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LOUISA MAY ALCOTT'S LETTERS TO FIVE GIRLS

WRITTEN BY HER TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO

NOW EDITED AND PRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME

By Edward W. Bok

[By Special Permission of Miss Alcott's Heirs]

HERE was a delightful disclosure when Louisa M. Alcott's "Life and Letters," by Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, was published a few years ago. Affluent as that extraordinary nature had been felt to be by all who had known her through her books, it was a yet deeper sympathy, a still more fascinating freshness, which she revealed in the free play of her correspondence. Outside of that volume the following are the only letters of Miss Alcott's which have been given to the public.

Nor is the story which attaches itself to the letters of scarcely less interest than the letters. It is the story of twenty-four years ago, when a small girl living in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, read Miss Alcott's "Little Women." The child was much impressed with the book, particularly with that part of the story where the author represents the "March girls" as writing the "Pickwick Portfolio." The thought instantly came to the youthful reader to copy the example of the "March girls," and the idea was laid before her four sisters. By them it was enthusiastically received, and it was not long before the five little girls began their career as journalists. In a few months the first two numbers of their paper were issued, but only in manuscript. Then the father of the youthful editors became interested, bought some type and a small printing press, and in a short time the first printed issue of "Little Things" appeared, edited by Carrie, Maggie, Nellie, Emma and Helen Lukens, the eldest of whom was barely seventeen. The first printed issue consisted of four pages.

It was only natural that the young journalists should wish to send one of the first copies of their paper to Miss Alcott, and so a copy was dispatched to the author of "Little Women," with an explanation of the circumstances which had led to the starting of the enterprise.

In a few days came an acknowledgment from Miss Alcott—the first of this series of letters:

CONCORD, August, 3, 1872.

My Dear Little Women: I will certainly answer your pleasant letter and very gladly subscribe to your paper, although it has not yet arrived. My two little men at once demanded it, and were much impressed by the idea of girls having a printing press and getting out a "truly paper." I admire your pluck and perseverance, and heartily believe in women's right to any branch of labor for which they prove their fitness. Work is such a beautiful and helpful thing and independence so delightful that I wonder there are any lazy people in the world. I hope you preach that doctrine in your paper, not in the rampant Women's Rights fashion, but by showing how much women can do even in attending skillfully and cheerfully to the little things that have such an influence on home-life, and through it upon the world outside. I should like to see that printing office of yours, and the five sisters getting out their paper. Won't you tell me about it, for I find it more interesting than the famous Riverside Printing House, and so do Demi and Daisy, who went to see it the other day? Do you let any one write for your paper but yourselves? Which of you is editor, and don't you have great fun over it? Please present my respects to the father of the five happy girls, and with the best wishes for the success of the paper, believe me very sincerely your friend and fellow-worker,
LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

It was only to be expected that the young editors should have become perplexed about financial matters, and who was more likely to straighten them out than Miss Alcott? So in a subsequent letter the young editors asked about the prices paid for stories, and, with frankness, their wise counselor replied:

CONCORD, September 4, 1873.

Dear Girls: You ask about little stories. Well, Mr. Ford, of "The Youth's Companion," pays fifty dollars apiece for them, much more than they are worth, of course, but he says he pays for the name, and seems satisfied with his bargain. I write for nothing else except a tale for "The Independent" now and then, which brings one hundred dollars. This winter I shall write for "Scribner's," at their request, as I

have no book on the stocks. For you, I will, if I have time, write a tale or sketch now and then for love, not money, and if the name is of any use you are very welcome to it. I remember the dear little "Pickwick Portfolio" of twenty years ago, and the spirit of an editor stirs within me prompting me to lend a hand to a sister editor. I like to help women help themselves, as that is, in my opinion, the best way to settle the woman question. Whatever we can do and do well we have a right to, and I don't think any one will deny us. So best wishes for the success of "Little Things" and its brave young proprietors.
Yours truly,
LOUISA M. ALCOTT.



ONE OF THE LAST, AND MOST ACCEPTABLE, OF MISS ALCOTT'S PORTRAITS

P. S. I did not like the suicide in "Work," but as much of that chapter was true I let it stand as a warning to several people who need it to my knowledge, and to many whom I do not know. I have already had letters from strangers thanking me for it, so I am not sorry it went in. One must have both the dark and the light side to paint life truly. I send you the last style of photograph I have, not very good, but you can't make a Venus out of a tired old lady.

UPON receiving the photograph of their valued friend the youthful editors felt that their portraits should be sent in return, and within a few days came the reply:

CONCORD, September 20, 1873.

Dear Sisters: I waited till the five were all here before I sent my thanks for them. They make a very pretty little "landscape," as Jo used to say, all in a group on my table, and I am glad to show such a posy of bright, enterprising girls. Long may they wave! My Marmee, though very feeble now, was much pleased at your message, and said, in her motherly way, as she looked at the five faces, "Little dears, I wish I could see 'em all and do something for 'em." Perhaps some of these summers we may see a band of pilgrims coming up to our door, and then the three old "March girls" and the five young L— ditto will sit in a bunch and spin yarns. Play we do. Of one thing let me, an old scribbler, warn you: Don't write with steel pens or you will get what is called "writer's cramp," and lose the use of your thumb, as I have. I have to wobble around with two fingers while my absurd thumb is folded under and no good for pen work, though all right for other things. Look at my wild scribbles and use cork pen-holders or gold pens, and don't write fourteen hours at a stretch, as I used to do. I'm glad there is ironing and preserving to rest the busy brains with good wholesome work. I believe in it so heartily that I sweep my eight rooms twice a week, iron and scrub round for health sake, as I have found it better medicine than any doctor ever gave me. Keep the bodies strong and healthy and the nerves won't get out of order or the spirits turn blue. Old ladies will advise. With many thanks and best love, I am yours truly,
L. M. A.

P. S. You may like to know that my Polish boy, Laddie (or Laurie), has turned up in New York alive and well with a wife and "little two daughters," as he says in his funny English. He is coming to see me, and I expect to find my romantic boy a stout papa, the glory all gone. Isn't it sad?

As I can't give or lend you the dear old original, I send you a picture of Marmee, taken some ten or fifteen years ago. She is much changed now, wears caps and is old and broken sadly.

MERRILY did the exchange of letters keep up. A more delightfully characteristic letter than this one it would be hard to imagine:

BOSTON, October 2, 1873.

Dear Girls: I am writing a story, but it is not about you, however, for I did not know enough to do it. I shall like anything you may choose to send me about your paper and yourselves, as I may like to use it some time. I shall not go West this fall as I am not well enough to travel. My father has already started, but I am in my winter den, 17 Beacon Street, Boston, spinning away at "The Ant Hill" or "Rose and the Rest"—haven't decided which the name shall be. I'm afraid it will be a dull story, for my head is not in it a bit and my bones ache like fun most of the time. However, as I wrote "Little Women" with one arm in a sling, my head tied up and one foot in misery, perhaps pain has a good effect upon my works. I sympathize with the disappointment of your friends on seeing my picture, for I remember I was so upset when I saw Frederika Bremer, whose books I loved, that my sister, Nan, and I went into the closet and cried, though we were great girls of sixteen and eighteen. Why people will think "Jo" small when she is described as tall, I don't see; and why insist that she must be young when she is said to be thirty at the end of the book? After seeing the photograph it is hardly necessary to say that "Jo" and L. M. A. are not one, and that the latter is a tired-out old lady of forty-two with nothing left of her youth but a yard or more of chestnut hair that won't turn gray, though it is time it did. Yes, I got your letter about the paper, and though I was sorry to lose the little sheet, I think you are wise to give it up. As you are in the business I'll tell you that I'm going to write "Youth's Companion" a serial of six chapters this winter. A temperance tale, so if you have any facts to contribute, pray do so. With love to all the sisters, I am, as ever, your friend,
L. M. A.

If you come to Boston do not forget to call upon me.

ILLNESS and the death of her mother came into Miss Alcott's life, and although the sisters wrote to their kind friend, only a few brief lines came at irregular intervals. Then she wrote her mother's memoir, and for a longer time the correspondence was interrupted. The little paper had been given up by the sisters, one of whom had died, and this latter fact, when written to Miss Alcott, immediately brought forth a reply:

BOSTON, January 14, 1884.

Dear M—: I have not forgotten my five sisters, and was glad to hear from them again, though sincerely grieved to learn that one of the dear group had gone. I know how hard it is to spare these dear sisters, having lost two, and how empty the world seems for a long time. But faith, submission and work sustain, cheer and help so much that after the first sharpness of the loss is over, we often find a very sweet and precious tie still binds us even more tenderly together than when the visible presence was here. Beth and May are always mine, although twenty-five years have passed since we laid the poor shadow of one under the pines at Concord, and the dust of the other sleeps far away in Paris. Both are young and bright, and live so always in my mind, for the pain and the parting, the years and the sea are all as nothing, and I see them safe with Marmee waiting for the rest to come. May's blooming baby, which she gave me with all of her lovely pictures, is a great comfort to me, and promises to be as full of courage, talent and nobility as her gifted mother. I am so busy helping little Louisa May Nieriker live her own sweet story that I find no time to write others, and am settling down to be a cozy old granny with my specs and knitting. My dear old father, now eighty-four, is quite helpless and feeble in mind, but serene and happy as a child, suffering little, but waiting cheerfully to slip away in God's good time after a long and blameless life.

You speak of "breaking away"; if it can be dutifully and wisely done, I think girls should see a little of the world, try their own powers, and keep well and cheerful, mind



MARMEE

*One of the "little girls," writing in explanation to me of this paragraph, says: "I do not know what we girls had the presumption to say to prompt this from Miss Alcott. But, of course, we were very young and inexperienced."—EDITOR.



The portrait of Miss Alcott which so disappointed her young correspondents [See letter dated October 2, 1873]

and body, because life has so much for us to learn, and young people need change. Many ways are open now, and women can learn, be and do much if they have the will and opportunity. I hope to see you if you take flight from the nest. With much love and sympathy to all I am, dear M—, your friend, as always,
L. M. ALCOTT.

YEARS had now made women of the "little girls," and Miss Alcott began to write to Maggie, who sustained the correspondence, more as one woman to another, and on weightier topics. The most remarkable letter of the series is found in the following :

February 5, 1884.
My Dear M—: I hope I never shall be too busy, or too old, to answer letters like yours as far as I can, for to all of us comes this desire for something to hold by, look up to, and believe in. I will tell you my experience, and as it has stood the test of youth and age, health and sickness, joy and sorrow, poverty and wealth, I feel that it is genuine, and seem to get more light, warmth and help as I go on learning more of it year by year. My parents never bound us to any church, but taught us that the love of goodness was the love of God, the cheerful doing of duty made life happy, and that the love of one's neighbor in its widest sense was the best help for one's self. Their lives showed us how lovely this simple faith was, how much honor, gratitude and affection it brought them, and what a sweet memory they left behind, for, though father still lives, his life is over, as far as thought or usefulness are possible. Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson did much to help me to see that one can shape life best by trying to build up a strong and noble character, through good books, wise people's society, an interest in all reforms that help the world, and a cheerful acceptance of whatever is inevitable; seeing a beautiful compensation in what often seems a great sacrifice, sorrow or loss, and believing always that a wise, loving and just Father cares for us, sees our weakness and is near to help if we call. Have you read Emerson? He is called a Pantheist or believer in Nature instead of God. He was truly Christian, and saw God in Nature, finding strength and comfort in the same sweet influences of the great Mother as well as the Father of all. I too believe this, and when tired, sad or tempted find my best comfort in the woods, the sky, the healing solitude that lets my poor, weary soul find the rest, the fresh hope or the patience which only God can give us. People used to tell me that when sorrow came I should find my faith faulty because it had no name, but they were wrong for when the heavy loss of my dear, gifted sister found me too feeble to do anything but suffer passively, I still had the sustaining sense of a love that never failed, even when I could not see why this lovely life should end when it was happiest. As a poor, proud, struggling girl I held to the belief that if I *deserved* success it would surely come so long as my ambition was not for selfish ends but for my dear family, and it did come, far more fully than I ever hoped or dreamed, though youth, health and many hopes went to earn it. Now, when I might enjoy rest, pleasure and travel, I am still tied by new duties to my baby, and give up my dreams, sure that something better will be given me in time. Freedom was always my longing, but I have never had it, so I am still trying to feel that this is the discipline I need, and when I am ready the liberty will come.

I think you need not worry about any name for your faith, but simply try to be and do good, to love virtue in others, and study the lives of those who are truly worthy of imitation. Women need a religion of their own, for they are called upon to lead a quiet, self-sacrificing life with peculiar trials, needs and joys, and it seems to me that a very simple one is fitted to us whose hearts are usually more alive than heads, and whose hands are tied in many ways. Health of body helps health of soul; cheerful views of all things keep up the courage and brace the nerves. Work for the mind *must* be had, or daily duty becomes drudgery, and the power to enjoy higher things is lost. Change of scene is sometimes salvation for girls or women, who outgrow the place they are born in, and it is their duty to go away, even if it is to harder work, for hungry minds prey on themselves, and bodies suffer for escape from a too pale or narrow life. I have felt this, and often gone away from Concord to teach, which I never liked, because there was no food for my mind in that small conservative town, especially since Mr. Emerson died. Food, fire and shelter are not *all* that women need, and the noble discontent that asks for more should not be condemned, but helped if possible. At twenty-one I took my little earnings (\$20) and a few clothes, and went to seek my fortune, though I might have sat still and been supported by rich friends. All those hard years were teaching me what I afterward put into the books, and so I made my fortune out of my seeming misfortune. I speak of myself because what one has *lived* one really knows and so can speak honestly.

I wish I had my own house (as I still hope to have), so that I might ask the young women who often write to me as you do, to come and see me, and look about and find what they need, and see the world of wise, good people to whom I could introduce them as others did me thirty years ago. I hope to have it soon, and then you must come and have our talk and see if any change can be made without neglecting duty. When one cannot go away one can travel in spirit by means of books. Tell me what you read and like, and perhaps I can send you a key that will at least open a window through which your eyes can wander while the faithful hands and feet are tied by duty at home. Write freely to me, dear girl, and if I can help in any way be sure I gladly will. A great sorrow often softens and prepares the heart for a new harvest of good seed, and the sowers God sends are often very humble ones, used only as instruments by Him, because being very human they come naturally and by every-day ways to the help of those who are passing through trials like their own. I find one of the compensations for age in the fact that it seems to bring young people nearer to me, and that the experience so hard to live through now helps me to understand others. So I am always glad to do what I can, remembering how I wrote to my father for just such help as you ask, and how he answered as I have tried to answer you. Let me know if it does comfort you any. With love to my other girls I am always your friend,
L. M. A.

UPON learning that her letter pleased her correspondent, and gave her strength, Miss Alcott writes again only a few days later :

February 14, 1884.
Dear M—: I am glad that my letter pleased you, and though always busy I at once answer your last because if by word or act one can help a fellow-creature in the care or conduct of a soul that is one's first duty. About the great Hereafter I can only give you my own feeling and belief, for we can *know* nothing, and must wait hopefully and patiently to learn the secret. Death never seemed terrible to me, the fact, I mean, though the ways of going and the sad blow of a sudden end are, of course, hard to bear and understand. I

feel that in this life we are learning to enjoy a higher, and fitting ourselves to take our place there. If we use well our talents, opportunities, trials and joys here, when we pass on it is to the society of nobler souls, as in this world we find our level inevitably.

I think immortality is the passing of a soul through many lives or experiences, and such as are *truly* lived, used and learned, help on to the next, each growing richer, happier, higher, carrying with it only the real memories of what has gone before. If in my present life I love one person truly, no matter who it is, I believe that we meet somewhere again, though where or how I don't know or care, for genuine love is immortal. So is real wisdom, virtue, heroism, etc., and these noble attributes lift humble lives into the next experience, and prepare them to go on with greater power and happiness. I seem to remember former states before this, and feel that in them I have learned some of the lessons that have never been mine here, and in my next step I hope to leave behind many of the trials that I have struggled to bear here and begin to find lightened as I go on. This accounts for the genius and the great virtue some show here. They have done well in many phases of this great school, and bring into our class the virtue or the gifts that make them great and good. We don't remember the lesser things, they slip away as childish trifles, and we carry on only the real experiences. Some are born sad, some bad, some feeble, mentally and morally, I mean, and all their life here is an effort to get rid of this shadow of grief, sin, weakness in the life before. Others come, as Shakespeare, Milton, Emerson, etc., bringing their lovely reward with them, and pass on leaving us the better for their lives.

This is my idea of immortality. An endless life of helpful change, with the instinct, the longing to rise, to learn, to love, to get nearer the source of all good, and go on from the lowest plane to the highest, rejoicing more and more, as we climb into the clearer light, the purer air, the happier life which must exist, for, as Plato said, "The soul cannot imagine what does not exist because it is the shadow of God who knows and creates all things."

I don't believe in spiritualism as commonly presented. I don't want to see or feel or hear dead friends, except in my

and being so should rule. This will give you something to think of, and as delicate, gentle people often grasp these things more quickly than the positive ones you may get ahead of me in the new science. Just believe that you will be better and you will, they say. Try it. Love to the sisters.
Yours ever,
L. M. A.

ABOUT a year later Miss Alcott was resting and reading a great deal :

My Dear M—: George Eliot's "Life and Letters" is wonderfully interesting, and comes in the cheap form so all can enjoy it. What book do you want to see? Let me know and have the pleasure of sending it. What of Emerson's have you beside the "Essays"? I am glad any advice I have given has been useful or comfortable to you, and I wish I were really "good." I began to try very young, and still keep on even more earnestly at fifty than at fifteen, though I often feel as if I didn't get on at all. But the desire and effort are something, and in the end help us up the long way toward our ideal. I have not been very ill, only my tired head gave out and I am resting.

I shall try to get the book you speak of, for I often have letters from girls asking me about these classes and what they read or study. Miss Killikelly's "Curious Questions" must be very helpful and good, and this method of study is a grand plan for many hungry minds. I read "John Inglesant" but don't remember it. I am in Boston this winter settling my nephews in business, and being very lazy myself. Let me hear from you whenever the spirit moves, and tell me how to help if I can. That is the sweetest service we can do one another, and it always cheers me up to know I have done even a little for one of my girls. I send you a little bunch of forget-me-nots that won't fade. Wear them for my sake. Love to the sisters.
Yours ever,
L. M. A.

AT the time Miss Alcott sent her correspondent the promised copy of Emerson's "Essays," she wrote :

I hope it will be as helpful to you as it has been to me and many others. The marked essays are those I like best. They will bear study, and, I think, are what you need to feed upon now.

The marked essays were those on "Compensation," "Love," "Friendship," "Heroism" and "Self-Reliance." A little later Miss Alcott sent the second volume of the "Essays," and marked with lead pencil her favorite passages here and there through the book. In one of these marked passages she underscored the word *individual* and wrote her father's name below it. It was in Emerson's essay on "Manners," where, after saying that "once or twice in a lifetime we are permitted to enjoy the charm of noble manners, in the presence of a man or woman who have no bar in their nature, but whose character emanates freely in their word and gesture," etc., he continues: "I have seen an *individual* whose manners, though wholly within the conventions of elegant society, were never learned there, but were original and commanding, and held out protection and prosperity; one who did not need the aid of a court suit, but carried the holiday in his eye; who exhilarated the fancy by flinging wide the doors of new modes of existence; who shook off the captivity of etiquette, with happy, spirited bearing, good-natured and free as "Robin Hood," yet with the part of an emperor, if need be—calm, serious and fit to stand the gaze of millions."

IN February, 1886, a copy of Miss Killikelly's "Curious Questions" was sent to Miss Alcott by her correspondent, and this brought forth the following reply :

February 21, 1886.
Dear M—: The book has come and I have read it with much interest, and showed it to my literary nephew. We both think it excellent, and I am glad to have it to refresh my own memory of what I do know as well as to teach me many facts that I do not know. I am glad you have discovered how much that is lovely as well as useful that word house-keeper means. The mere providing of beds, meals, etc., is a very small part of the work. The home-making, the comfort, the sympathy, the grace and atmosphere that a true woman can provide is the noble part, and embraces all that is helpful for soul as well as body. I wish our girls would see this, and set about being the true housekeepers. Mrs. Ripley used to rock her baby's cradle, shell peas, or sew, and fit a class of young men for college at the same time. One can discuss Greek poetry and chop meat, as I saw her doing once with Mr. Emerson and Margaret Fuller, and the one task ennobled the other because it was duty.

I have been plagued with bronchitis this winter but am better now. Lulu is well and merry. With love to the sisters I am, as ever, affectionately yours,
L. M. A.

It was the last letter which Miss Alcott wrote to her unseen correspondent. Miss Alcott never saw any one of the five "little girls" to whom her letters were so helpful. In 1888 she died, and now, for the first time, these letters are given to the public. That they will do much to deepen the respect held for the memory of Louisa May Alcott admits of not a single doubt.

WHERE MISS ALCOTT WAS BORN

IT has always seemed a most curious and interesting fact that despite Louisa May Alcott's constant thought of New England as her home, her actual birthplace was in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia. Mr. Alcott, immediately after his marriage, accepted, in cooperation with Mr. William Russel, the position of principal of the Female Department of the Germantown Academy. He brought his young wife with him to Germantown, and there they made their home from 1831 to 1834. After a short term Mr. Alcott resigned his position in the Academy and opened a children's school in his residence, which, proving unsuccessful, resulted in his return to Boston. In Germantown his eldest two daughters, Anna Bronson and Louisa May, were born, the latter on November 29, 1832. The house in which they resided was on the main street, its present site being 4761 and 4763 Germantown Avenue. It was known for many years as "The Pines," and afterward as "The Roocker Cottage," the name under which the Alcotts knew it. In 1874 it was torn down, and a handsome building was erected. It is now the local Masonic Hall—a large brick and stone structure.

I am glad you have
discovered how much
that is lovely as well
as useful that word
house-keeper means.
The mere providing of
beds, meals &c. is a very
small part of the
work. The home-making,
the comfort, the sympathy,
the grace, & atmosphere
that a true woman
can provide is the

A SAMPLE PAGE FROM ONE OF MISS ALCOTT'S LETTERS
[From the last letter in this series—dated February 21, 1886]

own sense of nearness, and as my love and memory paint them. I do believe that they remember us, are with us in a spiritual sense when we need them, and we feel their presence with joy and comfort, not with fear or curiosity. My mother is near me sometimes, I am sure, for help comes of the sort she alone gave me, and May is about her baby, I feel, for out of the innocent blue eyes sometimes come looks so like her mother's that I am startled, for I tended May as a child as I now tend Lulu. This slight tie is enough to still hold us tenderly together, though death drops a veil between us, and I look without doubt or fear toward the time when in some way we shall meet again.

About books, yes, I've read "Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius," and like them both. The other, "To Leeward," is not so good. "Little Pilgrim" was pretty, but why try to paint Heaven? Let it alone, and prepare for it whatever it is, sure that God knows what we need and deserve. I will send you Emerson's "Essays." Read those marked and see what you think of them. They did much for me, and if you like them you shall have more.
Ever your friend,
L. M. A.

IN 1884-85 there was much discussion and interest in Boston in the science of the power of mind over mind, and the application of mental power to the ails of the body. This latter application of the old faith in God and our highest self was extremely interesting and fascinating to Miss Alcott, and it absorbed much of her attention. Miss Alcott's studies of the subject finally led her to the acceptance of the belief that ills of the mind might be cured by the mind, but she did not eventually accept the application of the power of mind over bodily ails.

The subject entered into a letter of March 15, 1884 :

It is very interesting, and I have had some high moments, but they don't last long, and though my mind is cheered up my body does not get over its ills. . . . I have my doubts still about the truth of all the good enthusiasts say. . . . A very sweet doctrine if one can only do it. I can't yet, but try it out of interest in the new application of the old truth and religion, which we all believe: that soul is greater than body,

CONSIDER THE LILIES

By Nancy Mann Waddle

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



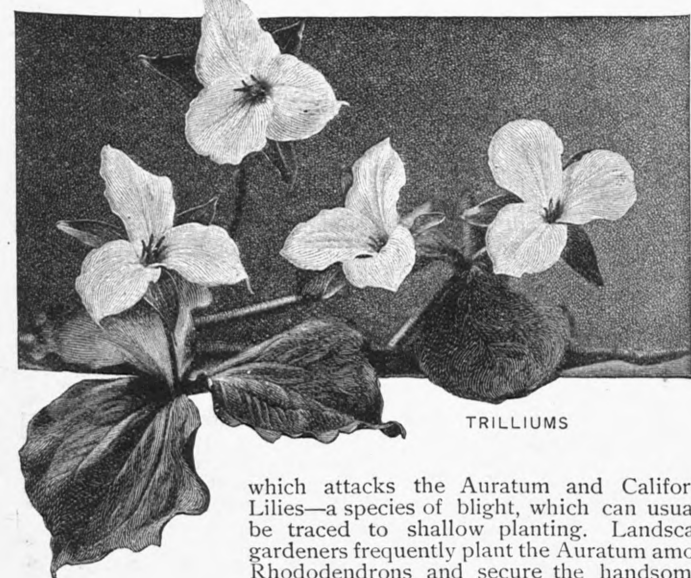
ONE reason why amateurs are not more successful in their cultivation of Lilies is that they do not regard the immense difference in the habitat of the varieties, the soil in which they grow, the time of planting and the selection of the bulbs. For instance, the Canadian Lily, one of our most beautiful native flowers, thrives in the cool air of our Northern States, and lifts its graceful orange bells among the coarse waving grasses of bogs and marshes. The Humboldt, a pretty Californian, on the other hand, only thrives in heavy, well-drained soil, preferring warmth and partial shade. It is a handsome flower, tall and stately, with numerous orange-red blossoms deeply marked with black.

The oldest Lily grown is the Candidum or white garden variety. It has been cultivated for over three hundred years in the South of Europe, and has acquired various mystical names, such as St. Joseph's Lily, Madonna Flower and Annunciation Lily, from the prominence given it by the old Italian masters in their religious pictures. It grows well in any good garden soil, and in time forms immense clumps, and objects seriously to any disturbance of its roots. Its straight, polished columns rise two or three feet in the air, the shining, narrow leaves decreasing in size as they reach the snowy buds at the summit. Early in June these buds expand, and the air is filled with a powerful, sweet fragrance. The Longiflorum varieties also flourish in garden soil. The Harrisi or Bermuda Lily is, perhaps, the most popular member of this family. It is one of the few Lilies that forces well, making its appearance about the holidays, and is also very much used for Easter decorations in the churches. The petals are not so much reflexed as those of the Candidum, the flower being longer and trumpet-shaped. The Candidum and Harrisi, with the Calla, are the most perfect floral types of absolute statuesque purity of color and form, and have become symbolical.

The so-called "Queen of Lilies" is the Auratum. It is a very tall species, and grows wild in its own country, Japan. The large white flowers are very much reflexed, exhibiting the broad golden band that runs down the centre of each petal. On these bands are raised spots like glistening rubies. The Auratum Lilies should be planted against a background of shrubbery; their daring, jewel-like beauty requires a setting of dark foliage. The bulbs should be planted about six inches deep, in rather dry and porous soil, and should receive no stimulation. There is great complaint of a disease



BERMUDA OR EASTER LILIES



TRILLIUMS

which attacks the Auratum and California Lilies—a species of blight, which can usually be traced to shallow planting. Landscape gardeners frequently plant the Auratum among Rhododendrons and secure the handsomest possible combination of flowers. The advantage of planting this Lily among low shrubs is that the bulb should be kept very cool, the sun not being allowed to bake the earth about it, while the stalk bearing the flowers loves to lift the brilliantly-colored bells to the heat and warmth of the sun.

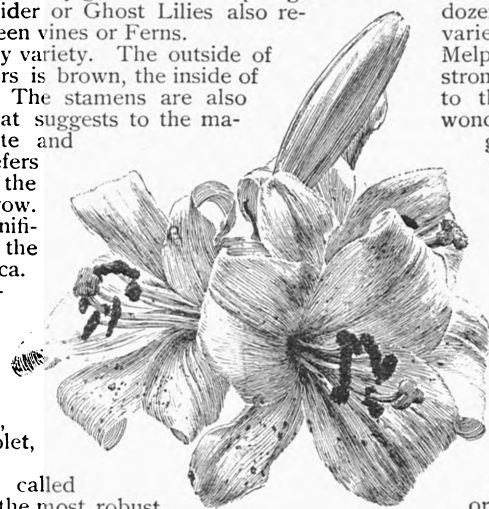
A Lily which is exhibited in the florists' windows very early in the year is the Eucharis or Lily of the Amazon. It is small and waxen pure, with no touch of color save the slender green lines of the stamens which adhere to the undivided cup-like calyx. Their exquisite purity and beauty of form are enhanced when they are

combined with some of the more delicate, finely-divided varieties of Ferns, or the feathery green of the Asparagus Plumosa. The weird Spider or Ghost Lilies also require a fine tracery of green vines or Ferns.

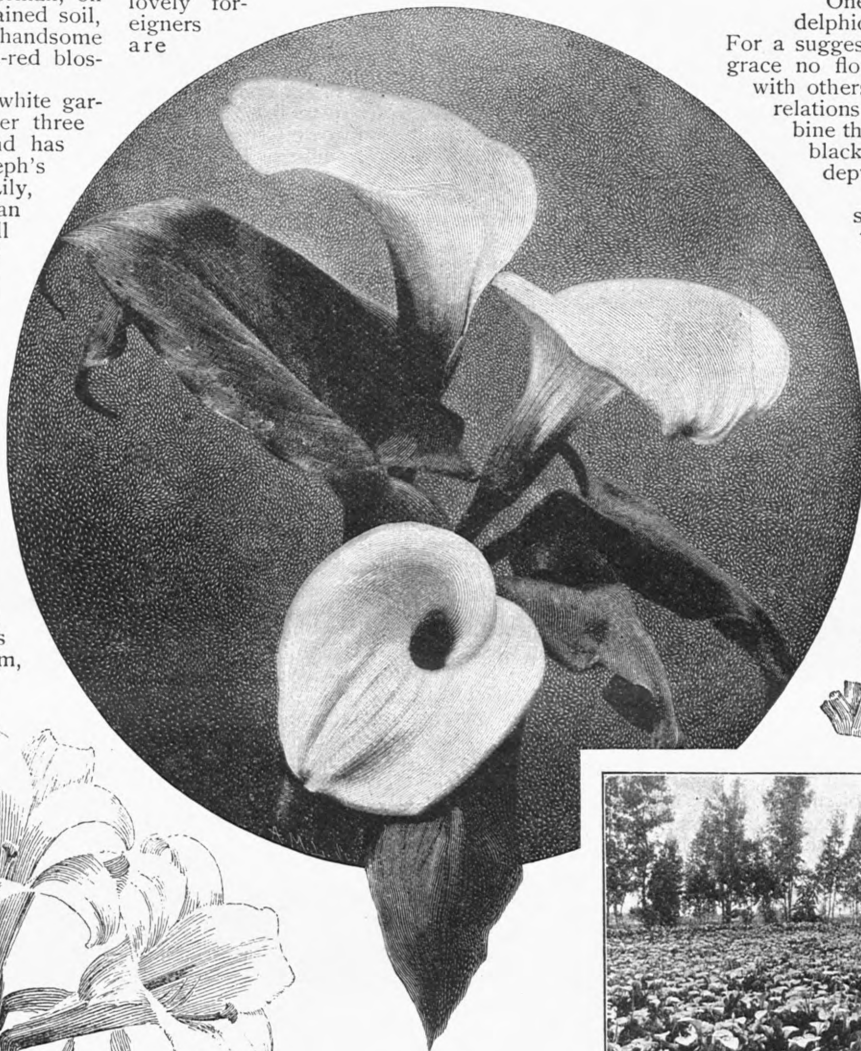
Brownii is a very lovely variety. The outside of the trumpet-shaped flowers is brown, the inside of the petals being white. The stamens are also brown, a combination that suggests to the materialistic mind, chocolate and cream. This Lily prefers swampy soil, but it is, on the whole, rather difficult to grow.

One of the most magnificent Lilies in cultivation is the Washingtonia Californica. Like most California products it is remarkable for its size, the stalk rising six feet or more in the air. The bulb requires very deep planting. The large white flowers, beautifully shaded with violet, expand in June.

The Speciosums, also called Lancifoliums, are among the most robust of Lilies. These lovely foreigners are



MADONNA



CALLAS

of Japan, and bloom in August. The blossoms are large, and one spike will sometimes produce a dozen or more flowers. There are a number of varieties, of which the most beautiful are S. Melpomene and S. Opal. The petals are so strongly recurved that they curl backward almost to the stems. Over their whiteness flows a wonderful pink wave, and upon the petals gleam gem-like scarlet spots, and a downy fringe which glitters like frost work.

The prettiest red Lilies are the Coral Lilies of Siberia (Tennifolium), dainty, fiery little tartars; and the Pulchellum, which looks as if it were sculptured out of scarlet wax.

One must seek the old-fashioned gardens to find the immense clumps of Day Lilies. Up from a mass of the broad, pale green, deeply-nerved leaves, spring the tall spikes, bearing the snowy, funnel-form, tubular blossoms. They are fragile and pale flowers, lasting only a day, but very sweet. Side by side with these white Lilies bloom the less lovely blue varieties. The tawny orange Lilies are often called Day Lilies, their Greek name meaning beauty of a day.

One of our handsomest wild Lilies is the Philadelphicum, an orange-red variety with purple spots. For a suggestion of daring audacity and fierce untamable grace no flower can excel these Tiger Lilies. Grouped with others of their kind they are apt to reduce their relations to a background for themselves. They combine the warmest two colors, yellow and red, and the black spots upon those glowing petals give them depth and tone.

Regarding the dust from which this "consummate flower" has sprung, the best authorities say there is nothing most Lilies dislike more than ill-drained soil. Consequently a Lily bed should be a little raised, and water should never be allowed to stand about the bulbs. In selecting the bulbs one must be careful to choose those



YELLOW LILY



A CALIFORNIA LILY GARDEN

which are large and heavy; they should be planted at once, as they require no drying out as do other bulbs.

Lilies are an essentially decorative race of flowers, but they are not at all adaptable. Their surroundings must suit them; they do not, as do Roses, for instance, always adapt themselves to their surroundings. If they are arranged as cut flowers they should be placed in tall slender vases and never grouped with other blossoms. These latter add nothing to the Lilies, which are apt to make other flowers appear insignificant.

The reason why Lilies are so appropriately and extensively used in the decoration of churches is not only because of their symbolical meaning, the purity and aspiration they typify, but because the beauty of the white flowers is of a massive and severe character, befitting solemn and lofty surroundings. Sentiment has decreed them to be the saints among flowers, and we must not drag them from their niches.

Our daintiest and most distinctive wild Lilies are the Dog-Tooth Violets. They are numbered among the earliest spring flowers. The yellow variety, called Adder's Tongue, blooms a little later than the white. The leaves are quite as noticeable as the flowers. From between the two erect pale green leaves, blotched deeply with purple, springs the flower-scape, bearing its single, graceful blossom. When the flowers fully awaken in the sunshine the golden-yellow petals are strongly recurved, showing the brown stamens in the centre of the Lily.

Spring is a condition, a fact, not a wintry dream of summer when the snowy three-parted Trilliums gleam on the rocky hillside. The deep, vivid green of the triangular leaves, and the pure white petals mock with all Life's insolence, the dead, dry leaves that shielded their roots during the long winter.



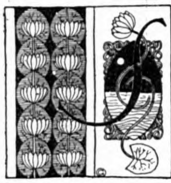
EUCHARIS LILIES AND FERNS



A CHANGE OF HEART

By Sarah Orne Jewett

Author of "A Country Doctor," "Deephaven," "Story of the Normans," etc.



SALLY MARTIN sat by her favorite kitchen window sewing a little and looking off over the sunny spring fields. All winter through the bare trees she could see the next house farther down the hill, but now the budding orchard had suddenly made a thick screen. After many defeated glances neighborward she was too conscious of being cut off

from companionship and social pleasures, and folded up the blue gingham apron which she had been hemming, and took her shawl from the nail behind the door. There was a look of anticipation on her face; she had evidently found herself dull company for once. She brought a deep wicker basket, brown with age, from a closet, and going down cellar filled it with russet apples, and then locked the door after her and went her way.

The grass was green by the roadside, and she walked in the foot-path at its edge, feeling the ground under foot with much pleasure and stopping once to look at some bluebirds in a maple tree. One always feels young again with the spring, and this year the snow and mud had lingered late and kept her much indoors.

Sally Martin had not much to look forward to except continued poverty and anxiety, but she was one of the persons who have imagination, that enchanter's wand, which would have kept her satisfied with life, except for one regret which could never be quite put behind her or be forgotten.

It was a day for youth and pleasure, and when she was out in the open air her face grew serene and childlike; she stopped to listen to the bluebirds and watched their pretty color in the gray branches, then she walked on down the hill with her golden russets. The widespread lower country and the hills beyond it were blue with the soft spring haze. Her neighbor's house stood not far away, at a little distance from the road, and the narrow lane into which she soon turned was prettier than ever that spring, with its sheltered turf as soft as velvet, and an early dandelion or two shining against the fence. The old apple trees leaned their long boughs over it so that they almost met, and in later summer they would be hung thick with wisps of hay and straw from the high-heaped loads that went by to the barn. This was a huge building, like an unwieldy elephant in the landscape, while the house was low and small, with a tiny pointed porch and a door that had three panes of glass at top. When you stood in the entry within you could scarcely get room to shut the door behind you, and were at close quarters with an old colored wood-cut of General Washington, which greeted strangers with an impartial air of dignity. On the right another door opened into the Bascoms' living-room, which surprised one in so small a house with its size and cheerfulness. The windows looked both north and south, and there were plenty of bright braided rugs on the clean floor.

"I saw you comin' up the lane, Sally, and I don't know whenever I was more pleased," said Mrs. Bascom, who was a lame woman and could not rise to greet her friends except in spirit. "Now bring that little rocking-chair right over here close to me, and let's have a good talk. It's so pretty looking out o' my window. I'm all alone, the folks have gone to the village, shoppin'. David he found his old plough wouldn't do him this year, and Cynthi' she's always ready an' willin', so they started right off after an early dinner. I'm braidin' up my rags as usual; I couldn't seem to do anything else just because I felt so busy. There's everything to be done this time of year, ain't there?"

"I waked up feelin' all of a bustle, too, and I soon come down to hemmin' me a blue gingham apron that I don't need one bit," confessed Sally. "I expect it's the spring workin' in us, though there ain't no leaves to show for it. I guess the trees themselves must feel just the same."

The two good women smiled, and Sally reached over and took a handful of the dark woolen strips and began to braid in company.

"I brought your folks some o' my apples," she said presently. "I'm on the last barrel, but they never were nicer this time of year. They wilt right away quick as you bring 'em up from the cellar, but you shall have more as long as they last."

"I call 'em a great treat; our apples have been gone some time and the last of 'em were very poor. There ain't such a keepin' cellar in town as yours; it seems to give everything a good taste."

"Grandfather always used to say that it cost him most as much to dig it right out of the rock there as it did to build the house above it," said Sally. "You know 'twas for that little glimpse of the sea you only get right there, and he couldn't bear to set his house anywhere else. Three sides o' the cellar is sound rock; I don't know's you remember, it's so many years since you was able to get down."

"I recall all those things I used to be in the habit o' seeing as if it were yesterday," said Mrs. Bascom. "I find my thoughts such good company that I don't miss goin' about as much as everybody expects. Everybody knows just where to find me, and so they come to me; folks like to feel a certainty when they make some effort to come."

"I don't know but what I should have been disappointed pretty bad to-day myself," said Sally. "I seemed to miss seeing the house as I sat there to my window sewing. The trees and bushes have budded out amazin' since yesterday. I kind of missed you and felt lonesome. I expect I can see the lower light for some nights yet, till the leaves really come, and Cynthi's light I can see all the year round in her window up-stairs. I can't seem to go to bed till she does," and they both laughed.

"You and Cynthi' used to make signals when you was girls, don't you remember, wavin' things and movin' your lamps?"

"'Twas kind o' convenient, really. We used to be havin' our plots together, and we had ways o' askin' things an' answerin' 'yes and no. I seem to forget a good deal of it now," explained Sally.

"You're just as much of a girl as ever you were," said the elder woman looking up with an affectionate and an appreciative smile.

"Well, I did feel as if I wanted to stop and make a dam by the side of the road there where the water runs out under the stone wall," and Sally smiled in her turn.

"Spring is spring, ain't it? Always just as new every year." Mrs. Bascom gave a long look out across the lovely April country. Suddenly her expression changed. "Why, I can see the gable o' Isaac Bolton's new house. I knew he was raising yesterday, but I never thought to look. There over the knoll, to the right of the woods, you can just see the top of it."

"Why, yes," said Sally, looking eagerly and then going back to her rocking-chair again. "She was blushing and her eyes looked very bright. She seemed to make an effort to speak, but no words came."

Mrs. Bascom also made an effort to look away for some time, and pretended to be busy with her work. At last she laid her hands in her lap.

"Sally," she asked, as a mother might speak to her child, "don't you really think you are foolish? I feel as if you were most as near to me as my own Cynthia; truth is I can say things right out to you sometimes that I can't to her, much as I love her. Isaac's a good man and faithful; I don't know what he's building that house for, but I don't believe he'll ever want anybody for his wife but you."

"I heard he was engaged to be married to somebody in Pelham," answered Sally stiffly, but with no resentment. "I haven't seen him to speak with for eight months—not since last August, when I happened to meet him here in the yard."

"You done very wrong then, Sally, my dear," said Mrs. Bascom with dignity. "He was glad of the chance to see you and all ready to be friendly, and you passed him right by after you said, 'How do you do, an' something about the weather. I set right here where I be now, an' I see his face work like a child's that has a real task to keep from cryin'. All these years now you've held on to that grudge, an' 'twas all foolishness. Your Gran'ther Walker's narrow stubbedness keeps you from givin' in, while he's made every effort he could. Sometimes I've thought you didn't love him, an' he was better off to let you have your way about it, but, truth is, you'd deny yourself an' go through the world without happiness, rather than feel you was the one to give in."

"It's all true," said Sally humbly. "I've tried to beat down that hard feelin', but I can't, Mis' Bascom. I own up to you as if you was my own mother; somethin' freezes right up in me. I wish folks hadn't made such a talk about it." She covered her face with her hands and began to cry.

"There, there, dear; 'twill all come right one of these days," said Mrs. Bascom soothingly. "I never meant to work you all up just as we was havin' such a pleasant visit together."

"Somehow or 'nother I'm so contented livin' just as I be, if it only wa'n't for that," said Sally drying her eyes, but not changing the subject. "I never could think of anybody else as I have of Isaac. I'm glad you spoke right out, Mis' Bascom. I've wished you would a good many times."

"You an' Isaac an' Cynthi' used to have such good times together when he was still livin' here"—Mrs. Bascom braided away intently and did not look up as she spoke—"an' since all this has happened he's often talked to me very free and said it troubled him to know you had so little means while he was well off, and you with no brother nor nobody to look after you in winter time, an' all that."

"I've got along all right," insisted Sally with dangerous spirit, then she softened again. "You see how it is, Mis' Bascom, it's too late now and we've got to leave it as it is. I expect it's poor old grandfather's setness, as you say." Her face was pathetic and childish as she spoke. "You're always real good."

"Well, I don't know's I be," said the placid old friend. "I've had very hard feelings about being laid on the shelf so early, while I was full of spirit to work, and we'd just built that great barn and had all our plans about running a creamery. The farm's so good for grazin', and 'twould been easier for my husband, but Cynthia wa'n't able to continue without me. He never complains, but in a few years we should have been forehanded and paid what we owed, instead o' only adding to it." She looked out across the green yard at the barn, the building of which had proved to be such a mistake, and sighed. "I'm going to tell you, too, that we weren't married very young ourselves, Mr. Bascom and I, and 'twas partly owing to my indulgin' just such feelin's as yours, though the occasion was different."

"Why, Mis' Bascom!" exclaimed Sally with deep sympathy.

"Yes, dear, I give you warnin' out of my own experience," and the elder woman looked grave and kindly. "I've been tryin' ever since to make up for real injustice to the good man I loved best in the world. And you can be sure of this thing, Sally, the wrong road never leads to the right place."

It was very still in the wide kitchen; one of the windows was open and the bluebirds were chirping in the orchard. There was a far-away sound of frogs. The old tortoise-shell cat which had been asleep on a cushioned chair came across the floor gaping, and when she saw Sally she hopped up into that friendly neighbor's lap. Sally fondled her a little and laughed at the loud purring that at once began. Her cheeks were a little flushed. "I heard ever so many robins this morning," she said, as if she were afraid of the silence, and her hostess nodded.

"If it keeps to this weather we shall have the golden robins comin' right along. I do long to get them here in the spring. Then I really feel as if the winter's gone for good."

Sally rose to go after a little while, in spite of kind protestations from Mrs. Bascom. They both longed to say something more, but neither ventured. Sally, who

had grown prim and undemonstrative with every year, came back after her hand was on the door latch, and kissed Mrs. Bascom affectionately.

"There, there, Sally!" said the old woman affectionately. "Don't get worked up! I only want you to think over things before it's too late. I expect you an' Isaac'll be happy yet, but don't push him away too far; he's got pride too."

II

AS Sally Martin went up the road she wished that she were still sitting with her old neighbor. For almost the first time there was something lonely-looking and repellent, something cold and heartless about her own little house as she unlocked the door and went in. She missed the motherliness she had just left, and the sun no longer shone into her own kitchen. She sat down without taking off her shawl.

After all it was too late now to change her manners to Isaac Bolton or to let him know that her love had always been his. Everybody had spoken of his approaching marriage, and the new house was the surest proof. Mrs. Bascom had treated the story lightly, but perhaps she did not know, or had not been told because she was certain not to approve. Sally knew that her old neighbor had always been her friend. A crisis seemed to have come into her quiet life. Isaac Bolton had been an orphan boy brought up by his uncle and aunt; beside the tract of fine valley land joining the Bascom farm, on which he was putting the new house, he had a good property in money. Sally knew that he would have stayed on with the Bascoms and been a great help to them, if the neighborhood to herself had not grown so difficult and unpleasant. Since then he must often have felt homeless. For herself, too, not far beyond thirty, strong and fond of hard work, it was a poor sort of life to live on year after year in her little house, pinching out a living from a bit of ledgy land and the tinnest of incomes. Isaac was large-hearted and manly, though quick-tempered enough, as she had known. She saw things differently now, the old habits of her mind, the self-pity that had clung so long to a grievance had worn themselves away and left only regret behind on that spring afternoon. It was too late now, she could not do anything, she had lost all right to the man whom she loved and who had so long loved her. She remembered, as she had so many times before, that when she saw him last his coat needed mending, and that he had grown to look older and even a little gray. She remembered now the sweet, wistful look in his eyes, and how quickly they had clouded over when she with a beating heart had treated him so coldly.

III

SALLY MARTIN still sat by her window in the late afternoon. She had taken up her sewing again, but her eyes looked as if she had been crying. Every few minutes she glanced down the long road to see Mr. Bascom and Cynthia when they came back; that seemed the only interest to which one might still look forward. At last the wagon came in sight and she wondered what the father and daughter would have to tell. To her surprise they passed their own lane's end and came on up the hill, driving fast. Cynthia would not take time just now to come past the house unless for something important—she was late already—and Sally's heart was filled with apprehension.

They turned out of the road, and still sitting by her window she saw Cynthia get out of the wagon, after a word with her father. In both faces was a look of sorrow and shock, and she sprang to her feet as her friend came into the kitchen.

"Oh, Sally, Sally!" said Cynthia, "Isaac got awfully hurt this afternoon. He fell from the house frame, and the doctor can't tell yet whether there is much chance for him. They stopped us as we came by, and they've got him in a little shed until he can be moved to our house—he's got nowhere else to turn. He saw me, and told somebody he had got to speak to me, and when I got to him all he could whisper was that I must come and tell you, and I said I would. He didn't ask you to come, only to let you know."

The two friends faced each other. Sally looked gray and old and stern, but Cynthia had come to an end of her self-control and began to cry. "What will poor mother say?" her voice faltered. "She thinks everything of Isaac and she'll want to get to him, and feel so bad that she can't."

All the color rushed back to Sally's face, and a lovely self-forgetfulness shone in her eyes. She suddenly looked young again and even happy. "Go right home as fast as you can," she said. "I'm going to ask your father to take me right down to Isaac's place. Tell your mother I'll take care of him. I'm going to Isaac now just as fast as I can."

Later still in the twilight, Sally Martin found her way among the new timbers of Isaac's house to the little toolshed where he lay. Most of the neighbors had gone. The doctor was still there, and he spoke cheerfully as she came near.

"No, there are no bones broken after all, 'twas only the breath knocked out of him," said the doctor. "You'll be laid up awhile, but I believe you'll do well, Isaac. Now who is there to leave him with? I must be off and it's going to be a damp spring night, he mustn't stay here any longer. Move him carefully."

"I'm right here, Doctor," said old Mr. Bascom, who loved Isaac like a son. "I'll take him right home with me if he's ready to go. I've got the long wagon, you know."

As for Sally, she had gone straight to her lover's side—where he lay weak and pale on the pile of coats and shavings; she was kneeling by him with a sweet and quiet face, and Isaac's hand was fast in hers. Somehow their happiness seemed all the lovelier because it had come at last in the spring.



TWO APHORISMS WORTH REMEMBERING

Idle gossip is like a pinch of lampblack: there is apparently no limit to the blackening it may do.

It is sometimes discouraging to tell the truth only to discover that you are not believed. But Time always reveals truth as well as falsehood.

NEIGHBORHOOD TYPES

*V—AMANDA TODD: THE FRIEND OF CATS

By Mary E. Wilkins

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

DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

AMANDA TODD'S orbit of existence is restricted of a necessity, since she was born, brought up and will die in this village, but there is no doubt that it is eccentric. She moves apart on her own little course quite separate from the rest of us. Had Amanda's lines of life been cast elsewhere where circumstances had pushed her, instead of hemming her in, she might have become the feminine apostle of a new creed, have founded a sect, or instituted a new system of female dress. As it is she does not go to meeting, she never wears a bonnet, and she keeps cats.

Amanda Todd is rising sixty, and she never was married. Had she been, the close friction with another nature might have worn away some of the peculiarities of hers. She might have gone to meeting, she might have worn a bonnet, she might even have eschewed cats, but it is not probable. When peculiarities are in the grain of a person's nature, as they probably are in hers, such friction only brings them out more plainly and it is the other person who suffers.

The village men are not, as a rule, very subtle, but they have seemed to feel this instinctively. Amanda was, they say, a very pretty girl in her youth, but no young man ever dared make love to her and marry her. She had always the reputation of being "an odd stick," even in the district school. She always kept by herself at recess, she never seemed to have anything in common with the other girls, and she always went home alone from singing-school. Probably never in her whole life has Amanada Todd known what it is to be protected by some devoted person of the other sex through the nightly perils of our village street.

There is a tradition in the village that once in her life, when she was about twenty-five years old, Amanda Todd had a beautiful bonnet and went to meeting.

Old Mrs. Nathan Morse vouches for the reliability of it, and, moreover, she hints at a reason. "When Mandy, she was 'bout twenty-five years old," she says, "George Henry French, he come to town, and taught the district school, and he see Mandy, an' told Almira Benton that he thought she was about the prettiest girl he ever laid eyes on, and Almiry, she told Mandy. That was all there ever was to it, he never waited on her, never spoke to her, fur's I know, but right after that, Mandy, she had a bunnit, and she went reg'lar to meetin'. 'Fore that her mother could scarcely get her to keep a thing on her head out-of-doors—allers carried her sunbunnit a-danglin' by the strings, wonder she wa'n't sunstruck a million times—and as for goin' to meetin', her mother, she talked and talked, but it didn't do a mite of good. I s'pose her father kind of upheld her in it. He was 'most as odd as Mandy. He wouldn't go to meetin' unless he was driv, and he wa'n't a member. 'Nough sight ruther go out prowlin' round in the woods like a wild animal, Sabbath days, than go to meetin'. Once he ketched a wildcat, an' tried to tame it, but he couldn't. It bit and clawed so he had to let it go. I guess Mandy gets her likin' for cats from him fast enough. Well, Mandy, she had that handsome bunnit, and she went to meetin' reg'lar 'most a year, and she looked as pretty as a picture sittin' in the pew. The bunnit was trimmed with green gauze ribbon and had a wreath of fine pink flowers inside. Her mother was real tickled, thought Mandy had met with a change. But land, it didn't last no time. George Henry French, he quit town the next year and went to Somerset to teach, and pretty soon we heard he hed married a girl over there. Then Mandy, she didn't come to meetin' any more. I dunno what she did with the bunnit—stamped on it, most likely, she always had consider'ble temper—anyway I never see her wear it arterwards."

Thus old Mrs. Nathan Morse tells the story, and somehow to a reflective mind the picture of Amanda Todd in her youth decked in her pink-wreathed bonnet, selfishly but innocently attending in the sanctuary of Divine Love in order to lay hands on her own little share of earthly affection, is inseparable from her, as she goes now, old and bare-headed, defiantly past the meeting-house, when the Sabbath bells are ringing.

However, if Amanda Todd had elected to go bare-headed through the village street from feminine vanity, rather than eccentricity, it would have been no wonder. Not a young girl in the village has such a head of hair as Amanda. It is of a beautiful chestnut color, and there is not a gray thread in it. It is full of wonderful natural ripples too—not one of the village girls can equal them with her papers and crimping-pins—and Amanda arranges it in two superb braids wound twice around her head. Seen from behind Amanda's head is that of a young beauty; when she turns a little, and her harsh old profile becomes visible, there is a shock to a stranger.

Amanda's father had a great shock of chestnut hair, which was seldom cut, and she inherits this adornment from him. He lived to be an old man, but that ruddy crown of his never turned gray.

Amanda's mother died long ago; then her father. Ever since she has lived alone in her shingled cottage with her cats. There were not so many cats at first; they say she started with one fine tabby, who became the mother, grandmother and great-grandmother to armies of kittens.

* The fifth of a series of character sketches which Miss Wilkins has written for the JOURNAL, and which Alice Barber Stephens has illustrated.

Amanda must destroy some when she can find no homes for them, otherwise she herself would be driven afield, but still the impression is of a legion.

A cat is so covert, it slinks so secretly from one abiding place to another, and seems to duplicate itself with its sudden appearances, that it may account in a measure for this impression. Still there are a great many. Nobody knows just the number—the estimate runs anywhere from fifteen to fifty. Counting, or trying to count, Amanda Todd's cats is a favorite amusement of the village children. "Here's another," they shout, when a pair of green eyes gleams at them from a post. But is it another or only the same cat who has moved? Cats sit in Amanda's windows; they stare out wisely at the passers-by, from behind the panes, or they fold their paws on the ledge outside in the sunshine. Cats walk

Amanda's ridge-pole and her fence, they perch on her posts and fly to her cherry trees with bristling fur at the sight of a dog. Amanda has as deadly a hatred of dogs as have her cats. Every one which comes within stone throw of her she sends off yelping, for she is a good shot. Kittens tumble about Amanda's yard, and crawl out between her fence-pickets under people's feet. Amanda will never give away a kitten except to a responsible person, and is as particular as if the kitten were a human orphan, and she the manager of an asylum.

She will never, for any consideration, bestow one of her kittens upon a family who keeps a dog, or where there are many small children. Once she made a condition that the dog should be killed, and she may be at times inwardly disposed to banish the children.

Amanda Todd is extremely persistent when she has selected a home which is perfectly satisfactory to her for a kitten. Once one was found tied into a little basket like a baby on the doorstep of a childless and humane couple who kept no dog, and there is a story that Deacon Nehemiah Stockwell found one in his overcoat pocket and never knew how it came there. It is probable that



"She looked as pretty as a picture sittin' in the pew"



"Now Amanda is old . . . and lives alone . . . with her cats"

Amanda resorts to these extreme measures to save herself from either destroying her kittens or being driven out of house and home by them.

However, once, when the case was reversed, Amanda herself was found wanting. When she began to grow old, and the care of her pets told upon her, it occurred to her that she might adopt a little girl. Amanda has a comfortable little income, and would have been able to provide a good living for a child, as far as that goes.

But the managers of the institution to whom Amanda applied made inquiries, and the result did not satisfy them. Amanda stated frankly her reason for wishing to take the child, and her intentions with regard to her. She wished the little girl to tend her cats and assist her in caring for them. She was willing that she should attend school four hours per day, going after the cats had their breakfast, and returning an hour earlier to give them their supper. She was willing that she should go to meeting in the afternoon only, and she could have no other children come to visit her for fear they would maltreat the kittens. She furthermore announced her intention to make her will, giving to the girl, whom she should adopt, her entire property in trust for the cats, to include her own maintenance on condition that she devote her life to them as she had done.

The trustees declared that they could not conscientiously commit a child to her keeping for such purposes, and the poor little girl orphan, who had the chance of devoting her life to the care of pussy cats and kittens to the exclusion of all childish followers, remained in her asylum.

So Amanda to this day lives alone, and manages as best she can. Nobody in the village can be induced to live with her; one forlorn old soul preferred the almshouse.

"I'd 'nough sight ruther go on the town than live with all them cats," she said.

It is rather unfortunate that Amanda's shingled cottage is next the meeting-house, for that, somehow, seems to render her non-church-going more glaringly conspicuous, and then, too, there is a liability of indecorous proceedings on the part of the cats.

They evidently do not share their mistress' dislike of the sanctuary, and find its soft pew cushions very inviting. They watch their chances to slink in when the sexton opens the meeting-house; he is an old man and dim-eyed, and they are often successful. It is wise for anybody before taking a seat in a pew to make sure that one of Amanda's cats has not forestalled him; and often a cat flees down one flight of the pulpit stairs as the minister ascends the other.

We all wonder what will become of Amanda's cats when she dies. There is a report that she has made her will and left her property in trust for the cats to somebody, but to whom? Nobody in this village is anxious for such a bequest, and whoever it may be will probably strive to repudiate it. Some day the cats will undoubtedly go by the board; young Henry Wilson, who has a gun, will shoot some, the rest will become aliens and wanderers, but we all hope Amanda Todd will never know it.

In the meantime she is undoubtedly carrying on among us an eccentric, but none the less genuine mission. A home missionary is Amanda Todd, and we should recognize her as such in spite of her non-church-going proclivities. Weak in faith though she may be, she is, perchance, as strong in love as the best of us. At least I do not doubt that her poor little four-footed dependents would so give evidence if they could speak.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In this series of "Neighborhood Types" the following sketches have appeared:

- I—Timothy Samson: the Wise Man, December, 1895
- II—Little Marg'et Snell: the Village Runaway, January, 1896
- III—Cyrus Emmett: the Unlucky Man, February, 1896
- IV—Phebe Ann Little: the Neat Woman, March, 1896



A VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

By John Gilmer Speed



EVERY instance of which I have knowledge the most lovely of the villages and towns in the United States have acquired that part of their beauty, not purely natural, through the voluntary coöperation of the residents. This voluntary coöperation has also contributed to neatness, thrift and prosperity. As a general thing such results have been brought about through the work of Village Improvement Societies, and in this article I propose to tell how such organizations can be started with a fair prospect of success. A certain proportion of the Village Improvement Societies that are started fail to accomplish anything worth while, and then silently fade out of existence, leaving the villages, in which such failures have been achieved, worse off, if anything, than before the effort. I have assisted in the formation of several such societies. Some of them have succeeded; some have failed. I believe that, with my experience in this kind of work, I can tell, with considerable sureness, almost immediately after organization whether a new society will succeed or fail. Before going into this phase of my subject, however, let me summarize quite briefly the advantages to be derived from the improvement of the suburban and country towns and villages.

THE work in a suburban place is easier to set in motion and easier to accomplish than in the country, for the reason that a large majority of the residents are either active participants in city life, or close observers of it. In action and in ambition, therefore, they feel the quickening influence of the great movement which has founded the wonderful urban communities, and which sustains them in their growth. I have been accused of exaggerating this urban influence in other writings, and it may be that I do so, but I cannot see that I do, whether I look at the question from either extreme of my experience, which embraces both country and city life, for I live as a city man, in town six months in each year, and as a country man, six months in the country.

The future prosperity of the country village depends, in a great measure, upon its suitability for the summer residence of those who prefer, at that season, to leave the hot and crowded cities. A generation ago a little vacation was considered to be enough for the busiest and most prosperous of our city men; and the families of such men stayed in town with the heads of their houses. When a longer residence was considered desirable, and then very quickly was considered necessary, families of means took up their abode in the great hotels of the various watering-places. After a decade of this, one and another of those who had learned better how to live came to the conclusion that country life was more comfortable, less ostentatious and altogether more to be desired. And so the country place became the hobby, and then the necessity, of the majority of those who in a large sense had met with material success. But the majority of those who are well-to-do have not met with material success in the large sense—they are merely well-to-do. But we Americans are great consumers; we will have the best that is within our means. When this immense well-to-do class realized that country life was the most desirable kind of summer life, their ingenuity was at once put to the test of finding how it was possible, without the impossible country establishment, which none save a man of wealth can maintain. The country village was found to be the place for them, for in a real country village—not a suburban village—a man and his family can be as much in the country as though they owned a thousand acres with a stately castle on a commanding hill. And what is more, in such a village a family can have all the delights and privacies of country life at an expense which can be regulated with nice certainty and according to the size of the income. Horses may be kept or not, according to that income; the same may be said of servants, and the scale of living generally properly adjusted. I know many men who manage to have a country village home, though their means are quite limited, and I have heard the confession frequently made that less was spent in the country than in town.

TO take advantage of this growing taste, this taste which will surely be permanent, is the opportunity which every country village should embrace. But a village which brings to itself this kind of residents must have attractions—attractions that are natural to begin with, and which have been taken advantage of by those who own or who have owned the property. Some villages have been so unfortunately located that at a first glance it would seem impossible to invest them with any degree of beauty. But I have seen so few such that I am not competent to speak of them. In my experience the surrounding country usually gives to a village such potentialities of beauty that a few wise improvements of streets, sidewalks, shade trees, and so on, will work a wonderful change in æsthetic conditions. Indeed, where Nature has been prolific of her gifts the problem of improvement is often much more difficult, for man is dangerously apt to disfigure that which Nature has made beautiful, when he lays his hands upon it.

But it is in such work that a Village Improvement Society may be useful in a community; in such work that such an organization may confer lasting benefits upon the locality to which it belongs. A Village Improvement Society should be a pure democracy, and within its membership it should embrace every man and woman of good repute in the neighborhood, and besides this there should be established an auxiliary league of children. This league should be asked, and urged, and instructed to assist the main society. Such societies are usually supported by fees and dues. This is very well in a village where the majority of the people are quite prosperous and

usually have a store of ready money at their disposal. But even in such places I prefer the method of supporting the society by purely voluntary subscriptions of money, labor and material. Labor is just as good as money, and is given much more freely by all save those who are rich.

Now when one person concludes, or two or three or more decide to embark in the enterprise of starting a Village Improvement Society what is the first step to be taken?

My advice is this: Let them enter into correspondence with a person of experience in such matters, and if their means justify it, engage that person to deliver a lecture to the people on the subject of village improvement, and at the same time make suggestions as to the needs of the particular village. This being done let them call a free public meeting to hear this lecturer, and have this meeting and lecture announced in all the churches. Then they should talk up the question among the people, securing, if possible, the interest of all the leaders of public opinion. But none should be left out, for enthusiastic assistance and wise counsel often come from the most unexpected sources. The gossips, those who know more of their neighbors' affairs than of their own, should by no means be omitted in this preliminary organization, for these gossips in a country neighborhood serve very much the same purpose as the daily papers do in the great cities. They should be sought and their habitual cynicism conciliated by flattering attentions. Then it should be arranged that some person of local distinction, and of commanding prominence in the community, gifted with readiness of speech, should call the meeting to order and introduce the lecturer or chief speaker of the evening.

Before the meeting, however, eight or ten of those who have responded most heartily to these advances should get together in a preliminary or committee meeting, and arrange as exactly as possible the order of proceedings. Without this the first meeting, upon which very much depends, is sure to drag. At this committee meeting a simple constitution should be drafted, and committees agreed upon to nominate the officers and also propose the constitution. After the lecturer is through with his remarks some one, previously agreed upon, should move the immediate formation of a Village Improvement Society, upon the lines the lecturer had suggested, and, also, that the chair appoint a committee of three to report a constitution. This committee will be ready to report at once, and the constitution will surely be adopted. The constitution being adopted, the election of officers is in order, and I recommend that a constitution should provide for a president, vice-president, treasurer and secretary, and that these officers, together with three other members, should constitute the executive committee. Upon the selection of these officers, and especially the president, the whole success of the society will surely depend.

WHEN the officers have been elected and installed some member—fluent of speech and popular in manner—should move that a specified day be set apart as the first labor day of the society; that on that day all the men and teams in the village should congregate to work under the direction of the executive committee; and that the ladies of the society should provide a picnic luncheon for the workers that day. Such a resolution will be carried with enthusiasm, and the audience will then look alert and interested. Then a committee on membership should be moved and appointed, and another committee on subscriptions. Cards should be prepared for those who wish to join to sign, and these should be passed around the audience; later the committee on membership should circulate these cards about the neighborhood. Money subscriptions should be asked from the people of means in the village or neighborhood, and pretty nearly all of them will respond. The constitution should provide for monthly meetings, and the first labor day should be selected on a date previous to the next meeting. Then the executive committee should arrange what work shall be attempted on the first day. This should be the work that is most obviously needed, and that which, when done, will show. The beginning is the great thing. It is supremely important that the work be started right.

In some untidy villages the whole of the first labor day might be given to cleaning up; in others the sidewalks might be put in better order, or pieces of new sidewalk constructed; in nearly every village it would be a good thing to put the grounds and fences of the public schoolhouse in order. But there are always very obvious needs everywhere before the advent of the village improver. But what is done that day should be done with some thoroughness, and the noonday luncheon is apt to invest the day with some of the characteristics of a festival. Provision should be made in the preliminary arrangements for this first labor day, that if the day be rainy another stated day be set apart. All the plans for this day should be thought out, and all of them carried out. What is done will be discussed in every house of the village, and the achievements will inspire confidence or provoke criticism. Even though a great deal should be done on this first day the society may still fail for lack of staying power in the controlling spirits.

THE controlling spirits will naturally be the executive committee. Of this committee the president will naturally be the leader. If he or she has not energy, enthusiasm, patience, public spirit, some measure of wisdom and great self-control, allied to entire unselfishness, then the society is pretty sure to fail. No one not conscious of the spirit and capacity thus indicated should accept such an office. It will not always be a picnic like the first day, but, on the contrary, there will be times of discouragement among the weak-kneed, and revolt on the part of the reactionaries. Then the president must bolster up the one and suppress the other.

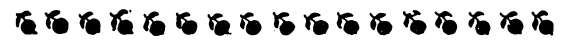
Of course, no Village Improvement Society that is either sectarian or politically partisan can have any chance to succeed. The neutrality of the society in these particulars should be a part of its fundamental law. But it makes no difference how plainly these things be expressed in the constitution, the executive committee will find that political rivalries and sectarian prejudices are every now and then interfering with the plans of work. Then

comes an opportunity for the display of high diplomatic skill which ordinarily is reserved for the service of nations. But it is possible to steer between the Sylla of sectarian animosity and the Carybdis of political wrong-headedness, and escape shipwreck, though none but a strong hand should be at the tiller during the dangerous passage. Then the reactionary, who opposes everything new, will be found in every village. There is no use whatever in trying to conciliate or win him over, though it is not wise to precipitate a quarrel. But when the fight begins, as it surely will, then make it a fight to the death with no quarter. The reactionary—he usually calls himself a conservative or something of that sort, though, to be sure, the real conservative may not be a reactionary at all—is an evil influence and should be treated as such. Men of that kind have no real ability and are easily whipped, but their bigoted ignorance has in it a power of evil which has wrecked many a Village Improvement Society within my knowledge. Then the village improvers will come in conflict with those who stir up strife for the sake of the fight. My advice is to treat such with contempt; they love to fight, but to be scorned is death to them.

ONE more difficulty that will have to be encountered and I am done. In every village Improvement Societies have been heard of, and more or less discussed, whether the formation of one was imminent or not. It is my experience that the village idea, until it has been informed and cultivated, is that improving a village consists in pulling down the front fences and throwing all the houses into the road. Removing the front fences, and making a village park-like in its appearance, is an undoubted improvement, but it is not all that improvement means, nor yet the first improvement that should be made. Instead, it is one of the finishing touches to village improvement, and one that a society usually need not bother about. If the roads are made good and the sidewalks so constructed that they will be neither dusty nor muddy, then the fences will be taken down, little by little, and soon all of them will disappear forever. But the question should not be agitated in the beginning, as it is pregnant with danger. The majority of old-fashioned people think that their security and privacy are supported by front fences, and even their property rights maintained. They will, therefore, contest the pulling of them down, and readily become obstinate and antagonistic if they be pursued with much insistence. Let the front fences alone till such time as the sidewalks are good, and then depend upon it that when each front fence falls into decay it will be removed rather than renewed. Where sidewalks are not good the lawns will surely be trampled over in muddy weather if there be no intervening fence. The power of example, and the beauty of a grassplot stretching to the front walk, and then over the bank and beyond the gutter to the roadway, will settle the front fence question so soon as the time is ripe.

THE property owners of a village cannot make a better paying investment than in the maintenance of a well-organized Improvement Society. Through such a society the value of every piece of property in a village, and the neighborhood thereof, may be enhanced in value; village life may be made to take on new interests and new dignities; stagnation may be kindled into an exhilarating activity. Let the people become interested in a Village Improvement Society and they will soon begin to discuss plans and policies with a gratifying alertness. They will discuss how best to secure a public library; they will talk over the ways and means of getting running water into the town; they will argue over the best way of establishing a fire department; they will study drainage and sanitation; they will recognize the value of street lights when the moon is shining on another part of the world; and when they vote on these questions they will vote with entire intelligence, and they will go away from the meetings refreshed by what they have heard, and what they have said, and what they have done.

Indeed, the meetings of a Village Improvement Society should be of great value to the intellectual life of the community, and in a measure, at least, take the place in the training which used to be a part of the equipment of every American freeman when the town meeting was the local parliament, and the neighborhood affairs were regulated by a majority vote of the electors. But the managers of a Village Improvement Society must always bear in mind that what the society does is by general consent, and that their zeal in their operations, or that of their executive committee, to work improvements, is no reason for them to entertain the delusion that they are the owners of the town.



GUESTS AND FAMILY WORSHIP

By Amelia E. Barr

THERE is probably no mistress of a household who has not felt an uncertain hospitality about asking her guests to join in her family worship. Every one has acquaintances they would not hesitate to ask to their table, and would hesitate to ask to their home altar. Perhaps the reluctance arises from a dissimilarity of creed, and a fear of offense in consequence. More likely it arises from that sin of restraining spiritual confidence, which is a peculiarly besetting one in this materialistic age, for the diversity of creed is no bar. Prayer has nothing to do with creeds. Prayer is the universal religion; and men of every creed, and men of no creed may meet together at the feet of one Heavenly Father. The reluctance more likely arises from that weak shame-facedness that too often prevents sympathy between friends on spiritual subjects. They are afraid to be misunderstood, smiled at, criticised.

This latter dilemma is one that even good and great men have not always met bravely, for when Dr. Fuller once had some guests of great quality and fashion—God-fearing as he was—he omitted his family worship on their account. This act, which he bitterly repented, he designated as “a bold bashfulness which durst offend God, whilst it did fear man.” But we should remember with the grand old preacher, that our guests, though they be ever so high or rich, are yet by all the laws of hospitality below us while they sojourn under our roof. Therefore, whoever comes within our door should also come within our household customs and discipline. If they sit at our table for meat it is but kind and right they should also bow at it in prayer.

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF WASHINGTON

By General A. W. Greely, U. S. A.

Author of "Three Years of Arctic Service," etc.

*II—WASHINGTON'S DOMESTIC AND RELIGIOUS LIFE

MUCH has been written regarding the influence exercised by Mary Washington upon the character of her illustrious son, and no doubt exists that she was a thoroughly good mother, as were most of the Virginia matrons of her day. The deference

paid to her by Washington was, it should be remembered, one of the customs of the times.

Although it is unquestioned that this outward deference was but the expression of his filial affection, yet it cannot be denied that, with advancing years, there was an apparent lack of sympathy between mother and son which shows itself in almost every letter extant. There seems, indeed, to have been what may be called an incompatibility of temperament, arising possibly from their possessing strong and similar characters. Washington inherited that tenacity of purpose and persistency of effort, called obstinacy in inferiors, but designated as firmness of character in superiors. It should be remembered, moreover, that Washington's training in the broad schools of politics and war threw him not only in contact with the sturdy, rough humanity of the frontier, but also with cultured men of all professions, while his mother's life was practically confined to a single Virginia county. With restrictions, isolation and routine on the one hand, and expanding character and broadening experiences on the other, came the story, as old as antiquity and as new as to-day, of the weakening of sympathetic ties between those who change not and those who are steadily rising to higher levels of thought and life.

Although a rich man and lover of money it seemed to Washington absolutely essential to his own dignity and patriotic spirit that he should serve his country, the thirteen struggling Colonies, without salary, leaving his estate and property to steadily deteriorate. To his mother, on the other hand, whose material conditions in middle life were, if anything, superior to those of her earlier years, it seemed no less than proper that the Colony of Virginia should settle a pension upon her for her son's services, and it took Washington's direct influence to prevent such action being taken by the Virginia Legislature. Nearly every letter of the mother is a complaint of the hard times and the difficulties under which she exists, the inference being doubtless conveyed that Washington was neglectful of her. In this connection there exists a letter which, misquoted and considered without context and other facts being given, has been held to show him unfilial. If it be considered unfilial for a man of long business experience, after suffering pecuniary loss and vexations for a series of years, to indicate to his mother in writing the unfortunate results flowing from her persistency in certain lines of business operations, and to outline to her a course whereby her declining years may be free of all care and anxiety, then Washington was unfilial. The determined old lady, then some eighty years of age, persisted in maintaining an establishment, and in conducting a plantation of which she was sole mistress, and which she could not herself manage. At the same time she considered that her son was a banker, who could be drawn on to make good all deficiencies resulting from thievish overseers, bad management, and unfavorable crop conditions. These drafts Washington had met uncomplainingly for years, and even then sent her the last money he had in hand. He was unable to meet his own current charges, which, always large as a Virginia gentleman, were greatly increased by his acts of kindness and charity to his kinsfolk. His expenses had become enormous in connection with the entertainment of the host of people who frequented, as visitors, hospitable Mount Vernon and the Presidential mansion in Philadelphia.

Advising his mother to lease her estate and live with one of her children he offered her a home at Mount Vernon, but as an honest man and filial son he stated clearly the situation and its alternatives. In a house constantly filled with distinguished visitors she must either dress daily for dinner, or come in her ordinary costume (which it is well understood was not suited for company), to the mortification of himself and his wife, or she must live in her own rooms, which would be trying to her. There was no suggestion that she should not visit him. On the contrary, the letter urged that she should live with some of her children, and, if she preferred it, at Mount Vernon. It appears in Washington's last

account of moneys paid out, that his mother drew on him to the extent of one thousand pounds or more in a few years. Washington's thoughtfulness for his mother is evident at this time, for on his visit to Philadelphia to attend the Constitutional convention, he purchased for her a cloak for ten pounds and also a chaise for forty pounds, while the expenditures for his own household were relatively much less.

THERE is every reason to believe that Washington's married life was one of increasing happiness and satisfaction. Unfortunately his letters to his wife were destroyed by her. But there are sufficient allusions in his general correspondence to indicate that they grew together with declining years, and that both husband and wife showed that consideration toward, and respect for, each other which are the soundest guarantees of marital happiness. Since circumstances did not permit frequent visits of his wife to her relatives we find Washington inviting her mother to come to Mount Vernon as her

seriously after midnight Washington's malady was at least hastened by his unwillingness that his wife should incur the risk of a cold by rising during the bitter winter night to relieve his suffering.

CURRENT opinion regarding the religious life of Washington has as its basis a special work on this subject by a clergyman who was married to a grand-niece. This effort to depict Washington as very devout from his childhood, as a strict Sabbatarian, and as in intimate spiritual communication with the church, is practically contradicted by his own letters.

His services as a vestryman had no special significance from a religious standpoint. The political affairs of a Virginia county were then directed by the vestry, which, having the power to elect its own members, was an important instrument of the oligarchy of Virginia.

Justice can only be done to Washington by outlining his religious environments. As to the Colonial church Bishop Meade states that dissolute parsons, discarded as unworthy in England, were presented with livings in Virginia, while Fiske points out that the Legislature passed special laws prohibiting these clergymen from drunkenness and riotous living. "A reckless sensualist," adds Mr. Hawks, "administered the morning dram to his guests from the silver [communion] cup." What wonder that such a formalistic irreligion of the established church failed to stimulate Washington into spiritual communion with it!

What Washington really believed as to the fundamental truths of Christianity, or as to non-essentials on which so many sectarian issues have been raised, cannot be definitely stated. He inherited the Episcopal form of faith by baptism, and throughout his life took an active part as a vestryman of that church. But even if he was ever confirmed in its faith there is no reliable evidence that he ever took communion with it or with any other church. In short, it seems that the very honesty and integrity of the man caused him to refrain from the more spiritual forms of activity in the church. Possibly his mind, as have the minds of

many men of high moral character, followed the irrational bent of inseparably associating principles and professions, and so looked askant at creeds and dogmas, where the lives of their foremost advocates gave the lie to the profession of the lips. It is notable, however, that as time went on, the occasional indifference of his youthful days gave place to a respectful, even if not devout, attitude with reference to religious matters. In a feeling of spiritual indifference to the church it is not surprising that, neglecting spiritual reasons, he wrote, as a Virginia colonel: "The want of a chaplain does reflect dishonor upon the regiment, as all other officers are allowed." And when he was urged to have public prayers in camp, so as to excite the curiosity and foster the conversion of the Indians, he ignored the recommendation.

Whenever local and domestic occasions required we find him filling his formal duties as vestryman and appearing as sponsor. But in his letters, even those of consolation, there appears almost nothing to indicate his spiritual frame of mind. A particularly careful study of the man's letters convinces me that while the spirit of Christianity, as exemplified in love of God and love of man, was the controlling factor of his nature, yet he never formulated his religious faith. A striking fact about him should be remembered, that while he lived in a Colony that joined in the religious ostracism and persecutions characteristic of the age, yet he was noted for his broad, liberal and sincere respect for the religious beliefs and conscientious scruples of others.

AS to the Sabbath he conformed to the local Virginia habits. After service the day was largely given to riding, visiting, dining, and to those innocent amusements and gatherings that many then believed to be essential safeguards of a community. From his childhood he traveled on Sunday whenever occasion required. He considered it proper for his negroes to fish, and on that day made at least one contract. During his official busy life Sunday was largely given to his home correspondence, being, as he says, the most convenient day in which to spare time from his public burdens to look after his impaired fortune and estates.

He was not regular in attendance at church, save possibly at home. While present at the First Provincial Congress in Philadelphia he went once to the Roman Catholic and once to the Episcopal church. He spent four months at the Constitutional convention, going six times to church, once each to the Romish high mass, to the Friends', to the Presbyterian and thrice to the Episcopal service. He respected the devout religious attitude of the Romish church by forbidding the celebration of Guy Fawkes' Day in the army, and again in repeatedly impressing upon his officers the necessity of respect and consideration for the religious faith of the French Canadians, whom he hoped to win to the American cause. Nor can it be believed that this was a question of policy, as the whole tenor of his life was in this direction. It is, however, somewhat striking that in several thousand letters the name of Jesus Christ never appears, and it is notably absent from his last will.



GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON

[Reproduced in Mezzotint by Dawson Watson, from Sharpless' hitherto unpublished Pastel Portraits, in Wadsworth's Athenaeum, Hartford, Connecticut]

home. It does not appear that this introduction added to the harmony of the household, or if it did the admission of other women, relatives of husband or of wife, did not. In this respect Washington, writing later about his niece living at Mount Vernon, speaks of his love for her, but he says, "I will never again have two women in my house when I am there myself." It may be incidentally mentioned that a commonly-accepted portrait of Martha Washington is shown by Conway to be actually that of the General's favorite sister, Betty.

Mrs. Washington proved an unflinching support to her husband in camp or court, in peace or war, and Washington had her happiness and comfort always at heart. His field service was irksome only as entailing constant uneasiness on the part of his wife.

Of the many instances of his tender solicitude for her uncertain health there is none more touching than that connected with his fatal illness. Attacked suddenly and



From "Mary and Martha."

Copyright, 1886, by Harper & Brothers.

THE ONLY PORTRAIT EXTANT OF MARY WASHINGTON

[This portrait, loaned by Prof. S. F. D. Morse to Mr. Benson Lossing, is the only picture of the mother of Washington which can be accepted as at all authentic. It pictures Mrs. Washington before her marriage, when she was Mary Ball.]

* The first article on "The Personal Side of Washington" appeared in the March issue of the JOURNAL.

As time went on, the importance of religious faith and convictions to the life of the people became more apparent to him, and his most notable utterance on this subject is in his farewell address: "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that natural morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

Modern criticism is little given to testing man's religion by the creed he recites, preferring to note his acts—especially toward those not of his own clan. It thus happens that we know much of Washington's religion while in doubt as to his theology.

The dominating trait of Washington's life was a spirit of equity, which is the nearest approach to perfect justice. Nowhere, as far as I know, did Washington quote the golden rule. But if an attentive study of this man's correspondence reveals any single rule of conduct, as permeating his business and social affairs, it is represented by the scriptural passage: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

Once he says: "Rather than do a possible injury you may pay his executors." Again he pays a debt of fifty-one pounds where it was omitted from the bond. Time and again he instructs his agent that he wishes only the equitable thing, but with a touch of human nature often made it evident that this was a concession, as when he says: "You were right in detaining a part of his [Butler's] wages for lost time: yet I can better afford to be without the money than he can. You may pay him for the full time." What a record of Washington's fair dealing, that after forty years, full of business, he could write: "I do not recollect that in the course of my life I ever forfeited my word, or broke a promise made to any one."

HIS beneficence and charities were numberless and unceasing, not alone to his immediate family and to his distant kinsmen, but also to his friends and to the unfortunate. Many entries in his cash account emphasize my earnest conviction that often these entries were secret gifts, known only to the donor and recipient. As an illustration of his delicacy and liberality in this direction, may be instanced his offer to give for several years fifty pounds annually to educate a promising boy of an impecunious neighbor, with the distinct understanding that this kindness should not be made known. Then, too, his sending a thousand pounds to Madame Lafayette when in distress. Again, in his offer to educate the orphan son of General Greene, and his liberal subscription for the support of an orphan school at Alexandria—all actions that show how broad, timely and comprehensive were Washington's acts of charity. When ready money failed him he did not hesitate to borrow that he might loan to his friends. His private fortune suffered from the continuous inroads thereon, but these burdens were willingly assumed on behalf of his near relatives. As another example may be mentioned the charge of his brother Samuel's orphaned children, two boys and one girl, to whose affairs he gave his most earnest efforts, and on whose education, clothes, etc., he expended some two thousand pounds in about ten years. His letter to his niece, Harriot, is worthy of reproduction. As our first President he was struggling, almost to mental and physical exhaustion, under the multifarious cares incident to the successful initiation of a novel and somewhat distrusted scheme of government. That he should then have written with his own hand a long letter of advice to a dependent girl of fifteen is one of the many acts indicating the greatness of his character. He says in part:

"Your cousins, with whom you live, are well qualified to give you advice; and I am sure they will, if you are disposed to receive it. But if you are disobliging, self-willed and untowardly it is hardly to be expected that they will engage themselves in unpleasant disputes with you. . . . To be under little or no control may be pleasing to a mind that does not reflect, but this pleasure cannot be of long duration; and reason, too late, perhaps, may convince you of the folly of misspending time. You are not to learn, I am certain, that your fortune is small. Supply the want of it, then, with a well-cultivated mind, with dispositions to industry and frugality, with gentleness of manner, obliging temper, and such qualifications as will attract notice, and recommend you to a happy establishment for life."

WHILE his hospitality was open-handed, unceasing and lavish, yet it was dispensed with a gracious courtesy and dignity that made it an honor and pleasure together. To such an extent was Mount Vernon open to guests, even during Washington's absence, that he had good reason to believe that strangers came to it both from curiosity and for their convenience while traveling. Washington's strong sense of his personal dignity and individual rights prevented it from becoming a "Liberty Hall." Indeed, the potent forces which made Washington great in the public service tended naturally to induce habits of conduct, thought and expression that could not be always agreeable or acceptable to many of the free-handed, jovial gentlemen of the Old Dominion. Courteous, considerate and hospitable as Washington was, he brooked no interference with his private plans. He permitted no liberties with his rights, be they of person or property. To a neighbor asking that he might hunt over his grounds Washington says: "My fixed determination is that no person whatsoever shall hunt upon my grounds or waters. . . . I would give the same refusal to my brother if he lived off my land." But no one welcomed more heartily and frequently than he hunting or shooting parties of his own planning.

The shiftless, vicious and dissipated were rated by him soundly, in words of no uncertain tenor. Petty thieving, trespassing and poaching, practices so common as to be generally ignored, were to him detestable "villainies." He abhorred even more a breach of trust on the part of his laborers. When actual suffering impended there was none quicker to extend relief, which wisely assumed other forms than money if it was possible.

Strictly punctilious in his social relations, he exacted proper deference from his neighbors and relatives. In one instance he sharply chides his nephew for disrespect in failing to promptly pay his respects when he came into the neighborhood. The tendency Washington had to speak the whole truth, when occasion seemed to call for it, must have been unpalatable to many. Although somewhat autocratic in opinion and bearing he was a model and genial neighbor. When friendly aid or advice was wanted, an arbitrator in demand, or a trust fund had to be administered, his neighbors instinctively turned to him, and his services were never denied.

HIS early youth was a mixture of the twin spirits of brutality and sentiment that were then interwoven in American character. At sixteen the war dance of drunken Indians about a human scalp struck him as agreeable and comical rather than terrible. In early manhood blood-money did not seem abhorrent, for he asks: "In what manner are they [the Catawbas] to be paid for scalps? Are our soldiers entitled to the reward like indifferent people?" Almost in the same breath, touched by the pathetic condition of frontiersmen, whose homes and families were experiencing the horrors of Indian raids, he says: "I have a generous soul; sensible of wrongs, and swelling for redress, [and] I would be a willing offering to savage fury, and die by inches to save a people."

How far this distinction of sympathy as to Indians and whites came from the impassable gulf between whites and negroes, arising from slavery, cannot be said, but it may well have exercised an influence. However that may be, the growth and evolution of Washington appear nowhere to greater advantage than in connection with the system of slavery, which was part of the political environment of his life. Knowing in his childhood no other system of labor than that of negro slavery and indentured whites it is probable that he never looked seriously beyond these conditions until his visit to other Colonies, where the same iniquitous system of bondage obtained to a greater or less degree, but where, also, existing contrasts between free and slave labor at once impressed him.

Few men of his day had as extended an experience with and knowledge of slaves as Washington, for at least five hundred passed through his hands. Inheriting at first some half dozen, he died possessed of three hundred and seventeen, of whom one hundred and twenty-four were his own, one hundred and fifty-three came by dower, and forty were leased with certain land. His dealings were not confined alone to negroes, for white convicts and indentured servants became subject to his will by purchase. Observation and reflection soon gave Washington ideas on slavery far beyond his century in sagacity and morality.

One action only fails to find excuse, even under justification of a custom then general from Massachusetts to Georgia. I refer to the sale of a negro for exportation, as shown by the following letter:

"With this letter comes a negro, Tom, which I beg you to sell in any of the [West Indies] islands, for whatever he will fetch, and bring me in return from him one hhd. of best molasses, one ditto of best rum . . . lymes . . . tamarinds . . . mixed sweetmeats, and the residue, much or little, in good old spirits . . . This fellow is a rogue and runaway."

WASHINGTON evidently never exported another negro, but held this up as a warning to his other slaves, who doubtless pushed to the extreme his consideration for them. That Washington was most humane, as judged by the standard of his time, must be evident to any one who reads his many letters to the superintendent of his estate during the years of his enforced absence. Food in plenty, good clothing, care in illness, harvest rum, seasonable gifts, with moderate tasks—yet negroes would run away, would plunder their master and resort to all manner of deceit. As the lash fell on the soldier in the ranks, and on unruly children, so it was relentless at Mount Vernon as on other slave estates. Washington urged admonition and strictly discouraged brutality. But he approved of the whip as the last resort. In the case of white servants authority was given the agent to sell them when obstinate. Whether these were whipped is doubtful, but some of them ran away. As to the negroes, this one and that were to be whipped, etc., and he writes: "Let Abram get his deserts, don't let Crow give it, he being passionate." He recognized differences between them and says: "Harsh treatment will not do with him [French Will]."

The nobler elements of the man overcame his environment, and there gradually grew up in Washington's heart a strong aversion to the whole system. As a planter he found it essential to conform to existing conditions. As a master he ameliorated the wretched state of the slaves. As a politician he advocated gradual abolition. But as a man he deplored the disgraceful system as debasing to slave and to owner.

Applauding Lafayette's plan of emancipation he says: "Would to God a like spirit would infuse itself generally into the minds of people of this country." Later he writes: "I never meant to possess another slave by purchase." And again: "Were it not, then, that I am principled against selling negroes, as you would do cattle at the market, I would not in twelve months from this date be possessed of one, as a slave."

This spirit bore fruit in his will, whereby all his own slaves were freed, the helpless provided for, and such reparation made as was possible. It may be added that his freedom from race prejudice was most strikingly exemplified by his enlistment, after Congress had discouraged such action, of free men of color, and by his letter of courteous acknowledgment to the African poetess who had dedicated an ode to him.

The frailties and imperfections that entered into the life of Washington were in part due to dominating phases of his environment, and in part to his individuality—as God-given or inherited.

THESE articles have failed in their object if they do not tend to inculcate in the minds of American youth the importance of will-power and right aspirations to the complete development of the individual. What are the salient changes wrought by these forces in the evolution of the man George Washington? For money his indomitable will sacrificed to the exigencies of harsh labor and uncongenial surroundings the pleasures of home life. Later, his noble aspirations valued gold only as a means of serving his country, of alleviating suffering, and of extending charity. Rising in an aristocratic community to the apex of its social system he then eagerly offered his assured standing and acquired fortune in order to insure civic and religious liberty to all grades of society. Brutality and cruelty marked the contests of his earlier day; in his mature years he was one of the most humane warriors of any age. The brooding curse of slavery imposed upon him traffic in human lives; later he rose above the race prejudices of his time, and by his individual action forestalled by sixty years that inevitable goal of individual freedom, which futurity deferred for America to another century. His irreligious surroundings and youthful habits were such as have sapped the better

character of thousands. Yet he came to recognize that his own evolutionary processes were no safe guides to humanity, but that the only sure road is that pointed out by religious faith and assimilated action, through the by-paths of sobriety, industry, charity and right living.

The time may come when experts can question the superiority of Washington as a General, or the entire wisdom of his policy as President. But, fortunately for his fame, there is only one standard by which the whole world measures an individual, and it is certain that so long as equity, honesty and charity are deemed the highest attributes of human nature, so long will the man George Washington remain at the apex of American manhood.

THE ART OF DOING WITHOUT

By Christine Terhune Herrick

WE hear much about "the art of making much out of little," but who sings the praises of "the art of doing without"? Yet this art is neither so common nor so simple that it should be looked upon with lack of respect. On the contrary, there are few who have grasped it with a saving faith, and learned to practice it with grace and comfort. Yet in none is there greater profit.

A knowledge of "the art of doing without" is of great profit to a man—when his wife and daughters follow it. For some reason, best determined by themselves, men do not take kindly to this branch of learning. They admire it in others, but they do not think it suited to their personal practice. Of course, "the art of doing without" loses its artistic character when carried to extremes—as in the case of the man who brought his horse down to one straw a day. It should be cultivated in moderation in order to get the best results. Since it is among women that it has its chief followers it may be as well to illustrate its advantages by a few examples drawn from among them.

The woman who has learned "the art of doing without" does not buy a thing simply because it is cheap. She does not say to herself when she sees a mark-down sale of silk waists advertised: "There is my opportunity. I would like a silk waist. They are so cheap that it would really be saving money to buy one." Or, perhaps, she may say this, if she is but a tyro in the art. But even if she makes this slip she brings herself up at once with a round turn and says: "Stop! Do I really need this? Or can I do without it?" And in eight cases out of ten the answer to the first question is no, and to the second, yes.

On the same principle, the students of the art do not purchase teacups that have been selling at fifty cents, just because they have "for a few days only" been reduced to thirty-nine cents. Nor do they buy patent medicines at a cut-rate price in a department store because some one may be ailing and need them.

It will instantly be recognized what a safeguard this art is to a woman's purse. The post-graduate is even secure from the temptations of bargain counters and the allurements of auction sales. The one query with which she strengthens her failing resolution is always the same: "Can I do without it?" And if she can she snaps her pocketbook shut and passes by on the other side.

As I said a few moments ago, there are enthusiasts in the art who carry it too far. The woman who does without new overshoes when there is a hole in the old ones, thereby getting her feet wet and taking cold, has not a correct sense of proportion. She must learn to bring common-sense into her calculations. So must the woman who shows a tendency to do without sufficiently warm underwear, or the pretty and becoming trifles that are necessities to the woman who wishes to fill well her duty of keeping herself attractive in the eyes of those she loves. There are some things it is extravagant to do without, and the woman who lapses into dowdiness or untidiness in pursuance of her economy makes as great a mistake as her sister who buys four new hats in a winter when she could have done without two of them and still looked charming.

Particularly to the woman who "must make sixpence do the work of sevenpence halfpenny," is this art most helpful. Her proficiency therein is of great advantage to her in every department. When she entertains her guests at a little dinner it teaches her that she may do without costly flowers and content herself with her little fern-filled jardinière as a centerpiece. It warns her not to attempt a long and halting repast beyond the capacity of her purse and the capabilities of her servants, but to do without a series of entrées and side dishes, and offer her guests, instead, a few well-cooked courses—a soup, a fish, or one simple entrée, a roast and vegetables, a salad, a light dessert and a cup of perfect coffee, all well prepared and well served. It instructs her in the unwisdom of making the showrooms of the house luxurious, and the living-rooms uninviting, by inducing her to do without imposing bric-à-brac and gorgeous gift books, when their sacrifice enables her to add to the family library, and make the girls' sitting-room or the boys' den a place where they love to linger themselves and to bring their friends.

The woman who has learned to do without is in no danger of sacrificing essentials to appearances. She does not buy her baby the silk and velvet cloak her motherly pride covets for him, when she knows that if he has it it must cover shabby and unsuitable frocks, since she cannot afford both. She herself does without an evening gown she might wear twice in the winter, for the sake of having a substantial and serviceable street costume that will be her stand-by for months. She does without seeing all the newest light plays and operas that come and go in a month, and saves the sum she can spend for amusements for good acting and good music.

Possibly it is too much to hope that the day will ever come when "the art of doing without" will have everywhere its leagues and its schools. Its chief school now, and always must be, is that of experience—the only school in which a fool will learn, runs the harsh proverb—but there are many matriculated there whose ignorance is by no means folly. Sometimes the students enter late in life, introduced by necessity, but even these eleventh-hour pupils are often graduated with honors. They make little noise in the world, but the art they practice leaves their lives. That "the art of doing without" is not better known and more highly esteemed is from no lack of intrinsic worth, but rather because of the modest and shrinking nature of those who practice it.



"More tea?" she said, looking up sweetly, as if she could imagine no other reason for his coming

THE VIOLET

By Julia Magruder

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

DRAWING BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

IX

THE day after the ball toward twilight Jerome knocked at the door of the little sitting-room. It was empty, but he found Louie's maid, and sent to ask that Miss Wendell would see him.

Louie came in, looking rather troubled, he thought, but brightened up as she renewed her thanks to him for the beautiful ball, which she declared to have been perfect in every detail and result. He still saw the shadow lingering on her face, however, and, to tell the truth, there was one on his own, and on his heart as well.

"Louie," he said presently, "I want you to arrange for me to have a little talk with Mrs. Bertrand."

"I wish I could," said Louie, "you might, perhaps, give her some help. Much as I love her—ardently as I desire to help and comfort her, I seem so powerless. Something happened to-day which made me feel it more than ever. She got a thick letter with an English post-mark, and I saw she looked troubled. She took it off to read it in her room alone, and after awhile I followed her and found that she had been crying. She was lying on the lounge, and I saw the letter tucked under the pillow. When I went to her and told her I was sorry she was troubled, and asked if I could do anything in any way to help her, she said no—that I could only help her by loving her, and that she was beyond the power of any help, except what she could give herself, and added that if only that did not fail she would not complain. I felt her hands and found that she was feverish, and made her own to me that she had passed a sleepless night. I believe she reproached herself for that waltz, and thought she had been foolish and undignified. Then, in addition to that sleeplessness and unrest, she got this letter, which has evidently upset her dreadfully, and, as a result of it all, she is ill. I made her go to bed and let me nurse her, but she said she could do nothing until she had sent a cable. I got her pen and paper and she sat up and wrote it. It consisted of the single word "No," and was sent to a London address. She handed it to me open, and evidently did not mind my reading it."

"You have not mentioned the name of the person to whom it was sent," said Jerome, his face tense with some strong feeling.

Louie was conscious of this omission, and of the

cowardice that had caused it. The same feeling urged her now to get up and walk away as if in search of something, as she said:

"The name was John Bertrand."

There was intense silence in the room after the utterance of this name. Louie, if she had obeyed her impulse, would have gone to her dear guardian and put her arms around his neck, for she felt that he needed comfort; but she dared not even show that she suspected what he felt. Presently he spoke.

"Have you the address of Mrs. Egerton King?" he said, and she felt the strong repression he was enduring in the sound of his voice.

"We have been in the dark about Mrs. Bertrand long enough," he went on. "There has evidently been some trouble in her life which she is trying very bravely to outlive, but she should have help—a help which it is impossible to give in the total darkness and ignorance in which we are kept."

"I could get Mrs. King's address, of course," said Louie, "Violet herself could give it to us, as she hears from her often—but they are in the East now, and it would be a long time before an answer to a letter could come, and, besides, I think Violet would prefer us to ask questions of no one but herself."

"You are right, Louie, of course. That was just a passing suggestion. But what are we to do, child, if she will confide in neither of us? No wonder she is ill. The self-repression that she exercises every hour is enough to make and keep her so. Has she still a fever? How is she now?"

"Better—oh, much better, and the fever is quite gone, but her precious head still aches."

"Oh, Louie, be loving to her," he said earnestly, "you can comfort her at least by love, and you are the only one who can do anything." He was silent for a little while, and then said suddenly:

"What interpretation do you put upon the letter and her cable in reply?"

"I've been wondering about it," Louie said, "and one idea that came to me was that her husband is seeking a reconciliation with her."

"You don't know even that she has a husband," he said hastily. "Women do jump at conclusions."

"It seems to me this one is rather forced upon us."

"Oh, of course, that seems the likelihood," he said, "but we cannot be sure. Do you happen to know what her name was before marriage? I have sometimes fancied that Bertrand was her maiden name."

"No, her name was Donald; she told me that long ago."

She saw that he looked disappointed, and she suspected that her words annoyed and grieved him.

"This husband—if his existence must be granted, which I suppose all the rules of good sense compel us to do—what I wish to know of him is whether she is divorced from him or only separated."

"That is what I have so often wondered too," said Louie, "but she gives no hint."

"We must think what can be done and watch our opportunity," he said, rising and going over to a table where a paper-covered parcel lay. "At present she is ill, poor child! I brought her these, and you must take them to her, for me. It seems a paltry thing to do for her, contrasted with all I feel—but at present it is all that is permitted me. Tell her that I asked about her very specially, Louie. Try to make her feel that I care."

Louie took the flowers—a great bunch of violets. She carried them off to her friend, and laid them beside her on the pillow, near her pure white face.

Did a little cloud of color overlay it for a moment, as she listened to the messages with which the flowers had been sent? Louie fancied so, but before she could quite determine, the face lay before her so white again that she almost thought it had been all imagination.

X

IN the days that followed Mrs. Bertrand roused herself to an evident and successful effort to divert the course of events from the more personal channel into which they had set lately, and to return to the former and more distant footing which had existed between her young charge's guardian and herself.

In this effort she felt herself distinctly aided by Jerome, who, although he was friendliness itself, was friendly in a more reserved and distant manner than he had been lately. In this fact Violet felt an intense and satisfying reassurance. She dearly desired him for a friend, if she could be sure that he would never ask nor think of being more—and this, it now appeared, was the limit which he had set for himself.

Indeed, as his more personal attitude toward her disappeared, his desire to have her comradeship and society, on the basis of mere friendship, seemed to grow greater. Often, when he knew that Louie had an engagement, he would come and spend an hour or so with her.

One evening, as they sat together over the bright wood fire, while Violet cut with a silver dagger the leaves of some new magazines that he had brought her, he said quite suddenly:

"I am inclined to have some rather serious business talk with you this evening, Mrs. Bertrand. Do you feel willing to listen—and will you forgive me for being a bore to you for a little while? I know you will when I tell you that the excuse and reason of it all is Louie."

Violet laid down her books at once, and turned to listen to him with absorbed attention.

"I want to make you a confidence," he said, "and I want to ask you a favor. You know nothing, of course, of Louie's pecuniary affairs. Indeed, no one but myself does know anything of them with any accuracy. Her father, though an older man, was a friend of mine, and I was his business adviser. He was a rather bold speculator, and, from time to time, made large sums of money, and was considered rich. At the time of his death, however, he was practically a poor man, and Louie was left with a rather scant provision. I was left her sole guardian and business adviser, and at the time that the will was

made there would have been a considerable fortune for her, but later Wendell met with large losses, and, as I said, there was not very much for Louie to inherit. The child, from infancy, had been a favorite with me, and there was no one in the world any nearer to my heart. Her mother had been a dear cousin of mine, and the nearest thing to a sister that I had ever known. Accordingly, when it became known to me that Louie had been left without the means of living in the style to which she was accustomed, I determined at once that she should never know it, and that no one else should. I resolved to make her an allowance out of my own income, which would enable her to live in the comfort to which she was accustomed, with the addition of what she really had. This I have done and no one is any the wiser."

"It is very generous, very kind of you," said Violet, "but do you not think it may turn out to be a mistake for Louie to consider herself so much richer than she is—and are you not putting her in a very false position before the world?"

"Unless I were going to carry the thing out I should be doing so, but as I shall leave Louie, at my death, the principal, of which she is now drawing the income, there can be no harm done to any one. It is on this very point that I want to speak to you. In the possible event of my death I want you to accept the guardianship of Louie, and if she is then of age herself I want you to be the trustee of this fund. I can so arrange everything as to give you no trouble, and also so as to keep Louie in ignorance of her indebtedness to me during my life. She is as ignorant of business as a child, and I prefer to keep her so—especially now that I have had the good fortune to find some one in whose hands I can, with perfect confidence, place her affairs. The property will give little trouble. It is chiefly real estate, and I would see that you had access to good advisers in case you needed them. Now that I have given you my entire confidence will you accept the trust?"

Violet looked at him with eyes that were almost humble in their gratefulness.

"And you have given me this confidence and offered me this generous trust," she said, "and in return for what? It is too much! You are as generous to me as to Louie—and have given me what is far more precious than money could ever be—a noble, big-hearted trust, which I feel myself humiliated that I cannot return in kind—but oh, believe me, it is not for lack of confidence that I do not make my whole life plain and open to you. Your confidence in me makes my apparent lack of it toward you press hard upon my heart."

He drew a little closer to her, and gathering in his hands a little bunch of ribbons that hung from her waist, he held them in a grasp that made a taut line from her to him, and looked full at her. His action was perhaps unconscious, but it satisfied a need that was in his heart to establish a visible bond between them.

"Listen to me, my dear lady," he said earnestly, "there is no sense of lack in me for anything that you have permitted or withheld. You are yourself, and all that you do is of you, and is worthy. A woman's reserve is her most sacred possession, and a man who would deprive her of that deprives not only her, but himself. I wish to know nothing of you for the present, but simply what you are. That I see. The time may come when you will, of your own will, tell me more. For that time I can have endless patience."

"Do not expect that time," she said, "for it will never, never come."

"I expect it—and with full confidence," he answered, "but of that we need not now speak. Let us settle this matter of business. Are you willing, in case of my death, to accept the trusteeship of this property for Louie, and to carry out my wishes?"

"Oh, most thankfully—most gladly!" she exclaimed, and then with a sudden change of look and tone, "That is, if I could be glad and thankful of anything ever again if you were dead."

Jerome was a strong and self-controlled man, and these qualities now stood him in good stead. If he had let his heart dictate to him in speech and action now he would have committed a mistake which might have proved a fatal one. But this he did not do. He held himself well in, though a gleam of triumph lighted up his eye, and when he spoke it was with perfect naturalness and calm.

"Thank you for those precious words," he said. "You may set your heart at rest. I will not die while you have need of me—or even while there is ever so small a want of yours that I may fill. You may think I am talking foolishly—but I am willing to pledge myself to that."

Violet turned upon him a look of grateful reassurance. The sound of her own impulsive words had frightened her, and it was infinitely sweet to have her fears so gently and completely laid.

And even while this soothing unction was being laid to her soul, there came vibrating on the chords of memory not only a thought but a distinct sensation of that wild, sweet waltz. She seemed to hear the violins wailing it out, to feel the smooth floor beneath her feet, the strong arm about her, the strong hand clasping hers.

Oh, it was all a strange and confusing tangle into which the threads of her life had twisted themselves. She felt nothing else so strongly as that this man who was so abundantly willing to help was also abundantly able—and yet the chief effort of force which she felt herself compelled to was the effort to hold him off from her—to hold herself away from him.

He saw her inward disturbance, and felt that he had better spare her further need for self-control.

"Suppose I read you something," he said, "something that will amuse and divert us both."

He looked about for a book, and presently brought back a copy of "The Bab Ballads."

"Here is just the thing," he said, and they were soon absorbed in the fortunes of "Gentle Alice Brown," and "The Sailor Boy to his Lass," at which they laughed together as heartily as if they were reading them for the first time. She said so to him.

"It is the first time we have read them together," he said; "how many pleasant things there are before us—to be done together! I wish I could feel that that idea brightened up your life as much as it does mine."

"It does, indeed it does!" she cried, "I do want you to believe that."

"Well—I'll promise you that I will believe it if you'll give me a song!" he said.

While she was hesitating he went and brought the guitar. Then, without looking to see if she consented

or refused, he deliberately set about tuning it, and passed it on to her.

She seemed to hesitate a moment, and then, taking the instrument, sang:

"I have brought poppies to thee, weary heart,
White poppies steeped in sleep,
Ask God to give us, before we part,
One happy dream to keep,
Then sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Why should'st thou wake and weep?"

"Beautiful," he said, "lovely."

"It is a message," she answered.

"A message?"

"Yes—from me to you."

"Then sing it again."

She did so, thrillingly.

"I don't want your white poppies," he said, "and my heart is not weary, but young and lusty as an eagle's. It's all very well about the dream, as that's a happy one—but we are not going to part. Do you know it? And if we are sleeping now, it is to joy that we shall wake. All the skepticism that your heart can hold will not crush that dream out of me—but all the same, I am not going to disturb you with it. I have set myself a task and I mean to accomplish it—with your assistance, or without it."

He got up then, and told her a calm good-by.

Violet was feeling divided between anxiety and reassurance. She felt certain she could trust him to do nothing to hurt her or even go against her wishes—but she felt certain, also, that the task which he had set himself was that of finding out the truth about her—and this she still earnestly desired him not to know.

XI

"VIOLET, do you believe in marrying for money?"

Louie Wendell was the speaker, and she put this sudden question one afternoon, as the two friends sat together in the drawing-room, where they had ordered tea to be served. She spoke rather lightly, and was unprepared for the effect of her words. Mrs. Bertrand turned suddenly crimson—an unusual effect, in her very white skin, and said, with an almost passionate emphasis:

"I believe more in suicide than I do in that."

Louie noted all these signs, but she sedulously veiled the fact of her vigilance.

"Then do you believe in marrying for love?"

"For myself I do not believe in marriage at all. I was not made for it. With women like me it must ever be a mistake. For you, dear, yes, I believe in a marriage for love. That is my hope and wish about you."

"But suppose I fell in love with somebody who was poor?"

"You have money."

"Ah, yes—but a woman doesn't like the idea of supporting a man."

"He could probably afford to give you bread and butter."

"But I require Vienna bread and Alderney butter. I'm like the man who said if you'd give him the luxuries of life he could dispense with the necessities."

Her friend did not seem inclined to respond to her light words, which she felt to be deliberately insincere. Her face was profoundly earnest as she said:

"We are two women very differently situated, Louie. You have a future while I have only a past. I doubt if the life experience of one person ever does avail for another—but I desire your happiness supremely, and I wish, with all my heart, that I could help you to it. When I first knew you I had an overwhelming wish to warn you against marriage, for I could not believe that there was any happiness to be reached along that road. Since then I have changed, Louie; I do not believe it could ever have brought happiness to me, but I have come to believe in it for you."

"I've come to believe in it for myself," said Louie.

Violet saw the flush that slowly dyed her cheeks and said anxiously:

"Oh, Louie, darling—have you got something to tell me? I've been wondering if all these magnificent roses which have been coming wouldn't touch your heart, and yesterday, while idling in the hall, I counted nine small bits of pasteboard inscribed Mr. W. Blessington Brown. I also observed that there was only one among the recent cards bearing the name of a gentleman whose card used rather to overload the card-receiver. Is there any special significance in the fact that Mr. Francis Dexter comes so rarely, and Mr. W. Blessington Brown so often?"

Louie blushed again, so evidently that her friend's interest deepened—but which of the two names had called up the blush she felt wholly unable to decide. Before she could make any effort to settle the question a servant announced:

"Mr. Dexter," and that athletic young gentleman entered.

He came directly to Violet.

"I have come to give you a piece of news," he said, bowing to Louie in passing, "news that concerns you as well as it does us. We have had a cable from Elinor, and they are on their way home."

Instead of showing the joy that might have been expected Violet turned pale.

"Oh, why? Does any one know?" she asked.

"People don't often give reasons in a cablegram," he said. "But I think they are not far to seek in this instance. It has been rather evident to us all, for some time, that she and Egie were more interested in nest-building than in globe-trotting. I think the interest has got too much for them, and they are coming home to settle down by their own fireside. Vine and fig-tree—household gods—that sort of thing! Is there anything in that to make a Violet turn so white, and shrink back farther under its protecting leaves? I'm glad, for my part, that Elinor is coming. She has more pluck about her than the rest of us, and I hope she'll discipline you a little with such scourges as balls and operas, etc. I've come to the conclusion that we all give up to her too much—a little sprig of a Violet like that. Don't you agree with me?"

He turned to Louie as he spoke, but she was busying herself with the tea-things, which had been brought, and did not look up. She only said:

"Oh, decidedly," and then added, "Will you have a cup of tea?"

Violet saw that, as he took it, he tried to meet her eyes, but without success. She had been struck with a certain constraint in their manner to each other, and she had just begun to plan an exit from the room, when a new arrival was announced:

"Mr. Brown."

"W. Blessington," said Dexter in a low voice, in which Violet fancied there was a faint ring of contemptuous amusement, and then the visitor entered and advanced.

Dexter stood up, too, and said:

"How are you, Brown?" very civilly.

The new arrival acknowledged the greeting, after having bowed formally to Violet, and then went over to Louie and held out his hand with a marked increase of interest in his manner.

He was extremely well-dressed, and very good-looking.

In spite of his superior good looks, however, Violet thought he was at a disadvantage in the room with Frank Dexter, and she felt almost provoked when she observed that Louie had responded, with great warmth, to his greeting, and was talking to him with an animation that she had not shown before.

Dexter, after one brief and comprehending glance, turned his shoulder toward them and devoted himself to his talk with Violet.

"What has become of you all this long time?" Violet asked, "I have seen and heard nothing whatever of you."

"I haven't been going out much," he said. "I'm going to cut society. There's nothing in it."

"But what will you do in its place? When summer comes there's boating and polo—and golf, and golf, and golf!" she said, knowing his favorite indulgence.

"Oh, I'm going to cut golf, too. I'm done with sport."

"Not till you are done with life, I fancy," said Violet. "But—granting you the grace of sincerity in your present conviction to that effect—what do you propose to put in place of society and sport, to fill up your time?"

"Business," he said emphatically. "It's the greatest nuisance which can befall a man to be so infernally poor."

"You, poor! Well, that does seem odd," said Violet.

"If ever I saw the lap of luxury it is the one in which you have been brought up."

"So much the worse! I'm a pauper in it all the same. My father is a rich man, but he spends his income. When he dies his fortune must be divided by six—and he's likely to live long—good health to him! I don't want him to die, I'm sure. I want to make my own way—but I'm afraid I am late in beginning. That is what I am doing now—trying to form business habits."

"Up-hill work for the like of you, poor boy, I fancy. Why don't you try the usual receipt for settling down—matrimony?"

He gave a little shrug that Violet thought just escaped being a wince of pain.

"Ah," he said, "that is the end and not the means. I've no opinion of a man who uses marriage as a means."

"Then you don't believe a poor man should marry a rich girl?"

"Decidedly not."

"But if they love each other?"

"Love should be patient, and wait."

"Waiting is sometimes vain."

"One should wait only long enough for reasonable proof."

"You seem to have your theories pretty well formulated," said Violet.

"Yes—I've been thinking enough lately to make up for a thoughtless life. And, by-the-way, speaking of opinions, what do you think of him?"

Violet did not, at once, comprehend, so he added:

"W. Blessington—otherwise Billy Brown."

"I scarcely know him," she began, but he interrupted her.

"Do you think extended knowledge necessary to judge of people?"

"Some people," she said.

"This person?"

"I think I'll say yes, for the sake of getting your opinion; you know him better than I do."

"Oh, my opinion!" he said. "That's neither here nor there. I feel sorry for the fellow, in a way. It must be rather a burden to go about labeled 'rich man,' as he is. Such fellows must go through life feeling crowded, I should think. They are so sought out and followed up. Men are bad enough, but women are worse."

"Then you wouldn't like to be rich?"

"Wouldn't I? You don't know me! I want something out of life fiercely, intensely! If I had money I should feel I might get it. That's why I've taken my father at his word at last, and promised to turn myself into a business man, if he'll do all he can to give me a push. So you must make the most of me when you see me, for I'm not to be seen about as I used to be. Well, I must be off. So glad Elinor's coming, for your sake as well as ours."

He went over to Louie, who sat behind the tea-table, in an absorbed *l'ête-à-l'ête* with the other man.

"More tea?" she said, looking up sweetly, as if she could imagine no other reason for his coming.

"No—good-by," he answered, "I only dropped in to let Mrs. Bertrand know that Elinor was coming home."

"So kind of you. Bearers of good tidings are always welcome."

Then she nodded brightly and returned to her talk with Mr. Brown.

Violet felt really provoked.

Dexter had scarcely gone when Mr. Jerome was announced, and in a moment had taken the vacated seat near Violet. He began at once to ask some questions concerning Louie's two visitors, and Violet, to her great comfort, found that he shared both her liking for one and her contemptuous toleration of the other. He seemed heartily pleased to hear of the change in Frank Dexter's pursuits and ambitions, and expressed his confidence in the young fellow's ability. Just as he had begun to express himself fully as to the other, Mr. Brown got up and took leave.

"Well, Louie, what have you found to discuss with that young light-weight?" said her guardian when the front door had closed behind the last visitor.

"Perhaps I don't consider him a light-weight," Louie said, "I find no difficulty at all in talking with him. I like him."

"Well, that's amiable," said her guardian comfortably. "It can be only in a spirit of universal charity that you find anything to like in Billy Brown."

"On the contrary, I like him as an individual. He's much more reasonable than most men, and perfectly pleasant and easy to get on with. I hate men who go about with their noses in the air, looking down on others."

"If they are taller men they can't help it," said Jerome, "it's a law of nature."

(CONTINUATION ON PAGE 28 OF THIS ISSUE)

and just how it could be remedied. But these poor men are singularly deluded in many ways, and upon these delusions clever women play, as a master plays upon an organ. And young girls, who have not had time to study into the philosophy of it—how should the poor things know that clothes have any philosophy?—as usual have to suffer for it.

One of these delusions is the "simple white muslin" delusion. When a man speaks of a "simple white muslin" in the softly admiring tone which he generally adopts to go with it, he means anything on earth in the line of a thin, light stuff, which produces in his mind the effect of youth and innocence. A ball dress or a cotton morning gown is to him a "simple white muslin."

Now a word with you, you dear, unsophisticated man. I have heard you, with the sound of your hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-month salary ringing in your ears, gurgle and splash about a girl who wears "simple white muslins" to balls, and I have heard you set down as "extravagant" and "too rich for your purse," the girl who wore silk. There is no more extravagant or troublesome gown in the world than what you call a "simple white muslin." In the first place it never is muslin, unless it is Paris muslin, which is no joke if you are thinking of paying for

it yourself, as it necessitates a silk lining, which costs more than the outside. If it is trimmed with lace that would take as much of your salary as the coal for all winter would come to. If trimmed with ribbons they must be changed often to freshen the gown, whose only beauty is its freshness. Deliver me from a soiled or stringy white party dress! If it can be worn five times during a winter the girl is either a careful dancer or else a wall-flower. In either case, after every wearing she must have it pressed out and put away as daintily as if it were egg shells, all of which is the greatest nuisance on earth. Often such a gown is torn all to pieces the first time it is worn. Scores of "simple white muslin" ball gowns at a hundred dollars apiece are only worn once or twice.

Now take the "extravagant" girl with her flowered taffeta silk, or plain satin, or brocade dress. There is at once the effect of richness and elegance. No matter how sweet and pretty she is, you at once decide that you never could afford to dress her. But that taffeta cost, perhaps, only a dollar a yard. The satin, possibly a dollar and a half. They require almost no trimming, because the material is so handsome and the effect must be as simple as possible. Such a gown never need be lined with silk unless you want to do it. Many a girl gets up such a gown for fifty or sixty dollars, and then the service that there is in it! It doesn't tear, it doesn't crush. When she comes home she looks as fresh as when she started. When it soils at the edge of the skirt she has it cleaned, and there she is with a new dress again. Do you call that extravagant? Why, my dear sirs, it is only the very rich who can afford to wear "simple white muslins."

There is a hollowness about having a man praise your gowns when you know he doesn't know what he is talking about. When a man praises your clothes he is always praising you in them. You never will hear a man praise even the good dressing of a woman whom he dislikes. But girls who positively hate another girl often will add, "But she certainly does know how to dress."

And so the experienced woman wears her expensive clothes for other women and produces her "effects" for men. She wears scarlet on a cold or raw day, and the eyes of the men light up when they see her. It makes her look cheerful and bright and warm. She wears gray when she wants to look demure. Let a man beware of a woman in silvery gray. She looks so quiet and dovelike and gentle that she has disarmed him before she has spoken one word, and he will snuggle down beside her and let her turn his mind and his pocket wrong side out. A woman couldn't look designing in light gray if she tried. He dotes upon the girl in pale blue. Pale blue naturally suggests to his mind the sort of girl who can wear it, which is generally a blonde with soft, fluffy hair, fair skin and blue eyes—appealing, trustful, baby-blue eyes. Did you ever notice that men always instinctively put confidence in a girl with blue eyes, and have their suspicions of the girl with brilliant black ones, and will you kindly tell me why? Is it that the limpid blue eye, transparent and gentle, suggests all the soft, womanly virtues, and because he thinks he can see through it, clear down into that blue-eyed girl's soul, that she is the kind of girl he fancies she is? I think it is, but some of the greatest little frauds I know are the purry, kitteny girls with big innocent blue eyes.

Blazing black eyes, and the rich warm colors which dark-skinned women have to wear, suggest energy and brilliance and no end of intellect. Men look into such eyes and seem not to be able to see below the surface.

They have not the pleasure of a long, deep gaze into immeasurable depths. And so they think her designing and clever, and perhaps (God save the mark!) even intellectual, when perhaps she has a wealth of love and devotion and heroism stored up behind that impulsive disposition and those dazzling black eyes, which would do and dare more in a minute for some man she had set that great heart of hers upon, than your cool-blooded, tranquil blonde would do in forty years. A mere question of pigment in the eye has settled many a man's fate in life, and established him with a wife who turned out to be very different from the girl he fondly thought he was getting.

Yet whenever I complain to experienced married women of how discouraging it is to wear your good clothes for unappreciative men, they beg me, with tears in their eyes, not to be guilty of the heresy of wishing things different. If they have married one of the noticing kind they tell me harrowing tales of gorgeous costumes having been cast aside because these wretched men made fun of or took a prejudice to them and "made remarks." And they point with envy to Mrs. So-and-So, whose husband never knows what she has on, but who thinks she looks lovely in everything, so that she is at liberty to dress as she pleases. When a woman defers to her husband's taste she sometimes is the best-dressed woman in the room. And sometimes another woman, dressing according to another man's taste, is the worst-dressed. So you see you never can tell. "De mule don't kick 'cordin' to no rule."

There is something rather pathetic to me about a man's being so ignorant of why a woman's dress is beautiful, but only the effect remaining in his memory. He remembers how she looked on a certain day in a certain gown. He thinks he remembers her dress. He thinks he would know it again if he saw it. But the truth is that he is remembering the woman herself, her face, her voice, her eyes—above all, what she said and how she said it. If she wore a scarlet ribbon in her dark hair, a red rose in another woman's hair will most unaccountably bring it all back to him, and he will not know why he suddenly sees the whole picture rise out of the past before his eyes, nor why his throat aches with the memory of it.

I know one of these men whose descriptions of a woman's dress are one of the experiences of a lifetime. He loves the word bombazine. His mother must have worn a gown of black bombazine during his impressionable age. And he never will be successful in describing a modern gown until bombazines again become the rage. This same dear man brought back to his invalid wife a description of a fashionable noon wedding, which consisted of the single item that the bride wore a blue alpaca bonnet. It really would be of interest from a scientific point of view to know what suggested that combination to any intelligence, even if it were masculine!

I have more evidence to go on, however, when I wonder why the idea of the cost penetrates a man's brain when shown a new gown by any member of his family, all of whom he is weak enough to adore. His daughter will say, "Daddy, do look here just one minute. How do you like my new gown?" And the answer never varies: "Very pretty indeed, I hope it's paid for." He will say that of a cotton frock made two years ago—he never knows—of a silk *négligé* or of a ball gown of the newest make. The fashion produces no impression upon him, nor the material, nor the cut. But let his daughter put on any kind of a pale green dress, and stand before him with the question, "Daddy, how do you like my new gown?" While he is raising his head from his book he begins the old formula, "Very pretty, I hope—"; then he stops and says, "I have seen that dress before. Child, you grow to look more like your mother every day of your life."

And there is a little break in his voice, and before he goes on reading he takes off his glasses and wipes them, and looks out of the window without seeing anything, and sits very still for a moment. It was the sight of the pale green dress. When he came home from the war his lovely young wife, whom he lost when she was still young and beautiful, came to meet him, holding her baby son in her arms for his father to see, and she had worn a pale green gown.

Why certain kinds of clothes are associated in the public mind with certain kinds of women is to me an amusing mystery. Why are old maids always supposed to wear black silks? And why are they always supposed to be thin?—the old maids, I mean, not the silks. Why are literary women always supposed to be frayed at the edges? And why, if they keep up with the fashions and wear patent leathers, do people say in an exasperatingly astonished tone, "Can that woman write books?" Why not, pray? Does a fragment of genius corrupt the æsthetic sense? Is writing a hardening process? Must you wear shabby boots and carry a baggy umbrella just because you can write? Not a bit of it. Little as some of you men may think it, literary women have souls, and a woman with a soul must, of necessity, love laces and ruffled petticoats, and high heels, and rosettes. Otherwise, I question her possession of a soul.

As to men's clothes I know very little. I know that tan shoes should never be worn with evening dress, and I also know better than to trump my partner's ace. I know that I always associate a frock coat with side whiskers. Perhaps because I do so hate both. But then I always associate smart clothes with the wicked ways of the world, which is very wrong of me, and my mother never likes to hear me say so. She says it isn't funny at all. I don't see anything funny about it either. I think it is sad. I hate to think, if I hear of a young man's having fine principles, that I dread to see him for fear his coat-tails will be too short and his sleeves too long.



"Men look into such eyes and seem not to be able to see below the surface"

FROM A GIRL'S STANDPOINT

*III--THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES

By Lilian Bell

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

DRAWINGS BY W. GRANVILLE SMITH



If you are interested in the spectacle of letting people paint their own portraits, at the same time entirely unconscious that they are engaged in doing so, ask a lot of women and girls whether they dress to please men or other women, and then listen carefully to what they say and watch their faces well while they are saying it. Most of the girls will say they

dress to please women, and the reason I ask you to watch their faces is that you may see the subtle changes going on by which they persuade themselves that they are telling the truth. Women—nice, sweet women, the kind we know—seldom tell a real untruth. But they have a way of persuading themselves that what they are about to say is the truth. Women must believe in themselves before they can hope to make other people believe in them, therefore they have themselves to persuade first of all. For that reason I think women are naturally more honest than men, for when men are going to utter an untruth they never care whether they believe it or not, just so they can make other people believe it. And the so-called brutal honesty of man is only brutal want of tact. That poor, patient, misused word "honesty"! How sick it must get of its abuse.

Yes, girls really believe, I suppose, that they dress for other girls. But they don't. They dress for men. And only experience will teach them the highest wisdom in the matter. But that they cannot acquire until they believe that only another woman will know just how well they are dressed, and above all, whether Doucet turned them out, or a dressmaker in the house at two dollars a day.

Men only take in the effect. Women know how the effect is produced. Of course, now I am speaking of the general run of men and women. Neither the man who clerked at Cash & Silk's nor the one who pays his wife's bills in Paris, but the man in his native state of charming ignorance of materials, the man who always suggests a "gusset" as a remedy for too scant a gown; who calls insertion "tating," and who, in setting out for the opera, will tell his wife to put on her "bonnet and shawl," although she may have on point lace and diamonds. In his more modern aspect he tells you that a girl at the Junior Promenade had on a blue dress with feathers around her neck—which you must translate into meaning anything from blue satin to organdy, and that between dances she wore a feather boa.

It is the effect only that men take in, and when a man goes into fits over a gown of pale green on a hot day, just because you look so cool and fresh in it, when you know that you only paid forty cents a yard for it, and only grunts when you show him your velvet and ermine wrap, which cost you two hundred dollars, I would just like to ask you if it pays to dress for him. Women know this from a sorrowful experience. Girls have to learn it for themselves. A ball dress of white tarlatan made up over white paper cambric, with a white sash, will satisfy a man quite as well as a Paris muslin trimmed with a hundred dollars' worth of Valenciennes lace and made up over silk. Most of them never would know the difference.

I don't know whether to be sorry for these men or not. It must be lovely not to agonize and plan and worry to have everything the best of its kind. I'd like to take in only the effect and never know why I was pleased. Too much analysis is death to unmitigated rapture. You always are haunted by knowing exactly what is lacking,



"He dotes upon the girl in pale blue"

*The third of a series of articles written by Miss Bell for the JOURNAL. The first article, "The Man Under Thirty-five," appeared in the December, 1895, issue; the second in the February, 1896, number. Others will be published during the year.



THE COLONIAL DAMES WALTZES

By John Philip Sousa

Composer of "High School Cadet," "Liberty Bell," "Manhattan Beach" Marches, etc., etc.

INTRO. *Allegro con fuoco.*

Piano.

Valse.

Cantabile e sostenuto.

Cantabile e sostenuto.



THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

By Hon. Benjamin Harrison

*IV—THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW



FEW words more about the laws and the enforcement of them. The execution of the laws usually proceeds along moral and peaceful lines, for people generally do not violate nor resist the laws. But provision must be made for the arrest and punishment of those who do, and for the prompt suppression of any organized resistance, in the form of insur-

rections, mobs or otherwise. All punishment must be by the judgment of a Court. The Executive Department can only suppress violence, and arrest the law-breakers—the trial of the question of guilt and the fixing of the penalty is for the Courts. The United States Marshals and their deputies are the peace officers of the United States. They usually act upon warrants or other orders from the United States Courts; but they may act in some cases without a writ from the Court. The attempt upon the life of the honored and venerable Justice Field of the Supreme Court, by David S. Terry, is an example. Justice Field had tried a case in which Terry was interested, and for his judicial action in that case Terry had made threats against the life of the Justice. The Attorney-General (Mr. Miller) directed the United States Marshal of the Northern District of California to afford the Justice protection, and Deputy Marshal Neagle was detailed to that duty. While on the way from Los Angeles, where he had held Court, to San Francisco, where he was to sit in the Circuit Court, Terry made an assault on the Justice at a railroad eating-house, and was killed by Deputy Marshal Neagle. Some new and interesting questions arose: If the peace had been broken, was it the peace of the United States or the peace of the State of California? Could the police of the State arrest and hold the Deputy Marshal, and the Courts of the State try and punish him, or was the question whether the officer had committed a crime one to be determined by the laws and the Courts of the United States? The State officers arrested Neagle, and a State Court indicted him. He was taken on a writ of habeas corpus, issued by the United States Court, from the State officers, and brought before that Court and discharged. Some very important and instructive things were said on the hearing and in the decision given in the case by the Supreme Court.

THE Attorney-General (Mr. Miller), in his brief, said:

"Argument certainly cannot be necessary to show the duty of the Executive Department of the Government of the United States to protect the Courts and Judges in the discharge of their duties. Indeed, it is hardly supposed that this will be questioned. The President, as the head of that Executive Department, is under the Constitutional obligation to take care that the laws be faithfully executed. To the end that he may, in every contingency, discharge this duty he is made Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and of the militia of the several States when called into active service."

Justice Miller, in the opinion of the Court, quotes from the opinion of Justice Bradley in *Ex. parte Siebold*, 100 U. S., as follows:

"We hold it to be an incontrovertible principle that the Government of the United States may, by means of physical force exercised through its official agents, execute on every foot of American soil the powers and functions that belong to it. This necessarily involves the power to command obedience to its laws, and hence the power to keep the peace to that extent. This power to enforce its laws and to execute its functions in all places does not derogate from the power of the State to execute its laws at the same time and in the same places. The one does not exclude the other, except where both cannot be executed at the same time. In that case the words of the Constitution itself show which is to yield. 'This Constitution, and all laws which shall be made in pursuance thereof, . . . shall be the supreme law of the land.' . . . Without the concurrent sovereignty referred to, the National Government would be nothing but an advisory Government. Its executive power would be absolutely nullified. Why do we have Marshals at all if they cannot physically lay their hands on persons and things in the performance of their proper duties? What functions can they perform if they cannot use force? In executing the processes of the Courts must they call on the nearest constable for protection? Must they rely on him to use the requisite compulsion, and to keep the peace, whilst they are soliciting and entreating the parties and bystanders to allow the law to take its course? This is the necessary consequence of the positions that are assumed. If we indulge in such impracticable views as these, and keep on refining and re-refining, we shall drive the National Government out of the United States, and relegate it to the District of Columbia, or perhaps to some foreign soil. We shall bring it back to a condition of greater helplessness than that of the old confederation. . . . It must execute its powers, or it is no Government. It must execute them on the land as well as on the sea, on things as well as on persons. And to do this it must necessarily have power to command obedience, preserve order, and keep the peace; and no person nor power in this land has the right to resist or question its authority so long as it keeps within the bounds of its jurisdiction."

AND Justice Miller says:

"Is this duty limited to the enforcement of acts of Congress or of treaties of the United States according to their express terms, or does it include the rights, duties and obligations growing out of the Constitution itself, our international relations, and all the protection implied by the nature of the Government under the Constitution?"

"So, if the President or the Postmaster-General is advised that the mails of the United States, possibly carrying treasure,

are liable to be robbed and the mail-carriers assaulted and murdered in any particular region of country, who can doubt the authority of the President or of one of the Executive Departments under him to make an order for the protection of the mail and of the persons and lives of its carriers, by doing exactly what was done in the case of Justice Field, namely, providing a sufficient guard, whether it be by soldiers of the army or by Marshals of the United States, with a *posse comitatus* properly armed and equipped, to secure the safe performance of the duty of carrying the mail wherever it may be intended to go?"

And again he says:

"That there is a peace of the United States; that a man assaulting a Judge of the United States while in the discharge of his duties violates that peace; that in such case the Marshal of the United States stands in the same relation to the peace of the United States which the sheriff of a county does to the peace of the State of California, are questions too clear to need argument to prove them."

The Court held that Justice Field, while traveling to the places where he was to discharge judicial duties, was as fully entitled to the protection of the United States as while actually sitting upon the bench.

THE laws the President is to enforce are, of course, only the laws of the United States. With the matter of resistance to the laws of a State he has nothing to do, save as I shall presently explain. But the power and duty of the President to suppress mob violence happening in the States is broader than the old thought and practice in such matters. During the great railroad strike of 1877 the United States troops were not, I think, used in any case except when the Governor or Legislature of the State called upon the President for aid, under Section 4 of Article 4 of the Constitution, which declares that "the United States shall protect the States against invasion; and, on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence"; and except, also, to support the United States Marshals in making arrests on process from the Courts. At some points during the strike of 1877 the strikers thought to evade the interference of the President and of the United States Courts by permitting mail cars to be run, while cutting off all freight and passenger traffic. The question whether the stoppage of passenger and freight traffic between the States was not an offense against the United States was not much considered, if at all. In some cases where particular railroads were in the hands of Receivers appointed by the United States Courts, interference with the running of trains on such roads was treated as a contempt of the Court, and some persons were arrested and punished for contempt.

SUBSEQUENTLY a broader view was taken of the powers of the United States Courts and of the President, and a jurisdiction was exercised by each that had not before been exercised, but was clearly within the scope of their Constitutional powers. It was held that a mail train was composed not only of postal cars, but of such other cars as were usually drawn with the postal cars in the same train; that the railroad companies could not be required to run mail cars, when prevented by violence from hauling with them other coaches assigned to the train; and that any cutting out of cars from a mail train was an interference with the transportation of the United States mails. So it was held that the stoppage of trains—freight or passenger—running from one State into another—that is, conducting inter-State commerce—or the tearing up of or obstructing the tracks over which such inter-State commerce was carried, was an offense against the peace of the United States. Such an offense may be enjoined by the Courts, and the Army of the United States used by the President to restore order without waiting for any call from the State Legislature or the Governor for assistance. It is not "domestic violence," in the sense of the section just quoted, but an attack upon the powers of the National Government, and neither the request nor the consent of the State is needed to give the President a right to use the means placed in his hands by the Constitution, to preserve the peace of the United States, and to see that the mails and inter-State commerce are not stopped nor impeded by violence. A strike of violence affecting a street railway in a city, or a shop or factory, or coal mine, or other local interest, or a riot raised for the lynching of a prisoner charged with an offense against the State—all these must be dealt with by the State authorities, save that, as has been seen, the President may be called upon for aid by the Legislature or Governor.

THERE is, however, a class of persons in the States to whom the direct protection of the United States is due, though no proper legislation has yet been passed to make it effective. I refer to the citizens of foreign countries who, under treaties we have with such countries, are domiciled in the States, and to whom such treaties guarantee the protection of the law. As yet Congress has not legislated to give the United States Courts jurisdiction of prosecutions for offenses against such persons, in derogation of their treaty rights. The killing of some Italian subjects in New Orleans, in March, 1891, and the demand of the Italian Government for the punishment of the offenders, and for an indemnity, brought this strange and unsatisfactory condition of things very strongly to the attention of our Government. The United States had made a treaty with Italy giving certain rights to the subjects of that kingdom living in this country. Yet when the demand was made that the offenders should be tried and punished we could only say the United States is powerless; we have left that to the State authorities and can only suggest that proceedings be taken by them. This was manifestly unsatisfactory. The United States made the treaty. Italy could not make a treaty with Louisiana, nor demand an indemnity of her.

IN a message to Congress the President said:

"The lynching at New Orleans in March last of eleven men of Italian nativity by a mob of citizens was a most deplorable and discreditable incident. It did not, however, have its origin in any general animosity to the Italian people, nor in any disrespect to the Government of Italy, with which our relations were of the most friendly character. The fury of the mob was directed against these men as the supposed participants or accessories in the murder of a city officer. I do not allude to this as mitigating in any degree this offense against law and humanity, but only as affecting the international questions which grew out of it. It was at once represented by the Italian Minister that several of those whose lives had been taken by the mob were Italian subjects, and a demand was made for the punishment of the participants, and for an indemnity to the families of those who were killed. . . ."

The views of this Government as to its obligations to foreigners domiciled here were fully stated in the correspondence, as well as its purpose to make an investigation of the affair with a view to determine whether there were present any circumstances that could, under such rules of duty as we had indicated, create an obligation upon the United States.

Continuing, the President further said:

"Some suggestions growing out of this unhappy incident are worthy the attention of Congress. It would, I believe, be entirely competent for Congress to make offenses against the treaty rights of foreigners domiciled in the United States cognizable in the Federal Courts. This has not, however, been done. . . . It seems to me to follow, in this state of the law, that the officers of the State charged with police and judicial powers in such cases must, in the consideration of international questions growing out of such incidents, be regarded in such sense as Federal agents as to make this Government answerable for their acts in cases where it would be answerable if the United States had used its Constitutional power to define and punish crimes against treaty rights."

Like incidents have frequently occurred and will occur again, and Congress should so legislate as to give the United States Courts appropriate powers to protect those who are here in the "peace of the United States."

WE have often heard it said that the United States protects Americans domiciled in a foreign country from injury, sending fleets to enforce our demand, but that it fails to give protection to our own citizens at home, against unjust or oppressive laws, or the unjust and violent destruction of their property or lives, or the denial of their political rights. The statement has a good deal of truth in it. But the explanation is that in the one case the Constitution and laws have given the power to the President to act; and have in the other, in a large measure, left to the States the control of elections and the duty to protect their citizens from injuries to their persons or property.

The Constitution declares that "the President shall be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States when called into the actual service of the United States." Undoubtedly he might assume the command in person—take the field and conduct military operations—but he has never done so and is not likely to do so. The other duties laid upon him make it practically impossible that he should do so, at least for any length of time. But he does command through others, and his order to any commanding officer would be imperative. Mr. Lincoln followed the movements of our armies during the Civil War very closely, and often expressed, with rare good judgment, to the commanding officer, views as to the proper use of his troops; but he did this in a suggestive rather than an imperative form.

JUSTICE MILLER, in his lectures on the Constitution, says:

"How far President Lincoln actually interposed his own will and his own judgment in the conduct of this war will, perhaps, never be fully known, though it is well understood that on many important occasions, and in great emergencies, he enforced his judgment in many ways—mainly, however, in displacing commanders of large armies and appointing others, until success established his own confidence and the confidence of the people in a few great military leaders."

The President cannot declare war. Congress must do that. But that this provision of the Constitution, making him Commander-in-Chief, was intended to confer upon the President the power to use military force in executing the laws, and in protecting the property of the United States and its officers in the discharge of their duties, there can be no doubt. It would not be appropriate here to discuss the various limitations that Congress has imposed, or attempted to impose, upon the power of the President to use a military force in enforcing the laws. The people are very properly jealous of the interference of the military in civil affairs, and will justify it only in cases of obvious necessity. This consideration, and the liability to impeachment for any improper use of his powers, will always make the use of the army, by the President, to keep the peace, a matter of last resort.



REVERENCE FOR THE BIBLE

HERE is a sin prevalent in our households of which we take little note, which, in fact, we encourage either by an indifference to it, or by an active participation in its folly and wickedness: the use of the Word of God for the purpose of making riddles, conundrums, puzzling questions, anagrams, etc., etc., out of it. If we really believe in the Divine origin of the Bible can it be right to give it to children that they may construe its words into odd connections, and make sport and laughter and mental legerdemain from its pages? Is it likely they will reverence on other occasions what has previously been food for their amusement? It is not, and we need not be astonished if the boys and girls who have been permitted to turn the leaves of their Bibles for pastime and entertainment, turn them in after years to find pretexts for their infidelity.

There has been, indeed, a singular laxity in regard to this sin; and that Divine Book which has been the comfort, the stay, the hope of humanity in all ages, has good reason in these latter days to make this mournful complaint: "I was wounded in the house of my friends." It is a wrong, however, that needs only to be recognized that it may be remedied. Is there any person of reasonable intelligence who would not refuse to wash his hands in the church font, or drink healths from the holy chalice? Yet it is as intrinsically profane and irreligious to make riddling amusement out of the pages of the Word of God. This frivolous "searching of the Scriptures" is far, indeed, from that "searching" which made Timothy wise and eloquent in the things pertaining to life eternal.

*The fourth of a series of papers upon our Government and its functions, which ex-President Harrison is writing for the JOURNAL. The articles began in December, 1895, and will appear in successive issues during the year. Of these articles have already appeared:

Introductory Paper	December, 1895
"The Constitution"	January, 1896
"The Presidential Office"	February, 1896
"The Duties of the President"	March, 1896

THE YOUNG MAN ENTERING LIFE

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

YOUNG man needs to enter life equipped for rough weather. However much of calm may prevail on land it usually blows out at sea. The most serious question the novice can ask of himself is how he is going to keep from being a cast-away. I am not using that term with any reference to his being lost hereafter, but with reference to his being wrecked here. I am not preaching, but only stating a commonplace when I say that a man who submits to the current always goes down-stream. Nobody ever drifts up-stream. Running water never stops till it gets to the bottom, unless something dams it. Likewise a drifting boat never stops till it reaches the sea, unless it founders, runs aground or drops anchor. A considerable part of a young man's preliminary interest will, therefore, need to concern itself with anchorages. If he lived in a world where everything was fixed, and if his life brought him into no connection with drafts and currents, then he would have only to remain languidly and unconcerned where he is, sublimely reliant upon his own *vis inertiae*. On the contrary, everything is afloat. We are all loaded with responsiveness and harnessed up with gravitations. Everything is magnetic needle, and everything else magnetic pole endlessly plucking at that needle. Life without this arrangement would be death, but life with it is all the time on the edge of disaster and continually getting over the edge. If we could decide that certain currents should produce no pressure upon us, and if, then, result would wait on our decision, the problem would be freed from a good many of its uncomfortable elements. But the captain at sea has to take things just as they come. Deciding not to have his boat retarded by the Gulf stream when he is coming down the coast does not expedite him, nor does a decision not to be obstructed by the northeast wind when he is sailing up the coast. And resolutions on land are just as useless as they are at sea. Resolution is facing in a certain direction, but it is not getting there, and does not necessarily imply any ability to get there.

ONE of the most expensive and disastrous mistakes a young man ever makes is in supposing that a decision, a resolution, contains in itself the means of working its own execution, and that something beside power will suffice to overcome power. I am not moralizing at all, but simply handling one or two of the facts of personal life in the same blunt way in which I would talk about the working of a water-wheel or of a steam engine. The art of living is not a matter of resolution, but it is a genius for playing off successfully favorable energies against those which are adverse, meeting energies with energies, only with energies that are a little bigger, very much as the engineer beats the gravity of the train by the push at the piston. So that the man who is anxious not to be taken off his feet must make it an important part of his equipment to get in the range of opposite forces that will hold him erect and keep him in safe water. Young men of parts often conclude that the principle just stated does not apply to themselves, for the reason that they are personally so weighty as to be inherently equal to any emergency. Perhaps, on the contrary, their weightiness only aggravates the difficulty. Increasing the weight of a rolling boulder not only diminishes but accelerates the speed of its descent. One needs to be a great man in order to be able to become a great wreck. It requires a great deal more counter energy to recover a rowboat that is sliding down the Niagara rapids than it does to recover a cockleshell. The more there is in a man the more substance there is for untoward attractions to fasten themselves upon. One needs only to know something about the laws and forces that prevail in the physical world to appreciate this, for in these matters the physical and the personal kingdoms are only opposite sides of the same thing; and whether it is a man or a steamship the bigger the bulk the greater the momentum of the drift downward. It requires no great amount of thinking, then, to understand that if we are under the pull of one set of influences operating to drag us on to shallows or breakers, our only refuge is in getting in under the mastery of another set, and, if possible, a stronger set.

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

WHEN calculating the prospects of a young man, and the likelihood of his being able to go through life without being taken off his feet, I always want to know whether he stands for anything in particular. A written sentence may be mere words or it may mean something. So a young man may be only a mixture of body and soul or he may mean something (that combination of body and soul may stand as the expression of an idea). He may be some truth incarnate, so that when you meet him you feel that you are encountering that truth, and when he talks to you you have somehow the notion that truth is addressing you and arguing itself out with you. We none of us have to look far to find such men. There may be a certain stringency and aggressiveness about them sometimes that makes them uncomfortable, a kind of directness about them that makes them inevitable, but there is no mistaking their meaning. They are an idea become flesh, a doctrine, a theory, dressed in human apparel. The feature in the case of interest to us just now is that a man so conditioned is not likely to lose his way nor to founder. The point is not that he has mastered the idea, but that the idea has mastered him, and in that way counteracts the influences operating to pull him in other ways. All of that is illustrated in the case of a young man in my congregation, in regard to whom his father said to me the other day: "John is perfectly possessed with the prohibition idea; I cannot tell whether he will make anything out of it or not, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that so long as that idea keeps its hold upon him he will never go astray nor get into any mischief." That gives the whole philosophy of the matter in a single sentence.

THERE are a great many meaningless men in the community, and what that means is that while they have the intelligence to understand an idea, and the heart to feel it, yet the idea never gets so close to them as to have its reality tremendously experienced by them. We do not win our strength and stability by mastering ideas, but by being mastered by them, held in their grip. A man never really knows what there is in him, how much he can do or how much he can withstand till he gets fairly in under just such governance. I am convinced that there is nowhere nearly the amount of difference between people in point of personal calibre that is ordinarily supposed. It is not so much a difference in personal capacities and energies as it is a difference in the degree in which those energies become packed upon one another and reduced to solidity. Even on a cold day one can pick up a sunbeam and burn a hole through white oak with it if the lens is in good order with which the beam is focused. It is second only to the power of Pentecost to come so close to a truth or to a situation as to have that situation actually touch us and burn its way down into the sensitive nerve of our being. The trouble with people, nine out of ten of them, is that they stand on insulators and watch the play of the lightning through drawn shutters, and never stand out and let the electric storm play in their own bosoms. It is by an inward experience of the storm that men can be held fast in the midst of the storm. Nerve varies directly as the square of the distance that there is between us and the reality we are handling.

STILL more apparent does the working of this principle become when for the word idea I substitute the word purpose. Purpose at once suggests the notion that the person whom it actuates is in motion toward an end; and a person moving toward an end, like a rifle-ball toward a target, is less easily managed and directed than when he is standing still. Indeed the more rapid its motion the more difficult it is to change its direction, and the less effect influences that happen to lie along its route will have upon it. Now what momentum is in the rifle-ball, purpose is in a man—it tends to hold him steadily to the track he is on; and the more vigorous the rush of intention with which he is following that track the more it will take to retard him or derail him. Hence the more intense and engrossing a man's purpose—if it is a purpose of good—the safer he is, and if he has no purpose of the kind he is not safe at all. Without it he is spoil for any and every diverting influence that may happen to light upon him, and of such diverting influences the air is all the time full.

IT seems to me very much as though our moral and religious teachers are not as cognizant of the peculiarity of human nature in this particular as they ought to be, and as would be much to the advantage of young people. I urge upon such ones the necessity of forsaking their evil ways and being good. There is an ethical flavor about all such mode of representation that passes easy muster with the conscience, but without interesting much the people to whom it is addressed and without doing much for them. If you appeal to a man to jump the Hudson River he will listen to you with a show of respect if your appeal is cleverly put, but, nevertheless, you will not get him across the river. No one ever gets anywhere except as he avails of some means of transport. So if our young people are to be drawn out from the midst of the clutch of small and tainted passions and motives it will have to be done by their being lassoed by the noose of a large and dominating intention. To have a magnificent purpose, and to be thoroughly wedded to that purpose, is three-quarters of salvation. It is sad to reflect how much motiveless insipidity there is around among us that is steadily resolving itself into ethical rot for no other reason than that it has never been awakened into vigor and electrified into effect by the touch of a supreme purpose. The capabilities of these people are equal to the capabilities of other people, but no living nerve of keen design perforates those capabilities in a way to save them from relaxing into moral putrefaction. Set over against these the case of Moses seeking the emancipation of the Hebrews, and so monopolized by his scheme that he said he was willing to be blotted out of God's book of remembrance if his dear countrymen could not be delivered; or the case of St. Paul so devoted to the cause of saving his people that he declared he would rather be damned than not have his efforts succeed. How much effect would the small temptations, that existed in those old days just as plentifully and divertingly as they do in our days, have to swing either the prophet of Sinai or the apostle of Tarsus and Damascus out into the petty and tainted world of selfish and mean desire? I have not illustrated by Moses and St. Paul because they are Bible characters, but because every one knows enough of them to feel the cogency of the illustration. It would have been morally impossible for either of those heroes of faith and of service to have become in any way degenerate, because they were held fast under the inspiration of a sublime endeavor.

AND there is one other influence essential to the maintenance, in a young man, of an erect life, and that is, the stimulus and governance that come from the personal inspirations of a life that is larger than his own. As already seen, we get a great deal from an idea, and still more from a purpose, but real inspiration never proceeds from anything that is of the neuter gender, and St. Paul stated it in a way that the world has never forgotten when he said I know whom (not what, but whom) I have believed. I do not quote him here because the fact he was expressing was a religious one, but because he states in so terse a way that it was personal pressure, and not something impersonal, that made out the material of his own strength and fixity. John Stuart Blackie uttered the same truth at a different level of experience when he wrote: "To have felt the thrill of a fervid humanity shoot through your veins at the touch of a Chalmers, a Macleod, or a Bunsen, is to a young man of fine susceptibility worth more than all the wisdom of the Greeks, all the learning of the Germans, and all the sagacity of the Scotch." Any young man is not only unfortunate, but in danger, who is not related to some great overshadowing soul in something the same way in which the original Apostles were related to the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. Such souls are to us in the nature of a personal baptism. They not only fill us, they sweeten us and steady us. They become life and impulse within us. They lift us into ranges of experience and possibilities of effect that are otherwise denied us. That was all expressed in the famous tribute that Garfield paid to Mark Hopkins. It is not what such kingly spirits say to us, nor what they do before us, but what by some sort of Pentecostal process they are able to become within us that constitutes the real service they render. I had a good many professors in college who taught me things, but hardly more than one that so made himself over to me as to leave me richer and safer than he found me. The others may have done something toward making me a mathematical or a linguistic expert, but there was one who was to me a personal inspiration, and who did for me and for my classmates on human ground what was done for spirit-baptized disciples in the olden time, when they were able to think with a wisdom and walk with a steadfastness begotten in them by the powers above.

C. H. Parkhurst.



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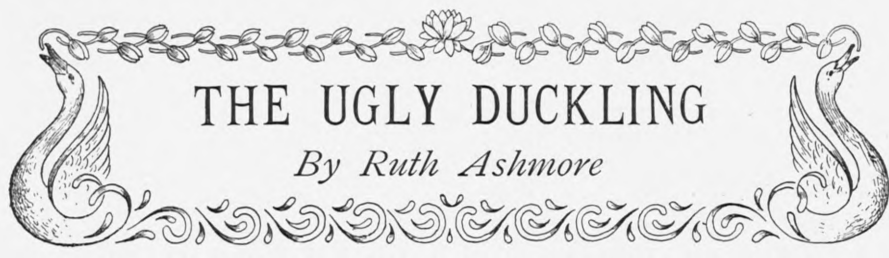


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THE UGLY DUCKLING

By Ruth Ashmore



WE all know the story? Of that badly-formed, queerly-feathered, flat-footed little bird scorned by all the inhabitants of the barnyard, looked at with unpleasant eyes by its own mother, greeted with screams when it tumbled into the water, and yet it went sailing away on the breast of the lake, a beautiful white swan. Its day had come. But there is many another Ugly Duckling who is suffering, who is unhappy because it realizes its own ugliness, and who, not dreaming of the bright future before it, gets a sullen look about its mouth because it has lost hope. There is nothing more unkind than to tell a little girl that she is ugly. If anything will make her ugly, in the extreme sense of the word, this judgment of her appearance will, since she will think, even if she does not say so, "As long as I am ugly to look at I will be ugly when I am spoken to."

People talk about flattering girls too much. I do not believe it can be done. When the shy, awkward girl of fifteen stands before you, try to make her less shy and less awkward by letting her understand how beautiful you think her hair is, and that you, as well as other people, appreciate its loveliness. In almost all families there is a great yielding to the temptation to tell the truth, even when it is sure to be unpleasant. The eldest brother sees no harm in chaffing the younger sister about her big mouth. The eldest sister laughs at her awkward walk, and another brother does not hesitate to speak, even before strangers, of what he calls her temper, which is really only a natural inclination on the part of the Ugly Duckling to assert as well as to protect herself. Mothers are, in many cases, to blame for all this. They never stop to think of the effect that all the silly talk will have upon the heart and soul of the child who is under discussion. Suppose you have an Ugly Duckling in your own brood? What are you going to do about her? She may be any age under seventeen, and you look at her with despair. If you are foolish, as too often you are, you wonder in her presence how such an ugly girl can possibly belong to you. Now, my friend, if your daughter had been born with a deformity you would have had it treated by the very best physicians and a specialist would have been consulted. Then why should not the best of treatment be given to the imperfections of which you complain?

THE BRUTAL TRUTH

THERE is such a thing, and it is usually the Ugly Duckling who suffers from it. I know a woman who was a very awkward child; she was undersized, thin to scrawny, delicate-looking, supersensitive, but with an intense love for beauty in any form. An only daughter and well loved, she had never been told that she was less charming to look upon than the other girls. But one day, when she distinguished herself by reciting a long poem at a school examination, she heard her aunt say, "Well, it is to be hoped she will be clever, for she is ugly enough." From that day on that child was a pessimist who suffered untold agonies. She imagined slights and dreamed of ill treatment which she believed was given her because she was ugly. She drew her hair back from her face, braided it simply, unconsciously giving it the best treatment, for she saw no use in trying to make herself look pretty. She took long walks by herself and talked to herself, sympathizing, poor little soul, with herself, and gradually from these very solitary conversations her voice grew to be low and sweet, while the walks in the open air made her healthier. When the proper time arrived, her mother, who had never dreamed of her unhappiness, so well concealed, uncomplained the long braids and charged her maid with the dressing of the hair of mademoiselle. The years had gone by, and she was about to make her *début*. At this coming-out party there was present the aunt who had hurt her feelings so many years before. Now this aunt looked at her and said, "Well, really, you have grown to be passable looking." The *débutante* fled from the room, and nothing would induce her to come back. But as time went on there came a lover who saw how deep were the dark eyes and told her so, who listened to the soft voice and praised it, and who eventually won this little lady. He never ceased praising her, and she grew to be a happy woman, and a happy woman is always a beautiful woman. No, nothing happened to the aunt, but the rule in the house of this happy woman is, "Never tell a child of its imperfections; make it conscious only of its charms, and they will increase."

HAVE FAITH IN YOURSELF

YOU are seventeen years old, and you are not very happy. The other girls laugh and have a good time, but somehow when you want to say something pleasant the words freeze on your lips and you stand alone, awkward and miserable, while everybody else is enjoying life. Your teacher advises you to read the great books and talk about them. Your mother tells you not to be foolish, but nobody realizes that under this shyness there is something good and beautiful that only needs to be awakened to make you the most interesting of all the girls. Do what the Ugly Duckling did: tumble into the social water, and you will swim with pride at your heart because you will have conquered yourself.

WHAT YOU THINK

YOU are sensitive, and you try, oh, so hard, to do what is right and to decide between the right and the wrong. But, somehow, if you try to talk these things over with people they laugh at you. They warn you that you have had no experience; they tell you that you have had no temptations. You go off morbid and unhappy to some dark corner, and there you think about yourself, dwell upon how you are misunderstood, and how true it is that life is not worth living. You poor little Ugly Duckling! This is the time in your life when your soul is trying to assert its rights, and lacking a confidante, it does not speak properly by word of mouth and thinks the really good only to itself. The remedy? Well, to get rid of the gloominess of heart and the gloominess of soul which make the gloominess of face, do not draw lines quite so closely. Accept the simple truth. Say your prayers, going to God as a child to its father, and take up your every-day life with hope, looking for virtues rather than faults, especially in yourself. Sometimes I think you are a bit unhappy because you cannot call yourself the greatest of all sinners. No, you are only a good girl who has an overstrained cord around her conscience, and who is not quite certain whether she wants it to break entirely or to go back to its place again.

A good remedy for morbid religion is the practical kind. Do not try, you philosopher of seventeen, to rearrange all the spiritual laws, but for one afternoon look after the children in the hospital, and give the nurse a chance to rest, and you will find that there is a great deal of work in the world to be done, a great deal of practical work in the religious world, and that when it is done there will be no time left for you to mourn and make yourself unhappy.

HOW YOU LOOK

YOU are intensely conscious of your personal appearance. You think you see sympathy or regret, you do not know which, even in the eyes of your mother. You are convinced that no matter how pretty your frock is, it has not the same air as the one worn by your sister. That your hands are red is a worry, that your skin is bad is another, and that your hair has no shine, your eyes no brightness, each convince you that nothing will ever make a swan of you. Of course, if you look at it in that way you will always be the Ugly Duckling; but if you are brave enough and clever enough to look for causes rather than effects your chances for swan-ship are good.

First of all, if your eyes are dull it is because your digestion is out of order. Take some simple home medicine for this, and then you can arrange for a daily walk in the fresh air, which includes a bath in the glowing sunshine; but not in a week, not in a month, perhaps not even in a year, but in good time your eyes will brighten, and the white of them will be as clear and translucent as the petals of a lily.

Then, well, a red nose is not pretty. Even if you have the features of the most classical Venus this would detract from your beauty. But do not attempt to whiten it with powder, and do not despair about it, but look again for the cause. Are your stays drawn very closely? Then loosen them. Well-bred women do not have nineteen-inch waists. Do you eat many sweets? Stop that at once. And do not simply lessen the quantity, but give up all sweets, for tight lacing and candies tend to make more red noses among women than anything else. About your complexion. It is probable that your blood is in a bad condition. For this you want a prescription from a good physician. Then you must walk regularly, and you must bathe with the same regularity. For an American girl I advise a tepid bath taken all through the warm months, and a sponge bath of tepid water through the cold ones.

SOME HELPS TO GOOD LOOKS

THE American constitution cannot stand the cold bath into which the English woman plunges winter and summer, and to which she owes, as far as complexion is concerned, much of her beauty. Do not be afraid to put soap on your face; use plenty of it, and wash it off well, first with warm and then with cold water. This soap bath given to the face will make you feel and look sweet and fresh.

Sleep, if possible, in a cold room, but do not sleep cold. By this I mean that while the air in your room should be cold and clear, you should have plenty of covers over you, and if you wish your skin to be beautiful you should never go to bed with cold feet. Do not be afraid to go to bed in knitted shoes or wool stockings. Then, when your feet grow warm enough, they can easily be taken off. In your sleeping-room have the window open at the top, even if it is only an inch, for you need the change of air to be continual. Where there are small panes of glass in the window much fresh air is gained without a draught by having one to open and shut. A woman's hands ought to be beautiful, but a beautiful hand is not, of necessity, a chubby hand, nor a dimpled nor a fat hand, but it is a white hand, a clean hand and a tender hand. Redness of the hands is often due to bodices that are tight, sleeves that catch you at the armholes, or are too close-fitting at the wrists. A simple but good treatment for red hands consists in bathing them every night in hot water, using for this purpose plenty of good soap and a nail-brush; after this bath dry them on a soft towel, and then rub in some simple emollient—cold cream or mutton tallow will answer—but whatever you use must be soft; if necessary, melt it so that what is put on the hands can be rubbed in gently. Then take a pair of loose gloves, very loose, cut off the finger tips, slip them over the greased hands and sleep in them. These gloves really do very little except to keep the bed linen from becoming soiled. In the morning give the hands a soap and water bath, letting the water used be tepid, and then rinse the soap off them with cold water, so that they may be made firm and not sensitive to the cold air. Learn to walk well. When I say "walk well" I do not mean walk stiffly. Let your young, slender body lend itself to the movement of the feet, and though you must hold your head up you will present the appearance, not of some one who has been bandaged on a back-board, but of a healthy girl, not closely cabined in her clothes, but dressed properly and walking gracefully.

THE END OF THE SERMON

YOU think the Ugly Duckling never becomes a swan? Rachel, who was said to have had the most expressive face of any woman in the century, and to have been the most graceful, was counted by her family an excessively ugly child. She adored beauty, and she tells in one of her letters that suddenly one day, after looking at herself, she made up her mind that she would be charming. And she said, "I studied every hour of my life to be ugly no longer." History tells how she succeeded. Adeline Patti was the Ugly Duckling, it being thought by her parents that her sister, Carlotta, was the beauty. Mary Anderson, the ideal, classical beauty of the last two decades, was considered in her own home an awkward, ordinary-looking girl, rather quiet, for she spent most of her time reading Shakespeare. George Eliot never became a beauty, but she forced those people who despised her lack of attraction as a child to recognize the great genius of the woman. The old mummies down South always scorned a pretty baby, and, oddly enough, there is wisdom in this.

The beauty of a baby consists in bright eyes, a pink and white skin, small features, a rosebud mouth and an expression of insipidity. That never results in a beautiful woman. My dear Ugly Duckling, all the beauty in the world is worth nothing unless you are really sympathetic, and show that sympathy by using the wonderful feminine weapon which the world calls tact. Make up your mind that you will be truthful, but if the truth will hurt your neighbor and is not needed, why should you hurt her by telling it? If the truth will help your neighbor, give it to her gracefully and gladly. To the girl who moans because her nose is not classical, give pleasure by reminding her of the brightness of her eyes.

There is no woman altogether ugly, except that one who has a hard heart and a cruel tongue. And though your mouth may be large, if only your teeth are white and well cared for it will not be noticed. If your nose is badly shaped it will be forgotten if your eyes glow with pleasure and your skin bears the stamp of good health. But if you happen to have no good feature you may yet be a swan, my Ugly Duckling, if you will only speak kind words, do generous acts, and make your life and the lives of those around you rich to overflowing with the love that makes a gentle, sweet, womanly woman.

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

SOME EASTER DINNER CARDS

By Laura Douglass

DESIGNS REPRODUCED FROM "THE MOTIVENSCHATZ," PUBLISHED BY THIEL AND SCHKERL, VIENNA

ONE of the important features of a dinner party is the dinner card. Upon it the hostess, if she be of an artistic sense, may lavish the decoration of her brush; be she of a literary frame of mind she may apply the wit and wisdom stored in her brain and her books to bid her guests welcome, and to make of each guest a personal factor in her scheme of entertainment.

Dinner cards, whatever their shape, size or variety, are always of two classes or kinds—those for the purpose of marking the guests' places at table, and those which announce the dishes to be served at the feast. The former are known as guest or place cards, and the latter as menu cards, or menus, as the plural is often made. The first class, the place cards, are in the more constant use, as their function responds to a necessity of every dinner or luncheon, breakfast or supper party. They are most elegant when small enough to be slipped into the vest pockets of the men, and carried readily by the women, although they are frequently large ovals, circles or hearts in shape, and too large for comfortable transportation. They are placed variously at the left of the cover, at the point of the fork or upon the folded napkin, but must always be conspicuous in position, that the guests may easily and quickly find the positions allotted to them. They become the property of the person whose name they bear, and are supposed to be carried home by the guests as a trifling evident remembrance of the feast and its giver.

Menu cards serve another purpose, but are annually in lesser use at private dinners. At very large affairs, men's dinners or suppers, and public or subscription banquets the menu card is in evidence for discussion in two senses, a physical and mental. They are usually oblong in shape and of heavy cardboard, on which the various courses of the meal are printed or engraved. Often at public banquets they are in booklet form, and contain the list of toasts and speakers in addition to the menu.

At any large family dinner, where personalities are allowable, and hobbies are well known, great amusement may be had from well-chosen devices for the cards. One set, voted the best of a long series all more or less unique, was made with, perhaps, the least trouble of all, the idea throughout being to make each card as personal as possible. Cards varying in

The principal guest chanced to be a mighty hunter and fine shot, and on the corner of his card appeared a miniature target with properly-graduated rings of black and white. Precisely through the centre of the "bullseye" was a hole as though made by a bullet. The musical guest had a tiny music-book, about two inches by three, the several pages dotted and scored into a semblance of notes. Outside was the name of a favorite arrangement. This was stitched firmly through the under page to the card, leaving the pages fluttering open. The motto, "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," and the name of the guest were put on in oddly decorative letters of dull gold paint, and added much to the decorative effect. On a musical card such as this the appropriate

note might be used in the name, instead of the corresponding letter. A literary man's card had a wooden pen-handle fastened obliquely across the card—the golden letters of the name half obscured by realistic ink-blots. The dainty woman whose pins are never equal to the demand, found fastened on her card a box of "best assorted," and others in gold paint scattered in cheering profusion. The girl just back from visiting an army post had a row of tin soldiers an inch high doing duty across the top of a long card. For this the obvious motto was "I love the military." The young doctor had a solemn "bull pup" gazing at a row of medicine bottles, and pondering Shakespeare's advice to "Throw physic to the dogs." These were a few of the most successful, and though it may be objected to that here the guests were unusually suggestive, it will be found that in every family gathering or set of friends are a few whose pronounced traits readily suggest an appropriate device, and once started others follow almost without effort. For instance, an architect's

than he knew." For an officer in the navy a small wooden boat, an inch or two long, of the ark pattern, audaciously labeled the "Minneapolis." An art student might be given a card in the shape of a palette, the brushes thrust through it with arrow-pointed tips, and the punning legend, "She is wedded to her art."

For dinners where personalities are out of place an extremely easy, and yet very effective, device is to cut from stiff paper the form of a triangle. "Parchment" paper is best for these. After cutting out fold the points up from the base, then fold them out, forming a shallow box about one-quarter of an inch deep. Punch holes as shown in the illustration and tie with baby-ribbon. Around the points paint with gold paint irregularly; on one point leave room for the name, on another the day of the month, on the third the year.



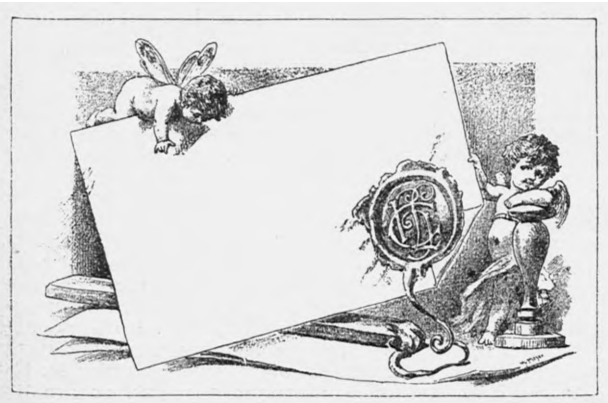
These, if tied with yellow ribbon and filled with salted almonds, make a really charming addition to the table. For a dinner or luncheon to college boys college colors may always be used to advantage.

Small leaf-shaped cards, to simulate either petals or leaves, are to be found in various colors. In pink, the effect is of a rose petal being used for a name card; in purple, of an orchid petal serving the purpose; in green, the natural leaf is typified. Where the floral decorations are of one color or flower the effect of the table is greatly enhanced by the use of these cards.

Frequently enigmatic menu cards are used, and these are found to be important factors to the enjoyment of the guests. On such cards blue points may masquerade as "Cerulean dots" or "Colored angles." The shaddock, which is so often used for

the first course, has been hidden under the phrase, "Fish and fowl" (shad-duck). Soup is described according to its kind, as "Make-believeterapin" (mock-turtle), "Love-apple broth" (tomato), or a dozen other names which will occur after a few moments' thought. For fish the antique joke of "Poison" (poisson), or else it is described by its kind. Shad is known as "Bones," smelts as "Refines," salmon as "A scriptural character," cod as "A fashionable wrap" (Cape Cod), and trout as "Giraffes" (speckled beauties). "A character in Ivanhoe" can hide "F. de Bœuf," the initial representing both "Fillet" and the gigantic "Front." "Our National bird" will disguise not the eagle but the turkey. "So domestic" will describe ducks, and "Sail-back" the canvas-backed variety. Salad appears as "Nothing but leaves," or in case a mayonnaise of celery is used as "Below stairs-y" (cellar-y). Cheese is called "Slang," from "Cheese it," or is ignored with crackers, which are otherwise called "Favors," from the children's fancy crackers. Dessert is hailed as "An arid plain," with ice cream as "An oasis," "Frozen milk-tops" or "A mockery king of snow." Pastry is described as "Printers' confusion" (pie-pi), and coffee as "A severe cold."

These enigmatic menu cards may be very easily gotten up by any person who is at all familiar with Shakespeare, as so many of his similes suggest good things to eat.



size from three by five inches to two and one-half by seven were chosen, the size being suggested by the decoration.

card might be adorned with a charming pen-and-ink sketch of house tops and spires, with the motto, "He builded better

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THE SEASON'S STYLES IN DRESS

By Emma M. Hooper

SPITE of the many styles of dress that are being shown and worn the real fashions for the spring and summer soon come down to a lesser number than is supposed. Individuality should be retained in the colors and trimmings, but to have a gown made conspicuous by being totally unlike that worn by anybody else is not a state of affairs soothing to the average woman, who does not wish to be known by her clothes.

BASQUES AND COATS

THERE are a goodly number of basques worn that are really round waists fitted to the bottom of the waist-line, or slightly pointed, and a ripple or nearly circular basque piece added. With these are worn a ribbon or belting band, or soft folds of silk or velvet fastening with a buckle or two large buttons in front, or with a button at either side. The ripple piece is nearly plain in front, fuller on the hips and in godet effect at the back, needing a stiff interlining. This piece is five inches deep and must be prettily lined as the under part shows. The basque omits the centre back seam only, and the fronts may be like an Eton jacket over a full vest, or the plastron and vest effects are applied outside of the basque. The only double-breasted designs seen are the tailor-made gowns, worn with a chemisette and having a rolling collar and revers. The fashionable coat waists have the full basque effect, but this is cut in one with the remainder of the garment, and the skirt part of a Louis XVI coat is from four to seven inches deep. These open straight down over an elaborate vest, and may be cut with an Eton front and long back; they have full or flat hips, always a full back, and the skirt part may begin at the centre front or at the hips. This part is cut according to the wearer, so careful fitting is required. Very large pointed or square revers are worn on the coats, immense sleeves, crush collars, sometimes turn-back gauntlet cuffs and a large cravat bow or jabot. Such a coat will be correct for wear with a wool skirt, or of figured colored silk with a black silk or wool skirt. They are worn by ladies of all ages and of every form.

THE ROUND WAIST

THIS style of waist is so becoming and convenient to make, as it dispenses with the difficult hip fitting, that it remains in vogue for cotton, woolen and silk fabrics. The lining has the usual number of seams, belt and stays, but the outside has only side and shoulder seams, and occasionally darts for a stout figure. The back fullness at the waist-line is laid in tiny plaits turned toward the centre or shirred in several rows. The front may hang loose from the lining and drop in blouse style or be snugly fitted with plaits or gathers. Some have one box-plait in the centre, others have three, or shirring to imitate a yoke; again, the fronts are full on each side, opening over a full or flat vest. The surplice crossing is also seen again, and round, pointed and square yokes. Any freak of fancy may be carried out regarding the fronts, remembering that, as a rule, they are full in effect. This style of waist is either fitted in the faintest point, back and front, to wear outside of the skirt, with narrow folds finishing the edge, or if worn beneath the skirt it must come well below the waist-line, and always have an inside belt to prevent any slipping up.

THE IMPORTANT SLEEVE

TO those inquiring about sleeves I must say that they will continue so large that capes are the preferred spring wrap. They stand out and easily use up four yards of silk, but they do not stand up as of yore. Either interline them with the thinnest of stiffenings, or if of taffeta silk or wool of a good quality do not interline, but on the top half of the lining sleeve from shoulder to elbow put four overlapping box-plaited ruffles of stiffening. The large leg-of-mutton, the bishop sleeve for cotton goods gathered into a cuff, and the puff sleeve are the favorites. The latter is shirred three times at the top, is a yard and a half wide, gathered at the under edge, and sewed to the sleeve three inches above the elbow, with sufficient length to drop in a soft fullness well below the bend of the arm. Shoulder seams are cut a trifle longer. All sleeves are close-fitting from wrist to elbow, and the glove sleeve for thin materials is gathered into each seam so as to wrinkle over the forearm like a long glove. Sleeves of two materials will be worn, as heavy lace, silk or embroidery from elbow down, and a puff above of woolen or silk goods. Thin goods like organdy are made with elbow sleeves in three very full puffs, the largest at the top, and a band cuff.

THE FASHIONABLE SLEEVE

ELBOW sleeves are popular in Paris, and will be here among dressy people for evening and afternoon wear with sixteen-button gloves. Such sleeves are finished with a twist of ribbon, band of trimming, small cuff or ruffle of lace or embroidery. Cross and Vandyke rows of insertion trim sleeve puffs of thin cotton dresses, with several rows then appearing at the wrist. A lace jabot down the centre of the puff, with one on the waist front to accord, is another Frenchy garniture. Sleeves and vest in contrast with the remainder of the costume, or sleeves and skirt to match, with coat waist in contrast, are two well-received fashions.

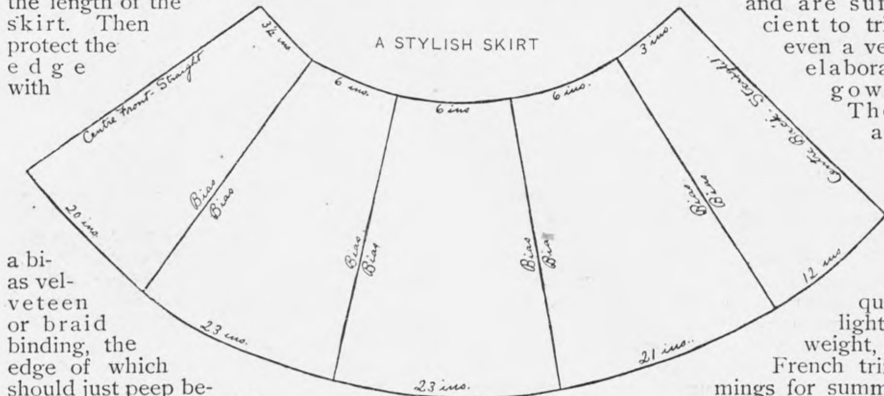
COLLARS, CUFFS, ETC.

ALTHOUGH the crush or stock collar predominates there are many high, plain collars having an almost circular turnover of a contrasting goods, which is stiffly interlined and has gained the title of a saucer collar. Others plain in shape have from two to six points turned over the top and edged with bead gimp. Crush collars of lace, with large bow of the same, wired to keep in position, are worn with lace vests. Ribbon collars, etc., were illustrated in the January number. Large collars to cover the shoulders are fashionable in velvet, silk or lace. The newest shape is that of a Maltese cross, with a square back, two smaller squares in front, and one over each shoulder, giving an epaulette effect, which is found in collars and all corsage garnitures of beads spangles, etc. All kinds of yokes will be much worn. Full plastrons and flat vests vie with each other. The handsomest vests seen are of white satin braided with gold braid; light serge, cloth, velvet and silk are treated in the same manner for plainer dresses. Black braiding is much used, also gold and a color. Large fancy buttons are worn more and more, and double rows of small buttons, especially of steel, jet or gilt, in clusters of four to six. Flaring cuffs are worn cut almost circular, stiffly interlined and edged with gimp. Some extreme styles show the back of the sleeve cut in a point to nearly reach the lower knuckles (Restoration designs), but such ideas come and go too quickly to be classed as popular styles.

THE SEASON'S SKIRTS

THE most popular skirt is five yards wide, has three or four godet plaits at the back, and one or two at the sides that are not boldly defined. The newest fronts are cut so narrow at the top as not to need darts or gathers unless the wearer has a prominent form. Line with one of the cotton linings that are somewhat stiffened, as a soft, clinging lining cannot be used with a flaring skirt. Interline with a serviceable stiffening to a depth of ten to twenty-five inches, according to the amount of flare you wish and the length of the skirt. Then protect the edge with

a bias-velveteen or braid binding, the edge of which should just peep beneath the dress material, and thus really protect the bottom of the dress, which it cannot do if turned up entirely out of sight. Put a pocket in the right back seam and have the placket hole at the left back seam, as opening a skirt on the side makes the back set better than if opened at the centre. Allow an inch lap at the opening, and flare the under side with a "blind" or "fly" of the goods (a band two inches wide cut straight), so that there may never be an ugly gap showing the underskirt. If of a short or stout form a seven or nine gore skirt is better than one of four or five pieces, as it adds height to the wearer. A circular front makes a handsome skirt to look upon, but it will sag and often the outer goods drop from the lining. The back fullness of skirts may be laid in three or four tiny box-plaits, according to the number of godets below, or gathered into a space of three or four inches. Face the pocket on the inside with the dress goods, attach it in the seam with the top five inches below the waist-line. In sewing the belt to hold the skirt toward you.



SKIRTS OF WASH FABRICS

THE previous designs answer for silk and woolen gowns, but unlined cotton dresses require different treatment. A gingham, lawn, etc., skirt should be from four and a half to five yards wide, with front and sides gored, and straight back widths gathered into a belt. A few gathers fit the top of the sides and a still scantier amount the front. Some fronts have darts at the top, but the thin materials look better with gathers, while such cottons as piqués have darts. The skirts are faced with a bias piece of the goods, five inches deep when done. It is a good plan to turn down an inch at the top, for cottons will shrink. Put the placket and pocket openings at the same places as designated for the previous skirts. When a transparent organdy, etc., is made over a silk or sateen lining the lining skirt is entirely separate, except at the band, where they are placed together, and the usual interlining, lining and binding finish the inner skirt, which is cut with godets. Always put two rows of gathers at the top of a skirt, half an inch apart, as it makes the fullness set better, no matter what the material may be. Five yards of double-width goods and nine of silk make fashionable skirts.

A STYLISH SKIRT

A WELL-HANGING skirt for woolen and silk goods is almost circular in shape. One-half of this skirt pattern is given in the accompanying illustration. The entire garment is five yards and a half wide, formed of eight pieces, with every seam bias. It requires six yards and a half of eighteen-inch haircloth to interline it to a depth of twenty-five inches, and needs five yards of double-width goods to make it a thing of beauty. The centre back and front should be put on a fold of the goods; all of the edges are bias, and a straight tape should be run along the stitching of each one. The top of the entire front may vary from six to eight inches, but it is kept narrow, so that it fits without darts or gathers. If the wearer has a very prominent abdomen the front must be gathered. The back of the skirt is gathered and opened at the left back seam. A pocket can be put in the third seam from the centre front on the right side. The front folds over on each seam, like a box-plait, from just above the knees. There are seven godet plaits formed by the different pieces, and all are held by an elastic on the inside at the knee height, to which each plait is tacked in position. Commence to gather an inch back of the second seam from the front. Hold the skirt top so as to ease it into the belt when basting it on.

SPRING DRESS TRIMMINGS

CORSAGE garnitures of black and iridescent spangles and beads, lace designs and borders, and silk embroidery on black and white tulle, and black mousseline de soie grounds are worn on silk and woolen gowns. They are shaped in wide and narrow yokes, in round, pointed and square effects, with and without fringe finishings. The very newest of these collars or yokes have short epaulette pieces that are to stand straight out over the full sleeves. Jet beads on the silk muslin with the ground cut out between each design of the pattern are light and airy in appearance. These collars are sold for from five to fifteen dollars, and are sufficient to trim even a very elaborate gown. They are quite light in weight, as French trimmings for summer dresses usually are.

Those in iridescent colorings will match any gown, and a black ground is the most fashionable. There are bands in the same effects that can be used alone for a collar, cuffs, or as a box-plait or braces on the waist. Narrow jet and colored spangle gimps will be worn to finish the edge of velvet or silk accessories. Flat bands of guipure lace, white and cream, will be worn on silk and cotton gowns, and the narrow butter-colored Valenciennes edgings will be used as much as last season. Plain and fancy satin and taffeta ribbons form another stylish trimming for collars, belts, braces, shoulder bows, bracelet cuffs, large bows for skirt fronts, etc. The season is decidedly in favor of trimmings of all sorts and kinds. The dainty and easily-laundered Hamburg and hand-made embroideries are always in order for the trimming of summer gowns, as are the coarser varieties of lace.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "The Home Dressmaker," will be found on page 34 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



SUMMER BLOUSES AND BODICES

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GRANVILLE SMITH



FASHIONABLE dressmakers are now making the English distinction between the blouse (which we usually call the shirt-waist) and the bodice. Both are supposed to be worn with skirts that differ from them in color and material, but the blouse is full, is draped, has a tucked or fancy front, with stiff collar and cuffs, and always suggests a rather undress

get-up. The bodice fits the figure, and though it may be made of cotton, silk or velvet, it must never suggest, by its trimming or style of collar, the tailor-made or shirt effect. Unlike the blouse it is very often sufficiently elaborate to be worn with the richest skirt, and the trimming upon it may be ribbons, spangles, laces, feather or fur pipings, and all the very open embroidery that imitates Irish crochet.

However, it is the blouse that will be given the greatest popularity during the coming season.

THE MATERIALS FANCIED

THE materials fancied are silk and cotton gingham, the cotton zephyrs, grass linen, batiste, cheviot, percale and lawn; in silk, Madras foulards or soft handkerchief silks are liked, and, indeed, although they cannot be quoted as new, bodices or blouses made of handkerchief squares, especially in what are known as "plantation patterns," continue to be greatly liked, and are economical as they decorate themselves by their own bright colors. Checked silk in green and white, blue and white, heliotrope and white, brown and white, and black and white obtains, and white and black in stripes (which is quite different from black and white) is greatly favored, and is most effective when worn with a skirt of black silk or black crépon. Wood-colored batistes, embroidered in polka dots of black, white or stem-green, are used for blouses made with a gathered back, a soft plaited front, and a high turned-over linen collar of white with cuffs to correspond. The four-in-hand or butterfly tie worn with such a blouse is made of batiste that matches the dot upon the shirt material. Other blouses developed in the wood batiste have the back and full sleeves made of the entirely plain material, while for the front the fancy fabric is used, and the wide centre plait and small side plaits are so laid that the small embroidered figure, in some faint color, shows, as if it were a special pattern embroidered on them, whereas, in reality, it is simply the embroidered material properly disposed of.

These shirts have high turned-over collars of the plain wood batiste, and cuffs to match. Occasionally the side and centre plaits are overlaid with narrow white insertion, very open in design. This style, however, cannot be praised, as the decoration makes the plaits heavy.

ON the cotton blouse the collars and cuffs vary, not in style but in fabric. On those intended to be most simple there is the high, stiff linen collar turning over its entire depth, but not turning over in the sense of a turned-down collar. It is really a very high straight collar turning over on itself without altering the outline. The cuffs are deep, straight, and so made that they close best with links. On blouses made of lawn—that is, those that are very simple—the turned-over collar matching the material is preferred, and the cuffs harmonize with it. A stiff butterfly tie of lawn matching the blouse is usually worn, and is in very good taste.

With such a blouse a black skirt, with a black ribbon belt having long ends in the back, is considered rather more harmonious than would be one of silk belting or of leather or gilt. On the bodices the belt and collar alike are silk, satin or velvet ribbon.



A VERY SMART BODICE

A PARTICULARLY smart bodice that is made of cotton material, since it is wood-colored batiste, has écu insertion an inch wide set in the material, the distance between each row being about three inches. After this is done the material is cut and fitted to the figure over a lining of silk the same color, the thin fabric being gathered to fit at the centre of the front and the back, so that a shirred effect from the neck to the waist is gained, and this is most becoming to a slender figure. The sleeves are the full, puffed ones, drooping properly, while the deep cuffs are made like the bodice itself, of the material striped with the écu insertion. By-the-by, I forgot to say that the fabric is cut out from under the lace. Following the fancy for having a touch of green on everything the belt and stock of this bodice are of stem-green satin.

SOME OF THE BLOUSES

PERSIAN designs are shown in batiste, and make extremely dainty blouses. The collar and cuffs may be of white linen stiffened after the usual fashion, but the artistic dressmakers prefer the soft satin stock even with the cotton material, since they can choose a color from among the many in the fabric designs, and get a pretty contrast in this way. Collars and cuffs, and their prototypes, stocks and belts, may make or unmake either a blouse or a bodice. The choice is wide, however, and every woman may elect to have that which is best suited to her general style. The fashionable stem-green is noted in silk bodices, and it is also used on fancy bodices of other material when stocks and belts are of silk or velvet. A bodice that is intended for evening wear is made of the richest black satin—the model selected showing a yoke heavily overlaid with Irish crochet. The sleeves shape in to the arm, and have falling over them epaulettes of crochet matching the yoke, while the collar and belt are of stem-green velvet, the bow at the back of the belt being four-looped; the upper two loops are quite high and fastened firmly to the back of the bodice, while the lower two ones come below its edge. The twist of velvet that forms the belt and permits the bodice to be worn outside of the skirt, is quite narrow, making the waist look smaller than it really is. The bow of the stock matches that of the belt, and flares so that it is easily seen from the front.

A bodice that has oddity to commend it is of white silk striped with black in hair lines, and trimmed with ribbon nearly three inches wide that shows one stripe of white and one of black. The design is the yoke one, and the ribbon is twisted to define it, with here and there a little loop. The belt is of the ribbon folded, and has loops and ends at the back. The stock is made of the ribbon with two overlapping points at each side of the front, and these are made of white satin, with three tiny cut jet buttons on each. The cuffs of the big puff sleeves are also of white satin, with three rows of tiny jet buttons as their decoration.

A FANCY FOR BUTTONS

TINY gilt, jet, steel and pearl buttons set in rows rival the huge buttons, which, in single numbers, decorated the bodices of last season. Blouses of batiste are effectively trimmed with three rows of gilt or pearl buttons down the middle plait, while on silk ones they may trim not only the front, but the stock and the cuffs. Ribbons, striped and plain, Persian and Dresden, satin and silk, velvet and brocade are all in vogue, and if one can originate a new way of arranging them, then one certainly can triumph.

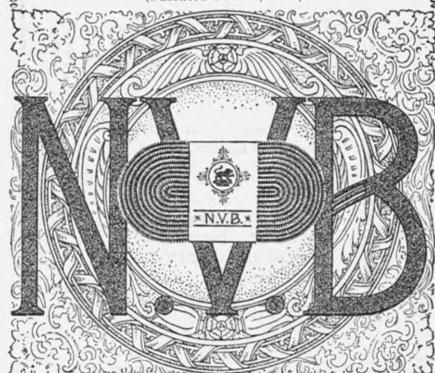
A simple blouse, and yet a very pretty one, is made of white piqué; it has a plain back folded in to fit the figure and a fitted front. The closing is done with small bullet-shaped buttons of pearl. A double set of revers of the material extend far over on the drooping sleeve, and the outer ones each have on the upper side a row of buttons matching those that are down the front. A similar row is on the outer side of each sleeve, but there is no suggestion either of piqué or buttons in the collar, which is a folded one of wide Dresden ribbon, the background of which is white, while the printed pattern is of tiny pink rosebuds. A large double bow is the finish at the back. With this may be worn any skirt that seems in harmony.

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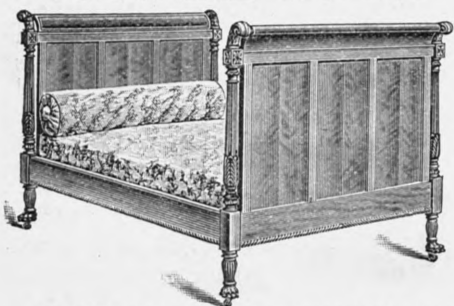
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By Helen Fay

WHILE this historical revival in house furnishings lasts rag carpets will be in demand, and a clever woman can have really beautiful floor coverings by utilizing the old garments and pieces generally sold to the junk man for a few cents a pound. To prepare the material for the weaver the cloth should be cut in strips a half an inch in width, and in lengths varying from a half a yard to two yards. These strips should be sewed together with flat seams very strongly and wound in balls. A ball weighing one pound and three-quarters will make one yard of carpet. This is a convenient way of counting for both the sewer and weaver. If stripes or plain borders are desired the pieces of one color must be sewed together and kept in separate balls. Generally a hit or miss effect is more easily made. For this design all colors can be sewed together, and black or some dark shade used for a border. A very pretty carpet for a Dutch or Delft blue room may be made of white and blue rags in hit or miss effect with a deep blue border. White cloth of any kind can be colored the required tint either with indigo or the regularly prepared household dye. Rag carpet is woven in breadths of a yard in width and in any length required. One breadth in solid color can form the bordering if desired. If warp is used one pound and one ounce of rags will be required for one yard, but the fabric will be more loosely woven and not as durable. Silk can be used instead of cloth, and even old ingrain or three-ply carpeting. Old Brussels carpets are reworked by some weavers into very Oriental-looking floor coverings.

An inexpensive floor covering and bordering for rugs can be made by using denim in the new dull shades—the plain blues, yellows and greens are especially effective when used in this way. The width of the material tacked as a border around a room will be of sufficient size for the ordinary rug, and in a good quality will wear better than some matting. For the bedrooms of summer cottages it answers the place of heavier floor coverings very nicely. As a general thing it is very poor economy to leave any part of the surface of the floor uncovered. It is better in the end to stain, paint or carpet the entire surface. Then the arrangement of the furniture and rugs can be altered, and, at any rate, a clear floor obtained whenever desired, without exposing humiliating makeshifts. Where a very large rug is needed, however, it is possible to utilize an old carpet for the middle of the room by sewing to it a deep bordering in some solid color or small conventional design. A breadth of royal Wilton in some dull shade is wider than regular bordering and generally harmonizes well with most rugs. Matting and what is technically known as filling make effective backgrounds for rugs, which never show to advantage upon ordinary carpets. Rugs are not suitable, however, for parlors, excepting during the summer. For bedrooms they are, all things considered, the most satisfactory floor coverings, especially when no change is made through the entire year. For the sitting and dining rooms they are also desirable, particularly in the home where the mistress is also the maid. They can be kept clean at the smallest expenditure of time and strength.

Matting in small conventional designs and all-over patterns, wear much better than those in solid colors. Plain matting will scratch and show every stain, and fade more quickly than those less highly colored. Fine "fancy Chinese" and Japanese seamless matting are the most artistic in coloring and design, and what are known as cotton and trout line warps wear remarkably well. It is possible to get a roll of matting consisting of forty yards for three dollars, while the qualities mentioned above cost at least twice that amount. A well-lined matting wears much longer than one put upon the floor with nothing but paper under it. Old carpets that are not presentable uncovered make excellent linings for them, provided that they are thoroughly cleaned before they are used, otherwise the dust rises to the surface of the matting. Some housekeepers put regular carpet lining between the old carpet and the matting, believing that by this method they avoid dust and also obtain a soft, heavy floor covering pleasant to step upon, and very good to look at.

FILLING is nothing more nor less than Brussels carpeting without any design upon its solid coloring. For parlors where rugs are used and bare floors are not obtainable, it is the most satisfactory floor covering. Unless well covered, however, it is apt to wear white, especially under rocking-chairs or where much walked upon. If the coloring is dark every particle of dust seems to show on the surface, but in tan, gold and light green it makes the most desirable floor covering for parlors and libraries where large rugs are used. When the housekeeper has only small rugs a very light velvet or royal Wilton will be the most satisfactory covering for the parlor floor. Many small rugs scattered about on a perfectly plain background give a room a patched appearance and diminish its apparent size. For the parlor of an ordinary house one large rug twelve feet in length by eight in width, and two smaller ones ranging in size from three and a half feet in width to seven in length, or from five in width to eight in length, will prove a good arrangement. If these are bought at the same time the color scheme can be more satisfactorily arranged. For a back parlor or library a rug fourteen by nine feet is desirable, as no smaller ones will then be needed, excepting, perhaps, in front of the fireplace, where fur rugs or handsome skins always show to the best advantage. For the ordinary purchaser what are known as Anatolian, Carabagh, Daghistan and Cashmere rugs will prove desirable investments. Age and service give them a velvety sheen, and their coloring is apt to harmonize well with the average decorations of the modern house. For the dining-room a Japanese jute rug is pretty and inexpensive. By purchasing one in rather vivid hues to begin with, time will mellow it into very harmonious coloring. Aside from these so-called foreign rugs there are many ingrain art squares and rugs of velvet and tapestry of American manufacture.

THERE are also very pretty matting rugs especially desirable for use upon enameled floors. Rugs can be made of rags at a trifling expense that will prove durable and artistic as well. Cloth and silk can be cut and sewed together as for rag carpets, and then braided in strands of three stripes, the braided stripe being coiled around and stitched over and over, as children make mats of the worsted rope made on toy knitters or corks. With flour bags and coffee sacks as foundations other floor coverings can be made. A design can be drawn or stamped on the foundation and filled in with cloth cut in pieces a quarter of a yard long and half an inch wide. These pieces are stitched lightly to the background in loops. When the design is filled in these loops are cut open and trimmed. A coffee sack can also be hemmed as a foundation and another sack cut in strips eight inches in width. These strips should be folded over, making each four inches wide and fastened tightly through the centre of each to the background about half an inch apart. Then the rug may be dyed, and when dry the strips can be cut and fringed out. Burlaps, canvas and jute can be treated in the same way. Knitted rugs can be made by substituting silk strips for worsted and following the designs used for knitting afghans. In these days, when the old-time cross-stitch is again fashionable, rugs are made like those in vogue when chairs, ottomans and screens were upholstered in worsted work. The designs used for Java canvas are revived for bordering, and the monogram or initials of the maker or recipient embroidered in the centre. Conventional designs outlined with cotton floss are used on denim, canvas or burlaps, and cotton fringe finishes the edges. They may be lined with double-faced Canton flannel or with bed ticking. These rugs are generally forty-two inches long by thirty-one inches in width, and make very pretty gifts—especially for gentlemen. They are designed more for ornament than service, and are placed in front of a chiffonier or desk. Rugs of sailcloth are suitable gifts for enthusiastic yachtsmen. The monogram of the club to which the recipient belongs or the name of the yacht should be outlined in heavy marine blue cord or in the club colors. The edges may be bound with cord to match or cut in deep points to show a lining of the color of the embroidery. This lining may be of felt or denim, and should be gathered and stitched to the reverse side of the rug.

THE most hygienic and beautiful floors are those of hardwood. Their costliness, however, makes them impossible to many, especially to those people living in rented houses and small apartments. Fortunately there are some methods which may be cheaply followed by women who desire to discard carpets and yet avoid the expense of inlaid wood. The best way in which to treat a floor that has been subjected to various preparations until it has become dirty-looking and sticky is to give it a thorough scraping. It is useless to try any new treatment until the natural wood is reached, and no amount of scrubbing will remove the hard, greasy crust formed by successive coats of oil and varnish. If it is not possible to obtain the regular scraper used by workers in wood, sheet tin can be cut in crescent form, using a common vegetable chopper as a model for shape and size. A small plane also answers the purpose. Both the scraper and plane are generally found in the tool-chests sold in toy shops. Whatever scraper is used the worker should begin at the upper end of the room and follow the grain of the wood. As the layers of varnish and paint scrape off the accumulation should be carefully swept up in order to keep the freshly-exposed surface perfectly clean. Going over the floor with the glass and sandpaper used by cabinet-makers in renovating old furniture produces a fine polish and removes any streaks left by the scraper. After the floor has been smoothed with the sandpaper it may be varnished, painted or stained, according to the general scheme of coloring desired in the room. Shellac will give a pine or natural wood effect and possesses the advantage of showing the dust very little. Two coats should be applied, the second after the first is thoroughly dry. When a darker shade is desired oak, cherry or mahogany stain may be used. When the second coat of stain is dry the floor may be varnished and finally waxed. The wax should be rubbed on with a piece of chamois skin, and left to dry, especially after the first application, for fully two hours. Then the floor should be gone over with the brush and lastly the entire surface polished with chamois skin or heavy flannel cloths. To do all this properly requires the strength of a man. Of course, after the first treatment the work is not so difficult and a floor can be kept in good condition by a weekly rubbing with the brush. It may be dusted daily and kept in good condition by going over the entire surface with an ordinary broom over which a large square of cheesecloth has been wrapped. Occasionally a large piece of cheesecloth moistened with kerosene may be used after all loose dust has been removed from the floor with a soft brush.

An old and greasy floor may be greatly improved by a thorough scrubbing with soap and sand followed by a bath of ammonia water. If there are cracks between the boards and around the base-board they should be filled up with putty. Some recommend a pulp of paper for this purpose. After the crevices are filled shellac or prepared house paint may be applied. When paint is used the floor should be varnished after the second coat is thoroughly dry. Oak color is more satisfactory in paint than a lighter or darker shade as it does not show dust and wears well. To keep a painted floor in good condition it must be dusted every day and oiled once a week. Crude oil is good for this purpose and should be applied with a flannel or other lintless cloth. Rubbing afterward with cheesecloth preserves the polish. Where milk is plentiful it forms an excellent substitute for oil, and is preferable in point of cleanliness. The expense, including labor and materials used in preparing an ordinary floor, is from four to six dollars. Nothing is gained by the housekeeper attempting the task herself, as an amateur is apt to use twice the material required by one who thoroughly understands the business.

A very pretty and artistic way in which to treat the floors of bedrooms, especially those in summer homes, is to enamel them in the colors used on metal bedsteads. These dull shades harmonize beautifully with the new wall papers, and the matting and denim used for wainscotings. Moss-green shingle stain and the dull copper color used on roofs are very effective with white woodwork, and Dutch blue enamel is just the thing for the floor of a room where the fashionable Delft coloring is desired. No matter what color is chosen the effect will be better if the floor matches the tone of the walls. The enameled floor should be varnished and beeswaxed to gain the best results. In staining or in painting floors the mistake is often made of hurrying the work. To be well done the work must be very slowly done, allowing plenty of time for every coat of paint to dry thoroughly before another is applied. It is a very desirable thing, if possible, to have the floor untouched for at least twelve hours after the rubbing on of the final application of oil or wax. The floors must be allowed to set and harden without disturbing jars if you are desirous of having them present a thoroughly satisfactory appearance.



FRONT ELEVATION

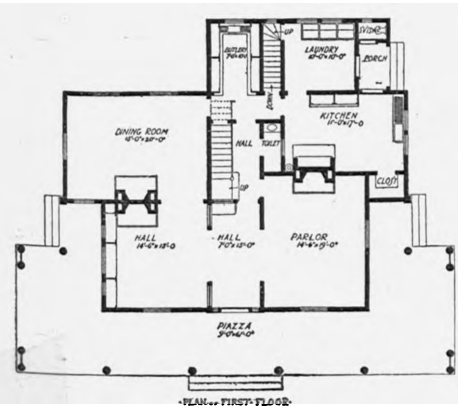
A \$5000 DUTCH COLONIAL HOUSE

By Bruce Price

DURING the last century, and the first half of the present one, country life in America had assumed a popular and well-defined existence, and through all the old Atlantic States numerous homes had been built that were distinctive and beautiful in character. Many of these were of such size and commanding proportions as to be really mansions. But throughout the country generally, and particularly in and about the important towns, people of moderate means with children growing up about them looked to the country and longed for some place where they might have free air and abundant room. The fever of this desire spread like an epidemic, and developed the epoch of the suburban villa cities with amazing results. About the outlying towns near the great Northern cities large tracts of country were laid out in villa sites, and coursed with avenues and boulevards, paved and curbed, and bordered with sickly infantile elms and maples. Block after block of "villas" sprang up, structures of wood, with high stoops, and capped with the lately-imported so-called French roof—all standing in their own grounds and all planned upon the same motif: a city house planted in the country. But these "villa cities" were short-lived; the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia brought our people together and showed them many truths. It taught them that back of all the uses of life there could be art in everything. Colcott's group of English cottages, the headquarters of the English Commission to the Exposition, built in half-timbered and shingled work, revealed how lovely a thing a cottage might be when built with artistic intelligence.

The influence of these buildings upon both the public and professional mind was, at the time, very great. They revealed to many not only the ugliness and unfitness of the French-roof villa, but taught them to appreciate the merit and beauty of our national work about us on all sides. Colcott, in England, for his inspiration had gone back to the best period of his own national homes. His contemporaries were doing the same. The good of the old was being revived there, and soon the good in the old with us was sought out and studied.

Men whose paths led them through our older towns could not but contrast their quiet beauty with the vulgar incongruity of these modern mushroom "villa cities." Their broad, turf-bordered roads, with avenues of great trees spanning the way from side to side; and the old white houses, simple in form, refined in detail,



PLAN - FIRST FLOOR

broad and generous in plan and treatment; with the yard in front, the garden at rear, the one filled with rose trees, oleanders,

rose of Sharon bushes and box-bordered walks, the other with fruit trees and hedges, and garden beds and borders of hollyhocks or sunflowers. Many, going into the nearer accessible towns, found these old homes and made them theirs, while others, feeling the beauty of such places, built upon their lines.

And the new homes—what are they now and what shall they be? Passing them in review we have a retrospect of about twenty years. The movement taking form, as we have seen, about the Centennial year, matured as we know it to-day. In viewing the work of this period it is not to the point to consider the larger establishments of Newport, Mount Desert, Lenox, or the great places that have been raised up all through different parts of the country; it is either the permanent home or the summer



SIDE ELEVATION

residence of the man of moderately independent means that interests us, the style of house which costs about five thousand dollars. In all this work of building, the scheme of the plan, whether the cost be of the less or greater amount, is now almost identical.

The ordinary older cottages, those of a quarter of a century ago, were generally planned with a single entrance facing the approach; this opened from a porch into a passage rather than a hall, with the stairway starting a few paces within and running straight up against the side wall to the floor above; the parlor and library to right and left, with the dining-room behind the one and the kitchen beyond the other. Between the last two came the butler's pantry and servants' stairs, and the back door, which usually in the family life of the occupants became the thoroughfare to and from the house. This, pure and simple, was the general plan from which the house started. Step by step it developed. First the passage was attacked, and, being broadened, became a hall; the staircase fell away from near the threshold to a less obtrusive place, with landings and returns, and windows opening upon them. As the hall grew, the parlor, as its uses and purposes were more absorbed by the hall, became of less importance. The fireplace became a prominent feature, and, placed in the hall and more elaborately treated, became an ingle nook, with the mantel over it forming an imposing chimney-piece. Improving thus its separate features upon the old, the newer plan advanced further in the disposition of these features. The new hall having become broad and ample, and the rendezvous and seat of the home life,

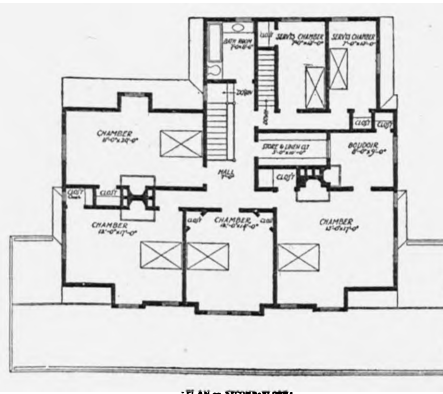
took its position in the most desirable place in the advanced plan. The house grew up about it, following with the other features and details in their proper sequence, until now, from the sum of all that has been done, the resulting general plan, with its controlling condition of site, can be adduced.

In the plans accompanying this article the entrance is made at once at the centre into the hall. The porch stretches across the entire front, and extends a space beyond at either side. Thus exedrae are formed at the ends, and give the desired living porches away from the centre and removed from the intrusion of the entrance.

On entering the hall we find the main staircase directly in front of us, partly screened from view by an open Greek lattice set between paneled pilasters; this same screen work partly cuts off the larger end of the hall, which may be used as a library. If this is done, bookshelves can be built in as shown on plan.

Back of this hall or library is the dining-room, with its fireplace and broad, sunny windows, one of which opens to the floor and out upon the piazza; off the dining-room and connecting it with the kitchen, is the butler's pantry, with ample closet space, drawers, sink and dripboard complete. The kitchen can have the usual modern conveniences; also the laundry. From the laundry is a rear or servants' staircase leading to the rooms above. In front of kitchen and just across the hall from library is the parlor, with windows looking out on piazza and lawn. The main stairs lead to a hall on the second floor, from which open the four chambers, bathroom, and a door connecting with servants' quarters, and a large store-closet. All the chambers have closets, and the main chamber has a boudoir opening from it. The attic may be reached by scuttle and ladder.

The exterior, as shown in accompanying illustration, is a Dutch Colonial house, such as is found in Northern New Jersey, with a long, low, picturesque gambrel roof and dormers, the roof running down and forming piazza roof, supported by turned columns. The lower part of house is covered with rough-cast cement plaster left the natural color, a warm gray, and the gables, roofs and sides of natural shingles, which with time turn a beautiful silver. All the woodwork, such as columns, window



PLAN - SECOND FLOOR

trim and sash, and everything in wood, cream. Shingles can be painted a cream-white; this treatment makes an exceedingly attractive house for both summer and winter, having the additional value of being possible for any person who can afford to spend the amount of five thousand dollars in the building of a home.



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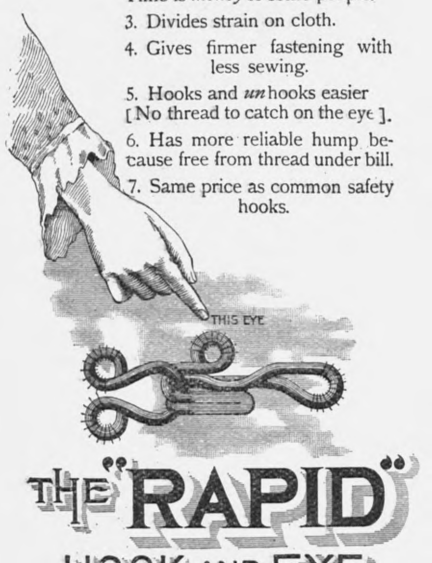
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*The fourth in a series of plans and ideas for suburban houses of moderate cost which the JOURNAL proposes to publish, the first of which appeared in the JOURNAL of December, 1895. Other plans for houses costing, respectively, \$3000, \$3500, \$4000 and \$5000, will be given in subsequent issues.

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FLOWERS AS EVANGELS

By *Phebe Westcott Humphreys*

THE thought is pleasant and inspiring that in many of our large cities flower missions are being established, and that as the good work is extended those who have heretofore given the subject little thought are gradually becoming interested in the influences for good which the dainty blossoms are exerting. Flowers do much more than simply beautify the world; their mission is to refine and purify, and no matter where they are grown their wide and helpful influences are felt. It is only when we try to imagine what the world would be without flowers that we can appreciate their value. A well-known writer has said:

"Not a tree, A plant, a leaf, a blossom but contains A folio blossom. One may read and read, And read again, and still find something new; Something to please and something to instruct E'en in the noisome weed."

Is it true, "a folio" in every leaf and blossom? If so, how very few of the volumes one can read in a lifetime, and how few read "earth's floral page" aright. They tell so many lessons of the Fatherhood of God—His infinite wisdom, His wondrous power, His great love for all. Happy, indeed, is he,

"Who hath power To gather wisdom from a flower, And wake his heart in every hour To pleasant gratitude."

Another poet has called flowers:

"Sweet letters of the angel tongue, I've loved ye long and well, And never have failed in your fragrance sweet To find some secret spell. A charm that has bound me with witching power— For mine is the old belief That, midst your sweets and midst your bloom There's a soul in every leaf!"

The question naturally arises, "How can I help to extend this mission work?" Perhaps a hint of what is being done may offer some suggestions to those who have neglected this work, not so much from want of opportunity, but because their attention has not been called to the good results of a little effort in this direction.

HORTICULTURAL societies have sprung up in all parts of the country during the past few years. We are constantly reading of the spring and fall "shows," the "Rose exhibits," "Carnation exhibits," "Chrysanthemum exhibits," etc., and the pleasant rivalry of the competitors has given an increased interest to certain branches of floriculture, which must be very gratifying to those interested. But a much nobler work is accomplished when societies are started with another end in view—that of interesting the poorer classes in the wonders of "God's messengers," the blossoms. One who is especially interested in this missionary gardening has said: "Horticultural societies are sometimes as nearly missionary in their purposes and in their results as are the societies that send missionaries to the heathen." I felt so one day when I attended a little exhibition of plants grown in the windows of their homes by the children of a residence part of the city of Boston, far removed from Beacon Street, or the Back Bay.

For several years the Massachusetts Horticultural Society has offered prizes for the best plants in pots raised by children, and exhibitions of these plants have met with the most gratifying results. The exhibition which I attended was held in a schoolroom in Boston's "North End." Out from the homes there came women and children with pots and boxes of plants in their hands, carrying them to the schoolroom near by for exhibition. Many of the plants exhibited had been grown by little girls of ten and twelve years, and it was touching to see their pride and pleasure in the result of their loving care.

Every exhibitor was given a set of seven or eight beautiful floral picture cards, while the prize winners were presented with botanical books. The general purpose of the society in arranging for and encouraging these exhibitions is missionary in spirit, and a work of helpfulness to both the souls and the bodies of these children of the poor. The love of flowers is inherent in every child, no matter how wretched may be the surroundings in which the pitiful atom of humanity has been born and reared; and if this love of the beautiful can be encouraged and developed, if only by the influence of one treasured plant, there is great reason to hope that that life will not stray far from the right no matter what temptations may come, for this love for flowers will constantly shed about him its influence for good, although he may be utterly unconscious of the fact.

A PROMINENT horticultural society that has been especially interested in reaching out a helping hand to those whose lives are seemingly barren and hopeless dates the beginning of its efforts in this direction as far back as the year 1872. At a meeting held in March of that year the president read a communication in which the desire was expressed that the society should offer plants for window gardening among the poorer classes, conduct all the business of advertising, awarding prizes, etc., and that whatever money was required for the purpose would be furnished. The plan was adopted, and during the year plants were distributed by several churches, and from that small beginning the movement has grown until now it takes a special committee to look after the matter of window gardening. In January following the committee issued a circular requesting all the churches which had been in the habit of giving the children a bunch of flowers on Easter Sunday to give potted plants instead. The following Easter the plan was followed by many churches, and with most excellent results. But a point arose that the committee had not foreseen, and that was that after the children had received a plant they immediately began to ask questions regarding its growth: "How shall I care for it?" "Can I make it grow?" "How often shall I water it?" etc., etc., which not only showed the interest taken in window gardening, but made it necessary for instruction to be given on the cultivation of the plants. To meet this want the window garden committee published a pamphlet on the cultivation of house plants. The following year over five thousand potted plants were given out by the committee, and several thousand of these pamphlets.

AN enthusiastic little woman, a member of one of the churches which had made special efforts in this work of plant distribution, resolved that special efforts should be made to reach the homes of those who seemed just beyond the limits of the work accomplished by the societies and churches. As she had a beautiful home in the suburbs, with every opportunity to become personally interested in floriculture, and as her bright, helpful, consecrated life preached its own little sermon of hopefulness, helpfulness and peace, it was an easy matter for her to convince several influential friends that this work was well worth their special attention, and soon a small circle with a special committee was doing the work in the mission Sunday-schools, prompted thereto by one woman's interest in humanity.

THE editors of a prominent magazine, roused to the spirit of this noble work, decided to extend it in still another direction. Accordingly they offered to send seeds free of charge to those who would promise to plant and cultivate them for the purpose of distributing the flowers among the poor, the sick and the helpless, and each one who received the seeds was requested to give an account, at the close of the season, of their success with the plants and the good accomplished by the distribution of the flowers. At the close of the third year of this effort for good the editors announced that the results surpassed all their expectations. Figures tell but little of the story, but it is interesting to note that about four thousand packets of seeds were sent out, in every case a response to a special request, the writer of which, tacitly or otherwise, agreed to the conditions of the gift—that is, that the flowers should be raised and given away solely to the poor and sick. To say that ten plants were raised from each packet (a single variety containing two or three hundred seeds) is an extremely low estimate; even more moderate is the computation of ten blossoms to a plant. By these figures it will be seen that during the summer at least four hundred thousand blossoms must have been given away by the mission gardeners. It is probable that the real number was nearer twice that. Although the work of the mission was so far-reaching it was not advertised, the originators preferring that it should be carried on quietly "In His Name." Who can tell how many eyes brightened at the sight of the fresh, sweet blossoms which had been grown solely for them? How many weary tasks in the hot, stifling rooms of the poor were lightened by the dewy messages of love; into how many chambers of suffering the tiny nosegays brought new life and hope; to how many tired, discouraged ones they spoke, not only of the kindly givers, but of Him who considered the Lilies of the field.

WHILE untold good is being accomplished by these societies, and the other special efforts that are being made in this connection, who can tell of the wondrous results of individual efforts of the consecrated lives whose helpfulness and kindness are not made public? There is no necessity for discouragement on the part of those whose means and opportunities for doing good seem meagre. We have only to look about us, no matter how narrowed our sphere of usefulness, and we will be surprised at the opportunities springing up on every hand. One instance comes to mind: She was a hard-working, overburdened creature, our washerwoman, with a good-for-nothing husband and a large family of unruly children. It would seem that all love for the beautiful must have been crushed out of her nature, but I had often noticed the rapt expression that would steal over her face as she would pause in her work to look at a plant covered with magnificent bloom which occupied a conspicuous place in our conservatory. I was often tempted to give her this plant, but selfishness always suggested the gift of a commoner one—indeed, it seemed hard to think of parting with any of my plants. It was not pleasant to think of the squalid surroundings which might await them in her shiftless home, but conscience whispered: "You ought to do it; this lovely plant blooming so constantly with so little care may accomplish much." After much indecision selfishness was conquered, and at the close of an unusually hard day's work, when the poor woman had seemed completely discouraged, and had revealed some of her troubles, I resolved not to hesitate any longer.

"And where am I to carry it, misses?" she inquired when I offered her the plant, and prepared to remove it from its place of honor in the conservatory.

"It is for you to keep," I answered.

"For me!" she gasped. "Not that—not the very pruriest one in the hull lot! Oh, I'd love to have a bloomin' plant, but I can't take yer pruriest!" But when I convinced her that I really wanted her to have it she clasped it in her arms, and said in a whisper: "And I've been so wicked all day, I was almost doubtin' if there was a lovin' God watchin' over us all, and I was so clean discouraged I was thinkin' there wa'n't no use in tryin' to do right, for the women in our street who drink and steal seem to have a better time than me, and their childer ain't no worse 'an mine, but I won't give up now; it will be easier with this to help me. I don't know how to thank ye, ma'am," and again she struggled to keep back the tears as she gave a queer little courtesy and walked rapidly away. A week passed by, and again she came to do the weekly washing, but that discouraged expression in her face had gone, and her first greeting was: "Oh, misses, I can't tell you how much it's done for us all. The children is keeping the winder clean so's it can git the sunshine, and they's shamed to have the room look dirty with them blessed blossoms lookin' on." Another week she exclaimed with beaming eyes: "The old man don't have the room full of smokin' men no more; he's 'fraid the smoke will hurt them flowers; and he stays home now, and when the room gits straightened up he draws his chair close to the plant, and works at his trade just like he used to before he got to drinkin'." Every week brought fresh messages of joy and thankfulness, until I wondered how I ever could have hesitated for a moment about allowing the plant to accomplish its mission.

BUT not the poorer classes alone are influenced by this floral missionary work; the flowers are evangelists, just as truly when they are the means of awakening one of society's thoughtless, petted favorites to the realities of life, as she notes the unexpected influence for good caused by a flower that has been carelessly dropped or thoughtlessly offered to one in need.

We have all doubtless known of families where work is ever the order of the day. They may have abundant means, and every opportunity to enjoy life, and to help others in this enjoyment, but they are seemingly blind to this fact. Daily comforts and pleasures are crowded out, and life is made a hard, stern fact, with work, work, work throughout each day and all the year round, until there seems to be little within the home to make life glad and beautiful and worth the living. But by some strange fatality flowers find their way into this home—only by degrees, perhaps: a blossom is offered to one of the children, a potted plant follows, and the children, becoming interested, start a small flower bed for the summer, and pot their treasures in old tin cans, etc., for winter blooming. The father and mother may object at first, and complain of the waste of time, assuring the children that it is foolish to take so much trouble when there is "no money in it." But soon it is noticed that little home courtesies are taking the place of harsh, unloving expressions, and as the fragrant blossoms continue their silent, sweet, persuasive influences the home life is brightened in numberless ways. The inmates of the home no longer simply exist, they have commenced to live.



BY EBEN E. REXFORD



OW that the use of aquatic plants in the home garden is on the increase and their popularity established a wider knowledge of their habits is desired so that it may be possible to grow them to beautify the home and its surroundings. It is but recently that the attention of the flower lover has been turned in the direction of this class of plants with a view to their cultivation;

ALWAYS be careful to bear in mind the fact that aquatic plants require something beside water to flourish on. They have, for the most part, strong roots, and these enable them to make use of a great deal of food, and that food can hardly be too rich to suit them. Vegetable matter, such as accumulates in the bottom of ponds and in swampy places, is more conducive to vigorous and healthy growth than any other soil, but an authority in the literature of aquatic plants tells us that turfy loam mixed with equal parts of sheep, horse or cow manure will make an excellent substitute.

In constructing an artificial pond one of the first things to consider is the supply of water. There need not necessarily be a great quantity of it, but there must be enough to depend on at all seasons. If the supply is drawn from a spring of low temperature it is considered advisable to have it flow over a bed of gravel or sand in a broad, shallow sheet, that its normal chill may be taken from it before entering the pond. If it is necessary to excavate use the soil you remove in grading the banks of your pond neatly. While your pond will be an artificial one aim to make it as much like a natural one as possible, and avoid formality in shaping it and making its banks. It will be well to take a day for it, and to study Nature's work in this line by careful observation of some of the natural ponds in your vicinity.

The depth of the pond in which hardy Nymphæas are to be wintered should not be less than three feet. Such varieties as have to be wintered in the cellar or greenhouse can get along with two feet of water, the question of freezing not having to be considered in connection with their culture. But those permanently planted must have a chance to get their roots below the depth to which the frost penetrates.

WHERE ponds cannot be constructed after the above plan tanks may be built of brick and Portland cement. The walls should be thick enough to withstand the action of frost. A twelve-inch wall may be sufficient south of New York City, but north of that an eighteen-inch wall would be better. It should have a solid foundation to prevent settling. The bottom of the tank should be thickly cemented. Put in a layer of stones or broken brick to the thickness of half a foot, and over this pour cement of the consistency of mud. Work it in well among the cracks and crevices, and smooth it down before it has time to "set" or harden. Let the side walls have a slope of about thirty degrees to provide for expansion of water in winter.

Hardy varieties of aquatic plants can be planted quite early in May, but tender sorts should not be put out until June. This is very important, and the amateur should be careful to understand just what variety he has come into possession of before he plants it, if he would avoid chances of failure.

In planting the roots see that they are worked into the soil well and anchored there. It is a very good plan to fasten a weight of some kind to them that will hold them in place until they have taken hold of the soil and thoroughly established themselves in their new quarters.

THE cultivation of aquatic plants in tubs makes it possible for any one to try his skill with them. Of course, he need not expect to be able to grow a Victoria Regia there, or any of the rarer sorts of Nymphæa, but he can succeed with many beautiful varieties of Water Lily and other plants of that class. A half barrel is not very attractive in itself, but its lack of beauty may be concealed by plants, or it may be sunk its depth in the earth. When it contains a fine specimen of some aquatic plant we will forget all about its lack of grace.

When preparing for these plants put in soil, such as has been mentioned, to the depth of a foot, then plant your roots in it and fill with water. Add enough water from time to time to make up for that which is lost by evaporation, and give the tub a sunny place in the yard or garden. If you want to grow more plants than one tub will accommodate it is a good plan to take four, five, half a dozen, or as many as you may decide on, and have them sunk in the ground close together so that the general effect will be something like that which a large tank would give. A better plan, though a more expensive one to carry out, is to have a tank constructed of heavy planks. These should be securely bolted at the ends, and the joints made tight by white lead in the grooves.

IT will not be difficult to arrange the foliage that overlaps the edges of the plants so that pretty nearly, if not quite all the tub may be concealed. If the soil thrown out in making the excavation for the tubs is heaped to one side and made into a sort of bank a very pleasing effect may be produced by planting the higher part of it with Ricinus with its great, tropical foliage of metallic lustre, then Cannas in masses, with Caladiums close to the edge. Other plants having brilliant foliage may be used among them in such a manner as to make this part of the garden very attractive. If it is thought advisable to cover the bank with hardy plants which will not have to be renewed from year to year, Iris in variety, Delphinium, Asters and Coreopsis lanceolata may be employed with very satisfactory results. A charming feature of such a nook would be a bank of rock-work, over which Wild Roses, Blackberry Vines and other trailing native plants might be allowed to ramble to suit themselves.

When the foliage of the tender Nymphæas has been nipped by the frost their roots should be removed to the cellar or greenhouse and left there in tubs of water until all the leaves have died off. Then they should be removed, all the young tubers separated from the parent root and put in moist sand. They should be kept where the temperature will average about sixty degrees. The sand should be kept slightly moist, but never wet. Too much moisture may induce decay. The aim is to have just enough moisture about the tuber to prevent its wilting or shriveling. This method of wintering tender varieties is advised by persons familiar with the cultivation of aquatic plants. Some persons succeed well in wintering tub-grown plants in the cellar by simply pouring off most of the water and leaving the roots undisturbed in the mud at the bottom. Care must be taken to prevent the mud from drying out. In constructing a tank in which a miscellaneous collection of plants is to be grown it is quite necessary that the bottom should be uneven so that different depths of water may be provided to suit the requirements of different plants.

In this article but little mention has been made of anything but Nymphæas. It must not be inferred, however, that these are the only desirable plants for pond or tub culture. I have spoken more particularly of them because I consider them the most desirable of the class. If you can have but one aquatic let it be a Nymphæa.

FOR the benefit of those who have but little acquaintance with this lovely class of flowers I will name and briefly describe a few of the leading varieties:

Odorata.—Our native Water Lily. White, with a fringe of golden-yellow stamens. Exquisitely fragrant. Of very easy culture. Hardy.

Rosea.—Delicate rose color. A most beautiful flower. Hardy.

Devoniensis.—Large flower of a bright rosy red. Very free bloomer. Tender.

Coerulea.—An Egyptian variety. Delicate, rich blue. Very fine. Tender.

Lotus.—The true Lotus of the Nile. Tender.

Zanzibarensis.—From Africa. Light purple. Beautiful and free flowering. Tender.

Among other plants adapted to amateur culture the following will be found very desirable:

Nelumbium luteum.—A hardy plant having very large and striking foliage held well above the water. Flowers yellow, somewhat resembling those of the Tulip.

N. Speciosum.—The Water Lily of Hindustan. A magnificent aquatic, bearing immense double flowers of pink and white, very fragrant and showy. These are produced on long stems above the large, umbrella-like leaves. This superb plant is one that will delight all flower lovers, and though not hardy it may readily be flowered in a tank or pond and wintered in cellar or greenhouse like the Nymphæas.

Calla palustris.—A pretty little plant for shallow places or the edge of ponds. White. Native. Hardy.

Peltandra virginica.—The well-known Water Arum or Arrow-Leaf. A hardy, native plant, fine for shallow places or bogs.

Sagittaria.—Fine native plants bearing a spike of pure white flowers through the greater part of the summer. Pretty, arrow-shaped foliage.

Pontederia (Pickerel Weed).—A very pretty plant growing about two feet high, with spikes of pale blue flowers.

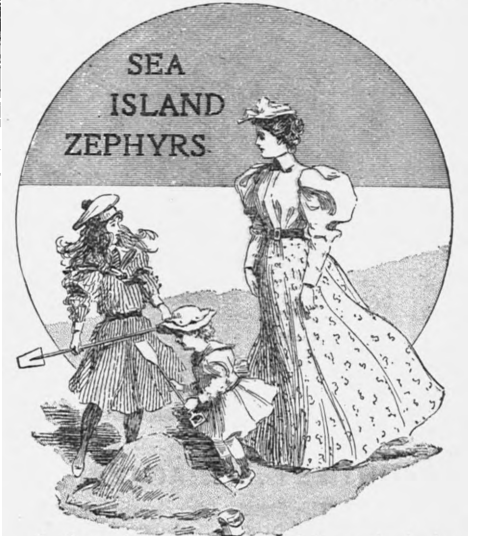
Eichornia (Water Hyacinth).—Of floating habit, the leaves having a sort of pouch at the base filled with air cells. The flowers are borne in spikes. Color, rosy lilac. Adapted to shallow places. Very attractive. Tender.

Parrot's Feather.—A graceful plant of feathery habit, forming a mass of rich foliage on the water, and very useful for drooping over the sides of a tub.

Many very pretty native plants may be found about swampy places, which can be made use of in the aquatic garden with excellent effect.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Rexford's answers to his correspondents, under the title of "Floral Helps and Hints," will be found on pages 32 and 33 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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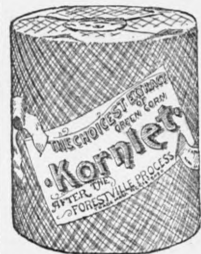
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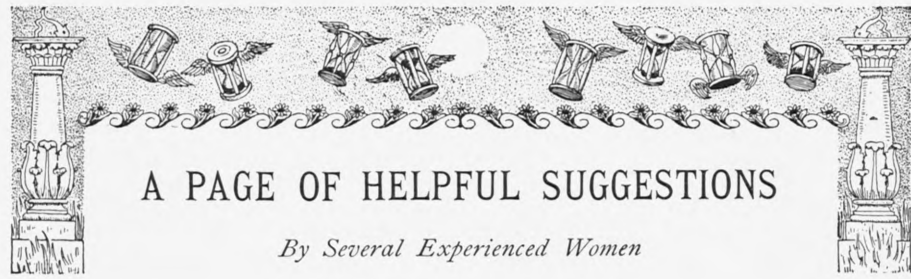
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A PAGE OF HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS

By Several Experienced Women

ONE GIRL'S EXPERIENCE

By Helen Jay

LET me tell you how a girl, whose complexion was both the admiration and despair of her friends, won her rosy bloom. First, she never washed her face when it was dusty. She knew that the texture of the skin was fine, so before water touched it she carefully wiped brow, cheek and chin with a bit of soft dry linen, then washed them in luke-warm water, using as washcloth and towels old handkerchiefs. Soap she never used. After a thorough drying she rubbed the muscles of the cheeks upward, instead of dragging them down toward the chin, which gives so many faces a flabby appearance. She put alcohol on what should be the rosy parts of the face—the cheeks, chin and tips of the ears. Each morning and night she went through this process, for she thought nothing so bad for the complexion as sleeping with a soiled face. Twice a week she steamed her face, for she lived in a town where Turkish baths were unknown. If any pimples appeared she simply touched them with a paste made of sulphur and spirits of camphor.

Her hot baths were taken at night or at eleven o'clock in the morning, and instead of soap she used a bath bag made as follows: one-half yard of coarse cheesecloth folded to avoid a seam at the bottom; the sides tightly stitched together and a hem made at the top, through which a tape long enough to tie was run. In the bag thus made was put the following preparation: two quarts of bran, one ounce of powdered orris-root, one ounce of almond-meal and one small cake of white Castile soap shaved in tiny strips. Nothing is better for the skin than this mixture, which makes a creamy lather and leaves the flesh like velvet. This girl also believed in friction, and applied it understandingly. She never scrubbed her face, but gave her shoulders, upper arms and limbs vigorous attention, knowing that the body is so constructed that the pores of the face are thereby refined, and undue oily secretions prevented. Rock salt, in the proportion of one tablespoonful to one quart of water, she found excellent for this purpose, and camomile tea proved a skin tonic of great value. Powder and rouge she never touched.

WITH this bonnie maiden, exercise did not mean riding in close street-cars or crowding against a bargain counter; but it did mean walking, working in the garden, and the brisk doing of housework. She declared that no Swedish movement given by any advanced physical culturist could equal the exercise of dish-washing and the upward lift of the arms in placing these too often despised friends upon their shelves. Sweeping a room, she said, developed the muscles of the arms and back, and making a bed in the proper manner brought every joint into play. In her closet was a pair of light-weight wooden dumb-bells, and these she swung for about five minutes night and morning. Fresh air she would have. Whenever she was out of her room the windows were wide open unless it stormed. So after her brisk walk or run she never returned to a close, overheated atmosphere. One window, at least, was left down from the top each night, so she never wakened with a headache. Her deep, restful sleep she attributed to two things: sipping a cup of hot milk just before going to bed, and the proper care of her room. When she went to breakfast the doors and windows were all left open for free circulation of air. Each article from the bed was put in a separate place where the sun would reach it. Nothing was allowed to trail on the floor and gather dust. After a hearty breakfast she put on a cap and jacket, if the weather were cold, and went to work with the windows open. The sheets and blankets were shaken separately, and the mattresses dusted with a whisk broom. The pillows were beaten so that every feather asserted itself. Each Saturday every particle of woodwork and every bit of wire in the springs were dusted and washed off with ammonia and water. The pillow, bolster case and spread were all of white. There were no lace ruffles to catch and hold the dust, no silk nor satin quilts too costly to be washed. The room itself was not filled with German favors, Japanese fans, silk scarfs and photographs. It was simply a clean, refined bedroom facing the sun-rising, a place for happy dreams, for perfect health, and the abiding-place of a girl with a healthy, vigorous mind, and an exquisite complexion.

AS far as diet went she discovered that candy was her principal foe. The chocolate bonbon and ice cream soda water were both "awfully nice," but her skin paid the penalty of her indulgence. Fruits, meat, vegetables, and honest brown bread, which was made from the following receipt, made pure blood and healthy tissue: three cups of yellow Indian meal, one and a half cups of rye meal, three cups of sour milk, half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus; steam three hours, then bake three hours slowly. The only cosmetic she ever used she made herself, by pounding to a paste a pint of blanched, fresh, sweet almonds and four tablespoonfuls of elderflower water. This she used after rowing or tramping in the hot sun, and claimed that it banished tan and freckles. "Beauty is but skin deep"; there's the rub. It costs many a girlish indulgence and morning nap, but the reward is a beautiful complexion and animated expression, the one the evidence of physical, the other of mental health.

LETTER-WRITING FOR BUSY PEOPLE

By Emma M. Hale

WRITING and receiving letters are two very pleasant things. What grievous heartaches and homesickness may be cured by interesting, pleasant letters most of us have an opportunity of finding out. But many who agree with me in this will say the trouble is to find the necessary time for writing such letters; that we think enough of those to whom we would like to write, but every day brings its duties, and when they are completed we are often too tired to do anything which requires thought. Now let me give my "system of letter-writing made easy for busy people," assuring you that it is practical, for I have used it for many years, during which I have had business cares, added to the care of a home and children, and yet have found time to write hundreds of letters.

The idea is a very simple one. It consists merely in always having at hand a little tablet upon which to jot down topics for prospective letters, and with it a pencil ready for instant use whenever a thought occurs to you. And this is how the idea is to be applied:

Your husband, perhaps, leaves home on Monday for a week's absence. Even after "good-by" comes the request, "write soon." As you go back to your work you stop a moment to put his name at the top of a page of your tablet, and then, as ideas come to you, you jot down here a few words to serve as cues—something concerning his business, perhaps, or only a bright speech of the baby, too good for papa to miss. Only one line of topics must be avoided, the unpleasant things which cannot be helped. The quiet hour in which you expect to write your letter is consumed by the visit of a friend, who imagines you must be lonely, so your letter must be written in the evening, with the children noisily playing in the room. Ordinarily under such circumstances you could do nothing, but the little page before you with its dozen of suggestions makes it possible for you to write a letter which would make any man imagine that your whole mind was upon him.

One of the best of all times to hold imaginary conversation with absent friends is when one is doing work commonly called tedious, because it is almost purely mechanical. When one's fingers are occupied and the conscience is easy, your thoughts should be at their brightest. I have never seen any inconsistency in reading a chapter from Herbert Spencer in the evening and thinking it over next day while paring potatoes for dinner.

Do not think a letter written from topics jotted down at long intervals will necessarily be a cold, unnatural one, for, on the contrary, it will be burning with what you have really had time to think—far better than anything you could write without such assistance.

Letter-writing may be the only literary work you ever do, so do not be afraid of obeying one or two fundamental rules necessary to success. It is well known that the best things you read have not been written once, but many times over, before they meet your eye on the printed page; but I have premised that you have only time to write your letters once, so try the plan of having good thoughts collected and classified for your absent friends, and you will gradually find that you have no longer cause for thoughts of regret that you are neglecting those you love, nor they for reproaching you with forgetfulness.

ECONOMY THAT ECONOMIZES

By Anna P. Payne

EVERY housekeeper must draw the line about her own economies, even if the world stands in judgment upon her acts, for every house has its own peculiar needs, and there is a Mrs. Grundy for every corner of the street. But there is a so-called economy that wasteth, and a true economy that profiteth much to the ways and means committee as well as to all concerned. Indeed, it requires all the engineering of this same ways and means committee to decide sometimes whether it is best to suffer the ills of ripping up, cleansing and making over old garments, or sell them for rags, or give them away if they seem to be worth giving away. It certainly is not economy in every case to "make over," and there are women to-day who work from January to December ripping up, sponging, pressing and making over worthless garments. Their life's energy has been wholly misspent because they could not discriminate between what was good and what was valueless. The woman who boasted that the lining in her black silk waist was made of twenty-three pieces of as many different colors thought that she was economical, but no one agreed with her on the subject. "Will it pay?" should be the first question asked when looking over the old clothes with a view to making over. Time should be considered first, and if it can be put to a better use then let the garment go and buy a new one. If time will permit, then consider whether the garment will look well enough when completed to be satisfactory. Will it have a shabby, made-over look, and if so, will a quantity of new material remove that objection? Then consider the expense of the new goods, make a few figures if necessary, and once deciding that it is a paying investment, rip, cleanse and make, with a hearty faith in the good results.

POTS FOR GROWING PLANTS

By Mary F. Harmon

THE decorated stone pots so largely in use in drawing-rooms for growing plants need to be selected with care. They should not only be adapted in coloring to the plants they are to hold, but there should be a harmony in the jars themselves, as no matter how beautiful each individual one may be, if there is incongruity in the coloring the whole effect will be displeasing. Even an uneducated eye would detect the inharmonious effect without being able to discover the cause.

Plain jars are best for flowering plants, while palms look well in those which are ornamented with figures in relief. Leeds ware is inexpensive and the colors are clear and exquisite, those in deep yellow and pale blue being particularly desirable. There is also a deep, rich red bowl in this ware made in several sizes, in which palms and other flowerless plants look superb, and the Tokonabi jars, terra-cotta with a raised decoration of dragons, etc., in gold, are very desirable for drawing-room use as they harmonize with almost any surroundings. The blue and white Owari ware is also popular and well suited to any of the dark-foliaged plants. The custom which has prevailed of late, of putting palms and rubber plants in the vestibules and on the entrance steps of houses as soon as the weather is mild enough to permit, in the spring, is a pleasing one, and very good for the plants which have been housed so long, but when there are a number, and one bowl is yellow, another bright blue, and another red, etc., the appearance is much that of a shop with the various wares exposed outside for sale.

ENGRAVING THE MOTTO

By Mrs. Garrett Webster

IN the jeweler's art the engraving of the motto is used principally for betrothal and wedding rings, although lockets and bracelets are sometimes so adorned. Very few inscriptions are available for this purpose, as the space for engraving is so limited. For this reason the Hebrew word "Mizpah," with its small form and exquisite sentiment, is, and has always been, a great favorite between lovers. "Love inspires love," "Love to-day while we may," "God saw these most fit for me," "Love and trust," "No heart more true than mine to you," "I am thine, thou art mine," and its well-known French, German and Latin forms, are all great favorites. A charming fashion is the usage of two rings, in each one of which half the phrase is engraved, the two when read together giving the complete quotation. The last quoted sentiment is the favorite for this purpose. Latin and French phrases are frequently used in this connection because of their brevity. "Prendre moi tel que je suis," "Take me just as I am"; "Tuam tuebore," "I will defend thee"; "Semper fidelis," "Always faithful"; "Une je servirai," "One I will serve"—these are a few of the most used phrases, with their translations.



FOR HANDY FINGERS TO MAKE

Artistic Suggestions by Clever Hand-workers

DECORATION FOR A PARTY BAG

By Anne T. Roberts



DAINTY bags to be used as receptacles for the party belongings are very much effected by the maidens of to-day. They are carried over the arm, and are reminders of the dainty reticules carried by their grandmothers in the long ago. These bags are made long, and sufficiently large to hold the gloves, fan and slippers. They should be of a color and material to match the party wrap, be very daintily lined and finished with a deep frill at the top. The strings should be of a good quality ribbon. The design of lady's slipper given in accompanying illustration will be found most appropriate for one of these bags. The design may be either embroidered or painted. If embroidered the Asiatic filo silk floss in shades of silvery pink blending into deeper tones should be used. If painted the design may be done in either oil or water colors; if the former the colors should be diluted very carefully so that the dainty material composing the bag may not be injured. A bag of this sort makes a very pretty and a very useful present for a *débutante*. Her favorite color should, of course, be chosen, and the lining, which forms an important part, should be of a daintily-contrasting shade. Inside upon a strip of ribbon her initials or her name should be embroidered. In making these bags allow length sufficient to protect the sticks of the fan completely.

Any girl who has ever carried such a bag will realize its usefulness and the impossibility of a party-going existence without it. Those who have never had one should at once put their usefulness to the test as a dainty receptacle for extra handkerchiefs, gloves, shoes, button-hook and fan. A place for everything and everything in its place is a promoter for comfort, luxury and personal charm, and one that appeals strongly to the dainty maidens of the present day and generation.

DESIGN FOR CENTREPIECE

A PRETTY design for a centerpiece is the convolvulus or morning-glory shown in our illustration, which may be carried out in a variety of ways, and in the arrangement of the sprays may be either elaborate or simple, according to the taste of the worker. A pleasing color scheme for embroidering these effective flowers with their heart-shaped leaves may be obtained by the use of the pale grayish-pink shades with dark maroon veinings done in the Asiatic filo silk floss. These tints contrast prettily with the lighter pink shades used in embroidering the rest of the flowers. Work the leaves, stems, calyx and tendrils in either sage or brown green tones. The most effective morning-glories are those of a light lavender tint having deep purple veinings, or the pink and white variety with the deep purple veins. The scalloped edge of the centerpiece should be buttonholed with white filo silk floss, or the very pale shade of the silk used in working the flowers.

A set of fruit doilies may be worked to correspond to the centerpiece, and when used in connection with it will add greatly to the effect of the beauty of the table. A low bowl of morning-glories placed on the centerpiece, the doilies being used for the finger-bowls to rest upon, makes a most charming breakfast-table ornamentation. The set is most suitable to use then, as the convolvulus is the morning glory.

This design will also be found appropriate for a round sofa-cushion, stand-cover or mats of various sorts. The whole design may be worked solidly in long and short stitch, or may be merely outlined with Roman floss of any desired shade. It will be found easy of execution and very effective.

The convolvulus makes a charming design for any kind of fancy-work. Another exquisite piece, or rather set, seen recently, was intended as a cover for a bureau.

A FLORAL WEDDING CURTAIN

By Bell Bayless



FOR a pretty decoration at a summer wedding, when the ceremony is performed at home, the following suggestion may prove useful:

Take a tennis net, fish net or hammock that may be cut the desired size, and fasten it to the rings of a curtain pole, looping it twice and then allowing it to fall to the ground. Then weave white flowers in and out the meshes, taking ferns or delicately-cut foliage for a



DESIGN OF LADY'S SLIPPER FOR PARTY BAG

fringed border, being careful not to give too solid an appearance, and cover looping cords with a rope of flowers. White narcissus, lilacs and honeysuckle with white clover ropes may be used, but any flowers in season may be utilized: daisies, spirea, apple or plum blossoms, roses, chrysanthemums, anything white, but if preferred, pink, blue or yellow for a border or entire drapery would be very dainty. Asparagus vine works in beautifully for a green background. Of course, only such flowers as will keep out of water should be selected, unless one wishes to take the trouble to wrap damp moss about the stems.

A decoration like this will serve to cut off one corner of a room to form an alcove, but the one I describe was across a bay-window, in which an impromptu chancel with carpet of white fur rugs had been arranged, and the effect by day and also by lamp light was charming.

The decoration had been so easily and so deftly arranged that the effect gained was out of all proportion to the effort expended. The curtain made a most charming background for the dainty, quaint group which comprised the wedding party, and all present were charmed with it.

TO HOLD DAINTY LACE

By Eva Marie Kennedy



MANY women possessing rare and valuable laces, which, perchance, have been handed down to them from one or two generations, prize them as highly as the most costly jewels. To them a dainty lace case, in which to fold away their treasures, would be valuable. A very lovely one could be made of fine bolting cloth and satin. A double piece of white satin, fourteen inches long and five and one-half inches wide, should be filled with one or two layers of perfumed cotton and afterward bound about the edges with fine white silk cord, thus forming a pad, around which the lace could be carefully folded. This pad should be placed within the bolting cloth, folded in book form. The bolting cloth should be embroidered all around the edges in buttonhole stitch, with white filo floss, and upon one side the word "Laces," as well as a few flowers carelessly scattered about, should be embroidered in white or delicate shades of colored washing silks. The two sides could be gracefully fastened together by means of narrow white ribbons.

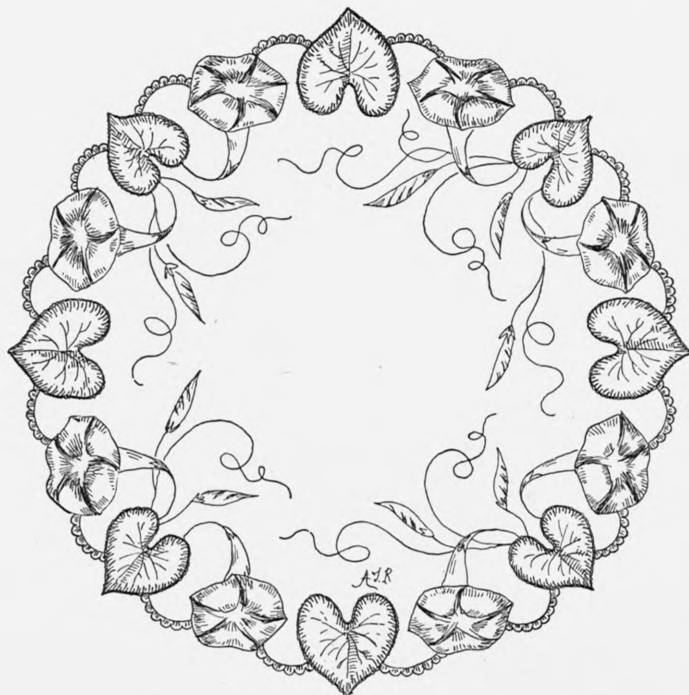
Another pretty lace case which, perhaps, might be more serviceable, and which, undoubtedly, would require less time to make, could be made of white satin jean or fine white linen. The linen should be fourteen inches long by ten and a half inches wide, and should be lined with soft white silk. A layer or two of perfumed cotton should be placed between the linen and silk, and the edges should be bound with a fine white silk cord. This should be folded in two, in book fashion, and upon one side a spray of flowers, together with the owner's monogram or initials, should be embroidered with Roman floss, in pure white or in delicate shades of pink, blue, lavender or green, or if preferred, the word "Laces" embroidered heavily with Roman floss could be the sole adornment.

PAINTED PEDESTALS

By Mary J. Safford

PALMS and other growing plants are now so universally used for indoor and outdoor decoration that various stands for displaying them to advantage have been invented. The china pedestals are handsome but beyond the means of many householders, and a lady who has some skill with the brush recently devised an inexpensive yet effective substitute from one of the pieces of drain pipe so often used for umbrella-stands.

The pipe first received a coating of black varnish, and then a branch of the Japanese quince was painted upon it. Two square boards an inch and a quarter thick were connected by a wooden rod passing through the hollow pipe; the lower one was screwed to the rod, the upper one merely glued to it. A still prettier finish for the top is a square tile. It could be secured large enough to fit the top of the pipe, and it could be cemented securely to it, and the wooden stand and rod might be



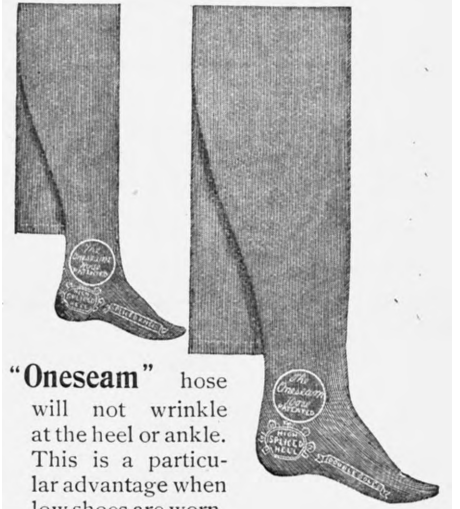
DESIGN OF CONVULVULUS FOR CENTREPIECE

omitted, the pipe resting on a square tile at the bottom. Several of these pedestals could be used with excellent effect on the piazzas of summer homes.

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Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome

HEART TO HEART TALKS

WHAT are we in this world for? The answer in one catechism is, "To glorify God and enjoy Him forever." Now I think this Order of ours is to help us be and do just this thing. How can we glorify God but by loving God and serving Him? So many young girls in this Order have asked me the question, "How can I come to love Him?" Would you not love Him when you come to recognize that He is your Father? That is the first object of your Order. Do not mistake the meaning of this Order: It is first of all to bring us to see that God is our Father, and that we are to be His loving daughters and sons. The cross we wear, with "I. H. N." inscribed upon it, is to help us to keep in mind that we are to be like unto the Lord Jesus Christ, and all that we do we are to do "In His Name."

I was looking over an old newspaper the other day, and was attracted by some pictures of a young girl. There were several pictures of her taken at the age of twelve. She had been educated with great care, because she was soon to come into possession of a very large fortune, and the article went on to say that she would soon be the possessor of a title, as she was shortly to be married to a young nobleman. Do you young girls realize that you belong to a royal family? If you are the daughters and sons of the King you are of the royal family. Try and comprehend all that this means, and try to understand the dignity of your position, the grandeur that awaits all the children of God when they shall have become worthy of His love.



YOUR ROYAL INHERITANCE

THE young girl I have spoken of was the heiress of great riches, but what is that to being an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ? The earthly inheritance is an inheritance that fadeth away, but ours is not. We must appreciate this in order to understand what our cross means—at least we must understand enough to do the work that is now given us to do "In His Name," to please Christ, to serve Christ; less than this makes the cross a meaningless thing. The one object before you young girls must be to be good, to be pure in heart and pure in life. You must let your cross mean this to you all the time. The castle that is now the home of that very rich girl is very grand and beautiful; will it not, however, some time pass away? The palace of our King, the palace where we may go if we will, will never pass away. But we must be educated for our great future, our great inheritance, and every little thing we do, because we think it will please Jesus, is educating us for that future. We must be devoted to our King, we must be obedient to Him, we must do all "In His Name" to please Him. Everything that we do must be done because we think it will please Christ and make us more like Him.



A RICH FATHER

I REMEMBER once talking to the little cash-girls in a shop, and wishing to get their attention I said, "Girls, if you could have anything by just choosing, what would you ask for?" and so many of them said "A rich father!" I saw immediately that day after day they were accustomed to see young girls come in and get what they wanted, because they had rich fathers. Of course, I told them they had a rich Father, but though God is the Father of all, a sinful nature has so estranged us from God (not God from us) that we do not know our own Father, and it takes the Holy Spirit to make our Father real to us. The Spirit has to come in our hearts, and we really have to be born again before we can say with the sense of it, "Dear Father," and I am constrained to tell you this because I am sure it is the reason why you have not the joy that you are a child of God. You need the Holy Spirit to make it real to you, and all the joy in Christian life is in the knowledge of our relationship with God. You will have to be born of the Spirit. I do not say to you, "Call yourself 'The King's Daughter'" if you have not this experience. It is a fact that you are, but it is quite another thing to know that He is your Father—to know that you are a child of God, and because a child of God, an heir of God.

"THEE MUST BE COMFORTABLE"

THE words were spoken to me by a sweet-looking woman evidently belonging to the Society of Friends. I was sitting looking out over the beautiful Atlantic Ocean, which is never so beautiful as when it washes the southern coast of Florida. All I could think of was "the pure river clear as crystal." The beach is entirely of lovely shells, and never had I seen the Atlantic on any shore so blue and so clear. The words my Quaker friend uttered, "Thee must be comfortable," had no reference to my joy in looking at the Atlantic. She had heard me speak the day before in the drawing-rooms of the hotel, and she spoke immediately of the Order to which so many of us belong, and of the joy it must be to me to know so many Daughters, and then in the simplest, sweetest way she told me the story of her life, and if I could tell it to every young woman who does not know which way to turn to earn her living for herself, and for those dependent on her, I am sure such would take heart, and I think would never again doubt that God answers the prayers of those who go to Him asking for guidance when they can see no light. It is the old story over again: He took the little loaf and brake it, and while it was being eaten it increased. The simple story of her life did me good; she gave me her blessing and passed on her way, and it is not at all likely I shall ever see her again, but she will probably read this (as it really does seem as if almost every one read the JOURNAL). And her words lingered with me: "Thee must be comfortable." And I was—and why should I not be, for while looking out on the ocean I was thinking of the girls I had seen in the great dining-room of the beautiful hotel? I was to meet and speak to them, for I had not forgotten the letters so many of you girls had written me from time to time, saying, "Don't forget us working-girls," and I was sure that if so many of the guests in the house had met us every month in the JOURNAL, as they told me they had, then these bright girls surely took the JOURNAL, and as I said to the manager, "If they take the JOURNAL they know me." I wish I could tell you about that hour I spent with them the day after my Quaker friend said, "Thee must be comfortable."



THE CONTRASTS OF LIFE

I SAT among that crowd of dear girls as if I had been their mother, and so many of their faces will never leave my memory. Oh, the unwritten histories! I do not know what I should have done in that hour had not some things been very clear to me. The contrasts were very sharp there in that hotel. You could see what money could do and what it could not do, and I have great sympathy with girls who feel, "Why should some have so much and others so little?" and have not yet come to see the wonderful law of compensation. No one has all—God distributes His gifts much more equally than we are apt to see. I know of a woman who used to say she could not ask God to bless her—she always asked Him to open her eyes to see her blessings. Maybe we have not offered that prayer. I did catch a glimpse, as I talked to those lovely girls in Southern Florida, of a time on ahead when they would be thankful for all the hard discipline that had made character that lives forever. I had seen wonderful diamonds worn by those who had abundance of money, and these other girls wore no diamonds, but they seemed to me to be diamonds, and it is infinitely more to be diamonds than to wear them, and the little child song came back:

"When He cometh, when He cometh, to make up His jewels,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own."

I think, dear girls, that what the Friend said to me can be said to every one of us: "Thee must be comfortable." You have only to be loving and serve much from love and you will be comfortable.

Take the comfort that comes from thinking of our Father's riches!

We sing:

"My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands."

But who believes it? It is very easy to sing, but to practically believe is quite another thing. How glad I should be if every Daughter who reads this little talk would say, "I will make it my business to have these vital truths become real to me," and then the first thing you would have to do would be to become real yourself.

YOUR TRAIN HAS GONE

HOW much can rush through the mind in a moment. The disappointment to the friends I had telegraphed to meet me at that train: the one who was to meet me at another station and take the dusty long ride with me—but the train had gone. The only question, of course, was, when can I take another train? And the fear that that was the last train—but it was not; there was another train, and I had only to wait. Of course, I thought of the disappointment I had caused, but I said, I must not think of them, I can do nothing, and so thought in that direction is useless; only let me put up a little prayer that it may be made a useful discipline to them in some way. And then I thought of what you have heard before: take away the first three letters in disappointment and you have the word appointment, and just put three other letters in the place of those you have taken away and you have God appointment. Oh, if we could come quickly to see that all our disappointments are God's appointments how rich life would become to us. For there are various kinds of trains. Some of you have lost trains and you have to wait for another train. I hope you will not be kept long waiting, but make something out of the waiting time. You cannot be without an opportunity of becoming more Christlike. Above everything else don't fret. It is the most unprofitable business you can possibly go into; you come out a loser every time. Fretting is wearing. And if you lose a train along any line in life don't lose yourself; you are of more value than many trains; make something out of your losses. "Your train has gone" are not pleasant words, but you can make something if you will out of all lost trains and be the better and stronger when you take the next train.



BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE

I WANT to speak a few words to my Circle with regard to enduring hard things, for I know that some of them are going through very strange places. Perhaps there was a time when Christians thought too little of earth and too much of Heaven; but we have swung to the other extreme now: we make entirely too much of earth. We do not seem to see the meaning of the trials we are passing through. As some one says, when our trials are like a tombstone about our neck, weighing us down, we fail to see that they are like the weight they put on divers to keep them down till they gather the pearls. Under any painful circumstance we must get the pearls as quickly as possible! We may depend upon it that every trial is a blessing in disguise! I remember, when a child, seeing my mother suffer greatly in a physical way, and in my childish manner I was trying to comfort her; I can see her smile now as she said: "It will not last forever, it will soon be over." But there is something higher still which we need to get hold of, because the early disciples of Jesus did get hold of it, and that is the glory of suffering for His sake. They took "pleasure in reproaches." Who does that nowadays? They courted the crown of thorns; they wanted to be martyrs. We content ourselves with singing from Sunday to Sunday, "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee." Why are we not in the procession? Alas, we only sing; they suffered. We content ourselves with reading "The Acts of the Apostles"; they acted. I am in great fear that unless we look out there will be no "acts" of ours to be read, for you must act in order to be read. "Produce! Produce!" exclaimed Carlyle, "were it but the pitifulest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name—'tis the utmost thou hast in thee, out with it then." Are we producing patience, self-denial, endurance? Ah, these are rare products, I fear, these days.

Now, my dear Circle, to return to my text, will you let me ask you, are you richer by your poverty? As the money has gone has something come in its place? As physical strength has gone are you conscious that as the outward perisheth the inward has been renewed day by day? As you grow older and you see the changes as you look in the mirror—the hair has been white, but is now growing thinner—do you take more joy than ever in the thought that you are conscious of becoming more like a little child; that you know that while you are growing old you are growing younger? That you think no evil, that you trust in your dear Heavenly Father more perfectly? Oh, yes, there is a Divine childhood we may reach when youth is gone, which, to my mind, is the only compensation for the loss of natural youth. Only keep this one idea distinctly before your mind: "I am a follower of the Crucified One, and the glory of my life is in becoming like unto Him who was made perfect through suffering." "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

Margaret Bottome

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THE VIOLET

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 10)

"They may be physically taller without being spiritually so."

"Oh, come, Louie—you're going rather far if you are going to attribute a spiritual height of any sort to Blessington. There come occasions, my dear, when a man's knowledge of man is of practical value to a woman. If you'll let me size up this fellow to you, I will spare you the details—which are not interesting nor edifying—and merely give you the result. He is simply a rich man with no responsibilities of any sort. He has very little sense and a very weak character. I am putting the case mildly—but could strengthen it, if there were occasion, which, of course, there is not."

He branched off then into another subject, but Louie did not take part in the conversation which followed, and presently she left the room.

"I don't understand Louie," Jerome said. "She is not like herself. Don't you notice it?"

"Of course I do," answered Violet, "but I fancy I do understand her. Leave her to me for the present, and let me study her a little more by a theory that I have. Don't be uneasy. If there is any cause I'll promise you to let you know, and we will work together to save her from a danger—which, after all, does not, I am sure, seriously threaten her."

He felt a certain peace and comfort at this partnership of interest, and it was with a deepening of this feeling that he now said:

"I have heard the great news announced to you this afternoon. I congratulate you upon it—as well as myself."

"You mean Elinor's return," she said. "Yes, I shall be glad to see her, certainly, but, do you know, I almost dread any change?"

"This will be no change—" he began, but she interrupted him.

"The presence of any one who knows my past is a change," she said. "It creates a new atmosphere for me. But why do you say you congratulate yourself on Elinor's return? Have you any real meaning in that?"

"Yes, a very real one. It is a matter of great importance to me to see Mrs. King."

"Tell me the truth," she said, looking straight into his eyes. "Are you thinking of asking her questions about me?"

"I am determined to do so."

"Do you think it is kind to ask to know the things which I am so desirous to keep from you?"

"I think, my dear and beautiful lady," he said, "that, to learn the true history of your past, is the greatest act of kindness I could do to two people."

"To two people?" she said. "To you—and to myself." "It cannot affect you in any way, Mr. Jerome, and me it can affect only sadly. I am sorry if you insist upon asking Elinor, but I am certain she will tell you nothing. She has kept faith with me too well to be doubted now."

He said no more, and she had some hope that he would abandon his purpose.

(CONTINUATION IN MAY JOURNAL)

THE HOMES OF BIRDS

By Edith M. Thomas

HAVE read that the robins, which in large numbers winter in Florida, are absolutely silent during their sojourn there. Does Robin Red-breast look upon himself merely as a pilgrim and a stranger in the Southland, saving his songs for us on his return here? If so, he is the more endeared to his Northern friends. When the snow was off the ground the other day I came upon a robin's nest on the ground under the tree which had in summer hospitably sheltered it. As a nest it was scarcely recognizable, being but a lump of mud in a dilapidated framework of sticks and stems—quite unraveled, quite undone, a reminder only of the cruel work of winter.

As the bareness of the trees reveals those summer homes, how the character of the bird-builder is typified in what remains of its work. For instance, the pewee's cup-shaped, and lichen-trimmed domicile in the mossy old orchard; the robin's good substantial masonry; the little brown wren's nest that Jean Ingelow wrote so lovingly and tenderly of; the graceful, purselike nest of the oriole and of other birds that follow in some degree the pensile style. But alas! there is, also, the clumsy, slovenly nest—the rude hovel of the English sparrow.

The variety in bird homes—some elegant, some shabby—reminds us of the houses of a human community, say in a town where the dwellings of self-respecting worthy citizens are contrasted with the squalid or cobbled-up tenements of the ne'er-do-well, and the careless, shiftless homes where poverty has not sought to redeem itself by cleanliness and thrift.

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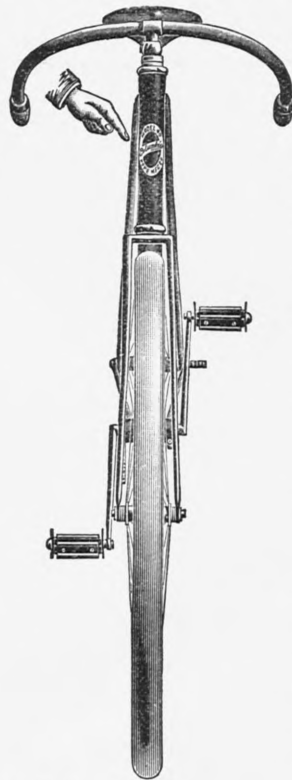
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OF A PERSONAL NATURE
BY THE EDITORS

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The Journal's Exhibitions of its Drawings

WERE brought to an end at the Auditorium, in Chicago, on the evening of February 8. The first view of the pictures was given in the galleries of the Art Club, in Philadelphia, where, during the two weeks of the exhibition, they attracted an attendance of 14,839 people. They were then taken to Boston for a fortnight, and were visited at the Art Club galleries in that city by 27,229 people. The collection was removed to New York City, where it was exhibited for four days in the ballroom of the Hotel Waldorf, where it attracted an attendance of 15,361 people. On February 1 the entire collection was opened for exhibition in the banquet-hall of the Auditorium Hotel, in Chicago, and remained there for one week, being exhibited to 27,557 people. Thus, in the four cities, the collection was visited by 84,986 people. So far as is known this constitutes the largest attendance at an art exhibition of its kind, covering an equal period of time, ever held in America.

TO PLAY AND SING WELL

WITHOUT proper cultivation is, generally speaking, practically impossible. The assistance and guidance of an experienced teacher calls, usually, for the expenditure of considerable money. The JOURNAL recognizing this fact interested itself in the question, with the result that it has now given over 250 scholarships in the best-equipped musical conservatory in this country to girls, without a penny's expense to the girls. The JOURNAL has 250 available scholarships that are eligible to any young girl whether her home be in the smallest village or the largest city. There is no "competition" to be entered—no "prize" to be striven for. Tuition, a piano for practice in her own room, board, laundry, etc., are all provided. Full information concerning these scholarships can be had from the JOURNAL's Educational Bureau.

THE BOOKS MOST TALKED ABOUT

CAN all be supplied by the JOURNAL's Literary Bureau, as can any standard book, no matter when or where published. The Literary Bureau has now reached its fully-equipped state, and will supply, cheerfully and without charge, any information that may be desired concerning books or literary people, as well as about other subjects connected with literature. The Literary Bureau's price for a single book is that which up to the present time has been the one given only to large book-buyers on extensive orders.

MONEY-EARNING AT HOME

THE JOURNAL is willing to appoint an energetic young man or woman in each town and village to look after its subscribers, to secure for it new names and to receive its renewals. You can either devote all your time to the work, or only give a few leisure hours for the purpose of securing money for some special object. Write to the Circulation Bureau about it.

A Portfolio of Original Drawings

IN response to a very general demand, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has prepared for its readers a portfolio containing twelve of the best and most popular drawings, by famous artists, which have appeared in its pages. The pictures in this portfolio are printed on the finest paper, fifteen by twelve inches in size, in various tints of ink. The pictures are, of course, eminently suited for framing, the portfolio really constituting a model collection.

The pictures in the portfolio are as follows:

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

*Unpublished. Only a limited number of copies of the portfolio have been made, and these will be sent, carefully packed and postage free, to any address for one dollar (\$1.00) each.

THINGS OF WHICH WE KNOW LITTLE

FEW people know what it means to feed such an enormous city as New York, for example: what it means in milk, eggs, vegetables, meat, or in chickens alone. It is to give some idea of the magnitude of such an undertaking that the subject was chosen for special treatment in the JOURNAL by John Gilmer Speed, who has made the most careful research into the matter. Mr. Speed's article will shortly appear in the JOURNAL as one of a series of three "Striking Phases of City Life." The next article will picture what "Conducting a Great Hotel Means." Then Mr. Speed will tell the story of "Running a Train by Night." All three articles will be illustrated by Mr. W. Louis Sontagg.

A SECOND EDITION OF MR. BOK'S BOOK

SO great has been the demand for Mr. Edward Bok's book, "Successward," that the entire large first edition was speedily exhausted, and the second edition is nearing the end. The JOURNAL's Literary Bureau has secured a large supply of this new edition of the book, which it will mail, postage free, to any JOURNAL reader at the special price of eighty cents. "Successward" has everywhere, by public and press, been pronounced as the most practical and sensible book for young men published for years. It covers every part of a young man's life, and is, as the Boston "Journal" well says, "unquestionably the book of the day for young men."




RUTH ASHMORE'S BOOK FOR GIRLS

IS meeting with that large sale which was expected it would have. Our readers may not know that the JOURNAL's Literary Bureau supplies this book for eighty cents, postage paid. Miss Ashmore has taken for the title of her book the familiar one of "Side-Talks with Girls," and the best of all the sweet and helpful articles written by her to her girls are in this book, making a most valuable, helpful and attractive volume.



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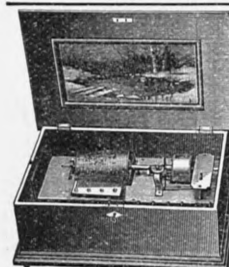
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**MUSICAL HELPS
AND HINTS**

Questions of a Musical nature will be cheerfully answered in this department by a special corps of Musical experts. Any books mentioned may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

MABEL—Paganini died at Nice in May, 1840. Genoa was his birthplace.

WINIFRED N.—"The Violin World," published in New York, is a periodical of the kind you describe.

KATHRYN—Edouard de Reszke was born at Warsaw in 1855; his brother Jean was born at the same place in 1852.

H. C. S.—So far as we are able to learn, playing the clarinet should have no detrimental effect upon the voice.

CONSTANT READER—The first things to be taught a violin student are how to hold the violin and the correct position for the fingers of the left hand; how to hold the bow and the proper position of the right arm in bowing. This should be followed by practice, under instruction, in drawing the bow slowly and evenly over the open strings, and afterward on the several strings in simple exercises for the four fingers. Studies in thirds, fourths and the other intervals may then follow, the importance of playing in tune being never for a moment ignored. Having yourself studied the instrument you should be able to judge whether your knowledge of it is sufficient to enable you to continue the instruction of your daughter beyond this point. Miss Powell's article, "Women and the Violin," and Mr. Braine's "Hints for Violin Students," in the February JOURNAL, should be of value to you.

S. M. B.—A second tenor should be able to sing an occasional G above middle C, but his special qualification for quartette work consists in his ability to maintain the "tessitura" between middle C and the F above it. By "tessitura" we mean the ability to sing constantly on certain notes of the voice. (2) The throat is relaxed early in the morning, which may account for its lack of control at that time, but most people find that as the day progresses, and especially in the evening, the voice improves, and singing is a matter of greater ease. A constant inability to control the tones is probably the result either of poor instruction or of some physical infirmity. (3) There are vocal arrangements for solo voice of "The Sea Hath its Pearls" by Boott, Gounod, Lachner and Tours, among many composers, and quartette arrangements by Parker, Pinsuti and Woolf.

A. R. K.—The initials "L. M." when placed at the head of a hymn stand for the words "long metre" and indicate that its poetic rhythm consists of lines of four feet, or combinations of syllables, each four lines usually constituting a stanza. The familiar version of the Doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," etc., is an example of long metre. The letters "S. M." stand for short metre, a poetic rhythm in which the first, second and fourth lines of a stanza contain each three feet, the third line being four feet in length. The following is an example of short metre:

"To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, is now, and shall be so
To all Eternity."

The various kinds of poetic metre are shown in most hymnals by examples, and the abbreviated indications of these metres indicate usually that if the Gloria Patri be sung as the concluding verse of a hymn it shall be as in the example corresponding to the kind of metre.

STUDENT—When three notes are marked as you describe they are all affected by the curved line, and not only the first and third. The sign is a slur, and indicates that the notes should be played legato. Of course, the third note must be struck, as it is not a repeated note, the second note intervening and preventing what would otherwise be a tie. (2) We have already described the metronome in this column. The symbols you quote: Allegretto = 144 means that the composition is to be played in quick and lively fashion while 144 quarter-notes are counted to the minute, the metronome being set to beat 144 times in the minute; moderato = 88 signifies that the composition is to be played in moderate time, counting 88 half-notes to the minute, the metronome being set accordingly. (3) The only way to learn how to transpose from one key to another is by the study of harmony and thoroughbass. (4) The "Dictionary of Musical Terms," by Stainer and Barrett, is one of the best books of its kind published. It can be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau. (5) Gordon's "New School for the Piano" is a standard system. (6) The word "étude" should be pronounced "ay-tude," the first syllable rhyming with "say" and the last with "feud."

EDITH VERNON—Your question in regard to the finding of the proper harmonies or chords when accompanying a stringed instrument by ear cannot be answered in this column as no definite rule can be laid down for this purpose. If the ear and experience of the accompanist do not suggest the proper chord, the study of harmony can alone supply the deficiency. Even with a natural instinct for accompaniment by ear, which some people possess, the study of harmony cannot be safely dispensed with, as, at best, the success of such an accompaniment must be within very narrow limits, and, except by chance, inadequate and unmusically. (2) Without entering into any discussion of the merits of the vocal system which you mention it is quite as possible that your teacher may not be a competent exponent as that the system itself is at fault, although, of course, upon this point we are not able to judge. However, any vocal instruction which leads to the destruction of the voice is bad, whether it be the fault of method or teacher, and you are very wise to discontinue your study. (3) None of the vocal systems are entirely distinct, we believe, their names being only partly definitive, as almost every system borrows in some particular from its rivals. The "natural method" of voice culture is often called the "true Italian method," and as under this system the voice gains in power, quantity and quality, it is the one which the majority of vocal artists endorse. (4) The two leading conservatories of music in this country are The New England Conservatory, Franklin Square, Boston, Massachusetts, and The National Conservatory in New York. (5) As a well-performed solo is in itself a complete performance it must, of necessity, rank above an accompaniment, however excellent the latter may be. (6) To keep time is an essential of correct musical performance; reading is an accomplishment. One is necessary, the other desirable. (7) The ability to teach music depends upon two things: first, the possession of the requisite knowledge; second, the ability to impart it. As the technical studies and treatises which you mention are all standard works and of the right kind, your ability to teach would, therefore, depend upon how correctly you have mastered their principles, as well as upon your personal aptitude as an instructor.

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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS
BY RUTH ASHMORE

T. B.—It is quite proper for even a very young girl to wear a watch.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER—In entering a house the lady precedes the gentleman.

B. S.—It is not considered good form for a girl of sixteen to wear diamonds.

ALICE K.—The eating of starch is at once very foolish and a very injurious habit.

M. E.—Ices, wafers and lemonade form a suitable collation for a small entertainment.

FRANKIE E.—The gentleman is presented to the lady, and not the lady to the gentleman.

A. H. R.—"Prima-donna" means "first lady," though custom has made it "first singer."

BETA—The announcement of an engagement usually comes from the mother of the young lady.

ROSE V.—It is never proper for a girl to accept presents from a young man unless he is betrothed to her.

M. G.—"R. S. V. P." means "répondez s'il vous plait," which is the French for "answer if you please."

TULARE—In meeting one's betrothed on the street one should bow pleasantly as one would to any other gentleman.

D.—When one's pardon is asked for some slight inattention an inclination of the head and a smile is the best answer.

MAY B.—When there are several callers, either ladies or gentlemen, those that come first should, as a rule, leave first.

MYRTLE A.—The birth stone for June is the agate. (2) I do not think the superstition about opals is worth considering.

A. Z.—The custom of a man walking on the outer side undoubtedly arose from some idea of protection when pathways were narrow.

W. D. H.—It is in very bad taste for a young woman to eat candy during a theatrical performance, or, indeed, in any public place.

DECIMA—Any letter of congratulation received, even though it be from one with whom you have a slight acquaintance, requires an answer.

M. J. B.—A young woman should not bow to any young man, no matter how well-mannered he may be, who has not been properly introduced to her.

EMERALD—I am not a believer in long engagements; I do not think a man should tell a girl of his love until he is in a position to ask her to be his wife.

C. S.—A very good tooth powder is made by the mixture of powdered orris root and precipitated chalk; put one-third of the orris to two of the chalk.

LUCILLE C.—When you have been invited to call on a friend who is visiting your friend, and find both hostess and guest out, you should leave a card for each.

M. W. C.—As the youngest of four daughters, two of whom are married and one a doctor, you should have upon your visiting-cards simply "Miss Mary Smith."

R. A. L.—It is not customary in writing a note of condolence to use mourning paper. (2) A bride should send a note of thanks for each present she receives.

HELEN—Your betrothed will be showing no disrespect to the memory of his father if he marries within six months, providing that the wedding is a quiet affair.

LAER—The best cosmetic is exercise in the open air. Add to this care as to your diet and good, kind, hopeful thoughts that will bring a pleasant expression into your face.

A. L. L.—A girl of fourteen wears her dresses so that they reach to her ankle. (2) Plain white paper, unruled, with a tiny monogram framed with a circle, is most fashionable.

I. V. C.—Any eruption on the face that is noticeable usually results from a bad condition of the stomach, and I can only suggest that you consult a physician with regard to it.

G. C.—When you arrive in a strange city send your card, with your temporary address upon it and the hour at which you will be at home, to the friends whom you wish to see.

L. P.—A girl of fifteen is entirely too young to receive visits from young men. (2) Vaseline rubbed well into the eyebrows every night will tend to darken and thicken them.

M. L. S.—Manicuring, while it is not difficult, must be learned from an expert, and it is impossible for me to tell just how everything is done and how every instrument may be used.

B. S. AND OTHERS—There is no impropriety in giving to those men friends with whom one is well acquainted, some trifling souvenir at Christmas or Easter, or when birthdays come.

F. O. S.—No state of the weather excuses a gentleman from keeping an engagement. (2) In going to dancing-school it is customary for a young girl to be attended by her mother or by a maid.

RUBY—If a friend is told that you have made an unkind speech about him, and the gossip is untrue, there would be no impropriety in writing a note and telling him the absolute state of affairs.

M. S. H.—It was impossible for me to answer your letter in the number that you desired, and I ask, as a personal favor, you to write me your real name and address, so that I may answer you by mail.

E. N.—When calling on a married lady you leave one of your own and two of your husband's cards; when your hostess is unmarried you leave one of your own and one of your husband's cards.

A. C. M.—I doubt if the canceled stamps of to-day have any value. Of course, those that belong to some special country and some special time, and are unique, will very often command high prices.

A. E. W.—No matter how friendly a young girl may feel toward a man whom she has known for years, any letters, when trouble comes to his family, should be addressed to his wife, and not to him.

P. W. T.—One is always privileged to say pleasant rather than unpleasant things to the world at large. (2) I do not approve of young girls wearing jewelry belonging to either their men or women friends.

ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS—At an afternoon tea it is customary, especially if there are to be many visitors, for the hostess to ask some of her young girl friends to pour the tea, coffee and chocolate.

MARY L.—A girl of fourteen would better be thinking of her school-books than of getting married, for it is scarcely likely that she can judge at that age what man would be most desirable as a husband.

ELLA H.—You may, with propriety, receive flowers from any of your men friends. (2) When a man has been kind enough to act as your escort thank him as you say good-night, but do not ask him to come in.

MARY L. AND OTHERS—The article entitled "Some of the Social Graces," which appeared in the January number of the JOURNAL, will tell you what course to pursue in regard to a gentleman and his overcoat.

NED—It is in very bad form to "pile up," or in any way arrange, the plates or small dishes put before one, for the benefit of the waiter. Let him do his own work, which is to take away the plates without any help from you.

HORTENSE—One leaves one's card on an "at home" day so that the hostess, after all her visitors are gone, may see it, and be able to so count all those who have honored her by a visit, and to whom she owes one in return.

MARTHA—It would be proper for one who had been a particularly honored guest at a house wedding to call upon the mother of the bride shortly after the marriage, or, if that is impossible, a card should be sent by post.

E. G. B.—The privilege of the mistletoe is the same in this country as in England. Many allow the Christmas greens to remain up until Ash Wednesday, but according to the old customs they should be removed on Candlemas Day.

PEARL—If you took a gentleman into your confidence and told him something which you did not wish repeated he is acting in a most ungentlemanly manner when he tells what you have said in his club and in the presence of many men.

DUET—A brunette looks well in pale blue, rose and pale yellow; a blonde in cream white, heliotrope, deep pink and scarlet. (2) When dressed for the evening it is in best taste to have one's slippers and stockings in harmony with one's costume.

STEPHANIE—Send your card by post on the "at home" day to the bride who has sent you cards, but who lives in a distant city. If her cards read, "After December fourteenth," then send yours as soon after as you like, since no special day is set.

ORACLE—A small piece of solid silver is always more desirable to give as a present than a large piece of plated ware. (2) Usually a man can manage to get a door open himself when leaving a house, even if the combination of the lock is peculiar.

CLOVER—It is not in good taste to talk too much about other people's clothes, but one is permitted to say to one's friend, "What a lovely gown you have on." (2) It is not wise to accept even candy from a man whose acquaintance with you is very slight.

JANUARY—A girl of fifteen who is over five feet in height should wear her dresses the length assumed by a full-grown woman. Her hair should be either braided in one plait and looped and tied with black ribbon, or twisted in a soft knot low on her neck.

DOROTHY R. AND OTHERS—I have never been in Cazenovia, consequently the lady who called herself "Miss Ruth Ashmore" was not the "Ruth Ashmore" who has received such a charming letter from you and who thanks you for your consideration.

MARTHA—A bride might, of course, wear a white muslin dress with all white belongings and omit the veil if she wished; but as a tulle veil is becoming and inexpensive, and as it is the one time in her life when she wears it, it would seem almost wrong for her not to.

JUDE—Except among some of the foreign nations it is not customary for a young girl to give her betrothed a ring. (2) In marking linen it is customary to put either the first letter of one's last name or all of one's initials; the latter is decidedly the prettier, I think.

BARBARA B. V.—A girl of fourteen might wear, at a party given by girls of her own age, a dress of light-weight figured silk made plainly and trimmed with nothing more elaborate than ribbon. She need not wear gloves. Her hair might be braided in one plait, looped and tied with ribbon.

ALMARINE—Your husband is asking very little from you when he desires that you may learn to dance so that he may have the pleasure of dancing with you. (2) Jealousy is a mean feeling, and if I were you I would try and subdue it, and not permit myself to be made unhappy by trivial circumstances.

IGNORAMUS—It is not necessary for a young girl to furnish her room when she is to live with the family of her husband; he, with the assistance of his mother, should attend to that. (2) It is not in good taste to visit at the home of one's betrothed unless a personal invitation is received from his mother.

JOHN ALDEN—A young girl does not receive visitors until after she has made her *début*; nowadays very few girls come out in society before they are nineteen or twenty. (2) You ask a rather difficult question, but if I were left with only the one novelist I should not hesitate a moment in reaching out for Thackeray.

L. B. L.—A bride may wear her wedding dress to all the affairs for which it is suited given within three months after her marriage. The orange blossoms, however, must be removed after the first wearing, and roses or any preferred flower take their place. Orange blossoms are only worn by a bride, not by a wife.

A. B. B.—A young girl who is not out does not have visiting-cards; if she is the eldest, or only daughter, when she is in society her cards have upon them "Miss Smith." If, as you say, many girls who are the eldest, or the only daughters, have their Christian names on their cards I can only answer that somebody is making a blunder.

JACKSONVILLE—A man who visits a young girl and then says unkind things about her in public is unworthy of notice. If you meet such a man at a lady's house and are introduced to him, bow slightly, and let him understand by your manner that you do not care to know him. When you meet him in any public place do not speak to him. I am always sorry when I hear about such men.

PSYCHE—In giving one's order for dinner at the hotel, oysters would come first, then soup, fish, an entrée, roast or a bird, or both, ices, whatever dessert may be desired, and coffee. Of course, a much simpler dinner may be ordered if desired, and very often a lady is well served, when she is alone, by allowing the waiter to arrange a dinner for her. (2) If dining with a friend, especially a man friend, allow him to order the dinner.

Q. A.—The married sisters of the two young girls, who are motherless, should be with them and help them receive on their first "at home" day; the matrons should stand in the centre, with the girls at each end of the receiving group. (2) The inconsiderate guest who arrives late for luncheon or dinner is shown immediately into the dining-room, and the hostess does not leave her guests, but simply rises and motions him to a seat when he enters the room. (3) When cards are sent out to a church wedding and no "at home" card is inclosed no call is expected.

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of Lawn in a beautiful collection of Spring patterns and colors, is made only with the detached collar of same material. Where white collars are desired they may be had extra as below. The making is careful, and the matched yoke back and very full Bishop sleeves leave nothing to be desired. There is ample fullness over the bust, and the cuffs admit of either link or straight buttons. We cannot speak too highly of this quality, as we believe it is the embodiment of Shirt Waist perfection. We have a full line of pattern samples that will be mailed on application. Sizes 32 to 44. Postage 9c, and the price is \$1.50

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like this are as leaves of the forest in our workroom just now, and as full of rustling lustre. We are making up a large purchase of satin-striped Surah into the best \$8.00 waists that ever felt a needle. Five color combinations—black ground with narrow stripes of light blue, white, cardinal, lavender and rose against a wider black satin stripe. The saving was in our purchase, for the six yards used in each garment came to us at the price of three. Full sacque front, long cuff Bishop sleeves, collar of black satin finished with points of silk, black satin bow at back, tight-fitting linings—at just what a dressmaker would charge for the making. \$4.75 Send for samples. Sizes 32 to 44 always in stock, or we'll make to measure.

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of the better grade, for it is worth while nowadays to get the best for "him." Most folks know our boys' clothing—for it wears so long they have plenty of time to get acquainted. Double-breasted coat and short trousers with reinforced seat and knees. Seams are taped and silk-sewn, and there's quality in the making as much as in the materials—those all-wool Cheviots and imported Worsted in a dozen Spring mixtures and plain colors—\$4.95 Extra trousers, \$1.25. Send for samples.



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and Oriental colorings in printed India and China Silks. A rich-hued array at three prices—85c, 75c, and 59c. Large Jardinière effects in printed warp Chine Taffetas, an extreme novelty for evening and street wear. A special \$2.00 value at \$1.50.

Wash Silks in white and fancy Habutais, fancy Kai Kais, Cable Cords, Plaids, Stripes and Checks. The daintiest of the Spring colorings and designs, 65c, 48c, 39c, 29c and 25c. Send for complete sample line.

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When you see Her you can not but admire the perfect self-poise that always distinguishes the faultlessly attired. "Who's her tailor?" may perhaps be asked a dozen times a day as she passes, yet there is no self-consciousness about her—there never is where one's gown fits snugly and is in the mode.

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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS
BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

G. C. M.—Specimen sent, Bryophillum. Not rare. Of little value.

Mrs. H. R.—Cut off the top of your Rubber Plant and it will put forth branches.

A. B. C.—You will find the plant about which you inquire catalogued as *Rhus cotinus*.

SUBSCRIBER—I think you will find the Madeira Vine what you want. It is grown from tubers.

C. L.—The Rose leaf sent is covered with mildew. Dust the plant, while moist, with flour of sulphur.

M. L. P.—About the only plant you could expect to grow under the conditions named is *Aspidistra*.

E. M. F.—Give Begonias a soil composed of leaf-mould and sand. Repot yearly, giving good drainage.

G. T. F.—I have never grown the Tea Plant, therefore can give you no information regarding its culture.

READER—Divide your Yucca. Cut away the dead portion with a sharp knife. It should bloom each season.

L. E. D.—Procure bulbs of the Cyclamen in spring, and grow slowly during the summer for winter flowering.

L. M. A.—I presume the plant is trying to rest, and that you are trying to force it to grow. Let it have its own way.

F. J.—The white, cottony substance which you find on your Hoya indicates the presence of the mealy bug. Apply Fir Tree Oil soap.

C. M. H.—I think you will find it a very difficult matter to induce a leaf of the Rubber Plant to take root. Haven't you the Rex Begonia in mind?

CONSTANT READER—The Clematis need not be taken down. It will doubtless die back to the roots, but strong shoots will be sent up from them in spring.

FRANCES—Root cuttings of Oleander in wide-mouthed bottles of rain water suspended in a sunny window. Keep the bottles about half full of water.

FRANK—The pointed end of the Hyacinth and Narcissus should be uppermost. (2) Cutting off the flower does not make any difference with future bloom.

A. C.—I do not think it possible to preserve flowers in such a manner that their colors will be fully retained. They fade in spite of all efforts to prevent their doing so.

L. E. R.—The plant to which you refer is comparatively a humbug, although the dealer may make money out of it by giving it a "boom" in the way of a glowing description.

Mrs. F. M.—Water your Rubber Plant when the soil seems dry on top. That is the only rule I can give. Steam heat is very injurious to most plants, because it so very dry.

L. A. P.—I presume the nutriment in the soil is deficient. Repot the plant, giving it a rich compost, well drained. Begonias are easily injured by too much moisture in the soil.

Mrs. C. A. W.—The sketch you send bears a very close resemblance to the *Myosotis* or Forget-me-not. This plant is a hardy one, but seldom blooms as early in the season as you mention.

S. H. J.—The plant of which you send specimen is *Anthericum*. The young plants which form along the flower stalks can be removed and will form independent plants in a short time.

W. L. S.—Plant your Sunflowers in rows, about two feet apart in the row, the rows at least three feet apart. (2) Sweet Peas are most easily cared for when grown in rows. Sow the seed thickly.

LEO—The air in your room is doubtless too dry for your Palms, and probably the red spider has begun to work on them, as it almost always will in a dry atmosphere. Shower them daily.

Mrs. R. H.—You may start young plants of the Chrysanthemum for next fall's flowering either this month or next. This advice applies to cuttings. Shoots from the old roots may be taken in May.

K. L. A.—Specimen sent, *Justicia*. If the plant drops its foliage it may be from too much or too little water, too dry an atmosphere, or from insect attacks. I cannot tell anything definite from your letter.

J. M. Z.—Prune Hydrangeas after blooming. They form their buds for spring flowering on the growth which they make during the season, and to prune them in fall is to destroy next spring's crop of flowers.

S. H.—I think your *Ficus* is infested with scale. I would advise the use of kerosene emulsion, applying it with a sponge, and being sure to go over the entire leaf. The leaves that turn yellow and drop off at a touch are ripened ones.

G. E. M.—I presume that by "white lice" you refer to the mealy bug. Kerosene emulsion or Fir Tree Oil soap will rid the plants of them. Unless given prompt attention they will soon increase and spread to many other plants.

B. S.—Possibly your Chinese Lily will bloom a second time, but it cannot be depended on to do so. If you choose to plant it and take your chances of flowers you can do so, but I would advise you to purchase fresh, strong bulbs each year.

C. K.—Instead of having a pot six inches deep and fifteen inches across for your Palm, you should have one at least ten inches deep and seven or eight inches across. Palms send their roots down, rather than out, and cannot be expected to do well in so shallow a pot. Shift at once.

C. C. C.—You do not say whether the Violets are to be shipped by express or sent by mail, therefore I cannot answer your first question. (2) Pansies should be planted early in the season if wanted for summer bloom. Use rich, mellow soil, and select a somewhat shady rather than a very sunny place for them.

A. Q.—I have answered a query similar to yours regarding the Calla, and you can apply the information given to your case. (2) Keep Geraniums placed in the cellar for winter very dry and quite cool, but they must not be allowed to freeze. Keep them away from the light. (3) I have never grown the *Filifera Palm*.

Mrs. C. H. H.—Consult some of the catalogues of aquatic plants for the information asked. (2) Geraniums rooted in will be worth very little as flowering plants before they are a year old. Start plants this season for satisfactory blooming next season. Root them in sand, which should be kept moist and warm.



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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

L. M. C.—Do not wait until the plant has completed its growth for repotting, but do that as soon as it begins to grow, that it may have the benefit of fresh soil in its development. Give it a seven-inch pot. (2) I presume the manure you used on your Heliotrope was too strong for it. The pot may have been too small, possibly.

MADGE—Throw away bulbs after they have been forced into bloom in the house. (2) Separate the young bulbs from the old ones and plant them by themselves in the spring. It will take two or three years for them to reach blooming size. (3) Carnations require a strong, rich soil. (4) Caladiums cannot have a soil too rich as they are great feeders.

J. D. R.—Sweet Peas should be sown very early in the spring—this month, if possible. They should be kept moist and cool at the root. In order to secure these results, sow in trenches, at least six inches deep, covering lightly at first. Draw earth about the plants as they reach up, until the ground is level again. (2) I do not recognize the flower of which you send a specimen.

C. J.—Apply Sulpho-Tobacco soap to the plants, being careful to wet every branch of them, below as well as above. If you expect success with Roses you will have to keep them free from insects. Use the above soap for green lice, and shower daily to keep red spider down, and keep the air as moist as possible. In a dry air the plants will be pretty sure to drop their leaves.

G. L. T.—The scorched appearance of the foliage of your Rose may come from attack of insects or from wetting the leaves and allowing the sun to shine on them before they are dry. If you have reason, after a close examination, to suspect that an insect is the cause of trouble I would advise the use of kerosene emulsion applied in such a way that every part of the plant may be reached by it.

MRS. N. L. B.—Mix Paris green with shorts or middlings—a coarse bran or flour from wheat—in just sufficient quantity to give it a slightly green color. Let it be thoroughly mixed and scattered about the plants which are infested with cut worms. The worms will eat it in preference to the plants, and it will kill them. A piece of ground can be cleared of them before planting by using this mixture.

E. F. K.—I have never attempted to grow Musa Ensete from seed. I find that it is much more expensive, as a general thing, to attempt growing plants of this character from seed than it is to purchase young plants. Plants with roots can almost always be made to grow, but seedlings are so tender and delicate during the earlier stages of their existence that failure almost invariably results outside the greenhouse.

MANY FRIENDS—I am constantly receiving plants, flowers and other evidences of friendship from persons with whom I have no personal acquaintance. I am always pleased to get them, because it convinces me that we are in closer touch with each other than many editors and readers are. I take this opportunity of saying "thank you" to these unknown friends, and assuring them that their favors are fully appreciated.

M. F. L.—Apply Sulpho-Tobacco soap to your Snowball early in the season, being sure that some of it reaches the bottom of the leaves where the aphides stay. (2) Apply same to Honeysuckle to drive off mealy bug. (3) If your Sweet Peas grow well, but have short flower stems, it is because that is the habit of that variety. I do not consider the newer sorts as floriferous under all conditions as the old pink and white kinds.

MRS. I. B. W.—Some varieties of the Ampelopsis bear fruit profusely, while others bear comparatively small quantities. You have doubtless planted one of the former varieties. It is possible, however, that the soil may have something to do with it. I would advise enriching it heavily and watching the effect. It might induce a vigorous growth of branches whose foliage would be all you desired. Try this before cutting down the plant.

GERTRUDE—Rose jars are made by putting a layer of petals of any fragrant variety of Rose in the bottom of a jar. On this scatter some coarse salt; close the jar tightly and place in the sun. Next day, or as soon as you have enough material to make another layer, put in more petals and another sprinkling of salt. Continue this as long as you have flowers. Then add cloves, cinnamon, orris-root and other fragrant articles, and mix the whole mass well. Keep the jar well closed except at such times as you want to perfume the rooms; then open, toss the contents up lightly, and let its odor evaporate slowly.

C. E. T.—If your soil is very heavy, mix some loam with it and add considerable well-rotted cow manure. You cannot have too rich a soil for the Sweet Pea if you are sure to keep it moist, but in a dry season much manure is an injury, as it allows the earth to dry out too rapidly. In April dig little trenches in the ground at least six inches deep, and sow the seed thickly in them. Cover to the depth of two inches and make the soil firm. When the plants begin to reach up draw more soil about them, and continue to do this until the ground is level. In order to be successful in the culture of this lovely flower it is very important that the roots go down into a soil always moist.

MRS. L. C.—The holes in the leaves of your Rubber Plant must come from the attack of some insect unless you have showered it and left it standing in the sun with drops of water on its leaves. Quite often the sun will burn a spot where water rests, from which the texture of the leaf will sustain a severe injury and by-and-by crumble away. Gas and furnace heat are both very harmful to plants. This may account for the drying up of the tips of the leaves, but in the majority of cases such a trouble comes from defective drainage or lack of root room. An examination of your plant will show whether either of these causes has affected it. The yellowing of old leaves is not an indication of lack of health, because, like all plants, this one ripens its foliage from time to time and sheds it.

B. E. C. C.—I think, from an examination of the leaves of Ivy sent, that scale must have attacked your plants. If so—and a careful examination of the plant will show whether the conjecture is correct or not—get Fir Tree Oil soap, and apply it according to the directions on the can. Do this very thoroughly, as it is important that all parts of the leaves should be reached. (2) Your Rose probably drops its foliage because red spiders are at work on it. The most effective remedy for this pest is cold water, applied at least daily, and so liberally that every portion of the plant is wet, not simply dampened. Dipping the plant is more effective than showering it. (3) Bone-meal is a better fertilizer than phosphate for pot plants. (4) Primroses do not require large pots. Six and seven inch ones are amply large for very strong plants.

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AGENTS WANTED. CIRCULARS FREE.

MISS JULIA BROWN, 254 Franklin Street, Chicago

BOOKS BY MRS. JENNESS MILLER

MOTHER AND BABE A Book of Priceless Value for EXPECTANT MOTHERS, with Patterns for Maternity Dress, Adjustable Undergarments and for Baby's entire outfit, all for \$2. Send bust measure for Mother's patterns. Booklet of pages free. Physical Beauty. No woman should be without it. One writes a single suggestion was worth a thousand times its cost. Price \$1.00. How to Finish and Furnish a Home. 25 cents. JENNESS MILLER BOOK DEPT. Washington, D. C.

Are Your Children a Problem?

Our Kindergarten Magazine and its Child-Garden supplement are designed to help you train them through the assistance of trained Kindergartners. Kindergarten Magazine, per year, \$2.00; sample 20c. Child-Garden, \$1.00; sample, 10c.

Kindergarten Literature Co., 166 So. Clinton St. CHICAGO

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Send stamp for New Primer. MARJORIE MARCH, L. Box 76, Philadelphia, Pa.

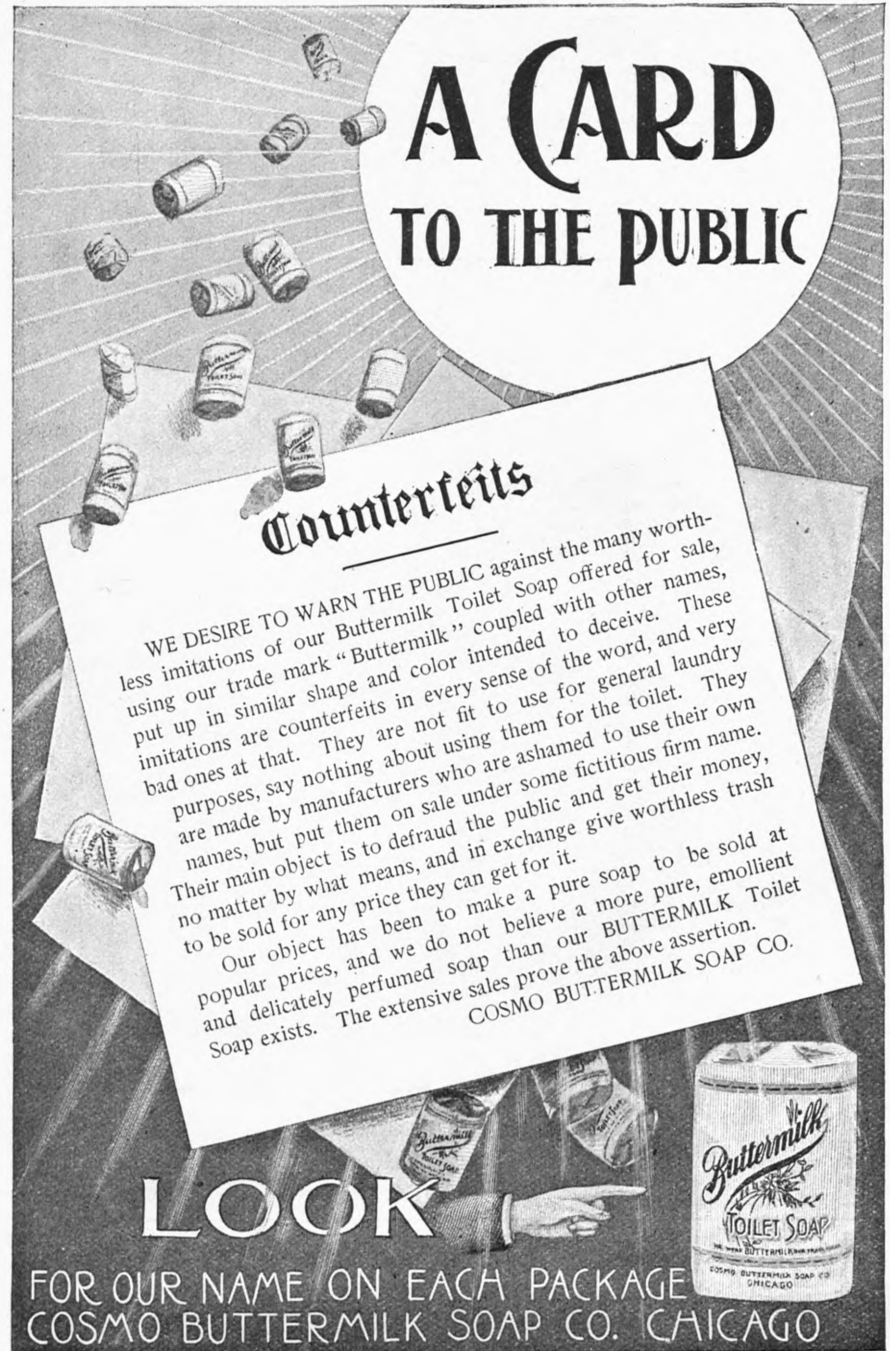
This does it—**"KANTTARE"**

SAFETY PINS for Shirt Waists, etc., neither tear the fabric nor open. Properly adjusted, both waist and skirt are kept in place, thus adding greatly to the wearer's comfort. All dry goods stores keep them. If your goods not, send 25c. to us for a doz., postpaid; 15c. half doz. "KANTTARE" SAFETY PIN, 16 Waverly Place, New York

Baby's Health Wardrobe Patterns

Complete outfit infants' clothes, 26 patterns, 50c. Short clothes, 26 patterns, 25c. Full directions, kind and amount of material required. Mrs. F. E. PHILLIPS, Keene, N. H.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC



Counterfeits

WE DESIRE TO WARN THE PUBLIC against the many worthless imitations of our Buttermilk Toilet Soap offered for sale, using our trade mark "Buttermilk" coupled with other names, put up in similar shape and color intended to deceive. These imitations are counterfeits in every sense of the word, and very bad ones at that. They are not fit to use for general laundry purposes, say nothing about using them for the toilet. They are made by manufacturers who are ashamed to use their own names, but put them on sale under some fictitious firm name. Their main object is to defraud the public and get their money, no matter by what means, and in exchange give worthless trash to be sold for any price they can get for it.

Our object has been to make a pure soap to be sold at popular prices, and we do not believe a more pure, emollient and delicately perfumed soap than our BUTTERMILK Toilet Soap exists. The extensive sales prove the above assertion.

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO.

LOOK

FOR OUR NAME ON EACH PACKAGE
COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO. CHICAGO

That terrible wash-tub?



This is the way it looks to the women who do their washing in the old-fashioned way. They dread it—and no wonder. All because they won't use **Pearline**. Use **Pearline**—use it just as directed—soak, boil and rinse the clothes—and the wash-tub won't be a bugbear. You won't have to be over it enough for that. No hard work—no inhaling of fetid steam—no wearing rubbing—no torn clothes—nothing but economy.

Send Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of **Pearline**, be honest—*send it back.*

BEAUTIES

WE HAVE THEM IN
CARPETS AND RUGS.

ORIGINAL CARPET HOUSE TO SELL TO CONSUMERS
AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

THE RUSSELL CARPET CO.
254 TO 256 MARKET ST.,
CHICAGO.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED ALBUM SHOWING CARPETS IN ACTUAL COLORS, MAILED FREE.

THE GURNEY HEATERS

are the product of long training, costly experiments and the development of the highest possible intelligence in the study of house-heating.

It will pay any one to send for "How Best to Heat Our Homes." As a work of art on house-warming it is unexcelled, and tells about the best heating system in the world.

GURNEY HEATER MFG. COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

FLORENCE—You will find that light blue makes a sallow skin seem more yellow. Bright navy blue will be all right if you put a bit of red with it, otherwise it makes a muddy skin still darker. (2) Dark red, golden-brown, reddish-purple, pink, old rose, yellow, reddish-orange, cream and the new yellow-red shades known as *capucine*.

QUANDARY—The only permissible extension on a waist is a ripple basque piece, and that stands out too much to hide any piece, so you will have to lengthen it at the bottom with black satin, heading it with narrow jet gimp. Make a ripple of the satin and edge with gimp, also revers. Then add a flat vest and crush collar of pink or reddish-orange satin.

COUNTRY GIRL—If you are going out of mourning remove the silk from the serge. If it was made eighteen months ago it must certainly be old in style now. With the new goods have large sleeve puffs, extra pieces put in the skirt, and a ripple basque piece to the waist; all of these are described in this issue. Then trim with braid and a colored serge vest covered with soutache braiding. Black hat trimmed with wings. (2) A dressier suit should be of crepon, if of black.

ESINOL—Crépons will be fashionable this spring. (2) Have a belt of blue silk belting number twelve, with a silver or plated buckle, as the skirt can be worn with shirt-waists. (3) It is correct to wear Oxford ties as soon as you can do so without catching cold. (4) Get a linen lacer. Lace from the middle to the top, allowing it to expand as you go upward, and tie there; take a second piece and lace from the middle down, and tie there. Fit a corset perfectly to your waist, and the bust and hips will adjust themselves.

ZELLA—I cannot very well tell you how to make a dress unless you give me an idea of your appearance and tell me your age. (2) The piece of goods you inclose if used for a dress should be trimmed with revers and crush collar of the deep red shade in velvet, or you might have the entire dress of the goods, with revers, high collar and wrists braided in black and gilt soutache braid, and a light blue cloth or serge vest similarly ornamented. Have a five-yard godet skirt and coat waist as described in this issue of the JOURNAL.

WEE MAIDEN—Wear a skirt of narrow gores, five yards wide, so as not to be too flaring, and untrimmed; leg-of-mutton sleeves rather than those in a separate puff to the elbow. You must cultivate long lines and effects to add to your apparent height. Have pointed waists, narrow vests, medium high collars and trimmings in points. Wear narrow stripes and small figures. In the present style of dressing I think short people fare well if they only select what is appropriate for them and not take all of the various effects shown.

BEATA—Batiste in the natural or grass-linen shade will be very fashionable this season, trimmed with embroidery or lace of the same shade and yellow Valenciennes, ribbon or velvet for crush collar. (2) Very pretty batiste at fifty cents is checked off with silky lines of pink, blue, yellow, green or violet; this is made as a loose blouse with yellowish cream guipure bands in three rows down the front and around the wrists. Collar and belt of ribbon matching the stripe. Such a waist will be as dressy as one of silk for midsummer wear.

MRS. M. A. C.—Your outfit will depend entirely upon the money you have for it, which important item you failed to mention. Each will need a traveling suit of serge or alpaca and cotton shirt-waists as well; golf capes of tweed, and a small dressy wrap of satin, lace and jet; a visiting gown of light-weight wool, silk waist, a pretty organdy and gingham, as well as a fancy dotted Swiss waist, Traveling hat of small size trimmed in wings, and a more dressy hat and bonnet of lace, flowers and straw. Add a room wrapper of colored batiste.

MRS. G.—From forty to forty-eight yards of muslin are in a bolt, depending upon the length of warp set up on the loom. (2) I cannot give the names of brands in this column, but there are different muslins advertised in our pages. (3) Personally, I prefer ready-made underclothes. (4) Neither lace nor embroidery wears as long as good muslin, unless you have good linen torchon lace. (5) A boy of three years should wear kilt-plaited skirts and short round jackets of gingham, Holland linen, pique, flannel, cotton chevot, etc., with a blouse waist of white lawn or cambric called a Faunteroy; they have a large turn-over collar and turn-back cuffs.

HESITANT—I regret that you did not send me your address for a personal letter, as I am particular in sending full and prompt explanations to invalids, and I fear that this may miss you. Carry your summer silk if you are going out in the evening. (2) You will certainly need a spring cape. (3) Wear the black skirt and the plainest waist on the cars. (4) For the new gown have a godet skirt five yards wide and interlined fifteen inches deep; leg-of-mutton sleeves, and a slightly pointed waist having a ripple basque piece added under a narrow belt of velvet folds; crush collar and revers to correspond, and a full vest of bright changeable taffeta silk.

A. B. C.—Millinery does not come within the scope of home dressmaking, but in the July issue of 1895 there was an article on mourning attire. A widow's bonnet worn with a nun's veiling veil is only a frame covered plainly with the veiling, with a border on the edge, a widow's ruche and ties of black gros-grain ribbon. Over this pin the veil down in overlapping plaits on each side, shaping it to the frame. (2) In deep mourning you can wear pure white in the house, but black and white mixed you should not wear for a year. (3) You can have crape redyed beautifully when faded; it costs about a dollar per square yard. (4) You should not relieve the black for a year. (5) A bunch of fresh violets may be worn at any time. (6) During the summer wear a straw hat trimmed with mourning silk and black flowers. You will find comfort in reading the editorial page upon mourning customs in the February issue.

GRATIA—Overcasting the edges of the armholes in rather a loose manner so as not to draw the edge is the way in which the greater number of dress-makers finish this part of a waist. Others bind the edge with the silk lustrating ribbon binding. (2) The raw edges of the seams of a waist are overcast with colored silk, turned in and run together, or bound with the silk binding, which comes in all colors at about thirty-five cents a piece of ten or twelve yards. The covered bones are feather-stitched on in long stitches with colored twist matching the binding or overcasting, and the belt is caught at the centre back and side seams with the same twist. Press your seams open, except the side form ones that are pressed back. On a silk or velvet gown rub the seams over the front of an upturned iron, as pressing the iron on the seams will show on the outside of many silks and also slightly crush the surface of velvet.

Tailor-Made Suits, \$7.⁵⁰



THE stylish suits which we show in our advertisements give you only a hint of the many which we illustrate in our catalogue. To every lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost, we will mail, free, our handsomely illustrated Spring Catalogue of Ladies' Suits, Skirts, etc., and more than FIFTY SAMPLES of the materials from which we make these garments. We make every garment to order and guarantee the perfection of fit, finish and style. We pay all express charges. Our catalogue illustrates:

Tailor-Made Suits, \$7.50 up
In Serges, Mixtures, Coverts, Whipcords, Homespun, etc.
Mohair, Outing and Blazer Suits, \$7.50 up
Capes, \$3 up. Jackets, 4 up
Mohair, Cloth and Moreen Skirts, \$5 up
Bicycle Suits, \$6 up
Duck, Crash, Teviot and Pique Suits, \$4
Also finer garments, and we send samples of all grades. Write for catalogue and samples by return mail.
THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.
152 and 154 West 23d St., New York

"Gives Such Comfort"

G-D Chicago Waist

Price, - - \$1.00

Allows perfect freedom of motion and perfect development of the body. Wear one and discover what *real comfort* is.

Fitted to Living Models
Graceful—Comfortable—Popular Price. Made of Sateen—Black, White, Drab, or Summer Netting. Sizes, 18 to 30, waist measure. Ask your dealer for the "G. D." Waist. If he hasn't it, send us \$1.00, together with size and color desired, and we will send you one prepaid. Take no other.

GAGE-DOWNS CO., CHICAGO

HAIR CLOTH

"Survival of the Fittest."

HAIR CLOTH

American Hair Cloth Company
DARTMOUTH, R. I.

The ONLY Stiff, Elastic and Resilient Interlining made.

LASTS FOREVER.

CHARLES E. PERVEAR, Agent. Send for Samples.

Improved Breast Support

By its use the weight of the breasts is removed from the dress waist to the shoulders, giving ventilation and a perfect shape bust, free and easy movement of the body. Made with skirt and hose supporter attachments. All deficiency of development supplied. When ordering send bust measure. Price, free by mail, \$1.00.

Agents Wanted
Mrs. C. D. NEWELL
221 Dickey Ave., CHICAGO



Featherbone Corsets



LATEST MOULDS 28 DIFFERENT PATTERNS

Lengthens the waist. Improves the form. Best Sateen. ONLY \$1.00. Fast Black, White and Drab. Buy of your dealer, or on receipt of price, will mail sample pair.

FEATHERBONE CORSET CO.
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

BETTER THAN WHALEBONE

JANOWITZ'S
DUPLIX EAGLE
DRESS BONE
PATENTED

FOR FREE SAMPLE ADDRESS
JULIUS JANOWITZ, 136 Grand St., N.Y.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered on this page whenever possible. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

INEXPERIENCE—You will find in a little book called "Preparation for Motherhood" an answer to all your questions. (2) The JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau will supply any book desired, not only those mentioned in "5000 Books."

YOUNG MOTHER—Eider-down flannel makes a useful bath apron, being soft and very absorbent. Rubber aprons are cold and slippery; one may be worn under a flannel apron if desired. It can be made at home from white rubber sheeting.

B. R. E.—Eggs for children should be cooked by placing them in a saucepan of boiling water, which is then put where it will keep hot but not boil, and leaving them in it for seven or eight minutes. The length of time depends upon the size and freshness of the eggs.

MRS. S. T. R.—The Chautauqua printing and drawing blackboard for children has the letters of the alphabet, the Arabic numerals and easy lessons in drawing permanently stamped upon it. Children find much amusement in copying these, and it would answer your purpose admirably.

MRS. M. F. W.—A small typewriter, large enough to be of practical use, can be purchased for two dollars and a half. It prints a line eight inches long. Children can learn to use it, and it would no doubt afford much amusement and pleasure to an invalid boy who is not debarred from using his hands.

MONA R. C.—Painting books for children may be obtained at twenty-five cents each. An outline picture is given on each page, which may be colored according to the fancy of the little artist. Two pretty ones are "My Easel" and "The Color Box." They are a great resource for restless children.

MOTHER'S FRIEND—A silver rattle with a mother-of-pearl handle costs about three dollars. A coral handle is pretty with silver bells. (2) A silver pusher is a suitable gift for a child three years old. As its name indicates it is used to push the food upon the fork or spoon before it is conveyed to the mouth.

AN INTERESTED MOTHER—You will find dominoes useful in teaching children of five and six to count quickly. There are several simple games that may be played with them to exercise the children in adding and combining numbers. If they can learn under the guise of play it is wise to let them do so.

LOUISA J. L.—"A Baby's Requirements" will give you full information as to the baby's wardrobe and all the necessary preparations for its comfort and your own. (2) Valenciennes is the lace which custom has especially appropriated to babies. It is very soft and dainty for the neck and sleeves of a dress.

YOUNG MOTHER—The best pinning blankets are not made with straight bands. Those finished in that way have to be fastened so tightly around the child to keep them in place that they are uncomfortable. They are now cut with armholes, and two points which tie behind, one coming out through a slit under one armhole. This is an old fashion revived, but a good one.

KITTY T.—Begin early in the spring to make the little girl's cotton dresses, so as to have less to do when the busy time comes of which you speak. You will find a hem gauge of great assistance in measuring the hems and tucks. It is a strip of metal with a sliding gauge which can be set at any width desired. They are made in silver, but more humble and equally useful ones can be procured in nickel for a few cents each.

A HAPPY WIFE—The following is a list of the different wedding anniversaries: First year, cotton; second year, paper; third year, leather; fourth year, silk; fifth year, wooden; sixth year, steel; seventh year, woolen; tenth year, tin; twelfth year, linen; fifteenth year, crystal; twentieth year, china; twenty-fifth year, silver; thirtieth year, pearl; fortieth year, ruby; fiftieth year, golden; sixtieth year, topaz; seventieth year, sapphire; seventy-fifth year, diamond.

COUNTRY MOTHER—The collars and cuffs of shirt-waists may be stiffened without difficulty by starching them in the following manner: Allow one teaspoonful of starch to one pint of water, dissolve it and add five drops of kerosene oil. Wet the collars and cuffs in the starch, roll up the garment and leave it for several hours, over night if possible. Iron, drying thoroughly with the iron, and bend collar and cuffs into shape. Shirt fronts may be starched in the same way.

PURVIS—Randolph, Russell, Alden, Winthrop, Howell, Prescott, Osborne, Carroll and Kent are a few of the many surnames that may be used as Christian names for a boy. So many mothers have asked for assistance in naming their children that a little book has been prepared containing long lists of names for boys and girls, with the meaning attached. It is called "Names for Children," and may be procured through the Literary Bureau of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for twenty-five cents.

ECONOMY—You can buy a pattern for a child's linen hat for ten cents, and make one at home out of white duck or any material you fancy. A yard is sufficient if the fabric is twenty-seven inches wide. One is prettier than a sun-bonnet and not more difficult to make. (2) It is comparatively easy to cut out children's garments if you have good patterns. The paper ones are accompanied by such explicit directions that even a novice may succeed if she follows them carefully and exactly. With these and a sewing machine no one need despair of being able to make her children's clothes satisfactorily.

CLINTON—There are many admirable books on physiology for children. "Our Bodily Dwelling" is one of the latest. The body is studied as a house, divided into many rooms, each with its appropriate furniture and special uses. These are described in a simple and interesting manner well adapted to awaken the curiosity and enchain the interest of children. Emphasis is laid upon the body being only a dwelling, a fact not always kept with sufficient prominence before the youthful mind. "The real thinking, enjoying, knowing you, is shut up a prisoner in his house, and will never go out of it as long as you live."

MRS. M. P. C.—Leggins, or gaiters, are worn over low shoes by little girls in the spring and autumn. They are particularly suitable for being worn to school, as they protect the ankles from dust and mud, and can be removed before entering the schoolroom. They are made of felt or cloth, and cost from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half. The price is governed by the quality of the material and the length of the gaiter. They can be made more cheaply at home from black or colored cloth to match the dress. A pattern costs ten cents, and from a quarter to half a yard of cloth is required for a pair, according to the length desired.

PATERFAMILIAS—There is no good reason why a child's under-waist should not be made to button in front instead of at the back. Often this is the last garment a child is able to button without assistance, and the change would facilitate the process of dressing alone. When men do invade our special province, the care of children, they sometimes make suggestions which we are glad to adopt. In families where washing is an item to be considered the waists may be made of dark material, and then will not require washing every week. They do not come in direct contact with the person, and need not be changed as frequently as the under-linen.

MRS. P. C. W.—A baby requires little food during the first two or three days of its life. The stomach is very tiny, holding only about six teaspoonfuls; if it is overloaded the baby is uncomfortable and cries. The child has been nourished without any effort of its own; the stomach is unaccustomed to its new duties and must take them up gradually. If the mother can nurse it nature furnishes scanty nourishment during this time, indicating plainly that only a small quantity is required. When the infant has to have artificial food as little as possible should be given. After the third day an attempt at regularity may be made, feeding it every two hours.

BABY'S SISTER—A pretty pincushion to hold safety-pins for the baby's basket is made with a little Japanese or china doll, and half a yard of ribbon about two or two and a half inches wide. The ribbon is doubled, and a small hole cut in the middle, through which the head of the doll is thrust. One end hangs in front, the other behind the doll. The ribbon is then gathered about the waist, and tied with narrow baby-ribbon of the same shade. Inside the wide ribbon two flannel strips are concealed, the edges worked with embroidery silk, and these hold the pins. A tiny cap may be perched on the doll's head, or a little paper fan added if she is a Japanese lady.

MINTA L.—Several books are printed for the express purpose of making it easy to write the baby's biography. There is a space set apart for each important fact, that nothing may be omitted. Date of birth, size and weight are recorded. The days on which he first manifests an interest in his surroundings by turning his eyes to the light, noticing his fingers, laughing, etc., are duly noted. The date of his being put into short skirts, the appearance of his first tooth, and later his clever speeches, his first day at school, and so forth, are all preserved for posterity. Some of these observations, if carefully made and accurately recorded, are of value to scientific men who are making a study of the development of the child.

BUSY MOTHER—Washing dishes may be made attractive to a little girl six years old. She should have a suitable pan and small mop of her own, a tin soap-shaker and clean towels. The dishes should be daintily scraped with a knife and made as clean as possible. Glass should be washed first, then silver, next saucers, cups and the least soiled things, and last the plates, etc. Each piece should be allowed to drain for a moment before being wiped. As home-making is a woman's special business it is a pity that a girl should be educated to dislike any of the duties connected with it, however trivial. The success of kitchen garden classes has shown that the details of housework may be made fascinating to children if they are taught systematically.

MRS. F. S. P.—The sardonyx is the birthday stone for August. Although not sparkling nor as beautiful as some of the transparent precious stones it is not to be despised. It is composed of alternate layers of white chalcedony and the red sard. When cut, as in a seal ring, the design appears in one color upon a background of the other. It is the rarest and most valued form of onyx. The name is derived from two Greek words, either *Sardeis*, Sardus in Asia Minor, or *Sardo*, the Island of Sardinia, and *onyx*, a nail, because the color of the sard showing through the opaque chalcedony was thought to resemble the flesh under the finger-nail. Carnelian is a variety of chalcedony. The other opaque birthday stones are the bloodstone for March, the agate for June and the turquoise for December. April claims the diamond.

DORRIS S.—Copies of the best pictures should be chosen to ornament the walls of the children's rooms. Their taste is insensibly educated by their surroundings, and having learned to like the best they will care less for inferior productions. Unmounted photographs can be purchased for a very small sum, and mounted on cardboard with boiled starch paste. A simple way to frame them is to cover the cardboard with a sheet of glass, add a pasteboard back, and bind all together with strong black or white paper firmly gummed in place. A narrow border is left on the side next the glass, and a wide margin at the back to make it firm. If it is desired to hang the picture put two rings at the back on loops of tape. Slits are cut in the pasteboard, the ends of the tape slipped through and gummed on the under side before the back is put in place.

HOUSEMOTHER—The United States Department of Agriculture issues two bulletins, "Food and Diet" and "Nutritive Value and Cost of Foods," both by Professor Atwater, one of the foremost authorities in dietetics. These may be obtained free by writing to the Department at Washington, and they would be of incalculable value in solving your problem. There is a table showing the various kinds of food and their value as tissue formers—that is, in other words, how one may obtain the largest amount of nutriment for the money spent. "The cheapest food is that which supplies the most nutriment for the least money." One cannot buy economically for a household unless one knows exactly what this food is, and this information may be obtained from these little pamphlets. The health and growth of children depend in so large a measure upon the food they eat that it becomes a point of vital importance to every mother to provide them with the proper kinds.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER—Why not induce your daughter to try to obtain the training afforded by the practical domestic courses now offered by the JOURNAL through its Educational Bureau? By this means she could qualify herself to become a teacher of needlework, millinery, dressmaking, cookery or laundry work. Good teachers are always in demand. If she is thoroughly trained, has an aptitude for imparting instruction, and a pleasing manner, her success is assured. The preparation is very thorough. Instruction in cookery, for instance, is preceded by the study of physics and chemistry, particularly the chemistry of foods and of cookery, and by practical work in the laboratory. The nature of ferments is inquired into, food adulterations and the tests for their discovery are studied. These are applied to vinegar, syrup, baking powder and other compounds in daily use in the household. Art needlework is a fascinating branch. It includes bullion, or metal work, much in demand for society emblems, etc., and also ecclesiastical embroidery.

Spring and Summer Underwear Comfort

is best found in the Derby Ribbed (our own patent) Elastic Lewis Union Suits, because they are cooler in wear than any other garment, besides being the most comfortable, as they do not bind the figure anywhere.

Our illustrated booklet with testimonials tells you why so convincingly that you ought to send for it—be convinced—and then you will buy no other said to be as good.

"Your Union Suit is the perfection of comfort. I never knew what it was before to be dressed without knowing I had anything on. Fit, workmanship, comfort, everything about them grades way up to concert pitch."

Every one who tries them says the same thing, and finds their Ideal Underwear realized in the

Robert J. Burdette.



Lewis Union Suits

For men, women and children's wear they are pre-eminent in value for form-fitting comfort (fitting smoothly from neck to ankle) and dainty finish.



In wearing them you avoid the constant annoyance of the undershirt working up and the drawers working down, that is the fate of every one who wears a two-piece suit.

Spring and Summer weights now ready, embodying the latest improvements. You pay less for these comforts in the Lewis Union Suits, whether you buy them in the finest silk, lisle, or soft-finished balbrigan, than you have to pay for the old style two-piece suit of same quality.

SEND 2c. stamp for our Illustrated Catalogue with testimonials of prominent people everywhere endorsing our claims. Sample card of fabrics included.

ASK YOUR DEALER for these suits. Take no substitute. Send us your order and we will have it filled or refer you to a dealer.

LEWIS KNITTING COMPANY
200 Main Street, JANESVILLE, WIS.

THE NEW WOMAN

whatever costume she may wear, will be particular about her teeth. Fashion decrees changes in wearing apparel, but it will always be fashionable to have the teeth white, and the breath sweet.



Rubifoam

the up-to-date Liquid Dentrifice, keeps the mouth and gums in a healthy state, preserves and beautifies the teeth, imparts a delicate fragrance to the breath.

25 cts. at Druggists

SAMPLE VIAL FREE—Rubifoam booklets on the care of the teeth mailed without charge, upon request. Address

E. W. HOYT & CO.
LOWELL, MASS.

POINTS ABOUT THE Equipoise Waist



Stylish and Comfortable! a rare combination! Bones are Removable! without ripping! Best of Material used! making it durable! Hygienic Principle of Support from Shoulders embodied! Recommended by Physicians and Callisthenic Teachers! Popularly endorsed by its constantly increasing sale!

SOLD EVERYWHERE BY LEADING MERCHANTS, or mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. If not satisfactory, will be exchanged or money refunded if returned in perfect order.

LADIES' STYLE NO.	CUT OF NECK	MATERIAL	DESCRIPTION	PRICE
600	High Neck.	White Twill.	Whole Back. Without Bones.	\$1.75
601	High Neck and Square Neck.	White Twill.	Single in Yoke. Lined in Body.	2.00
603	Square Neck.	White Twill.	Laced in Front. Boned Back and Back.	2.25
603C	Square Neck.	Drab Twill.		2.50
603B	Square Neck.	Fast Black.		3.00
603V	Square Neck.	White Ventilated.		2.50
603XL	Extra Large Neck.	Fine White Twill.	No Lining.	3.00
615	High Neck.	Pongee Silk.		4.00
Misses' 611	High and Square Neck.	White Twill. Lined.	Whole Back Boned.	1.75

Give Waist measure OVER DRESS, length UNDER ARM, and STYLE NUMBER. Remit by P. O. Order or draft on N. Y.

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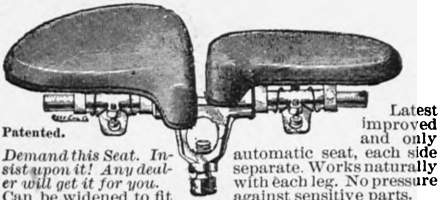
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THE OPEN CONGRESS

In which any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered when addressed to the editor of "The Open Congress," care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

S.—Mount Shasta is 14,440 feet high.
CURIOUS—Dr. Mary Walker is living.
LEX—The name Pandora signifies "all gifted."
IDA—The birthday stone for October is the opal.
BELLE—John McCullough died in Philadelphia in 1885.
GALEN—The earth is about 93,000,000 miles from the sun.
SALLY—The birthday stone for April is the diamond.
NINA—A "chattel mortgage" is a mortgage on personal property.
ALDEN—It is claimed that an oak tree may live fifteen hundred years.
LAKE CITY—Fifth Avenue in New York City is one hundred feet wide.
MISS M.—"Twickenham" is an English town about eleven miles from London.
GWENDOLEN—The Salic law excludes females from the succession to the throne.
FRANK—The Commander-in-Chief of the German Army is the Emperor of Germany.
MRS. ELI—It is claimed that all the "Seventh Day Dunkards" reside in Philadelphia.
MARY E.—The seat of government was removed to Washington, D. C., in the year 1800.
WHY NOT—The late Mr. E. G. Otis is generally credited with having invented the modern elevator.
NASHVILLE—Mrs. Jefferson Davis and her daughter live in New York City during the winter months.
MYRTLE—The next Republican National Convention will be held in St. Louis, Missouri, on June 16 of this year.
HAMLIN—It was the late Eugene Field who called Chicago "the modern Athens of contemporaneous literature."
GRAMERCY PARK—The height of the Washington Centennial Arch in New York City is seventy-three feet six inches.
UTICA—The Chaplain of the House of Representatives is appointed by the House, and may be selected from any denomination.
NELL—Brighton, the famous English watering-place, is fifty-one miles south of London. It is situated on the English Channel.
JAMES—The Smithsonian Institute at Washington was established in 1846. It was founded by James Smithsonian, an English chemist.
GREENSBURG—Switzerland is a republic. The term of the President is one year. (2) The salary of the President of Mexico is \$30,000.
SIERRA MADRE—The Naval Academy at Annapolis was founded in 1845 by the Hon. George Bancroft, who was Secretary of the Navy under Polk.
MAYWOOD—Children born in the United States are citizens of the United States no matter what the nationalities of their parents may have been.
L. J. K.—National banks are organized under National laws; State banks are organized under the laws of the States in which they are located.
GUILDFORD—The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky was discovered in 1809. (2) The temperature of the Turkish bath is much higher than that of the Russian.
B. J.—A pretty sentiment to have engraved upon an engagement ring is the old-fashioned "Let lying laste." (2) Rhode Island is the smallest State in the Union.
SOUTH END—Workmen who are paid by the day cannot claim pay for a holiday. (2) The length of the Presidential term in France is nominally seven years.
MARY—Ada Rehan (Crehan) was born, it is said, in Limerick, Ireland, in 1860; she was brought to this country at a very early age and was educated in Brooklyn.
H. F. B.—A "residuary legatee" is a legatee to whom is left the residue of a testator's personal estate after payment of all legacies, claims and demands.
M. J. D.—Central Park in New York City lies between Fifth and Eighth Avenues and Fifty-ninth and One Hundred and Tenth Streets. It has an area of 840 acres.
CURIOUS ONE—"The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" is an appellation given to the Bank of England, presumably on account of its location in Threadneedle Street.
GERTRUDE—The Navajo Reservation lies partly in Arizona and partly in New Mexico. (2) A billion in France is one thousand millions, and in French finance is called a milliard.
EASTHAMPTON—All our Presidents, except Washington, have lived in the White House. (2) President Arthur was called "The Gentleman President," Garfield "The Martyr President."
SEVERAL INQUIRERS—Henry Irving's real name is John Henry Brodribb. He was born at Keinton, near Glastonbury, England, in 1838. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1856.
GREENVILLE—The first woman to enact the part of "Juliet" of whom we have any record was Miss Sanderson, afterward known as Mrs. Betterton. She appeared at Lincoln Inn Fields in 1662.
GLEANMORE—The Republican party came into existence in 1855-56; it held its first convention in Philadelphia in 1856. The Democratic party previous to 1866 was called the Republican party.
JESSIE—The President of the United States and his wife are the first personages in the land, and are entitled to precedence everywhere. After them come the Justices of the Supreme Court.
J.—The President of the United States is removable during his term of office only by means of impeachment. Andrew Johnson, who was impeached by the House, was acquitted by the Senate.
ENGLEWOOD—Whether the 30th day of May should be termed "Memorial Day" or "Decoration Day" is a mooted question. Since 1882 the Grand Army of the Republic has designated it "Memorial Day."
MRS. H. H. A.—Circulars relating to the enlistment of minors in the United States Naval Service may be obtained upon application to the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

I. B.—Herbert Spencer has defined "agnosticism" as the belief that the existence of a personal God can neither be proved nor disproved. The word is derived from the Greek, and signifies "not to know."
MARIAN A.—Venus is the most brilliant of all the planets. (2) The Venus de Medici is an antique Greek statue of the goddess. It is undraped, with the arms held before the body, and a dolphin to the left.
LENOX—The word "jimpricute" or "jimplecute" is a Southern colloquialism, and means anything novel or pleasing in appearance. It may be said to correspond with the slang phrases "dandy" and "daisy."
INQUIRER—The steamship "St. Louis" was launched at Cramp's ship-yard on November 12, 1895. Mrs. Cleveland officiated; the President was present. (2) June 15 was German Day at the World's Fair held in Chicago in 1893.
WEST END—Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the proprietor of the New York "World," was born in Budapest, Hungary, in 1847. He may be said to be a philanthropist, as he has been liberal in his gifts for educational purposes. He is married.
A. G.—Miss Anna Gould was married at the residence of her brother, George, in New York City, March 4, 1895. (2) Cardinal James Gibbons was born at Baltimore, Maryland, in July, 1834. He is a graduate of St. Charles College, Howard County.
ROSEMONT—It was Edmund Burke who originated the phrase, "A fourth estate." In a speech before the House of Commons he said: "There are three estates in Parliament, but in the reporters' gallery yonder there is a fourth estate more powerful than all."
MERCEDES—Sir Garnet Wolseley was born in Ireland in 1833. (2) Wyoming Valley is in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania. (3) Elihu Yale, after whom Yale College is named, was born in Boston. He was an English colonial official in India. He died in England and was buried there.
FORT GEORGE—The name of the yacht "Valkyrie" is pronounced as though spelled "Val-kee-ree," with the accent on the second syllable. The word signifies "chooser of the slain." (2) Johns Hopkins, the founder of Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, is buried in Greenmount Cemetery at Baltimore.
WESTON—The Victoria Cross is the highest mark of distinction in the British Army and Navy. It consists of a bronze Maltese cross bearing the Royal crest in the centre, beneath which "For Valour" is inscribed upon a scroll. (2) The word "Czar" is a Slavonic corruption of the Roman title "Caesar."
MRS. J. R. D.—"The bewildered Congressman from Alabama," mentioned in ex-President Harrison's article in the December JOURNAL, was Representative James E. Cobb, of Alabama. Having been diverted from the order of his remarks in debate he said: "Mr. Speaker, where was I at?" hence the expression which is so often incorrectly quoted as "where am I at?"
CURIOSITY—"Rosary" is a name given by Roman Catholics to a certain form of prayers recited on a string of beads, and to the beads themselves. This form of prayer was instituted in the thirteenth century as a means of meditating on the mysteries of Christ's life. It consists of fifteen times ten small beads, every ten small ones being preceded by one larger one. At each large bead the "Lord's Prayer" is recited, and at each of the smaller ones the "Hail, Mary."
RUTH AND LENA—Applicants for admission to Vassar College must be at least sixteen years of age, and must be able to pass a satisfactory examination in English, history, mathematics, including algebra and plane geometry, Latin, and one other language, which may be either Greek, German or French. The examinations are not only held in the college, but also at Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Louis, Detroit, Louisville, Atlanta, Washington, Omaha, Denver and San Francisco.
GERMANTOWN—We cannot assume the responsibility of advising you upon the selection of any religious denomination for your own. If you are in such great doubt as to which church you shall join why not wait a little longer before making your final decision? It seems most unfortunate that you cannot consistently remain a member of the church into which you were baptized, but, of course, your own conscience must be your guide in this most serious and perplexing problem which lies before you.
S. D. M.—Women are admitted to all the departments of Tufts College upon the same terms as men. (2) The clause in the charter of Tufts College which has reference to a religious test is as follows: "Section 5. No instructor in said College shall ever be required by the Trustees to profess any particular religious opinions as a test of office, and no student shall be refused admission to or denied any of the privileges, honors or degrees of said College, on account of the religious opinions he may entertain."
CLEMENT—Grover Cleveland was born at Caldwell, Essex County, New Jersey, on March 18, 1837. (2) "Credit Mobilier" in United States history was a banking corporation chartered in Pennsylvania in 1863, with a large capital; in 1867 it changed hands, and increasing its stock became the new company for the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. In a trial in Pennsylvania in 1872 as to the ownership of stock it was shown that certain Congressmen possessed stock, hence arose the scandal in connection with it.
P. B. H. J.—Edwin Booth's grave, at Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, is marked by a large monument in the form of an Athenian monolith. Upon its face is a relief in bronze representing Booth in the prime of life; below it is the inscription:
EDWIN BOOTH
BORN NOVEMBER 13, 1833
DIED JUNE 7, 1893.
"I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow." Jer. XXXI: 13. On the reverse side the Drama is represented by two Roman masks encircled by a wreath. Beneath, cut quite deep in the stone, is a quotation from Shakespeare.
JEANNIE—Any woman over eighteen years of age is eligible for membership in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who is descended from an ancestor who, "with unflinching loyalty, rendered material aid to the cause of independence as a recognized patriot, as soldier or sailor, or as a civil officer in one of the several Colonies or States, or of the United Colonies or States," provided that the applicant shall be acceptable to the society. Every application for membership must be endorsed by at least one member of the National Society. It is then submitted to the Registrars-General, who report on the question of eligibility to the Board of Management, and upon its approval the applicant is enrolled as a member.

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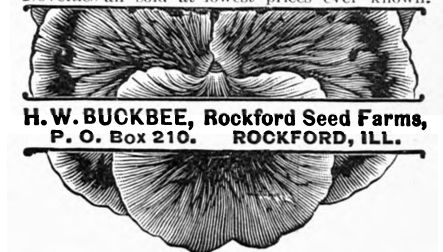


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