order to make her room neat, and here is where she must bring her common sense to bear on her surroundings. Nothing is more daintily refined than a young girl's room that is carefully cared for, but there is sometimes another and a less pleasant side to the picture.

THE BROWNIES AT NEWPORT

By Palmer Cox



WHEN summer brought around the days So noted for the golden blaze

That soon makes people seek the shade As through the town they promenade, Still hoping blessings may bring ease And rest to those who planted trees, The Brownies met as evening shade Was settling on the dewy glade. Said one: "This is the time of year When people of some means appear To weary of their homes in town, Or work, perhaps, that weighs them down, And closing up their doors they seek For pleasure on a mountain peak, Or turn their steps in haste to reach The joys found at an ocean beach." Another said: "We something know About the sea, for years ago We proved the trials, less or more, Of those who venture from the shore, But all the same there is a charm About the sea that will disarm The ready fears that whispering stand, Saying 'praise the sea, but keep on land,' So I advise without delay We start upon our seaward way,

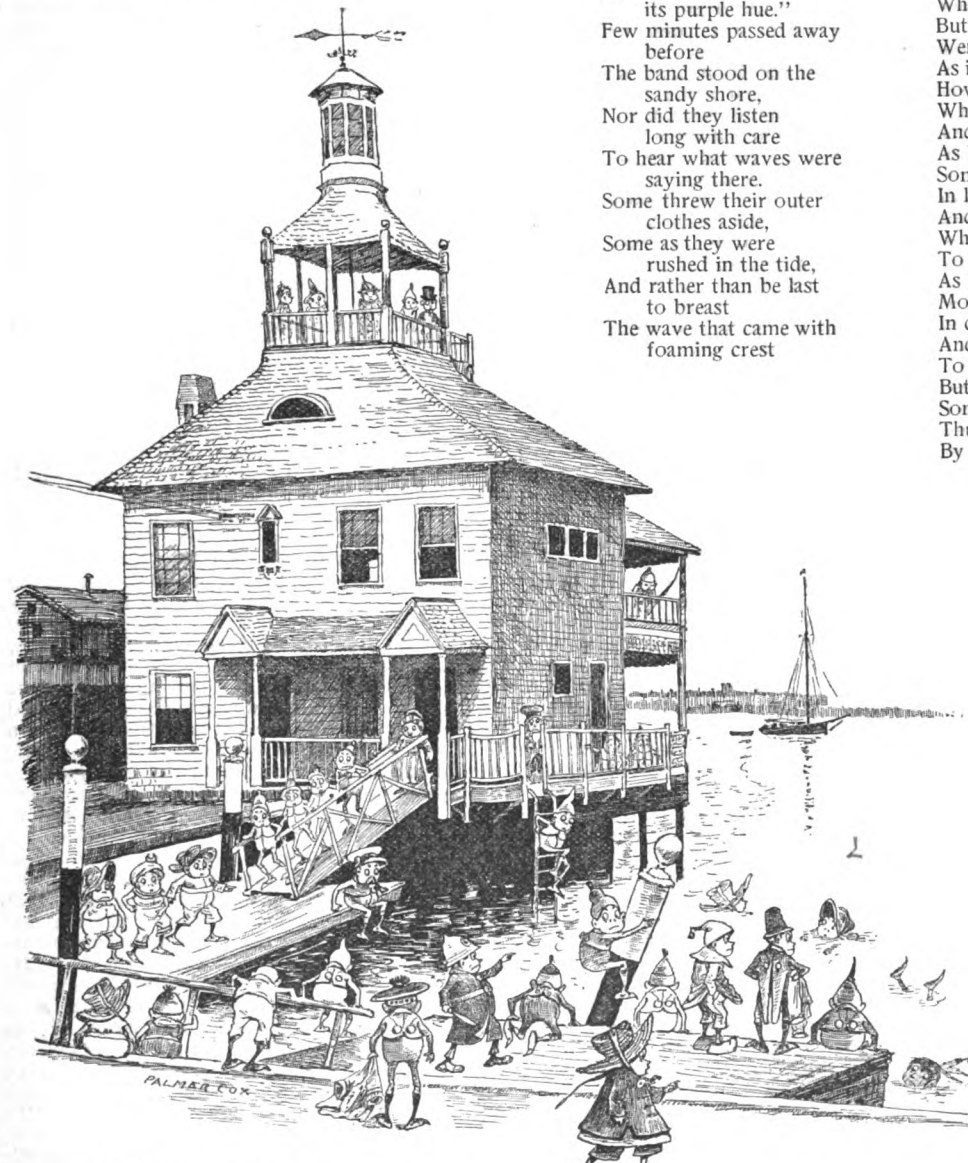
Will always answer like a goad To start the Brownies on the road, The miles and leagues that must be crossed, However rough or well embossed With stumps and stones, by Brownies bright Are counted naught but matters light. And soon the band so bold and spry The fashionable port drew nigh, And stood to view the buildings grand That stretched along the famous strand Where mingling thousands through the day Disport themselves as best they may. But night it was, and they could boast The right of way, and that's the most That Brownies care for; well endowed, Their wants are few, their spirits proud. Retire betimes, and shut your door, And they'll not ask a favor more. Upon themselves be sure they'll wait, And think it not beneath their state. They'll find their way to every shelf, Nor ask your servant nor yourself To set the table, pass the cake, Or use the corkscrew for their sake. Said one: "It's pleasant to abide In towns where care is laid aside, Where every thought of morrow lies In some sport-yielding enterprise.

Here beauty reigns, and rules the hour While circling subjects own her power. Here wealth and fashion tread a measure And life is one sweet draught of pleasure." Another said: "While here we'll try



Not to a point or shaky pier Where few convenient things are near, But to some place of high estate Where wealthy people congregate,

The surf, that now is rolling high, For if I guess the time aright We've reached the middle point of night, And much we Brownies have to do Ere dons the East its purple hue." Few minutes passed away before The band stood on the sandy shore, Nor did they listen long with care To hear what waves were saying there. Some threw their outer clothes aside, Some as they were rushed in the tide, And rather than be last to breast The wave that came with foaming crest



To study fashions, bathe and pose, Or ride in traps and tallyhoes." A little speech, a hint or two Of pleasures that are ever new

Wet every tag and stitch of dress Their scanty wardrobe did possess.



More chanced to find a fair supply Of costumes that were left to dry, And soon their tiny forms were lost Within the garments wrapped and crossed And gathered to take up the slack That showed in front and at the back, And at the sides and feet as well, Where cloth in great abundance fell. Sometimes the largest suit on hand Fell to the smallest in the band, And here and there he wildly flitted To find a robe that better fitted, While others cared not for the size, But, though enveloped to the eyes, Were just as pleased that happy hour As if it fitted like a dower. How fortunate are Brownie kind Who make the most of what they find, And pass along their given way As lively as the bees in May. Some spent the time they had on hand In learning how to boldly stand And tread the water there with ease, While more it seemed to greatly please To lie and float upon the wave As buoyant as a chip or stave. More dived so deep they brought their head In contact with the ocean's bed, And had they not been fitted out To be through life well knocked about, But great mishaps to still survive, Some scarce had left the place alive. Thus gifted in a manner high By nature, well may mortals sigh

There out of sight and sound be lost To every friend, till wildly tossed Upon a crested wave they'd rise To greet the rest with joyful cries. Could mortals but have gained a peep At them while in that rolling deep, They would have been surprised, no doubt, To see the way they splashed about. There's not an art to swimmers known But cunning Brownies make their own. They swim like dogs, and swim like fish, And swim like serpents if they wish, Where using neither hands nor feet They wriggle through each wave they meet, In ways would make a person sigh Who scarce could keep a nose or eye Above the flood, however fast His feet and hands through water passed. Said one: "'Tis not in rapid strokes Or kicks behind that Brownie folks



And gravely ponder on their fate, Their slighted race and hampered state. The band has cause to bless the star Or planet that shed lustre far Through empty space and midnight shade, When they on earth their entrance made. No bathers fresh from dusty nooks Where calicoes, or shoes, or books, Engage their minds from day to day, Could plunge with such a great display Of joy into the billows white, That broke upon the beach that night. The wave that tries the vessel's side When rolling on the ocean wide, Makes oaken timbers creak and bend And sweeps the deck from end to end, Could hardly force the Brownie band

To quit the sport they had on hand. Down like a fish into the swell The rogues would soon themselves propel,

Put all dependence, as you see, But in peculiar gifts that we Could freely use if no set rules Were practiced in the swimming schools." Another said: "'Tis not alone In water that our skill is shown, But on the skate or wheel as well, Or prancing horse, as stories tell, We hold our own in every case, And far excel the 'human' race." Time moves along, though fingers light May catch at moments in their flight, Though back the dial's hand we bring Or check the pendulum's honest swing, The sun is far beyond our sway And opens wide the gates of day. So even Brownies don't neglect To pay the minutes due respect, But shape their actions to agree With time that moves so fast and free. That night offered many a freak Of which the Brownies long will speak, For many a ride and many a run And swim they had ere sport was done And they retired from beach and lawn And roadway at the flush of dawn.



MY LITERARY PASSIONS
BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS



AFTER reading *Pendennis* I went to *Vanity Fair*, which I now think the poorest of Thackeray's novels—crude, heavy-handed, caricatured. About the same time I reveled in the romanticism of Henry Esmond, with its pseudo-eighteenth century sentiment, and its appeals to an overwrought ideal of gentlemanhood and honor. It was long before I was duly revolted by Esmond's transfer of his passion from the daughter to the mother whom he is successively enamored of. I believe this unpleasant and preposterous affair is thought one of the fine things in the story; I do not mind owning that I thought it so myself when I was seventeen; and if I could have found a *Beatrix* to be in love with and a *Lady Castlewood* to be in love with me I should have asked nothing finer of fortune. The glamour of Henry Esmond was all the deeper because I was reading *The Spectator* then, and was constantly in the company of Addison and Steele, and Swift and Pope, and all the wits at Will's, who are presented evanescently in the romance. The intensely literary keeping, as well as quality, of the story I suppose is what formed its greatest fascination for me; but that effect of great world which it imparts to the reader, making him citizen, and if he will, leading citizen of it, was what helped turn my head.

This is the toxic property of all Thackeray's writing. He is himself forever dominated in imagination by the world, and even while he tells you it is not worth while he makes you feel that it is worth while. It is not the honest man, but the man of honor, who shines in his page; his meek folk are proudly meek, and there is a touch of superiority, a glint of mundane splendor in his lowliest. He rails at the order of things, but he imagines nothing different, even when he shows that its baseness, and cruelty, and hypocrisy are well nigh inevitable, and for most of those who wish to get on in it, quite inevitable. He has a good word for the virtues, he patronizes the Christian graces, he pats humble merit on the head; he has even explosions of indignation against the insolence and pride of birth, and purse-pride. But, after all, he is of the world, worldly, and the highest hope he holds out is that you may be in the world and despise its ambitions while you compass its ends.

I SHOULD be far from blaming him for all this. He was of his time; but since his time men have thought beyond him, and seen life with a vision which makes his seem rather purblind. He must have been immensely in advance of most of the thinking and feeling of his day, for people then used to accuse his sentimental pessimism of cynical qualities, which we could hardly find in it now. It was the age of intense individualism, when you were to do right because it was becoming to you, say, as a gentleman, and you were to have an eye single to the effect upon your character, if not your reputation; you were not to do a mean thing because it was wrong, but because it was mean. It was romanticism carried into the region of morals. But I had very little concern then as to that sort of error.

I was on a very high æsthetic horse, which I could not have conveniently stooped from if I had wished; it was quite enough for me that Thackeray's novels were prodigious works of art, and I acquired merit, at least with myself, for appreciating them so keenly, for liking them so much. It must be, I felt with far less consciousness than my formulation of the feeling expresses, that I was of some finer sort myself to be able to enjoy such a fine sort. No doubt I should have been a coxcomb of some kind, if not that kind, and I shall not be very strenuous in censuring Thackeray for his effect upon me in this way. No doubt the effect was already in me, and he did not so much produce it as find it.

In the meantime he was a vast delight to me, as much in the variety of his minor works, his *Yellowplush*, and *Letters of Mr. Brown*, and *Adventures of Major Gahagan*, and the *Paris Sketch Book*, and the *Irish Sketch Book*, and *The Great Hogarty Diamond*, and the *Book of Snobs*, and the *English Humorists*, and *The Four Georges*, and all the multitude of his essays, and verses, and caricatures, as in the spacious designs of his huge novels, *The Newcomes*, and *Pendennis*, and *Vanity Fair*, as well as *Henry Esmond*, and *Barry Lyndon*.

There was something in the art of the last which seemed, and still seems, the furthest reach of the author's great talent. It is couched, like so much of his work, in the autobiographic form, which next to the

dramatic form is the most natural, and which lends itself with such flexibility to the purpose of the author. In *Barry Lyndon* is imagined to the life a scoundrel of such rare quality that he never supposes for a moment but he is the finest sort of gentleman; and so, in fact, he was, as most gentlemen went in his day. Of course, the picture is overcolored; it was the vice of Thackeray, or of Thackeray's time, to surcharge all imitations of life and character, so that a generation apparently much slower if not duller than ours, should not possibly miss the artist's meaning. But I do not think it is so much surcharged as *Esmond*; *Barry Lyndon* is by no manner of means so conscious as that mirror of gentlemanhood, with its manifold self-reverberations; and for these reasons I am inclined to think it is the most perfect creation of Thackeray's mind.

I DID not make the acquaintance of Thackeray's books all at once, or even in rapid succession, and he at no time possessed the whole empire of my catholic, not to say, fickle affections, during the years I was compassing a full knowledge and sense of his greatness, and burning incense at his shrine. But there was a moment when he so outshone and overtopped all other divinities in my worship, that I was effectively his alone, as I have been the helpless and, as it were, hypnotized devotee of three or four others of the very great. From his art there flowed into me a literary quality, which tinged my whole mental substance, and made it impossible for me to say, or even wish to say, anything without giving it the literary color. That is, while he dominated my love and fancy, if I had been so fortunate as to have a simple concept of anything in life, I must have tried to give the expression of it some turn or tint that would have reminded the reader of books even before it reminded him of men. It is hard to make out what I mean, but this is a try at it, and I do not know that I shall be able to do better unless I add that Thackeray, of all the writers that I know the most, is the most thoroughly and deeply imbued with literature, so that when he speaks it is not with words and blood, but with words and ink. You may read the greatest part of Dickens, as you may read the greatest part of Hawthorne or Tolstoy, and not once be reminded of literature as a business or cult, but you can hardly read a paragraph, hardly a sentence of Thackeray's without being reminded of it either by suggestion or downright allusion.

I do not blame him for this; he was himself and he could not have been any other manner of man without loss, but I say that the greatest talent is not that which breathes of the library, but that which breathes of the street, the field, the open sky, the simple earth. I began to imitate this master of mine almost as soon as I began to read him; this must be, and I had a greater pride and joy in my success than I should probably have known in anything really creative; I should have suspected that, I should have distrusted that, because I had nothing to test it by, no model; but here before me was the very finest and noblest model, and I had but to form my lines upon it, and I had produced a work of art altogether more estimable in my eyes than anything else could have been. I saw the little world about me through the lenses of my master's spectacles, and I reported its facts, in his tone and his attitude, with his self-flattered scorn, his showy sighs, his facile satire. I need not say I was perfectly satisfied with the result, or that to be able to imitate Thackeray was a much greater thing for me than to have been enabled to imitate nature. In fact, I could have valued any picture of the life and character I knew only as it put me in mind of life and character as these had shown themselves to me in his books.

At the same time, I was not only reading many other books, but I was studying to get a smattering of several languages as well as I could, with or without help. I could now manage Spanish fairly well, and I was sending on to New York for authors in that tongue. I do not remember how I got the money to buy them; to be sure it was no great sum; but it must have been given me out of the sums we were all working so hard to make up for the debt, and the interest on the debt (that is always the wicked pinch for the debtor!) we had incurred in the purchase of the newspaper which we lived by, and the house which we lived in. I spent no money on any other sort of pleasure, and so, I suppose, it was afforded me the more readily; but I cannot really recall the history of those acquisitions on its financial side. In any case if the sums I laid out in literature could not have been even comparatively great, the excitement attending the outlay was prodigious.

I KNOW that I used to write on to Messrs. Roe, Lockwood & Sons, New York, for my Spanish books, and I dare say that my letters were sufficiently pedantic, and filled with a simulated acquaintance with all Spanish literature. Heaven knows what they must have thought, if they thought anything, of their queer customer in that obscure little Ohio village; but he could not have been queerer to them than to his fellow-villagers, I am sure. I haunted the post-office about the time the books were due, and when I found one of them in our deep box among a heap of exchange newspapers and business letters, my emotion was so great that it almost took my breath. I hurried home with the precious volume, and shut myself into my little den, where I gave myself up to a sort of sensual joy in it. These books were always from the collection of Spanish authors published by Baudry in Paris, and they were in saffron-colored paper covers, printed full of a perfectly intoxicating catalogue of other Spanish books, which I meant to read, every one, some time. The paper and the ink had a certain odor which was sweeter to me than the perfumes of Araby. The look of the type took me more than the glance of a girl, and I had a fever of longing to know the heart of the book, which was like a lover's passion. Sometimes I did not reach its heart, but commonly I did. Moratin's *Origins of the Spanish Theatre*, and a large volume of Spanish dramatic authors, were the first Spanish books I sent for, but I could not say why I sent for them, unless it was because I saw that there were some plays of Cervantes's among the rest. I read these and I read several comedies of Lope de Vega, and numbers of archaic dramas in Moratin's history, and I really got a fairish perspective of the Spanish drama, which has now almost wholly faded from my mind. It is more intelligible to me why I should have read Conde's *Domination of the Moors in Spain*; for that was in the line of my reading in Irving, which would account for my pleasure in the *History of the Civil Wars of Granada*; it was some time before I realized that the chronicles in it were a bundle of romances and not veritable records; and my whole study in these things was wholly undirected and unenlightened. But I meant to be thorough in it, and I could not rest satisfied with the Spanish-English grammars I had; I was not willing to stop short of the official grammar of the Spanish Academy. I sent to New York for it, and my bookseller there reported that they would have to send to Spain for it. I lived till it came to hand through them from Madrid; and I do not understand then why I did not perish from the pride and joy I had in it.

BUT, after all, I am not a Spanish scholar, and can neither speak nor write the language. I never got more than a good reading use of it, perhaps because I never really tried for more. But I am very glad of that, because it has been a great pleasure to me, and even some profit, and it has lighted up many meanings in literature, which must have always remained dark to me. Not to speak now of the modern Spanish writers whom it has enabled me to know in their own houses as it were, I had even in that remote day a rapturous delight in a certain Spanish book, which was well worth all the pains I had undergone to get at it. This was the famous picaresque novel, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, by Hurtado de Mendoza, whose name then so familiarized itself to my fondness, that now as I write it I feel as if it were that of an old personal friend whom I had known in the flesh. I believe it would not have been always comfortable to know Mendoza outside of his books; he was rather a terrible person; he was one of the Spanish invaders of Italy, and is known in Italian history as the Tyrant of Siena. But at my distance of time and place I could safely revel in his friendship, and as an author I certainly found him a most charming companion. The adventures of his rogue of a hero, who began life as the servant and accomplice of a blind beggar, and then adventured on through a most diverting career of knavery, brought back the atmosphere of *Don Quixote*, and all the landscape of that dear wonder-world of Spain, where I had lived so much, and I followed him with all the old delight.

I DO not know that I should counsel others to do so, or that the general reader would find his account in it, but I am sure that the intending author of American fiction would do well to study the Spanish picaresque novels; for in their simplicity of design he will find one of the best forms for an American story. The intrigue of close texture will never suit our conditions, which are so loose and open and variable; each man's life among us is a romance of the Spanish model, if it is the life of a man who has risen, as we nearly all have, with many ups and downs. The story of *Lazarillo* is gross in its facts, and is mostly "unmeet for ladies," as most of the fiction is in all languages before our times; but there is an honest simplicity in the narration, a pervading humor, and a rich feeling for character that give it value. I think that a good deal of its foulness was

lost upon me, but I certainly understood that it would not do to present it to an American public just as it was, in the translation which I presently planned to make. I went about telling the story to people, and trying to make them find it as amusing as I did, but whether I ever succeeded I cannot say, though the notion of a version with modifications constantly grew with me, till one day I went to the city of Cleveland with my father. There was a branch house of an Eastern firm of publishers in that place, and I must have had the hope that I might have the courage to propose a translation of *Lazarillo* to them. My father urged me to try my fortune, but my heart failed me. I was half blind with one of the headaches that tormented me in those days, and I turned my sick eyes from the sign, "J. P. Jewett & Co., Publishers," which held me fascinated, and went home without at least having my much-dreamed-of version of *Lazarillo* refused.

I AM quite at a loss to know why my reading had this direction or that in those days. It had necessarily passed beyond my father's suggestion, and I think it must have been largely by accident or experiment that I read one book rather than another. He made some sort of a newspaper arrangement with a book store in Cleveland, which was the means of enriching our home library with a goodly number of books, shopworn, but none the worse for that, and new in the only way that books need be new to the lover of them. Among these I found a treasure in Curtis's two books, the *Nile Notes of a Howadji*, and the *Howadji in Syria*. I already knew him by his *Potiphar Papers*, and the ever-delightful reveries which have since gone under the name of *Prue and I*; but those books of Eastern travel opened a new world of thinking and feeling. They had at once a great influence upon me. The smooth richness of their diction; the amiable sweetness of their mood; their gracious caprice, the delicacy of their satire (which was so kind that it should have some other name), their abundance of light and color, and the deep heart of humanity underlying their airiest fancifulness, all united in an effect which was different from any I had yet known. As usual, I steeped myself in them, and the first runnings of my fancy when I began to pour it out afterward were of their flavor. I tried to write like this new master; but whether I had tried or not, I should probably have done so from the love I bore him. As I have hinted, he was already a favorite of mine, and of all the young people in the village who were reading current literature, so that on this ground at least I had abundant sympathy. The present generation can have little notion of the deep impression made upon intelligence and conscience of the whole nation by the *Potiphar Papers*, or how its fancy was rapt with the *Prue and I* sketches. These are among the most veritable literary successes we have had, and probably we who were so glad when the author of these beautiful things turned aside from the flowery paths where he led us, to battle for freedom in the field of politics, would have felt the sacrifice too great if we could have dreamed it would be life-long. But, as it was, we could only honor him the more, and give him a place in our hearts which he shares with Longfellow alone.

THIS divine poet I have never ceased to read. His *Hiawatha* was a new book during one of those terrible Lake Shore winters, but all the other poems were old friends with me by that time. With a sister who is no longer living I had a peculiar devotion for his pretty and touching and lightly humorous tale of *Kavanagh*, which was of a village life enough like our own, in some things, to make us know the truth of its delicate realism. We used to read it and talk it fondly over together, and I believe some stories of like make and manner grew out of our pleasure in it. They were never finished, but it was enough to begin them, and there were few writers, if any, among those I delighted in who escaped the tribute of an imitation. One has to begin that way, or at least one had in my day; perhaps it is not possible for a young writer to begin by being himself; but for my part, that was not half so important as to be like some one else. Literature, not life, was my aim, and to reproduce it was my joy and my pride.

I was widening my knowledge of it helplessly and involuntarily, and I was always chancing upon some book that served this end among the great number of books that I read merely for my pleasure without any real result of the sort. Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Literature* came into my hands not long after I had finished my studies in the history of the Spanish theatre, and it made the whole subject at once luminous. I cannot give a due notion of the comfort this book afforded me by the light it cast upon paths where I had dimly made my way before, without much sense, but which I now followed in the full day.

W. D. Howells.

A FRIENDLY LETTER TO GIRL FRIENDS

* III—By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney



DEAR girl friends: It has been the fashion with certain lecturers to put a prelude to their stated topic of some current or casual suggestion, of which they would disburden themselves, or by whose means they would touch a passing mood or need, before taking up the solid earnest of their regular subject. These impromptu bits will flit across our most orderly programmes of thought, feeling, action; sometimes, perhaps, they are worth seizing at the critical instant by the sprack sprinkling of a little ready salt upon their tails.

I WAS just about to sit down and take up my talk of books where I left it last time when I was called to look at a light swing-door which a carpenter was hanging for me at the head of a staircase. The high space overhead had been filled with pretty paneling, the door itself having a glass panel at the top. Now, the moment I glanced at it I saw, and said: "That glass is not set evenly. It is nearer the top on one side than on the other. It makes the whole thing look askew." Then the carpenter arose in his rectitude of square and level and explained unto the walrus: "It couldn't be helped. You see, ma'am, the ceiling above isn't quite level. I had to make my panels square, and when I came to the door, and made my measures from edge and edge—four inches and five-eighths top and bottom—it came so. It had to come somewhere—can't crowd glass, you know. It is just three-sixteenths of an inch out of level at the top, as you say, but 'twasn't possible to help it, and I guess nobody else will notice it." "I shall notice it as long as I live in the house," I answered with the severe persistence of a walrus. "I shall have to hang a curtain over it. Why wasn't everything square from the beginning?" And I walked away thinking my own words over.

"Things weren't quite level at the beginning, and the difference had to come somewhere." If I could make that a lesson in life beforehand, to you girls, I wouldn't care for my out-of-plumb glass-light. It would even be a pleasant thing to look at, thinking that by recompense some little initial crookedness, and after inharmonious, might be spared in some woman's lifetime. Set your beams of character true: cover them in every stage of work and shaping, of use or ornament, with even-measured perpendiculars and levels; and then, whatever in growth of building follows and depends, will be true fitted to the true; nothing can go awry. Otherwise, there must come and show somewhere an ugliness, a falseness; your house will have a visible, telltale flaw in it. That is what out of plumb means.

EVERYTHING we do is a part of house building, so talking of that is not talking aside from anything. A little more about it will bring us to where our concern with books comes in again. "House" is one of the great words of the Word; it signifies dwelling and dwelling place. Life building is the framing of the "house not made with hands," the habitation that endureth. Every individual builds his own; from threshold to gable and ridge-beam, all his work, act, motive go gradually into it; it is his, and he is to abide in it. The congregation of the houses of them who have built unto eternal life—the beautiful communicating ways and neighborhoods among them—are the homes and societies of the blessed; they are the Heavenly city and the golden streets.

We are put here to begin from the foundations, which must be laid in the earth, yet of the solid, piled, cemented rock. Exact to the horizon must be set the sills; straightly perpendicular must rise the corner posts toward the zenith; parallel between must be planted every stud from stage to stage of the upgrowing; level must lie the cross-beams, joists and girders; at perfect angles must join tie-beam, rafters and ridge-pole—to complete the frame in symmetry and righteousness.

The rock wall underneath is truth. The timbers are the principles that rest upon it, that shape and outline, span, support. They settle what the house is to be in form, capacity, proportion. You cannot go beyond them, or aside from them, in any outer case or finish. You cannot make a chamber in the house that is not first underlaid and pillared with them. They fashion your ideal, measure out your plan. A life without fixed, substantial principles is not a house. It may be a mud hovel, a tent, a cabin. The log-cabin, perhaps, stands type of sturdy beginnings of principles only, whose fittings and developments had to wait. They were better than form and finish only without foundation; paper houses, pasteboard boxes.

* Mrs. Whitney's former letters appeared in the JOURNAL for December, 1893, and March, 1894.

DOORWAYS and window-ways. Will you not make these on the sunny exposures—toward the noblest, most beautiful outlooks? You will not aspect your house to the bitter north, or against a cold, shadowing, overglooming hillside. Your own incomings and outgoings, your welcoming entrances for friends, shall be cheerful and sheltered in pleasant southwest nooks, under protecting porches; and the windows, the openings forth for eye and thought, the takings in of wide world pictures and of Heaven gleams—ah, these shall be always on the fairest sides, where there are the broadest, grandest scopes of earth and sky! The best light must come in, the gladdest vision must reach out, by them. Are not these once more our readings? Are we not back again, naturally, to written words, as chief, perhaps, as typical, at least, among them?

BOOKS are as windows, set north, east, west, south, in the house we have to stay in. We are walled and limited in whatever earthly habitations, but there are embrasures and casements, through which we may command great stretches of the world beyond—see out upon wide waters or slopes of grand, distant hills; at least, behold the blue above and the greenness close around; or, if nothing else, the walls that hold neighbors' lives, and have also doors and windows. There is human movement, human event; there are fire-light and lamplight that disclose pleasant interiors; there are shadows on the blinds; sometimes there is a moving candle in the deep night, or the dim, low shining in a sick-room. Sometimes, alas!—and yet not all, alas, but with some rose of hope and sweetness twisted in—there is crepe upon the door.

And there is something strange and magical about these windows, whose clear panes are sheets of lettered paper. Once opened forth they multiply their lights; the frames are flexible; the walls themselves give way and lend more space; a little four-glassed sash grows into a splendid mullion, with rows and tiers of added translucent plates, through which, by magnifying and telescopic power—for some of them are mighty lenses—we see far, strange things and people, hidden places, alien characters, remote conditions, brought close and made minutely visible. Nay, even the very stars come down, and arctic solitudes reveal themselves, and we scan the inmost thought and reason of men's minds in age-long sequence. But these, indeed, are "other stories."

HOW much we know of Swedish, German, Russian life that was all undeclared to us fifty years ago! How we penetrated, long since, into London slums—that foretold to us what was coming among ourselves, to be our own work and problem—and into queer, commonplace middle and lower class nature and habit—yes, and into meaner vulgarities and absurdities of high place also—that were patent enough, but only half recognized till Dickens and Thackeray threw their search-lights upon them! Such windows have been opening ever since, and now there is hardly a tenement court, or a factory village, a mining camp, a far-off ranch, a fisher's island, a mountain settlement, or inmost luxurious sanctuary of withdrawn, exclusive elegance, that has not been made free to us, explicitly shown, thrown wide for our entrance and scrutiny.

WE have lived through every stirring epoch by the swift turning of thin leaves. Books are to history what the long-distance telephone is to intercourse of speech. Imaginative annals group periods and nationalities in their series. "Give us Scandinavia," we say, for instance, and behold, Scandinavia has been made near and homely to us in literature that has come to our reach since I can remember. It began to be known and talked of in fragments, here in America, when I was very young. The first recollection I have of it is Frithiof's "Saga." Somebody gave me that, as quite a thing to know of and read, in my early teens. I did not care a bit about it then. The old Icelandic and Norwegian myth was too far off for me, and Tegner's poetizing was beyond my appreciation. [The same friend, by the way, used to ask me, debonairly, to "give him something from 'Trovatore,' or a sonata of Beethoven's—the 'Pathétique,'" by example—in piano recital, when I had only got as far, by the simple tuition of the day for beginners, as little two-strain melodies—the "Swiss Waltz" and "The Campbells are Comin'"] that used to make my family circle desire disparagingly that the valorous old Scotch clan would kindly try the other thing. But I bravely did the best I could with the "Saga"; taking the mental prescription as I might a pharmaceutical one, "for my good," and in like manner got a certain reward and benefit. The tonic roused a relish in me.

AND the song story was always as a whiff and sense of strange sea-air, and wild, craggy nature that came again afterward to flavor the delight in quaint, strong simplicities breathed through tale and verse from Sweden, Norway, Denmark: Fredrika Bremer's, Hans Christian Andersen's, Mrs. Carlén's, Björnstjerne Björnson's, in the works of English pens that have found brave and beautiful suggestion in those rugged realms and ways: Miss Martineau's, especially, in "Feats on the Fjord"; and in the vigorous, sweet, hereditary homeliness of to-day, given us through Margaret Howitt's bright record of her "Twelve Months in Sweden"; Edna Lyall's noble delineation of "A Hardy Norseman," and Black's romances of the Northern isles. Once gather a few bits like these in memory and fancy, and is there not a window broken through that never shall be blinded in again? They have made us thus much more cosmopolitan for having read them. They affiliate us with all the grand life that came to our own shores with Leif Ericsson and his compeers, and prepare us to acknowledge and comprehend our link with it in far-back New England history and relics.

Another group reveals to us old Germany, ranging its pictures all along the line of time, until they overtake and blend themselves with modern showings, contemporaneous with ourselves, but differentiated by all that came down the years out of ancient forests and tribal barbarisms, through strifes and hardships, and stern, uncompromising revolutions and reforms, to make a people of a grand, deep nature, and touch their daily ways with a racy primitiveness all their own. It was in the early days of our War of the Rebellion that we read "The Schönberg-Cotta Family." I remember how two or three of us sat one summer afternoon—and one of us was the lovely and lamented author of "The Lamp-lighter"—at a village sewing meeting, where work for the Sanitary Commission was being done, and talked over the thoughts and incidents of that old Reformation time, when Luther was nailing his theses to the cathedral doors, and at quiet, humble firesides the great kindling of the true Gospel Word had begun to lighten and warm where hearts and homes had suffered and waited, doubted and pondered, until a brave hand and voice dared stretch forth and declare that the Truth of God was given to all; when bits of the New Testament were treasured in secret, and people tremblingly and eagerly compared the church decrees and dogmas with the simple acts and utterances of the Christ. To enter into that remote, yet intimate experience, was to begin again with Christian revelation, to receive it in its first glad freshness. The old words stood forth in pristine glory. We turned to our Bibles, as if we had just got them, to see what they really meant and had for us. It was new baptism. This was what a story writer could do. Ardently we followed afterward in all of Mrs. Charles' books that came, her illustrations of history in home and individual interests.

LATER we have had the fascinating volumes of Lucy Ellen Guernsey: "Lady Rosamond's Book," "Lady Betty's Governess," "Through Unknown Ways," "Loveday's History," and the rest, which, if any of you have not read, you have an unexplored delight awaiting you; a vision of the past, in which you will deliciously lose the present, and your own identity; you will live a great, strong life of earnest, inmost realities.

In this same order of literature are the fine works of Mrs. Barr. She gives us, in a like way, atmosphere, representation, immediate touch. She makes us part and parcel with everything: with courtly ways and folk, or among rude, simple fisher people; she puts our very hearts into the place and emotion of theirs; her realism thrills all through with human character and passion; she ties us fast in her enchantment with a "Bow of Orange Ribbon." And Mrs. Austin! Why, we are all Plymouth Rock Pilgrims, or Pilgrims' kith and kin, whether our fore fathers and mothers came over in the Mayflower or not, when we get into her marvelous chapters of Old Colony record, transcribed into living, every-day words and deeds in their particulars; from the deaths and burials, the betrothals and weddings, the battles and hidings and escapes, to merry Barbara Standish's quips and gibes, and fair Dame Alice Bradford's stately, simple, bountiful entertainments. I must not leave out, in these rapid and rather rambling mentions, a set of stories, most delightful in their reproduction of English life in the last century—in the days of hoops and patches, and gay river parties, and tea-drinkings, and hazardous stage-coach journeyings, and hospitalities of dear old squires, and love-making in their country houses and prim, sweet gardens—the books of Mrs. Manning, who wrote "The Household of Sir Thomas More," "Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," also "The Old Chelsea Bun-House," "The Ladies of Bever Hollow," "Mrs. Clarinda Singlehart," and a dozen others. Look them out if you do not know them; if you do, read them over and over again.

THE very crowd stops me; the list is endless; the windows look so many ways. For types and leaders take the Kingsleys and Miss Yonge, with their clear portrayals of epoch, character, environment; George Eliot, and our own Helen Hunt, with their "Romola" and "Ramona," their searching demonstrations of tides and turning points, and principles and laws, in the careers of nations and of men; Marion Crawford giving us, with versatile power, Orientalism, interior Italy, modern America; Harriet Beecher Stowe, prophetess and commissioned apostle of the grandest gospel a nation ever rose up to and wrought out; Miss Mulock, Charlotte Brontë, exquisite in characterization, keen in vivisection, standing each apart in her own preëminent world of genius; Jean Ingelow, sweet and fresh, strong and tender, in prose that is one with her perfect poetry; take the long line of social writers, who unroll for us, as in woven tapestries, exact with stitch and tint in every detail, all that curiously and vividly delights us in the manner and doing of that last old century that seems so far remote, and down through the teeming, rushing hundred years that have plunged us into the tumultuous now: Goldsmith, Richardson, Mrs. Opie, Miss Burney, Miss Austen, Miss Milford, William and Mary Howitt, Thackeray, Trollope, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Oliphant, Howells, Aldrich, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins, inimitable in their handling of the peculiarities, unique upon the planet of our New England nooks and people; take the domestic and religious annals: Miss Yonge again, Miss Sewell, MacDonald, with his heart-hold and insistence of God and man relations, grand and intimate; the delicate life etchings of Juliana Ewing, Mrs. Molesworth, Barrie—with nature and pathos in them so simple-deep that you can only by the same deep simplicity apprehend them; bright, true, tender Saxe Holme; Mrs. Gilman, Mrs. Kirkland, limners of old, kindly Southern plantation life, and of brave, cheery pioneering in our rich, wild, early West; Mrs. Charlesworth, with her "Ministering Children"; dear Mrs. Prentiss' "Stepping Heavenward"; our growing host of American women writers—dear girls, it is simply impossible for me even to enumerate; the libraries are full; turn in, as to a rich garden, fall to, and find your own! Only keep your instinct high, and taste not, nor even touch, the fruit of any tree that blossoms with knowledge of evil!

BOOKS for amusement? They are for far more than amusement. They are for vital sympathies and understandings; human thought to human thought, hope to hope, motive to motive. Life, and the word of life, is the secret of all interest; the universe key, in things, events, persons, scriptures. We, and all about us, are syllables of an infinite revelation. They may call it evolution, for a new name, if they will, but it is what God tells us, of ourselves and Him, all the same. He talks to us with His fingers, because we are deaf and dumb, in His creation and orderings, in our very own nature, aspirations, efforts. Our words and parables grow from His vaster signs and meanings, and utter our individual perceptions. All language, all communication, is but fragmentary, drawn from first language, which is that wherein "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge," and in which all things are told in parables, even to the parable of human experience. Imagination is not unreality. It is an imaging of the true. Faith itself is an imaging, but none the less an evidence. "That is your conception," doubters say, "it is not mine." Very well. That does not make out mine a delusion. You have not got it, that is all. Knowledge of some sort precedes, underlies imagination. You can conceive of nothing that you have not, in whole or in part, witnessed or experienced. You cannot even picture to yourself a scene described which, if you analyze it, does not resolve itself into features familiar; you cannot see a house, a room, in a story, except as you construct it from something you have known; you suddenly wake from the fiction to the consciousness. "Why, here I am, where I have really been! The place always turns into one I knew before!" You simply cannot imagine an unreal thing. If it is thinkable it is true, somewhere. And so I say imagination is founded on all the realities we have; it is the mirrored reflection. The world we are being born into is that from which we read and reason in the things we see. Another man, with John on Patmos, would have seen only ragged rocks and misty sea, where the Apostle, "in the Spirit," beheld all the awful panorama of the Apocalypse.

*Believe me, in all best
affection and fellowship,
Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney*

THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF A GIRL
By Ruth Ashmore

BEAUTY of body and face, which is much to be desired, constitutes a letter of introduction to the people one meets, but does nothing beyond that. A woman who seems to be beautiful may become absolutely ugly by showing herself to be ill-tempered, vain or malicious. Wrinkles upon the face are very often the result of bad passions. The mouth, my dear girl, draws down at the corner from malice; the eyes grow small by the lids coming together when one is possessed of a cunning curiosity; the chin doubles itself from gluttony, and the cheeks incline to fold over when one allows one's self to grow cross and to speak with shrill, high notes. The strain that results from speaking loudly causes the muscles of the throat to over-develop and make it look stringy and unfeminine.

So, first of all, she who would be charming must remember that the woman who allows her temper to control her will not retain one single physical charm. It is said that gluttony and anger will deform a face. The greatest charm and the something which we feel and yet cannot explain, is what is best described as beauty of expression. This delights the eye, but it cannot exist where there are low, sordid feelings, and where encouragement is not given to everything that is high and noble, pure and womanly. After one has cultivated these virtues and made them one's own, my dear girl, then it is necessary to study the physical side of life. Fortunately you are starting out in life with no inherited disease, and with everything in your favor, therefore what remains for you to do is to learn the laws of life, and to live up to them. The treatment you give your body shows, and so you must take special care of the casket holding that jewel, your soul.

ABOUT YOUR BATH

YOUR skin and your eyes, my dear girl, constitute the thermometer that tells whether you are well, physically, or not. If the first has little spots upon it, is dull to look at and feels dry, and the second has a glazed appearance, with yellowish whites, then be sure it is time to think whether you are living rightly from the physical standpoint. Now, what does your morning bath amount to? Do you dab over your face, whirl the cloth around your neck, carefully bathe your hands, and then go out of the bathroom fully satisfied that you are quite clean? There are thousands of girls who consider this all that is necessary, and yet, as the old darkey mammy would say, "That's nothing more than a lick and a promise." There are few American houses in which there is not a bathroom, and if one is so unfortunate as to live in a boarding-house where one has not a private bath there will be wisdom in paying a little extra for the privilege of having the bathroom to one's self at a certain hour, and saving this on car fares. My dear girl, I know exactly what this is, and it is not a woman who has never lived in a boarding-house who is talking to you. Therefore, I say take five minutes to yourself and scrub that tub out well with soap and water before you get into it. I do not recommend for any girl in this country a perfectly cold bath. American women are inclined to be nervous and are not over-strong, consequently the wisest thing to do is to plunge into water that is tepid, and which, when one gives one's self a thorough rubbing, will not cause the much-to-be-dreaded cold. This morning bath is taken for cleanliness, and it is the only way, unless, indeed, one stands up and is carefully sponged, by which one can be sure of perfect physical sweetness. Use soap? Plenty of it. But this soap does not need to be of an expensive kind, and the wise girl is that one who chooses the simplest quality and one that is not scented. A hot bath, which is desirable at least twice a week, should be taken at night, and the tired girl will be surprised to find, not only how restful it is, but how perfectly delicious her own body feels when she lies down and her eyelids gradually fall over the eyes weary of looking all the day long. The cheap napery that is sold makes a good wash cloth, for you must remember that, while the sponge is desirable in the bath, something more than a sponge is required to make one absolutely clean. By-the-by, a light quality of flannel, one combining cotton with wool, is also desirable for a cloth. It is only after one has grown accustomed to the morning bath that one realizes all that it means, how, in the best way it wakens one up, mentally and physically, and starts one out ready to begin the work of another day.

AFTER THE BATH

AFTER you have bathed and dressed yourself, putting on underwear sufficiently warm, but not heavy, arranging your stays so that they are well fitting but not tight, and having a gown out of which all the dust has been shaken, so that none of it will seek a refuge in your skin, you go to your breakfast. And what do you eat? First of all, oatmeal, because you have heard it is healthy. Now, oatmeal is good for a big, strong man who is out in the open air a great deal; for a woman who is not, it, first of all, has a tendency to cause a greasy skin, and in time to upset the digestion. In addition, nine times out of ten oatmeal is not well cooked—it is served in lumps, whereas, when properly boiled, it should be like good rice, each grain being absolutely separate from the other. Then, do you eat the oatmeal properly? More than any other food it requires to be well chewed, or else it will solidify and form an indigestible and heavy lump in the stomach. Physicians say that oatmeal that is swallowed whole is more to be dreaded than meat taken in pieces at a gulp. If you are really fond of a cereal then choose cracked wheat, which is not as heating as oatmeal, is more easily digested and is more generally well cooked. That the brawny Scotchman is a wonder of health upon an oatmeal diet, is not denied, but he, unlike you, is taking much exercise, and spends nearly all his time in a wonderful, bracing air. After this you elect to have some fried beefsteak. In the first place that should have been broiled, and the only gravy about it should have been that which comes from the meat itself. And then you ask for a well-done piece. Oh, dear! There you have made three mistakes. Beef is not fit to eat when it is cooked until the juice is gone out of it and it is dry—in the way of giving you strength you might as well choose sole leather for your breakfast dish. It is always possible to ask, if you wish to eat meat in the morning, for an underdone bit and one which has no gravy upon it; but to keep you in good condition I would advise your having as much toast as you care to eat, and instead of meat one or two soft-boiled eggs. You will not find these heavy, and they are nourishing, while, at the same time, they are helps to one's digestion. It may be taken as a good rule that to keep the complexion in order, while one should eat good things and encourage the appetite, all grease should be avoided, as well as overdone meats and any great quantity of sweets or sauces. If one is inclined to be stout, potatoes and all starchy foods are omitted from the bill of fare, but for the slender woman all foods of this kind are desirable. Your dinner will neither build you up nor make you comfortable unless you eat it properly, and when I say properly, my dear girl, I mean the exact opposite of the way you usually eat yours. You must cultivate eating slowly; then your food will be well chewed, will be easy to digest, and during the time that you have been eating your body will have been resting.

ABOUT YOUR WALKS

MANY of the books that I have read giving suggestions about walking do not hesitate to talk about five miles a day as being proper exercise. Now there are a great many of us who couldn't walk five miles one day without being laid up for the next. Personally, while I regard walking as good exercise, I think it is more apt to do one good when it is taken either with an object at the end of the walk or in pleasant companionship. Over-quick walking is not good for anybody, and the time to stop walking has been reached before one gets tired. Tennis, golf and croquet are all healthy out-of-door games, and I advise my girls to indulge in them as far as possible, always with a proviso that their love for the game does not make them stay at the sport too long, nor in their excitement must they allow themselves to be too energetic. As I have never ridden a bicycle I can say very little about it, only I cannot believe that it is wise for one to overdo any good thing, no matter how charming it may seem at first. I wish that all my girls would learn to walk well; good walking means neither to stride nor to hop, but to place the front part of the foot deliberately on the ground, allowing the heel to follow, and then to take a step in proportion to the length of one's legs. Dancing, when one does not do too much of it, and when it is limited to a well-aired parlor in one's home, is a gentle, desirable exercise. Much good may come from the exercising in a gymnasium, but so many young girls overdo athletics nowadays that I almost fear advising them.

THE VALUE OF RUBBING

THE old-time remedy, a thorough rubbing, is now a fashionable one under many names, massage being the usual one. A good rubbing is the best remedy for the tired body; but that rubbing must be given evenly and quietly and the patient must not be allowed to talk. To the worn-out girl who cannot sleep a few pennies are well spent when this mode of gaining rest is chosen in preference to opiates. The arms, the back, under the knees and the forehead should all have even rubbing, made smoother by the hands of the rubber having a little cocoa butter or vaseline upon them. If one is fortunate enough to be with one's own people then a sister, or, better still, the mother, will be the *masseuse*. In addition to giving one a good rest a rubbing tends to develop the body and to make it more supple. The rubber is advised to cultivate a very even, impressive movement, but while it suggests strength it must not be rough, else sleep or rest will never come, and excitement be the only result.

When the head and eyes are tired a systematic smoothing of the hair, which, of course, must be loosened and have all its pins taken out, is a great relief. The eyes may be rested by being dabbled with hot water—remember, gently dabbled with an old handkerchief, not with the water, and not rubbed. "Rubbing" will irritate them when the soft pressure of a good dabbling will relieve them very much. As soon as there is the slightest evidence of a weakening on the part of the eyes go to a good oculist. Economize as you will, but if you can, keep your eyesight.

ABOUT YOUR MEDICINES

IF one is ill it is proper to go to a doctor. And the doctor should be sought at the very beginning of the illness, so that a cure may be the more quickly gotten. However, there are various little medicines that one may keep among one's belongings for the little troubles that are certain to come, and which are easily cured. For the girl who suffers from indigestion there is to be taken from April until September, whenever it may be needed, for it is not recommended for cold weather, the creamy mixture of sulphur and molasses. This will clear the eyes, make the skin white and firm, and unless the trouble should be of long standing put the stomach in good condition. A something that is also recommended for slight indigestion is the drinking, just before breakfast, of a glass of tepid water, in which a teaspoonful of ordinary table salt has been dissolved. Then, of course, among your medicines will be—and, by-the-by, it is rather odd to count it a medicine—a rubber bag which will hold plenty of hot water, and which is used to warm your feet, or to draw away the pain from any part of your body which can be soothed by this heat. If you have a slight inclination to rheumatism keep two small flannel bags filled with coarse salt, and when the pain first comes heat these by putting them in the oven, and then lay them where the pain is worst. As they give a very dry heat they are to be preferred to that which comes from the hot-water bag, for either rheumatism or neuralgia. In a small bottle is myrrh, for you will use a few drops of this in the water with which you rinse your mouth, making it taste well and smell sweet. I do not believe in dosing one's self, but there are some simple teas that are good to take, and which every girl should know about, so that she may be permitted to doctor herself for ordinary ailments. Very often the best medicine is a day of rest. I do not mean an idle day; I mean one when one deliberately goes to bed, if possible sleeping most of the time, but at least not talking, and certainly, as far as possible, not thinking about one's worries.

THE MIND AND THE BODY

I WANT my girls to thoroughly understand the close relation that exists between the mind and the body. With the body uncared for it does not seem as if the mind could be in good order. And surely when one has bad thoughts and bad manners the body will cease to be beautiful. The best motto for you to take in regard to your body is "Be clean."

Many of us are unhappily handicapped from birth by ill-health. Then all that we can do is to try and keep as well as possible, and to determine that the weakness of the body shall not be reflected upon the mind. When "one's back is bad and one's legs are queer," then to make an effort to forget this and to fill the mind so full of cheerfulness that the looker-on will believe one beautiful is the greatest heroism. My dear girl, take care of yourself; try and keep well and cheerful. Few people die from overwork. Many lose their good looks from idleness and sulkiness. It is said that it is better to wear out than to rust out. Now you and I are not anxious to do either in a hurry, but we will join hands and resolve that, being happy, healthy and wise, we will make ourselves, physically and mentally, a joy to all those who love us, or whom we love.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 26 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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THE ART OF DRESSING THE HAIR

By Isabel A. Mallon



It is said of any animal that when its hair ceases to be glossy it is ill, and the same may be said of the hair of human beings. When it is dry, brittle and dull in color it indicates that its possessor is in a bad state of health. Therefore it becomes necessary when giving advice upon the care of the hair to advise that the general health be attended to first. The most important point in the care of the hair is that it be kept thoroughly brushed. Just before going to bed if one

A STYLE FOR A BLONDE
THE blonde or brown-haired woman is at liberty to arrange her hair after a much-fancied fashion which does not depend upon her having a very great quantity of it. Nowadays her hair is what used to be called "crimped," but with every change of fashion comes a new name, and so it is spoken of as "undulated." It is done with the iron after the hair has been carefully parted, and, of course, every woman knows how much more show can be made when she has waving tresses. The best instance of this arrangement is shown in Illustration No. 1. The hair is carefully parted, waved all over the head and then is drawn down at each side lightly and allowed to rest just over the top of the ear. At the back it is very softly coiled, the end being turned over like a puff and fastened with a small tortoise-shell pin.



STYLE FOR A BRUNETTE (Illus. No. 2)

FOR A BRUNETTE
THE brunette who has brushed her hair until it is as glossy as possible, shows, in Illustration No. 2, how she may arrange it to the best advantage. As her forehead is somewhat high she cannot dispense with a suggestion of a fringe, and therefore the coquettish single curl just in the centre is pulled a little so that it spreads at the end, although the idea of the one curl is not lost. The hair is then drawn back very softly, and midway of the head it is turned, made to stand out in something not unlike a Psyche knot, although about it, making a round outline, the ends of the hair are twisted in what used to be known as a rope coil, which comes out most effectively in black hair. Usually a rope coil to be an absolute success must be arranged by a hair dresser, and this is the only objection to it.



THE LOW PLAIED KNOT (Illus. No. 3)

will give it one hundred strokes of the brush, not only will the hair be kept glossy, healthy and clean, but the body will be developed and the arms will gain strength. It must be remembered that this evening devotion to one's locks must consist of brushing the hair, and not letting one's brush give hard blows to the scalp. Before you begin the brushing, carefully disentangle the hair with a coarse-toothed comb and after that use a brush. Those women who have the most beautiful hair almost invariably use a comb of gutta percha, long, narrow and coarse.

THE FASHIONS OF TO-DAY

THERE is no reason why every woman should not wear her hair in the manner that is most becoming, for the styles are many and each woman can choose that one which suits her best. The woman



AN EVENING COIFFURE (Illus. No. 4)

with very dark hair should never have it very much crinkled or fluffy. If she can wear it quite plain it will be well to do so. However, if a plain style of coiffure should be too severe let it be arranged in close waves and full, not frizzy, locks.

THE PLAIED KNOT
BLONDES have found that for daytime wear the low, plaited knot is almost invariably becoming. A blonde, whose head is so shaped that a plain arrangement of the hair in front will suggest flatness, has the hair on top of her head cut about half way back so that it is only sufficiently long to turn over once in soft little curls, best arranged, by-the-by, by putting them up in curl papers. At the sides the hair is long enough to be brushed back and then turned over toward the front in a long, fluffy curl on each side, that will give the length necessary to the face and the shape of the head. At the back the hair is carefully braided and pinned somewhat closely to the head with small gold pins, as shown in Illustration No. 3.

For evening wear there is a decided tendency to arrange the hair quite high, so that ribbons, jewels or whatever hair decorations one may possess or find becoming, may be used. A coiffure in vogue is well shown at Illustration No. 4. The hair is undulated and drawn back very softly, while a few short locks have been drawn forward and make for the evening a fluffy, not frizzy, fringe. The remainder of the hair is drawn up and turned into a soft twist that is fastened in a loop on one side, the end being brought over, rolled over the fingers and spread into a long soft puff at the other side. The high ribbon decoration with its glittering aigrette is pinned on the side where the hair lies flattest, and rises up, far above the soft puff, secured in its position and making a most effective, though it is quite a simple, decoration.

Where a ribbon or jeweled coronet is to be worn, and the hair must necessarily be worn high, it must be very firm, so that the tiara may not get out of place. The fluffiness of a puff or a few short curls, no matter how becoming, are not allowable. The cutting of the hair in the back is entirely out of vogue, but the natural short curls are usually made fluffy.

MISTAKES THAT ARE MADE
WHO of us is there who has not grieved at seeing a friend, intelligent and pretty, make herself look stupid and ugly by an over-heavy fringe, frizzed like wool and made to come down so far on the forehead that there is a doubt as to her having one? The mode of to-day permits, where it is necessary, a soft fringe, but this is a short one, allowing the forehead to show and making the looker-on conscious of the intellectual strength of the wearer. Who of us has not seen with horror the friend whose hair a month ago was a pretty brown, appear with it made either a brassy yellow or a fiery red that deceives nobody as to its reality? I cannot say enough

against the bleaching or dyeing of the hair. The complexion and the hair are always in harmony, and when you interfere with Nature and change the color of your hair, you will suddenly discover that your skin looks dull and faded. Gray hair, which frequently comes to very young women, should not be interfered with, as its tendency is to soften the face and make it even younger looking than it is.

A FEW LAST WORDS

AS the workman cannot do good work without good tools, be certain that you cannot achieve good effects as far as your hair is concerned, unless your brushes are kept perfectly clean. This is very easily done by giving them a bath three times a week in ammonia and water. Always let them stand on their bristles. Long hair should be brushed, not with a brush having short, stiff bristles, but one that has long ones, only of medium stiffness, which, while they go through the hair easily, do not drag it out. The requirements for the toilet-table, irrespective of the alcohol lamp and iron, at least of that part of the table intended for the hair, should consist of a folding glass, which permits you to see your



A VERY SIMPLE STYLE (Illus. No. 1)

hair from all sides; not less than two good brushes; two combs; plenty of the best hairpins—cheap, rough ones will ruin your hair; a jar of vaseline and a box of quinine capsules. These last are not to put on your hair, but down your throat, taking them, of course, by the doctor's orders, but with a view, when you feel physically very down, of bringing yourself up and gaining for your hair the gloss that only comes from good health. Truly, the art of dressing the hair has for its first rule this: take care of your health; and the second, brush and brush and never weary of brushing; and the third, take the trouble to find the coiffure that is most becoming, individualize it and always wear your hair in that fashion.

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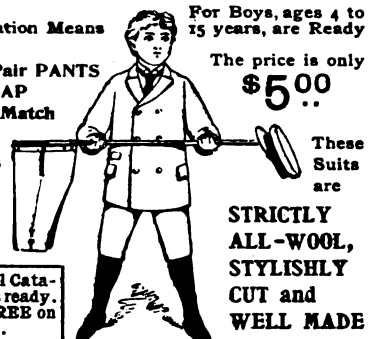
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THE HANGING OF THE CRANE

By Helen Jay



AS soon as the young housewife has installed her household gods in her new home she longs in good old scriptural fashion to call together her friends and neighbors to rejoice with her. It is exactly how she shall celebrate "the hanging of the crane," however, is a problem. She may give a large reception, and establish a clearing-house for all social obligations, or she may from time to time entertain a few friends until all have broken bread in the new home. While circumstances must, of course, control individual action, still there are a few general rules which may be safely followed by all young homemakers. A little thought, for instance, will convince the most ambitious that a large reception so soon after the formal marriage festivities will not give as much satisfaction as a few smaller social functions arranged with tact and originality. While few can analyze the charm attaching itself to bridal gifts and the trousseau of the happy young wife, all women at least have felt its power. To see and to handle the dainty household furnishings and the wonderful creations of the modiste and milliner are pleasures which no girl in a normal condition can surrender without a pang.

The hostess, then, who wishes to give the greatest amount of enjoyment to her girlhood friends will entertain them in such a manner that they can peer into every nook and corner of the pretty, new home and chat over the gifts and fancy-work to their heart's content.

A LUNCHEON for the bridesmaids and most intimate friends is a very satisfactory form of entertaining. If most of the guests—as very often is the case in these days of college education—were schoolmates of the bride it is a very tactful thing to combine the class flower with the favorite blossom of the bride in the floral decorations, especially those used for the table. In this way the "days o' lang syne" are gracefully recognized in the new home life, and old ties strengthened instead of weakened. As far as possible, the young housewife should aim at absolute purity in her table furnishings, and avoid the vulgar use of colored silk, satin or unwashable lace. No matter what many fashion notes have to say about the use of ribbon bows and streamers dodging in and out of ropes of smilax, the most dainty tables are covered with cloths of heavy white damask and doilies of linen embroidered in white or some delicate tint of wash silk. A low, silver épergne containing growing ferns or cut flowers in the centre of the table, and four silver Empire candlesticks or small lamps, one at each corner, are all the decorations necessary. The shades of these lights should match the flowers in the épergne in color and should always have mica protectors. These soften the glow of the outer covering of silk or créped paper and prevent the disagreeable incident of a burning shade, which is altogether too common a feature of the ordinary luncheon.

THE following is an excellent menu for a luncheon, and one which will not make too great demands upon the skill and resources of the inexperienced housewife:

- Little Neck Clams on the half shell
- Bouillon or Clear Soup
- Mushroom or Chicken Patties
- Lamb Chops with Green Peas
- Green, or Vegetable Salad
- Crackers and Cheese
- Ice Cream and Cake
- Coffee

This may, of course, be greatly elaborated, but it is as it stands easily prepared and served. The fish dealer will send the clams ready to be served, while a caterer can furnish the bouillon, patties, ice cream and cake. In this way it will be possible for one maid to attend to the other details of the meal and wait upon the table. Appropriate and dainty place cards may be made of water-color paper, heavy white vellum or kid, with these words of Longfellow's in silver lettering outlined upon them:

"Oh, fortunate, oh, happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,"

or:
"To say you are welcome would be superfluous,"

or:
"Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both,"

or this paraphrase of an old song:

"Now I am married
You must be gay!"

ANY woman accustomed to the use of the brush can easily make these cards herself. If economy is to be closely considered these place cards may be made to do double duty as favors by making them in the form of needlebooks covered with kid, to match the flowers in color, with the lettering on one lid and the name of the guest on the other. The tops of old suede gloves can be utilized for the purpose, although scraps of the material can be purchased for a trifle at the shops where gloves or slippers are made. Very dainty favors to stand at each plate are miniature cranes with pendent kettles holding the flowers chosen for decoration. If these are not desired little satin-covered slippers may be substituted, or photographs of the "single side" of the new home tied to corsage bouquets. While boxes or baskets of bonbons may be used with propriety, still, favors of flowers are always in better taste. Souvenirs of greater value have long since been relegated to the blind followers of vulgar extremes.

WHERE a luncheon is too much of an undertaking for the young housewife an afternoon card party or musicale may be arranged in its place. For either of these affairs sandwiches, salads, ices, coffee and cake are all the refreshments necessary. Ices, cake and coffee may be served without the more substantial edibles if desired. If a card party is the choice of the hostess "hearts" will be the most enjoyable game. The tally cards may be cut in heart shape, and the ices and little cakes moulded in the same form. A heart-shaped silver pin-tray makes a dainty first prize, and "a new broom," in the shape of a silver-handled velvet brush, is pretty for the second. After the games or programme are finished the maid should place large plate doilies on the little tables scattered through the parlors, and two tiny dishes, one holding olives, if salads are served, the other bonbons. The other refreshments can then be easily served. After they have been eaten a large tray holding bunches of roses may be passed to each guest.

THE ushers and best man and other bachelor friends of the husband are most pleasantly introduced to the new home by means of a little dinner. A reception is a great bore to most men, and they flee from the afternoon tea as from a pestilence, but as a class they enjoy the bright chat of the dinner-table followed by a cozy smoke. In giving such a dinner the young hostess should remember the adage of the ancients: "In asking mortals to dine with you never invite less than the Graces nor more than the Muses." Any number of guests, then, between three and nine, will insure one condition of a successful dinner. The crowding of a table is not only uncomfortable, but the average housewife does not begin her housekeeping with large enough supplies of table furnishings to successfully meet the demands of many guests. This dinner may be given to the bridal party, including the bridesmaids, or to the most intimate friends, as circumstances may decide. It is always, however, considered an unwritten law of etiquette that the young wife shall in some way entertain the members of the bridal party together in her new home at as early a date as possible after her return from her wedding trip.

FOR such a dinner the following menu is simple and easily prepared although it may be greatly elaborated, granted that the silver and china closets can stand the strain upon their resources:

- Little Neck Clams on the half shell
- Soup Julienne
- Soft-Shell Crabs or Boiled Salmon with Tartare Sauce
- Roast Chicken or Fillet of Beef
- Mashed Potatoes or Green Peas
- Salad of Tomatoes or Asparagus
- Cheese and Crackers
- Ice Cream
- Black Coffee

The hostess should quietly indicate to each gentleman the lady he is expected to take out to dinner before the dinner is served. Place cards may be like those used for the luncheon, or plain white squares with this lettering:

"'Tis heart speaks to heart at one's own fireside."

Favors are unnecessary with the exception of large corsage bouquets of, if it is possible to obtain them, the same flowers that were used at the wedding. Have *bou-tonnieres* of the same flower for the gentlemen. The table decorations may properly correspond in color with those used at the wedding.

A white dinner is both appropriate and dainty, and furnishes an effective background for the display of the new silver.

IF the young homemakers wish to have a genuine, old-fashioned "house-warming" it may be given in place of these smaller functions I have spoken of or in addition to them. In either case care must be taken to give the affair an informal character. The house should be thrown open from attic to cellar, so that all friends who feel inclined may inspect its treasures. Friends of all ages should be invited, and the occasion made to resemble the old-time evening party, over the decadence of which we hear so much lamenting. The hearth or open fireplace should be decorated with smilax or holly, according to the season of the year. A fire of logs or coals should be laid ready for lighting, and at as early an hour in the evening as possible the guests should be asked to witness the formal kindling of the household fire. This may be done by an older relation, generally of the husband's family, or by the clergyman who officiated at the wedding. In any case the clergyman may, with the greatest propriety, be asked to follow the quaint German fashion and bless the hearth of the new home, to which, as the old German prayer says, "the Lord is bidden as a guest."

IF the new homemakers are musical the house-warming may be rechristened and called "the opening of the piano." In this event the new piano, generally included among the gifts of a music-loving bride, becomes the centre of attraction. It may be turned with its face toward the wall and the back covered either with a curtain of brocade or a screen of flowers and vines. Large bowls of roses or palms may be placed among the lighted candles or small flower lamps on the top of the instrument. The lid should remain closed until the friend to be especially honored opens it formally, generally with a few words of kindly greeting to the new home. A musical programme may then be rendered, followed later by a little supper.

IN addition to these more formal affairs the young housewife will often be called upon to entertain guests for a few days at a time or for longer periods. She will add much to her future happiness if, as soon as her home is ready to receive her friends, she will provide herself with a guest book, in which each stranger within her gates shall be asked to write his name and the date of his visit with some addendum in the shape of a sentiment or characteristic comment upon some event in the home life. In the years to come such a book grows priceless and becomes one of the most treasured possessions of the household. It revives tender memories and accumulates autographs which the years increase in value. No one will ever speak of the incentive to conversational powers of the souvenir spoon who has had the good fortune to chat with some bright hostess over the pages of her guest book. The housewife will be obliged to have such a book made to order, as there are none in the market. It should be gotten up after a glorified similitude of the hotel register, with the name of the family and the date of the establishment of the home in gilt lettering upon the lid. If any more elaborate inscription is desired the following line from Pope is appropriate:

"Absent or dead still let a friend be dear,"

or, better still perhaps, this verse from the old Scotch song:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' lang syne?"

or by the following:

"I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

An inexpensive substitute for this more elaborate book may be found in one of the large blank books generally used by lawyers.

If the portrait of the husband or wife is added to the store of household treasures the unveiling of the same may be made the occasion for the exercise of graceful hospitality. Appropriate songs and recitations may be rendered by friends or professional elocutionists and musicians, and a few dainty refreshments served. Such an affair may take place either in the afternoon or evening.

The conclusion of the whole matter is perhaps this: The young hostess that would have her home an inspiration and a joy to all who enter it must not blindly follow the ways of others, but study to be original in her methods of entertaining. She should have her home a creation rather than a copy. Above all, she should not forget to entertain strangers, those to whom life has not been kind. The members of the unions and guilds for whom she is working, as well as the boys and girls from her class in the mission school, should not be excluded from the new fireside. It is impossible to commute the far-reaching blessings of hospitality when exercised by a tender-hearted, good woman. If she wills, she can make her home a haven of rest to all who enter its doors. That bride is sure to have a happy home who holds that home in trust as one of the gifts for the use of which she must give an account.

A Simple Supper

for the little ones, always relished, and very economical, is a bowl of broth made of



with crackers or bread broken into it. Use 1/4 teaspoonful of the Extract to each pint of water. Can be prepared over an oil stove or gas jet.

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Put it on Ice until cool, and serve.

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SUBURBAN LIFE FOR WOMEN

By Florence Morse



ATTRACTIVE advertisements in the daily journals unite with the huge sign-board announcements in calling public attention to the fact that this or that "Manor," "Park" or "Heights" is peculiarly desirable for villa plots. Tired of city life the man of moderate means and his wife are filled with rosy visions, and are sure, sooner or later, to be smitten with what is known as "country fever." They become suburban residents, either building a house or leasing one at a "bargain"; and the refrain of the song that they sing is: "Away from the noisy, dirty city, out into the pure, health-giving, life-prolonging air! Away from the small apartment at high rental and the crowded dwellings of town, into the house that stands by itself and has its own lawn!"

THE wife has been too much absorbed in her clubs, teas and dinners, and she welcomes the thought that at last she has an opportunity to read everything from Richardson and Fielding to theosophy. To have plenty of leisure in which to improve her mind is a dream now realized. The days are long, and she is far away from trivial interruptions. She believes that the primary and essential use of the country is a playground for children. In this big out-of-door nursery her children respond quickly to Dame Nature's touch, and their cheeks begin to glow and their flesh becomes firm in romping about the limitless fields. To see cows, chickens and growing vegetables, and to have plenty of sunshine in every room, give pleasure and fresh strength to the wife as well as to the children, and when she thinks of all the sources of joy with which she is surrounded she wonders why large cities exist except as places for husbands to make money in.

If the city home has been in a flat she delights in the big, open cellar where potatoes and apples may be stored, and thinks of the time when small quantities of vegetables were bought and packed away in the kitchen pantries. She enjoys the fitting and furnishing. The little trips to town are only less delightful than the return to the country. "Isn't it good to be on the way to our quiet, country home?" she asks her husband when they meet in the railway station to take the train home. There is great happiness, perhaps, in the garden work for the husband, and this pleasure finds its echo in the wife. To get up an hour before breakfast and hoe and rake or run the lawn-mower "gives a man a tremendous appetite"; to go out and gather flowers still covered with dew for the table could never be done in the heart of the town. The singing birds are a strong contrast to the ear-piercing cries of the hucksters and the din made by the heavy teams that crowd the city streets, and she is thankful that she is far away from the rush and noise.

DURING the spring, summer and autumn the house is filled with guests, and she is full of plans for their entertainment. To have room for all these young men and maidens gives her untold pleasure when she thinks of the one guest-room which she used to have in town. Bachelors come out and stay over Saturday and Sunday, and are immediately struck by the thought of matrimony, and they begin to plan for marriage and a home in the suburbs, and our suburban wife enjoys this confidential planning as much as the bachelor himself does. The whole scheme is talked over, and ways and means are discussed so enthusiastically that the single man willingly persuades himself that living expenses are less in the country than in town, and may be led to propose to some fair, country-loving maid before his income or "nest-egg" is big enough to warrant the step.

Interest in the big town has gradually lessened for our suburban woman. She has begun to find pleasure in the doings of the people about her. They are there, as she is, to enjoy the fresh air, the sunshine, the open fields and woods. Her neighbors' children, their servants, the little church, and the differences of opinion in local matters are now affairs of real importance. She organizes and manages the book club, is prominent in the church fair and is on the hospital committee. She becomes an active factor in the community. This experience to a woman who has been swallowed up in the multitudinous life of a great city is a novel and delightful one. She feels for the first time that she is exerting an influence and has a recognized social position.

DRESS and fashions do not occupy the time or place in her thoughts they once did, and although she always derived a feminine pleasure in dressing becomingly and even fashionably, she feels that it is her duty to be glad of a certain emancipation from this slavery. The quick, nervous manner of the city woman has entirely disappeared, and her friends, whom she occasionally sees in town, begin to be afraid that this surprising calmness is due to a loss of spirit and energy. When they accuse her of this she smiles in a self-confident way as she thinks complacently of the linen whitening on the grass and the children shouting in the barn—strong, rugged boys and girls. Every holiday and saint's day is a feast day, and there is a frolic at night, with Virginia reels on the broad veranda in the moonlight or in the big living-room within doors. The nutting, the gathering of autumn leaves, and all sorts of out-of-door winter sports are full of keen enjoyment to our suburban wife. All phases of healthy, hearty, country life strongly appeal to the woman whose heart is wrapped up in her children and her home.

ANOTHER woman of a different temperament may enjoy the suburban life for six months or a year, perhaps longer, but the time finally comes when she misses something in her own life. She is first conscious of this when her husband brings some of his friends out from town. Their conversation seems like an unknown tongue to her. They talk of the opera, of concerts and of plays. They refer to some famous dinner at which they were guests, and speak knowingly of new books and their authors whom they have recently met. She is silent. Her knowledge of old novelists avails nothing at this modern authors' tournament. She realizes that she is absolutely ignorant of the subjects discussed in metropolitan life. Accustomed to the never-varying monotony of suburban life, the wife, when she finds herself altogether out of the talk in the presence of brilliant minds, grows melancholy and despondent. It is men and things, she thinks, that must be seen to keep alive that interest in human affairs which is sure to grow dormant in the country; and weekly or even daily intercourse with country neighbors, who may also feel the truth of it in a greater or lesser degree, can never make up for this loss.

Her husband does not feel this as keenly as she does, he is in town every day and is constantly rubbing up against men with new ideas, and she admits to herself that her life has been moving along in one rut.

AT first invitations were accepted to dinners in town or to the theatre. Then the late trains were dreaded and a recollection of the sleepy, cold drive of a mile or two from the station between twelve and one in the morning took from the evening all its pleasure. To stay in town all night involved an extra expense, and a feeling that the house will surely burn down some time when they are both absent deters them from the extravagance and helps to keep them at home more than ever. The suburban wife suddenly discovers that her friends in town have decreased in number. She is forgotten and not missed at most of the social functions. City folks have no time to hunt up country people, if the latter can never find an opportunity for visiting them. She has noticed that her friends do not come out in the winter with such promptness as they did in the summer and autumn, and there are weeks when her country neighbors are the only people whom she sees.

Then, too, she finds that there is a suggestion of antiquity about her gowns. Although they are still good they soon acquire a decidedly provincial look. "How can it be otherwise," she reasons to herself, "when I never see anything that is stylish and pretty?" Too much dependence she cannot place on fashion plates; only actual contact with living figures in well-made clothes can give to a woman that indescribable touch in her own garments, that vague something which "feminine" women each and all long for. The shopping trips to town are now done in a perfunctory way. So much is crowded into a day that it is too full for enjoyment, and she goes home tired, and, it must be admitted, cross. Soon it is mostly done by mail or by her good-natured husband. More and more she stays at home. She finds that the hurried breakfast and the morning trains have something to do with her discontent. Her anxiety lest her husband should miss his train grows greater instead of less, and she comes to dread the journey herself.

GROWING vegetables has proved a disappointment. Her husband is not eager to get up and work an hour before breakfast. The lawn and the garden are given over to the gardener, and her tomatoes cost her twenty-five cents apiece. For a long time she has known that it costs more to live in the country. With the one exception of house rent their living expenses have increased. The market is inconvenient and often unsatisfactory. It is far away and has not the variety she longs for. To her astonishment she has learned that the best of everything that grows in the country is taken to the cities. She is continually called upon to subscribe to a fund for the benefit of a gardener, a coachman or a street laborer who has broken an arm, is paralyzed or in debt. She is expected to do something "handsome" for the church and hospital. She longs to be lost in the big city, where there are no next-door neighbors, and where she may choose her friends. She will never admit openly that she gossips, but she has noticed that in the absence of other things to talk about gossip flourishes in suburban communities as nowhere else. One of her greatest difficulties is in keeping servants. In the city one or two maids were sufficient to do the work of her house. In the country the staff had to be increased as there is never any end to the work in a country house. The extra sweeping due to the tracking in of dirt and mud in bad weather; forty or fifty windows to keep clean; a dozen lamps to fill every day; wood to be brought up for open fires; verandas to be scrubbed, and a score of other duties make the work seem limitless and greatly swell the expense of housekeeping. The maids are contented and happy until October, and then they openly declare that they can stand it no longer. "It is too lonesome." The next week or two the suburban housewife haunts intelligence offices that "make a specialty of country help," and the memory of some of those wretched interviews will always remain with her.

IN the foregoing I have briefly sketched the chief advantages and disadvantages which a woman is apt to experience in suburban as compared with city life. We have seen, to summarize the matter, that the country is a glorious place in which to bring up children, and that this in a mother's mind will more than outweigh many discomforts which she may suffer and many pleasures she may feel the loss of; that a new and very agreeable sense of the importance of her position dawns upon a woman whose opinion and aid are wanted to further every social and philanthropic scheme that is set afloat in the village, bringing vividly to her mind the thought that to be a queen in a hamlet is better than a subject in town. There are, moreover, certain modest luxuries which are out of a woman's reach in town owing to their cost, but which may be enjoyed without extravagance in the country—a horse and carriage, not a swell rig but a comfortable buckboard, a tennis court, a croquet ground and an abundance of flowers, wild and cultivated. The opportunity to entertain one's friends in country fashion is another great attraction of suburban life, town hospitality, on the other hand, consisting mostly in giving teas and dinners, luncheons and receptions. In these ways suburban life recommends itself most strongly to women, and, as we have seen, there are also many comparatively minor advantages that ought not to be overlooked in this discussion of life in a suburban place.

ON the other hand the disadvantages of suburban life for a woman are many and important. If she happens to be of an economical turn of mind, and expects to save money for her husband by moving into the country, she will be appalled by the expenses of housekeeping arising from the necessity of more servants, higher prices at the markets, the bills for fuel, subscriptions to local enterprises, railway fares, luncheons in town and the like. Added to this practical drawback, which generally comes as a surprise to the woman who imagined that everything was cheap in the suburbs, are the rustiness of mind owing to the scant opportunities for mental and social diversion, the weariness of body due to increased household cares, and to the difficulty of getting and keeping good servants, the gradual estrangement from one's town friends, and the irreparable loss of the "bargain counter," which, for some unaccountable reason, is never stocked with the things she wants on the days when she is obliged to visit the city.

The ideal way in which to live, if one could afford it, would be to have a home in the country for four or five months in the year, and to spend the rest of the time in the city. The country in summer is a thousand times more enjoyable to the woman who has passed the winter and spring in town than to her who has been waiting many long, dull months for a glimpse of the first bluebird. The change of scene and of air twice a year is a splendid tonic, and one is enabled to enjoy both town and country when they are at their best without becoming surfeited with the delights of either.

"Lactated Food Saves Babies' Lives"



Lactated Food Made Him Strong

"LACROSSE, WIS., Nov. 27, 1893
"I inclose a photograph of our child, a strong, healthy, Lactated Food baby, than whom you cannot find a better specimen of strength and good health. Lactated Food agreed with him at once, and he has grown steadily stronger and healthier, until at nine months he is a large, fat baby, and although so large, can almost walk. Every one thinks him much older than he is and wonders what we feed him on. We have used equal parts of Lactated Food and condensed milk for the reason that we cannot get good cow's milk. My wife says to every one that Lactated Food is the baby food."
J. C. VARNEY"



Lactated Food Was the Only Food that Agreed With Her

"KALAMAZOO, MICH., Nov. 28, 1893
"I send you to-day a photograph of my baby, to whom I have given Lactated Food for some time. Her health has improved rapidly since she commenced to take it, and she is very fond of it; I expect to continue its use through her second summer. I had previously tried other foods, but none seemed to agree with the child until I used Lactated Food, which was originally prescribed by our family physician, Dr. Osborne. Yours respectfully,
"MRS. W. C. DAVIS"

SPECIAL TO MOTHERS

If you mention this advertisement and send 4 two-cent stamps for postage a 25-cent can of Lactated Food will be sent FREE for trial. Address

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

PRESSED FLOWER SOUVENIRS

By Lennie Greenlee



In this realistic age, when truth is the standard for judging all beauty in art or fancy-work, pale pressed flowers compare favorably even with brighter painted ones. If pressed carefully, so that the outlines seem natural and the coloring well-preserved, flowers, ferns and grasses are really very beautiful, and have, besides the charm, their "genuineness," as well as the value of association with places and people, to recommend them. When pressed between sheets of blotting paper, cotton batting, or even between old newspapers, delicate sweet peas, frail, dainty forget-me-nots, daisies, violets, pansies, primroses, poppies, lilies-of-the-valley and scores of other flowers retain their color wonderfully well. The cotton or paper absorbs their moisture and excludes the air, and many of the blossoms are as brilliant when taken out of the press as when first cut. Flowers to be used for this purpose should be gathered about noon-time, when there is least moisture about them, and put immediately and carefully to press, arranging them naturally and not too thickly on sheets of paper. Put on a heavy, even weight, and do not disturb the flowers until dry, unless they are thick and succulent, and such flowers are not recommended for pressing, as they are apt to mould and lose their color. But if they tempt you into pressing you will need to change your sheets of blotting paper every few days. Such pretty things as golden-rod, oats, grains of all sorts, and grasses, retain their color without pressing, but are in better shape for use upon cards, calendars, envelopes, books, etc., if pressed. When dry and firm in texture the flowers should be laid carefully away in a box, between sheets of blotting paper, until needed for making some pretty gifts or souvenirs.

SOUVENIR CARDS

Pretty souvenir cards, to be kept in memory of any day, place or occasion, or to be given to a friend, may be made from plain bevel-edged white cards, large enough to hold a dainty spray of pressed flowers tied with a narrow ribbon in one corner. A drop or two of mucilage will hold in place the leaves and lighter sprays which trail gracefully in a diagonal direction across the top, leaving space in the centre of the card upon which to write the signification of the flower used. Take, for instance, a knot of clover blossoms and grasses, and tie them through a corner of the card with narrow, pale green ribbon; then in the centre write or print in fancy letters the word "Utility," the signification of grasses. Or, tie a scarlet clover blossom in with several four-parted leaves and write beneath "Auf Glück," "Good Luck," "Bon Voyage," or some such phrase. On the back of the card a quotation or verse descriptive of the flower used might be written. You will find dozens of them in your reading; clip them and put them away with the flowers. "Delicate pleasures" is the significance given the sweet pea, and nothing can be prettier for cards than the odd, silvery green leaves, curling tendrils and exquisitely-colored blossoms of the sweet pea. Pansies, violets, daisies and arbutus, every one will immediately think of as good for use in this way, and there is a world of sentiment and fancy connected with them. Take, for instance, the pansy:

"Pansies for thoughts."
"I send thee pansies, flowers of remembrance."
"My thoughts of gold."
"Here's pansies, that's for thoughts."

Hosts of complimentary things have been sung and said by famous people about the violet. The finest one, from Shakespeare—may his shade not haunt me—I once mutilated in this way:

"Violets blue, for truth, dim
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

I have not often seen nasturtiums and poppies used on such cards, but they are extremely picturesque and pretty. The nasturtium stands for bravery; the poppy for what—vanity or frailty? I bethink me of somebody's lines:

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower; the bloom is shed."

The thin, silken texture of poppy petals makes them press unusually well.

The writing upon these cards should be neatly and plainly done in black ink, metallic paint, or with liquid gold.

DAINTY LUNCHEON CARDS

A little girl who was lucky in finding four-leaved clovers once devised some pretty and original cards for her mother's lunch party. The leaves were picked and pressed in her books on her way to and from school, and were afterward mounted with the white of egg upon large correspondence cards. None of the cards were arranged alike. Usually there would be one large leaf and several smaller ones on each card—all put on in a dainty, graceful way, sometimes scattered, sometimes looking as if growing from the root. The guests' names were done in green water-color or pastel, in rustic letters, and down in one corner of the cards, in smaller letters, there was always some pretty quotation or proverb such as the following:

"Better be born lucky than rich."
"Good luck to ye!"
"Welcome as a four-leaf clover."
"Lead on to fortune!"
"Live in clover."

Handsome sets of such cards may be made from glossy magnolia or ficus leaves. These may be pressed so as to retain their lustre a long time, or fresh ones may be used. Either above or below the mid-rib, but near the centre of the leaf, write the names of the guests, putting the gilt on thickly so that they will look as if embossed, and somewhere near, a comical little Japanese sign or figure, or some design from a Brownie book in gilt.

PRETTY AND USEFUL CALENDARS

Among the many pretty and useful calendars which have fluttered out as heralds of 1894 none were daintier or more welcome as gifts than the wild-flower and blue-print species.

For a wild-flower calendar take twelve sheets of white or cream Bristol-board about the size of ordinary note-paper. Somewhere near the centre of these glue the calendar blocks for the months, or draw them if you prefer. Pressed flowers characteristic of each month are then arranged upon the leaves in a careless, artistic way and fastened there by strips of gilt or silver paper glued across the stems. The flowers may be etched in India ink or done in sepia, if one prefers and is something of an artist. It is not difficult to find in the plant world something pretty and typical of each month. For January the bare, light twigs of some tree, as beech, maple or mulberry, with their rich, deep tints of brown, gray or purple, curious little knobs of hidden buds and bold, graceful outlines. Or the month might be represented by twigs of evergreen, such as balsam, fir or spruce.

February has a fuller flora, but pussy-willows or any light, fluffy, silvery willow catkins are best of all, if carefully dried and pressed. In March, hepatics are plentiful, and nothing could be lovelier. April has blood-root, arbutus, apple-blossoms; May, daisies, white clovers and a wealth of flowers; June, the wild, exquisite sweet-brier roses; July, maidenhair ferns and scarlet hawberries; August, grasses and cardinal flowers; September, golden-rod and asters; October, gay autumn leaves; November, fringed gentians and pale yellow witch-hazel stars; December, holly and mistletoe.

Press and keep all these flowers carefully as the months go by until the time comes for making your calendar, when you can use them either for a blue-print or a wild-flower one.

DAINTY LITTLE BOOKLETS

If you have never seen a wild-flower book you can have no idea how pretty and dainty they are, and what acceptable gifts they make for friends who love mementoes of places, are fond of flowers, or even those who are in any degree poetic and artistic. Any woman who has a summer outing at the seacoast or among the mountains, or who has only an occasional day's whiff of "green fields and pastures new," may collect flowers, grasses, ferns and mosses enough to give her friends charming surprises on birthdays or at Christmas. "Wild Flowers of Colorado" was the first wild-flower book, I believe. There are a number of volumes in the series now, and every woman who sees them is wild to collect her own favorite flowers into similar booklets. The flowers are arranged singly or in groups upon the right-hand pages, each one being laid upon the page in the way in which it grew, with Nature's own grace in lines and the curving of stems. The coloring of the petals remains wonderfully fresh and clear, and many of the pages are as handsome as fine water-color paintings.

CLOVER, DAISY AND ANEMONE

In these Colorado wild-flower books are preserved many of the flowers which Helen Hunt Jackson loved so well and made so famous in verse: columbine and prairie clover, daisy and anemone, gentians and modest meadow-rue, everlastings as silvery as the Alpine edelweiss, ferns and grasses, sprigs of kinnikinnic from H. H.'s own grave, and the Mariposa lilies of her western stories.

If you are traveling in countries famous for beauty or history, flowers plucked from along the way, the most fastidious and intellectual of your friends would find precious, if preserved in handy booklet form. The books may be purchased all ready for the flowers, or you may make them yourself by taking choice unruled note-paper for the leaves, and designing a pretty decorated cover, with a few wild flowers and grasses lightly sketched upon it, and the title, "Wild Flowers from English Meadows," or whatever the locality may be, done in rustic letters.

Fasten the flowers upon the pages with tiny strips of gold or silver paper wet with mucilage, placing them across the stems only—never over leaves or flowers. In one corner of the page write the botanical and common names of the flower, the place where it grew and the date on which it was gathered, as:

Leontopodium alpinum } Summit of Mont Blanc
Swiss edelweiss } July 4th, 1894.

A patriotic American booklet would contain specimens from famous battlegrounds, from Niagara, the Natural Bridge, Yosemite, arbutus from Plymouth Rock, etc.

BLUE-PRINT CALENDARS

These calendars are usually about the same size as that given for the wild-flower calendar, and for them the same pressed flowers and arrangement of calendar blocks may be used. Not many people who receive these calendars as gifts could ever guess how they were made, although the work is really very simple. Pressed flowers are placed on the clear glass of a printing frame, such as is used by amateur photographers. The calendar is plainly marked on tissue paper and also placed on the glass, the arrangement being just that which is desired on the finished page. A ferro-prussiate or blue-print paper is then placed over the arranged material and exposed to direct sunlight. The paper is next washed in clear water, and the pretty blue and white picture is finished. The paper for them may be obtained from any photographer, who will also do the printing if desired. The ground color of the calendar leaves will be rich blue, with the picture of the flower in white and the calendar month in pale blue. All the variety one wishes may be secured by placing the calendars in different positions upon the leaves, and by different arrangements of the flowers. The cost is trifling and the result charming. Either of these calendars may be made larger, of course. Where heavy sheets of Bristol-board, a foot or two feet square are used, the panels may be made very handsome and striking. For these all the flowers need not be pressed, and a greater variety may be secured. Bunches of wheat, rye, oats and grasses, tied with white ribbon and gilded in touches here and there are beautiful ornaments when used in this way; and so are sketchy acorn cups and saucers or fluffy milkweed pods, partly burst and showing their fluffy, silken, snow-white contents, especially if the rough stems and pods are gilded.

FROM ACROSS SEAS

Of course, a book containing flowers from all the famous lands—thistles from Scotland, shamrock from Ireland, lilies from France and heather from English moors—will be greatly prized, but the contents for books both dear and beautiful may be gleaned entirely from home nooks. Some friend of yours is traveling in far-away lands for her health. Think what a pleasure it will be for her, as she sits in her invalid chair, to turn the leaves of a dainty volume fragrant with real wild flowers from home! Daisies and buttercups marked "from the south meadow," anemones and hepatics "from the north woods," violets and blood-root "from East River bank," sweet-fern "from the upland pasture"—all the dear, familiar places through which she once scrambled with her playmates.

If you cannot have a whole season in which to collect material, improve the bits of time which chance to you. It is wonderful how many pretty things quick eyes and nimble fingers can accumulate in a short time. I heard of a young girl who collected a handsome book full of sweet, wild things in one day, even on that bare, ledgy island of Appledore, among the Isles of Shoals, and one of her pages I remember as far more beautiful, with its tiny scarlet sprays of pimpernel, than any painting.

Choose for such booklets the delicate, thin-petaled flowers with grace of outline and beauty of form, rather than large ones of thick, waxen texture. Some of the latter are very beautiful, but it is difficult to press them nicely.

Dwight Anchor Cottons

For Shirts
Pillow-Cases
Sheets and
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Necessaries

Made in
all the
Standard
Widths



DWIGHT ANCHOR MUSLINS

are of extraordinary weight and durability, are easily washed and will remain soft and pliable. Unbleached, Bleached or Half-Bleached. May be obtained through your dealer; if he has none in stock, he can procure them for you from any wholesale house.

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Sachet Powder placed with linen, etc., gives a fresh fragrance, unattainable by other means, and Toilet Water is a luxurious addition to the bath, especially in warm weather.

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How
Often

An opinion is formed from the stationery one uses.

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Writing Papers and Envelopes are beyond criticism. If not obtainable through your dealer send 4 cents for samples.
Samuel Ward Co., Boston, Mass.

FOR HANDY FINGERS TO MAKE

A Group of Artistic Suggestions by Some Clever Women

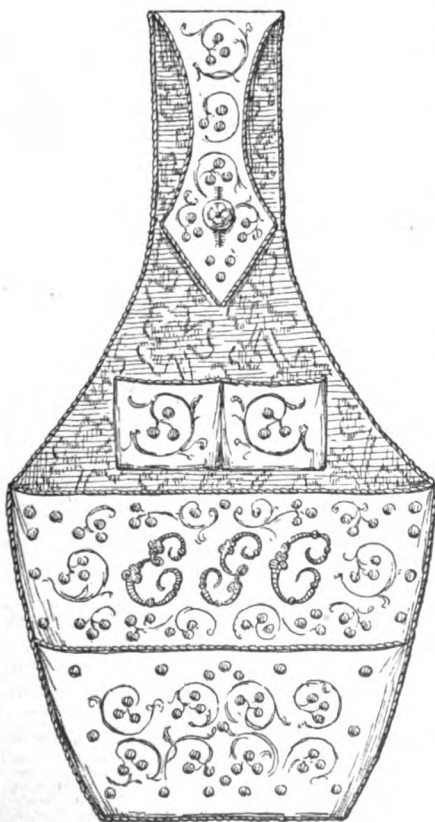
THE clever fingers of the modern woman are almost a matter of proverb among her contemporaries, and the designing of work, whether useful or ornamental, for these fingers to accomplish is becoming a matter of considerable difficulty if the demand is that these articles shall be novel.

The revival of the reticule, or outside pocket, is a case in point. Its usefulness has never been denied, nor its beauty questioned. Its greater convenience over the tiny triangles, which one dressmaker out of every hundred is willing to place in a gown, has never been doubted, and yet despite both its acknowledged use and beauty its re-adoption has depended upon the necessity for providing something new for feminine fingers to make and ornament as may be seen from our illustration. Below are also given some designs for dainty table decoration.

OUTSIDE POCKET FOR STREET GOWN

A NOVEL idea for such a purpose is shown in the accompanying illustration. It is intended to be made up to match a costume composed of plain and brocaded or figured goods. The back part of the pocket is of the patterned fabric, which is sewed over a firm lining. The upper portion is shaped in the manner indicated in the drawing, and passed through a strap at the waist, similar to that to which chatelaines are attached, being turned over and held in place with a fancy button. The pockets are made of the plain material and have an embroidered design worked upon them. The pocket illustrated is of gray, decorated with shades of yellow, brown and red. All the soft tones of the figured goods are employed in the embroidered parts. The design chosen is simple but very artistic. It is composed mainly of small round, berrylike forms, worked in satin-stitch and held together by flowing lines. The initials, which are solid and raised, are worked upon the largest pocket, which extends the whole depth, behind the smaller front pocket. The tiny pockets above the initials are intended to hold tickets or small change, while the others will take handkerchief, cardcase and pocketbook. These outside pockets will be found a great convenience in these days when it seems almost impossible to find a place in the dress skirt for one.

MRS. BARNES-BRUCE



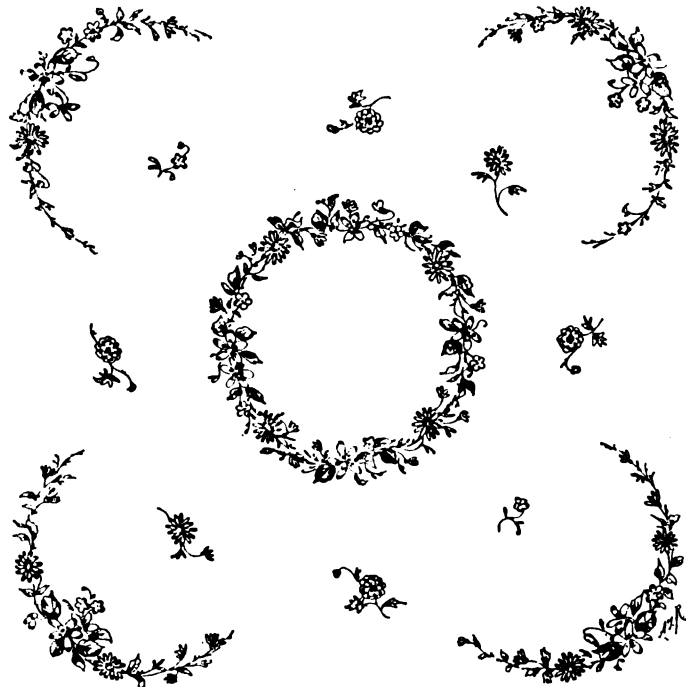
OUTSIDE POCKET FOR STREET GOWN

A LUNCH-COVER OF WREATHS

SMALL flowers, in the form of wreaths and festoons, are very popular for embroidery on white linen, as they are so dainty in effect. The illustration below shows a floral design for a lunch-cover, which consists of a wreath of violets, forget-me-nots, daisies, etc., in the centre, while semi-wreaths of the same flowers form the decoration for the corners, with tiny sprays of flowers scattered lightly between. Embroider the flowers in shades of violet, pink, yellows, dull reds, etc., after the Dresden manner, but care must be used in selecting shades of silk that will harmonize well. The leaves can be worked in varied shades of green. It would be pretty to have a set of doilies to match the lunch-cover, embroidered with the tiny sprays of different colored flowers.

A PAINTED MILK-PITCHER

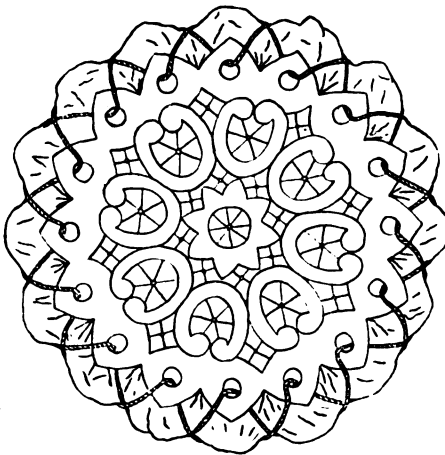
A CHARMING decoration for a china milk-pitcher may be found in our illustration, which shows the milkweed with the pods bursting open, distributing the little seed vessels over the surface of the china. The rough texture of the brownish-green



A DAINTY FLORAL LUNCH-COVER

pod contrasts beautifully with the silver sheen of the down on the seed vessels, which in Nature look like spun silk. If painted directly on white china it will be necessary to put in a few delicate gray shadows. If a background is desired a light blue, gradually fading into a brownish tone below, would be extremely effective. For this, deep blue green can be used, working in brown 17, or violet of iron for the brownish tint. A shade of violet, pink or one of a light gray green would also be pretty. The stalks and pods may be painted in varied shades of brown green, violet of iron, yellow brown and brown 17. The seed vessels are put in with a dark brown, say bitume or brown 17; the white down is first shaded with a delicate gray and touched up with white enamel, which will give a raised appearance, or the lines on the downy seed vessels may be touched up with gold if preferred. In painting on china it is well to remember that the article to be painted must be in good condition and perfectly clean and dry. As a general rule when finished and ready for firing, the work should be two shades darker than it is intended to be after firing. Successful china painting of any sort calls for a great deal of discretion; added to this comes conscientious care. With these, and, of course, skill, good results are possible.

ANNA T. ROBERTS.



A SOFA-CUSHION COVER

A SOFA-CUSHION COVER THIS effective pattern for a sofa-cushion cover is designed more particularly for summer use. It should be worked on écu linen of the stout make now so popular for artistic embroideries. The pattern is in very open cut work. The cushion is first covered with soft colored silk. The puff around the edge is of the same, the linen

being laced on to the foundation. The work is executed in Roman floss one or two shades darker than the covering. The design is buttonholed in every part, then cut out and the fillings put in with mediæval silk.

EMMA HAYWOOD.

IMITATION OF ENAMEL

THIS new method of imitating the costly enamel painting is to be recommended because the decoration can be rapidly applied to so many articles of ornament and use, while the brushes and wax are easily obtainable and very inexpensive. Red and black should be used only in the best qualities of sealing-wax. Put a bit the size of a hazelnut into an old pomade jar, or anything of the sort, and cover with alcohol and let dissolve from twelve to twenty-four hours. It is the right degree of consistency if, when dropped upon glass, it no longer runs, but remains stationary.

For lines and dotted patterns the finest water-color brushes must be used; figures require larger ones.

If the articles to be ornamented have narrow necks the principal shapes can be cut from paper, gummed upon the outside and then outlined with white wax. The smaller leaves, tendrils, etc., must be sketched with white wax, which can be

easily washed off with the alcohol used to clean the brushes, should any mistake be made.

All bottles, whose pattern of dots is to be put on in bright colors, must be under-



DESIGN OF MILKWEED FOR A MILK-PITCHER

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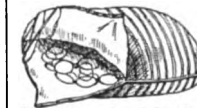
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EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

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ALTHOUGH I do not like to fish myself, I should like to have the boys invite me this summer to join their fishing excursions. Then, as we walked through the woods and by the brookside, or floated on the lake or watched the bob for the bite, I could, perhaps, get the ear and the sympathy of my companions. I was always fond of boys, even at an age when it was not considered proper to acknowledge it, and I have been growing fonder as I have grown older, and because I care so much for them I have "great expectations" for them, and I want them to be strong, clean and chivalrous. Although nowadays there is much talk of the self-reliance of women, the moment any physical danger threatens how quickly they fly for protection to the vigorous, manly arm, and how noble the response is even after there has been so much of unappreciation and ingratitude. It is said that fear for the future comes on with increasing age, and perhaps that is the reason that I look forward with some foreboding to the next generation of our boys, and I am anxious to have them warned of danger.

SINCE I cannot carry out my plan and talk to the boys myself, I ask the mothers and sisters and friends of the boys to do it for me. I would tell them that we are just as much in need of bravery now as in more warlike times; that manliness needs to assert itself in demanding the right as much as ever in this world's history; that victory should be as much a rallying cry, and that patient, persistent, unflinching, enduring battle, and united, unselfish, enthusiastic devotion to a cause, should be as glorious a demand upon our young men as any which history records. It is well said that "easy abdication is an indication of weakness," and if our boys and young men fail to use their power in sustaining the kingdom of right it is because there is weakness at the root of their characters. Do you ask me what boys can do? Ah, I should like to tell some boys I know how to begin to-day. For mother and sister they should be the truest knights, alert to lighten the daily tasks, ready to defend from every injustice and proud to acknowledge allegiance. Ah, if this required an Arab steed and a coat of mail and an engagement in some great tournament, it would appeal to a boy's spirit, but when it means hard knocks at homely tasks, and "defense of old-fashioned ways," and pride in possessing an obedient will, and unselfishness in word and deed and thought, then it is not so attractive. But this is the kind of manhood the times are calling for. God grant our boys have courage to answer well.

WILL you kindly clear this cloud for me? Should a man and wife be members of the same church? After graduating I intend to marry a young man who, as well as his family, is a Methodist, while I am an active member of the Baptist Church. It would be hard for either of us to give up the church of our choice. What agreement or compromise should we make? I would like to have this perplexity settled before we are married, as I think it an important one. Bessy.

It is not necessary for a man and his wife to be members of the same church, but it is a great deal better for them to go to church together. It is certainly hard for one to "give up" her church, but I should prefer that to giving up the company of my husband. Fortunately the church of which I am a member is possessed of such a spirit that people of different denominations can enter its fold and share its work very comfortably. There are many families with us who have thus compromised. I think it would be far better for you both to decide which shall be your common church home. If yours is a Free Baptist Church it will be comparatively easy, for the differences will not make either church impossible for you both to join. If it is not it will be much more difficult, but if you are both more set on being Christlike than on carrying out your own will, if you place life beyond ceremony and love as the "greatest thing in the world," you will find it comparatively easy to adjust these minor matters. For after all, religion does not consist in any particular form and ceremony, but "to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God."

MAY I come in for a little talk? I am a young woman who has been away from home for over two years—my first experience—and at times I am so lonely that when I notice the letters in this department it makes me want to write. After coming here, I took my letter from my home rector to the rector of the church I wished to attend. He was very kind and pleasant to me and promised to call, which he has never done. Sunday after Sunday, for the past two years, I have gone to church; never a soul has noticed me any more than were I a part of the fixtures there, and only those who have gone through a similar experience can imagine how lonely I do feel. At home the Sundays were always looked forward to, but now I really dread to have them come, for I feel that it is my duty to attend the church service, and yet it does seem as though I could not stand it much longer. Often I notice a sweet-faced old lady who sits near me there, and do wish that she would only speak to me. Do you think it would be wrong for me to remain at home in my room on Sundays rather than go to church under these circumstances? I do wish that you would advise me on the subject, for I have no one to whom I can go for advice, and having been brought up to always attend the service, it does not seem right to me to remain at home. L.

Perhaps your experience has been preparing you to do some special work for your Master. You may be an apostle to the lonely. Suppose you go to church next Sunday not expecting to be spoken to, but with the determination to greet some one else. Linger a little as you enter the church and watch for a hesitating stranger and give her a smile of welcome. Did you ever think that perhaps you have been so self-contained that you did not invite cordiality? I have some neighbors in church to whom, with all my efforts, I have not been able to give the friendly salutation I have wanted to give. If, after several efforts to do something for some one in the church you have been attending, you find the conditions so unfavorable as to be utterly discouraged, would it not be well to try some other church? It is unfortunate your rector has not called upon you, but I know something of the life of a city pastor, and I know how impossible it is for him to do what he longs to do. There are some churches, I am sorry to say, where friendly hospitality seems to have no place, but were I to find myself in such a one I know what I ought to do, though I might not have the grace to do it: I ought to set about introducing hospitality and cordiality in a quiet, unobtrusive way by introducing myself, and by endeavoring to make friends.

I AM a young man just completing my professional course of study in a Normal school, and will soon be ready to grapple with the realities of life. My inclination would lead me to marry soon, and I believe it would insure my professional success to do so. The young lady of my choice is an instructor in the school which I am attending. Ever since our first introduction I have entertained feelings of the highest regard for her, and these feelings have gradually ripened into a sincere and lasting affection. I have never spoken to her of my love nor shown her any marked attention, thinking it might not be proper, considering our relation as student and instructor, yet I feel that my affection, if made known, would be reciprocated. Is there anything in our present relation which would make it inappropriate for me to ask her company in attending entertainments, and showing her those marks of preference usually shown by lovers? I do not wish to deny myself the pleasure if it is unnecessary under the circumstances. I. S. N. S.

There is no serious reason why a marriage between yourself and your instructor should not be a happy one. It is not usual, and therefore you should be very sure that you are not mistaken, that she can look up to you as her protector and support. The man should, I am sure, be the head of the house—not a tyranny, not a despot, but a kind, wise and strong master of the house. To him all the household must be able to appeal. He must be responsible for the shelter, for food, for the raiment needed by his wife and his children. If he is to be so responsible he must have the right of direction, and usually to make such a relationship possible the husband should be the elder and not the pupil. I do not consider that a wife maintaining such a relation to her husband is less than he or beneath him in any sense of servitude or ignominy. It has sometimes been said that the wife is the heart and the husband the head of the home. Neither has the monopoly of wisdom or affection. This will not answer your question definitely. That I could not do. No one can settle for another the problem of marriage, and whether you should pay those attentions which mark the lover depends upon the certainty of your purpose. What the attentions should be can only be determined by a careful regard to the circumstances; of course, you would not allow them to subject your friend to annoying remark, nor to interfere in any way with her position as instructor in the school in which you are both endeavoring to do good work. Can you not have a confidential talk on the subject with the young woman herself?

I AM very much in love with the nicest young man in the world and have reason to believe that my love is returned, but he is younger than I am and his mother objects to the match, not only on that account but because they are a proud family of better social standing than our family, and I am not even an heiress. Oh, why will people be so cruel? My mother, being very poor and having many to look after and provide for, is anxious to get some of us girls married off, and she is now trying to influence me to marry a man who is older than I am and who is wealthy and exceedingly fond of me. What shall I do? Would it be wise to give up such a good chance when I know that the man I love can never marry me? Must I remain a burden upon my mother's hands when I might make my wealthy admirer as well as my own family happy? L. I.

Why is it necessary to repeat that marriage without love is a sin? You have no right—it seems to me I have said this many times before—to marry one man when you are "in love" with another.

I PRESUME that you do not often hear from Manitobans. I am a genuine one, having been born there and never having been outside its limits. I have thought that perhaps you would like to see some flowers from here, as they are more than likely very different from those that you have. It would afford me a great deal of pleasure to send you some. Do you not think it very wrong to laugh at and make fun of "old maids," even though they may be a little peculiar? Do you think there is anything wrong in teasing people—for instance, in teasing a girl about a certain man, or a man about a certain girl? A MANITOBAN.

I should indeed like to see your native flowers, and I should like some time to see your home. Your questions are very easy to answer. I think it is a great wrong to laugh at "old maids." It is wrong to hurt the feelings of any human being, and so-called "old maids" are generally especially sensitive. Often they have given their youth, sacrificing, perhaps, a lover to a father or mother or younger sisters or brothers—heroines indeed, although unknown and unrecognized. Yes, too, I think it is a "vulgar habit" to tease men and women about each other. Not every playful remark can be characterized as teasing but it is dangerous to treat love lightly.

WILL you please tell me how one is to become proficient in "cotton-classing," and how one can get a position to do it? I am not able to teach on account of my health, and I would rather be a first-rate "cotton-classer" than a second-rate anything else. D. L.

Who can tell our friend what this "cotton-classing" is and how she may become familiar with it?

THE following conversation recently overheard carries its own lesson:

UNCLE CHARLIE—Get out of my way there, Willie, you are always under my feet.

WILLIE—Mamma, when will I be old enough to say, 'get out of my way' to people?

MAMMA—Why, what do you mean, Willie?

WILLIE—When I hit somebody you make me say, 'I beg your pardon'; when folks hit me they say, 'get out of my way.' Do they say it to everybody or only to little boys?

I WAS reading the other day this quotation: "Evil is wrought by lack of thought as well as lack of heart." I have wondered if it would not be a help if others, as well as myself, would send some suggestions concerning thoughtfulness or lack of thoughtfulness, or cite some instance which has particularly interested them.

I am one of the "shut-ins," and though I am not able to visit or even bear the strain of callers without great fatigue, I long many times for a change of scene. I sometimes say, "If I could only go a-visiting without the visiting!" We have a very dear friend living a short distance from us who expects to go away for a vacation this summer with her husband. I have been made very happy by her kind, cordial invitation to me and my nurse and companion to take possession of her home during her absence. I think none but those who have been circumstanced as I am can know what a pleasure it is to anticipate such a change, and if I am able to be moved when the time comes I hope it will be a real benefit to me. Cannot others who are planning for a summer vacation at the seaside or mountains lend their homes, just as they are, to some people who need a change but are unable, for one cause or another, to have what they long for? They need not necessarily select an invalid; I believe there is many a housewife wearied by the monotonous round of domestic duties who would receive an impetus from such a change, even though obliged to continue accustomed duties in a new place. I make this suggestion hoping it may be the means of inspiring one person—if only one—to make the most use of her comforts and blessings by sharing them with another. ONE OF YOUR READERS.

Life would be eased of many of its hard times if there were a more thoughtful use of our possessions in providing pleasure and restfulness for others. I saw at a friend's house the other day a beautiful picture which had just come home. It had been loaned to an invalid for some months, and I wondered why such a pleasant way of doing a favor had not been thought of by others, for I am sure it is a lack of thought indeed and not lack of heart which stands in the way. When the city house is being closed for the summer, might we not think of something in it which could be doing service in our absence to some one who cannot leave the "city's sights and smells" for country rest and refreshment? Or might we not in some way allow that large, airy, city house to be of some comfort to some less fortunate friend who would appreciate its spacious rooms and care for it even as we would have it cared for, until our return?

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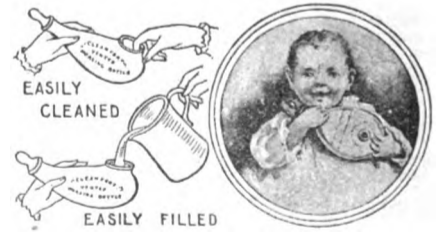
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DAINTY STYLES IN LINGERIE

By Isabel A. Mallon



It has not been so very long ago since muslin was generally used for underwear. That it was thick, warm and by no means easy to arrange in a pretty way was not thought of, and if one suggested that in its place linen or lawn should be used some one else was always ready to announce that both of these materials were more expensive and more difficult to launder. Nowadays we know that lawn or percale, for the latter is frequently noted, is quite as cheap as muslin, because of the greater width, and that, as underwear is no longer made stiff with starch, its laundering is quite easy. The heavy embroideries that were once in vogue are no longer seen, and if one wishes a garment to be very fine, and yet simple, it is without trimming, and its decoration is made by its being well cut and perfectly sewed by hand.

THE FAVORITE MATERIALS

As I said before, the favorite material for underwear, of course not counting the flannel for petticoats, is either lawn or percale. When the latter is chosen it usually has a fine stripe or tiny dot of some color on it. What are known as the cross-barred muslins, which are, by-the-by, very thin and quite inexpensive, are occasionally used for nightdresses to be worn during the summer, but this material is not noted in any other garment. Occasionally a light-weight cambric is selected for petticoats, but lawn is given the preference. Silk underwear has not the same vogue it had some time ago, but it cannot be denied that if one can afford to wear it, it is the most agreeable material imaginable. Valenciennes, real and imitation, fine torchon, Miltese and one or two specimens of plat lace are the trimmings preferred. Most undergarments are made dainty by the use of ribbons upon them, and as the taking off and putting on of these pretty adjuncts only occupies a little time there is no reason, especially when ribbons are so cheap, why every young woman should not make her belongings look as fine as possible.

FOR THE HOURS OF THE NIGHT

The nightdress of to-day is made almost like a dress. A full bodice, decidedly long-waisted and very loose, but yet fitting well, has the skirt gathered on to it; the joining is hidden under a two-inch band of footing, through which a ribbon is run and tied in sash fashion just in front. The neck is cut out sufficiently low to allow a large cape collar, which is made fancy by a row of insertion and a full frill of lace. The sleeves are fashionably full, are gathered in at the wrist, finished with lace frills, and then have, so that the sewing is all hidden, a band of footing about each, through which a ribbon is drawn and tied on the outer side. Instead of buttons and button-holes the front of the bodice is fastened with narrow ribbons that tie very easily. This nightdress looks elaborate, is extremely pretty, and only becomes expensive when it is bought ready made.

Simpler gowns are of lawn, made with a yoke, and having a double Watteau plait in the back, while the fullness in front is gathered to the yoke. Square sailor collars, or round cape ones, made of the material and trimmed with lace, are very decorative, and will do much toward making a perfectly simple gown look very dainty. The best laundresses put no starch in nightdresses, consequently they wear out before they tear out. The long shoulder seam, and the full sleeve, which is extremely comfortable, are noticed on all the new gowns.

THE CHEMISE AND VEST

The woven silk vest has almost entirely usurped the place of the chemise. It is very comfortable, does not give any added fullness about the bust or hips, launders easily and is not expensive. Still there are those who prefer to wear a chemise. Those shown now and then are shaped to fit the figure, are decidedly long, have the neck cut out in a round outline, and the sleeves formed by the shoulder straps. Sometimes they button on the shoulder, but oftener a narrow ribbon is encased about the neck, and the soft material is drawn in to fit closely. Very little trimming is liked. Lace about half an inch wide about the neck and armholes constitutes about all that is used, unless, indeed, the hemstitching around the lower edge of the skirt portion is considered a decoration. Lawn or percale is almost invariably used for this garment, and a light weight of either fabric is chosen. Occasionally linen is noted, and then the only decoration is fine hemstitching.

FOR PRETTY SKIRTS

EXCEPT for a greater fullness the petticoats are cut almost exactly like the dress skirt. Lawn or cambric is used for them, although when thin white dresses are worn petticoats of dotted muslin are chosen, and being light tend to make the whole costume very cool and pleasant. The skirt of lawn with three ruffles, having upon them a group of tucks on each side of the lace insertion, and then below that a lace edge, is one that can endure much soap and water, and, not being over-trimmed, is good form. The fancy for setting lace in the skirt itself no longer obtains, and if anything the trimming, which is all put on by hand, is simpler than ever before. A ribbon belt is usually drawn through a casing at the top, so that one may have one's skirt belt as loose or as tight as may be agreeable, and then, too, the doing away with the old close belt, to which the skirt was gathered, makes it much easier to iron the petticoat itself.

Silk skirts have pinked ruffles, with lace ones alternating. These are not made as wide as the white skirts, for if they were they would rustle so that they would be counted in very bad taste. Perfectly plain skirts have their ruffles hemmed by hand. Indeed, handwork is commended on all underwear, not only because it is prettier, but because it will iron better.

THE FLANNEL PETTICOAT

The flannel petticoat is a something that should be worn all the year round, its weight being graded by the warmth of the weather. A very pretty light-weight flannel comes with a creamy white background, and hair lines of one, two or three different colors upon it. This is prettily trimmed with a knitted lace of white Saxony, the design of which permits a narrow ribbon to be run through it. These knitted laces are very pretty, and very much liked on the flannel petticoat. The French *lingère*, who specially approves of all work done by hand, thinks that nothing makes so proper a trimming for flannel as this wool lace, which expert knitters find so little trouble to make. Where a colored flannel is used the lace matches it, and in some instances, especially if a silk flannel is used, silk, instead of wool, is used for the lace.

The knitted flannel skirts, which give one occupation all summer, are at once pretty and warm, and are specially to be commended to any one who suffers from rheumatism, or from very cold limbs. In making the flannel skirt do not have a bulky hem about the lower edge, but, instead, turn up the material as if for the first fold of a hem, and then baste over it on the right side a two-inch-wide ribbon, stitching this close to the edge so that there is no danger of the flannel coming below, and stitching it smoothly, also, at the top. A similar ribbon put on the outside may constitute the casing through which the ribbon strings are run. Dext workers embroider on this upper silk band the initials of the wearer in silk the same color as the flannel.

SOME OF THE OTHER GARMENTS

The wearing of the corset cover is entirely a matter of personal taste. Very many women wear it, and equally as many do not. Dressmakers claim that a bodice fitted or worn over a corset cover is never the success that it is when the corset cover is omitted. The only change noticeable in them is that where a sleeve used to be put in it is now left out, and all trimming is omitted. The cover is cut to fit the figure as closely as possible, and the neck is either V-shaped or round. Personally, as all of our bodices are lined, no matter how thin the material may be, I see very little use for the corset cover, but if one does wear one it is right that it should be made after the best design, which is the very simplest. Very tiny buttons should be used for closing, otherwise, when a thin bodice is worn, their imprint is likely to be seen. A somewhat heavy quality of percale is used for corset covers, unless, indeed, one should elect to have linen. A trimming seen on corset covers consists of rows of lace set in the material lengthwise.

Percale, cambric and lawn are all used for drawers. They are made somewhat short and decidedly broad, and the trimming consists usually of groups of tucks with insertion between and a full frill of lace as the edge finish. The band has been superseded by the fitted yoke, which does away with any fullness about the waist. Sometimes this is closed with buttons, but oftener with tapes put in in casing fashion, and starting, not from the front but from each side just on the hip-line.

FOR THE DAINTY FOOT

COTTON, lisle and silk stockings are all worn. Many women, myself among the number, prefer a cotton to a lisle thread stocking, inasmuch as the twist of the thread in the lisle ones irritates the soles of the feet. Dark blue and black stockings are liked for street wear, except when tan shoes are worn, and then, of course, the stockings match the shoes. The navy blue stocking is usually chosen by those who find that the dye from a black stocking affects their skin. This is by no means common, but the very minute it is discovered one should cease wearing the black and select another color, or else wear white, for one never knows to what extent a skin disorder may go. With gray or scarlet shoes or slippers the stockings are chosen to match, and these may be gotten in silk at a much lower price than is given for black ones. Many women have discovered that the wearing of suspenders pulls a silk stocking so that it "railroads," which means "good-by" to the stocking, and so for this reason the wearing of the garter above the knee is gaining in favor.

THE PRETTY JACKET

THE uses of the lawn, lace-trimmed and beribboned jacket are many. One can be assumed when the dress bodice is laid aside while one takes a cup of tea or a cooling glass of lemonade in the privacy of one's own room; or made in the most elaborate fashion and worn over a white skirt the jacket can appear at a home luncheon where only the ladies and children of the house are present. There is a fancy just now for making the jackets decidedly full, so that they may be drawn in at the waist-line with a sash ribbon. Where a high collar is the neck finish the fullness is laid in fine tucks in front and a double Watteau plait in the back. These are, of course, sewed by hand, and are held in to just above the waist-line, where a two-inch band of footing is put around in belt fashion, the ribbon run through it, and the effect of a full skirt falling from under it is the result.

Other jackets have round and square yokes of lace with the fullness closely gathered and sewed to them, while others that have the neck cut out have the fullness drawn under a band and then hidden by the full frills of lace that outline the V or round neck, as one may have chosen. For the skirt of the jacket there is usually the row of insertion set in with a group of tucks as a contrast, and a deep lace frill as a finish. Very often, in addition to the lace yoke, lengthwise rows of insertion are used and made to extend to the waist-line. Pale yellow, blue, rose and heliotrope ribbons are all noted upon the lawn jackets, and, as is customary on all underwear just now, the ribbon itself is the glossy satin. Plainer jackets, intended simply to be worn when combing the hair or during the dressing hour, have no trimming. Small pearl buttons are used in place of ribbon ties, and if one wishes to confine the garment at the waist long ties of the material, hemmed by hand, are proper.

A PERFECT CORSET

I AM continually being asked what stays I would advise. Being an advocate of the well-fitting, properly-worn corsets, I can only say, in the first place, that I do not believe in stays that are too tight, a something that can never be said about an absolutely well-fitting one. Over-long corsets are seldom desirable, inasmuch as they turn over on the edges and the bones are apt to press upon the abdomen in a way that is not pleasant. A high-busted corset should be selected for the woman who is rather large, but for her who is slender a lower one will be found to fit better and to give a better shape. French dressmakers all prefer a short corset. Never buy your corsets too large in the bust. They simply turn over and make an ugly lump, and do not, as you expect, appear to increase the size of the bust. Even if one buys coutille corsets a silk lacing should be gotten, as, not only will it last longer and be found to draw with greater ease, but it will not, like the round cotton lace, imprint itself upon the back of your bodice. The gauze corset is comfortable for summer wear, and if a good quality is gotten one should be able to wear it an entire season. Personally, I do not think there is any economy in buying a cheap corset, as the bones will break and the material fray before it has absolutely adapted itself to one's shape.

A FEW LAST WORDS

EVERY woman of refinement would rather have fewer gowns than feel that she had not sufficient underwear. It must be remembered that simple underwear is always ladylike, but one wants to have plenty of it, and that plenty in good condition. There is no necessity for three or four dozen of each garment, as, possessing this number, many will grow yellow awaiting their turn to be worn. Six of each, excepting the flannel skirts, and three of them should be sufficient, constitute all the lingerie that is required. To keep it pleasant with the odor oforris, to have it dainty with fine stitching, pretty, if possible, with faint-hued ribbons, is a work that is specially womanly, and with which all women can sympathize.



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THE NEW ATHLETIC CARNIVAL

By Mrs. Garrett Webster



ONE of the most successful of entertainments, and one especially suited to mid-summer is the athletic carnival—a fair which may be given for any charitable or benevolent object, or in connection with the raising of funds for any special athletic project, either collegiate or non-collegiate. Its principal peculiarity is that the articles to be sold are entirely those which bear some real or artificial relation to athletics, the different booths or tents in which the articles are exhibited for sale being known by the name of the sport to which it is devoted. On either a large or small scale the affair is, because of its uniqueness, likely to be a success with the public, and feminine fingers which are tired of making aprons and crocheting pockets may turn to embroidering college bags, dressing dolls for foot-ball elevens, making sachets in the shape of imitation base and foot balls, and fashioning belts, neckties, bags and caps in college colors.

If any woman who is the mistress of a large summer home with extensive grounds will but take the carnival under her special care, and if the clerk of the weather will but grant clear skies on the day and night of the affair, two important essentials of success will be secured. The dining-room and porches should be reserved for the serving and sale of refreshments; the other articles being displayed in tents or marquees without sides, which should be erected upon the lawn. Large flags with the name of the booth thereon in large, plain letters will add to the festivity of the scene and insure speedy recognition of location.

The carnival may be readily adapted to indoor and winter holding. In this case the ordinary arrangements for an indoor bazaar, with a few modifications, will be found available.

A FAVORITE booth will be that devoted to lawn tennis and its belongings. The booth and tables may be decorated with nets in which rackets, poles and forks and innumerable balls may be fastened with good effect. Nets; poles and forks or centre irons; mallets for pounding them in place; guy ropes, runners and pegs; rackets, racket cases and rubber handle covers; sets of balls; lawn markers, tapes and pins; gloves, belts and caps; and a library of "guides," score books and books of rules, and the standard works on tennis should all have a place. Photographs of the various tennis champions also find a sale. Scarf and hat pins, studs and cuff buttons sell well if one can find them in the form of tennis implements and made from silver. Gold jewelry is apt to find but few purchasers.

A cricket booth is always a popular one and can be made very attractive if the girls in charge of it are especial devotees of the game. Bats, balls, spikes, leg guards, wickets and batting and wicket gloves, photographs of various foreign and all-America teams, and collections of photographs of the principal club houses in the country which are devoted to the sport, will find ready sale.

If the carnival be delayed until September and should be held at a resort where the elevens of any large college have commenced training for the foot-ball field, the foot-ball booth will assume a prominence not to be denied. This sport, which seems to interest as many outsiders as students, grows yearly in the popular favor. The booth devoted to its belongings should be a large one. The colors of Princeton, orange and black, should wave triumphantly over her sisters' blue, crimson, and red and blue, though the latter are each and all entitled to their share of representation. Toy tigers of large and small size will find ready purchasers and are very decorative. Real foot-balls tied with the different colored ribbons, imitation ones which are in reality downy sofa cushions made of silks in the college colors and embroidered with college mottoes, or seals, referee's whistles, umpire's canes, flags, both large and small, attached to poles and canes, copies of the annual foot-ball guides and of the standard American books on the subject tied with the various college colors, copies of "Tom Brown," foot-ball inflators, mouth-pieces, nose-masks, caps, wrist-supporters, and photographs of the different '93 teams and of their most famous stars, each and all of these things will find ready sale, as will all sorts and kinds of bags made of materials in any college colors.

THE base-ball corner of the fair should be an especially successful one. College colors are here of value for decoration, because of the place this sport has in intercollegiate athletics. There is no championship this year, so no one color should be most in evidence in decoration. Photographs of "ninety-four's" nines at Princeton, Pennsylvania, Yale, Cornell and Harvard will probably find ready sale among the people interested in college ball. Flags and banners, large and small, neckties, silk mufflers, sachets made in imitation of a base-ball or bat and covered with silk in college colors, ribbon-ornamented canes, base-ball guides for 1894, standard works upon the subject of our national game, not to mention balls, bats, score books, pencils, scorer's tablets, bat cases, wrist supporters, gloves and mitts, toe-plates, catcher's masks and body protectors, will find ready sale and give a unique appearance to the tables in the booth.

AN aquatic booth which shall show forth fishing, boating and swimming appurtenances would be popular at a seaside fair. Fishing lines, rods, reels, nets, baskets, flies, hooks, sinkers, floats and all the thousand and one trifles which the true angler considers as necessities of his art, will find ready sale. Yachting caps, tiny imitation canoes and oars, oarlocks and any and every thing which pertains to a "life on the ocean wave" should have their corner in the aquatic booth. Photographs of the champion college crews, and flags and bunting of Harvard and Yale, Cornell and Pennsylvania will make the booth attractive both as decorations and articles of sale. This is one place where the college colors should flaunt gayly.

One corner of this booth might be devoted to the exhibition and sale of the photographs, if they could be secured, of the feminine crews of the boat and canoe clubs at Wellesley College and Lasell. The colors of these two colleges should blaze forth in the feminine portion of the aquatic booth.

A small booth should be devoted to golf, for although the game is as yet in its infancy in this country, many people are already interested in it and many more desire to be. The booth may be made gay with the golf flags, and among the articles to be sold should be balls, ball-cleaners, putters, drivers, cleeks, lifters, hole cutters, hole rims, tees, clubs, niblicks, cases and gloves. Score cases and golf manuals will also find purchasers.

FENCING and sparring should be the inscription over the booth where foils, sticks and blades, foil buttons, fencers' masks and both fencers' and boxers' gloves are arrayed for sale.

Near to it may be a small booth devoted to the display and sale of polo mallets and balls and hockey sticks.

Lacrosse will be represented by goal flags, lacrosse sticks and balls and by photographs of international and collegiate champions, as well as by the various books which have been written upon the subject.

A miscellaneous booth should contain croquet sets, and individual mallets, dumbbells and Indian clubs, small lawn tents, hammocks, cushions and caps and belts of all descriptions. Porch seats, hammock stretchers, lanterns, archery sets and other useful out-of-door articles will also find ready sale.

THE flower booth may be made especially attractive to college men by the decorations and *bougonnières* being made from flowers in the colors of the different Alma Maters. Violets, forget-me-nots, heliotrope and cornflowers made into bouquets will appeal at once to all Yale's sympathizers. Crimson carnations, red chrysanthemums and red roses will charm fair Harvard's devotees. Bouquets of red roses and heliotrope and of red carnations and violets will sell readily to Pennsylvanians, while Princeton rejoices in the gorgeous orange and yellow chrysanthemums tied with black satin ribbons.

Candies should be colored to represent the different colleges, and failing this should be sold in boxes tied with college ribbons or made from college silks. *Bougonnières* shaped like base and foot balls, ornamented with tiny tennis and lacrosse rackets, or made to suggest any of the athletic implements, are especially appropriate.

Boxes may be covered with silks in the college colors, and bags which will serve a further purpose than their first use as holders of sweets may be fashioned from college flags and embroidered with the crests and seals.

A PICNIC booth will be a great success, picnics being certainly one of the most popular of summer sports. Baskets of lunch tied with college ribbons, picnic shade hats trimmed with the chosen colors, Japanese parasols, palm-leaf fans decorated with artificial flowers and ribbons in the college colors, or painted in the colors, packages of paper napkins and wooden plates tied with the ribbons, hammocks, and hammock hooks and stretchers, picnic cups, knives, forks and spoons, bean bags, balls, packs of cards, games, ground seats, coffee-pots, match-boxes, and anything else at a picnic should be sold here. The summer girl's outdoor costume will be appropriate for the vendors at this booth to wear.

At the base-ball, foot-ball, tennis, cricket, lacrosse and aquatic booths, arrangements may be made to have polls open at five cents a vote for the most popular and for the best player in the different sports. In the base-ball world, for example, votes might be taken upon the best hitter, the best fielder, the best pitcher, the best catcher, the ideal all-America nine, and the most popular individual player, and favorite team in the country—restricting the choice of persons to be voted for to actual amateur members of university and college teams. At the foot-ball booth votes might be polled for the best quarter-back, centre-rush, pairs of half-backs, end rushers, tackles and guards, for the favorite all-America eleven, for the most popular man and for the most popular eleven, restricting in all cases the candidates to amateur members of college and university teams. In tennis the candidates may be for the championship in ladies' singles and doubles, in gentlemen's singles and doubles, and for mixed doubles—in all cases to be amateur players. The aquatic booth may poll candidates for the championship in amateur swimming, for the favorite American yacht to be chosen as the cup defender, and for the favorite American college eight and four oared crews. Lacrosse and cricket will readily find their own candidates for votes.

Of the same kind might be a small tent made entirely of college flags, in the interior of which a gypsy maid, arrayed in a gown of all known college colors, should tell to all who crossed her palm with silver the fortune of their chosen college in its different branches of athletics during the coming year. Four lines of doggerel may be contributed by each of the aids, and in this way a goodly store of rhymed prophecies be started, and one which all friends of the carnival may be invited to enlarge.

THE dresses of the aids at the different booths should, as far as possible, suggest the articles to be sold. The tennis and boating costumes will at once present themselves, and base-ball, foot-ball, archery, and other sports will readily suggest something original in the way of costume to a girl of ordinary cleverness.

At the foot-ball booth a most effective group may be made by the aids being gowned to represent the different colleges in the championship league. An effective gown to be worn by the representative of the champion college may be made of orange net over black satin. The skirt should be of accordion-plaited net, on which should be appliquéd oblong foot-balls of black and orange satin. The bodice should be a short, rounded one of black satin, with large sleeves of striped orange and black. A belt and chatelaine bag of tiger skin, and a tasseled cap in the shape once worn by the foot-ball men in the days before long hair became fashionable, would complete the costume.

Both Yale's and Harvard's fair representatives may be most effectively costumed in gowns made of solid blue or crimson, in the same style as the Princeton costume already described. A most taking costume may represent Pennsylvania: a Quaker gown and bonnet of plainest cut and fashion, but made in the college colors of red and blue. The skirt and kerchief should be decorated with appliquéd foot-balls of red and blue satin.

The base-ball dresses may be made of similar combinations and arrangements of color, but in a different fashion. The skirts should reach only to the ankle, where tan base-ball shoes should be seen. A blouse shirt waist, with belt of leather and a visored cap will complete the costume.

The aids at the aquatic booth will look well in full skirts of boating flannel, with knitted jerseys, or, as they are more popularly known, "sweaters," made with deep sailor collar and cuffs of contrasting colors. With this costume yachting caps should be worn.

Other costumes will readily suggest themselves, and by their character and diversity will lend color to the carnival.

A word should be said here in deprecation of the frequent error in the wearing of college colors, where the colors are more than one in number. Worse luck can scarcely be brought upon a collegiate contest than for the supporters of either side to wear or carry their colors reversed. Pennsylvania is red and blue, not blue and red; Princeton, orange and black, not black and orange; Cornell, camelian and white; Lehigh, brown and white.

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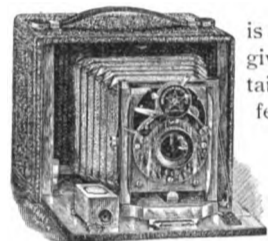


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MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

All questions of a musical nature will be cheerfully answered in this column by a special corps of musical experts.

W. R.—Walter Damosch's wife is a daughter of the late James G. Blaine.

NEW MILFORD—Donizetti was the author of "The Daughter of the Regiment" (La Fille du Regiment).

NETTIE—Harmony, in the study of music, is the science of chords and of their relation and connection.

E. A. U.—The French National hymn, "The Marseillaise," was written shortly after the fall of the Bastille.

THREESA—If you want to become a good piano player you must have a good instrument and it must be kept in tune.

GERMANTOWN—A "chord" in music is the simultaneous sounding of three tones that are concordant with one another.

MYRTLE—The late Hans von Bülow was married in 1857 to Liszt's daughter; they were divorced and she afterward married Wagner. She lives in Germany.

S. J. A.—Wagner's son Siegfried is leader of an orchestra at Leipzig. (2) Ernest Camille Sivari, the violinist, is dead; he made a tour of the United States in 1841.

S. V. M.—There is a tune known as "The Angel." You will find it in "Tunes Old and New," adapted to the Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

LANARK—The JOURNAL will, in some of its early issues, give to its readers a series of articles of practical value on different musical topics by practical musicians.

KANSAS—It is never well for a person beginning the study of the piano to attempt to play quickly, on the contrary, it is absolutely necessary that she shall play slowly.

AVON-BY-THE-SEA—Christine Nilsson is of Swedish nationality. A sketch of her appeared in the JOURNAL of October, 1893, a copy of which will be sent you for ten cents.

WESLEYAN—The subject of Massenet's new opera, "Thais," is from a novel by Anatole France, and is the story of the conversion to Christianity of an Egyptian courtesan.

KEITH—Adelina Patti was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1843. Her father was Salvatore Patti, an operatic tenor. Her mother, whose stage name was Signora Barilli, was quite a well-known singer.

ANNIE—Madame Marchesi, the noted singing teacher, resides in France, but she is a German by birth. Her name is pronounced as though spelled Mar-ke-si, with the accent on the second syllable.

M. C. M.—Albani, the soprano, is a Canadian; her father's name was Joseph Le Jeunesse (2) Meysse; her real name is Nellie Mitchell; it is said that she was born in Melbourne, Australia, about the year 1865. She is married.

A. M. M.—The words of "The Star Spangled Banner" were written by Francis Scott Key, of Maryland; they were set to the music of an old air called "Adams and Liberty," composed by Dr. Samuel Arnold.

GINEVRA—"The Eurydice," "The Melody," "The Enterpean"—any one of these names would do for your new musical club. (2) Jessie Bartlett Davis' voice is a contralto of the finest quality. She is very happily married.

MAURICE—Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote for the National Peace Festival in 1872, the hymn beginning "Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long." It was sung to the music of Mr. M. Keller's hymn, "Speed Our Republic."

S.—Possibly the smallest piano ever made with tone equal to that of the largest, was one designed several years ago for a Baltimore millionaire's yacht. It was forty-seven inches high, forty-five inches wide and twenty-six inches deep.

J.—"Pibblicate programmes" are thus explained: The audience at an operatic concert is invited to indicate, on blanks attached to the programmes, the works they would like to hear at the next concert. The decision is by the majority vote.

R. D. D.—The opera of "Merlin" was performed in New York City, in the winter of 1887, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damosch. The scene of the opera is laid in Wales. The hero, "Merlin" is one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

SAN ANTOINE—If your piano is an upright one do not, if you can possibly avoid it, stand it close to the wall. It will sound much better if placed across one corner of the room. A piano should be kept away from the heat of both fire and sun. A temperature of 75 degrees should be maintained, when possible, in rooms where pianos are kept.

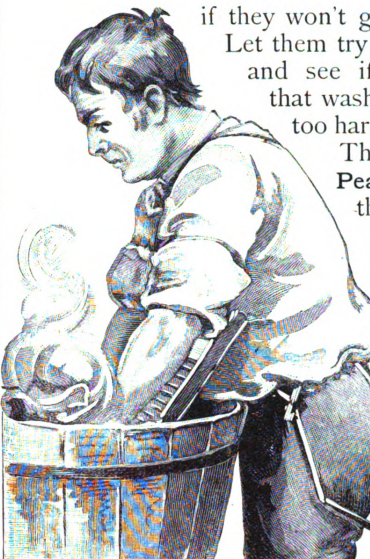
F.—You must not rebel because your teacher insists upon the necessity of your constant practice of the scales. Both major and minor scales should be played without notes, and each one practiced until the desired smoothness and evenness of touch is acquired. By this constant practice the fingers will acquire elasticity.

R. M.—The term "contrapuntal," as commonly used, defines music, the effect of which depends more upon the independent movement of the several parts, rather than upon the massing of the harmonies. (2) "God Save the King" is believed to have been composed, both words and music, by Henry Carey, in 1760, to celebrate the taking of Portobello by the English.

- MANY INQUIRERS—The following is a list of the musical compositions written exclusively for and published in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:
- "MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS" WALTZES
Reginald de Koven April, 1893
 - A DREAM OF LOVE June, 1893
 - Willard Spenser " MY STAR—Prize Ballad " August, "
 - Kate Lewellyn Fifth " DANCING WAVES WALTZES " October, "
 - Eduard Strauss " THE MANHATTAN BEACH MARCH " December, "
 - John Philip Sousa " THE JOURNAL'S PRIZE HYMNS " January, 1894
 - THE ABERDEEN WALTZES—Prize Waltz " February, "
 - Frances J. Moore " TELL ME—Ballad " April, "
 - George D. Woodill " SPANISH SERENADE—Prize Song " June, "
 - Fred C. Hahr " "
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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

BY RUTH ASHMORE



Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, to the best of my ability, each month, any question sent me by my girl readers. RUTH ASHMORE.

B. C. R.—In entering a church the lady follows the usher and her escort comes after her.

GRACE M.—An only daughter would have "Miss Hamilton" engraved upon her visiting-cards.

SARAH J.—The letters signifying the width of shoes vary, but I think that triple "A" is the narrowest.

MARGUERITE—I do think a black dress trimmed with black and white is too old for a girl of seventeen.

B. AND J.—There is no harm in wearing the college pin of a man friend, but if I were you I would not do it.

IGNORANCE—As soon as a man has been accepted he should ask the consent and approval of the young lady's parents.

DAFFODIL—In writing a letter to a man with whom you are not very well acquainted, you should begin "My Dear Mr. Brown."

LILIAN—It would be perfectly proper to be married at the church in a traveling costume, and go from there direct to the train.

D. L.—Even if you do not know your friend's husband your wedding cards should be addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown."

EDITH—Certainly a young man whose admiration is worth having would admire a quiet, refined girl in preference to a noisy, slangy one.

BIRD—I think a girl of eighteen may be engaged to be married if the young man is several years older than she is and her parents approve of it.

A. M. C. G.—Unless you are betrothed to the gentleman it would not be in good taste to allow him to carry your photograph in his watch-case.

M. S.—The paper that is known as cream white is considered most desirable. (2) In writing a letter to a man friend begin it "My Dear Mr. Brown."

ALICE—It is in very bad form to write an invitation on one's visiting-card. It should be written on small note-paper. (2) Finger-bowls are not used for supper.

S.—A gentleman caller is usually entertained by a conversation and music, and it is not necessary to refuse to see a man friend simply because you are engaged to be married.

ADA—I have never taught in any college, and the teacher whom you remember and like must have been some one of the same name, but certainly she is not this Ruth Ashmore.

AN ELDER SISTER—Thank you very much for your kind words about the little article. I am glad if it has made one sister feel how much she can do as the eldest of the family.

L. F.—The only way in which bleached hair can be restored to its original color is by stopping the use of the liquid upon it, thus permitting it to fade and return to its natural shade.

CLEOPATRA—It is never in good taste to walk or ride alone with a young man after dark. (2) The pretty girl, of course, always attracts, but it is the interesting girl who retains friends.

R.—I have said a great many times that it is not necessary for a hostess to take care of a man's overcoat. When he is old enough to pay visits he is old enough to look after his own belongings.

EDITH C.—At no wedding service is it proper for the bride to enter the church alone. When she does not enter on the arm of her father or nearest male relative she should come in with the bridegroom.

INQUIRER—The youngest daughter would have "Miss Mary C. Jones" on her visiting-card, with, of course, her address in the lower left-hand corner and the "at home" day, if there should be one, in the lower right-hand corner.

M. L. N.—It is quite proper for a lady to take a gentleman's arm after dark if he offers it. (2) If, having accepted an invitation, you change your mind, you certainly ought to give some reason when writing your note of apology.

QUEENIE—When flowers have been sent you in approbation of your singing at a school concert it would be proper to write a note to each one of the friends kind enough to remember you, thanking them for their thoughtfulness.

IRENE—As you have just come out of mourning for your mother it is not necessary for you to entertain the friends who have been kind to you, but you should make a personal call on each one, leaving your own and your father's card.

INNOCENCE—It is decidedly improper for a young woman to have her photograph taken with a man to whom she is not engaged. (2) When a man friend comes to take you to some entertainment it is perfectly right for you to suggest the time to depart.

A. P. S.—When one cannot go to an afternoon "at home" one should send by mail to the hostess one of one's own and two of one's husband's cards, postmarked so that they may arrive the afternoon of the reception. It is not necessary to call after an "at home."

FAY—I would advise your rubbing vaseline well in to the roots of your hair if you wish to increase its growth. I have known of cases where this has been most successful, and where not only new hair has come in, but where the hair has been made glossy and thick.

ELIZABETH F. G.—Your letter, my dear girl, proves my wisdom in never having had a photograph taken, because you have made me the woman I want to be. Do let me hear from you again, for it is possible that the ideal and the real may, in God's good time, be united.

L. L.—When your partner at a dance asks you to go into the supper-room with him, even if you have only just met him, there is no impropriety in accepting his invitation. (2) I do not think it is in good taste for two very young ladies to go to a dance without a chaperon.

I. A. T.—When a young man has been kind enough to act as your escort thank him and express a desire to see him soon again. (2) If a man acquaintance whose character is had insists upon coming near you, join your mother or whatever women friends happen to be at the entertainment.

TWO GIRLS—There certainly would be no impropriety in your going to a place of amusement with your brother and his friend, for your brother is, for the time being, your chaperon. (2) A girl of fourteen should not wear her hair up, and her gown should only come to just below her ankles.

A CONSTANT READER—In making a first call, when the lady of the house admits you it would be proper to leave your card, with your address upon it, on one of the tables in the parlor when there is no regular card-receiver in the hall. (2) Ice cream, pie and watermelon are all eaten with a fork.

KID—As six months have gone by since your engagement was broken, I think I should not, at this late day, ask for the return of my photograph. (2) I do not believe in sudden and extreme friendships, therefore I fail to see why two young women who have just met should open a correspondence.

ETHEL—It is an evidence of very great youth and little experience when a man announces that all women are faithless and changeable, and the next time the young man says this to you I should advise your telling him that he is talking in a very silly manner and that you do not wish to listen to him.

ROWINA—It is customary for the bridegroom to give to the bride's mother a list of the relations and friends to whom he would like cards sent, and some member of the bride's family attends to it. A carriage is sent for the clergyman, and he is invited to remain to the breakfast even if it is a very quiet one.

KATHERINE—Very many of us, after a long illness, have no desire to go out into the world again, but this feeling is one that must be overcome, and if you wish to be well mentally you must go out and be among people. I beg of you to take this advice, else you will drift into a most undesirable state of morbidness.

VIRGIE—As your mother, very properly, does not wish you to give your picture to the man friend who asks for it, you should refuse it, and in doing so say that it is at your mother's request. (2) When a gentleman opens a car door for you, no matter whether you dislike him or not, it is your duty to thank him.

ROSEBUDS—It is in very bad taste for a man, or a woman either, to use strong perfumes, and certainly no person of refinement could care for musk. (2) A girl of sixteen would wear her dresses well below her ankles, indeed barely escaping the ground. (3) It is only necessary to bow when a gentleman is presented to you.

ENSIE—It is in best taste at an evening reception to wear what is usually known as evening dress; certainly, even if the costume is simple, a bonnet should not be worn. (2) No answer is necessary to a wedding invitation even if one intends to accept it, still it must be remembered that it is courteous to acknowledge every invitation that one receives.

SENSELESS—Of course you were very foolish to have "flirted," as you describe it, with a strange man. Now that you have seen the folly of your ways and there is a possibility of your meeting the man, I should advise you to treat him as a perfect stranger, and not to permit yourself to have an acquaintance with him that will necessitate anything else.

DELLA W.—From what you say I should imagine that the presents were given you by the mother of the young man. If you expect to marry him there is no impropriety in your accepting them; but if you do not, I should advise you to make the giver understand gently, but firmly, that you could not receive such valuable gifts. Even if you have quarreled with the young man, it would not be in good taste to return anything that had been sent you by his mother.

KATE—It is customary in going to church with a young man to provide one's self with some change for the collection. I do not think it would be either necessary or in good taste for one's escort to offer it. (2) It is not necessary to do anything more than rise when saying good-night to a man who has called on you; it is supposed that he is able to find his way out. (3) Flowers are no longer worn at the corsage; occasionally a single flower is placed in the hair or a bouquet is carried.

G. V. S.—Have a rather full skirt and a round bodice for the cashmere dress. Let the sleeves come in full puffs to below the elbow, and overlay the cuffs with coarse coffee-colored lace. Cut the neck out in round English fashion and have an Empire cape of deep lace reaching almost to the waist. About the waist have a two-inch satin ribbon belt of the coffee color that fastens in the back and hangs in long ends down on the skirt. Have a high bow of coffee-colored ribbon to wear in your hair.

KANSAS—It would be perfectly proper, and indeed is getting to be considered more desirable, after a wedding at the church to have a quiet breakfast, to which only the members of the immediate families, and possibly some very intimate friends, are invited. No matter how quiet her gown is the bride should wear gloves. The expectant bridegroom gives a list of his friends to the mother of the bride, and she sees that announcement cards reach them, notwithstanding the fact that the bride and her people are unacquainted with these friends.

FRANK—It pleases me very much to get the letters I do from my boys. I think as you knew the young lady so well you were doing the most friendly thing possible when you told her of the reputation borne by the young man who was attempting to cultivate her acquaintance. The fact that she was a stranger in the city and without her mother made what you did even a kinder act than it would have been under other circumstances. And if she does not seem quite pleased, I should, if I were you, be inclined to think less of her than I did before.

K. F.—When all your sisters are married and you are the only girl at home, your card must have upon it "Miss King." It is always proper to have the address and the "at home" day on your visiting-card. When a friend has an "at home" day, unless it should be by her special request, you should not visit her at any other time; or, if you are ignorant of her day and wish to make her a visit, it would be proper for you to call and not to ask for her, but to leave your card. (2) In writing a business letter to an unmarried woman it is quite proper to begin "Dear Madame."

FAY—It is considered in rather better taste to address an envelope "Mr. James Brown" rather than to "James Brown, Esq." A rather large envelope, which only necessitates folding the paper once, is the preferred size. (2) In large cities the placing of names on the door has entirely gone out of vogue. (3) I regret that I cannot tell you where you can get the photographs of your favorite writers; indeed, I doubt if you can get them at all, inasmuch as many people who write dislike to have the world familiar with their faces. (4) While a clergyman is preaching it is certainly in good taste to look at him rather than at anyone else. (5) In calling on a friend and the guest whom she is entertaining you inquire for both and leave a card for each. (6) The large, open salt-cellars are better liked than the individual ones. (7) If a man friend writes you a note thanking you for your courtesy and hospitality there is no reason why you should answer the letter.



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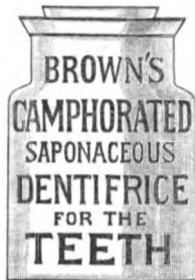
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SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS

Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered in this column whenever possible. ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

INTERESTED MOTHER—The books on kindergarten work mentioned in the article on "Kindergarten Work at Home" in the January number may be obtained from the Book Department of the JOURNAL.

C. H. B.—Blakie's "How to Get Strong" and Watson's "Manual of Calisthenics" are helpful guides in the physical culture of children. Either can be obtained from the JOURNAL Book Department.

EARNEST READER—Outing flannel is a good material for the summer nightdresses of young children. In very warm nights the undershirt has to be left off, and then something a little softer than the ordinary cotton is required. This material is sometimes called Shaker flannel.

KATE R.—It would be impossible to give full instructions for a baby's first wardrobe in this column. These and much other information useful to the young mother are contained in a little book called "A Baby's Requirements," which will be sent from the JOURNAL Book Department for twenty-five cents.

ANXIOUS MOTHER—If a child does not develop measles within three weeks after exposure to the disease he may be considered perfectly safe. (2) Eighteen days is the length of quarantine prescribed by the Pennsylvania State Board of Health before a child who has been exposed to infection can be readmitted to the school.

MRS. G. F. M.—A baby boy sixteen months old may wear a linen sun hat, or a soft silk cap, a Tam o' Shanter, or any pretty shape. He is too young for a stiff hat. His dresses can be made with a tucked yoke pointed in front and behind, trimmed with a two-inch ruffle, edged with narrow lace extending over the shoulders.

AN INQUIRER—There is no depilatory sufficiently powerful to remove superfluous hair that can be used without injury to the skin. Pulling out the hairs only causes them to grow more coarse and strong. The radical cure is an operation by means of needles charged with electricity. It can only be successfully performed by a competent surgeon.

M. C. B.—One way of restoring white silk articles that have become yellow in washing is to dip them in tepid soft water containing to each quart a tablespoonful of ammonia water and a few drops of bluing. Wring them out and if still yellow add a little more bluing to the water until they are fully restored. Hang in the shade to partially dry, and press with a hot iron between folds of cotton while still damp.

MRS. J. B. J.—I cannot answer your questions in this column. You will find the information you require in "A Baby's Requirements." In any case the reply would have been too late to be of use to you. In order to prevent disappointment I must repeat that questions cannot be answered in print in less than three months after they are received. If a stamped envelope is inclosed I shall always be glad to send a personal reply.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—In eczema the skin peels off in dry, glistening flakes, the surface cracks and a little fluid exudes. The patches can be dressed with oxide of zinc ointment, vaseline or cosmoline to relieve the irritation. It is aggravated by improper diet. The simplest food should be given, omitting sugar, oatmeal and meat. There are many forms, some of them hereditary, and it is wise to have the advice of a physician if the condition is not speedily relieved.

LOUISA R.—Banging does not injure the hair; it will grow long as soon as it is permitted to do so. It does not have a tendency to make the hair grow low on the forehead; that is determined by nature. The hair follicles, or roots, do not extend beyond a certain line. Some children look well with the front hair combed straight back and braided, taking in a few locks of the back hair to keep it in place and leaving the remainder to hang loose on the shoulders. A boy's curls should be cut when he puts on trousers.

B. H. C.—Powdered French chalk and precipitated fuller's earth are good to use in powdering a baby. Cornstarch, or any of the vegetable powders, are apt to decompose under the influence of heat and moisture, and may do harm. Lycopodium powder, although a vegetable product, is valuable in severe cases of chafing, and may be used for a time with advantage. When a baby is chafed the parts should be washed in thin boiled starch, and patted dry, never rubbed. The powder should be shaken on lightly from the powder puff.

PROUD MOTHER—Perhaps the suggestions to "Mrs. O." may be of use to you. For a boy three years old blouses and kilts are appropriate. The skirts may be plaited or gathered, and the effect of the waists varied by having collars of different shapes: square, sailor, round, or with deep points in front and back. The blouses may be finished at the waist-line with an elastic and allowed to fall over the skirt—in this case the skirt must be on a separate plain waist—or they may extend below the waist-line, the fullness being confined by a belt, or they may be sewed on the skirt, the joining being concealed by a belt.

ELINOR—Biting the finger-nails often proceeds from an irritability of the nervous system for which a physician should prescribe suitable remedies. The mother may do much by proper hygienic treatment. Let the child sleep as long as possible, in a well-ventilated room, sending her to bed early and not rousing her in the morning but letting her waken of her own accord. Give her simple, unstimulating food, very little meat and plenty of milk, the cereals, fruit and fresh vegetables in abundance. At eleven years of age her conscience can be appealed to and her sense of right enlisted in the struggle against a bad habit.

S. N. R.—In every home should be kept, out of the reach of the young children, a medicine chest for the mother's or nurse's use in emergencies. The chest, or more properly cabinet, should be furnished with the following articles: a spoon, a pair of sharp scissors, pins, needles, thread, a bundle of old linen rags, a few bandages, some antiseptic cotton, court-plaster, a syringe, olive oil, vaseline, castor oil, linseed oil, turpentine, camphor, arnica, blackberry cordial, essence of peppermint, ipecac, ground mustard, sulphur, flaxseed (for poultices), pulverized alum and sugar. Each of these medicines should be labeled with its name, use and size of dose.

J. L. P.—If your three-year-old boy likes eggs they would be a valuable addition to the bill of fare. They may be poached or dropped into boiling water and lightly cooked. In boiling eggs for children the white should not be allowed to become firm and tough. This may be avoided by putting the egg into a saucpan of boiling water, removing it immediately from the fire and allowing it to stand, uncovered, in a warm place for ten minutes. Meat is not absolutely necessary; if he dislikes it give him bread or toast soaked in meat juice—that from roast mutton or roast beef is the best. Perhaps he would eat chicken or other meat finely minced, if he does not care for it as it is usually served.

LENA R. J.—If your baby seems oppressed after being fed and throws up her food, try giving her a smaller quantity and feeding her less often. A baby weighing ten pounds requires about eight tablespoonfuls at once. She should not be fed more often than once in two hours. Milk digests in a baby's stomach in about one hour. This interval gives the organ time to rest, which is as absolutely necessary to its well-being as it is to that of any other part of the body. Babies are much more often over-fed than under-fed, at least as regards the quantity of food given. The quality is another matter. Milk one part, cream two parts, lime-water two parts, and boiled water three parts, with a tiny pinch of sugar of milk powder, is a good proportion for a baby until five or six weeks old; after that the quantity of water is gradually diminished and the milk increased.

ETTA C.—Perhaps the following suggestions may help you to find occupation for your busy baby boy: A baby will be attracted for a short time by some fine toy that he can simply look at, but he will spend ten times as long in putting pegs into holes in a board contrived for the purpose, or in taking out one by one from a well-filled basket articles, no matter what—spools, blocks, clothes-pins—anything so that they are sometimes changed and he does not tire of the monotony. Then the task of putting them all back keeps him busy for a still longer time. As baby becomes more discerning and his fingers more nimble, a pleasing device for his employment is a board with variously shaped holes, round, square, triangular, etc., with blocks and spheres to fit into the various places. Should these be in bright colors his love for color may also be gratified, and learning these colors soon follows. Little tasks of carrying articles from one portion of the room to another, or from room to room, will often keep a child busy and interested for hours. A small hammer and tacks, with a soft wood board into which to drive them, is generally a delight to any child old enough not to put the tacks into his mouth. So simple are the employments that will satisfy the little tot that almost any mother will find them constantly suggesting themselves, if she only bear in mind that baby must have some work and an opportunity to do it.

YOUNG MOTHER—The time of the christening breakfast depends on the hour at which you wish to have the ceremony performed, as it should be partaken of after the service. Eleven or twelve o'clock is the usual hour. Begin the breakfast with any fruit that is obtainable: large strawberries with the stalks on, so that they can be held in the fingers and dipped in powdered sugar if desired; oranges cut into sections with a sharp knife, following the natural divisions of the fruit, each half being divided into six portions. Six of these are arranged on a dainty china plate, with the points radiating from the centre, and served to each guest. The fruit should be followed by fish broiled or scalloped and baked in patty-pans or shells. When fresh fish cannot be procured canned lobster may be curried or made into quenelles, garnished with tiny sprigs of parsley and served instead. Fricot of chicken, which is chicken cut into small joints or pieces, seasoned with salt, pepper, parsley and lemon juice, and fried in batter; cold lamb cutlets in mint jelly; mint sauce stiffened with gelatine. Veal cutlets à la Primrose, which are cutlets cut very small and sprinkled after cooking with parsley dried and powdered, making a brilliant green garnish. Chicken, lobster or any salad desired may be served. Stuffed or Milanese potatoes; mashed potato beaten light heaped in shells or patty-pans, brushed with melted butter and browned in the oven, or asparagus tips, green peas or any delicate vegetable used instead. Ice cream or water ice in fanciful shapes or frozen sherbet may conclude the breakfast. Coffee is the only beverage needed, though cocoa may be added.

MRS. O.—There is usually not much difference made between the dress of little boys and girls as early as two and a half years of age, yet some mothers like to make a change. There are several pretty styles which are suitable for a boy before he is inducted into the blouse and kilt. One of these has a plain waist with seams in back, sailor collar with deep points in front, where it rolls back, reaching to the waist-line, box-plaited skirt and belt round the waist. It may be made of dark blue flannel trimmed with white braid. Another pretty style is a box-plaited front, plain back, fastened with buttons, the back of the skirt being box-plaited on it, and the joining covered by two tabs crossed at the back. This can be made of checked gingham or any washing material. The neck is finished with a round collar edged with Hamburg. Still another dress has three box-plaits in front or behind, and a little round turn-over collar; it may be worn either with or without a belt, or have tabs coming from the side seams and crossing behind. Another design suitable for a little boy is a Gretchen waist, with skirt gathered on, and with a square collar Vandyked in front and back. A dress with a plain front buttoning diagonally from one shoulder to the hem, plain back and skirt with two box-plaits behind, the joining of skirt and waist concealed by straps crossing with a button, looks very well and is easily washed. The skirt of the dress may be gathered on a waist made with three box-plaits in the back and a jacket front opening over a plain vest or front piece. This style should have tabs crossing at the back and a belt in front coming from the side seams under the jacket front. Patterns can be obtained from any establishment that deals in paper patterns.

ROSALIE S. H.—It is not difficult to provide "three little girls of nine, eight and six" with an abundance of nutritious food even if they do not like cereals. Milk in every form is good for them. We sometimes forget that milk may be given as a solid by stiffening it with cornstarch or gelatine—changing its form while retaining all its valuable properties. It may be flavored with vanilla, rose water, lemon—either essence or by boiling the fresh rind in the milk—chocolate, coffee or fruit syrup, as raspberry or strawberry. Children who take milk reluctantly as a fluid will eat it eagerly as a blanc-manger. Try for the little girls' breakfast, milk toast, crackers soaked in hot milk, hot bread and milk, oatmeal bread, graham gins cold, cut in slices and buttered, any kind of fresh fish or creamed salt codfish, and an orange, baked apple, or any fruit in season. For dinner, mutton chops, steak, rare roast beef or mutton, with bread soaked in the juice, chicken if obtainable. Give as vegetables baked potato, peas, beans, squash, cauliflower, spinach or dandelion greens, stewed celery, young carrots and asparagus. The dessert may be rice, tapioca or sago pudding, junket, ice cream or stewed fruit with cream. Tea, which concludes the children's day, should not be too light a meal, as they fast for at least twelve hours after it. Toast, bread and butter with a lightly-boiled or scrambled egg, or omelet, cooked fruit, as stewed prunes, baked apples or pears, or some of the delicious evaporated fruits, apples or apricots, for instance, are suitable. Give milk or cocoa to drink. Surely this affords sufficient variety to satisfy the most fastidious child. Children require a proportionately large amount of food—they have so much new tissue to build, and burn so much fuel by their unceasing activity. Sugar is one of the fuel foods.

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WESTFIELD-The highest military rank in the United States at the present time is that of Major-General. The title of General, which was given to Grant, and afterward to Sheridan, has not been conferred since Sheridan's death.

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.

ETTA-Roswell P. Flower is Governor of New York.

BARBARA-Lowell, Massachusetts, is called the "City of Spindles."

ERIE-The longest telephone line is that from Boston to Milwaukee.

MOUNT VERNON-Gray and blue are the colors worn by Norwegian peasants.

CELIA-The average height of clouds above the earth is between one and two miles.

TAUNTON-Edwin Forrest was born in Philadelphia in 1806, and died there in 1872.

SCENIC-An "altruist" is a person who is devoted to the interests of others. Altruism is the opposite of egoism.

MARION-William Hamilton Gibson, the artist, is a studious naturalist, as may readily be inferred from his work.

CARRIE-Diamonds are not inflammable. (2) Sarah Bernhardt was born in Paris in 1844; her mother was a Jewess.

ALEX-The letter "M" on the Bland silver dollar stands for the initial of Mr. Morgan, who designed and engraved the die.

R. M. C.-It is never well to attempt to be economical in the matter of invitations when sending them out for any large social affair.

ISABEL-Cameos may be cleaned by washing them in suds made from white Castile soap, wiping them dry with a very soft piece of muslin.

MANITOBA-The Prince of Wales visited the United States in the autumn of 1859. (2) James Buchanan was called "the bachelor President."

BURTIN-The new Premier of England, Lord Rosebery, is a widower. His wife, who was a Miss Hannah Rothschild, died several years ago.

JESSIE T.-John McClure Hamilton's picture of "Mr. Gladstone at Downing Street" is in the possession of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

MARIA-All school and church property are exempt from taxation in Alabama. (2) Robert Browning was never at any time Poet Laureate of England.

LANGHORNE-The glove with a long, loose top is called the "mousquetaire," from its resemblance to the gloves worn by the musketeers, a military organization.

C. K. M.-We cannot give any advice as to the investment of money, nor can we express any opinions as to the reliability of any financial company, in this column.

ARIZONA TOWN-Mr. Samuel Clemens ("Mark Twain") has three daughters, but no sons. His home, when he is in this country, is at Hartford, Connecticut.

P. T.-The widow and children of the late General Sheridan reside in Washington, D. C. There are twin daughters and one son, who is familiarly known as "Young Phil."

HILLSIDE-You should not dismiss your carriage when you are attending an afternoon reception. The length of your call upon such an occasion should not exceed ten minutes.

LILY W.-The word "fraulein" is synonymous with the English word "miss." In Germany the word is ordinarily used without the surname attached, as is the habit with us.

FAIRFAX-The name Dorothy means "gift of God." (2) The established Church of Scotland is the Presbyterian. (3) The island of Cuba is called "The Queen of the Antilles."

POTTER-The best way to become a rapid stenographer is to practice constantly and regularly, being careful that in learning to write rapidly your character for accuracy is not sacrificed.

C. P. H.-The Miss Ida Van Etten whom you mention died in Paris, France, on March 4, 1894. She had not been Secretary of the New York Workingwoman's Society since 1891.

C.-The elections for President and Vice-President of the United States are appointed by law to be held on the first Tuesday following the first Monday of November in every fourth year.

C. E. C. T.-Sixty years ago Chicago was incorporated as a township; three years later it became a city with a population of 4179 persons. In June, 1892, it had a population of 1,438,010.

GREYTON-The initials A. U. A. stand for the American Unitarian Association. (2) All compound words ending with the word "like" should be written as one word, unless derived from a proper name.

MISS B.-It was Max O'Rell who said, "The French woman gains her liberty, the English woman loses hers and the American woman continues to do as she pleases," as a result of the wedding ceremony.

R. J. W.-The inscription on the engagement-ring usually consists of the initials of the engaged couple and the date of the engagement. The date of the wedding is usually engraved upon the wedding-ring.

LARAMIE-The "Single Tax" doctrine, as propounded by Henry George, makes only land taxable, and provides that the tax shall be so heavy that no one person will be able to own more land than he needs.

AMBLER-On June 10, 1880, John Sherman, at that time Secretary of the Treasury, gave the following statement: "The amount expended on account of the War of the Rebellion is stated to be \$618,742,338,530."

EDDINGTON-Thomas A. Edison has been twice married, and has several children. A sketch of the present Mrs. Edison was given in the JOURNAL of January, 1891, a copy of which will be sent you for ten cents.

QUINN-General Robert E. Lee is buried at Lexington, Virginia. (2) Washington took the oath of office as President of the United States on April 30, 1789, in New York City. The oath was administered by Chancellor Livingston.

MATHILDE-Diamonds are found in the United States at the base of the Southern Alleghenies from Virginia to Georgia, and also at the base of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges in California and Oregon, also in Wisconsin.

BELLE-The statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," in New York Harbor, was unveiled in October, 1886. It cost \$250,000. (2) The law of the road in the United States is "keep to the right"; in England it is "keep to the left."

MRS. G. B. M.-The three powerful mythological goddesses who were supposed to preside over the birth, life and death of mankind were Clotho, who held the distaff; Lachesis, who drew out the thread of human life, and Atropos, who cut it off.

CITY BOY-The charter of the Louisiana Lottery was obtained in 1868. The grant was for a period of twenty-five years, dating from January 1, 1869. (2) Any person who uses an imitation of United States coins for any purpose is liable to a fine of \$100.

E. D.-If unable to accept an invitation to an afternoon tea send either by private messenger or by mail a card to each of the ladies who are to receive. The cards should be inclosed in an envelope, and addressed to the lady at whose house the function is to occur.

LETTICE-It would be impossible in the compass of a short article to give an abstract of the laws governing the rights of individuals and corporations in the United States. The laws differ in the different States, consequently no general rules applying to all are possible.

QUERIST-Mormons recognize two classes of divorce. One separates for life; the other for the future state. Mormon divorces are granted by the President of the church, after the Bishop of the ward in which the parties live has made an investigation of the case and reported in favor of the application.

MELITA-Wedding presents should be sent to the bride-elect, even though your acquaintance may be only with the groom. (2) An article upon the different wedding anniversaries, under the title "Milestones in a Married Life," was published in the JOURNAL of June last, a copy of which will be sent you for ten cents.

R. J. H.-The percentage of killed of Pennsylvania soldiers in the War of the Rebellion was greater than in the quota of any other State. (2) Delaware furnished more men and money in proportion to its military population than any other State. (3) On the Confederate side North Carolina lost more soldiers than any other Southern State.

STAFFORD-Alexander Hamilton is buried in Trinity Churchyard, New York City. (2) The East River is a deep, swift, tidal strait about twenty miles long, joining New York Harbor at the Battery with Long Island Sound at Willet's Point. Most of the western shore is formed by New York City, and the eastern includes Brooklyn and other parts of Long Island.

JOHN BULL-Officials of the different parlor car companies claim that they are not responsible for the baggage and effects of the passengers on their cars. They state that they are not the custodians of the passengers' personal effects. They call their porters and conductors servants, and not agents, and state that they are forbidden to become custodians, even for the time being.

MRS. L. L. C.-With regard to the superstitions concerning May weddings an old Scotch writer says: "That day of the week upon which the 14th of May happens to fall in any year is esteemed unlucky. None marry or begin any business upon it." The ill-fated Queen Mary, who married Bothwell in May, is thought by the superstitious Scots to have cast an "evil eye" upon all who marry during that month.

M. O. D.-The Salvation Army was inaugurated on July 5, 1865, at Mile End, London, by the Rev. William Booth, formerly a minister of the Methodist New Connection. Its name was originally the Christian Mission. The new title was adopted in 1878. The theology of the Army is described as "almost, if not quite, identical with that of the Methodist Church." The United States branch was established in 1880.

CARSON CITY-If you are without education we should advise you to submit the invention which you desire to have patented to a good patent lawyer. He will see at a glance whether your drawings have any merit, and whether the invention, which they are intended to represent, will be of sufficient value to warrant you in going to the expense of securing a patent. If his opinion should be favorable he will show you exactly how to proceed in the matter.

CONSTANCE W.-Ethics is the name applied to that science that treats of human actions and mental affections, considered as virtuous or vicious, right or wrong. It is nearly synonymous with moral philosophy. By aesthetics is meant the science of the sensations, or that which explains the cause of mental pain or pleasure, as derived from a contemplation of the works of Nature and of art; the science which treats of the beautiful, and its various modes of representation in Nature and art; the philosophy of the fine arts.

T. W. B.-No record is kept of the number of miles run in an hour by ocean steamships. The log is thrown every three or four hours and an estimate of the ship's speed is made; at the end of twenty-four hours the distance run is calculated, and from that an average speed per hour may be struck. (2) The rule of the American Shipmasters' Association for obtaining the tonnage of wooden and iron vessels is this: Multiply together the length, breadth and depth, and the last product by 75, divide by 100, and the quotient is the tonnage.

COUNTRY GIRL-The birthday stone for January is the garnet, which means constancy; February, the amethyst, which means contentment; March, the bloodstone, which means courage; April, the diamond, which means innocence; May, the emerald, which is supposed to bring success in love; June, the pearl, which means purity; July, the ruby, which means nobility; August, the moonstone, which means felicity; September, the sapphire, which is said to bring success and avert evil; October, the opal, which means hope; November, the topaz, which means fidelity in friendship, and December, the turquoise, which means prosperity.

INQUIRER-The national salute for both the Army and Navy of the United States is twenty-one guns. A salute to the Union, commemorative of the Declaration of Independence, consisting of one gun for each State, is fired at noon on July 4 at every post provided with artillery. The President, both on his arrival at and departure from a military post, or when passing its vicinity, receives a salute of twenty-one guns. No other salute is fired in his presence. The Vice-President and President of the Senate receives a salute of nineteen guns; members of the Cabinet, the Chief Justice, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, a committee of Congress officially visiting a military post, and governors, within their respective States or Territories, receive seventeen guns. The Assistant Secretary of War receives fifteen guns.

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