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# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER 1898 TEN CENTS

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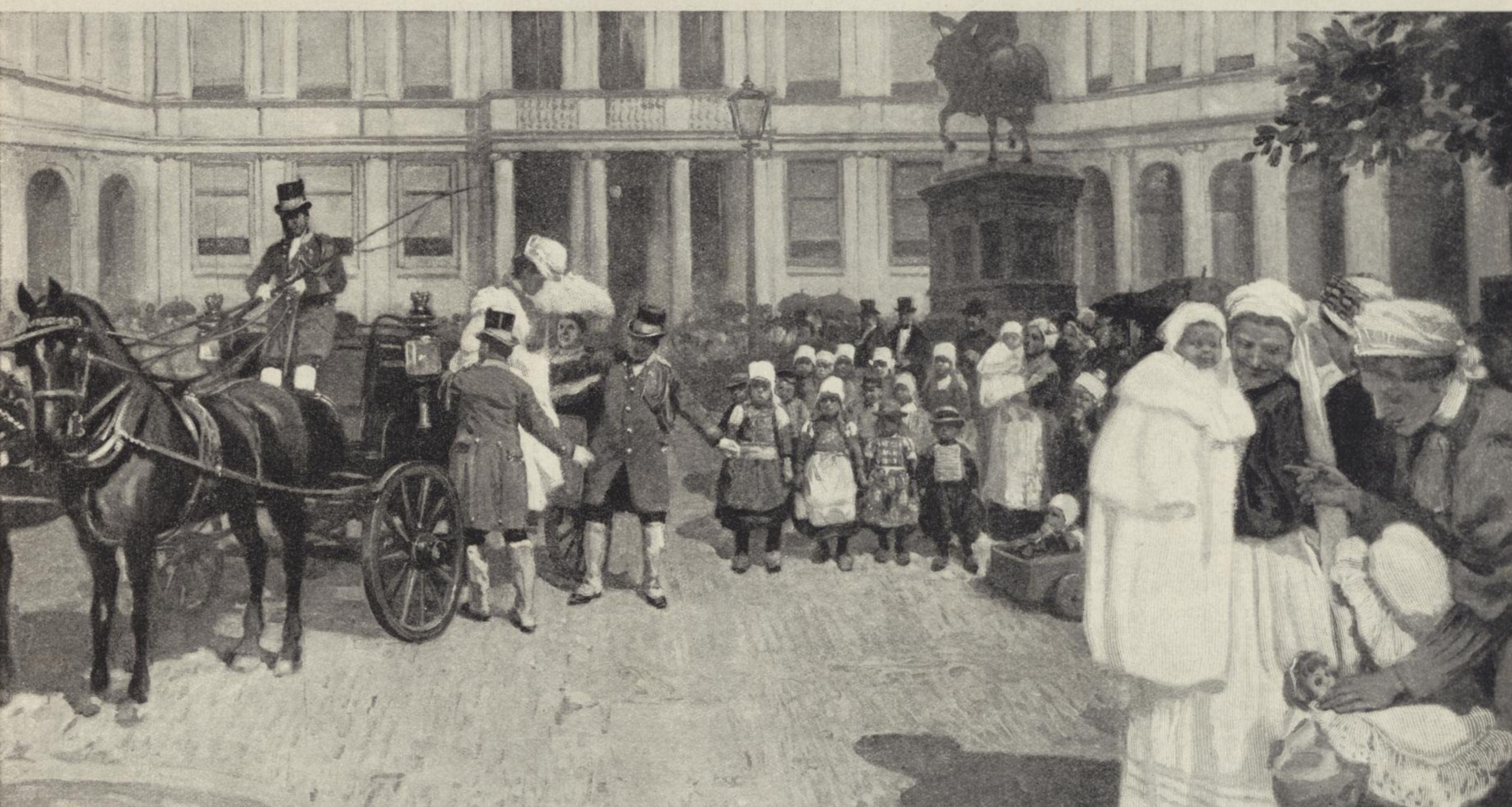


DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

THE CHILDREN GATHERED BEFORE THE PALACE WHEN THEIR "LITTLE QUEEN" RETURNS FROM A DRIVE

## THE GIRL WHO WILL RULE A KINGDOM

*By J. H. Gore*

BOUT six o'clock on the thirty-first of August, 1880, the report of a cannon in the barracks at The Hague announced the birth of an heir to the throne of the Netherlands. In an instant the telegraph wires netting the Kingdom were tingling with the same glad intelligence, and the brazen mouths of other cannon from one frontier to another were spreading the joyful tidings. Telegrams were promptly sent to all crowned heads and to immediate relatives of the Royal family. Congratulations were at once forwarded by both chambers of the States General. The Hague arrayed itself in holiday attire; before the city hall there was a grand illumination; city councils convened and sent their good wishes; the people were rejoicing in the thought that the danger of an elector being called to rule over them was now more remote than ever; and in the city register was entered the birth of Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria.

The coming of the little Princess was a matter of unusual importance. Break after break had been made by death in the House of Orange, and when the King, William III, on January 7, 1879, took as his second wife Princess Emma, of Waldeck-Pyrmont, his only son, Prince Alexander, was evidently marked by the finger of death. The birth of a daughter, therefore, strongly buoyed up the hopes that had suffered such shocks by the inroads death had made into the Royal household. The little Princess was just six weeks old at the time she was publicly baptized in the William Church.

### THE APPLE OF HER FATHER'S EYE

TO THE King the little Princess was his heart's best affection, and he regretted every hour spent away from her. She was constantly with him when she became large enough to run about. Her health was a source of great concern in the home and throughout the land, for during her early life she was by no means strong, and this anxiety increased as the illness of the King grew apace and Wilhelmina remained the only child. In his protracted illness the King kept "Oogentroost" ("The Apple of His Eye"), as he called his daughter, with him as much as possible, and as she passed, upon the death of her half-brother, June 21, 1884, from Princess to Crown Princess the devoted father realized the hope she personified and the responsibility that would soon rest upon her.

A few hours after the death of William III, Queen Emma went to The Hague to take the oath as Regent. It was a moment of great concern to the Hollanders. Over them was to rule for a space of eight years one who was not of their beloved House of Orange, but one merely allied to it by marriage ties. But as she repeated the solemn oath every one felt that she realized her twofold task: to hold the reins of government and to prepare her daughter for the high functions before her.

THE GIRL QUEEN OF HOLLAND

[From the most recent photograph of Queen Wilhelmina, the last taken previous to the coronation—personally sent by Her Majesty to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL as a special courtesy]

### EARLY LESSONS IN FRUGALITY, ECONOMY AND INDUSTRY

AS A REGENT she has ruled wisely and well, and when the time comes for her to pass the sceptre to Wilhelmina I, the first Queen of the Netherlands, it will not be a frail wand, nor will it sway with uncertainty over a disunited people. The heritage which she will pass to her daughter will be greater than the one she received from the departed King.

As a mother she has been a paragon. Knowing the character of her daughter's future subjects, she has been careful to instill those principles which they have magnified into virtues. Wilhelmina has been given a weekly allowance of spending money, for all of which she must render an account, and out of which she must buy the Christmas presents for the dozen or more children of the palace officials. When the allowance does not suffice she purchases the worsted or embroidery materials and makes the gifts with her own fingers. She has been taught to sew, and in procuring goods for her clothing she has learned the amount required for each garment and the cost of the different kinds of materials. Housework has been included in her curriculum, and these lessons have been well learned.

She has had toys, dogs, ponies and pony carriages of her own, and thus, possessing property, the rights of ownership have never assumed vague forms. When visiting the Maastricht mines only a few months ago she saw a piece of iridescent coal that pleased her fancy, but instead of commanding, in that imperious way Kings and Queens are supposed to do, that this and all similar pieces be taken to the place of her naming, she asked in tones of a well-bred girl, "May I take this piece with me?"

### WILHELMINA IS GREATLY BELOVED BY HER SUBJECTS

LIKE all children Wilhelmina has had her favorite playthings. On her first visit to Switzerland this demure little lady was seen carrying a small hand-bag, and when she declined to intrust this precious burden to any one else some thought it must contain her birthright to the throne of the Netherlands, or its regal crown. But it contained neither; in it was her pet doll, whom she was taking with her to enjoy the summer vacation.

Her presents are numerous, but their acceptance always rests with the Queen-mother. A descriptive catalogue of those not declined would be almost a history of Her Majesty. It would include hammers and trowels which she used in laying corner-stones of hospitals, churches and monuments; Friesland dresses,

Zealand jewelry and Indian costumes; miniature ships, towers and city halls; besides innumerable illuminated addresses of welcome, and troops of toy soldiers in every variety of uniform. Among the latter is a collection of German soldiers given years ago by Emperor William, for the Emperor and the Queens of Holland are good friends. In 1891 he and the Empress visited The Hague. They were received at the station by the Queens and escorted to the palace by a regiment of soldiers. Queen Emma and the Emperor rode in the first carriage, and the Empress and Queen Wilhelmina occupied the second. The people along the route cheered the Emperor, to prove to him that they were Royalists and held the Germans in high regard, but when "our Queen" approached they hurrahed with double zeal, that he might see, they said, how love coupled with esteem shows itself.

The sojourn of the pair in Holland was attended with many festivities, reviews, excursions and banquets; and while every mark of courtesy and honor was shown, the wise Queen Emma was careful to let her people see that no Germanizing influence was making itself felt—so cautious, in fact, was she that when she toasted the Emperor she spoke in French.

From earliest childhood Wilhelmina has been encouraged to be economical that she could be generous, and to save things that had ceased to interest her in order to make some one else happy in their receipt. Her surplus toys were given to the children's hospitals, and on many occasions she has placed in the hands of a helpless cripple a plaything, and with cheeks aglow and eyes sparkling with pleasure, she would explain its mechanism. Then as it passed into the hands of the new owner she echoed the motherly caution she had often heard: "Take good care of it! Take good care of it!" If you wish to see how well this injunction is obeyed just visit Apeldoorn, the nearest town to Het Loo, and in places of honor in many houses you will see a doll, a toy, or perhaps a flower. A questioning glance will suffice to bring the answer, "That was given our daughter by Prinsesje."

### THE LITTLE QUEEN'S TIME IS MUCH TAKEN UP BY STUDY

IF ANY one should think that a Princess, especially a Crown Princess, can by decree dispose of her time as she may wish, he is mistaken. From infancy Wilhelmina had an English governess, and French was spoken in her presence by a special companion, so that as she grew up she absorbed two languages in addition to her own. But the language of her subjects has always been kept in the foreground, so that not even the most captious critics can say that any attempt has been made to wean her from the Hollanders' love for their own tongue.

It is said that while in England recently a Holland lady was presented to her, and remarked during the interview, "One of my daughters has been named Wilhelmina, and I should like to present her to Your Majesty."

"Does she speak Dutch?"

"No, Your Majesty; we speak only English in our home."

"Then perhaps it would be best to wait until she can speak her namesake's language before presenting her."

But it was not only the languages which she studied—there was literature, science, music, and all the subjects that demand the attention of a person seeking the highest culture. She rose at seven o'clock, had breakfast at eight, and work began at nine. Her general education had been intrusted to Dr. Salverda de Grave, while the Court chaplain gave her religious instruction, and special masters were called in for lessons along their chosen lines of work. Those who taught must be in the room assigned a few minutes before the hour. On the stroke of the clock she entered and at once began the recitation in hand. If the lesson were not finished at the end of the hour, she rose, bade the teacher good-morning and withdrew. Thus lesson followed lesson until half-past eleven, when recreation came. The Queen-mother exerted herself to make the recess hours enjoyable, so that study might be resumed with the minimum of reluctance.

### THE DOMESTIC RELATIONS OF MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

ON RAINY days, when the usual drive cannot be taken, the mother and daughter sit together for a chat, but their fingers are not idle; they deftly knit caps and mittens to gladden at Christmas time the hearts of the happy recipients about the palace.

Nowhere in Holland—that country to which the people of the world turn for models of domestic relations—does the mutual intercourse between mother and daughter present itself in a more delightful form than within the palace walls. The only plaint ever heard is that the duties of State demand so much of the mother's time that only too few minutes are left for those sweet confidences that are a daughter's safeguard and crown. Ofttimes when the Queen Regent is in the audience room listening to important matters, there comes from an adjoining chamber the sound of the piano. The chords take on a staccato movement indicating just a little impatience, but they remind the Queen that though she is Regent yet she is a mother and the daughter awaits her.

Queen Emma realizes that a Sovereign, more than any one else, needs knowledge, and that learning demands labor. Work, therefore, has been dignified, honest laborers have been looked upon with respect, and their trials and hardships have received sympathetic concern. In their many visits to distant places within the Kingdom needy institutions have always received liberal donations; a wounded stoker at the Helder found his most soothing salve in a gift of money from the young Queen's hand; the family of the man killed at Middelburg while setting off some fireworks can testify to her generous impulses; and more than once formal ceremonies have been cut short in order to find time to visit homes for the aged.

### SHE KNOWS NO SUCH WORD AS "FAIL"

IT HAS been said that Wilhelmina has had but one secret from her mother—the study of Malay, the language of thirty millions of her subjects. No one knows just what put it in her head to take up this study. It is thought that she was inspired to do it in order to enter into the feelings of these far-away subjects, to learn their natures from their literature, and read without the need of an intermediary such petitions as they might send to their "fair Queen over the hill of waters."

The day is completely filled, and idleness is a word of whose meaning she has no practical knowledge. The discharge of duty has been impressed upon her as a Royal privilege, and obligations are met without the thought of shirking. In making her Arabian Woyko take the hurdle at Soestdyk an old soldier asked, "Will Your Majesty not fear that he may refuse to take the leap?"

"Refuse? He must."

"Must" is an earnest word, but when it is directed more frequently toward one's self than toward others it loses much of its harshness and assumes a form of determination such as born rulers should possess.

It is indeed fortunate that the first lady of the land should be endowed with so many noble virtues, for mothers throughout the Kingdom point to her as an example for their daughters. "If you are not studious," the young Queen is reported to have said to one of her boy dolls, "you cannot become an officer," and hundreds of fathers have found in this remark the very incentive needed by their lagging sons.

"But," you may ask, "do not the youths and maidens of the land have that dislike for their Queen that is usually the portion of paragons?" When at The Hague wait until you see the flag waving over the palace, thus indicating that their Majesties are at home, and then walk down about two o'clock to the palace, and the hundreds of boys and girls there to see their "Koninginnetje" ["little Queen"] return from her drive will answer your question.

### ABILITY TO RULE REFLECTED IN HER FEATURES

WATCH the groups of children, perhaps children of the gutter, drawing a little wagon in which one of their number is seated. The wagon-body may be a soap-box, but to them it is an "equipage," and the girl may be barefooted, but for the time being she is "Koninklike Hooheid," for they are playing "Queen."

In The Hague the private schools have their recess at this hour because, forsooth, Her Majesty might pass by, and if the pupils are at the windows they are quite sure of a bow if not a smile from their fellow-student. It is not only the capital city that has an opportunity of seeing the young Queen. Her astute mother has taken her to distant cities to let anxious subjects see for themselves how well she is discharging her trust, and in return the mother-heart has been gladdened by the unbounded evidences of devotion to their future Queen. These trips have been like triumphal marches.

It there had been any doubts in the minds of the most fearful as to her ability to rule, these doubts vanished as soon as her clear, honest eyes and well-set chin were seen. The people in the provinces wished to do her homage, and presented her with their peculiar costumes; she placed her mark of approval upon conservatism, upon the observance of the ancient customs, by wearing the dresses thus given. Upon leaving Zealand, very loud indeed was the declaration: "Why should Gravenhage [The Hague] have this precious child all the time? She ought to live with us and make us glad."

### GUARDED FROM THE INFLUENCES OF COURT INTRIGUES

THE people at Court see but little of the Queen. When not at work most of her time is spent under her mother's eye, for it is important that she grow up unbiased and beyond such intrigues as haunt Royal palaces until at least she has reached the age when she can decide in all cases what course to pursue. Every care, too, has been taken to guard her health. Regular habits have been insisted upon and moderation in all things has been observed. Even when aiding as hostess the hour for retiring has always called her away. Emperor William noticed when at The Hague that no transgression of this rule was permitted although the brilliant fireworks were to be set off only a few minutes later. Again, in 1892, when he was host, he begged that she be allowed to remain up to see the parade given in their honor. But the mother said, "No; rest is of more value than amusement, and obedience more important than indulgence." However, on this occasion virtue received its reward, for on the following morning the Emperor commanded a special parade in her honor, he himself at the head of the troop saluting her as they galloped past.

While visiting the Prussian Court, by a strange coincidence, if nothing more, in the bed-chamber of Queen Emma and her daughter there was a painting of Mary, who, with motherly love, was holding the Christ-child smiling at a group of worshiping children. The Queen doubtless looked with interest upon this picture, asking herself all the while if she were doing her duty, and if smiles of approval from loving subjects would be her daughter's portion. To this question each day's events are giving answer, and every answer is an energetic yes.

Wilhelmina's undergraduate course, so to speak, was finished about a year ago. Doctor de Grave with great regret relinquished his charge, and Professor Kraemer was called to give instruction in political philosophy and international law. Under his guidance she is to be prepared for the high duties directly before her.

### HAS A KEEN INTEREST IN THE HIGHER FORMS OF SPORT

THERE is no time now for those amusements which were the child's delight. The snowball battles, in which balls of tissue paper took the place of the real article, must be laid aside; the score or more of dolls have been forsaken; the jolly romps with her nephews, the Princes of Bentheim, have given way to more formal intercourse; "Baby," the pony, has been supplanted by Woyko, whom she rides with grace and ease; but out from the past come two heritages: The first is the annual visit of her nurse, and Queen Wilhelmina on this one day of the year pays, by the cordial reception she gives her, the interest many times compounded on the debt of gratitude she owes the faithful soul who so carefully watched over her in her infancy. The other is the interest she has retained in all the higher forms of sport. She enjoys a skate over the smooth ice in the park at The Hague, grows enthusiastic over games of skill, attends yacht races, and on many occasions has on the racing-field herself handed the Queen's cup to the winner, patting the fleet horse and making the recipient doubly glad by adding to the usual formula of presentation, as she did at Arnhem recently, when she said: "I congratulate you most heartily upon your winning, Mynheer van Rhaden, and I hope you may be equally successful in every endeavor."

"Have no fear," said Louis XIV once; "Providence will save Amsterdam, if it were only in consideration of her charity toward the poor." Thus it was quite appropriate that the first public act of Queen Wilhelmina should have been the laying of the corner-stone of the Wilhelmina hospital in Amsterdam, and her speech, "I hope this building may be a blessing to Amsterdam," came like a message from "Father William." The interest she showed on this occasion in everything that took place, the way she received the homage of her people chanted to her by five thousand school-children, the zest with which she entered into each part she was to perform, even to the signing of the protocol, and her gracious acknowledgment of the many salutes and cheers, at once placed her on the topmost pinnacle in the affections of every one in the commercial capital.

After the terrible storm of December 22, 1894, both Queens visited Scheveningen to learn the extent of the destruction. They did not go out of curiosity, but out of sympathy for those in distress, and to see for themselves that the sea in its war knows no truce.

### SHE IS AN INTENSELY PATRIOTIC YOUNG WOMAN

FIRE had deprived Apeldoorn of its church, the gift of William I, their first King, so when it was reconstructed in 1891 it was a pretty fancy to have the memorial stone put in place by their first Queen. When her petition, "God bless this church," fell upon the ears of those who assisted at the ceremony it carried with it the firm conviction that it was indeed much more than a child's prayer—it was their Sovereign's wish made vocal.

Has patriotism, that important attribute of rulers, been duly cultivated? She has visited many of the neighboring countries and enjoyed the hospitality of the most splendid Courts, but love for home never grew faint. "Which country do I like the best?" she said to an inquiring courtier. "How can you ask! Nederland, of course," and her people are still repeating her answer.

She made a pilgrimage to Ginneken to place a wreath on the monument erected there to those who lost their lives during the war with Belgium. She went to Flushing, the first city to array itself on the side of William of Orange, where she braved a storm to unveil a monument to De Ruyter, and when signing the protocol apologized for her bad penmanship, saying, "I am so nervous."

"The rain makes Your Majesty cold as well as wet," remarked the Mayor.

"Yes; I am as wet as a kitten," replied Wilhelmina.

Though wet and cold she regarded these discomforts but slight in comparison with the hardships endured for the fatherland by him whose memory they were honoring.

### GREATLY INTERESTED IN HER ARMY AND NAVY

PATRIOTIC? Yes. Patriotic to a country whose constitution is as liberal as that of a Republic, loving a land whose first rulers were Kings in name rather than function; still she is duly impressed with the baseness of those who seek to overthrow the anointed. While at Tarasp, in speaking of the assassination of Carnot, she made this wise remark concerning anarchists: "They do not know themselves what they want. If they have an Emperor or King they cry for a President, and when they obtain a President they kill him."

As a child Wilhelmina was pleased by the sight of marching soldiers and enjoyed the strains of their martial music. When scarcely eleven years old she visited the soldiers encamped at Oldebrook, where, in addition to reviewing the troops, she examined the camp in detail, including the privates' mess, where she bought for a penny a cup of coffee and drank it from the regulation cup. Only a year later she christened the war-ship "Koningen Wilhelmina," on which occasion she was dressed in blue and wore the uniform cap. The artillery at Arnhem was honored by a close inspection, as was the navy at the Helder. It was here, after not seeing berths for the sailors, she asked where they slept, so solicitous was she regarding their comfort; and it was not until the Commander ordered one of the men to sling his hammock and show Her Majesty by getting in it that Jack could sleep in comfort that she was satisfied. In her visits no branch of the service has been neglected, not even the cadet school at Breda, the Helder Naval Institute, nor the Soldiers' Home at Lieuwarden.

She has further endeared herself to the soldiery by presenting to the regiments with her own hands their new colors, and with her little fingers tied on the medals which commemorate victories in days gone by. This honor was greatly appreciated, and increased devotion enkindled by her hearty words: "Colonel, I esteem highly the privilege of presenting personally this flag, and with it I give my best wishes for the regiment."

### HAS SAT UPON THE NETHERLANDS THRONE BEFORE

FROM her visits to foreign Courts, where she has met older and wiser crowned heads, clever intriguers and remorseless critics, there has not come a single unpleasant experience nor unkind word. She more than satisfied the rigid disciplinarian, Emperor William; the learned Oscar of Sweden was pleased with her frank honesty; and the exacting Victoria declared her to be "the most charming girl" she had ever seen. While attending the golden wedding of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, where there was present a large number of Royalties, she deported herself in such a way as to win universal praise.

The problems at home are few and will not even reach her. The love of her people is universal and unbounded, and such mistakes as may be made in youth will be overlooked and forgotten. Colonial affairs are stable. With great wisdom the Dutch years ago devised a system of government for their colonies which puts natives in those positions where the stress of power is felt, so that they believe they are governing and being governed by themselves. Under such conditions as this knowledge of human nature could devise the colonies are prosperous and contented. The only danger ahead is the alliance that might come with matrimony, but as the ministry is conservative, her mother cautious, while she herself is neither impulsive nor in a hurry, this danger is neither great nor imminent.

She has already sat upon the throne of the Netherlands, the occasion being her formal presentation to the people on May 27, 1891. This interesting ceremony took place in Amsterdam in the New Church, where, on the sixth of this month (September), the coronation oath will be taken. The coming of the Queen Regent and daughter on May 26 was celebrated by the massing together of the largest concourse of people this old city had ever seen. From the station to the palace every street was packed with subjects anxious to look upon their future Queen. The people's interest was too intense to suggest a shout, so it was not until Queen Emma and the Crown Princess

(CONTINUATION ON PAGE 30 OF THIS ISSUE)

DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"YOU HAVE NEVER HAD ANY LUCK, AND YOU HAVE WORKED HARD AND DESERVE MORE THAN HAS FALLEN TO YOUR LOT"

# THE TENDER LINK

*By Will N. Harben*

[Author of "Before Two Altars," "The Heresy of Abner Calihan," etc., etc.]

SEVERAL customers were gathered in Mark Wyndham's store at the cross-roads. They were rough farmers, wearing jean clothing, slouch hats and coarse, dusty brogans.

A stranger, a man of quite a different type, came in and sat down near the side door. At first the crowd gazed at him curiously, but after a while he seemed to pass out of their minds. When he had waited on all his customers Mark approached the stranger.

"By hookey!" he exclaimed, pausing in astonishment, and then extending his hand, "as the Lord is my Maker, it's Luke King! Who'd ever expect to see you turn up?"

"Yes; Luke King it will have to be, since you, like all the rest, won't call me by my right name."

Mark laughed apologetically. "Oh, I forgot you never could bear to be called by yore step-daddy's name; but you wuz raised up with the King lay-out, an' Laramore is not an easy word to handle. Well, I reckon you are follerin' what you started—writin' books."

"Yes."

"I 'lowed you'd stick to it. I never seed a feller study harder an' want to do a thing as bad."

Lucian Laramore smiled. "Did any one here ever find out that I had adopted that profession?"

"Not a soul, Luke. I never let on to anybody that I knowed it, an' the folks round here don't read much. They mought a suspected some'n' ef Luke King had been signed to yore books and stories, but nobody ever called you by yore right name. But what on earth ever made you come home?"

"It was my mother that brought me here, Mark—not the others," said Laramore. "If a man is a man no sort of fame or prosperity can make him forget his mother. I planned to come back several times, but something always prevented it. However, when you wrote me that the last time you saw her she was not looking well, I decided to come at once."

Mark was critically surveying his old friend from head to foot while he was speaking. Laramore smiled and added, "You are wondering why I am so plainly dressed, Mark; you needn't deny it."

❦

Mark flushed when he replied: "Well, I did 'low you fellers 'ud put on more style 'n we-uns down here."

"It's an old suit I have worn out hunting in Canada. I put it on because I intended to do a good deal of walking; and then, to tell the truth, I thought it would look better for me to go back very simply dressed."

"That's a fact, now I think of it; well, I wish you luck over thar. Goin' ter foot it over?"

"Yes; it is only three miles, and I have plenty of time."

But the walk was longer than Laramore thought it would be, and he was hot, damp with perspiration, and covered with dust when he reached the four-roomed cabin among the stunted pines and wild cedars.

Old Sam King sat out in front of the door. He wore no shoes nor coat, and his hickory shirt and jean trousers had been patched many times. His hair was long, sunburned and tangled, and the corrugated skin of his cheek and neck was covered with straggling hairs. As the stranger came in view from behind the pine-pole pigpen the old man uttered a grunt of surprise that brought to the door two young women in homespun dresses, and a tall, lank young man in his shirt sleeves.

"I suppose you don't remember me," said Laramore, and he put his satchel on a wash-bench by a tub and a piggin of lye soap.

"Well, I reckon nobody in this shack is gwine to 'spute with you," rumbled the old man, as with his chin in his hand he lazily looked at the face before him.

"I might not have known you either if I had not been told that you lived here. I am the fellow that you used to call Luke King."

"By Jacks!" After that ejaculation the old man and the others stared speechlessly.

"Yes, that's who I am," continued Laramore. "How do you do, Jake?" (to the lank young man in the door) "We might as well shake hands. You girls have grown into women since I left. I've stayed away a long time, dad; been nearly all over the world, but I've always wanted to get back. Where is mother?"

❦

Neither of the girls could summon up the courage to answer and they seemed greatly embarrassed.

"She is porely," said the old man, inhospitably keeping his seat. "She's had a hurtin' in 'er side from usin' that thar battlin'-stick too much on dirty clothes, an' her cold has settled on 'er chest. Mary, go tell yore maw Luke's got back. Huh, we all 'lowed you wuz dead 'cept her. She al'ays contended you wuz alive som'ers. How's times been a-servin' uv you?"

"Pretty well." Laramore put his satchel on the ground and sat down wearily on the bench by the tub.

"Things is awful slow here. Whar have you been hangin' out?"

"Nowhere in particular—that is, I have lived in a good many places."

"Huh! 'bout as I expected; an' I reckon you hain't got nothin' at all ter show fur it 'cept what you've got on yore back."

"That's about all."

"What you been a-follerin'?"

Laramore colored sensitively.

"Writing for papers and magazines."

"I 'lowed you mought go at some'n' o' that sort; you used to try mighty hard to write a good hand; you never would work. Married?"

"No."

"Hain't able to support a woman, I reckon. Well, you showed a great lot of good sense thar; a feller can shift fur hisse'f ef he hain't hampered by a pack o' children an' er sick woman."

At that juncture Mary returned. She flushed as she caught the expectant glance of Laramore. She spoke to her father.

"Maw said send 'im in thar."

Laramore went into the front room and turned into a small apartment adjoining. It was windowless and dark, the only light coming through the front room. On a low, narrow bed beneath a ladder leading to a trap-door above lay a woman.

"Here I am, Luke," she cried out excitedly. "Don't stumble over that pan o' water! I've been taking a mustard footbath to try an' git my blood warm. La, me! How you did take me by surprise. I've prayed for little else in many er yeer, an' I was jest about ter give it up."

❦

His feet touched a three-legged stool and he drew it to the head of her bed and sat down. He took one of her hard, thin hands and bent over her. Should he kiss her? She had not taught him to do so when he was a child, and he had never kissed her in his life, but he had seen the world and grown wiser. He turned her face toward him and pressed his lips to hers. She was much surprised, and drew herself from him and wiped her mouth with a corner of the sheet, but he knew she was pleased.

"Why, Luke, what on earth do you mean? Have you gone crazy?" she said quickly.

"I wanted to kiss you, that's all," he said awkwardly. They were both silent for a moment, then she spoke tremblingly: "You al'ays was womanish an' tender-like; it don't do a body any harm; none o' the rest ain't that way. But, my stars! I cayn't tell a bit how you look in this pitch dark. Mary! Oh, Mary!"

Laramore released his mother's hand, and sat up erect as the girl came to the door.

"What you want, maw?"

"I cayn't see my hand 'fore me; I wish you'd fetch a light here. You'll find a piece o' candle in the clock; I hid it there to keep Jake from usin' it in his lantern."

The girl lit the bit of tallow-dip, and fastened it in the neck of a bottle. She brought it in and stood it on a box filled with cotton seed and ears of corn. Laramore's heart sank as he looked around him. The room was nothing but a lean-to shed walled with upright slabs and floored with puncheons. The bedstead was a crude, wooden frame supported by perpendicular saplings fastened to floor and rafters. The cracks in the wall were filled with mud, rags and newspapers. Bunches of dried herbs hung above his head, and piles of old clothing and agricultural implements lay about indiscriminately. Disturbed by the light, a hen flew from her nest behind a dismantled loom, and with a loud cackling went out at the door.

The old woman gazed at him eagerly. "You hain't altered so overly much," she observed, "'cept yore skin looks mighty white, and yore hands feel soft."

Then she lowered her voice into a whisper, and glanced furtively toward the door. "You favor yore father—I don't mean Sam, but Mr. Laramore. Yore as like as two peas. He helt his head that way, an' had yore way o' bein' gentle with women folks. You got his high temper, too. La, me! that last night you was at home, an' Sam cussed you, an' kicked yore books into the fire, I didn't sleep a wink. I thought you'd gone off to borrow a gun.

It was almost a relief to know you'd left, kase I seed you an' Sam couldn't git along. Yore father was a different sort of man, Luke; he loved books an' study, like you. He had good blood in 'im; his father was a teacher an' a preacher. I don't know why I married Sam, 'less it was kase I was young an' helpless, an' you was a baby."

❦

There was a low whimper in her voice and the lines about her mouth tightened. Laramore's breast heaved and he suddenly put out his hand and began to stroke her thin, gray hair. A strange, restful feeling stole over him. The spell was on her, too; she closed her eyes, and a blissful smile lighted her wan face. Then her lips began to quiver, and she turned her face from him.

"I'm er simpleton," she sobbed, "but I cayn't he'p it. Nobody hain't petted me nur tuk on over me a bit sence yore paw died. I never treated you right, nuther, Luke; I ort never to a-let Sam run over you like he did."

"Never mind that," Laramore replied tenderly; "but you must not lie here in this dingy hole; you need medicine and good food."

"I'm gwine ter git up," she answered. "I'm not sick; I jest laid down ter rest. I must git the house straight. Mary and Jane hain't no hands at housework 'thout I stand over 'em, and Jake an' his paw is continually a-fussin'. I feel stronger already; ef you'll go in t'other room I'll rise. They'll never fix you nothin' ter eat, nur nowhar to sleep. I reckon you'll have to lie with Jake, like you uster, tel I can fix better. Things is in a' awful mess sence I got porely."

He went into the front room. The old man had brought his satchel in. He had opened it in a chair, and was coolly examining the contents in the firelight. Jake and the two girls stood looking on. Laramore stared at the old man, but the latter did not seem abashed in the least. Finally he closed the satchel and put it on the floor.

In a few minutes Mrs. King came in. She blew out the candle, and as she crossed to the mantelpiece she carefully extinguished the smoking wick. The change in her was more noticeable to her son than it had been a few minutes before. She looked very frail and white in her faded black cotton gown. Her shoes were worn and her bare feet showed through the holes.

"Mary," she asked, "have you put on the supper?"

"Yes'm; but it hain't tuk up yit." The girl went into the next room, which was used for kitchen and dining-room in one, and her mother followed her. In a few minutes the old woman came to the door.

"Walk out, all of you," she said wearily. "Luke, you'll have to put up with what is set before you; hog meat is mighty sca'ce this yeer. Just at fattenin' time our hogs tuk the cholera an' six was found dead in one day. Meat is fetchin' fifteen cents a pound in town."

❦ ❦ ❦

## CHAPTER II

After supper Laramore left his mother and sisters removing the dishes from the table and went out. He did not want to be left alone with his stepfather.

He crossed the little brook that ran behind the cabin and leaned against the rail fence which surrounded the pine-pole corncrib. He could easily leave them in their poverty and ignorance, and return to the great intellectual world from which he had come—the world which understood and honored him; but, after all, could he do it now that he had seen his mother?

The cabin door shone out a square of red light against the blackness of the hill and the silent pines beyond. He heard Jake whistling a tune he had whistled long ago when they had worked in the fields together, and the creaking of the puncheon floor as the family moved about within.

A figure appeared in the door. It was his mother, and she was coming out to search for him.

"Here I am, mother," he said, as she advanced through the darkness; "look out and don't get your feet wet!"

She chuckled childishly as she stepped across the brook on the stones. When she reached him she put her hand on his arm and laughed: "La, me, boy, a little wet won't hurt me—I'm used to it; I've milked the cows in that thar lot when the mire was shoe-mouth deep. I 'lowed I'd find you here some'rs. You used to be a mighty hand to sneak off from the rest, an' you hain't got over it. But you have changed. You don't talk our way exactly, an' I reckon that's what aggravates Sam. He was goin' on jest now about yore bein' stuck up in yore talk an' eatin'."

He looked past her at the full moon which was rising above the trees.

"Mother," said he abruptly, and he put his arm around her neck, and his eyes filled—"mother, I don't see how I can stay here long. Your health is bad and you are not comfortable; the others are strong and can stand it, but you can't. Come away with me, for a while anyway. I'll put you under a doctor and make you comfortable."

❦

She looked up into his eyes steadily for a moment, then she slapped him playfully on the breast and drew away from him. "How foolish you talk!" she laughed; "why, you know I couldn't leave Sam an' the children. He'd go stark crazy 'thout me round, an' they'd be 'thout advice an' counsel. La, me! What makes you think I ain't comfortable? This house is a sight better'n the last one we had, an' dryer, an' a heap warmer inside. Hard times is likely to come anywhar an' any time. It strikes rich an' pore alike. Thar's 'Squire Loften offerin' his big river-bottom plantation an' the best new house in the country at a' awful sacrifice, kase he is obliged to raise money to pay out 'n debt. He offers it fur ten thousand dollars, an' it's wuth every dollar of twenty. Now, ef we all jest had sech a place as that we'd ax nobody any odds. Sam an' Jake are hard workers, but they've had 'nough bad luck to dishearten anybody."

"Ten thousand dollars!" Laramore's heart bounded suddenly. It was exactly the amount he had in a Boston bank—all that he had ever been able to save. He had calculated on investing it with some literary friends in a magazine of which he was to be the editor.

"Do you think they could manage the place successfully, mother?" he asked, after a moment.

"Why, you know they could," she returned. "A body could make a livin' on that land and never half try. 'Squire Loften spent his money like water, an' let a gang o' triflin' darkies eat 'im up alive."

"I remember the farm and the old house very well," he said reflectively.

"They turned that into a barn," she ran on enthusiastically. "The new house is jest splendid—green blinds to the winders, an' cyarpets on the floors, a spring-house, an' a windmill to keep the house an' barn in water."

"We'd better go in," he said abruptly; "you'll catch cold out here in the dew."

She laughed childishly as she walked back to the cabin by his side. A thick smoke and an unpleasant odor met them at the door.

"It's Sam a-burnin' rags to oust the mosquitoes so he kin sleep," she explained; "they are wuss this yeer 'an I ever seed 'em. Jake an' the gals grease the'r faces with lamp-oil when they have any, but I jest kiver up my head with a rag an' never know they are about. I reckon we'd better go to bed. Jake has fixed him a bed up in the loft, so you kin sleep by yorese'f. He's been jowerin' at his paw ever sence supper fur treatin' you so bad."

❦

The next morning, after breakfast, Jake threw a bag of shelled corn on the bare back of his old bay mare and started to mill down the valley, and his father shouldered an axe and went up on the hill to cut wood.

"Whar are you gwine?" asked Mrs. King, following Laramore to the door.

"I thought I would walk over to the Loften place and see the improvements. I used to hunt over that land."

"Well, be shore to git back by dinner, whatever you do. Me an' Jane caught a hen on the roost last night, an' I'm gwine to make you a chicken pie, kase you used to love 'em so much."

Half a mile up the road, which ran along the side of the hill, he came into view of the rich, level lands of the Loften plantation. He stood in the shade of a tall poplar and looked thoughtfully at the lush green meadows, the well-tilled fields of corn, cotton and sorghum, and the large, two-storied house with its dormer windows, tall, fluted columns and broad verandas—at the numerous outhouses, barns and stables, and the white-graveled drives and walks from the house to the road. Then he turned and looked back at the cabin—the home of his mother.

It was hardly discernible in the gray morning mist that hung over the little vale in which it stood. He saw Jake, far away, riding along, in and out among the sassafras and sumac bushes that bordered a worn-out wheatfield, his long legs dangling at the sides of the mare. There was a bent figure in the wood-yard picking up chips; it was his mother or one of the girls.

"Poor souls!" he exclaimed; "they have been in a dreary treadmill all their lives, and have never known the joy of one gratified ambition. If only I could conquer my own selfishness I could give them comforts they never dreamed of possessing—a taste of happiness. It would take my last dollar, and Chamberlain and Gilraith would never understand. They would look elsewhere for capital and for an editor, and it would be like them to say they could get along without my contributions."

It was dusk when he returned to the cabin. Jake sat on his bag of meal in the door. Old Sam had taken off his shoes, and sat out under a persimmon tree "coolin' off," and yelling angrily at his wife to "hurry up supper."

❦

When she heard that Laramore had returned she came to the door. "We didn't know what had become of you," she said, as she emerged from the cabin.

"I got interested in the Loften farm, and before I realized it the sun was down; I am sorry."

"Oh, it don't matter; I saved yore piece o' pie, an' I'm just warmin' it over. I bet you didn't get a single bite o' dinner."

"Yes, I did; but I am ready for supper."

As they were rising from the table Laramore said: "I have got something to say to you all."

They dragged their chairs back to the front room and sat down with awkward ceremony. They stared at him in open-mouthed wonder as he placed his chair in front of them. Old Sam seemed embarrassed by the formality of the proceedings, and endeavored to relieve himself by assuming indifference. He coughed conspicuously and hitched his chair back till it leaned against the door jamb.

There was a tremor in Laramore's voice, and all the time he was speaking he did not look up from the floor.

"Since I went away from you," he began, "I have studied hard and applied myself to a profession, and though I have wandered about a good deal I have managed to save a little money. I am not rich, but I am worth more than you think I am. You have never had any luck, and you have worked hard and deserve more than has fallen to your lot. You never could make anything on this poor land. The Loften property is worth twice what he asked for it. I happened to have the money to spare and bought it. I have the deed for it."

There was a profound silence in the room. The occupants of the row of chairs stared at him with widened eyes, mute and motionless. A sudden breeze came in at the door and turned the flame of the candle on the mantel toward the wall, and caused black ropes of smoke from the pine knots in the chimney to curl out into the room like pyrotechnic snakes. Mrs. King bent forward and looked into Laramore's face and smiled and winked, then she glanced at the serious faces of the others and broke out into a childish laugh of genuine merriment.

"La, me! Ef you-uns ain't settin' thar and swallowin' down every word that boy says jest ez ef it was so much law and gospel!"

But none of them entered into her mood; indeed, they gave her not so much as a glance. Without replying Laramore arose and took the candle from the mantelpiece. He stood it on the table and laid a folded paper beside it. "There's the deed," he said. "It is made out to my mother to hold as long as she lives, and to fall eventually to her daughters and her son Jake."

❦

He left the paper on the table and went back to his chair. An awkward silence ensued. It was broken by old Sam. He coughed and threw his tobacco quid out at the door, and smiling to hide his agitation he went to the table. His back was to them, and his face went out of view when he bent to hold the paper in the light.

"That's what it is, by Jacks!" he blurted out. "Thar's no shenanigan about it. The Loften place is Mariar Habersham King's ef I kin read writin'."

With a great clatter of shoes and chairs they rose and gathered around him, leaving their benefactor submerged in their shadow. Each took the paper and examined it silently, and then they slowly dispersed, leaving the document on the table. Sam King started aimlessly toward the kitchen, but finally turned to the front door, where he stood irresolute, staring out at the road. Mrs. King looked at Laramore helplessly and went out into the kitchen, and, exchanging glances, the two girls followed her. Jake noticed that the wind was blowing the paper from the table, and he rescued it and silently offered it to his half-brother.

Laramore motioned it from him. "Give it to mother," he said. "She'll take care of it. By-the-way, Loften will get out at once. The price paid includes the crops, and they are in very good condition."

He had Jake's bed to himself again that night. For hours he lay awake listening to the drone of excited conversation from the family which had gathered under the trees in front of the cabin. About eleven o'clock some one came softly into his room. The moon had risen and its beams fell in at the open door. It was his mother, and she was moving toward his bed with catlike caution.

"Is that you, mother?" he asked.

For an instant she was too much startled at finding him awake to reply.

"Oh, I tried not to wake you," she stammered. "I just wanted to make shore yore bed was comfortable."

"It is all right. I was awake anyway."

❦

He could feel her trembling as she sat down on the edge of his bed.

"Seems like you couldn't sleep, nuther," she said. "Thar hain't a shut eye in this cabin. They've all laid down, an' laid down an' got up ergin, over an' over." She laughed softly and twisted her hands nervously in her lap. "We are all that excited we don't know which way to turn. Why, Luke, it'll be the talk o' the county! Sech luck hain't fell to any family as pore as we are sence I can remember. La, me! It 'ud make you split yore sides a-laughin' jest to set out thar an' listen to all the plans they are makin'. But Sam has the least of all to say, an', Luke, I'm sorry for 'im. He feels bad about the way he has al'ays treated you. He's too back'ard an' shamefaced to ax yore pardon, an' he begged me jest now to do it fur 'im the fust time I got a chance. He's a good man, Luke, but he's gittin' old, an' has been hounded to death by debt an' ill-luck."

"I know it; he is all right," replied Laramore tremulously. "Tell him I have not the slightest ill-will against him, and that I hope he will get along better now."

"You talk like you don't intend to stay."

"No; I shall have to return North pretty soon—that is, after I see you moved into your new home. I can do better up there; you know I was never a farmer."

"I reckon you know best 'bout your own arrangements, but I hate to have you go agin. I'd like to have all my children with me ef I could."

"I'll come back every now and then; I won't stay away so long next time."

She went out to tell her husband what he had said and to let her son sleep, but he slept little. All night, at intervals, the buzz of low voices and sudden outbursts of merriment reached him.

His mother stole softly into his room. This time it was to bring a shawl, which she cautiously spread over him, for the air had grown cold. She thought him asleep, but he caught her hand as she was turning away, and drew her down and kissed her.

"Why, Luke!" she exclaimed; "don't be foolish. Why, what's got in——?" But her voice had grown husky and her words died away in a rising sob of happiness. She did not stir for an instant; then, impulsively, she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. And he felt that her face was damp.

## WHAT MY LITTLE DAUGHTER IS TO ME

*By Livingston Hunt*

She is sunshine when she takes my hand; she is my blue sky without a cloud when she lifts her little arms to me. When I rest my finger-tips upon her little shoulder and walk by her side, she needs no telling to make her feel that it is her strength which is supporting mine, for a grown man is a weak thing, and there is no prop like a child. I know that her little heart beats faster when I lean thus upon her, for one day she told me so; and her pride in the telling was a gallant bit of fuss and parade. Such perturbation, such a pother with small arms, such a robustiousness of small actions, was never seen before in such a small body! I gazed in wonder until I was forced to fold her in my arms to quiet her.

This little child, this little pearl from Heaven, this daughter of her mother's gray eyes, is as free of human sin as is a ray of Nature's moonlight on the water, or as are the little beams of the little break-o'-day which issues from the leaves of every white rose. My voice grows soft and sweet when it mingles with hers in speech. I am certain, then, that I am a good man.

❦

I remember, many years ago—although it was only last summer—that my soul was sunk in doubt, save that it believed itself a clod. But what despondency could stand against the refutation in her crystal eyes? For they are windows into sinless skies where dwell the angels and God. She is my answer to every hope which wings its way Heavenward. She is my altar, and at night my once-stubborn knees are glad to bend before the sweet picture of her slumber. As I watch her then some fairy's hand drops dew upon the white leaf of her lip, and she lies a flower in flesh and blood, the breathing restoration of the childhood of her mother—that childhood which true love must ever long to know. Her face is then a veritable Easter chalice, from which my love of God can drink its fill of adoration.

Ah, me! my praise of her is sweet to speak. And yet I fear to let it flow and thicken, for there are those who are not so happy as I, and they might think I babbled. But it is only true, and I must tell it, that she is my dream of life's beauty, without sleep to clog the dream. She is sweet music without the unrest that sweet music brings. She is love without love's pain. It is because of her that I can look upon the gathering haze of distant hills at twilight and yet feel no answering mist o'ercloud my eye. She is my north star in the sky of duty. She is my gentleness, my simple joy; my faith, my worship. She is my peace of God which passeth all understanding.

# WHEN LOUIS PHILIPPE TAUGHT SCHOOL IN PHILADELPHIA

*By Camillus Phillips*

MRS. ABIGAIL WILLING PETERS

(By Permission of the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts)

IF THE Orleans family were on the throne of France to-day there would have been in the year 1898 a most interesting centennial to observe—the anniversary of the return of a distinguished exile. For it is a hundred years ago that Louis Philippe d'Orleans, afterward King for nearly two decades, was a fugitive from his native land, teaching school in the capital of a new-born Republic beyond the seas; while Talleyrand de Perigord, who, when he became that King's Prime Minister, was the most famous player on the chess-board of Europe, pawned his watch and sold ribbons to buy bread. Louis Philippe and the name Orleans are now impotent words to conjure with in France. The wit of the "democratic King," his shrewdness, his parsimony, his courage, his hard commonsense, his chivalry, his one-time beauty—all, all have been whirled into the limbo that is half history and half oblivion. Only in fading reminiscence and among the dustiest of dusty library shelves does the tale survive of how a King played pedagogue to earn his living, and had his heartache over love like the humblest tutor who ever lived and knew the romance of a poor young man.

Nothing short of a lightning flash could justly illumine, to the modern eye, the strange and grewsome background presented by the civilized world when these events took place. In Europe the earth, in very truth, was trembling with the tread of armies. The seas still gleamed under the red levin of cannon, when, in late October, 1796, a stout ship with half her canvas spread was chopping her way through the brisk swells that surged about the entrance to the bay of the Delaware River. She was the "America," owned by Conyngham, Nesbit and Company, of the city of Philadelphia, and was homeward bound, having sailed from Hamburg on the 24th of September.

### TWO NOTABLE PASSENGERS

THE "America's" steerage was crowded with German and Alsatian emigrants, vanguard of that vast tide of millions which has since swept over the country. At the moment—it was the emigrants' "watch below"; they had enjoyed their morning breath of air, and were in their quarters—the deck was deserted save for some few sailors and two other figures whose bearing would have caught the most casual glance. One of this couple stood at the rail, and, apparently unremarked, considered the other, who paced the deck with grave and steady tread and had an air of weighty thought, strangely in contrast with his graceful figure and youthful countenance.

The man at the rail was easily recognizable from his garb as commander of the vessel. He was Captain Ewing, a brave sailor, competent navigator, and blunt officer of the best merchant marine of his day and generation. Many a time before during the long voyage had he contemplated with the same dubiety the handsome form of the grave young man, who was his first-cabin passenger and shared a stateroom with an irritable old San Domingo planter, accustomed to growl himself red in the face three times a day for the reason that the "America's" hardtack was altogether too hard for his toothless gums.

The younger passenger, boarding the ship at Hamburg, informed Captain Ewing that he was a Dane, and paid his passage money on the nail—thirty-five guineas. He had one servant, to whose presence the bluff, democratic commander objected; but democracy was placated by the servant's passage money, which was seventeen and a half guineas, and the youthful Dane embarked like a gentleman. And as a gentleman he comported himself during the long voyage, reserved and almost diffident, patient with the trying humors of his irascible companion, and even so complaisant as to serve as the planter's interpreter when the old man once waged war on Captain Ewing over the hardtack. The "America's" master learned in this encounter that his mysterious Dane spoke English quite as well as he spoke French, which made him regard the passenger with more suspicion than ever. And now, on this chill October morning, the bluff seadog and conscientious patriot was mentally struggling for the hundredth time with the question: "What particular kind of an adventurer am I about to loose upon the free and independent citizens of my country?"

### THE MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER DISCLOSES HIS IDENTITY

AS IF in answer to his thought the passenger came to a sudden halt, regarded him steadily for a space, like one who has resolved upon a course of conduct.

"Sir," said he, with a courteous inclination and a raising of his hat which displayed the curling black hair, "this is not the first occasion upon which I have observed the attentive scrutiny you bestow upon me. May I inquire the reason for this interest?"

"Sir," responded the candid Captain, "you took passage on my ship as a Dane; I don't believe you're anything of the kind."

The passenger smiled; the smile was full of perspicacity and confidence, and was followed with:

"Pray tell me, then, what you believe me to be?"

At this ingenuous question bold Captain Ewing fidgeted, hesitated, and finally blurted out:

"Well, to be honest, I think you are a gambler. You've well-nigh ruined yourself at home, and are now coming to fleece the fools you'll find on shore."

The young man's smile broadened; the next minute he turned grave again, lowered his voice and replied:

"Captain Ewing, as you have studied me during this voyage so I have studied you. I have come to the conclusion that you are a man to be trusted. I am no Dane; I am an exile from France."

"Ah, that is another matter," was the hearty rejoinder. "An exile may well be a very worthy gentleman. We Americans put small faith in the judgment of the guillotine. May I ask who you are?"

"I am Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, eldest son of that Louis Philippe d'Orleans who was slain by the guillotine on the seventh of November, almost three years ago."

It was indeed the distinguished Prince of the blood whom the ship's commander mistrusted for some gamester in evil case. The Duke, with an engaging candor which was the best diplomacy, outlined to Captain Ewing his adventures prior to the sailing of the vessel from Hamburg. The hearty Captain, thoroughly reassured as to his passenger, engaged to see him safe on shore. He was better than his word, for when the "America" had come to anchor off Philadelphia he carried the Duke to the residence of David H. Conyngham, senior partner of the shipping firm. Here, for some weeks, Louis Philippe was hospitably entertained, and here for the first time in years he tasted the sweets of safety and repose.

FROM AN OLD PRINT

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S SCHOOL ON SPRUCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA

Few men had experienced such vicissitudes of fortune and come unscathed through so many adventures by flood and field as this courtly stranger. Born December 6, 1773, scion of a haughty branch of the haughtiest of Royal races, the very sponsors at his baptism were Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

The Duc de Chartres, as his youthful title was, looked out upon a glowing, radiant future. As the child developed, talents and surroundings promised everything in the eyes of those who were deaf to the mutterings of the thunder of approaching, inexorable destiny, and blind to the light that flared through the pages of Rousseau and his unconsidered allies. The son of the Revolution's Philippe Egalité had a memory like a creditor, an education from the lips of Madame Genlis, a writer of high repute, and all the opportunities that a witty, if hollow, Court offered to perfect himself as a Chesterfield if not a Bayard. The one career open to a lad of his distinction was the army; so to the army he went and fought valiantly at Valmy, Jemappes and Neerwinden.

DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

LOUIS PHILIPPE ASKING THOMAS WILLING, THE GREAT FINANCIER, FOR HIS DAUGHTER'S HAND

### FLED FROM THE GUILLOTINE

MEANWHILE the storm his order had for centuries braved came on with its awful social havoc and its guillotine as reaper for insatiate vengeance so long delayed. Philippe Egalité, his father, played chuck-farthing with place and life and honor, and passed into eternity, swaggering to the last. The dreadful blade, wet in the parent's blood, leered with its cruel, crooked mouth toward the son. The Duc de Chartres was already fled. Thereafter ever in his track stretched the executioner's eager hand.

The new Duc d'Orleans, one step higher in the social scale by the grace of Samson, headsman and *pro tempore* King of the French, was for a while professor in a college in Switzerland. He passed a stringent examination for the post, received three hundred dollars a year, and, when he departed to fight again under the colors of France, he was accorded a certificate of merit.

Louis Philippe, suspected under his incognito of Corby, was obliged to desert the colors once more. Thenceforward, like a hunted criminal, he wandered over Europe, journeying as far as the North Cape, the Continent's *ultima thule*, where he consorted with

Laplanders and rode with the reindeer. When, upon his return, he reached Denmark, his mother and brothers had been released from prison, although they were still under harsh surveillance. The Directory, Napoleon having given the Revolution its whiff of grapeshot a year before, was anxious to be rid of the Duke of Orleans. His mother, the Duchess, was promised restoration of her property if she would induce him to go to America. His answer was: "When my dear mother shall receive this letter her order will have been executed and I shall have sailed for the United States."

Here he was, then, guest of David H. Conyngham, merchant and ship owner, young, handsome, accomplished, and entitled by birth to take precedence of any man in the numerous colony of refugees—of artful Talleyrand, in his chill, bare attic in Goddard's Alley; of the Count de Noailles, in his comfortable residence at 118 Spruce Street, rented from Rev. William Marshall, a fine old Presbyterian minister whose congregation was too poor to give him adequate support; and of all the other exiles who had, like the new arrival, shivered in their turn at the flash of the ugly, bias blade at home and fled from it with more or less dignity and cash.

#### THE PRINCE'S APPEARANCE IN SOCIETY CAUSED A FLUTTER

WITH dignity Louis Philippe was well supplied. He was introduced by the Marquis of Lansdowne, who had been England's first Lord of the Treasury and Chief Secretary of State, to William Bingham, "the richest man of America." He was accredited, under equally good auspices, to General Washington, the President of the Republic. And if, to his misfortune, his cash were less than his dignity, he spent the cash with a Royal air that would have seemed like prodigality had he not shrewdly spent so little at a time. As soon as his acquaintance with his compatriots was on a proper footing the Duke relinquished Mr. Conyngham's hospitality and took up his residence with the Count de Noailles; that gentleman gave to him the lower portion of the Spruce Street house, the clergyman and his wife, at whose board the Duke and the Count sat daily, occupying a small dwelling attached in the rear.

Louis Philippe, launched in the leading society of the city, was the honored guest of men like Washington, Bingham and Thomas Willing, who was a very great person indeed, having been Mayor of the city, Member of the Continental Congress, and partner of Robert Morris, the financier of the American Revolution. What a flutter the princeling stirred in the dovecotes! How girlish hearts beat at a glance from those dark eyes of his!

#### A PHILADELPHIA GIRL'S PEN-PICTURE OF THE EXILE

SURELY, it is no profanation to peep into one of these gentle bosoms when the hand has so long been dust that penned these letters, immediately upon his advent:

> "Yesterday Philadelphia was honored with nothing less than the arrival of a Prince, and, as it is generally said, should the French ever again call for a King, which many believe will be the case, the said Duke of Orleans will beyond any doubt be the chosen man. And now I must proceed to inform you that he is very handsome, pleasing and accomplished; speaks our language perfectly, and is, in short, a most captivating young man of three and twenty. All this I have been told, for I have not yet seen him, but am in hourly expectation of a visit from this great personage. Are you not surprised that I write with so much composure, or, indeed, that I have the power to hold my pen with such a prospect in view, and when I add that I have not yet made my toilette, which, on such an uncommon occasion, should occupy at least twice the usual time, and you know I am not always very expeditious? If I am not disappointed you shall have a particular account of him—that is, if I survive the honor of an interview."

It may not be amiss to say that the writer was a member of a very prominent family, and was addressing her sister; but there is surely no need of adding that she was nineteen years old. Next day she wrote:

> "I have seen him and yet I live. But to proceed in due order, I must inform you that yesterday morning we were summoned to the parlor and immediately upon our entrance had the supreme felicity of an introduction to the said Prince, of whom I have promised you an account. In the first place, I am extremely disappointed in his person, which is by no means what I expected to have found it. He is rather tall and pretty well formed, but none of that commanding dignity or even gravity of manner which is generally looked for (and I believe very generally sought in vain) in so distinguished a rank. There was, however, a degree of modesty united with the appearance of a good understanding discovered in his countenance; and his conversation, from the little I could judge of it in the space of a quarter of an hour, was pleasant. In short, he is said to be a young man of most amiable character—an assertion which his diffident and unassuming air seems to confirm. And, after all, the virtues are certainly much better than the grace. It is, however, a great improvement when we meet them united."

#### FORCED TO TEACH SCHOOL FOR A LIVELIHOOD

DESPITE the caution Louis Philippe exercised over his expenditures his funds ran low; he could hope for no relief until his brothers, the Duke de Montpensier and Count Beaujolais, should arrive from Marseilles. But he was always a man who sufficed for himself, from the time he took a leaf out of the book of the adventurous Rousseau and instructed growing minds in Switzerland, to the days when he performed autophlebotomy in the wilds of Western Pennsylvania. If the Spruce Street house had been good enough for a clergyman, and was now occupied by a Prince, it was certainly fit for a pedagogue.

So behold the youthful heir of France going about among his new-found friends touting for pupils. Did they say, "But you are a Prince, not a teacher," he replied, "Who should teach better French than a gentleman of France?" And did they answer, "Yes, but mathematics," he showed his certificate of merit from Switzerland. What with the independence which loves a lord but adores a Prince, his ability, and admiration for his pluck, the townsfolk decided that a gentleman could teach French, and a professor, mathematics.

The tradition of it has descended to this day, a hundred years later; how the children of the city made diurnal pilgrimages to the pastoral residence, converted into a schoolroom; how Sunday clothes were worn the week round; how the pupils from the other schools stared in at the window, and whiles gibed these pets of fortune until school life was a burden; and how citizens, passing, drove the scoffers off for the sake of the steady voice within, saying, "Now, *messieurs, j'aime, tu aimes, il aime*," as calmly as though the words did not mean "I love, thou lovest, he loves," when a tutor is twenty-three.

#### PRINCE AND PEDAGOGUE IN LOVE WITH A PHILADELPHIA BELLE

BUT calm and steady as the young pedagogue was in the presence of his pupils it was a different man who stared gloomily about the apartments of the quiet Spruce Street house when his class was dismissed. His thoughts reverted to his country, his family, and all the glories that could not be his because, forsooth, the nation he might have ruled was worshiping a trinity of "liberty, equality and fraternity," and would no more of Kings and Princes. How priceless would those glories and that wealth be now, when the verb *aimer* was acquiring a fierce significance that dwarfed in the young Duke's heart the divine right of Royalty! It was the New World that opened life and love to the fugitive from the Old. Here for the first time Louis Philippe realized the possibility of a true affection and a long, happy, peaceful existence. Moving in the society of the choicest spirits of the city, an honored guest at a reception tendered in a noted hostelry—Henry Epply's Tavern, at 117 Race Street, where he was introduced to President Washington—the Duke of Orleans found himself *persona grata* in every home that he might have considered worth visiting. At one of these he called with increasing frequency—the mansion of the famous Thomas Willing, on the west side of Third Street, south of Walnut.

The magnate of American finance had a daughter, Mistress Abigail; and the daughter had a conquest—Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, Prince and pedagogue. Her portrait hangs in the Stuart panel at the Academy of the Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, albeit the name it bears is not Willing nor d'Orleans, but simply Mrs. Richard Peters. In the days when her Royal admirer first felt the ecstasy of the divine passion, Mistress Abigail wore at home a long flowing gown of clinging silk, embraced by a slender ribbon below the bosom; with her refined, high-bred, aquiline features and her slender form she might have been a Roman maid of centuries ago. But when she dressed for church, draping the little mantilla over her shoulders and tying her bonnet under her chin, she was just a beautiful American girl clad in the latest fashion.

#### SUED FOR MISS WILLING'S HAND AND WAS REJECTED

THE time came when Mistress Abigail's beauty was too much for Louis Philippe's diffidence; he determined to conjugate the verb in its only agreeable form, *je t'aime*, or end his hope of happiness forthwith. One day—or was it one evening?—he made his toilette for a visit of state. History, and even tradition, are silent as to the hour; but this is known: the Duke of Orleans prepared his attire with all the solicitude of a young man and lover. If his white knee-breeches were of cloth his stockings were certainly of silk. He picked out from his traveling chest the shirt most lavishly lace-beruffled at bosom and at wrist. He donned his silk waistcoat, artistically brocaded on a white ground. His coat of dark green silk had tails that reached his ankles; and in one of the pockets was an elegant snuff-box from Versailles, while the other held an equally elegant kerchief. With a bunch of seals pendant from either fob, a long, polished cane in his hand, and a beaver hat of most graceful curve upon his long, black hair, our Royal suitor put his best foot foremost, and was off to propose for his lady-love's hand—to her father. He went past the "show" house of the town—the residence of Mr. Bingham, at Third and Spruce Streets, he who was married to Mistress Abigail's sister Anne, and might possibly be his brother-in-law. He halted under the twin buttonwood trees that shaded the front of the mansion of Mr. Willing, who might be his father-in-law. And he rapped with the knocker at the door, while his heart went pitapat at the thought of Mistress Abigail, who might be his wife.

The wide, generous hall admitted him to the parlor, and the folding doors a little later admitted Mr. Thomas Willing, arbiter of his fate. The snuff-box came into play, and the proposal was made in form. Mr. Willing replied with an antithesis so conclusive, yet so truly literary, that it has been treasured as a gem in local annals:

"Sir, should you ever be restored to your hereditary position you will be too great a match for my daughter; if not, she is too great a match for you."

#### LONG YEARS IN EXILE UNDER FORTUNE'S FROWN

FAREWELL, peace and quietness; farewell, home in the stranger land; farewell, love and sweet Mistress Abigail Willing, whose portrait in the Academy of the Fine Arts shall wear the legend of a Royal proposal and of a marriage to Mr. Richard Peters, son of Judge Peters. Louis Philippe, with ruffles, snuff-box and cane, wended his way to his lodgings, and longed for his brothers' arrival.

They reached Philadelphia in February, 1797. The three removed to the house at the northwest corner of Fourth and Locust Streets, where they set up as merchants. Not long thereafter they went on a tour of the West, Washington preparing the itinerary himself. They returned, suffered poverty once more, came safely through a decimating yellow fever epidemic, secured fresh funds, voyaged down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and embarked for Europe in February, 1798.

A dozen years elapsed. Louis Philippe, still poor, still exiled from his country, was in Sicily. French armies had driven thither from his throne Ferdinand IV, King of Naples; and in that King's daughter, Marie Amélie, Louis Philippe found the living image of his early love. The King of Naples was not good at antitheses. His acquaintance with politics was better than his command of rhetoric. He graciously answered: "Yes."

## MRS. DELAND'S CHARITY JONQUILS

*By Irah Dunklee*

IN BOSTON the first hint of spring comes when Mrs. Margaret Deland holds her annual jonquil sale at her charming home on Mount Vernon Street. This is the third season she has experimented with raising flowers in the house, and now she has proven, beyond a doubt, that it may become a means of adding quite a substantial bit to the income of a working-woman.

The idea of helping women to help themselves is what led Mrs. Deland to think of flower culture. For some time she had tried to decide on some means whereby a woman could with little effort earn some extra money.

These jonquil sales are quite delightful affairs, as all society throngs to the quaintly artistic home that is, on these occasions, upstairs and downstairs abloom with flowers. The time of the sale depends upon the flowers themselves. Some seasons they bloom earlier than others, and so the day occurs whenever the flowers insist. As it is in a way a business affair Mrs. Deland announces the event by putting an advertisement in the papers.

In the library, where Mrs. Deland writes each day, the sale is held. On the broad window-ledge and tables the first spring flowers make a brave showing. Though the rooms are always crowded with chatting friends, as everybody is almost sure to know everybody else, the sale could by no means be called a reception, for Mrs. Deland does not formally receive, and the tea-kettle never steams on these occasions. There is simply open house from four to six, and the utmost informality prevails. The trim maid shows each newcomer to the library, where Mrs. Deland greets her friends cordially. If strangers, who were interested in the advertisement, appear they are sure to feel the same freedom that they would at a fair in the aid of charity. The first thing each person does is to select one or more plants, and the maid in attendance takes the choice to the central table, where either Mrs. Deland or some friend does them up. Then Mrs. Deland sends them down to the carriage, or more often than not she takes the plants home herself.

IT IS quite probable that if Mrs. Deland were not Mrs. Deland these sales would not be such social affairs, but it is likely that they would be as largely attended, because the fame of the flowers she raises has gone abroad. In point of size and coloring they are perfection itself, and many prefer to buy plants that have been raised in the house, rather than in a conservatory, as they are more likely to do well.

It was while rolling up the pots in crisp white paper, and carefully tucking the blossoms in, that Mrs. Deland chatted about her pet project. It is her verdict that the flowers are doubly valuable, for they not only give employment, but a purely personal pleasure that quite compensates for the care lavished on them. As to profits she says: "There are two ways of considering the question. If one has the house room to keep the plants, and can hold a private sale, there is a good profit to be realized, as each pot can be sold at the retail price, which is, in the city, about one dollar and a quarter. If one can do no better than sell to the florist at wholesale prices quite a profit may be realized, as the florist will pay fifty cents for a pot that only costs about twenty-eight cents. For one to really make money, one must go into the business on a very large scale, and then be fortunate enough to control the weather, the house-heating and everything. Still, all disadvantages considered, there are no flowers easier to raise than these same jonquils. To be successful one must select the best bulbs in the latter part of September. The prices range from a fraction of a cent to three or four cents apiece. The pot itself costs about four cents. There are many kinds of jonquils, all equally easy to raise, and as crocuses and hyacinths require exactly the same treatment it is well to put in a supply of these bulbs, as they make the flower collection more interesting.

MRS. DELAND was explicit about directions for planting the bulbs, as much depends upon how it is done. "In the bottom of the pot put a few small stones or bits of broken pottery, to insure drainage," she explained, "then an inch layer of sphagnum moss to hold the moisture (and it must be remembered that jonquils need plenty of water). Above the moss sprinkle earth, and then a handful of pulverized sheep manure. When the pot is about half full of earth put in the bulbs scattered about, and fill with earth to within half an inch of the top, thus leaving plenty of room for watering. To a large pot allow seven or eight bulbs, and to a small one four or five. Finally, let the pot stand in the water for about ten minutes, or until the earth is soaked through and through. After having planted the bulbs put the pots in a cool, dark place (preferably the cellar) until the roots show through the bottom. When they do show, place the pots in the windows. Then give them plenty of water, and keep, if possible, an even temperature of about 60°."

Mrs. Deland feels certain that the sturdy health of her plants is due to the fact that the house is heated by fireplaces only. The plants may be put in any room—north or south. The only difference is that the flowers in the sun are a little larger. It is interesting to know that several women have tried raising jonquils as Mrs. Deland suggests, and have been successful. This year the sale included some plants that were brought in to her to sell.

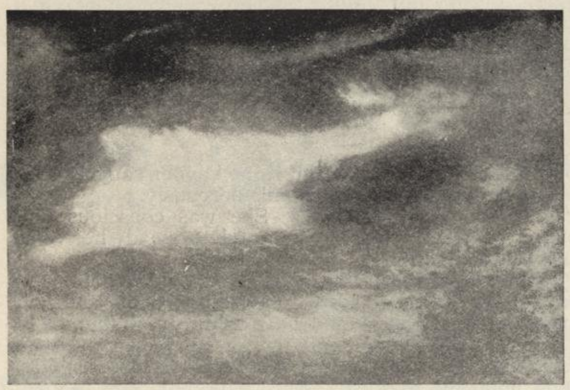
"Any working-woman, living in an attic, and gone all day," says Mrs. Deland, "may raise jonquils if she can only have access to some cool, dark place where they can take root. And if a number of women would coöperate in raising flowers, and then hold a sale together, having first gotten people interested in their plans, I am sure that an encouraging sum of money could be made."

This year Mrs. Deland sold about one hundred and fifty plants at the retail price, and the money that was realized by their sale she used during the year for her numerous charities. Indeed, few women are more actively engaged in philanthropic work, and so in their own sweet way the flowers bloom for sweet charity's sake. Through Mrs. Deland's efforts more than one lonely room in Boston has found hope and cheer through jonquils.

# HOW TO FORETELL THE WEATHER BY THE CLOUDS

*BY ALFRED J. HENRY*

*Chief of Division of Records, United States Weather Bureau*

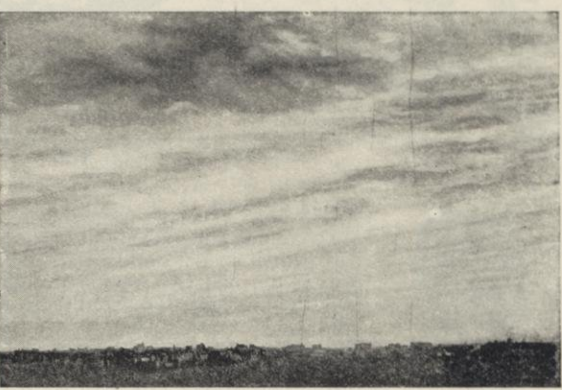


THE WISPY CLOUD: A cloud of all seasons, pure white in color; general elevation about five miles above the earth's surface. Occurs in isolated patches or groups, sometimes in the form of long parallel bands. Does not indicate storm so long as its form remains unchanged.

*The Illustrations on this page are from Photographs especially made by the United States Weather Bureau for the Journal, and reproduced by permission of the Chief of Bureau.*

*The series of cloudscapes here given includes a majority of the types that are most commonly observed in connection with weather changes in the middle latitudes.*

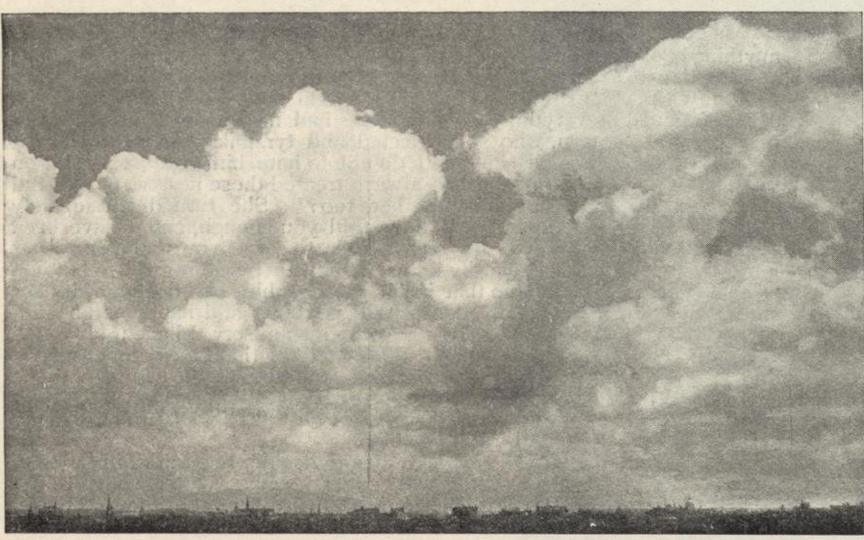
*Attempt has been made to roughly indicate in a few words the character of the weather most likely to follow clouds of each type.*



THE WISPY CLOUD when it indicates the coming of storm: Stormy weather is indicated when the wispy cloud takes the form of a great plume (the mare's tail of the sailors), or when the parallel bands merge and form a dull lead-colored sheet cloud covering the entire sky.

THE FLOCK CLOUD: A cloud of all seasons; elevation about four miles; color white except when the individual clouds are large, in which case there is a shaded portion of gray in the centre, but the edges are always white and more or less fleecy. This cloud almost invariably indicates a continuation of fair weather, with but little wind.

THE ROCKY CLOUD: A cloud of spring, summer and autumn. Chief characteristics, round or dome shaped tops and flat bases; elevation varies from about half a mile to two miles. The clouds shown in the illustration form in the forenoon and generally disappear at sunset. They indicate a continuation of fair and pleasant weather, with little wind.

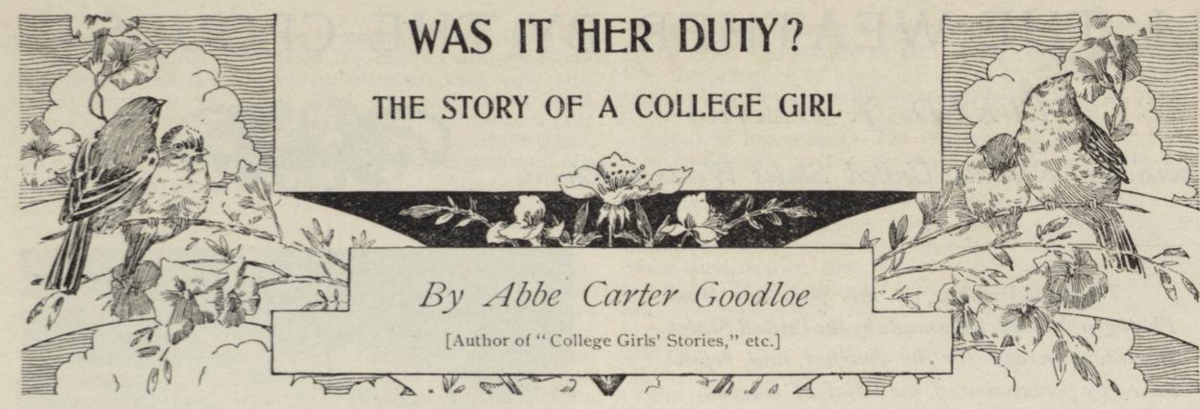


THE ROCKY CLOUD: Another form intermediate between the clouds of fair and foul weather. Clouds of this class form in the forenoon of warm, oppressive days. They indicate an unstable state of the atmosphere, and a probability of thunderstorms and local showers in the afternoon or night. The winds may be more or less violent.

THUNDERSTORM CLOUD: This view and the one immediately preceding (on the left) were made on the same day about two hours apart. They show the rapid changes that may take place in the form of clouds within a short time. The cloud in the second view drifted eastward and developed into a moderate thunderstorm while but a few miles distant.

AN OVERGROWN CLOUD of the rocky class: The fact that on some days rocky clouds grow to an enormous size is one of the first indications of rain. Usually, however, rain does not fall while the outlines of the cloud remain sharp and distinct as in the illustration. As soon as the upper edge loses its sharpness, becoming soft and fleecy, rain is probable within a short time.

THE ROCKY CLASS: Same cloud as the one on the left, photographed twenty minutes later. A light sheet cloud has formed in the meantime and now hides the top of the greater cloud. The formation of a sheet cloud on days when rocky clouds grow to unusual size is an excellent indication of general rain within a very short time, generally from two to four hours.



# WAS IT HER DUTY?

## THE STORY OF A COLLEGE GIRL

*By Abbe Carter Goodloe*

[Author of "College Girls' Stories," etc.]

MISS GOODLOE

MISS ELLSWORTH'S friends were becoming anxious about her. She had grown so pale and tired looking during the last two weeks of college that they told her they would be very glad for her sake when it was over and she was the proud possessor of her sheepskin, and could go away and rest. The young girl assured them, however, that it was only the heat and the hard work and the bother over the out-of-door play to be given, which were worrying her, and that she would be all right again in a very short time. There was a fatigued, harassed look on the girl's face and in her clear eyes, though, which no amount of heat and final examinations and dramatic responsibility could account for. But she carried herself bravely. She was not the kind to go for sympathy to the first friend. Besides, this trouble could be spoken of to no one. But it was with her day and night. It was always there—in the background of her consciousness, ready to stand forth clearly defined and torturing whenever a moment of idleness, of acute consciousness came. And at night for long hours it would have to be gone over and reasoned with and thrust away or decided upon, only to have it come again in the morning, the same unsolved, painful problem. But it was especially at night that it tortured her most.

Then she would go over the whole thing: how she had boasted of her high courage to do her duty, and how she had thrust it from her the next instant, almost; and then it would seem to her that Holland's face, sensitive and kindly and unsuspecting, would rise up and slowly turn into an accusing, sorrowful, masklike countenance. And then she would see the beautiful face of the English girl, and she would imagine how it would look with all the laughter and youth gone out of it, and the eyes sombred and looking with awful reproach into hers.

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But it was her brother who stood out most clearly in her consciousness. She could see him as if he were before her, and numberless, half-forgotten, miserable memories thrust themselves upon her. She could recall the wonder and anger she had felt at seeing him unmoved, unconcerned by their mother's death, when she, small as she was, had cried until she was utterly ill and wretched. She remembered a hundred acts of petty tyranny and cruelty he had been guilty of as a boy, and his willfulness and inconsiderateness. And later—when he grew up—his morose irritability and ungenerous taciturnity had mortified her unceasingly.

She could feel again—there in the dark and with her cheek pressed against the pillow to cool it—the hot anger she had often felt against him. Try as she might, she could not recall an affectionate brotherly act of his to her, one expression of love or consideration for her father. She felt sick at soul when she thought of his absolute selfishness, indifference and deceit. And this was the man who was to make the happiness of a young, untried girl. And worst of all was his hypocrisy—his charming cordiality to strangers, his exertions and anxiety to please those who had no claim upon him, and his utter lack of regard for his own people.

She could picture to herself, just as if she had seen it all, how her brother had fascinated the young girl; how amiable, witty and agreeable he had appeared to her, and how impossible it was for her to know or realize just what he could be like when the necessity or desire to please was not upon him. And she was to leave her in this ignorance! Was this her boasted courage? Because he was her brother she was to let him marry this young girl, and in a whole lifetime of unhappiness discover for herself just what she could tell her in a very few words.

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And then she would begin again the weary round of reasoning, and she would assure herself that it was not her affair, that she could do nothing, that he was her brother, and that nothing he had ever done to her was as base as what some compelling power seemed to be urging her to do to him. What were these strangers to her? Was not her first duty to her own people? And should she not rather defend and shield her brother than expose his faults to another; and if he truly loved the girl would not her influence make a new man of him? She would shut her eyes tightly and bury her face in the pillow to stifle the consciousness that nothing could be done: that the sins and shortcomings of his youth had grown with the man and were as strong as he was, and that nothing save a miracle could change and better him.

And then she would tell herself over and over that at least it was not for her to speak—that it was her father's place to tell Holland of these things when he should see him. But she knew in her heart that he would not do it. She felt sure that his position would be that of an uninterested looker-on, that he would be cynically indifferent to the whole thing. And then, when absolutely every excuse and subterfuge had been tried, without avail, to rid herself of the responsibility of this thing, there would come to her the last plea on her own behalf—the consciousness of how she would appear to Holland. She began to realize just what it meant to her that he should think well of her, and she knew she would seem no heroine in his eyes with this story on her lips. She could almost see the mingled astonishment and scorn of his face when she told it to him. He had not meant this when he had urged her to do her duty at any cost. She felt that this was not what she herself had meant when she had said that a man would hardly commend a woman for doing it even though his conscience approved it as right.

Loving his sister as he did, she knew he would be quite unable to realize the lack of all sympathy and love between herself and her brother. She realized exactly how hard, how unnatural, she would seem to him, what false construction he might put upon her act. And even if he were grateful on his sister's behalf, and knew that she had acted only from motives of honesty and justice, would there not be that dreadful story between them; would he not always remember that she had betrayed her brother?

But would that be harder to bear than to have him come and reproach her for the wreck of his sister's life? She had known and she had kept silence. She knew her brother a great deal better even than her father did—there would be more blame for her than for him if it came to that. She would have given her right hand to have persuaded herself that, not loving her brother, it was dislike which prompted her to speak against him. But the indifference she felt for him was too real to allow her to comfort herself with that thought.

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And so her weary mind would turn and twist the problem night after night. Now duty would seem to mean one thing, now another. The only hope that she had was that her father would tell Holland and spare her the decision. She would wait until she saw him before determining what to do.

It was so long before she heard from Holland that she had begun to hope that he had sailed, after all, without seeing her again. When she got his note saying that he would be out that evening she realized just how much she had depended on that hope and on her last one—her father's action in the matter. And when she entered the room that evening, and saw Holland with the same look of undisturbed, quiet friendliness on his face, she knew that she would have to abandon even that last hope.

He walked quickly toward her with his hand outstretched, but as the young girl drew near to him, with a sudden movement she folded her arms tightly and looked at him with a half smile on her pale lips. "Wait a moment," she said uncertainly. "I can't shake hands with you unless——" Her voice trembled so that she stopped speaking entirely.

Holland looked at her in astonishment.

"What is the matter? Have I done anything?" he began. The young girl seemingly paid no attention to him. She was looking thoughtfully down to the carpet now, and as she stood so Holland noticed how fatigued and pale she was, how changed and unhappy.

She glanced up at him after a moment's silence.

"I have something to say to you," she began, more steadily this time, "but I can't say it in here, with the lights and noise, and people likely to come in." She moved toward the door. "Come out here," she said, "we can talk better out here."

Holland followed her silently. He was so far from guessing the truth that he felt almost amused by the young girl's tragic manner. When they got outside in the cool evening air, she turned to him.

"You saw my father?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," answered Holland; "I stopped over for several hours and had a very pleasant time with him. I didn't know he was a bibliophile. He showed me some very rare editions in his library, and after that we went for a drive. I was sorry I had to leave so soon."

"What did he say about my brother?" asked the girl in a low voice.

"Well," replied Holland, smiling a little, "he said he laid the responsibility of this international match on my shoulders, though I think it was very unfair for him to have done so, since we both agreed that there was little to be said or done about it, as they had taken affairs so entirely into their own hands. If there were any complications I would have to do the diplomatic act. Seriously, he seemed very glad to hear of his son's engagement, and he was very polite and said the usual things—that he feared she was much too good for him, that the marriage was most agreeable to him, etc. By-the-way, I did not tell you that I had cabled them my consent that night, and so they are actually engaged long before this!"

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Miss Ellsworth walked on dizzily and silently. Once or twice she tried to speak, but her tongue was dry and there was a queer, sharp pain in her throat. She could almost have believed herself dumb, so impossible did it seem to her to utter a sound. Pulses were throbbing in her temples and behind her ears. It seemed an awful thing she was about to do—a sort of betrayal of her own flesh and blood. She wondered suddenly how she could ever have dreamed of warning a stranger against her own brother. As she yielded to the impulse to say nothing the blood seemed to throb less painfully, she grew quieter—almost happy, and then slowly there surged back upon her all the unanswerable arguments and the painful perplexity and the haunting reproach. She took her poor, little, weak courage in both hands.

"They—mustn't—be—engaged," she said slowly and with difficulty. Her voice sounded muffled and strange to her own ears. Holland stopped abruptly and stood staring down at her.

"What do you mean?" he asked at length.

The young girl looked around her restlessly, almost as if seeking to escape. She could hardly believe that she could be going to do what she had determined upon. It seemed a horrible, unaccountable thing to her. The belief that she was right was all that sustained her. She wondered bitterly whether any other girl such as she was had ever been obliged to do such a thing.

"I—you remember our talk—the last time you were here—about duty, you know?"

Holland nodded.

"I want you to try and remember what we said—and let—that be some excuse for me if what I am doing is wrong. But do not think," she protested hastily, "that I am doing this to prove my courage—I am doing what I believe—what I am sure—is right." She looked up eagerly at Holland, as if hoping that he would assent, but he was gazing at her in perplexed, uncomprehending anxiety. He signed to her to go on.

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She stopped in her walk and leaned against an oak tree, clasping and unclasping her hands nervously.

"It is about my brother." She was conscious that Holland recoiled a step. She tried to steady her voice and speak distinctly.

"I know how unnatural, how terrible a thing it must seem to you for me to speak against my brother. I had hoped that my father would have told you all there is to tell. I would have been only too glad to have persuaded myself that since he did not there was no responsibility resting upon me to do so. But I have not been used to relying upon my father's judgment—I know him so little—I have always had to think for myself. And it is true—what I said—about our trying to be honorable—not to let things slip by us, but to think and act with the courage of a man—to set things straight at any cost to ourselves—and so I could not stand by and let this thing go on. It seems to me that it is a point of honor." She stopped for an instant as if hoping that Holland would speak and help her out a little, but he stood silently looking at her as he had stood since she began to speak.

"It is what a man ought to do, is it not?" she went on after an instant's silence. She spoke in a low tone and with her face away from Holland. "If your sister were going to marry a man who would make her utterly unhappy, in whose nature moroseness and irritability and selfishness had become ineradicable, who would make her life wretched by inconsiderateness and neglect, and if a man—a friend of yours—even one you knew only slightly, knew this man's character and knew that you were ignorant of it—would he not tell you? Would you not hold it dishonorable of him if he did not? I am trying to be that friend—at what a cost to myself I shall not say. I have come to tell you of things which the world does not know, and for which the world could not punish him, but which will make her as wretched as though he were a common criminal."

Holland looked down at her.

"And I am to go to my sister with this?" he said. "And I am to say it is true—for his sister told me?"

"Can you not spare me that? What would I not have given to have spared you! What shall I say? What can I say to make you understand? I would rather have gone to her with this story, but I could not, of course, and perhaps it is better as it is. You are more able to judge of it all than she would have been."

"I would have given my life to have saved her this," he said slowly. "It will break her heart and I don't understand quite yet. Tell me exactly what you mean."

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The young girl put up her hand.

"Is it not enough? Must I tell you just how he has treated his sister, who would have loved him and been everything to him if he had not repulsed her at every turn, who so neglected and tyrannized over her that it was all she could do not to hate him? Must I tell you just how he has always treated those nearest to him and how he will treat her, too?" She turned passionately upon him. "I have told you enough, and I have been untrue to my own people to serve you and your sister whom I hardly know. I have believed it right to tell you all this so that if she marries him she does so with her eyes open. Because she is young and happy and beautiful, and to save her from much misery, I have told you all this. Can you not at least tell me that I have done right?"

Holland stood staring into the night. Apparently he had not even heard the girl's question.

"And she will have to bear this!" He turned fiercely upon Miss Ellsworth.

"It will not take long to decide," he said grimly. His face was white with anger. "She shall never see him again. It is useless now to wish that she had never seen him." He hesitated a moment. "Why did you tell me all this?" he broke out.

Miss Ellsworth turned wearily toward him.

"Because I thought it was my duty; was it not?"

Holland looked at her pitilessly.

"I cannot think of that now. It is my sister I must consider."

With common consent they turned and walked rapidly back toward the college. Suddenly the girl stopped and covered her face with her hands.

"Ah!" she said, "have I not thought of her?" She lifted her face and smiled bitterly at Holland. "If you only knew how I have tortured myself—how hard it has been to do my duty!"

Holland looked at her, touched for the first time by her tired, white face and big, sorrowful eyes.

"Your duty?" he said uncertainly. "I do not know—it was a strange, hard thing to do—who shall say?"

"At least I have tried to do my best, and I do not think you guess the half it has cost me. That is my part of it, I suppose!"

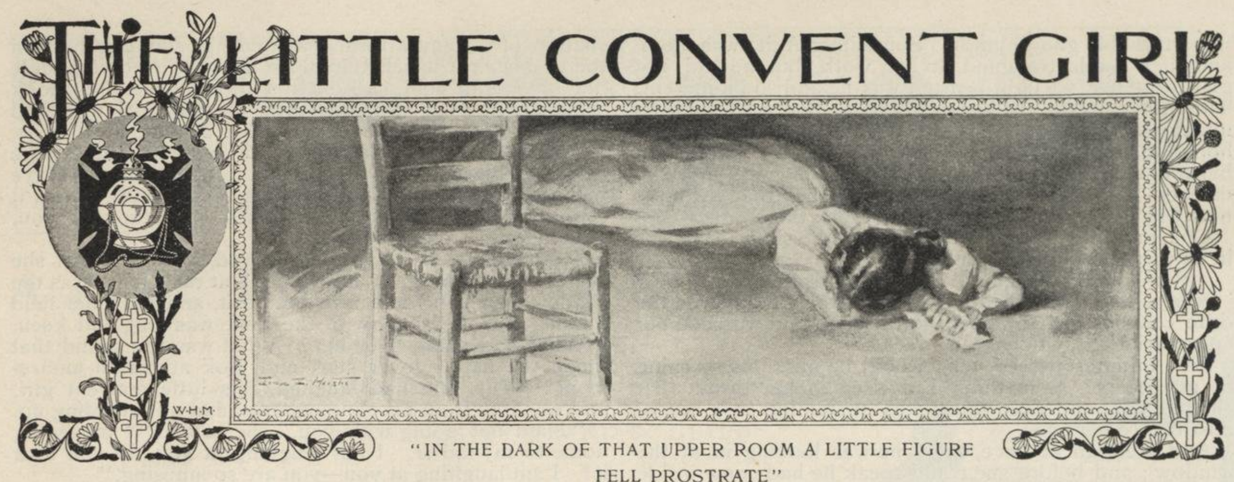
They walked swiftly up the driveway. At the entrance Holland stopped to bid her good-by. He looked at the girl with uncomprehending eyes.

"I am sure you 'thought all for the best.'" He spoke with effort, and there was not the slightest ring of cordiality in his voice. "We may not see each other again," he went on more gently. "I must go to my sister immediately. I think I shall never leave her again, and I do not wish you to misunderstand me. For me—for us—it was much the best. I cannot thank you enough. But for you——" he hesitated, lifting his hat to say good-by. "Did I not tell you that there were doubts and perplexities, that part of the duty was to bear misunderstanding and regret? Some one older and wiser than I will have to decide whether you did your duty."

(THE END)

Editor's Note—"Was It Her Duty?" was begun in the August Journal.

# THE LITTLE CONVENT GIRL



"IN THE DARK OF THAT UPPER ROOM A LITTLE FIGURE FELL PROSTRATE"

*By Julia Truitt Bishop*

[Author of "Old Gabe Carter's Company" etc.]

DOWN on the river side of Chartres Street, in the quaint French quarter of New Orleans, was the fruit store of Antonio Lamia—that is, Antonio would have called it a store. You would have called it a mere hole in the wall, perhaps. The building was small and old, covered with red stucco which peeled off in flakes and exposed the bricks beneath. There must have been a tiny upper room, for a little dormer window looked out from the steep, red-tiled roof. Nobody used that little upper room. Antonio himself slept and ate in the one small room back of the store, and Antonio was all alone in the world.

Antonio Lamia was the name over the door, but having served to adorn the door to that extent its mission was ended. The street boys called him Tony, even shouting that name at him in derision when he made fruitless efforts to catch them after they had snatched a banana from his open window, and Tony he became. What did it matter, after all, so that he sold his fruit and got ready for the next cargo? So he sat in the midst of his groves of banana bunches and his lemons and pineapples, and made shrewd bargains, and laid away money.

He was a fat little man, this Tony, swarthy, black-haired, black-eyed, with a supple outward sweep of his dark hands in talking. The handsome lady who had rented the old mansion at the corner of the Rue Royale, a block away, said that this motion of Tony's hands made her feel superstitious.

"There is nothing very ghostly about Tony, is there, mother?" asked the lady's handsome son with a laugh. "He has a very substantial appearance to me."

"But, Arthur, you can't deny that there is something very cruel about that Italian's hands. They look capable of such dreadful things."

"I wish, for the sake of our fruit, that they looked as though they had ever been washed," said the young man.

One morning, when the handsome lady called at the store for her day's supply of fruit, she stopped to look at Tony in amazement. He was washed, he had on a white shirt and a blue cotton necktie.

"Ten-a cent-a banan'?" he asked. "Eight-a, ten-a, an' one for lagniappe."

"Is any one coming to see you, Tony?" asked the lady, who always had an interest in those around her.

"Oh, yes, yes, my little one—my Anita. She come-a back from-a convent," he explained with much eloquent waving of those supple hands.

And that very same morning the little convent girl came.

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Twelve years ago, when she was newly left motherless, the little five-year-old child had been taken to the convent. She had grown up there. She had known nothing outside of those gray stone walls. What was the world like that they talked about and warned her against? She did not care for the world. She would rather stay within the walls forever and make pretty lace and read her prayers. But then came the message from the father whom she scarcely remembered, and Sister Agnes said she must go; and so the little convent girl came out into the world. Into not a large portion of it, however, as the tide of life does not flow very strongly on Chartres Street, but the little convent girl was bewildered by it. If she could have stayed in her room under the roof, the room with the dormer window, then she might have read her prayers and made her lace, and have almost thought she was at the convent again. But her father called her to come down. He had been alone a long time and now he wanted her always near him. So she came into the store and sat among the groves of bananas and made her lace there. When customers came in she did not raise her eyes to look at them. Sister Agnes had told her that a modest girl did not stare into people's eyes, so the eyes of the little convent girl were dropped down to her lace. She and her father began to get acquainted.

"Father," she said to him one day when a customer had gone out, "why do you keep that dreadful knife?"

The knife had just been used to cut an apple in half and show the purchaser how sound it was throughout. Tony laughed as he wiped the blade on his sleeve and thrust it back into its sheath.

"Cut-a down de banan', peel-a de ap', sometimes kill-a de spider—plent' good knife," he said.

"But, father, I don't like the knife," murmured the girl. "It looks so cruel."

Tony shrugged his shoulders and made that outward sweep with his hands.

"A man let-a de knife alone, the knife not do him nottin'," he answered, and the question rested there. And the knife stayed in Tony's belt—a long knife, keen-bladed, with a guard for the hand. Some people would have called it a stiletto.

A great many people saw the little girl making lace among the bananas. The pale oval of her face, the long, down-dropped lashes, the great mass of shadowy hair, the slender fingers busy at the lace—no wonder they set the people staring. How came all this delicate beauty in Tony's little fruit store on Chartres Street?

DRAWN BY LOUISE L. HEUSTIS

"'TONY? HE NOT-A HERE?' ASKED A LOW, HOARSE VOICE AT THE WINDOW"

The handsome young man in the mansion on Royal Street first heard of her from his mother.

"I can't get rid of that child's face," she said one morning at the breakfast-table. "Oh, hadn't I mentioned her? I mean the little convent girl, Tony's daughter. She is a perfect little pearl, sweet and delicate, and so modest she doesn't dare to raise her eyes when any one comes in. You ought to go around and see her, Arthur."

"Beg pardon," said the young man lazily. "I can't possibly look up all the Italian waifs in the city."

And yet he was a good son, and so kind and thoughtful for his mother's comfort. The very next morning he came in with a pineapple which he had slipped out and bought for his mother's breakfast, kind son that he was. While she was eating it afterward he said, with that delightful candor which always marked his conduct toward his mother:

"By-the-way, mother, I saw your pretty little Italian girl. She is rather nice-looking, isn't she? What a pity that she has such a father."

And there the matter ended, for Arthur looked at his watch and said he would walk to Canal Street.

I wonder why he didn't tell all about that first meeting. It would have been so easy, since he was on the subject. The truth about that meeting was that he strolled into the little store quite casually, and found the place apparently deserted. But the next moment something stirred, and the little convent girl came forward hesitatingly.

"My father is away," she said. "He has gone to the depot after his fruit. Shall I show you what you want?"

"Oh, I am so sorry to trouble you," said this considerate young man. "I only wanted some pineapples for my mother's breakfast. But perhaps it would be better for me to wait till your father is here."

"Oh, no; I can sell things a little," cried the little convent girl in a tremor. "My father goes to the train every morning at this hour, and I sell fruit while he is gone."

And then the handsome young man was about to order a dozen pineapples for his mother's breakfast, when the silent amazement in the pretty dark eyes before him brought him to himself, and he ended by buying one.

Then he lingered a little while to chat with the little convent girl. She was afraid of him, it is true, but what a good son he must be, and how sweetly he talked about his mother. She almost wished that Sister Agnes could have heard him. Sister Agnes had warned her against men, but even Sister Agnes would have been pleased with such a good son.

"I have sold a pineapple, father," she said to her father when he came back; but, strange to say, she did not mention the handsome young gentleman who bought it, though it would have been so easy.

❦

The next morning, when Tony went to the depot, his daughter sat with her lace in her hands, but she was not working. She sat looking down toward Royal Street instead. Surely there was nothing to see in that direction. The street was narrow and dirty, roughly paved with cobblestones, and with dank gutters which no one looked at twice. Up along that street was a vista of low-browed houses, covered with red stucco, slanting roofs with dormer windows starting from them, and doorways that swarmed with ragged and dirty children—for this section was thickly inhabited by Italians, crowded together in squalid swarms. And those repulsive children were Italians, the Italians of the city which despised Italians; and she was an Italian, too, with the hopeless stain of her race upon her.

Why was it that the little pale face turned crimson all in a moment? Why, the young gentleman was there. He had come up from the other direction, and was there beside her, and had spoken to her before she saw him. The little convent girl turned suddenly pale again, so startled was she; and the young gentleman was alarmed, and went behind the counter to give her a glass of water. "I am afraid you are not well," he said, in that gentle, respectful manner of his—his mother always said that dear Arthur was such a gentleman—and he stood beside her, and kept his hand on her chair, with such a look of concern! The pale face was red enough now again.

And it was just then that Francesco Perez put his dark face in at the little window and would buy some fruit. This was not the first time he had come at the same hour. "Antonio not-a here?" he asked, with a look at the tall, fair young man, who stood with his hand on the back of Anita's chair.

The little convent girl arose and gave him the fruit he pointed out without answering, and then she dropped the money into a little cigar box that served Tony as a cash-drawer. This new agitation had sent the tears to her eyes—poor, frightened child that she was. The knowledge of those tears was in the dark face in the window when it was finally withdrawn.

❦

"Poor little girl," said the young man pityingly. "What a fate for you to sit in this dingy den and sell fruit to ruffians like that."

"It is only for a little while every day," she murmured, with a grateful look. "My father has no one else."

"But it's too bad for a little girl like you to lead such a life," this kind-hearted young man insisted. "I must look around every morning, if only for a moment, to see if you are all right. There's so much ruffianism in this town, and it won't do to let a little lamb fall among wolves. I know mother would want me to look after you a little."

Such a dear good son as he was, his mother told him one morning.

"Why, Arthur dear, how is it we always have fruit for breakfast now? I really believe that you will become a thorough citizen of New Orleans in another month or two. These people here seem to live on fruit—and black coffee. But I am so glad to see you rising early for a walk before breakfast. It seems to me you are looking better already. Do you go to the French market."

No, it appeared that Arthur did not go to the French market. He generally bought his fruit from some of the fruit-stands, and he certainly did enjoy that morning walk. Would his friends back at home ever believe it of him? Never. They could believe a good many of his stories, but it was of no use to tell them that.

And Anita was all alone—separated from her father even by ignorance of his language. The little English he knew was such as merely sufficed him for purposes of traffic, and it jarred upon her ear, trained to softest tones and gentlest speeches. As for her, she knew nothing of Italian, and so there was a great gulf between them.

One day while she sat with her lace in her lap, looking at something which Tony could not see, a dark face

looked in at the window. Tony gave him a cordial greeting, and the two talked volubly in Italian.

Anita was busy making lace. Not for a moment would she look up at the dark face that was turned toward her. The glowing black eyes might devour her as they would, she worked out her pattern as calmly as though she sat by her convent window, with the noise of the world too far away to be heard. Her head was even thrown back a little, with a look that Tony had never seen.

After a while Francesco went away. He spoke to her as he went, but she did not hear him. How could she when she was so busy counting her stitches?

"Francesco good-a man," said Tony reflectively, after a lapse of several minutes. "He good-a home, good-a business; sell-a de cof' in-a de market."

"He is dreadful," cried the girl with a shudder. Tony laughed, as he trimmed off the scraggy end of a bunch of bananas with that gleaming knife.

"Plent' good man," he said. "Mek a good husband."

And there was something in her father's face that made Anita go up to her little room with the dormer window, and say all her prayers three times over in succession.

❦

"Well, how is our little girl to-day?" Arthur cried gayly, as he leaned his arms on the window-sill and looked in at the little convent girl, who sat among the bananas with her work in her lap. "Upon my word," he added, going in with the freedom of one who had learned all the ins and outs of the place, "I don't believe this work has grown a single stitch since I was here yesterday morning. At this rate, when am I going to get the curtains I bargained for ever so long ago?"

He stood beside her, and had laid his hand upon the lace, under pretense of examining it more closely, but he had taken up the hand with the lace. And perhaps it was an accident, but those accidents are fateful ones, and are fraught with large consequences. The little hand trembled, and the next moment he had grasped it with fierce energy, and had kissed it.

There was no longer any attempt at deceit. He stood beside her, with his hand on her shoulder, for a moment that seemed like an age, and then she arose and looked at him. If he had lost self-control a moment before it was all gone now. Hardened man of the world as he was, something in the personality of this trembling girl touched his heart, and made him for the moment a better man than he had ever been—or a worse one.

"Tony? He not-a here?" asked a low, hoarse voice at the window, so close that it startled them both. Anita shrank back with a look of horror, and a sob sounded as she ran from the room.

"My friend," remarked the fair young man, lounging out to the sidewalk, "have you found what you want? Yes? Then will you oblige me by going about your business at once?"

And having seen the dark face turned toward the river, and the purlieus of the French market, where Francesco sold coffee, Arthur waited a moment for Tony, who was coming up from another street.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lamia," he called cheerily. "I began to think that my mother would have to go without her fruit this morning. The young lady who usually attends to my wants was taken slightly ill a few moments ago, and had to go upstairs to her room."

❦

She heard him from her room, where she knelt upon the floor and wept, with her face buried in the side of her little bed. She heard him, and was proud of him, and was afraid of him, all in a breath. What was this that gnawed at her heartstrings, and that could not be pain, for was she not happy, happy with a trembling that shook her from head to foot, until the very bed against which she was leaning shook with the intensity of her emotion?

But there was no response in Tony's greeting. He sold the fruit in sullen silence, and with many a suspicious glance under his shaggy brows. Arthur was compelled to go away feeling that he had been baffled in his efforts to be companionable with the little convent girl's father.

"Pretty position for my mother's son to find himself in," he muttered to himself. "Trying to curry favor with a New Orleans Italian. But, then, the girl is so pretty——"

And as he went away toward Royal Street Tony did not lose sight of the fact that the tall young man looked back toward the house and smiled at some one, lifting his hat as he did so. Was the tall young man lifting his hat to him? Tony followed a little way along the same street, and looked back also. He looked back in time to see a pale little face at the dormer window.

All that day the knife was in Tony's hands, and he made jokes about it with everybody that came in. It was "a fine-a knife, a good-a knife; peel-a de peach, cut-a de banan', kill-a de spider"; there was nothing this knife could not do. When they were alone he showed his daughter how he could throw the knife at a spot on the door and never miss it. Over and over again the knife stood quivering in the panel, while the little convent girl watched him, speechless and pallid.

❦

The next morning, when the hour for starting to the depot came, Tony rolled a cigarette, and made no motion toward the street. The minutes passed, and he leaned negligently on the window-sill, puffing little clouds of smoke out into the struggling day of Chartres Street.

"Father, are you not going to the depot after your fruit?" asked Anita from the shadow of the bananas.

"Francesco, he go-a for me," he replied stolidly, without looking around.

And so it came to pass that when a young gentleman, intent on buying something nice for his mother's breakfast, came hurriedly around the corner, he found Tony's dark, dull face at the window, instead of the face he had hoped to see.

If the young gentleman were disappointed he made no sign. He even talked as gayly with Tony as though he had arisen earlier than usual on purpose to have a chat with him. Where did he get those bananas now? From Macheca Brothers? And they imported them from Bluefields. To be sure. He was so glad he had asked, for he had a friend who was writing an article on the New Orleans markets, and he wanted to get full information.

And he went away without even a glance at the pale little fingers he had kissed.

Tony kept up his watch for more than a week. Every morning Arthur lounged into the little shop and bought his fruit, and gave light-hearted greeting to Tony with imperturbable good humor. Sometimes Anita was there, and her hands trembled at her work, but he did not glance at her, so light-hearted was he and so indifferent. The little convent girl began to grow paler, with shadows under her eyes. She would stay in her room. She hoped that she would never see him again. But even in her room she could hear the sound of his voice, and she listened so eagerly that it seemed to her that he must hear the beating of her heart even down there.

One morning Tony called her into the shop. He was in an ugly mood that morning.

"You mind-a de shop," he said; "I go-a for fruit."

And with a heart beating more fiercely than ever the little convent girl sat down in the shop and watched her father drive away down the street.

Five minutes passed, ten; would he miss this morning of all others? Something had risen in her throat that choked her, and everything was swimming in a sea of mist before her eyes.

And then, all at once, there he was looking in at the window; and before she could speak he had come inside and seized her hands, and the next moment he covered them with passionate kisses.

"I have but a moment," he said hurriedly. "I must see you somewhere, somehow. Where is it to be, sweetheart? Can you come up to the Square to-night?"

"What Square?" she asked incoherently. "My father would not go with me."

Preoccupied as he was, and in danger as he knew, he burst into a merry laugh.

"Why, you little ignoramus," he cried tenderly, "don't you see that I must have you all to myself for a little while? Come up to Congo Square about ten o'clock—you can slip out if you will—and I will meet you there. No fear of any one knowing you. The Square is deserted by ten almost every night, and the lights are so bad that a dozen murders might be committed there any night and no one would find it out till day. There, good-by; I shall look for you!"

He snatched her up a moment and kissed her, and was gone, and the little convent girl sat alone in the little shop, a palpitating, trembling bit of humanity, alone in the great world, of whose sin and sorrow she knew little.

❦

Early in the evening there were crowds in Congo Square, the dancing ground of old-time voodoos, the field which had been saturated with the blood of the Italians dragged from the parish prison. Quite other scenes were these, for the fountain was flowing, the electric light in the centre blinked dimly and did its poor best to relieve the gloom, and the children played up and down the walks. Most of the people sat on the benches grouped around the fountain. Around in the outskirts of the Square were shadowy places quite deserted even early in the evening, and before nine the crowd had begun to wander away. The mothers and children went first, and after a while there were few stragglers left.

He did not see her until she was quite close to him. He had looked for her so long, and the clock had struck ten some time ago—a ghostly warning, taken up and echoed from a multitude of steeples all over the city. He was half convinced that she meant to fail him, and he muttered angry and impatient things under his breath; and then all at once there she was, almost near enough to touch him, muffled in black and moving without sound, a ghostly figure. She had almost passed him, but all at once she saw him, and the next moment he had her in his arms.

Only for a moment. She started away from him then, like a frightened bird, and would not let him touch her, except to hold her hand and press it to his lips.

"You do love me a little, don't you?" he cried, in a sudden outburst of joy at the certainty. "I have been in doubt about it so long, but now I know, and the whole world is so different. Come and sit down, sweetheart, and let me talk to you." And he drew her to the seat that was deepest in the shadows.

"Oh, I cannot stay," she panted. "It was so hard for me to get away, and I am so frightened. You must let me go back. I have never been away before and I must go back at once."

He caught her again, and drew her closer with a triumphant laugh.

"Do you know how sweet you are," he asked, "or have they taught you nothing but to tell your beads? Never mind; only, 'in thy orisons be all my sins remembered.' There, don't flutter so, little bird. Do you think I am going to give you up after waiting all this time? No, no! Nothing in this whole world shall take you from me, sweetheart!"

The little creature trembled in his arms; such a small, helpless creature, in the power of this strong love that had taken possession of her—the first love of her little life. He saw his power over her and rejoiced in it.

❦

"And you do love me?" he questioned with his lips close to her cheek. "You are willing to give up everything else for me, are you not, little one? I will take you away from that horrible place, where you are so unhappy, and what a setting I will give to my jewel! The daintiest lady in all the land will not be half so fine nor so beautiful. And how happy we will be together. We will go to-night, little one. You shall never look upon that rusty shop again."

Why was it that she did not answer? Was she so easily won after all? He had expected some little opposition, for she had a saintly look, and that would make the winning all the more delightful; but was she really ready to yield without a single protest? And why was it she sat there as one in a dream, with her head bowed?

Or was she listening? There was nothing to hear. People passed along Rampart Street sometimes, and the cars were running every few minutes, but that only made them seem more secure, back among the shadows. No, there was nothing to hear.

He went on, pouring out a flood of eloquent love-making, and assuring himself that the battle was already won, and that the little convent girl, small, helpless thing that she was, had already been won, and was only too glad to escape from a life that was a burden to her, to a life of which she knew nothing, except that it was to be shared with him.

What stealthy sound was that behind her—a mere ghost of sound? Some one was near—she recognized it through his earnest pleading. One of the arc lights, burning fitfully in the centre of the Square, brightened up a little, and then she saw on the ground at her feet the shadow of a human form that must be standing back of the tree against which they were sitting. And yet, while her blood ran cold, she did not turn her head nor look around. She sat still, this little convent girl who had learned nothing but the telling of her beads.

"What makes you so silent, little one?" asked the infatuated young man, rushing on to his doom. "Have you nothing to say to the man that loves you? Come, it is time we were going. I have a home ready for you, sweetheart. Come, let us go."

The shadow on the ground moved, so slowly that she scarcely knew when or how, but all at once there was the shadow of a hand and arm beside it, and the hand held a knife, and the shadow of the knife was long and keen.

What had come over her? What was the sound that made the happy lover start and look at her in amazement? Why, she had laughed, this little convent girl, and was free from his clinging arms, and was standing up.

"I am not going with you," she said. "I am going home to my father. I am laughing at you, do you hear it? I am laughing at you—you are so amusing."

"What do you mean, Anita?" the young man asked stupidly. He was not sure that he was awake. He reached out his hand to touch her, but she was out of his reach in a moment.

"Can't you see what I mean?" she replied, with that laugh running through her words. "Well, I have been playing with you. Women do that sometimes, don't they? And sometimes it is the men who play. I have never cared for you in the least, you can see that now. I am going home to my father, as I said. Love you, indeed! Did you ever imagine that I loved you?"

He turned with an oath, and rushed away, his steps faltering and unsteady as those of an old man. The next moment a little figure in black went along the same road, and watched him enter his own house, and then went on to the little shop, shutting her whole world outside.

❦

In the dark of that upper room a little figure fell prostrate upon the floor with clasped hands raised above her head.

"Oh, Mother Mary," she moaned, "forgive me that I lied to him, but I did it to save him—and there was no other way."

Next morning there was a sound of singing in the little shop, where Tony was taking down the shutters. Who had ever heard Tony sing before? To the little convent girl, coming down from the upper room, his face shone with quite unaccustomed light, and he came up to her and patted her shoulder while he sang. Then he took the knife and laid the blade on a stone and struck it smartly with another stone.

"Me-a been need-a de knife," he said, with a quiet air of satisfaction, as he tossed the blade and handle into the street, "need-a it bad man' a time, but now don' need-a it no more. Lil' knife do-a me."

And he smiled into the pale face of the little convent girl, who sat with her hands in her lap.

# THE HELPFUL VISITOR

*By Alice H. Poore*

WHEN you visit your friends try to pay for your board by being a helpful visitor. I do not mean that you are to pay in dollars and cents. Your entertainer gives to you that which cannot be measured or handled. I know there is joy in giving, hoping for nothing in return; and a hostess, if she be one in the fullest sense, bestows far more than food upon her guests. She gives to them free entrance to one of the most sacred shrines upon earth—the home. You are, in a measure—you can hardly help being—a tax upon her physical strength, for there are certain extra labors which she must perform because of your being there, and from the fact that her servant or servants are not wholly to be depended upon, for although the American woman as a rule is well equipped in this matter, yet there are many who are less fortunate, and who have, at best, incompetent ones.

❦

Do not fail to show that you are appreciative of the efforts made for your comfort and pleasure. If you do this in a sincere and pleasing way it will carry you far into the good graces of your entertainers. Deal out unselfishness and thoughtfulness well mixed. Do not keep your hostess always up to concert-pitch. There are guests who, though they may be polite enough to avoid putting it into words, make their hostess continually feel that they are wondering, "What are we going to do next?" Now your friend may have been entertaining guests all summer. True, she may have tact enough to make you feel that you are the special one, but if you will take the pains to find out you may learn that for three or four months she has been exerting herself to the utmost, contriving ways and means to amuse other occupants of her pretty guest-chamber. Perhaps she has been accustomed to a nap after dinner, and if you were not there would take one. No matter if you "never do lie down in the daytime," you can take your book or work and retire to your room for an hour; and if she has been in the habit of resting, then she will bless you for it, especially if she has had any household duties to perform.

❦

Use the gifts given you by God to brighten or help the lives of those you visit. If you are a genius in any direction use your talent or talents for their pleasure and benefit. Said a friend to me not long since: "I visit a great deal—often without hope of entertaining my friends in return. I am not brilliant, but I can make buttonholes well, and I am pretty sure to discover that that is something my friends dislike to do for themselves." Now the spirit which prompted the little buttonhole-maker was better than the work itself, and both would be appreciated by a busy hostess. But whether you pay for your board or not, at least do not steal from your hostess. If any secrets or private affairs be discovered do not carry them to any market. Bury your knowledge of them deep in your own heart, and plant "tender and pleasant thoughts" over their graves.

# A RACE THAT LIVES IN MOUNTAIN COVES

## *By Sarah Barnwell Elliott*

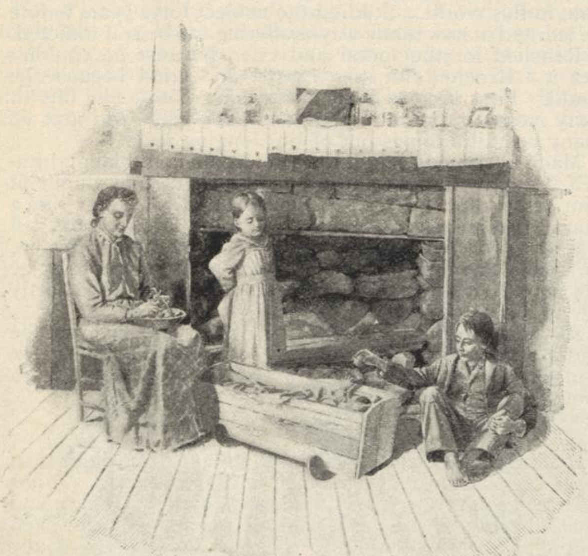
[Author of "The Felmeres," "A Simple Part," "Jerry," "John Paget," etc.]

DRAWINGS BY FRANK S. GUILD

ACCORDING to Professor Agassiz the first land that showed above the slow Silurian Sea was a low range of hills in Northwestern New York; the second appearance was the top of the Cumberland Mountains, a level tableland that wanders from Virginia down through Kentucky and Tennessee. We are told that these mountains were made by denudation beginning in that crawling Silurian age, and having lived for some years in the Cumberlands I believe it, because one knows that in the aborigines the crawling quality still lives.

"Covites," the name applied to these people, means the dwellers in the coves or ravines of the mountains. Where the name originated I do not know, but think of it always as a reverberation from the "Amorites, and the Jebusites, and the Hivites, and the"—Covites! and I never hear that passage in Scripture read without remembering those slow-moving, slow-speaking people.

The scenery is not wild, but it is very beautiful; the mountains are clothed from base to apex with a heavy



"THE CHILDREN LIVE IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, AND NOT BECAUSE OF ANYTHING"

forest growth of great variety, showing numberless shades of exquisite green in the spring, and in the autumn breaking into waves of scarlet and purple and gold that seem to burn like fire through the haze of Indian summer. In winter a fall of snow covers all; great icicles hang from the cliffs, and the bare trees bend and sway beneath the burden of the frost fringe that yet looks so fairylike. Then the first warm wind in February sweeps it all away into the roaring, rushing streams that foam about the great rocks, or burrow under them, and at last with a cry dash over the cliffs and away to the valleys below. Alas! the first short drought reduces these brave streams to trickling rills, sentineled by such frail watchers as the blue gentian and the white shellflower. Climbing and exploring in these mountain fastnesses, and watching the revolutions of the seasons, one thinks, "Surely the dwellers in this region must be poets," but one has only to go near a house and look at the family drawn up in line to watch a passerby, to realize how far they are from the "Beautiful," and, save now and then in possibly a chance expression, how far they are from poetry.

A PEDDLING EXPEDITION

The people I speak of are usually squatters on small lots of uncleared mountain land, which is extremely shallow and poor. They usually live in log or slab houses—sometimes "chinked" and sometimes not: sometimes with floors and sometimes without—eking out an existence by peddling either the nuts and fruits of the wilderness, or their very poor "gyarden truck." They are very keen at a bargain, even when they have no idea of the proper value of the thing in hand, and though they are very hospitable when you come to their houses, and will give you anything they have in the way of food, they will never give you anything that they have brought to sell. They may give it to your cook, or to your next-door neighbor, or they may throw it away just outside your gate, but you having declined to pay their price they will not give it to you—at least, not that special article. They do not steal, and doors and gates need never be locked because of depredations; but they will overreach you if they can. They are quite taciturn and shrewd, and in a slow way, that seems almost unconscious, they are humorous.

THE LIVES OF THE COVITE WOMEN ARE MONOTONOUS IN THE EXTREME

There was a kind woman once who did her best to help these people, and I being away one winter heard from her very frequently of sickness among the Covites. On returning I said to an old woman, "You have had a good deal of sickness this winter. What caused it?"

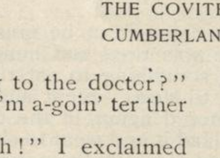
"Honey," she answered, "thar'd not hev been no mo' sickness 'en common ef Miss Blank hedn't abeen har a-fussin' 'longer ther folks tell they wuz proud to be sick. Why, honey, she's ez good ez er eperdemic."

These people seldom show surprise, their self-control in this particular amounting to stoicism; so, also, in the matter of physical pain, as the following anecdote will testify: Riding on horseback through the woods one day I met a girl on her way to the nearest town, with her face tied up.

"Are you sick?" I asked.

"No, I hain't," was the rather curt answer, "but I've got ther wust teethache that ever was," she continued.

A TYPICAL HOME OF THE COVITES IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS



"Are you going to the doctor?"

"No, I hain't, I'm a-goin' ter ther blacksmith."

"The blacksmith!" I exclaimed in mild astonishment.

"Yes; thet's what I said; he tucks 'em out ez easy ez anybody."

We parted, I riding slowly, and pondering on this new and tender phase of dentistry. A few days later I met the girl again, and asked with some curiosity:

"Did the blacksmith take out your tooth?"

"No, he didn't."

"Why not?"

"'Cause he wasn't thar."

"And you've had toothache ever since?"

"No, I hain't."

"You went to the doctor?"

"No, I tucken hit out myself," she answered.

"Yourself! Why, tell me, how did you do it?"

"I done hit like I've sawn my daddy do hit; I sot er nail 'gainst ther tooth en tuck er hatchet en druv hit out."

"And your jawbone!" I cried in horror.

"Well, hit's sorter racked, but hit's thar"—and turning away she plodded off down the shady ravine, stepping lumberingly from stone to stone of the steep and rough descent until she was entirely lost to my astonished gaze.

So much for endurance and toughness of fibre; an illness, or a death and funeral are matters of pride and occasions of display. The more medicine these people take, and the number and hopelessness of a physician's visits are matters of exultation; and these poor squatters in the wilderness will spend their last cent, and strain all possible credit in order to obtain "doctor's truck."

At a funeral all the bottles of medicine which have been used in the illness will be exhibited in the room where the corpse is lying, and where the funeral services will be held, and they will tell you:

"Brether Ellis were laid out jest ez naytral ez ever, en, mussy! but ther doctors thet hed been purvided! You hain't never sawn ther like; why, thar was ernough empty bottles thar ter fill er bar'l, let alone ther heff-empty ones. Bless yo' soul, honey, but 'Lizer Ellis done her bes' alonger her man; she hed fo' doctors all a-givin' him diff'ent things, en she got ther doctors f'um fur places so they'd never know ez anybody else hed er han' in ther sickness. 'Cause doctors is so bigoty en so slick, thet ef one knows thet ernuther one is a-handlin' ther sickness, they'll stop a-comin', er they'll talk en 'range hit—en 'Lizer Ellis worn't a-goin' to hev no 'rangin' in her man's sickness, you bet. Why, she never rested tell she sont clean over ter Hayville en got ole Aunt Paralee Huntin 'cause she knows awl thet thar is to be knowed 'bout yarbs en yarb-tea, en whenever thar wuzn't nothin' else to be give then 'Lizer Ellis 'd give Zack ther yarb-tea. Yes, marm, everything were done fur Zack Ellis ez anybody knowed, en he died good en easy—ez he oughter hev done."

A TILLER OF THE SOIL

Funerals are great functions. On such occasions it is the duty of friends and relatives to get very much under the influence of liquor, and to howl and scream in the most deafening way, as they walk round and round the open grave, sometimes the chief mourner, if a woman, jumping down into it, and writhing about on top of the coffin, crying out to the dead to "come back jest fur a minit, jest ter hole my han's, en ter kiss me one mo' time—come back—come back!" After this comes the pleasure of telling these things, how "she hed ter be tuck en helt, en nobody 'lowed she'd come roun' agin." But once this function is over the mourning seems to be over too—save, perhaps, in the case of a mother—and a man, the day after the funeral of his third wife, will say, "Yes, marm, I'm mighty onlucky; but Jane, she died easier 'en Louwisy, er my other wife, Layury, done." Two months will probably find him married again.

As beggars the Covites are peculiar. They begin by offering something for sale or for barter.

"Is you-uns got airy skirt you'd like ter trade? I'm jest plumb wore out goin' roun' en roun' a-tryin' ter git shed o' these berries, en ef you'll gimme airy ole thing you-uns kin hev em."

"I don't want the berries," I would invariably answer, "but you may have this old skirt if you want it."

"Yes, I 'lows I kin fine sumph'in' fur hit to do," looking at it critically. "Is you-uns got anything mo' ez kin be spar'd? Them ole shoes? Well, I'll tuck 'em, they'll do fur Jinnie—yes, I'll tuck 'em along, chilluns gits to be bar'feeted so easy; en a wropper? yes, thet'll do fur me; but hit hain't got awl ther buttons on hit, en whar do you-uns reckon I'm gwine ter git buttons?" (This from a woman whose few garments were gaping because of the insufficiency of pins!) "Yes, them buttons'll do, but I hain't got no thread ter sew 'em on with, but I'll tuck hit; jest you roll 'em up, so I kin pack 'em home; thet's right; en you'uns don't want ther berries, jest five cents a quart?"

"Five cents a quart?" I repeated. "Were they not to be traded for the skirt?"

"I did sesso; but you-uns said yer didn't wanter trade, so I 'lowed I'd sell 'em. Mebbe ther woman nex' do' 'll buy 'em; far'well"—and so would depart whatever was offered in trade, as well as the old garments.

BERRYING ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE

The lives of the Covite women are monotonous in the extreme: a birth, a death, a peddling expedition, or something of the kind, being the excitements; for the rest they cook, wash, sew, work in the garden and in the field—if they have a field; and on their faces—patient to stolidity—their lives seem to be written. As has been pointed

out, the farmers of the country are quite a different class, and there is far more movement and interest in the lives of their daughters and wives.

The love-making of the Covites is very simple. The young man begins by looking at the young woman whenever he meets her, she always turning away or getting behind a companion, amid much giggling. If he walks with her he will keep on one side of the road, and she on the other; but once it is agreed that they are "keepin' comp'ny," he comes to see her, and in walking they will hold hands, and he is at liberty to help her off her horse, otherwise a young woman is expected to ride the horse up to a fence or a stump and climb down. The marriage ceremony is usually before the nearest magistrate. Then the young couple live with the parents of one or the other until a log cabin is built, after which they begin life with nothing but the roof over their heads. The men usually work in the coal mines, or cut "cross-ties" for the nearest railway, or perhaps they are wood-cutters and jobbers.

❦

The women spin and knit socks, and are indeed skillful at quilting, but they have no pretty ways of making baskets or of plaiting straw, as one finds among the peasantry of other countries, or even among the Indians. Their most pernicious habit is "dipping snuff." The snuff-stick, or "teeth-bresh," is seldom out of their mouths. It is a small stick—the twig of a tree—about two inches long, from which they peel the bark, then chew one end until it is reduced to a fringe. This they dip into the snuff, then put it into their mouths, moving it back and forth over their teeth. They are fatalists, too, declaring: "What's a-comin' is a-comin', en thar ain't no use a-tryin' to stop hit."

These people have good instincts, and their charity among themselves is of the most practical kind—lending out bonnets, shoes and clothes of all kinds, sharing whatever they have in the way of food, and adopting destitute children without a question or a look to the future, feeling sure that if times are too hard, or death comes, some one will take the children. One old woman who supported herself by washing, adopted and brought up, one after another, fourteen children—the last two being the children of the first one.

Only of late has it been possible to persuade the women to hire themselves out as servants. They will take in washing; they will work for each other where they are looked on as members of the family, but to be parlor-maids or nursemaids they think is degrading, and until recently they have positively refused to accept such positions.

As a general rule they learn quickly, and sometimes, as if by accident, they express themselves poetically. I was helping in a school once, and used to go on horseback from house to house to see the parents, who occasionally would themselves come for instruction. One day on entering a house a little boy sitting on the floor looked at me solemnly for a moment, then announced: "I knowed you-uns was a-comin', 'cause er butterfly flewed in ther do'," and his mother corroborated this, saying, "Thet's true, he's been a-watchin' fur you-uns awl day, ever sence thet leetle yaller butterfly come in." This said, the flow of poetry ceased, and the rest of the conversation consisted of extorted replies to questions.

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The life of this embryo poet was sad beyond expression. As soon as he was able to handle a pick he began to dig coal, not in a regular mine, but in a hole on his father's land; for coal is everywhere in these mountains, and the people dig it for themselves, and if they own a team they haul it away and sell it. The more thrifty make money, the worthless keep warm—that is, if they like coal fires. As a rule, they prefer clearing their land as they need the wood; or, if this is too much exertion, they pick up dead wood, and clear the land by "belting" the trees. Our little poet, however, lived in a "chinked" house, and his father and elder brothers made money by selling the coal; but they took no precautions to make the mine safe, and while digging one day a large lump of slate fell, striking the boy on the back and pinning him to the earth. The school having been abandoned because of pressing duties at home I had lost sight of the boy, whose name was Dale, until one day a girl coming to sell eggs put down a bunch of flowers on the table.

"Dale sent 'em," she said.

"Dale?" I repeated, not having heard of the boy for several years. "Who is Dale?"

"Dale what lives ter ther coal mines."

"Oh, of course; how is Dale?"

"Well ez common."

"Does he never come to town?"

"No."

"Why?"

"He's done broke hisn's back; he can't walk, ner do nothin' now; he's drawed plumb up, he is." There was not a look nor an intonation of sympathy or feeling of any kind; the same drawl of every-day intercourse announced the bald facts. "He's been a-layin' thar fur two veer now," she went on. "He said fur me ter bring ther blossoms, en fur you'uns ter come en see him."

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Of course the long ride was taken and the visit was paid at once, and the girl's description was found to be only too true. The boy lay on a springless bed, a most pitiful object, without expression, almost without speech, for his mind had succumbed to his terrible sufferings. It was some time before he understood the visit, then his mind seemed to flicker into life, and a gleam of light came into his eyes.

"I'm glad," he said slowly, looking us over from head to foot, "I'm glad."

I took his hand that was like a bird's claw in its thinness, and icy cold, though it was in June. "Are you in pain?" I asked.

"Some," he answered, "mostly awl ther time some—ever sence——"

"Since the slate fell on you?"

He nodded. "Ever sence; en hit were dark in thar," nodding his head, "mighty dark, en ever sence——"

"Do you sleep at night?"

"Some, jest some; ther bed gits hard." While he was still looking at us a film seemed to come over his eyes, and he did not rouse again during that visit.

Since the old days of the school Dale's mother had died; his father had married again, and another brood of small children were there filling the one-roomed house and reminding me strangely of Dale himself, as they stood like little steps and stared at me solemnly with round, unwinking eyes. The new mother seemed patient and kind, and told me that if Dale could be taken out of the house she thought he would like it, and it might help him to sleep at night. After this I rode out as often as possible, sometimes taking a physician, sometimes a clergyman, and doing what could be done to brighten Dale's last days. A wire-spring cot gave him much comfort, and during the first visit after he was installed on it he seemed much brighter. He had been moved out under the trees, for the cot could be carried through the doorway, and was lying near a ragged old rose-bush that years ago I had given his sister, who had planted it. It was in bloom, and he was handling but not picking the roses. Without waiting for greeting he looked up at me and said, while he patted the cot: "Hit don't git hard, en in ther nights I rides, en in ther days I comes out en plays; en ther folks awl wants my bed—they do."

❦

There was always a crowd of people present when I went out, and as the boy's strength failed the numbers increased, and each week as they sat and stared at him they said openly, and so that he could hear it plainly, "He's bound ter be gone 'fore nex' Sunday."

Gradually he failed, and at each visit I noted some decided change; he stopped talking; then he did not even look at me; then he neglected the roses, lying still with wide-open eyes that seemed to see nothing but the blue sky that shone through the trees. At last there came two weeks of unceasing rain, and of clouds that swept down and enveloped us in an opaque mist, making everything seem unreal, and through which the trees loomed like dark phantoms. Out of this wet, chilly gloom there appeared one day the same girl who had first told us of Dale's condition. She walked in and stood before me with a brief, "Howdy."

"How is Dale?" I asked at once.

"He's daid en buried. Laist week he died one night, en hisn's mammy said fur me ter come en bring ther word."

"Did he suffer much?"

"I dunno, nobody don't know; hisn's step-mammy said ter tell you-uns thet he were a-shakin' his leetle bed in ther night, en they hearn him a-laughin', en they 'lowed he were a-feelin' good; en they hearn him a-sayin' sumph'n' 'bout blossoms; en in ther mornin' when daylight come he were daid—plumb daid. En Dale's step-mammy says do you-uns want thet leetle bed agin?"

"No, I don't want it, and tell her that she must be thankful that she heard him laugh, for he could not have been suffering."

And often we have wondered what came to Dale in that lonely night-vision in which his sufferings ceased. Perhaps he was a child again, free from pain, and watching the butterflies—perhaps he caught the first gleam of the "blossoms" of Paradise.

Slowly, but surely, these people are being civilized and bettered. Public schools have been introduced, which last for several months each year, and the women are consenting to hire themselves out as servants, thus learning and introducing into their own homes neater habits. They are less interesting as studies, perhaps, but they are more capable of appreciating higher and better things.

# ALPHA AND OMEGA

*By Robert J. Burdette*

## ALPHA

NIGHT.

Silence.

A struggle for the light.

And he did not know what light was. An effort to cry. And he did not know that he had a voice.

He opened his eyes "and there was light." He had never used his eyes before, but he could see with them.

He parted his lips and hailed this world with a cry for help. A tiny craft in sight of new shores; he wanted his latitude and longitude. He could not tell from what port he had cleared; he did not know where he was; he had no reckoning, no chart, no pilot.

He did not know the language of the inhabitants of the planet upon which Providence had cast him. So he saluted them in the one universal speech of God's creatures—a cry. Everybody—every one of God's children, understands that.

Nobody knew whence he came. Some one said, "He came from Heaven." They did not even know the name of the little life that came throbbing out of the darkness into the light. They had only said, "If it should be a boy," and "If it should be a girl." They did not know.

And the baby himself knew as little about it as did the learned people gathered to welcome him. He heard them speak. He had never used his ears until now, but he could hear them. "A good cry," some one said. He did not understand the words, but he kept on crying.

❦

Possibly he had never entertained any conception of the world into whose citizenship he was now received, but evidently he did not like it. The noises of it were harsh to his sensitive nerves. There was a man's voice—the doctor's, strong and reassuring. There was a woman's voice, soothing and comforting—the voice of the nurse. And one was a mother's voice. There is none other like it. It was the first music he had heard in this world. And the sweetest.

By-and-by somebody laughed softly and said in coaxing tones:

"There—there—there—give him his dinner."

His face was laid close against the fount of life, warm and white and tender. Nobody told him what to do. Nobody taught him. He knew. Placed suddenly on the guest-list of this changing old caravansary, he knew his way at once to two places in it—his bedroom and the dining-room.

Wherever he came from he must have made a long journey, for he was tired and hungry when he reached here. Wanted something to eat right away. When he got it he went to sleep. Slept a great deal. When he awoke he clamored again, in the universal volapük, for refreshment. Had it and went to sleep again.

When he grew older the wise men told him the worst thing in all this world, of many good and bad things that he could do, was to eat just before going to sleep. But the baby, not having learned the language of the wise men, did this very worst of all bad things, and, having no fear of the wise men, defiantly throve upon it.

❦

He looked young, but made himself at home with the easy assurance of an old traveler. Knew the best room in the house, demanded it, and got it. Nestled into his mother's arms as though he had been measured for them.

Found that "gracious hollow that God made" in his mother's shoulder that fit his head as pillows of down never could. Cried when they took him away from it, when he was a tiny baby "with no language but a cry." Cried once again, twenty-five or thirty years afterward, when God took it away from him. All the languages he had learned, and all the eloquent phrasing the colleges had taught him, could not then voice the sorrow of his heart so well as the tears he tried to check.

Poor little baby! Had to go to school the first day he got here. He had to begin his lessons at once. Got praised when he learned them. Got punished when he missed them.

Bit his own toes and cried when he learned there was pain in this world. Studied the subject forty years before he learned in how many ways suffering can be self-inflicted.

Reached for the moon and cried because he couldn't get it. Reached for the candle and cried because he could. First lessons in mensuration. Took him fifty or sixty years of hard reading to learn why God put so many beautiful things out of our longing reach.

Made everybody laugh long before he could laugh himself, by going into a temper because his clothes didn't fit him or his dinner wasn't served promptly. "Just like a man," the nurse said. Nobody in the family could tell where he got his temper. Either he brought it with him, or found it wrapped and addressed to his room when he got here. At any rate, he began to use it very shortly after his arrival.

Always said he lost his temper, when most certainly he had it and was using it. Played so hard sometimes that it made him cry. Took him a great many years to learn that too much play is apt to make anybody cry.

❦

By-and-by he learned to laugh. That came later than some of the other things—much later than crying. It is a higher accomplishment. It is much harder to learn and much harder to do. He never cried unless he wished and felt just like it. But he learned to laugh many, many times when he wanted to cry.

Grew so that he could laugh with a heart so full of tears they glistened in his eyes. Then people praised his laughter the most—"It was in his very eyes," they said.

Laughed, one baby day, to see the motes dance in the sunshine. Laughed at them once again, though not quite so cheerily, many years later, when he discovered they were only motes.

Cried, one baby day, when he was tired of play and wanted to be lifted in the mother arms and sung to sleep. Cried again one day when his hair was white because he was tired of work, and wanted to be lifted in the arms of God and hushed to rest.

Wished half his life that he was a man. Then turned around and wished all the rest of it that he was a boy.

Seeing, hearing, playing, working, resting, believing, suffering and loving, all his life long he kept on learning the same things he began to study when he was a baby.

## OMEGA

UNTIL at last, when he had learned all his lessons and school was out, somebody lifted him, just as they had done at the first. Darkened was the room, and quiet now, as it had been then. Other people stood about him, very like the people who stood there at that other time.

There was a doctor now, as then; only this doctor wore a graver look and carried a Book in his hand. There was a man's voice—the doctor's, strong and reassuring. There was a woman's voice, low and comforting.

The mother-voice had passed into silence. But that was yet the one he could most distinctly hear. The others he heard, as he heard voices like them years ago. He could not then understand what they said; he did not understand them now.

He parted his lips again, but all his school-acquired wealth of many-syllabled eloquence, all his clear, lucid phrasing, had gone back to the old inarticulate cry.

Somebody at his bedside wept. Tears now, as then. But now they were not tears from his eyes.

Then, some one bending over him had said, "He came from Heaven." Now, some one stooping above him said, "He has gone to Heaven." The blessed, unfaltering faith that welcomed him, now bade him Godspeed, just as loving and trusting as ever, one unchanging thing in this world of change.

So the baby had walked in a little circle, after all, as all men, lost in a great wilderness, are said always to do.

As it was written thousands of years ago—"The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in the Ark."

He felt weary now, as he was tired then. By-and-by, having then for the first time opened his eyes, now for the last time he closed them. And so, as one who in the gathering darkness retraces his steps by a half-remembered path, much in the same way as he had come into this world he went out of it.

Silence.

Light.

**Editor's Note—These two sketches are taken from Mr. Burdette's most recent book, "Chimes From a Jester's Bell," by permission of its publishers, The Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis.**

# BLIND TOM AS HE IS TO-DAY

*By John J. a' Becket*

PHOTOGRAPHS MADE BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF A. J. LERCHÉ

THOMAS WIGGINS
(BLIND TOM)

AFTER the Johnstown flood a colored man, who was one of its victims, was identified by a woman as Thomas Wiggins, and was buried as such. That the writer spent the day with Thomas Wiggins a few weeks ago is proof that the inscription on the Pennsylvania tombstone is singularly incorrect.

The name Thomas Wiggins means nothing to the majority of readers. But Thomas Wiggins is "Blind Tom," a name familiar to hundreds of thousands in this country and abroad, who have heard the piano played by this wonderful negro. The impression that he is dead is a pretty general one. As a matter of fact, Blind Tom has never been ill a day in his life, and is now enjoying an existence more full of comforts and happiness than fall to the lot of most mortals.

On the banks of the Shrewsbury River, in a domain of over two hundred acres of woodland, stands a picturesque two-and-a-half-story wooden house with a broad veranda. Here Blind Tom is at home. It is an ideally beautiful spot, but Blind Tom cannot see the beauties which Nature has woven about his home. Even the powerful lights of the Highlands, which send their helpful rays eighteen miles, make little impression on his nearly sightless orbs.

The day the writer called, the negro pianist was expecting a tuner who would correct a faulty A in his concert grand. When I reached the house and pressed the annunciator button the door was flung open by Blind Tom himself.

For a moment he stood there, a big, burly fellow, of nearly fifty, his black broadcloth trousers braced up high on his capacious girth, over a white outing shirt with a narrow pink stripe. His head raised, his large dark eyes uplifted, he waited till I announced myself as a visitor who had an appointment with Mr. A. J. Lerché, his guardian. My voice told him that I was not the tuner. With a childlike droop of disappointment he shut the door in my face. He will always be a child, and his actions are sometimes saved from rudeness only by his simplicity.

Mr. Lerché soon appeared. He suggested that it might have a pacifying influence if I would hear Tom's explanation of the piano's shortcomings, and promise to let the tuner know about them, so that he would come promptly to remedy them. This I accordingly did.

❦

"The A is wrong," said Tom, pressing his finger on the note; "and then this high A is a little out, too," sounding another, two or three octaves above the first. He put his finger on each note without any hesitation. He spoke in a rich, full voice and with much simple dignity. There was a respectfulness in his air and pose, however, which recalled the fact that he had been a slave for nearly twenty years.

Then at Mr. Lerché's request he seated himself, and for the first time I heard Blind Tom play. It was indeed a wonderful exhibition. He seated himself on the square, horsehair-covered stool which stood before the piano, whose lid was raised, and began playing at once a brilliant composition with which I was unfamiliar. His hands are not at all "piano hands." In place of the slender, long-fingered hands which one so often sees in great pianists, Tom's hands are small and plump, with the thumbs and tapering fingers quite short. They seemed too small to do octaves effectively. Later it was proven that they were not so by any means. His technique is good. He executes runs with perfect ease and fluency. Whether the composition is difficult or simple he sees no difference in it. He plays everything with the same absence of effort.

Tom's head and face are not wholly unattractive. He has often been described as a repulsive imbecile except during his moments at the piano. This is not so. His head is small but well shaped. His features are of a strong African type, with low forehead, large eyes, nose and mouth, and a general heaviness rather than weakness. His skin is not perfectly black. In his appearance, and in his manner of speaking when addressed—and during the whole day he made no remark to any one actually present except when addressed—he shows intelligence and dignity, with quite a pride of his own at times.

❦

While playing, he moves his body very little; his head is at an angle of forty-five degrees, the eyes upturned, the heavy lower lip pendulous, and there is a sense of utter absorption in the music. He has an odd way of bringing this lower lip up and letting it fall at short intervals, as a fish works his mouth while breathing. He uses only one foot in pedaling—his right—and nearly always it was the loud pedal that he pressed. When the passage called for no pedal he stuck the front of his foot under the pedal. This was invariable. After finishing his piece he stood up and his right hand habitually went up to his face.

Tom played one of his own compositions next, "something that the birds and wind told him." It was a simple, fresh, melodious thing, with a good dash of the sprightliness which colored people are so fond of in music.

"When did you compose that?" asked Mr. Lerché.

"That, sir, I composed when I was seven years of age," replied Tom with the same impressive gravity.

"Do you play anything of Rubinstein's?" I inquired.

"I play Rubinstein's melody in F," he replied, and then, as usual, began at once to play it. His technique, expression and correctness were perfect, but in nothing that he played was there evidence of any interpretation of his own of the piece. But it was marvelous enough without that. One need not exaggerate the wonders of this simple negro's mastery of the piano. They are miraculous enough in a weak-minded man who knows theoretically nothing of his art.

BLIND TOM PLAYING "SOMETHING THAT THE BIRDS AND WIND TOLD HIM"

BLIND TOM AND HIS DOG, PADEREWSKI

Tom never drinks, swears, nor shows any vicious inclinations. He is scrupulously neat, and most regular and methodical in his habits. He rises at seven, has breakfast at nine, dinner at half-past one, and supper at six. He goes to bed at a little after nine. He has an attendant who looks after him at mealtime, as he has to have his meat cut for him. He finds his napkin and tucks that in around his neck himself. He has a good appetite although by no means is he a heavy eater. He is fond of fruit—watermelons preferred—likes all kinds of pie except mince, and is very fond of sugar. He never drinks coffee. He is sensitive to cold. Sometimes when he feels a strong breeze blowing on him he will say: "Tom's in a draft. He may catch cold and die. Wouldn't that be terrible?" He has this artless fear of death, yet he has composed a funeral march for himself, in which there is one movement so cheerfully bright as to be almost pathetic. This march was played at the funeral of his master, John G. Bethune, who was killed in a railway accident in 1883.

Tom is of a religious turn of mind. He will play only sacred music on Sunday. He says the Lord's Prayer in his room aloud, and is fond of reciting passages from the Holy Scriptures, being especially fond of Saint Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians.

❦

Tom can only dimly distinguish objects. When he was in Paris as a young man an operation was performed on his eyes with only this measure of success. He has the habit of turning his eyes up when he plays, or when he walks about mumbling to himself. He likes to let the sunlight fall directly on his eyeballs. When he talks to himself he will repeat a word or phrase several times, either to emphasize it, or through pleasure in the sound, or else because he is filling in time until some other idea shall come to his mind. For instance, he went on in this way for some time as he strolled up and down with his rolling gait on the veranda: "Wagner. Yes. Wagner. Mr. Wagner. Richard Wagner. Wagner. Mr. Wagner is dead. Yes. He is dead. Dead. His last opera. Yes. His opera. His last opera was 'Parsifal.' 'Parsifal.' His last opera." Then he indulged in a peculiar sort of movement, which he frequently employs. Standing on one foot, he raised the other behind him, and with body and arms bent forward he jumped around, turning on his foot like a ballet dancer practicing a *pas seul*.

Being unable to play anything on the piano which he might repeat I tried Tom's mimetic ability by quoting some verses from the Iliad and the Æneid. He listened attentively. He failed to repeat the line after me in its entirety, but when I said it a word at a time he would repeat the Latin or Greek word after me with not a little pride and satisfaction—for Blind Tom is childishly vain.

It occurred to me that the verse in which Virgil aims at the onomatopœic effect of a horse galloping over a hard field might catch him, and I asked him if he would like me to say it.

"Yes, sir. At once," he replied with an imperious air.

One pleasure which has a healthy side to it, and is in keeping with Blind Tom's cleanliness, is his daily bath in the Shrewsbury. In warm weather when the tide is favorable, he dons his bathing suit, walks down to the shore from the house and ducks and paddles about and splashes in the water. He can take a few strokes, but he labors under the pleasing illusion that he is a peerless, long-distance swimmer. At first he did not take very kindly to this agreeable diversion, possibly because he felt unfamiliar with anything in the water, but he has come to be very fond of his bath, enjoying it hugely.

❦

Before I left, Tom played other things for me. I asked him if he had ever heard Gottschalk, and he said: "I play 'The Last Hope.'" This is a composition of Gottschalk's which is better known than any other. He played it at once. Then, with a purpose, I asked him if he played "The Maiden's Prayer," a question one would hardly put to an intelligent pianist to-day. But I wished to see how his memory would carry a piece as old as this, which he could not have played for years, and I also wanted to see whether he would show any disdain for this old threadbare thing which it was the proud ambition of our mothers to play at their graduation exercises. Without a moment's hesitation he played it.

When I rose to go he shook hands and bade me good-by, and as the carriage bore me off I heard him again at his beloved piano, the unwearying solace of his life. The soft music from the weak-minded negro escaped through the shades of the room, and the breath of the honeysuckle was wafted in upon the blind child of Nature as he sat there in the dim apartment alone, yet companioned as few mortals are.

The strongest impression I bore away was that of the sweet, contented life the poor, blind negro is leading. There was pathos in it. I had expected to find a wonder at the piano, and I did, for his untaught mastery of the instrument is marvelous and admits of no explanation. It is a gift of Nature pure and simple. From the time when the Bethune family left the dinner-table to see who could be playing on the piano, and discovered the sightless pickaninny of four years perched on the stool, his little hands plucking uncanny melody from the keyboard—from that time until now he has had an unwavering devotion to the instrument whose music is his life.

❦

When he was eight years of age he was taken through this country and Europe, and played in public to the wonder of all who heard him, and to the stupefaction of pianists. He met Meyerbeer in Paris, and he has heard most of the celebrated pianists of the day. Josef Hofmann, a musical phenomenon himself, but an explainable one, afforded him the greatest pleasure. Paderewski's playing affected him so strongly that they had to take Tom away.

He has made fortunes, first for Colonel Bethune, who bought his mother, Charity Wiggins, when the blind baby was "thrown in"; then for John S. Bethune, and lastly for the widow of John Bethune, who is now the wife of the lawyer, Albert J. Lerché, at whose residence I saw the wonderful negro.

Blind Tom has all that he wants. Of how few of us can as much be said. There is even dignity, pathos and sweetness about this big, fleshy negro, now in his forty-eighth year. His old mother is still alive, a withered, wrinkled "mammy," eighty-five years old. There is no reason why her gifted son, the only one of her twenty children known to fame, should not attain even greater longevity. May his years always be cast in the pleasant lines of peace, health and happiness in which they now are.

OFF FOR HIS DAILY DRIVE WITH MR. LERCHÉ

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER, 1898

## HOW WE ARE HARMING OUR CHILDREN

EFORE the schools open again, during the present month, there should be some very careful thinking on the part of parents in every section of this country. Last year an exhaustive system of investigation of the modern methods of education and its effects upon children was carried on by the Bureau of Education at Washington. The results of this inquiry showed that thousands of our children were being pushed too hard in their school work, and that the mental fatigue in consequence was occasioning extreme nervousness. These investigations showed that while the mind of the average child of twelve years became fatigued after thirty-five minutes of continuous study, children of that age were required to devote three or four hours each day to their lessons. If this be so, and there is far more reason to believe it than not, it is important that parents should see to what extent such rules govern the workings of our schools.

That existing methods of educating the young fall short of the ideal there is scarcely any question. The most prominent educators of the land admit this fact. Every effort is undoubtedly made to better prevailing systems. But the fight is single-handed. As teachers and educators constantly say: "We are alone: parents give us no assistance. They do not even give us the benefit of ordinary interest." And this is true—lamentably true. Parents are all too lax about the methods pursued in educating their children. In hundreds of cases they do not even know what the methods are. They know nothing about them. The young are educated without that knowledge of teacher and school which every parent should possess. There is no coöperation of the parent with the teacher. However much we may be able to improve modern methods of education, the best results to our children cannot be reached until parent and teacher shall come into closer relations than they are at present.

THERE is no doubt whatever but that we have improved in methods of teaching. Better text-books are in use, and there are more intelligent teachers in our schools. But the methods employed are still not of the best. They fall lamentably short of what they should be in some cases: in other instances they are entirely wrong and widely at variance with what is wisest for the children. Take, for instance, the few schools where children are taught to think. They are in the vast minority. Instead, in the vast majority of schools, they are taught to memorize. Many things are given the young to memorize which are absolutely valueless to them. Their little brains are overwhelmed with a pile of useless information rather than trained and expanded with the power to acquire information. It is little wonder that in so many cases the child hates to go to school. Education is made a burden rather than a pleasure. Irritation follows, and the child becomes nervous, and another addition to the long line of nervous people has been made. Modern methods are wrong again in the fact that the majority of children are almost cruelly pushed in their studies. Children nowadays are expected to know at eight years what a few years ago they were not taught until they were twelve. This is one of the most fatal tendencies in our schools. The field of knowledge is represented to be so large that the child is pushed beyond its capacity to cover as large a portion of this vast field as possible. What is the result? Some of our children have a smattering of knowledge, really worse than ignorance. They know nothing well: a lot of things they know imperfectly, or, in reality, not at all. And this smattering of knowledge passes for education.

THESE elements in modern education confront the parent. There is no use in blaming our teachers and educators. They are doing the very best they can—according to their lights. But the light of the parent is paramount. He should know his child better than the teacher possibly can. However conscientious a teacher may be she cannot give individual attention to every scholar in the class. But if the teacher had a more intelligent knowledge of each child in her class the result could not fail to be more beneficial. Parents must get closer to the teachers of their children. They must take a deeper and closer interest in modern educational methods. Where these methods are wrong or are lacking they must be righted or changed. A parent cannot escape this duty. His child's health, his future, is at stake. A lack of time is no excuse. No man has a right to be a parent unless he can conscientiously look after the child whom he brings into life. The idea of pushing children too fast in their studies must be remedied if we value their future health. If there is one element in this life which should be as near perfection as human brain can make it, it is the educational training of the young. Upon that depends everything: the happiness of our children: the true inwardness of our lives: the strength of our homes: the hope of our country. We are harming our children by this lack of interest in their schooling. It is high time that we should wake up to the importance of this matter and join hands with the educators of the land to make our educational system the best in the world. "For our children, only the best is good enough."

## "EENDRACHT MAAKT MACHT"

THIS magazine has often been asked its opinion of the woman's club and its influence upon women. It has not written on the subject before for the simple reason that the direct aim and result of the woman's club has not, until quite recently, been clearly apparent. Now, however, when the club idea for women has been extended so largely, and not a few of the clubs have been pronounced as successful, it is easier to see the advantage or the disadvantage of the innovation. And it must be confessed that, as one carefully studies the cause which originated the woman's club, and the result, a strong element of inconsistency appears. Women's clubs unquestionably sprang from men's clubs. Women felt that men had too long enjoyed a monopoly of club life, with its allurements and advantages. Entrance was denied women into men's clubs, and so the women decided to retaliate and have clubs for themselves, from which men should be excluded. This has now been done. Clubs for each sex now exist, and by the hundreds. And what is the result? Men and women are, if anything, more widely separated than ever. No apparent impression has been made upon the man's club so far as I can see or learn. Men's clubs are not a whit more hospitable to women than they ever were, and a spirit of rivalry has sprung up in some homes where husband and wife both happen to be club members.

THE greatest evils in this world are those of which the head and the front find their source in the separation of the sexes, and in the minds of all sensible people there is a feeling of distrust for any movement which helps a tendency so fatal in its results. If it were the aim and intention of the average woman's club to bring about a new order of things, and establish mutual clubs for men and women, then the purpose would be a laudable one. If, in other words, the present woman's club would be more honestly conducted, and regarded as a means toward an end, no just criticism could be made. But, unfortunately, in too many instances the purely feminine club is considered, in itself, as an end. Regarded in that light the woman's club is accentuating, instead of removing, the very evils which gave it its origin. Therein lies the inconsistency of the woman's club. It is promoting and carrying further the very objection it set out to remedy. It has not done what it set out to do: on the contrary, it has so far defeated its own purpose.

A FAIR means toward a good end is a thing always to be commended, so long as it continues to be a means and is not considered the end itself. Thousands of people have no patience with the theory of statutory prohibition in connection with the alcohol question. But they do believe in the principle of total abstinence, as applied by a man to himself, and the one as a means—but as a means alone—toward the other as an end is approved of by all. But where statutory prohibition is made the end, then the cause injures itself, since all right-minded men know that a reform brought about by a man's own free will is infinitely more effective than the same reform brought about by laws outside of him. The one appeals to a man's honor and self-respect: the other antagonizes the very sympathies which it is necessary to reach before the reform can be effected. Prohibition as a law and as an end is futile, and will ever be so. But temperance used as a means toward bringing men to self-imposed habits of moderation is effective.

It is the same way with the bird-millinery question. The agitation of this subject is both timely and wise, and the support of every man and woman having a spark of humanity can be relied upon so long as radical measures are not resorted to as an end. The common-sense and humane feeling of women must be appealed to and reached. The tenderness of a woman is unfailing, and once the American women fully realize the barbaric tortures which the wearing of bird plumage on their hats mean to the birds, they will, of their own free will and accord, and by the use of their own common-sense, and a humanity which never fails the normal woman, stamp out the outrages which are committed so that their head-gear may receive ornamentation. But to insult a woman's intelligence and freedom of action by passing laws prohibiting her from wearing bird millinery cannot be otherwise than ineffective. The American woman cannot be told by law what she shall wear on her hat, any more than can the American man be told by law, with any degree of effectiveness, what kind of beverages he shall put into his mouth. In effecting reforms it is always well not to trample upon the freedom of people, and of all people the American public is the last upon which to practice such measures. The common-sense of the American public can always be trusted if the right means are employed to win its attention. But the means must be tempered with moderation. Something must be left for people to supply themselves.

THAT many of the women's clubs in America are doing valuable work in many directions admits of no doubt. And so long as a woman's club keeps within its sphere —that of the social, mental and educational improvement of the sex and the children—and does not extend and take up political questions, and go into a maelstrom of purely municipal matters, the conduct of which it is not given women to rightly understand, and in which they can do no good, but, on the contrary, effect much harm, it serves a purpose high and mighty. There is no question at all of the benefit which a woman derives from getting out of the atmosphere of the routine of domestic machinery, once a week or once a fortnight, according as she is able to spare the necessary time, and coming into the different surroundings of a number of other women at the meeting of a sensible and well-conducted literary, social or educational club. To frown down upon all clubs for women is senseless, and the few writers who constantly do this carry their arguments too far. Women's clubs, like the clubs for men, are useful institutions so long as they are considered as a means toward an end, and that end be social or mental improvement. But when they are taken in the light of an end in themselves, then they become an evil which should be corrected. For a woman to make her club the all-absorbing element in her life is wrong. But used as a well-directed means toward her own development, her own exhilaration, to the companionship of the sexes, and not their further separation, the woman's club is commendable.

WE NEED more clubs,—not for men alone, nor for women alone, but for women and men, and especially is this applicable to the life of our smaller communities. Social life is a tonic to every one, and one of the best stimulants to good living. But our women's clubs should see to it that the end of their purpose should not be defeated by separating the sexes. This tendency is dangerous enough as it is: it should not be encouraged, and especially not by women. The separation of the sexes means no good to our children. Paradoxical as it may seem and sound, the evils which are gravest in their character, and which make most unsound the social fabric, are those where the sexes are furthest apart. The only way in which men and women can better understand each other is for them to know each other better. The problems which confront them are those which both must solve together and in perfect unison and accord. They can never be solved by separating the interests one from the other. Just so far as we, as fathers and mothers, attempt to approach these matters apart from each other, the more complex do we make these problems for our children. And surely we cannot afford to give them a heritage of tangled social threads. It is for us to make the problems of the sexes more simple to our children: not more confusing. And the only way we can do this is for men and women not to stand arrayed against each other, but in social life to intermingle, and be, as God intended they should be, one in sympathy and one in effort toward the betterment of the world and its people.

There is a watchword which for centuries has blazoned forth on the banners and flags of brave little Holland, and sunk deep into the heart of every man, woman and child in that sturdy country of the dykes. It has called its people to arms: it has saved its homes from the sea: it has made it a land—though small in itself—great in achievement: it has made strong men and good women: it has made the land for which it stands second to none among the nations of the world as an example of the highest morality and the truest fireside happiness. And as it gave to what is now part of the greatest American city its official motto, so can it give to men and women everywhere their surest safeguard in all social reforms, guiding them in all things and at all times. In its own tongue it stands as the title to these words: in its translation it closes them: "In union there is strength."

## ILL-ADVISED CHARITIES

THAT a vast deal of practical charity is done by women of wealth and leisure admits of no question. Only the ignorant believe that the rich spend all their means on self-indulgences and never give a thought to humanity at large. What takes much away from the strength of charitable work followed by the leisure classes, however, is the woeful misunderstanding of the needs of the people whom they would help. Charities are constantly misapplied, and, being absolutely ineffective, they are necessarily not felt by the great body at large. Such charities are much worse than no charities at all, since they consume time which might be applied to practical work, achieve no results, but, on the contrary, expose their well-intentioned projectors to ridicule. Discouragement of the well-intentioned philanthropists follows, and the feeling is born that "the poor and needy do not appreciate anything you do for them." But the fault is, in reality, not with the needy, but with the charitable means used.

FOR instance, recently a body of intelligent New York women formed themselves into an association "to give practical help to farmers' wives in isolated places." The idea was, of course, an excellent one; the field exists for beneficial work, but what were the means of "practical help" devised? To "furnish looms, spinning-wheels and knitting-needles, with proper instructions," to farmers' wives so that they might learn how to make "lovely embroidery," which would "command high prices in the large cities"! Almost on the same day a company of wealthy Ohio women formed an organization for "the better understanding of the higher moral laws by the domestics in our homes"! A Chicago organization, just formed, declares for its purpose the providing of "clean and elevating evening amusements for the girls and saleswomen of our large stores." All these charities are seriously entered upon, are well-intentioned, but they show a pitiable ignorance of needed reforms. Our farmers' wives are not sitting up nights looking for something to do. God knows they need no further burdens, no more "industries": their need is for more rest, for more forms of recreation which mean cessation from labor. Our servants do not stand in need of a higher morality as much as they do of more practical knowledge of their work, and more consideration at the hands of their mistresses. Our shopgirls and saleswomen are not clamoring for "clean and elevating evening amusements" so much as that women shall shop a little more intelligently and systematically. Lifting the irksome life of the saleswoman is not to be found in making her evenings pleasanter so much as in making her days easier.

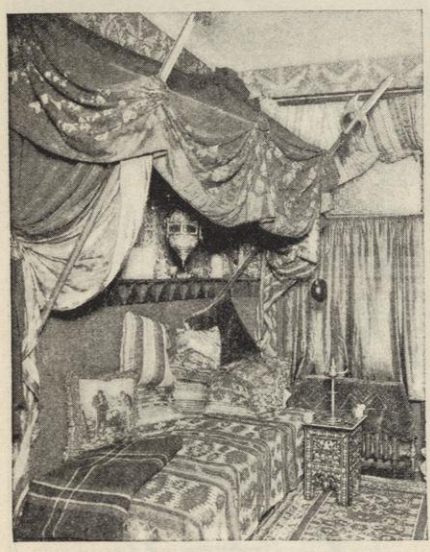
BEFORE our women of leisure go much further in some of their charitable work for those members of their sex not so fortunate as themselves, they should become a little better acquainted with the actual needs of those they would help. If this were done many a reform would begin closer at home. A physician always diagnoses a case before he applies the remedy, and so the intelligent charities are those which first find the true nature of the need before the effort is made to alleviate. Going blindly into charitable work, for the simple sake of being charitable, works far more injury than good. Too many there are of such charities which seek to apply the help at the wrong end. No practical results ensue from such work; on the other hand, antagonism is aroused and positive injury is effected. A well-intentioned charity is useless except where it is intelligently directed and comprehensively applied. Mere organization counts for nothing. Conditions must first be studied. It is not to be wondered at that the needy often refuse the charities offered them. It is not that they are unappreciative. But they do resent, and justly so, the charity which is no charity at all, the charity which is misapplied, which shows its ignorance of their true needs, and which, well-intentioned though it be, emphasizes their lot in life instead of alleviating it.

# PRETTY CORNERS IN GIRLS' ROOMS

*By Alice J. Maynor*

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

EVERY girl, no matter what her position in life, desires a pretty and attractive room. Inexpensive fabrics, and the ingenious arrangement of pretty and bright-colored pillows, with the innumerable photographs



which every girl possesses, will transform a commonplace room into an attractive one.

Draperies for the Turkish corners shown in these illustrations are not expensive. Printed Indian cottons and Bagdad curtains

are all that are needed for these hangings. Spear-heads are to be obtained at almost any upholsterer's, and are modern replicas of ancient models.

Tasteful draperies over the bed give a dainty and cozy appearance to a girl's room.

The pleasure of fitting up a room for one's self, and doing the work actually with one's own hands, will recompense the occupant for any time and trouble expended on a room.

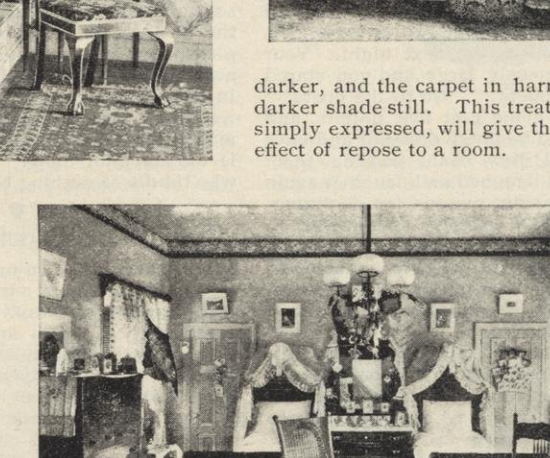
With some white paint and slight artistic ability an old-fashioned black walnut chamber-set may be transformed into a veritable thing of beauty. The bed, painted with several coats of white enamel or pale-green paint, when thoroughly dry may be decorated with little bunches of flowers.

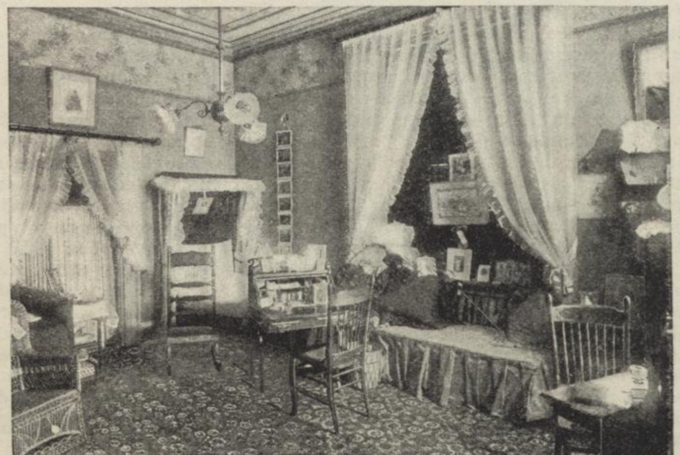
Good wall coverings are to be found among the most ordinary materials. Butchers' paper pasted upon the walls and spattered with gold paint gives a Japanese effect, or a plain blue or green paper upon the walls may have flowers or simple figures painted on in pure white for a dainty sleeping-room.

The ceiling of such a room should be lighter than any other portion, the walls slightly darker, and the carpet in harmony, but of a darker shade still. This treatment, although simply expressed, will give the much-desired effect of repose to a room.

The box seat is a most convenient receptacle for dresses. It may be painted white, without ornamentation.

An odd bookshelf fastened to the wall in a convenient place has good furnishing and decorative value, but a shelf should never be placed simply to look well. Its convenient position and usefulness should be the prime consideration.



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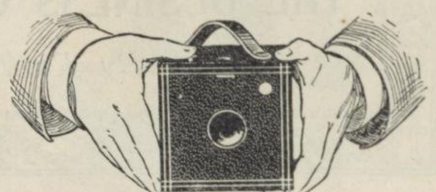

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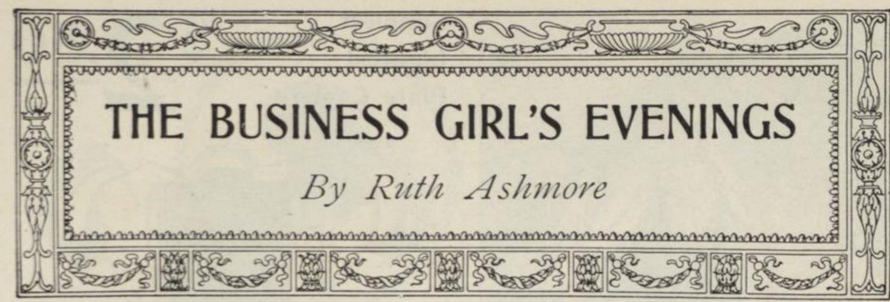

# THE BUSINESS GIRL'S EVENINGS

*By Ruth Ashmore*

IN THE pleasant little town from which you came everybody knew everybody else, and during the long summer evenings, or the cold yet cheery winter ones, you walked with this girl and visited that girl, went to the little entertainments given, or enjoyed a concert or lecture when it came to town. But you made up your mind that the little town was not large enough for you. The delights of a great city spread themselves before you, and you thought that earning money there was a something very easy, while enjoying one's self was a something that never ended. You remembered the few days when you visited there—the many pleasant entertainments that your hostess gave in your honor—and you thought that all life in the great city must be a repetition of these pleasures; yet now that you are there everything seems so very different.

Now you are earning twice the income that would have been possible in the small town, but you sit alone in the hall room of your boarding-house and wonder when you will be sleepy enough to go to bed, when the evening will be over, and if there is anything agreeable in the life of the business girl.

### THE REASONS FOR YOUR LONELINESS

IT SEEMS to you that the few people with whom you are acquainted do not trouble themselves about you, although you notified each one of them of your coming. The truth is, that they fully intended to make a few hours of your life pleasant, but each one had her own large circle of acquaintances, in which, with your lack of knowledge of the world's ways, you did not seem to fit, and so you were forgotten. At your business place you hear the other girls talk about going out, and about the good times they have. Once you did have a pleasant time when you were invited by one of your companions, who lived out of town, to come out while the apple blossoms were in bloom and spend Sunday with her, and yet, though she was most kindly, it made you remember home and its joys so plainly that you were not as agreeable a companion as you might have been. You did not explain the reason, and so you have not been asked to repeat the visit.

You wonder if all your life is going to be spent in this lonely way. You wonder if there would be any harm in going down into the boarding-house parlor and listening to the good music, the muffled sound of which comes up the staircase. I wish you would go down, and, once having reached the room in which the young members of the house have assembled, be pleasant to all.

### A GOOD WAY TO SELECT YOUR FRIENDS

IN THE large city you soon begin to wonder how you will ever get to know anybody, or whether you will be solitary all your life. Turn your thoughts back to the time in the early autumn when the apples were gathered. Do you remember how they were gone over, and those that were rich in color, sweet of perfume and graceful of form in their healthiness were chosen as the best and kept for some special purpose? You must pick out your friends as you did the apples, choosing to have those which are not only agreeable, not only pleasant, but the ones which are warranted to keep.

The first girl to whom you have taken a fancy is eager to have you join the club to which she belongs. She tells you of the pleasant hours spent there, of the interesting classes gotten up, of the nice girls that one may meet there, and of the pleasant women who manage it. The membership fee is a small one, and thinking of your lonely evenings you join the club. Now understand, I do not object—in fact, I approve of the average club arranged for and by busy girls. But too often the business girl allows the club to become the one idea of her life, and where she had expected to broaden she grows narrower.

In every club there are a few strong minds that seem to control all the others; they make opinions, and in such a way that the contradiction of them seems an impossibility. You know the type of girl I mean: the one who reads a paper in which there is never a doubt expressed, but in which there is a positive assertion that the writer knows everything, and consequently is right. I hope that you will spend more of your time talking to other pleasant girls, chatting about light, agreeable topics, rather than joining a class for which papers must be prepared and in which discussions are rampant. After a busy day you are in no condition to write papers, nor even to discuss them.

### THE PLEASURES WHICH WILL COME TO YOU

GRADUALLY, as you gain friends, the law of hospitality will govern first one and then another, and having been found pleasant you will be asked to visit at the home of each. Perhaps one of these girls may have a real home, where, after her day's work, she is met by a kindly mother and greeted by the children, and though they live in what to your country-bred eyes seems a small space, still to the city girl it counts as a large one, which is made by willing hands and loving hearts into a home. The other girl, like you, lives in the hall room of a boarding-house, and yet, on your arrival, you find two or three other pleasant girls there, and everybody is in the midst of a game. The bed is evidently a closed one, for none is in sight, while on a fancy table is a brass kettle which, later, sings merrily as it boils the water for a pot of chocolate, a dish of little cakes and some pretty little cups and saucers. You all have a jolly evening. The next day, talking it over with your hostess of the night before, you find out how a few cents saved from this and a few cents from that has paid for the pretty belongings; how little the chocolate costs, and how the pretty cups and saucers have been picked up as bargains. A good example being contagious, you begin to think how you will arrange to entertain; then you remember there are some unused, old-fashioned cups that you are sure would be sent to you from home, that will not only attract by their prettiness, but will have a special charm to you, at least, because of their association.

### THE PLEASURES OF THE RICH ALSO YOURS

ONE night the girl who walked home with you—for she lived near you—asked if you would not like to join two or three girls and go to the opera the next night. Your eyes grew enormously large and you stared at her in amazement. "Go to the opera!" Why, the seats alone cost five dollars, and then you have to be finely dressed, and have a carriage, and how could you do that? Your companion laughed and laughed again as you told her your reasons for declining, and then said, "Of course, I do not want to ask you to go if you have not saved a little amusement money, but we girls lay aside so much each week—sometimes saving it, sometimes feeling that we can donate it toward our amusement fund—and with it we are able to hear the best music, to see the best plays, and to go to an exhibition of pictures. At the opera we do not occupy five-dollar seats. Instead, we go early, pay the lowest price that is asked, and sit up nearly to the skies, but we hear the music and see the play, as well as all the lovely women. Two or three of us, who are real music lovers, would gladly give up a new gown any time for the sake of this pleasure which we take so simply. If you feel that you would be ashamed to sit up among the quietly dressed people, among the real music lovers, then do not accept my invitation." Here she put her hand on your shoulder and added, "If seeing magnificent jewels will make you envious you will have to give up many pleasures."

You promise to let her know the next day, and an examination of your pocketbook proved that the amusement was possible. When the time came you were waiting for your friend, neatly dressed, and eager to see and hear all the wonders of the musical story. Next day you wrote home a long letter telling of your delightful evening and how the lady sitting near you had loaned you her libretto and her opera-glasses.

### ABOUT GOING TO THE THEATRE

TWO weeks later your friend asked you if you would like to go to the theatre and hear a famous play, one written by the hand of that William Shakespeare whose name will never be forgotten. You have always felt that going to the theatre was wrong. So it is when it caters to what is vicious, when it pictures vice as beautiful, and goodness and honesty as worth nothing, but I do not believe, provided you do not allow your liking for the theatre to control you, that the listening to a play like that wonderful story of "The Merchant of Venice," with its beautiful lines; that quaint, tender and weird story of "Rip Van Winkle," with its repentant sinner, or that latter-day romance of "The Little Minister," will do anything but waken that which is best in you.

I do not believe the most sensitive girl can be made anything except good by such plays, while the best girl is made better, because she hears the tribute given to goodness. But if that wise mentor of yours, your conscience, tells you to stay away from the theatre, listen to his reasons, because we must decide for ourselves, and what is right for one may be wrong for another.

### THE INVITATION TO THE DANCE

AT THE club to which you belong there is a dancing-class, and twenty or thirty girls have learned to make their feet keep time to the gay, bright music, and you who seem to find in music your greatest delight have had more real pleasure out of the dancing-class than anything else connected with the club. One day you find among your letters a little invitation to a dance to be given by a girl who, like you, is in business, but who lives away in the upper part of the town in an old-fashioned house, and is only one of a large family that makes the keeping of the old home a possibility. The invitation is to a dance, and the courtesy of an answer is requested. You know you must accept or decline as soon as possible, and for a little while you wonder what you ought to do. At home there was seldom much dancing at the little entertainments given, but long before you left you had stopped going to these parties, because you could not believe there was anything refined in rough games, or in those that had for their chief attraction something in the way of a kissing contest.

### WHEN YOU MUST LET YOUR CONSCIENCE DECIDE

BUT right here you must be guided by the little mentor, Conscience, for if you think dancing a sin it becomes one for you to indulge in it. But if you accept the invitation you will probably find everybody pleasant and agreeable, and if by chance there are not as many young men as there are girls present, you will have a merry time as a ribbon is tied on your arm and you are asked to act as a gentleman to fill up the set. Now, my dear girl, while I do not disapprove of a simple dance in a real home, I must advise you never to go to a public ball. I mean a ball where any one can buy tickets, and where one may meet both men and women whose acquaintance is most undesirable.

There should be some quiet evenings at home, too, for although as a girl you have a right to the pleasures of life, there must be one or two evenings in the week devoted to thinking how you may improve yourself so that you will be of more value to your employer, and how, by reading and by listening to good speakers, you may become a more intelligent woman. Think out some of the pleasures of life and partake of them joyously, because, if you have nothing in life but business and solitude, you will amount to little in either the business or social world. A girl needs pleasure as a flower does sunshine, but there are days when the sun seems to shine, though in a dull, heavy way, when the air seems weighted with an unpleasant mist which makes roses droop. The overpowering heat is too much for them. So it is with a girl who thinks of nothing but her pleasure.

### WHAT THESE PLEASURES MEAN TO YOU

YOUR evening of enjoyment means much to you because, for a while, business and its cares are forgotten, and in the morning you are clearer of brain and can better battle with the problem that, last evening, when you were tired out, seemed absolutely incomprehensible. But the evening of pleasure indulged in too often will bring you to the office tired and worn out, and unable to do your work properly. Therefore, remember, my dear girl, that it is the use, and not the abuse, of pleasure which will make your life happy, your work a delight, and your employer satisfied with you.

Too many of our so-called good people desire to make the world, especially the world of young girls, a dismal, dreary one, in which there is no enjoyment, and where all life is work and work, with nothing to lighten the burden. It is not strange that girls who are forced to live such lives grow to be deceitful, or in time break the bonds by which they are confined and lead lives where pleasure is abused. But this dear, busy girl of mine, working away all the day long, with a thought of helping somebody else, can have her evenings of enjoyment, and knowing what real enjoyment is she will not have a single pang of conscience, for just as soon as that wise little mentor speaks she knows it is time to stop and listen. He is a wise little mentor, and as long as you listen and are advised by him you need not fear going in the wrong direction.

### USE BUT DO NOT ABUSE YOUR OPPORTUNITIES

FOR mental and physical reasons there may be pleasures that, while they are meat to your neighbor, are poison to you. Avoid all such pleasures. Do not allow yourself to think over them, and then you will not long for them. Remember that the best part of every pleasure is the giving of enjoyment to somebody else. At the opera, between the music, be glad that you have the opportunity of looking at the wonderful costumes and the beautiful jewels, but laugh to yourself as you wonder what on earth you would do if you had to take care of them. The woman who owns them can get no more pleasure out of them than you, for she can only look at them, and that is your privilege also. Envy kills pleasure, while consideration increases it twofold. She who has malice and envy at her heart can never know an hour of true enjoyment.

Editor's Note—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 33 of this issue of the Journal.

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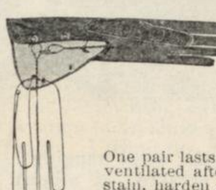

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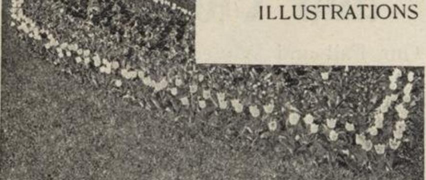


A Bed of Tulips

# FLOWERS THAT BLOOM AT CHRISTMAS

*By Eben E. Rexford*

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES VICK

BULBS, to be brought into bloom by Christmas, should be potted in October, and as early in the month as possible. Give them a compost of equal parts of loam and old, well-rotted manure, mixed thoroughly. Narcissus, Hyacinths and Tulips require the same soil and the same treatment. These are the only bulbs I would advise the amateur to attempt to grow for Christmas use.

If you plant your bulbs singly four-inch pots will be large enough for them. In six-inch pots you can put two bulbs, and in seven-inch ones four may easily be accommodated. Tulips and Narcissus should be just covered with earth. The Hyacinth should be about half its depth in soil.

Water well at the time of potting, and then put the pots away in a place that is dark and cool, and leave them there until they form roots. This part of the treatment is very important, and those who ignore it will be

Narcissus Horsfieldi

pretty sure to make a failure of bulb-growing so far as flowers are concerned.

The Roman Hyacinth is much preferable to the ordinary sort, as it throws up several spikes from each bulb, its flowers are more graceful, and it is more likely to bloom.

THE best Tulips for forcing are the early single varieties.

The best Narcissus is the golden-yellow sort, with a cup of creamy white. Do not bring these bulbs to the window until they have made strong root-growth, or your hopes for Christmas flowers will be doomed to disappointment.

Do not bring the bulbs into the warmth and light of the room in which they are to grow until the soil in the pot is well filled with roots. Watch your bulbs well and keep the soil moist, but never wet. When you bring them out of the dark do not place them in too warm a room, and when they bloom keep them in a cool place or they will not last long.

IF YOU are very desirous of having a Rose at Christmas time you will find that the best variety for house culture is Agrippina, a dark crimson, a free grower and constant bloomer if properly treated. If you want your plant to come into flower by Christmas you must get a two-year-old specimen in September. Send to your florist and tell him you want it for winter flowering. He will send you a plant which has been kept from flowering during the summer. When it comes, pot it in a soil of heavy loam, making the earth very firm about the roots. Provide good drainage. Use a six-inch pot. Cut away at least half the top. Then put the pot in a cool place to get a fresh start. Do not give it a warm room to grow in until the cold weather really sets in, and then aim to keep the temperature about 60°.

Parrot Tulip

A ROOM opening from one containing fire is a good place for the Rose, provided it is well lighted and sunny. Watch the plant well to prevent the aphis from attacking it. Shower it all over daily, to keep the red spider down. If insects appear on it make an infusion of Fir Tree oil soap and dip the plant in it. You cannot grow the Rose well unless you keep it clean, and you cannot keep it clean unless you give it daily attention. Do not give too much water. Aim to keep the soil moist, not wet. Give no fertilizer until active growth begins. Then apply it once a week. It is very important that two-year-old plants should be used if you expect winter flowers.

Chinese Primroses and Primula *obconica* will, with care, bloom at Christmas time if given a spongy soil, well drained, a light but not very sunny window, and a moderate temperature. Buy your plants early this month and put them in five-inch pots. You cannot grow plants for winter use from seed started at this time of the year. The florists grow them in large quantities in the spring, for winter use.

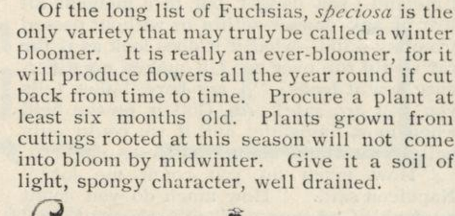
Single and Double Narcissus

POT the Primrose high, have the crown of the plant somewhat above the soil. If too low the water applied is likely to stand about it, and this frequently induces decay. I would advise you to get at least half a dozen Primroses, as they are among the most satisfactory of all winter-flowering plants.

GENERALLY speaking, the Calla is allowed to rest during the summer months, and repotted early in September. Its old foliage will have all fallen off by this time, and there will be nothing but the thick, tuber-like root to start with. Pot this in a soil of muck and sand, or leafmould. Have good drainage. Water well at the time of potting. Bring it into the house as soon as it starts, and give it a light, rather sunny window while it is producing leaves. Water it daily, keeping the soil wet, also shower it daily. This keeps the red spider from attacking it. Give the plant a good fertilizer about the middle of October, to encourage a strong, vigorous growth.

All these plants must be given fresh air on pleasant days. Do not keep them too warm, as that brings about a weak, rapid growth not conducive to healthy flowering. A moist temperature of 65° is much better for them than a higher one.

Fuchsia Speciosa



Of the long list of Fuchsias, *speciosa* is the only variety that may truly be called a winter bloomer. It is really an ever-bloomer, for it will produce flowers all the year round if cut back from time to time. Procure a plant at least six months old. Plants grown from cuttings rooted at this season will not come into bloom by midwinter. Give it a soil of light, spongy character, well drained.

WHEN selecting Geraniums choose those which have not been allowed to bloom during the summer. Repot or top-dress the plants chosen, but give no fertilizer until they begin to grow. Keep them away from fire heat until November. Then accustom them gradually to a warmer temperature. Geraniums ought to begin to bloom by the first of December if care has been taken to select plants which have not been exhausted by summer flowering. Such plants are worthless for early blooming, as they must have an opportunity to rest, and they cannot be expected to bloom until they have done so.

Ivy-Leaf Geranium, Madame Thibaut

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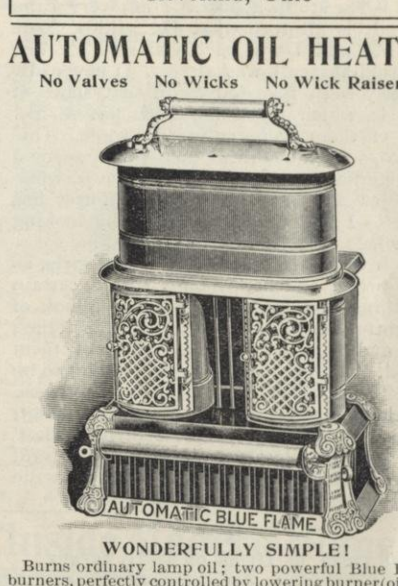


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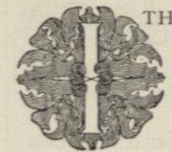
*Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome*

## HEART TO HEART TALKS


I THINK the time has come when we should come into closer touch with one another. Of course, this must be in spirit; many of us will never touch each other's hands, and yet, if the opportunity is afforded, it will be a great pleasure to do so.

As I travel from place to place I am beginning to find that the readers of the JOURNAL avail themselves of the opportunity of meeting me in the churches, and that in this way I am meeting face to face many persons whom I had never thought I should meet. And the number will undoubtedly increase, but I am thinking of a closer touch than hands. You know Tennyson says:

> "Speak to Him, thou, for He hears,
> And spirit with spirit can meet,
> Closer is He than breathing,
> And nearer than hands and feet."

And this is not only true of the Friend above all others, but it is true of human friends. We can come nearer than the meeting of hands, for that is meaningless unless the heart is in it. Do you not think we can enter more deeply into the meaning of heart to heart? We are not far apart. Many of you are hungry for real communion with the human. You say, "Oh, if I had some one whom I could feel was in real touch with me, but in regard to all that is highest in me I seem to be alone."

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### THE REAL MEANING OF OUR ORDER

NOW, one meaning, and a very real meaning of our Order, is to meet that very need. All that is highest is embodied in this Order. We have the same Father, we are serving the same Master, and I am sure that the message that is given to me at this time is, "Love one another." Love the members of the Order you are connected with. Think of them. Pray for them. Write to them, if you can. Oh, what a sisterhood it is! I do not know that I shall ever make a request similar to one I made a short time ago, when speaking in a certain city of New York State. I knew that many were coming up to shake hands with me, and I did so want to help them where the deepest need comes, so I said, "You need not tell me anything, but you can put a good deal in a look sometimes, and I shall know, as I look in your eyes, how it is with you." Oh, I see their eyes now. There were eyes that looked calmly into mine, and the look needed no words. It said, "The storm is over. I am very calm now. It is all true what He said—'Come unto Me and I will give you rest.'" The eyes told that all was at rest. I never saw so many souls revealed as in that space of time, in which those hundreds passed me. Most of them were cultured people. One woman, with a beautiful face which seemed as if eternal peace had settled upon it, whispered as she passed, "The Comforter has come." I should have known it by looking at her face even if she had not told me so.

Then there were so many lovely girls, so many bright and happy ones with a certain something that heightens beauty—a look of thoughtfulness that gave such a softened look, and as plainly as day many of them looked, "I mean to be good. I want to be good." Oh, there is a beauty in goodness. One charming girl said as she took my hand, "I wish I knew how to have a spiritual life." There was no time to explain. I only said one word, but I conveyed all I could in the look I gave her as I said, "Cultivation."

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### THE CRIME OF LIVING ON FIFTH AVENUE

IN A PLACE where I spoke to The King's Daughters some time ago an exceedingly bright girl came up to me after my address and said to me, "You have completely won me this afternoon. I have criticised you very severely, but I never shall do so again." I said, "Have you known me?" "No," she answered, "I never saw you till this afternoon." "Did you criticise my articles?" I asked. "No, not in a way," she said. "Well," I said, laughingly, "tell me what was the matter with me." She hesitated, and then said, "'Oh, well,' I said, 'she lives on Fifth Avenue.'" "Oh, yes," I said, "I see it all. You said, 'It is easy enough for her to write it all so easily; she has everything she wants; she lives on Fifth Avenue. She knows nothing about the struggles she writes about. She does not know what it is to face this cold world after one has had everything.'" And so I went on and voiced it all for her. Dear, sweet girl, the tears started as she said, "Oh, yes, I said all that, but I will never say it again." I told her I didn't live on Fifth Avenue, in the first place, but if I did, and had been sheltered, yet I had a heart to feel, and I could have added the lines I learned when a child:

> "Not more than others I deserve,
> Yet God hath given me more."

### LET US ALL BE MORE THOUGHTFUL

SO, DEAR Daughters, when you think of your sisters in this Order of ours, think that though they may have much more of the things seen than you have, they may, after all, be poor where you are rich. The one thing the heart needs is love, and that is in God for all, and all of us may be "rich toward God." For real riches is love, and real poverty is the lack of it. Let us extend our sympathy, let us ask that the whole Order—every individual in the Order—may have more love, more sympathy, more of the real milk of human kindness. Let the rich pray for the poor, let the poor pray for the rich. Pray for the sick in the Order.

I hope from this time on that our meetings will be even more helpful. I thank you for sending me words, as so many of you have done, that you have been helped, but the need for help is not decreasing. We need more help, but, dear ones, do not forget that there are two prayers that are always answered: "Lord, save me!" and "Lord, help me!" Now, for this one month, let these two prayers be on our lips. You know what you need to be saved from, so pray "Lord, save me," and He will. And others know just where they need help. Well, take the prayer, "Lord, help me," and He will.

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### WHY DO WE NOT LOOK FOR THE DIVINE HAND?

I WAS crossing Broadway the other day and the vehicles seemed even more plentiful than usual, but I had my eye on a policeman, and I saw him lift his hand, which was a signal for me to come. As I started a trolley car came along so fast that it seemed to me it would go over me if I went forward, so I hesitated, but the hand of the policeman was there, and I kept my eyes on the hand, and, of course, that hand made the car stop and I passed safely across.

I saw in that moment another hand, and I did not think of the policeman as the words lingered with me. In that moment I saw God. I was wrestling with a problem at the time and I saw danger, but in a moment all fear of any danger within or without passed from my mind—what if it does look as if the car would run over you? it makes no difference how it looks—"I am here," that tells you you are safe! Ah, God is on the field when most invisible, and if we could only believe we would endure as Moses endured. "How much do you count me for?" Napoleon said. "How much do you count me for?" God says. When God says Come! or Go! He has the powers of the universe at His disposal, and every adverse power must give way. Nothing shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good—act as if you had God to help you and you will be women of strength, women of power, women of influence. Do not look at this nor at that danger—see God!—see His Hand, and go on!

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### MY LOVE AND SYMPATHY GO TO YOU ALL

MANY persons write to me, saying, "Let me hear from you through the JOURNAL." What shall I say to you who say, "Do help me"? God knows how glad I would be to help you, but nothing but the infinite pity of God can suffice for the infinite pathos of human life.

Will you let me give you part of a poem that came to me in an hour of anguish in my life, never to be forgotten? I have never seen it anywhere, but I have kept it among my treasures for many, many years. I do not know whether it has ever been in print or not:

> "Fret not thyself so sorely, heart of mine,
> For that the pain hath roughly broke thy rest,
> That the wild flowers be dead upon thy breast,
> Whereon the cloud-vailed sun hath ceased to shine.
>
> "Fret not that thou art seamed and scarred and torn,
> That clods are piled where tinted vetches were,
> That long worms crawl to light and brown rifts bare
> Of green and tender grasses widely yawn.
>
> "God's hand is on the plow, so be thou still,
> Thou canst not see Him for thine eyes are dim,
> But wait in patience, put thy trust in Him;
> Give thanks for love and leave thee to His will.
>
> "Ah! in due time, the lowering clouds shall rain
> Soft drops on my parched furrows; I shall sow
> In tears and prayers, and green corn blades will grow—
> I shall not wish the wild flowers back again.
>
> "I shall be glad that I did work and weep,
> Be glad, O God, my slumbering soul did wake,
> Be glad my stubborn heart did heave and break,
> Beneath the plow, when angels come to reap!
>
> "Be glad, O Father, that my land was tilled,
> And sown and watered in the harvest day,
> When Thou wilt cast the weeds and tares away,
> And when with ripened fruit Thy barns are filled.
>
> "Keep me my faith, I pray; I cannot see,
> And fear to intermeddle with Thy work
> Oh, though I wince and fret, I would not shirk
> The discipline that is so good for me.
>
> "I know that Thou wilt make my grief to cease,
> Wilt send the cool, soft drops of healing rain,
> And make my scarred heart green with springing grain,
> That after patient waiting cometh peace,
>
> "That after faithful labor I shall rest,
> And after weeping have my fill of joy,
> Thou breakest down to build up—not destroy—
> Thou doest right, O Lord; Thou knowest best."

### A YOUNG GIRL WHO NEEDED MY HELP

THERE came to my house, a few days ago, a young girl to see me. She said she was a stranger. When the maid brought me word that some one wished to see me she said, "She is very little; I think she is the smallest lady I ever saw." When I went downstairs I found a little creature with the face of a young woman but the form of a dwarf. She told me that she was looking for a position so that she might support herself.

I asked her if she had no home—no father nor mother. She said she had a father. "Well," I said, "do you not see that you need the protection of your father and your home?" "Yes," she said, "I do see it, but it is not agreeable for me to live at home." "Well," I said, "life is not always agreeable, and," I added, "you may find it not agreeable away from your home." Then I advised her, after finding out where her home was, to return there at once. "Oh, no," she said, "I have not been at home for a long time." "Where have you been?" "Staying with friends," she answered. Then I said, "You must go right back to your friends." She looked sorrowfully into my face as she said, "Can't you tell me where to go to find a place?" "Yes," I said, "the Young Women's Christian Association is only a few steps from here. You might go there. It is barely possible that they may know of some situation, but I do not think it probable." She said she would go. I pointed the way and bade her good-by. The next morning I read in the newspaper that she had committed suicide in her room that night. I learned afterward that the Association had been kind to her and given her a room. She had said that I had sent her there.

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### IN THIS CASE I HAD UTTERLY FAILED

NOW, I should not have told you this little story only I want to show you where I failed. Not that I think I could have saved her from doing what she did, and though it might not have made the slightest difference, that did not relieve me of the consciousness that I had failed. I am in the habit of saying, "Do not be discouraged. There is One who cares for you, One who loves you," and doing all I can to cheer, even if I cannot do anything else, but in this case I had not done it. I had been so shocked at the girl being unprotected, and at her leaving her home, that I was possessed with but one idea, and that was to get her to go back to her home, but the circumstances of her death threw such light on her discouragements, disappointments and sufferings that I was sorry I had not been more sympathetic and helpful. A very little thing, one way or another, may turn the scale for the future happiness or misery of another human being.

Now, Daughters, I have made a painful confession for your sake. Will you not keep a supply on hand? I assure you they will be needed every day; it is the sweetness, the purity, the kindness we feel that in some way or other will find its way out of eyes and ears and lips and touch; it is spirituality we want. You so often hear such words as "She has such a sweet spirit." Oh, do not fail here. I have known women who were doing and doing all the time such good works, and yet in the midst of it all I was so thankful it was not my lot to live in the house with them. Put it down, so that you will never forget it, that it is far more what you are than what you do that makes the most lasting impression on those around you.

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### LET US BE KIND AND LOVING ALWAYS

HOW often I have thought of the father's testimony to his daughter. All the services were over and the casket was about to be closed when the father stepped up, and, laying his hand on the casket, said, "Before the dear face is covered I want to say that on that face I never saw a frown; from those lips I never heard an unkind word." Oh, how much in a few words. You say, perhaps, "That would be impossible for me." No; not if the spirit of another took possession of you, and He wants to enter. "I stand at the door and knock," He says, and if any one will open the door, He will come in.

I have always known that His Spirit was in a young girl of only fifteen who slipped her arm around my waist when I was a schoolgirl, and feeling very lonesome and was walking the piazza alone at recess. She saw or felt I was lonely. Oh, it is easy enough to love. "There are lonely hearts to cherish as the days are going by," but somehow we are apt to be contented to sing it without being aware of these lonely hearts that are all around us. And Christ is not here to say, "Daughters, be of good cheer." He is dependent on us (I say it reverently) to do it for Him, and if we have His Spirit we shall say it. Now, do not lie down to-night without saying, "Where Mrs. Bottome failed in leaving undone what she should have done I will be careful not to fail. She shall not have made her confession in vain as far as I am concerned." Keep close to you these words: "Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

*Margaret Bottome*


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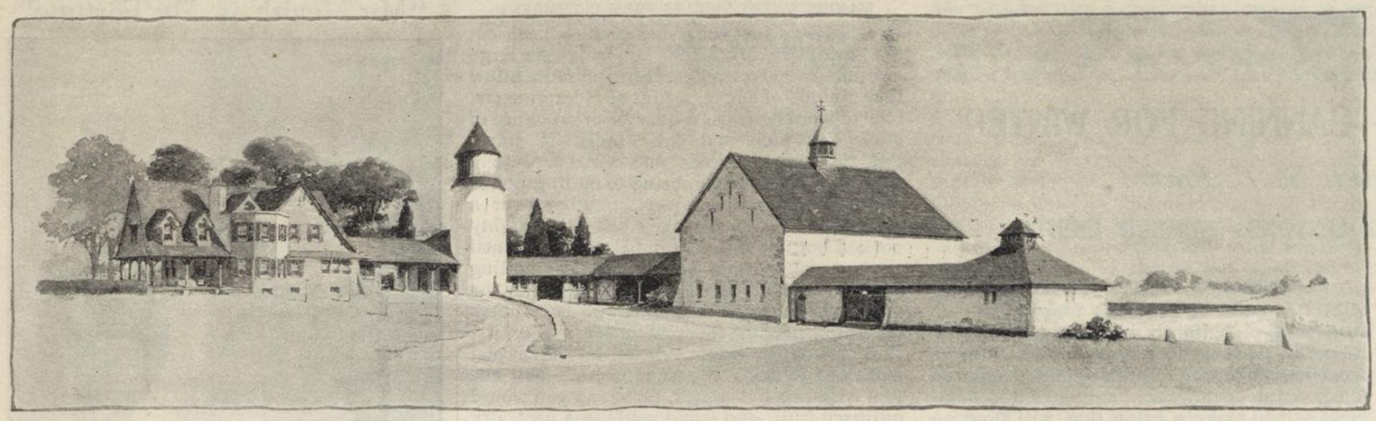

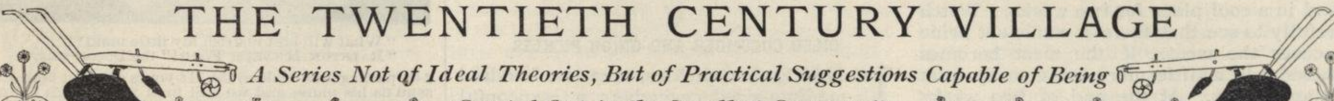

# THE TWENTIETH CENTURY VILLAGE

*A Series Not of Ideal Theories, But of Practical Suggestions Capable of Being Carried Out in the Smallest Community*

## *Second Article—A PRACTICAL FARMHOUSE

*Designed by the Journal's Special Architect*

IN PRESENTING a scheme for the laying out of farm buildings I wish to disclaim any intention of setting myself up as an authority in the proper arrangement of farms. In point of fact, no two farms are alike in their requirements and situation, and only the farmer himself can say what arrangement would best fit his methods. But I earnestly trust that there may be suggestions of value to many in the accompanying plan.

The water supply is, of course, one of the first considerations. Many of our most picturesque old farm groups owe much of their beauty to their natural grouping about the springs and brooks; but the windmill has done away with the necessity for a low site, and has carried the buildings with it to the higher ground. While the driven well and water-tower, which furnishes a supply not only to the milk house, but to the barn and house as well, will not seem quite as picturesque, it will have the practical advantage of giving running water in the house.

IN THE plan shown the approach is supposed to be from the northwest and away from the farm buildings, consequently the house occupying the end of the chain of buildings would have the advantage of the summer winds without the odor of the barn and yards.

The first-floor plan, while quite different from the average farmhouse, seems well adapted to its uses, with its large and airy kitchen, used ordinarily as a dining-room, and with the living-room so placed that it may be used as a private dining-room on occasion, and the parlor and porches entirely cut off both from kitchen and farm buildings. This attempt at privacy for the family life has been sought for all through the plan, and under the changed conditions prevailing it is almost a necessity, as the old days of almost communal life on the farm, when the men and women employed were of the same class as the family, seem to have passed—for the present at least.

FIRST FLOOR

THERE is provided a coat-closet by the vestibule, as well as hanging room for rough clothes in the back hallway. In summer the cooking could be done in the out-kitchen—at least, to a great extent—making the kitchen proper a comfortable eating and sitting room the year round. The stair from the out-kitchen leads to a second-floor room, intended for the men whom it may be desirable to have sleep in the house, and enables them to reach their room without going through the rest of the house. Back of the out-kitchen is an open shed that may be closed to the north in the winter time, making a covered way to the stable building, and a place for wood, as well as a cool working place in summer. The advantage of having all the buildings connected is apparent. In a very cold climate such an arrangement is almost a necessity.

The second floor, as shown in the plan, contains five rooms, a small room and a bathroom. The third floor would provide good storage room, and if desired, two or three rooms might be finished and used as bedrooms, but my idea has been to provide enough rooms on the second floor to obviate the necessity of using the garret for sleeping-rooms, as such rooms are usually hot.

SECOND FLOOR

THE ice-house, milk-house, the windmill and the water-tower come next, and are of stone, making somewhat of a break in case of a fire either in house or barn. The lower part of the tower may be used for garden tools. It opens into the garden, the fowlyard and the tool and work shop. The tank, being placed near the top of the tower, not only gives a water-pressure for the house, but by the use of a good hose may be made an effective fire-tower—effective, at least, in preventing the spread of fire. The tool-house opens into the wagon-house, the whole front of which opens in sections, and connects with the stable and the fields back of the barn.

THE barn proper is of a not unusual type, with the horse stable nearest the house, and the stanchion for cows opening into the barnyard. This throws the open side of the barn to the south; the barn itself shelters the yard from the coldest winds. The side of the yard nearest the house has the wall raised, and is roofed, serving the double purpose of shelter for the animals and screening them from the house. I have made no attempt to locate the minor buildings.

The windmill indicated is of the closed turbine variety, for which the open mill may be substituted if the owner so desires.

MANY of our older farms show beautiful and picturesque groupings with their whitewashed walls and fine old trees, but it seems to have been largely accidental, as the buildings were, as a rule, put up from time to time as the needs and wants of the family increased, or as the income permitted.

The English farms and many of the French ones are very charming, and may have much in them to suggest artistic grouping to us, but their moss-covered tile roofs are responsible for much of their attractiveness, and any attempt to simply copy them would be foolish, as nothing is ever really artistic that does not suggest the use to which it is to be put, and we build best for art when we build most usefully, which, however, is no excuse for ugliness, especially as in most cases it is more expensive than the simple direct expression of use for which the post or bracket or what not is intended. Above all, abjure the horror of the scroll-sawed bracket, and the turned post, unless it be Colonial. When I say Colonial I mean Colonial, not the modern renaissance which passes for it. The essence of Colonial work is simplicity and not mere use of classic mould or column; indeed, it is difficult to find pure renaissance detail in old Colonial work, yet I know of few old houses that have not a certain dignity and restfulness which is in refreshing contrast to most modern work. If we follow them in nothing else let us do so in their simplicity, and we need not fear the result.

I HAVE seen houses which had pleasant and simple roof lines so covered with ugly and senseless ornaments, put on in an effort to adorn, that the simple framing of the barn was a positive treat to behold in comparison. A post is simply a prop, and why it should be turned to look like a string of beads or sausage, and then painted with all the glories of autumn, is beyond me. A bracket is just a brace, and should look like nothing else, and so on through the whole list of little things that go to make up buildings.

*The second of the series of "The Twentieth Century Village," which began in the August Journal, with "How to Have Good Country Roads." The third (in the October Journal) will tell "How to Start a Village Library."

Editor's Note—In the Journal's series of "Model Homes" the following plans and descriptions have been published:

"A Model Suburban House" (costing from $2000 to $2500), in July, 1897, Journal.
"A House for a 30-Foot Front Lot" (costing from $2200 to $2600), in September, 1897, Journal.
"A $2200 House for a Small Square Lot," in November, 1897, Journal.
"A House for a Thousand Dollars," in December, 1897, Journal.
"An $1800 City Brick House," in January, 1898, Journal.
"A Model House for $1000 to $1250," in February, 1898, Journal, and
"A $1500 House for a Twenty-five-Foot Lot," in March, 1898, Journal.

The working plans and specifications of any one of these houses may be had by any person sending five dollars ($5) to the Art Bureau of The Ladies' Home Journal.

It has been decided, owing to the varying conditions which prevail in different sections of the country, as well as for reasons which the Journal's architect has indicated, that the plans of "A Practical Farmhouse" will not be offered for sale.

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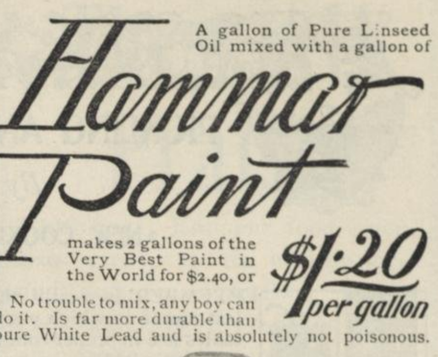


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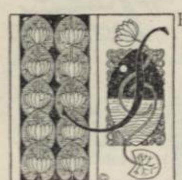
# PICKLING AND CANNING FOR WINTER

*By Mrs. S. T. Rorer*

## *NEW COOKING LESSONS: NUMBER EIGHT



SEPTEMBER is really the last month in which vegetables are in proper condition for pickling or preserving. After that time tomatoes become watery and corn is not so sweet. String beans and peas may also be canned during this month, and fish and beef salted for winter use. No matter what sort of food one is preserving or pickling it must be borne in mind that each article should be the best of its kind, and perfectly fresh and free from decay.

### SMOKING FRESH FISH FOR WINTER USE

SELECT fresh fish; scale, wash and wipe. Cut the fish up the belly, take out the intestines, wipe the inside with a damp cloth, but do not wash. To twenty pounds of fish allow one pint of salt, one pint of brown sugar, and one ounce of saltpetre; mix all these together and rub them thoroughly into the fish both inside and outside. Arrange a board so that it slightly inclines. Under the inclining end place a bucket. Put one fish on top of another on the board as fast as you have them salted. Over the top place a thin board containing a two-pound weight. Allow them to remain in a cool place for at least sixty hours. Then pick each one up, drain it carefully, and with a soft cloth wipe dry. Stretch open, and fasten into position with small sticks. Hang in a smokehouse, or in a box or a barrel fixed for the purpose over a smothered wood fire. This fire may be made by putting a few pieces of live coal in the bottom of an open-ended barrel and placing over the coals a few chips, then covering with sawdust. The kind of sawdust will determine the flavor of the fish. Many prefer the pine sawdust, others that from hardwood. Cover the top of the barrel, allowing a very small opening, that the fire may but smoulder.

### PICKLING SALMON, HERRING AND STURGEON

FOR pickling, select fresh fish; clean and wash them well both inside and outside with cold water. To each ten pounds of fish allow two quarts of white wine or good cider vinegar, four blades of mace, a dozen whole cloves, two bay leaves, one red pepper, two tablespoonfuls of whole mustard, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a pint of water and two good-sized onions and a clove of garlic. Put the fish into a large kettle, cover with boiling water; add a tablespoonful of salt, and keep at boiling point for ten minutes. Drain, wipe dry and stand in a cool place until thoroughly chilled. Take off the skins, cut the flesh into convenient pieces. Put the vinegar with all the other ingredients into a porcelain-lined kettle, and bring to boiling point. Drop the fish into this boiling mixture and allow it to boil up once. Have ready six or eight glass jars that have been rolled in hot water and the lids put into a baking-dish in the oven to thoroughly heat. Carefully take each piece of fish from the kettle with a spoon; drop it into the jar, and so continue until the jar is full. Fill immediately with the boiling vinegar, and put on the hot top just as you would if canning fruit. Proceed in this manner until every jar is filled, then wipe them off, see that the lids are properly adjusted, and stand in a cool, dry, dark place. Salmon, herring and sturgeon are the best fish for pickling.

### TO CURE BEEF AND SHEEP'S TONGUES

FOR a tongue of seven pounds allow one ounce of saltpetre, half an ounce of pepper, four ounces of sugar, three ounces of juniper berries and six ounces of salt. Mix all the ingredients and rub them well into the tongue; place it in a keg or jar and add just a cupful of water. Allow it to remain for ten days, turning each day. Drain, wipe dry, dust with pepper, and wrap in waxed paper, then in muslin. Or tongue may be smoked the same as fish. Calves' and sheep's tongues may be treated after this rule. An easy method of curing beef's tongue is to soak for months in brine sufficiently strong to bear an egg. These tongues may be smoked, or soaked and cooked from the brine.

Calves' tongues may be soaked as above, boiled in vinegar and water. When tender and cool arrange neatly in jars. Cover with hot, spiced vinegar, and seal.

### CORNING BEEF, MUTTON AND CHICKEN

CUT a round of beef into four pieces, rub each piece lightly with salt, and put it on a board for twenty-four hours. Make a brine from one tub of water, half a pound of sugar, a teaspoonful of powdered saltpetre and sufficient salt to make a brine that will float an egg. Put the meat into this brine, cover and stand in a cool place for two weeks. Watch carefully to see that there is sufficient brine to cover the meat. If the meat becomes exposed add a little more brine made from salt and water. At the end of two weeks take out the meat and hang it in a cool place to dry. When thoroughly dry examine carefully, dust with red pepper, wrap in manilla or white paper, slip each piece in a bag and stitch to fit the meat. Give a coat of whitewash, and hang away to keep. Beef that is smoked is called dried beef. Smoking helps to preserve beef, but impairs the flavor. If the weather is too warm the meat will spoil before it dries. If too cold it will not take the salt. The latter part of September or the first of October is the best time for salting large quantities. The receipt given above may be used for mutton or chicken hams.

### CURING CALVES' AND BEEF LIVER

TO CURE calves' liver make a brine from two gallons of water, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar, half an ounce of saltpetre and sufficient salt to make a brine that will float an egg. Put this into a stone or earthen vessel. Select a perfectly sound liver, wash and wipe, drop it into the brine, cover, and allow it to remain for a week. Take it out and hang in a cool, dry place until the outside begins to shrivel. It may then be slipped into a bag and used to chip and frizzle the same as you would dried beef. Only one liver can be salted at a time. Beef liver may be treated in the same way, but one must be very careful in selecting the liver from an older animal to see that it is in a perfectly healthy condition.

### DRYING AND SALTING CORN

WHEN about to dry corn remove the husk and silk from the cob, score down the centre of each row of grains, then with a blunt knife press out carefully all the pulp. Spread this pulp on granite baking-pans, and dry in the hot sun or in a very moderate oven. If in the sun be careful to bring it in before the dew begins to fall, put it in a dry place over night and finish the drying the second day. If in the oven watch carefully or the corn may brown; stir it three or four times while drying. If the oven is just right it will take only three hours to thoroughly dry. Put into bags, tie tightly, and hang in a cool, dry place to keep.

Corn may be salted in a keg similar to the manner of salting cucumbers. Cut the uncooked corn from the cob; put a layer of salt in the bottom of the keg, then a thick layer of corn, about one inch, then a sprinkling of salt, another layer of corn, about a quarter of an inch of salt, and so continue until the cask is filled. Put a board on top a little smaller than the cask, on which place a stone or weight to keep the corn under the brine. Cover the cask with another larger board, and keep in a cool, dry place. To cook this corn it must be soaked over night and the water changed once or twice; then it should be boiled in unsalted water for twenty minutes; drain; add milk, butter and a little white pepper, and serve very hot.

### PICKLING STRING BEANS AND MAKING KETCHUP

STRING beans may be pickled in the same manner as above. The casks may be filled at intervals by simply lifting the boards and adding more corn or beans. After the last packing if there is not sufficient moisture to cover the vegetables, add a little water; then, as the juice comes from the corn or beans, there will be sufficient brine to cover thoroughly. A few horseradish leaves placed over the top of the last layer will prevent souring and moulding. If properly packed both corn and beans will keep perfectly for at least a year, and will be found very excellent vegetables to have on hand.

To make cucumber ketchup, pare and remove the seeds from four large ripe cucumbers; grate them; drain the pulp into a colander. When perfectly dry, measure, turn into a saucepan; add a quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne, half a pint of cider vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt, and four heaping tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish; mix, bottle and seal. This ketchup may be served with cold meats.

To make mushroom ketchup, wash, drain and chop fine the mushrooms. To each quart allow sufficient white wine vinegar to cover; add a quarter of a teaspoonful of ground mace, a teaspoonful of white pepper and the same of salt. Bottle, seal and put away in a dark, cool closet.

### MAKING SWEET PICKLES FROM CUCUMBERS

TO MAKE sweet cucumber pickles, peel, cut into slices of one inch and weigh six large cucumbers. To each seven pounds allow four pounds of sugar, a pint of cider vinegar, twelve whole cloves, a quarter of an ounce of stick cinnamon and two blades of mace. Put the sugar, spices and vinegar into a porcelain-lined kettle, bring to boiling point; add the cucumbers, cover, standing over a moderate fire until they are thoroughly cooked but not soft. Stand them aside until next morning, then bring again to boiling point and stand aside to cool. Do this the third morning, and then lift the cucumbers carefully, placing them at once in the jars. Boil down the liquor until you have just sufficient to cover the cucumbers. Fill the jars with this hot liquor, fasten as you would ordinary fruit, and stand aside in a cool, dry and dark place for winter use.

### OILED CUCUMBER AND ONION PICKLES

TO MAKE oiled pickles, take one hundred medium-sized cucumbers, a teaspoonful of white pepper, a quart of white onions, an ounce of celery seed, two ounces of grated horseradish, a quart of olive oil and two quarts of vinegar. Pare the cucumbers and onions, and cut them into very thin slices; put a layer of the cucumbers, then a layer of onions, then another layer of cucumbers into a stone jar, and continue until the jar is filled. Cover with cold water, and let them stand all night. Next morning drain, put them into a porcelain-lined kettle, put over one quart of vinegar and one of water; bring to boiling point and stand again over night. Then put the cucumbers and onions in small glass jars for keeping. Mix the horseradish, salt and pepper; add gradually the oil, mixing all the while, then the remaining vinegar; beat until thick and creamy. Pour this over the cucumbers and onions, fasten the jars and stand aside for future use.

### TWO RECEIPTS FOR TOMATO KETCHUP

THE old-fashioned way of making tomato ketchup was to ferment the tomatoes, using no vinegar whatever. It was supposed that this was more wholesome than when a severe acid was added. I doubt the advisability of using any severe acids, but will give both receipts. Cut peeled ripe tomatoes into slices, put them into a stone jar, a layer of tomatoes and a sprinkling of salt; stand aside three days. By this time there will be slight fermentation. Press the tomatoes through a sieve. To each gallon allow two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of allspice, a quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne and a level teaspoonful of white pepper; bottle and seal.

The second way is by boiling. Gather the tomatoes the first week in September—no later. Scald and peel one bushel; cut into pieces and cook in a porcelain-lined kettle for one hour. Press them through a sieve sufficiently fine to remove the seeds. Return them to the kettle; add two ounces of whole mustard, half an ounce of ground cloves, an ounce and a half of white pepper, an ounce of ginger, and, if you like, half a dozen cloves of garlic cut into thin strips, and two onions. Boil slowly until the ketchup reaches the consistency of very thick cream. As you add the vinegar it will be thinned down to the proper consistency. Now add half a pound of sugar and half a pint of salt; cook fifteen minutes longer, stirring all the while, and add half a gallon of good cider vinegar; mix and stir in hastily the quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne; bottle and seal while hot, and put away in a cool, dark, dry place. See that the bottles and corks are thoroughly sterilized before the bottles are filled.

### TOMATO HONEY AND FIGS

TO MAKE tomato honey, select ripe yellow tomatoes. Weigh, cut them into pieces, and put them into a porcelain-lined kettle with the grated yellow rind of one large lemon; simmer gently for thirty minutes; press through a very fine sieve, then strain. Measure the liquor, return it to the kettle, and to each pint add one pound of granulated sugar and four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Boil a moment, bottle and seal.

To make tomato figs, select six pounds of perfectly ripe, smooth, small tomatoes—the peach or plum tomatoes preferably. Weigh three pounds of granulated sugar; scald and peel the tomatoes, and place a layer in the bottom of a porcelain-lined kettle. Strew them thickly with the sugar and place them over a moderate fire. Stew very gently until the sugar appears to have thoroughly penetrated the tomatoes. Lift them carefully one at a time with a spoon, spread them on dishes, and dry in the sun; sprinkle with granulated sugar several times while drying. When perfectly dry, pack into jars with a layer of sugar between each layer of tomatoes. Care must be taken not to let rain or dew fall on them while drying. They must also be kept in a dry place.

The small pod tomatoes, treated in this method, make one of the most attractive sweets for the winter afternoon teas. Cucumbers preserved pound for pound may be then dried in the same manner as the tomatoes, and are very good.

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*Mrs. Rorer's new series of Cooking Lessons, which began in the Journal of February last, will continue throughout the year. The lessons which have been given thus far are:


The Apple in Thirty-Five Ways, . February
Cooking for the Sick and Convalescent, March
Proper Cooking for the Nursery, . April
Strawberries in Thirty Ways, . . May
Thirty Soups Without Meat, . . June
Forty Kinds of Summer Sandwiches, July
Foods of the Woods, . . . . August


The subject of Mrs. Rorer's next Cooking Lesson, which will appear in the October issue of the Journal, will be "Twenty-five Desserts for Every Stomach."

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Editor's Note—Mrs. Rorer's answers to her correspondents, under the title, "Mrs. Rorer's Answers to Questions," will be found on page 36 of this issue of the Journal.


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# SCHOOL LUNCHES FOR CHILDREN

*By Mrs. S. T. Rorer*

## *DOMESTIC LESSONS: NUMBER NINE

THE contents of the lunch-basket is of much greater importance than the average parent realizes. The good healthy child has, as a rule, a better appetite at the noon hour than in the morning. To satisfy this with a cold, illy combined or over-sweet lunch is to ruin the stomach. Candies, cakes and pastries satisfy the cravings for food rather than the real appetite, thus leaving the tissues of the body without sufficient nourishment. No made dishes are necessary to tempt the appetite of a healthy, growing child. These artificial delicacies are not craved until later in life, when ill feeding has spoiled the digestion. Appetite, after all, is good digestion. The fretty, whiny child, who is hungry, but cannot eat this or that, should really fast. This gnawing of a diseased digestive viscera is too frequently mistaken for hunger.

### SANDWICHES WHICH ARE WHOLESOME

ROLLED chopped meat sandwiches, made from either chicken, beef, mutton or tongue, are exceedingly pretty, attractive and wholesome. Whole wheat bread should be invariably used. A cup custard, a little jar of plain rice pudding, and sub-acid fruits in season are, of course, among the most desirable foods for the lunch-basket. In the winter one may add some little dainty green, as finely chopped celery, or a nice crisp leaf of lettuce with the grated yolk of an egg. Each sandwich should be rolled in waxed or tissue paper. This will keep the sandwiches moist and in a palatable condition. If two sandwiches are given let them be different. Steamed figs may be cut into slices and placed between two thicknesses of whole wheat bread. An occasional tiny mould of jelly with chopped fruit in it is appetizing. If cake is added let it be sponge cake, angels' food or sunshine cake. It would, however, be better to omit cake altogether.

The constitution and general health of the child must always be taken into consideration and the food arranged accordingly. If the child is anæmic and thin a little mayonnaise dressing in a tiny jar may be put in the basket to spread over the chopped celery sandwich. Pine nuts, Brazilian nuts and black walnuts may be put through the meat-chopper, packed down into a little jar, and kept in the refrigerator until quite cold, then turned out, cut into slices, and placed between slices of whole wheat bread; this with a cup custard will make an admirable lunch.

### THE WISE MOTHER STUDIES HER CHILD

THE average mother in preparing a school basket has in mind something attractive and a little out of the usual order—some dainty, not a substantial luncheon. A child fed constantly at noon after this fashion will in time become peevish, sickly, and perhaps a dyspeptic at a very early age.

The morning meal is, of course, the forerunner of the lunch-basket. If the child is without appetite in the morning do not force him to eat. The lack of appetite shows at once that the stomach is without sufficient digestive secretions; food taken will remain in the stomach for some time, giving the child an uncomfortable, heavy morning. Then comes the lunch hour, and the stomach, still in an unprepared condition, is again overtaxed. I have never made up my mind fully as to what really is the best breakfast for the sickly schoolchild, say from nine to fifteen years of age. With the robust a bowl of well-cooked oatmeal, with half a pint of milk, seems to be all-sufficient. The delicate child, however, who crams the stomach with this semi-solid starchy paste, suffers immediately, and frequently for years to come. If one could only impress upon the mother the necessity of studying child feeding and the food to suit the constitution, and persuade her to let her child grow in health and then go to school, an admirable work would be accomplished. This, however, seems difficult.

*Mrs. Rorer's Domestic Lessons began in the January issue of the Journal, and will continue throughout the year. The lessons which have been given thus far are:

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|---|---|
| Do We Eat Too Much Meat? . . . | January |
| What Indigestion Really Means, . . | February |
| What to Eat When You Have Indigestion, . . . . . . . | March |
| The Best Food for a Growing Child, . | April |
| When Unexpected Company Arrives, | May |
| Fruits as Foods and Fruits as Poisons, | June |
| The Best Foods for Stout and Thin Women, . . . . . . . | July |
| The Best Diet for Bloodless Girls, . | August |

One lesson will be given in each issue. In the next (the October) issue Mrs. Rorer will write of "The Right Food For Different Men."

### THE COMBINATION OF FOODS

DO NOT insist upon the child drinking with the morning meal. It is the cup of cambric tea or weak tea or coffee taken after a bowl of semi-solid food that creates the fermenting condition of the stomach. Allow the child to take a glass of water the first thing in the morning. Children will drink enough during school hours. It is one of the habits of children whenever they feel a little uneasy to ask if they may get a drink.

The combination of foods is of equal importance with the foods themselves. For instance, wheat is a typical food; when ground and made into bread it is so changed that it frequently loses its food value, and if badly made and baked seems to be almost a poison—in fact, it contains little true food. Fermentation takes place, preventing the digestive secretions from doing their very best work, and the whole mass is cast out as waste. The digestion of starch really begins over the fire; then, as it enters the mouth, coming in contact with the alkaline secretions, it is still further converted into sugar. It passes into the stomach, where it must evidently remain in an alkaline condition for twenty or thirty minutes. It is not supposed to be acted upon by the acid secretions of the stomach; the digestion should, however, be finished in the duodenum. One can see at a glance that oatmeal or any cereal covered with sugar would not be so easily acted upon by the secretions of the mouth. Sugar, being very soluble and absorbable, will first occupy the secretions, while the starch will pass on into the stomach in an unprepared condition. The duodenum, then, must do the work of both. Here is the first step to indigestion.

### CHILDREN REQUIRE A CHANGE OF FOOD

EGGS, milk and flour may, by different manipulations, be made into hundreds of different dishes; while each one of the articles is digestible in itself, combination and ill cooking render them useless.

Milk is a perfect food for the young of its kind: cow's milk for the calf, human milk for the infant. The whole wheat grain may be a perfect food for man, but with our present civilization and artificial life we need variety. Children badly fed eat largely with their eyes and become tired of looking at the same food three times a day. Change, then, seems absolutely necessary; and while the materials themselves cannot be far departed from, make them into as many sightly dishes as possible.

If roasted beef has formed the dinner today have a little of it cut into very thin slices; cover, and put aside for the children's lunch-baskets to-morrow. Cut the whole wheat bread thin and butter it well. Place on top of this a thin slice of the roasted beef, season with a little salt, then another well-buttered slice of bread; press the two together and wrap at once in a piece of waxed paper. Two of these thin sandwiches will be quite sufficient if a little cup of rice pudding is added. The meat and milk will give sufficient nitrogen, and the rice and butter sufficient carbonaceous food. Add an apple or an orange for the older children.

### WHAT TO PUT IN THE LUNCH-BASKET

AT ANOTHER time, if chicken or turkey has been cooked, chop very fine a portion of the dark meat, pound it into a paste, and mix with it a tablespoonful of thick cream. Spread this upon whole wheat bread unbuttered; the cream will give sufficient fatty food. Sprinkle over a little finely chopped celery; then another slice of bread. Two small sandwiches of this kind, with two steamed figs, are all-sufficient for a lunch.

For egg sandwiches butter thickly a slice of whole wheat bread, grate over the hard-boiled yolks of two eggs, then add another slice of bread well buttered. A piece of sponge cake and a cup custard may be added.

If you happen to have mutton, it, like the turkey, should be chopped fine, seasoned with a teaspoonful of capers, and spread upon well-buttered bread. You might then add a sweet sandwich made by spreading chopped dates on whole wheat bread that has been slightly buttered. On Friday a delicate fish sandwich may be made by pounding any sort of cooked fish, rubbing it to a paste with either a tablespoonful of olive oil or thick cream, and then spreading it on well-buttered bread. The odd sandwich to accompany this may be made from a slice of nut cheese placed between two slices of sponge cake. The half-pint jelly-tumblers with screw tops are exceedingly nice for carrying cup custards, rice puddings and floating island. A little lemon jelly mixed with chopped dates or figs will also make a nice change. Occasionally a little apple sauce or a baked apple may be added, and once in a while a sweet orange may be allowed.

### WHERE A LUNCH MAY BE BOUGHT

AT SCHOOLS where lunches may be purchased insist upon the child taking a bowl of light soup, with a piece of whole wheat bread and butter. It has been found by the head masters of many of our schools that the children can do better work on lunches provided at the school than upon those brought from home. This, of course, is due to the character of the lunch. For this reason many of our first-class schools have established lunch-counters, or dining-rooms, where the children may have a comfortable, warm meal. The difficulty arising from this is that a caterer, with little idea of the proper food for the growing child, provides too much. Beef and potatoes, with a salad and dessert, which necessarily must be swallowed in twenty minutes, gives the child an entire afternoon's work without recitations. He is sleepy, heavy and unfitted for mental work. A cup of bouillon with a slice of whole wheat bread and butter; a bowl of cream soup, either potato, celery, cauliflower, oyster plant, carrot or beet, may be made exceedingly appetizing and attractive, and will contain sufficient nourishment for the afternoon's work without overtaxing the digestive organs. Rusk, well baked and well toasted, with milk, or whole wheat bread, zwieback and milk, or fruits alone make excellent lunches for schoolchildren.

No matter what is taken it must be based upon the condition of the child and the amount of breakfast he has taken before leaving home. The child coming without a mouthful of food cannot do good work if he takes fruit alone; he needs a different food. Where a pint of oatmeal and milk has been taken two apples will be quite sufficient for the school lunch, especially if the child returns home at two o'clock for dinner.

### POOR FOOD WILL BUILD POOR CHILDREN

THE manner of living makes the man. It affects all classes, but in the most unequal manner. There is an astonishing difference between the children of town and country; and, strange as it may seem, the advantage is entirely with the first. This comes largely from the difference in food.

The country child eats his breakfast of fried potatoes and ham; walks, fortunately, two or three miles to school, and takes with him a lunch composed of the same kind of food as his breakfast—perhaps a piece of pie, badly baked, a large slice of cake—frequently a layer cake heavily laden with sugar—and a slice of bread and butter with a piece of ham between. His digestive organs are taxed to the fullest extent. He plays, again fortunately, during the next hour, but goes into school without the slightest mental capacity for hard work. This is not due to any lack of brain power, but entirely to the child's overtaxed digestive apparatus.

The town child, peevish and with small appetite, goes to school with a light, perhaps rather easily digested, breakfast; buys, if he can afford it, a lunch equally light, and comes home to a good substantial dinner. So, without knowing or intending, the town child really has a better life than his country relatives, with all their pure air, pure water and fresh fruit and vegetables at hand.

Simplicity, then, should be the watchword, not only for the lunch-basket, but for the two remaining meals, that the child may have a sufficient natural appetite to eat the wholesome food put into his basket. Poor food builds poor children, just the same as poor materials would build a poor house.

### THE INORDINATE DESIRE FOR SWEETS

THE inordinate desire for sweets among the illy fed is most noticeable. This desire comes from an illy governed stomach, just as the desire for alcohol comes to the dissipated. The infant in arms, who is given a stick of candy that it may not cry during a long and tiresome journey, is the same child who, in years to come, has spindling legs, is pale, and a continual semi-invalid.

Another condition that is most noticeable in children whose lunch-baskets are illy filled is the desire for unripe fruits. This occurs almost entirely in the rural districts. Children will devour unripe gooseberries, the sourest of crab-apples, green apples just out of the blossom, and even green grapes. Such feeding has not only a bad effect upon the tissues of the body, but it destroys the teeth. Among such children artificial teeth are frequently seen. This is one of Nature's punishments for violation of her laws. Acids and sweets both, by different methods, destroy the teeth—acids by contact with the enamel and a general upsetting of the system; sugars by fermentation, acidity, of course, following. In this case the upper teeth go before the lower. The alkaline secretions of the mouth rest in the lower portion, constantly bathing the under teeth and thus saving them by the neutralization of the acids by the mouth's alkaline secretions. Vegetable and mild fruit acids, mixed as they are with mineral matter, are good tonics, and are beneficial when taken in a well-cooked, simple form. Children are, as a rule, very fond of all kinds of ripe sub-acid fruits. But where children are allowed to partake of illy cooked starches, insipid, overcooked vegetables, washed down by a cup of cambric tea, or too often a cup of real tea or coffee, healthy conditions are rare, and the child grows up either in diminished energy or smaller growth, or both. Without the proper food a child cannot thrive.


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# WHEN COUNTRY WOMEN COME TO TOWN

*By Frances E. Lanigan*

THE United States is often quoted as the land where a woman may travel alone without any protection other than that afforded by herself. The American woman has of recent years penetrated foreign lands so thoroughly in her travels that this phrase might be amended to read that American women are the only ones who can fearlessly travel alone. In any case it is certain that the United States offers more complete comfort and safety for unaccompanied women travelers than any other land.

Women's conventions—religious, social and professional—are becoming numerous, and our women of business, with whom journeys are a matter of course, as well as our women of leisure, with whom journeys are a matter of pleasure, travel up and down the length of the land so continually that the sight of the unaccompanied woman traveler has ceased to occasion comment.

Shopping, instruction, business or pleasure, whatever may be the cause, the journey often has to be taken by the inexperienced traveler, and in spite of the safety and comfort guaranteed her she looks upon the unfamiliar details and arrangements for her trip with many misgivings. It is for her, rather than for the more experienced traveler, that this article has been prepared.

### THE EASIEST AND BEST WAY TO TRAVEL

THE woman traveler's first thought should be of her destination and of the best way of reaching it. If a route of several places is intended, a round-trip ticket, having special stop-off privileges at as many places as may be desired, may be purchased at almost any of the general ticket offices in any of the large cities or towns. These tickets are a great convenience, as they do away with any further purchase of tickets during the journey and necessitate the carrying of less money. They are issued over other connecting and competing railroad lines, and any portions of the tickets not used may be redeemed for their value within a certain, specified time.

These tickets are useful in another way: they enable the traveler to check baggage to any point to which the tickets have been purchased, which is a great convenience if the holder of them desires to stop over a day or night anywhere on her route without having any thought or care for her baggage.

When the tickets are bought time-tables should be secured and carefully studied, and from them a carefully prepared itinerary be made out. On these time-tables will be found not only information as to trains, but also the addresses of ticket agents (useful when sleepers need to be secured, any information desired or any alterations in tickets made), and of reliable baggage agents in each city. Parlor-car seats and sleeping-car accommodations should be secured in advance whenever possible. If travel is heavy the risk of not being able to secure such accommodations is great—in any case a much better choice is possible to those who apply several days beforehand.

### THE FIRST STAGES OF YOUR JOURNEY

WHEN starting on a journey it is best to secure a seat in the middle of the car if possible, thus escaping any jolting or motion of the car. When you see that the conductor and porter are disengaged you may make them interested in you by asking from them some slight service. In this way you will lessen your feeling of loneliness and secure some practical information which may later be of service to you. When nearing your destination give the porter (if you are traveling in either sleeping or parlor car) a small fee, and be in readiness to step from the train immediately upon its arrival. Give your baggage checks either to the train baggage agent or to the railroad's chosen baggage representative, who will have boarded the train previous to its arrival at the station, and who for a certain fixed price will deliver your trunks promptly and safely at any place which you may designate, giving you a receipt therefor.

If you can afford a little extra cost ask one of the railroad officials the rate of cab fare for yourself and trunk to your destination. In some cities it amounts to but little more than the cost of sending trunk, and car fare. If the price be reasonable ask him to call a cab for you, and see that he instructs the driver as to the rate of your fare as well as to your place of destination.

If you are going to a hotel you can give up your trunk check to the hotel runner and make use of the hotel omnibus for your transportation thither. Arrived at the hotel it will be proper for you to ask to be shown to the ladies' parlor, as well as to have one of the hotel clerks sent to you.

### WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GET TO A HOTEL

WHEN the clerk comes, ask, and be sure that you understand clearly, all details as to rates, etc. Then give him your name and home address, and tell him how long you expect to remain and the sort of room you desire. He will then register your name and send a bell-boy to you with the keys of the room. This boy will carry your bag and wraps to the room, open the door for you, and take any orders which you may be desirous of giving. As soon as you are alone see that everything in the room is as you wish it to be, and particularly that the fastenings of the windows are secure and that the door locks and unlocks easily. If everything is not as it should be, ring, and when the bell is answered send a complaint to the office. If at any time you should desire anything, or should wish any assistance from the chambermaid, ring for the bell-boy and give your orders to him. When the hotel porter brings up your trunk he will unstrap and unfasten it for you.

On the back of the door, or elsewhere in some conspicuous place in the room, a card is usually hung, which mentions the rules of the hotel, the hours for meals, the charge for laundry work, the necessity for placing valuables in the hotel safe, as well as other matters which it is well for guests to know.

Always lock your trunk before leaving your room, and carry your key with you. Leave the key of your room with the hotel clerk when you go out, and inform him when you are likely to return.

Upon entering the hotel dining-room you will be met and escorted to the seat which you are to occupy, by the head waiter. This official, having seen you seated, will hand you the menu and place you in the hands of a waiter who will proceed to take your order.

### THE TWO RATES OF CHARGE PER DAY

A FULL chapter might be written about hotels and their customs. The larger hotels and some of the smaller ones in all cities have two rates of charge per day: the American and the European. The latter simply secures room and service, meals being charged for separately; the former entitles the traveler to three meals a day, room and service. The European plan is probably the most economical and the best for the average woman traveler, who is likely to be busy sightseeing, necessitating luncheon, and perhaps dinner, away from the hotel. Where the rates are American the traveler is charged with all meals served during the time she is in the hotel, whether she partakes of them or not. Guests at hotels are charged for the hauling of baggage to and from the station, and for coach fare where the hotel omnibus is used.

When you are about to leave a hotel, make your arrangements in good time; ask for your bill, leave orders where any mail or telegrams arriving after your departure may be sent to you; get your receipt; tell the hotel clerk just what train you are to take, find out from him when the omnibus will leave, and be ready in time, giving up your room keys at the office and being careful that you have all your belongings together, and that the porter has given you your trunk check. At the train you must recheck your trunk unless this has been arranged for you at the hotel.

As some of the hotels in large cities decline to receive women arriving after nightfall and unaccompanied, it would be well for the woman who is traveling alone to write to the hotel at which she wishes to stay, thus securing a room in advance.

### WHERE LISTS OF BOARDING-HOUSES MAY BE HAD

MANY women traveling alone prefer to stay at boarding-houses rather than at hotels. Lists of these may be secured at the Woman's Christian Association in almost all the cities of the Union. In this connection it might be well to advise all women travelers against adopting either hotel or boarding-house at the recommendation of chance acquaintances. Mention of the Woman's Christian Association calls up those most helpful of modern agencies to the woman traveler, the homes managed by this organization. Many of these have two departments, permanent and transient. In the former the charge is made by the week or month, in the latter by the day and with or without meals. By writing in advance to any one of these homes rooms may be reserved as at a hotel. It is also well, when making application for each accommodation, to state what price you are willing to pay and whether there is any special requirement in regard to the room. The applicants are required to give their full name and address, state whether they are married or single, their occupation if they have any, and the names and addresses of two persons in their own city as reference.

### SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES OF THESE HOMES

ARRIVING guests are received at any hour corresponding to the arrival of trains. A travelers' directory of Women's and Young Women's Christian Associations, which is published by the Woman's Christian Association of Philadelphia, will be mailed to any address in the United States on receipt of one cent, which is intended to cover postage. This directory gives a list of homes or boarding-houses for women in almost every city of the Union, and also in Canada.

The transient departments are for the accommodation of young women who do not wish to enter the permanent boarding, because their stay in the city is to be but for a brief period. For women of small means the transient department gives a night's lodging for fifty cents. Payment is made in advance, and notice must be given the transient matron before 9 A. M. if the room is desired for another night. For a week's stay arrangement may be made with the matron.

There are also guest chambers for women who can afford to pay more than the cheap rates. These are the rooms belonging to the boarding department and not then in use by the permanent boarders. The price per day for one person is $1.00, or $1.50 when two occupy the same room. Special rates are made when the room is taken for a week. These charges are for lodging only. The restaurant the guest may use or not, as she wishes. Women wishing to come to town to an entertainment, and wishing to stop over night, may secure rooms by notifying the matron beforehand by letter.

### OTHER IMPORTANT WORK OF THE ASSOCIATION

IN PLACES where the Woman's Christian Association does not operate such homes a list of boarding-houses suitable as to price and location will be mailed upon application.

This Association has also Travelers' Aid Societies in many cities, which keep at the principal railroad stations and steamboat landings women agents to assist women and girls when arriving in strange places. This "Travelers' Aid" has for its object the protection of helpless women and girls who are forced to travel long distances alone. As, for instance, a young girl may leave Stockholm, Sweden, desiring to reach San Francisco. With a letter from the "Travelers' Aid" the agent will meet her in London and place her upon a steamer; when she reaches New York she will be met and placed upon her train; at Chicago she will be met again and taken to the train, and when she arrives at San Francisco she will be met by one of the women agents of the Association and conducted to the rooms of the Woman's Christian Association or to her friends.

### ONE OF THE MOST PLEASANT OF THE HOMES

THE Margaret Louisa Home, at 14 East Sixteenth street, New York, which is also under the management of the Young Woman's Christian Association, accommodates women who wish to remain for a limited period. The price of single rooms is fifty cents a day; when two beds are in the room the price is eighty cents. The limit of time for each guest is four weeks, after which re-admissions are made for a few days only, and no guest is entitled to more than thirty-five days in any one year. A woman wishing to have a room reserved for her in advance, as a visitor from another city, can write and inclose fifty cents, the price per day. This sum is forfeited if she does not appear, and she must give time for them to reply before she starts.

The Margaret Louisa Home was founded by Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, who before her marriage was Margaret Louisa, the eldest daughter of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt. Having no rent to pay it is able to furnish accommodations to business women at prices that would otherwise be impossible in New York City. The Home communicates with the main building of the Association, which contains a large library and reading-room for the accommodation of women.

### THE RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE HOMES

OF NECESSITY the regulations of the homes under the Woman's Christian Association are a little more strict than that of the average hotel. They are, however, remarkably well arranged, and with a view to secure propriety and convenience with as little restriction as possible.

These homes are, of course, intended primarily for working-women, and many of them are merely boarding-houses for such women, but where transient guests cannot be taken, advice concerning suitable boarding or lodging places is freely furnished. The Association makes it a point to give directions to every woman seeking either a permanent or temporary boarding-house, no matter what her race, creed or circumstances may be.

After you are safely settled in either boarding-house or hotel, buy a guide-book and a folding map, and study both well; your enjoyment and appreciation of the city in which you are staying will be greatly increased thereby. Travel as much as you can about the city in surface cars; in no way can you get a better idea of the place and the people. Get all the information you can by intelligent questioning, and all the assistance you need in finding your way about by consulting the uniformed policemen, who, as a rule, are most civil.

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who had moved to Philadelphia, said to me: "I wouldn't live again in another town if they presented me with a home. Just think of the variety of styles and the saving of money in shopping here! Where else can you find the like of it?"

No one needs to speak so now. I was the first manufacturer of full-fashioned hosiery in the United States who sold direct to the consumer. In order to oblige my customers, I take care of their shopping. My assistants are women who know more about values than the average buyer does.

Write me for anything you want and I will bring the facilities of the largest Department Stores to your door. Send me your address, and I will mail you particulars and my illustrated pamphlet, "From Weaver to Wearer," with price-list of Hosiery.

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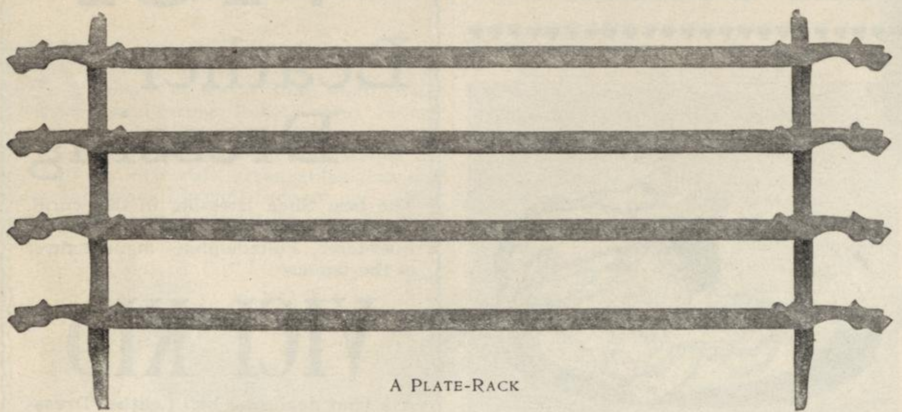
# SOME USEFUL THINGS IN BURNT WOOD

*By Florence C. Fetherston*

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS

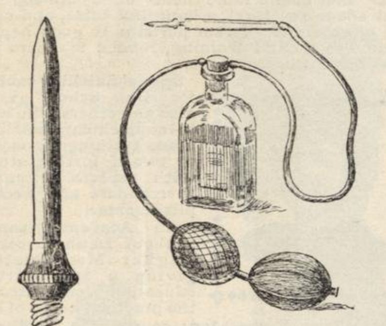


A Plate-Rack

THE decoration of wood by the application of heated irons is an art of long standing, and many interesting examples of old work are occasionally to be found.

For a trifling sum a complete apparatus may be bought, which includes a platinum point that is kept heated while the work is in progress, not by electricity, as many suppose, but by the fumes of benzine, which is supplied by pressure on a rubber bellows which is connected by tubing to a bottle half filled with benzine.

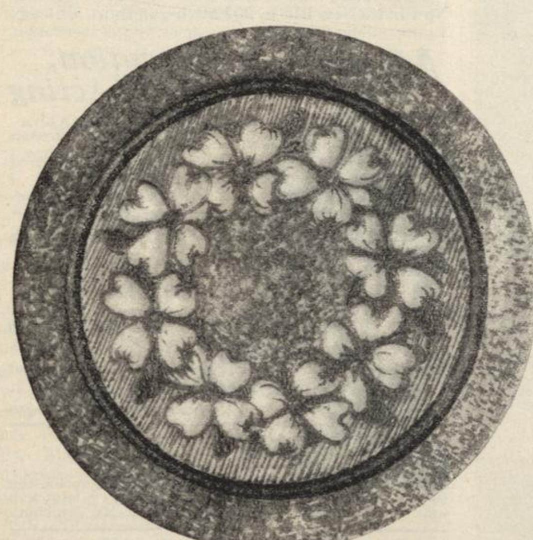
When beginning the work, the point should not be heated in any flame but that of an alcohol lamp. Any other flame would be liable to smoke and ruin the point. In burning outlines remember that to make a broad, firm line it is not necessary to press. The lines are to be scorched, not incised.



The Necessary Apparatus

Tea-Pot Stand

THE point is held and guided much in the same manner as a drawing-pencil, but some little practice is needed to enable the worker to pass it smoothly and readily over the wood, the tendency of all beginners being to allow it to rest and make dots. No discouragement, however, must be felt at this, as with a little practice the manipulation will become easy, and the worker be able to make dark or light strokes at will. Bold outlines and strongly burned backgrounds come out well on ordinary white wooden articles, such as tables, stools, chairs, bowls, plates, racks, etc.



A Bread-Board

For the tyro's first attempt I would suggest the decoration of a bread-board as shown in illustration. The design given is very simple, and the surface being flat, it is easy to work upon. The design being carefully drawn upon the board, the artist will proceed to burn the outline of the pattern, taking great care to preserve the beauty of the lines by not unduly widening nor attenuating them. The shading lines and touches may then be added, and the background laid in last. The dark and light colors are obtained by holding the point sidewise and moving it very lightly back and forth over the surface of the board with a sweeping movement.

THE plate-rack shown in illustration is made of poplar and is forty-two inches long, eighteen inches high, and two and a half inches deep. It will hold ten plates, five on each shelf. If hooks are screwed into the under part of the lower shelf, six small decorated cups may be hung on them. This will add greatly to the effect of the rack as well as to its usefulness as a piece of dining-room decoration.

The design on the strips is a simple Gothic one to correspond to the grotesque figures on the ends. It is burned, as the illustration shows, in two tones of brown. The ends, not shown in the illustration, are also decorated in the same leaf design, arranged to conform to the space it decorates. The back of the rack is of pine, stained; it need not be decorated. If preferred the back may be left off altogether.

THE tea-pot stand is made from a circular piece of board, and is intended to be used instead of a china tile, to which it is preferable, being a softer surface upon which to place the pot. Any appropriate motto may be worked in the design instead of the one used in the illustration. Ordinary pine wood, without knots or blemish, is suitable. The piece should be about six inches in diameter and half an inch thick. No preparation of oil or shellac should be applied to the surface for finish, as the heat of the tea-pot would cause it to blister or emit an unpleasant odor. If a dark effect is desired some alcohol stain may be used. Thin stains of various colors are to be obtained from any dealer in colors or painter. Any scheme of color or any variety of tints may be adapted for these burnt-wood articles, and delightful effects may be obtained by staining the outlined forms in shades of greens or blues, together with the brown tones of the scorched portions of the surface. Painting upon this character of work is not consistent; the grain of the wood should show through the color, and a dull finish is preferable for this decoration.

THE butter-paddles shown in illustration are about eight inches long and one-fourth of an inch in thickness. Maple or some similar close-grained hardwood is desirable. The corrugated surface on the inside is made with a small gouge. Any simple design may be used. The one in the illustration is burned dark on a light ground. This may be reversed, if preferred. A dairy scene might be copied, with the burning point, from an old print or piece of china, and be apropos. Conventional ornament, however, is much easier for the beginner. The paddles could be varied in shape, being made either round or oval. The wood should be left in its natural state so that the paddles may be washed.

Butter-Paddles

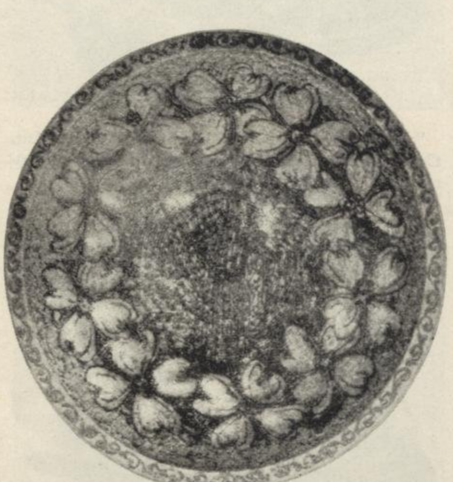
A Fruit-Bowl

FOR the decoration of the pair of bellows shown in illustration, nothing could be more appropriate than poker work. This conventional pattern is strongly burned in rich browns, and the background is afterward stained forest green. It may be further enriched by following some strong line of the design with brass nails. A coat-of-arms emblazoned in the simple primary colors, makes an excellent theme for decoration. The burnt design may be carried over the leather, but great care should be taken that the point does not make a hole, causing the bellows to leak. A rack for these fire implements can be easily made from a square or circular board with big brass hooks in it, from which may be suspended the shovel, tongs and poker.

A Pair of Bellows

FOR the fruit-bowl shown in illustration take an ordinary wooden bowl of some soft, smooth wood. It should be of a shape which readily lends itself to this form of decoration and not too deep. The design given is a conventional arrangement of fruit and ribbons, which after being burned in is touched up in pale colors, suggestive of the fruit. A simple border burned on the outside rim of the bowl will add greatly to its beauty. This wooden ware may be purchased all ready for the application of the decoration or any particular shapes may be turned for you by a cabinet-maker. The simple, useful forms are preferable for this work, and more easily manipulated. The article should be thoroughly seasoned, however, before being decorated, otherwise it is likely to crack or warp. No preparation which I know of can be applied to prevent this until well seasoned, but if the article is kept in a dry, cool place the shape will remain perfect for years.

ANOTHER attractive dish suitable for nuts, and shown in illustration, is made from a common wooden chopping-bowl. As it is made of coarse, unfinished wood, a simple, bold design only should be attempted—such as the dogwood pattern. The outlining is first done, then the background burned by holding the point—which should be kept very hot—sidewise, and working it lightly back and forth between the lines. The mottled effect is obtained by pausing an instant in the sweep of the point to get a darker spot.



A Nut-Bowl

ONLY a few of the many useful things possible in burnt wood are suggested in this article, but even the most commonplace utensil may be made a thing of beauty. Cutting-boards, umbrella racks, table-tops, chair backs, picture-frames, clothes chests, spice boxes, clothes-hangers, towel racks, wood boxes, stands for flowers, small bookcases, cupboard doors, picture easels, calendar boards for churches, contribution plates, checker boards, newspaper holders and other articles in daily use may be mentioned as objects for this decoration.

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Fashionable for street, dress, home or outing
All feet and fancies fitted in toes, heels and leathers.
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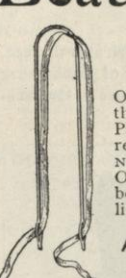

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# FOUR SPECIAL PAGES
## Giving the Autumn's Newest Hats and Bodices

### FIFTEEN HATS WITHOUT FEATHERS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

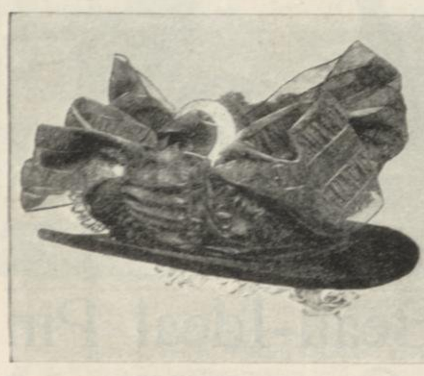
The hats which are illustrated on this page are to be the leading styles of the coming fall and winter seasons. They are the advance models of the most prominent milliners, and have been trimmed without feathers of any description.

GAINSBOROUGH PICTURE HAT of gray mauve velvet finished with heavy cord on edge, and trimmed with a cluster of mauve China asters.

A DRESSY TOQUE, suitable for evening wear, of black felt braid. The bow is of turquoise satin ribbon, and the brim made of forget-me-nots.

NAVY BLUE FELT SAILOR trimmed with three bunches of navy blue poppies. A full bow and loops of blue glacé silk are placed in front.

BLACK DRAPED AFTERNOON HAT, of draped velvet, side bow of black satin ribbon, and Rhinestone buckle and satin antique rosettes in the back.



BLACK VELVET-FACED HAT, worn over the face, with mousseline de soie, Alsatian bow of black gauze ribbon, steel buckle and pink velvet roses in the back.

"THE COLLAR-AND-CUFF HAT" of gray felt. Collar of gray velvet and taffeta with bow made to represent a cuff in front; purple flowers in the back.

TAILOR-MADE MOURNING HAT of gray felt. Band of black velvet and tulle around the brim; high velvet bow in front, velvet rosettes in the back.

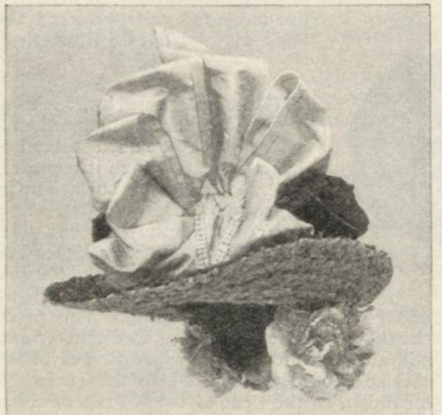
TO BE WORN WITH FURS, made of black velvet, brim slightly turned down in the back, appliquéd black and white lace; bunch of violets at the side.

BLACK FELT SAILOR SHAPE, with green velvet bow in front; collar of black velvet; rosettes, also of the velvet, in the back.

BLACK TWO-TONED FELT SAILOR, balloon trimming of mauve silk, appliquéd with renaissance lace; poppies of mauve color in the back.

BLACK EMPIRE SHAPE with ruching of black and white mousseline de soie. Rosette on left side of white chiffon, black satin rosettes in the back.

BROWN SATIN GAINSBOROUGH, to be worn off the face. The trimming is of ribbon rosettes in yellow, brown and white.



USEFUL FOR ALL OCCASIONS. A black braid, faced with mode braid, draped velvet on brim; beige taffeta silk ribbon bow and steel ornaments.

BLACK OPERA TOQUE composed of black braid, with a cream-colored lace brim, and a very full Louis Quinze bow of pink velvet.

CONTINENTAL REGIMENTAL HAT of black felt braid, trimmed on the side with a bow of three shades of green taffeta; rosettes of same in the back.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150 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

# THE AUTUMN'S PRETTIEST WAISTS

*By Isabel A. Mallon*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETHEL ROSE

AN EXTREMELY stylish bodice is shown in Illustration No. 1. It is made of Royal blue cloth, with semi-fitting fronts. The revers and collar are of white silk made fancy by shirrings of white *mousseline de soie* half an inch wide, arranged so that the white background is well brought out. The sleeves are plain, close-fitting, and finished with frills of white *mousseline de soie*. A line of white silk muslin shows between the fronts, and two elaborately carved jet buttons ornament each side just above the waist-line. The bow under the chin is of white silk muslin.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 1

ILLUSTRATION NO. 2

ILLUSTRATION NO. 3

ILLUSTRATION NO. 4

THE bodice jacket in Illustration No. 2 is much simpler but quite as new in effect as the blue one. It is made of tan-colored cloth, the remarkably chic effect being produced by the ornamental straps stitched over the dart on each side. The rolling collar and the inside of the front are lined with crimson velvet, and the revers are faced with white cloth; a jabot of fine lawn and lace comes beyond the bust-line.

THE jacket bodice in Illustration No. 3 is of black cloth, trimmed with green velvet straps. The bodice is rounded at the waist-line, and trimmed with green velvet, while coming far down on the skirt are two straps of the black cloth finished with frills of the green. The close-fitting sleeves have a trimming of narrow tucks of the velvet above the elbows, while they flare at the wrists. The bow at the neck is of the velvet, cut into four flaring points.

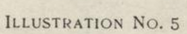

ILLUSTRATION NO. 5

ILLUSTRATION No. 4 shows a bodice of mauve cloth decorated with straps of white, while the yoke and tops of the sleeves are of white with interlacing ribbons of mauve velvet. The sleeves are close-fitting, and finished with fancy cuffs of white, while the high collar is of the mauve with a narrow white frill of silk muslin just outlining it. Where the straps shape out into three square sections at the side of the bodice a large cut steel button is set in each one. This bodice is particularly suited to a slender figure.

THE jacket bodice in Illustration No. 5 is of old gold velvet embroidered with jet beads. A slit front shows a vest of white satin overlaid with écru guipure. The edges of the bodice in front and at the top, where a guimpe of the white is displayed, are outlined with sealskin. The sleeves are of the velvet, perfectly plain and finished at the wrists with seal. At each side are two Rhinestone buttons.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 6

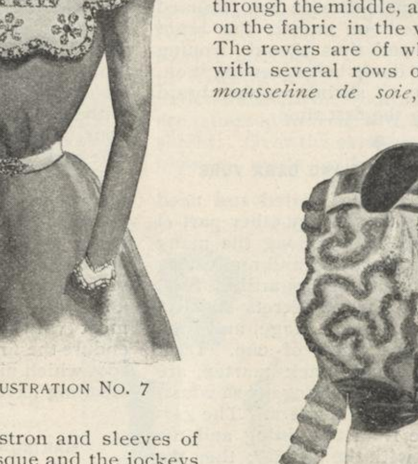

ILLUSTRATION NO. 7

A BODICE especially intended for house wear is shown in Illustration No. 6. It is made of dark green serge; it is somewhat loose, and is set over a fitted plastron and sleeves of green velvet. The short basque and the jockeys over the shoulders are decorated, as is the front, with straps of narrow black satin ribbon, the end of each being caught with a small silver button. The collar is of velvet with a frill of white *mousseline* flaring over its edge, while about the waist is a white belt which gives to the bodice a specially chic air.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 9

ILLUSTRATION NO. 8

THE bodice in Illustration No. 7 is semi-fitting and made of bright scarlet cloth. A square yoke is achieved by a network of jet beads outlined with embroidery of white satin having a pattern wrought upon it in heavy jet beads. The sleeves are close-fitting, and the pointed cuffs are of embroidery.

A BODICE of lavender wool suiting is shown in Illustration No. 8. It is semi-fitting, and has the upper part of the bodice, as well as the upper part of the sleeves, arranged in a series of plaits.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 10

BODICES that may be worn in and out of the house are shown in Illustrations Nos. 9 and 10. One is made of the mode-colored suiting. The yoke is of velvet, a shade darker, and the turrets that fall about the yoke are embroidered with silk, a shade darker, though they are of the material. The close-fitting sleeves are of the cloth slashed at the seams to show embroidered squares. The more elaborate bodice is made of fine pearl-gray cloth. It is covered with narrow silk ribbon, one-fifth of an inch wide, which is slightly shirred by drawing a silk thread through the middle, and then it is placed on the fabric in the vermicelli pattern. The revers are of white silk trimmed with several rows of puckered white *mousseline de soie,* which, scantily puckered, is also a finish to the edges of the bodice, collar, sleeves and the sleeve caps. The chemisette is of pale blue chiffon made full enough to look easy as it shows between the collar and revers. The sleeves are of plain cloth.

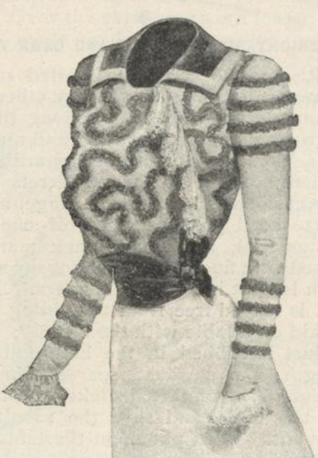

ILLUSTRATION NO. 11

A DAINTY dinner bodice is seen in Illustration No. 11. It is made of white silk covered with a vermicelli pattern of shirred mauve *mousseline de soie*. Groups of the same trimming are on the sleeves, which come far to the wrists and are finished with frills of white lace. A frill of white lace hides where the bodice is hooked down one side. The square collar, which turns over to show the throat, and the crush belt, are made of ruby velvet.

ILLUSTRATION NO. 12

THE bodice shown in Illustration No. 12 is of white silk. All around a guimpe of guipure, which may or may not be lined with silk, is a frill of white *mousseline de soie,* while on one side verging to the centre is a drapery of white silk, and on the other is a high decoration of purple flowers and their foliage. The lower part of the bodice, which is closely fitted, is a decoration of lines of fine jet beads. The sleeves reach only to the elbows and are embroidered with cut jets and finished by ruffles of white silk. The high, folded collar is finished with a pretty brooch.


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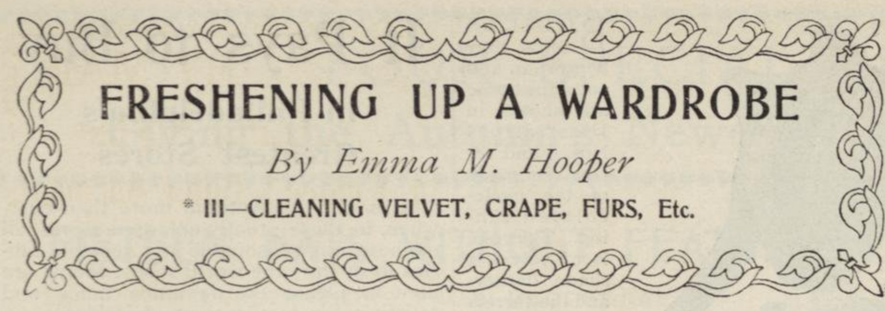


# FRESHENING UP A WARDROBE

*By Emma M. Hooper*

* III—CLEANING VELVET, CRAPE, FURS, Etc.

IF IN time of peace we should prepare for war, surely when not busy sewing we should get ready for that time when the task is just so much lighter if we have the materials to be made over in a good condition—ripping, dusting, cleaning, and, perhaps, dyeing them, when we have the leisure for such work. Before commencing the fall sewing have all your materials cleaned, and then prepare for the new goods that must eke out the renovated dresses. This fall, combinations of materials and colors may be generously used, and as various trimmed skirts are in vogue the planning of one new gown out of two half-worn ones will not prove so difficult as it might were Dame Fashion less inclined to oblige women who are forced to be economical. Because a dress is to be renovated do not think that it cannot be stylish and becoming, or that it costs any more to wear colors that improve your looks than those which do not. In making over dresses do not use washed linings; they never set well.

Velvet, velveteen and plush are all renovated in the same manner, as all have a pile which if flattened must be assisted to rise again. With the assistance of a stiff whisk broom, a pan of boiling water, and an obliging friend who will brush up the nap as you hold the goods taut over the steam the wrong side to the water, these materials will look like new. This process removes wrinkles, brightens the color and makes the crushed nap stay up when brushed against the grain, and will answer for black or colored pile fabrics. If the velvet has a grease spot on it remove it with French chalk before steaming. A sticky spot may be lightly touched with clean cold water before the steaming process is resorted to.

Velvet will be used for collars, folded and flat belts with fancy buckles, revers and yokes, as well as in millinery, and it will pay to freshen up whatever pieces you may have. Keep the pan of water on the stove, for it must not give up the good work of hard boiling during the cleansing process.

### TRANSFORMING CRAPE VEILS AND TRIMMINGS

IN BUYING crape it is well to ask for the waterproof and thus avoid anxiety when in the rain, as the ordinary material will spot and lose its crispness when wet. When this does happen, or if the crape has worn rusty looking and shabby, it may be steamed and thus renew its glossy, crisp texture and appearance. This process has been tried for many years in my immediate family and gives the most satisfactory results, and it may be repeated as often as necessary. Rip the hems out of the veil or the trimming to be renovated, as each piece must be flat; brush the dust off with an old piece of silk and pull out all of the threads. Then have a clean broom-handle and around this wrap each piece of crape, keeping it smooth until all are on the handle and fastened with small pins; do not pull it very tightly. Keep a wash-boiler half full of boiling water and rest the handle across the edges of the boiler so that it may be turned several times during the five hours that the crape is steaming. Then stand the handle up until the crape is perfectly dry. This usually requires ten hours. When unpinned it will be found glossy and crisp as when new, and a pleasure to the economical woman who is desirous of making old things look as good as new.

### SOME LITTLE HINTS ON ECONOMY

GENUINE whalebone is very expensive, but as it may be used in several dress-waists if reshaped, it is worth while knowing how. Soak it in warm water for half an hour and then iron out, and each piece will be found straight and smooth. Corsets may be cleaned with a large nailbrush and warm soapsuds after removing the steels; the shape need not be injured if they are not twisted nor pulled while scrubbing them; then when dry restore the steels and laces. Stockinet and good rubber shields may be washed in warm soapsuds, pulled into shape when partly dry and hung in a window to finish the process.

Knit sweaters will soon lose their color and shape if not properly cleansed in hot soapsuds, but not rubbed, until clean, when the water is pressed rather than wrung out. Spread in an airy room out of the sun on a sheet, and pin down in the shape that they should be when dry. A white sweater that is not much soiled may be treated as white crocheted shawls are when mothers object to using water upon them.

* The third and concluding article of the series on "Freshening Up a Wardrobe." The first two were as follows:
"Cleaning and Dyeing," . . . . June
"Cleaning Trimmings, Gloves and Laces," July

### CLEANING WHITE ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

THIS process is simply to bury each article in flour or white cornmeal for twenty-four hours, and if not clean when shaken repeat the dry cleaning. Silk knit stockings and vests should never have soap rubbed on them. If dipped in soapsuds, either cold or lukewarm, and each article handled gently, as was described for lace in the July number, they will look clean and new. Any article that is woven in an elastic manner should be pulled into shape as it dries.

Children's white serge and flannel dresses may be washed in tepid soapsuds, wrung out and folded up in an old sheet to dry; when nearly dry iron on the wrong side with a not too hot iron. If such dresses are trimmed with white worsted or mohair the braid should be scalded and thus shrink, ironing it smooth while yet damp before sewing it on. It is a good plan to shrink woolen braid before putting it on the first time.

### BRIGHTENING UP LIGHT AND DARK FURS

FURS become very much soiled and need renovation as much as any other part of a woman's wardrobe, but among the many directions given for cleansing and renovating one seldom finds anything regarding furs. Furriers keep all such trade secrets strictly, but occasionally there is a leakage, and I am able to send you the result of one. Dark furs, as seal, mink and black marten, are cleaned with fine cedar or mahogany sawdust, which is kept in stock by furriers. The garment is ripped free from the lining and the fur laid on a table with the hair up; then the sawdust is rubbed in the hair and neither strength nor sawdust spared during the process. When finished shake the fur lightly over the table and save the sawdust that drops out. Then put upon the table one or two feather pillows in their usual muslin slips, and upon these lay the furs, hair down this time, and beat thoroughly with a switch until the sawdust is out and the fur as clean as a pin; keep moving the pillows, as the fur must have a soft support while beaten.

White furs are cleaned with white cornmeal applied as the sawdust is on the darker varieties. If white furs are only slightly soiled they may be cleaned with magnesia in small cubes that is well rubbed in and then thoroughly dusted out.

If any grease gets on a piece of fur it may be removed with gasoline applied on a piece of cotton batting; rub gently, and renew the gasoline and cotton frequently, remembering that the former is explosive. Pitch, paint, tar and oil stains are thus treated, and if they obstinately refuse to disappear try benzine, oil of turpentine or spirits of ether, but try such things away from the light of either lamp or fire, with windows open.

### FELT HATS MAY BE RENEWED

CUBE magnesia also works wonders in the way of assisting amateur milliners, as it is also used on white felt hats. Let it stand all night and then brush off with a soft brush. Light-colored felt hats may be rubbed over with a piece of white crinoline, the starch of which cleanses the surface; another plan is to use white cornmeal and then brush it off lightly. Use a soft brush at any time to dust off a felt nap, as it roughens easily.

If white linen, or such dress materials as white veiling or serge, have yellowed from lying unused for a long time, they may be whitened by washing in white curd soapsuds and drying in the sun, though linen may also have a boiling in milk and soap, a gallon of the former to a pound of the latter. Fine woolen dress goods should be ironed on the wrong side when they are nearly dry with a moderately hot iron.

If you have a vest, revers, etc., of white or light broadcloth, do not despair when it gets a grease or dark spot upon it, for French chalk will remove the former and cube magnesia the latter. Milliners and cloak-makers freely patronize these simple remedies for their light felts and cloths, so why should their customers not do likewise, especially when they may be far from a cleaner? Pipe clay is also one of the best cleansers for white materials, being used by the British soldiers in freshening their accoutrements.

Children's white dresses often get grass-stained, but resume their pristine freshness when the spot is dipped into molasses and the latter washed out with clear water. Mildew stains disappear if rubbed with a diluted solution of chloride of lime and then in clear water. If white goods get any spots of sewing machine oil upon them, the stains may be removed by immersing them at once in clear cold water. Blood stains may often be removed by washing them, using no soap, out in cold water, but if obstinate saturate them in kerosene oil and then wash in warm water.

### FRUIT, INK, MILDEW AND COFFEE STAINS

FRUIT, ink and mildew stains on white aprons, table-cloths, etc., are easily removed by putting first in cold water, and then in half a pint of water, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and one teaspoonful of oxalic acid. Always rinse well in clear water after using an acid lest it may eat into the fabric. Coffee stains cannot withstand the following treatment. Rub the white dress before it has been washed with the yolk of an egg which has been dissolved in warm water, and then in clear water.

Turpentine will remove obstinate fruit stains that have a perfect genius for getting on children's pinafores. Cream of tartar and water or alcohol is used for the daintiest colored goods if stained with grass, as it never stains the most delicate shade.

White hooks and eyes often rust a white waist or skirt belt. To remove, cover the spot with salt, squeeze lemon juice over it and rub well; then rinse with cold water at once, as salts of lemon is liable to eat a hole if left unchecked.

When color on a fabric has been destroyed by acid, ammonia will neutralize the same, and after this using chloroform restores the original color. Strong borax water will remove the most obstinate oil stains from cotton and linen. Tar and axle-grease stains are the most discouraging known, but if taken at once, soap, oil of turpentine and water applied in turn will remove them from white cotton and linen. Colored cottons and woolens are smeared with lard, then rubbed with soap and water and left standing for an hour, and finally washed with oil of turpentine and water alternately.

For silks continue the same treatment as for woolens, only use benzine instead of turpentine; drop the water from a height on the under side on the stain and do not rub the material. Try the mixture on a small piece of the goods, or, if you have no pieces, upon a hidden portion of the skirt facing, to experiment with it, as very often it is better to endure the first stain rather than the increased spot which might appear after the attempts at cleaning have entirely failed.

### MAKING OVER LIGHT WOOLEN DRESSES

I HAVE explained in previous articles how light woolen goods may be successfully cleaned or dyed, and the latter process is simple and satisfactory where the fabric has become soiled or faded beyond renovating without the assistance of a pot of dye. A figured, and a plain gown, that come out a rich brown or army blue may be used for one gown, using the plain for a shaped flounce twelve inches deep and gored to flare at each seam, joining the five gores above which are of the figured; the flounce is headed by a fold of either material stitched on the edges. Round waist of the figured material, with sleeves of either goods, and a short basque fitted on smoothly across the back and sides of plain, as are the revers outlining the round yoke of either fabric. A narrow, folded belt and straight collar will be of the newly freshened velvet; fasten the belt with a steel buckle; make the sleeves with even fewer gathers than last season, and plainly hook over a collar band two inches deep.

Another combination may be of plain and fancy striped goods, the latter being bought to eke out the former after it has been examined, cleaned and found worthy of making over. In this case the striped goods forms a yoke continuing as a narrow vest; saucer cuffs that are half circular and set on the edge to flare over the hands, and a centre panel down the skirt front. From this panel on each side are laid two folds of the stripes on the bias headed with a narrow black braid, and the same finish completes the cuffs and edges the yoke and vest.

Light woolens will dye scarlet, purplish blue, army blue or cherry for an odd waist to wear with a black skirt during the fall afternoons, as separate waists and skirts are as settled fashions now as black trimmings on all of the fashionable colors.

### CLEANING SILK FOR MAKING OVER

PARTLY soiled silk may have a bath of naphtha (used with great care away from light and fire) and then answer for a dressy waist with a white collar, or if it needs enriching try belt and collar of bright-hued velvet; if very much soiled and rather shabby cover it with black net, *mousseline* or accordion-plaited chiffon, using black in preference to any color. If a waist is sufficient unto itself except for the sleeves, then supply the latter in net or chiffon with a tucked yoke, or ruche finish around the yoke, or tiny jacket fronts of the net. No material is used alone, consequently sleeves of a second material mean some other decoration of the original fabric. A plain, striped or figured silk will answer for the lining to such an outside. Narrow lace that has been cleaned may be used for thickly plaited ruches, and a silk dress that has done duty many seasons may either reappear as a lining to a net evening dress or masquerade as a petticoat with plaited ruffles of plain taffeta. Tiny jacket bolero effects are returning to favor, so if a waist has worn in front of the armholes put over it a round or pointed suspicion of a jacket, and edge with a fluffy ruche.

Editor's Note—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "The Home Dressmaker," will be found on page 35 of this issue of the Journal.

# CHILDREN'S PINAFORES AND SCHOOL FROCKS

*By Emily Ross Bell*

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

HERE seems to be an attempt on the part of mothers this season to make their little girls' frocks and pinafores as prettily as ever, but more simply. The designs given on this page have been selected as combining both of these characteristics.

To make the pinafore, front and back views of which are given in illustrations marked No. 1, gather two widths of cambric into a belt of insertion edged with narrow embroidery; with similar insertion and embroidery make shoulder-straps, joining them together back and front with bands of insertion. Finish the shoulder-straps with ruffles of embroidery. Nainsook, lawn, Victoria linen, dotted Swiss or cross-barred muslin may be used for little girls' pinafores.

No. 1

No. 1

For wear with their Sunday frocks white mull trimmed with lace is becoming quite popular.

THE school pinafore may be made both high-necked and long-sleeved, and the child's frock so completely covered that it sustains little damage from slate or desk. For the little ones who attend kindergarten schools the small checked ginghams make dainty high-necked aprons which are invaluable, particularly on clay-modeling days. The design in Illustration No. 6 may be transformed into a high-necked pinafore which will afford ample protection to either school or Sunday frock. Almost all high-necked pinafores are made to tie behind at the waist-line with strings of the material coming from under the side seams; sometimes straps which button are substituted for the above. The skirt of the pinafore in Illustration No. 2, which consists of two widths of cambric, is gathered into a square, low-necked yoke of embroidery and insertion. Ruffles of embroidery form caps falling low over the shoulders.

No. 2

THE frock of light-weight dark green serge shown in Illustration No. 3 is made with a full skirt edged with four rows of woolen braid. The waist is a full one with yoke and belt. The collar is of dark green ribbon. The band which defines the yoke, and the four little straps which are held in place by the metal buttons are of woolen braid. The caps over the sleeves are trimmed to match the skirt. The sleeves are made full and finished with cuffs.

No. 3

THE apron in Illustration No. 4 is made with a full skirt gathered to a very low, square-necked, full waist, which is trimmed with a wide ruffle of embroidery across the front and back and over the shoulders. The corners of the square neck are filled with the embroidery so that a V-shaped neck is formed. This apron is made to fasten up the back with tiny studs, and is rather more dressy than any of the designs shown. The design may be used for the waist of a cashmere frock, and, attached to a skirt made of two full widths of the cashmere, be worn over a white guimpe.

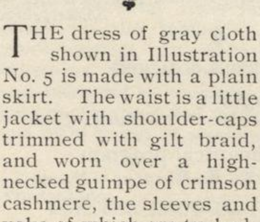
No. 4

MANY of the new school frocks are made with gored skirts. For striped or fancy fabrics the circular skirt, made in one piece with a seam up the front, is very much liked. The plain full skirt, however, is just as popular as ever.

The sleeves in the fall frocks are much smaller than they were last season, but sensible mothers still continue to give their little daughters sleeves of a size to permit free use of the arms. The tendency this season is to make the skirts of children's frocks a little longer and less full than they were last year.

No. 6

THE dress of gray cloth shown in Illustration No. 5 is made with a plain skirt. The waist is a little jacket with shoulder-caps trimmed with gilt braid, and worn over a high-necked guimpe of crimson cashmere, the sleeves and yoke of which are tucked.



The pinafore in Illustration No. 6 is made of cross-barred muslin and is very simple. The skirt, which is finished with a deep hem, is gathered under a pointed bertha consisting of a ruffle of the muslin four inches deep. This pinafore buttons down the back below the waist-line.

No. 7

No. 5

THE skirt of the brown cashmere frock in Illustration No. 7 is gored, and trimmed with braid. The waist, which is quite loose, is made over a tight lining, and trimmed, as are the sleeves and neckband, to match the skirt. Many of the solid-colored cashmere frocks are this season made to be worn over guimpes of a decidedly contrasting color. Favorite combinations are green and crimson, and blue and red, navy blue with white, dark gray with hunter's green, and army blue with black. With brown a shade of tan is very much liked. Combinations of materials as well as colors will be much used this autumn, making it possible to remodel last year's frocks with good results.

THE dark blue flannel frock in Illustration No. 8 is made with a full skirt edged with a deep hem. The front of the waist is of bright plaid shirred slightly. The ruffles, which begin at the waist-line and are shirred over the shoulders, are trimmed with fancy braid. The collar is a standing one of the flannel, inside of which is worn a white linen collar fastened with a stud. A collar of this sort or a plain white frill should be worn by every schoolgirl, so that she may always look fresh and neat about her throat.

No. 8

School frocks of colored flannel or serge are always serviceable when made sailor fashion with full unlined skirts attached to high-necked under-waists, which button up the back and are trimmed in front with braid to simulate a shield. Over the skirts are worn loose sailor blouses made with deep sailor collars trimmed with braid; the sleeves are loose and trimmed also with the braid. The blouses are drawn in at the waist with elastic, and button up the front to the shield, where they are tied with ribbons. Blue and white, and brown and tan are the prettiest combinations.

A PRETTY school frock for a girl of twelve may be made of golden-brown serge with a skirt simply gored, and trimmed with three rows of black mohair braid. The waist may be made with a square yoke trimmed with rows of braid and finished with a belt also trimmed and fastened by a fancy buckle. The sleeves show three rows of braid at the top and also at the wrists.

No. 9

A navy blue flannel school frock may be made with a skirt finished with five rows of stitching; the waist with a tucked yoke, the lower edge of which is cut in blocks which fall over the rather full front. The belt may be made of the goods and fastened with a steel buckle. Small caps finished with stitching may cover the top of the sleeves.

No. 9

The skirt of the round-necked Mother Hubbard apron, back and front views of which are given in illustrations marked No. 9, requires two widths of cambric. It is gathered to a round and low necked yoke of insertion edged with embroidery. The armholes are finished with an embroidered edge. Strings of the cambric tie in a bow.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# QUOTATIONS FOR ALL SORTS OF OCCASIONS

*By Mrs. Hamilton Mott*

IT WAS Emerson who ranked the first quoter of a good sentence as next to its originator, and it was that other philosopher who said, through his creation, Captain Cuttle: "The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it."

It would seem that the fashion of the last ten years has been following in the lines laid down by these modern sages, when we observe to how great an extent quotations are being used and applied through almost every activity of social and domestic life. Books and pictures are inscribed, jewelry and silverware are engraved, doorsills, mantelpieces and hearthplaces, even the walls of dining-room, library and guest room bear words of welcome and hospitality thereon. And last, but not least, the custom of designating the dishes upon a menu card, and the characteristics of the guest upon the name card, has become so general as to be almost a requirement of the modern meal of ceremony.

The custom is a pretty one; the little personal attention evinced in the application of an apt quotation upon the guest card showing consideration on the part of the hostess. The quotations which have been arranged on this page have been gathered from books everywhere and not taken from any particular volume of "Familiar Quotations."

### DINNER FOR THE NEW CLERGYMAN

"And sit you down and say your grace."—*Thackeray.*

Clams on the Half-Shell
"Enchanting shells."—*Gray.*

Rasped Rolls and Butter
"Tell me where is fancy bred."—*Shakespeare.*

Purée of Green Peas
"I think not I am what I appear."—*Byron.*

Fried Chicken Hominy
"Which of them shall I take? Both?"—*Shakespeare.*

Lettuce Salad, French Dressing
"You are lovely leaves."—*Herrick.*

Crackers Sage Cheese
"The moon is made of green cheese."—*Heywood.*

Ice Cream
"It's bitter cold."—*Kipling.*

Fancy Cakes
"You can't eat your cake and have it, too."—*Modern Proverb.*

Coffee
"God's best gift to man."—*Howells.*

For the chief guest:
"A little work, a little play
To keep us going."—*Du Maurier.*

### LUNCHEON FOR AN ENGAGED GIRL

"Two people that we know going to be married."—*Mrs. Gaskell.*

Shaddocks
"Magnificent golden apples as big as pumpkins."—*Hawthorne.*

Clam Bouillon
"How thin and clear."—*Tennyson.*

Lamb Chops
"I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love."—*Shakespeare.*

Green Peas
"Now who doth please to eat the pease
And clean the dish with me."—*Macaulay.*

Reed Birds
"The great ones eat up the little ones."—*Shakespeare.*

Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise Dressing
"Like a rose embowered in its own green leaves."—*Shelley.*

Snow Pudding Vanilla Ice
"My choice would be vanilla ice."—*O. W. Holmes.*

Fancy Cakes Bonbons
"Sweets to the sweet."—*Shakespeare.*

Coffee
"Drink, pretty creature, drink."—*Wordsworth.*

For the chief guest:
"To know her was to love her."—*Rogers.*

### FOR A DÉBUTANTE'S LUNCHEON

"She comes—she's here!"—*Thackeray.*

Chicken Consommé
"What a clear way you have of putting things."—*Lewis Carroll.*

Sweetbreads
"Very excellent good."—*Shakespeare.*

Green Peas Potato Croquettes
"In the very midst of good things."—*Thackeray.*

Broiled Squab, Crab-Apple Jelly
"A small hot bird."—*Eugene Field.*

Mayonnaise of Celery
"None knew thee but to praise thee."—*Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

Fancy Ice Cream Frozen Cherries
"I always thought cold victuals nice."—*O. W. Holmes.*

Charlotte Russe
"The boom for Charlotte Rooze swep' on and took the polls by storm."—*Eugene Field.*

Sweet Wafers Bonbons
"The lost taste of sweets."—*Shakespeare.*

Black Coffee
"Black it stood as night."—*Milton.*

For the chief guest:
"Blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go."—*Allingham.*

### FOR A WEDDING BREAKFAST

"Oh, lovely day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so."

Bouillon
"So 'tis clear."—*Shakespeare.*

Lobster Newburg
"Was a brave piece of cookery."—*Ben Jonson.*

Bread and Butter
"What first I want is daily bread."—*John Quincy Adams.*

Chicken Croquettes Sweetbread Patties
Caviare Sandwiches
"Three things that women highly hold."—*Shakespeare.*

Orange Water Ice Strawberry Ice Cream
"A combination, and a form."—*Shakespeare.*

Whipped Cream Lemon Jelly
"Sweet food."—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Wedding Cake Fancy Cakes
"Choose the best."—*Epictetus.*

Bonbons Salted Almonds Fruit Glacé
"Pretty little tiny kickshaws."—*Shakespeare.*

Coffee
"Is excellent."—*Plutarch.*

For the bride's card:
"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."—*Book of Proverbs.*

For the bridegroom:
"'Tis a lucky day, boy."—*Shakespeare.*

### FOR A BIRTHDAY DINNER

"At your age . . . you should be careful."—*Mrs. Gaskell.*

Little-Neck Clams
"First catch your clam."—*W. A. Croffut.*

Brown Bread and Butter
"Is good fare."—*Matthew Henry.*

Chicken Soup
"What! all my pretty chickens and their dam in one fell swoop!"—*Shakespeare.*

Salted Almonds
"'Oh, I just love these salted almonds!'
Jessie did to me confide.
'Oh, that I were an almond salted!'
To sweet Jessie I replied."—*John Leonard Merril.*

Olives
"I will use the olive."—*Shakespeare.*

Broiled Salmon, Sauce Tartare
"That which combined was most great."—*Shakespeare.*

Nesselrode Pudding Charlotte Russe
"Which sort was the best."—*Plutarch.*

Orange Water Ice Fancy Cakes
"Of two things choose both."—*Modern Proverb.*

Coffee
"All is well that ends well."—*Heywood.*

For the chief guest:
"The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart."—*Shakespeare.*

### FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS

For a musical program:
"If you love music, hear it."—*Charles Lamb.*

For an amateur theatrical program:
"We'll hold, as 't were, the mirror up to Nature."—*Shakespeare.*

With a letter wishing *bon voyage:*
"When thou art at Rome, do as they do at Rome."—*Cervantes.*

To send with a book:
"Take; I give it willingly."—*Uhland.*

With two spoons sent as a silver wedding present:
"Sweet friends of mine, be spoons once more,
And with your tender cooing
Renew the keen delights of yore,
The rapturous bliss of wooing."—*Eugene Field.*

To send with a bunch of pansies:
"For the pansies send me back a thought."—*Sarah Dowdney.*

To send with a birthday present:
"As this auspicious day began the race
Of ev'ry virtue join'd with ev'ry grace;
May you, who own them, welcome its return,
Till excellence like yours again is born."—*Jeffery.*

To send with a work basket:
"Industry can do anything which genius can do, and very many things which it cannot."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

### DINNER FOR THE NEW BRIDE

"Come, is the bride ready?"—*Shakespeare.*

Creamed Oysters
"Will you eat any oysters?"—*Dean Swift.*

Tomato Soup
"Oh, it was a beautiful dream!"—*Kipling.*

Croutons
"Let the toast pass."—*Sheridan.*

Broiled Squab, Bread Sauce Plum Jelly
"And a little bird and gravy."—*L. M. Alcott.*

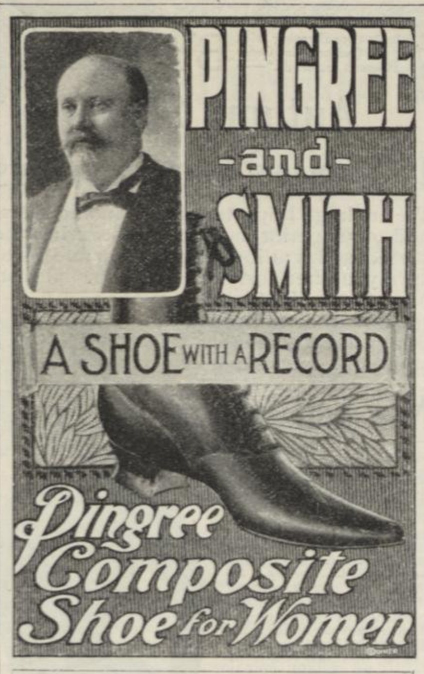
Strawberries
"Must be sugared."—*Kipling.*

Vanilla Ice Cream
"Sweet food."—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Bonbons Fruit Glacé
"Call things by their right names."—*Hall.*

Coffee
"I can smell it now."—*Kipling.*

For the chief guest:
"She is grown so dear, so dear."—*Tennyson.*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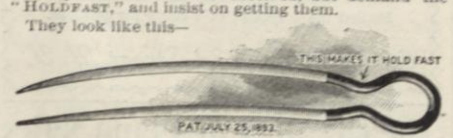


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# THE MOTHER AND THE HOUSEKEEPER

*A Few Hints of Value for Both*

## THE ROAD TO GOOD MANNERS

*By Edith Webster*

A MOTHER sees an entirely new side of her child's character when the little one is with other children. A selfish or domineering or obstinate spirit, utterly unknown before to the loving parent, is apt to manifest itself. With older people a child is more or less restrained, but with little people of his own age he feels perfectly free to do as he pleases.

Companionship is an excellent thing for children. It not only makes them happier, but they are observing little mortals, and quick to imitate. The rough boy will try to be gentle to his timid little cousin if he is stirred by the idea that he must protect her; the little tomboy will try to follow the gentle graces of her pet friend, seeing how much she is loved for her quiet sweetness; while the bashful, shrinking little lassie will strive to emulate the strength and good sense of her lively comrade. It is true, alas! that children may imitate the vices as well as the virtues of the people in their little world, and for that reason it is well to have the children entertain in their own homes. Let the mother welcome her children's little guests cordially, observe their characters, and set her children to follow their virtues. Not by holding up the visitors as models—children will resent that—but by saying to the timid little man, "What a fine, brave boy Harry is," or to the somewhat uncourteous little brother, "What a little gentleman Robert is with his sisters." Children understand and apply these remarks, for children love to be praised. There may be an objectionable side to the visitor's character, but a quiet reproval will generally remove this if the mother will say gently and firmly, "You cannot stay here, dear, if you speak so roughly and tease the little girls. Remember you are bigger, older and stronger than they are."

A little pained expression at some discourtesy will often do more than a severe scolding, and a quick, cheerful "Thank you," or "How thoughtful, dear," will work wonders. Praise freely the kind acts; show the right path to the ignorant little one, anxious to please; reprove gently the thoughtless one.

Little boys should very early be encouraged to protect their sisters and mothers; they should be allowed to pay the car fare and to hold tickets; they love responsibility. Accept their little services gratefully, and never forget to say "Thank you."

The little girls should be taught to be mother's help and comfort, their younger sisters' guide, and brothers' companions. Let "That's my little lady" be a phrase ready on the mother's lips. Encourage, guide, control, urge onward in the kind and courteous road of good manners each little one intrusted to your care, so that the world may be brighter and better, even if only in one little corner of your own home.

## FOR THE BABY TO CREEP UPON

*By Laura Chase*

ART serge of any bright hue will make a pretty rug for the baby to learn to creep upon. Figures of animals cut from flannel, padded slightly and worked over with worsted may be appliquéd upon the rug after it has been neatly bound with braid. If the baby is a girl she will be delighted with a rug upon which kittens, rabbits, squirrels, birds and flowers are scattered. A boy baby will naturally prefer lions, tigers, horses, dogs and bears upon his rug. The animals should have tongues of red flannel and the eyes should be distinctly marked.

## MAKING PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES

*By Anna Maxwell*

PRETTY photograph frames, which may be made at home, consist of four parts—the mat; the back, same size as mat; a strip of heavy pulp board, and the easel rest or ring to hang the photograph frame. The strip is glued to the back, and an opening sufficiently wide to admit the photograph is left at the bottom.

To cover the mat, place the material over the cardboard, having laid a sheet of cotton wadding over the board first; stick pins through the cover to keep the design from slipping; allow a quarter of an inch to turn over the mat. Having secured the material to the mat, glue the outer edge of mat on the inside; turn the material over, straining it slightly. Remove the pins, and cut the material about half an inch beyond the opening, after having cut the wadding just the size of the opening. If the opening be oblong or square the corners only of the cover must be nicked, and that to the margin of the mat. The slightest nick beyond this line will disfigure the face of the frame. In material that will ravel it is best not to cut even to the margin.

For the oval or round opening, the material must be nicked every quarter of an inch.

## THE WAY TO ARRANGE BRIC-À-BRAC

*By Helen Jay*

AUTHORITIES upon decoration declare that there should be a culminating spot in the ornamentation of a room. In the ordinary room this culminating centre is the fireplace and its mantel. Naturally, therefore, this is the place for the display of the choicest bits of bric-à-brac, and generally speaking, of the smallest. In arranging these ornaments it is helpful to bear in mind the general rule that bronze requires a strong light, and that marble and delicately tinted china demand half shadow.

Whatever the bric-à-brac, and wherever placed, it should always be kept exquisitely clean. Dingy ornaments give the same air to a room that soiled lace imparts to a woman's dress. Both indicate a lack of true refinement and both are equally out of place.

## CLEANING ORNAMENTS OF ALL KINDS

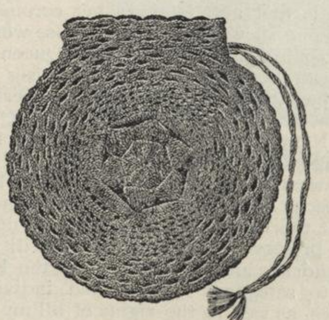
*By Mary Lucas*

A WOODEN bowl should be half-filled with warm water, in which one teaspoonful of ammonia has been stirred, and enough white soap dissolved to make a good lather. Each article to be washed should be plunged quickly into the water so that every part may be exposed to the same heat at the same time. A fine nailbrush and a camel's-hair brush are needed, as well as soft cheesecloth squares for scrubbing. The camel's-hair brush will clean the most fragile ornamentation thoroughly and daintily. For rinsing, a second wooden bowl will be required, filled with water slightly cooler than that in which the bric-à-brac was washed. For drying the pieces nothing is better than the tintless hand-made toweling for sale at all linen shops. It is manufactured expressly for this purpose. Sawdust, or the cork used for packing are excellent polishers for glass, which may be left to dry, without rubbing, in a bowl filled with either. Brass and copper may be cleaned with polishing-paste—never with silver powder. The old time mixture of rotten stone and turpentine is also good. For silver there is nothing better than silver powder, but a finer, more lasting brilliancy is attained if each article of this ware is rubbed with slices of lemon before the final washing with soap and water. On the other hand, oxidized ornaments should never be touched with any of these preparations. Camphor water carefully used will keep them bright and clean, but, ordinarily, hard rubbing with a chamois will answer.

## CHILD'S CROCHETED PURSE

*By Charlotte Stanley*

FROM red crochet silk make a chain of 8 stitches; close in a ring with a slip stitch. First row—12 tre in ring in groups of 2 with 3 ch between. Second row—1 d c between 2 tre, 4 ch; repeat all around. Third row—2 d tre in 4 ch, 2 d tre in next 4 ch, keeping last 2 loops of each d tre on the hook, and draw the thread through all at the same time, 8 ch, work the next 2 d tre in the same space with the last two. Fourth row—8 tre in loop made by 4 ch. Fifth row—1 d c in each tre with an extra d c in each eighth stitch. Sixth row—8 d c, 3 ch, miss one; repeat. Seventh row—6 d c in 8 d c, leaving 1 d c on each end of 8 d c, 4 ch, 1 d c in 3 ch, 4 ch; repeat. Eighth row—4 d c in 6 d c, leaving 1 d c on each end of 6 d c, 4 ch, 1 d c in each loop with 4 ch between, 4 ch; repeat. Ninth row—2 d c in 4 d c, leaving 1 d c on each end of 4 d c, 4 ch, 1 d c in each loop with 4 ch between, 4 ch; repeat. Tenth row—1 d c between 2 d c, 1 d c in each loop with 4 ch between; repeat. Eleventh row—1 d c in each loop with 4 ch between. Twelfth row—1 d c in each loop with 4 ch



A CHILD'S PURSE

between. Break thread off at end of each row. To fasten the two sides together: 1 d c in a loop of one side, 2 ch, 1 d c in corresponding loop of the other side; repeat until all but seven loops on each side are joined.

The top of the purse is made of three rows of loops of 4 ch, and a narrow ribbon, which is run through the first row of loops in neck, serves as a drawing-string. A chain made of the silk will answer the same purpose.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# THE GIRL WHO WILL RULE A KINGDOM

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 2 OF THIS ISSUE)

showed themselves on the balcony that the pent-up feelings found expression in loud hurrahs. And they were loud. At each smile of recognition and wave of the handkerchief by "de kleine Lieveling" ["the little darling"] the shouting was renewed. During the rest of the day thousands lingered in front of the palace, hoping to catch a glimpse of her in case she should pass by one of the windows.

### IMPRESSIVE SCENE IN THE CHURCH

ON THE next morning the church presented a gala appearance. Every available nook and corner was filled by the six thousand invited guests, dignitaries and officials. As their Majesties entered, the entire assembly rose to its feet while a choir of six hundred voices sang the Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's "Messiah."

Then a hymn of welcome, composed for the occasion, was sung, the best soloists of the realm sustaining the parts, after which the Mayor read an address. To this Queen Emma replied in the name of her daughter and for herself, closing with the words: "Faithful unto death should be our motto; then, with God's help, our little Nederland will be great in happiness, in peace and in prosperity. May God grant it." As the last syllable was pronounced, without waiting for a bugle's call or leader's baton, the assembled multitude as with one voice shouted and shouted again: "Lang leve Köningen Emma!" "Lang leve Wilhelmina!" ["Long live Queen Emma!" "Long live Wilhelmina!"]

After the chanting of the Te Deum one hundred and fifty orphan children marched by Queen Wilhelmina, scattering wild flowers at her feet as they passed, while one little orphan came on the platform and recited a poem having the refrain, "We offer you wild flowers, pure and lovely as thou art, simple as our reverence, perennial like our devotion." Before this little waif could leave the platform little Wilhelmina impulsively, and without any suggestion from any one, arose and took the little orphan by the hand, and looked at her with eyes dim with tenderness. This graceful act, prompted by her sympathetic heart, called forth such cheers from the overjoyed people as were never heard before within this stately edifice, and, telling the crowds outside that some good word had been spoken or worthy deed accomplished, it brought from them an answering shout.

Do you say the Hollanders are cold and emotionless? Watch the effect upon them of a smile from their own Queen, and you will marvel that so much enthusiasm could be contained within such immobile exteriors.

### SOME FEATURES OF THE CORONATION FESTIVITIES

IN CONNECTION with the coronation festivities there will be, at Amsterdam, an exhibition of Dutch National costumes, from the early times down to the present day, and at The Hague, women's work will be shown at a special exposition. Some may say that no one but a woman would have thought of the former, while it is perfectly natural that the queen-bee should take cognizance of the other busy bees of her realm. There will also be a procession of ships, organized by the Dutch sailors, each by its rig and the uniform of its crew representing a different country. A historic exhibition illustrating the works of Rembrandt will complete the serious part of the festivities, but there will be lighter forms of amusement, such as fireworks, parades, processions, and gala performances without end.

Who will be invited to this solemn function? Every crowned head with whom the Netherlands enjoys diplomatic relations, and perhaps the Republics, too, and the immediate relatives of the Queen.

Who will attend? None of the crowned heads, but each will be represented by some one whose rank is less than that of the Queen. For it is first and foremost her coronation, and no one should be present whose worldly glory could eclipse hers. No Queen nor King can be present. The exercises will take place in the New Church at Amsterdam, and that feature which will make her Queen of the Netherlands will be the placing of her hand upon the Bible, and saying:

"I swear to the people of the Netherlands to observe and maintain the fundamental laws of the constitution. I swear to defend and to preserve to the best of my ability the independence and the integrity of the Kingdom, to safeguard public and individual liberties, as well as the rights of all my subjects, and to apply to the task of fostering the prosperity of the nation all the means which the law places at my disposal, as it is the duty of a good Queen to do. And may God help me in this."

Then taking the crown passed to her by the Minister of State, she will put it upon her head, and resting there it will register her vows, and all believe that each word will be sealed by deeds. No one who knows the character of this sweet girl, writ in her own words and acts, believes anything else but that for the first Queen of the Netherlands happiness is certain and success is sure.

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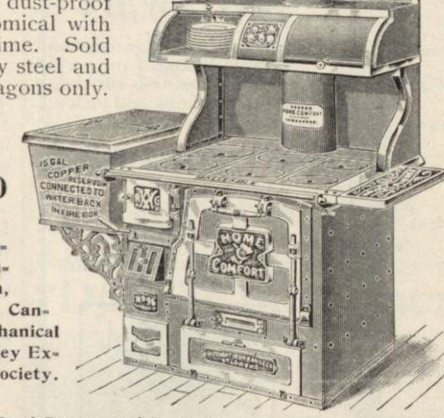

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EDITED BY EDWARD BOK


# The Gossip of the Editors

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### A PRIZE OF $100.00 FOR HOUSE BUILDERS

IN THE June issue of the JOURNAL there was published an offer of $100.00 for a set of photographs of the most successful house built from any one of the plans contained in the series of "Model Homes of Moderate Cost," the set to include at least five photographs—an exterior view and a picture of each of the four principal rooms. July 15 was named as the closing day in this competition, but, by request of some of our readers, whose houses are not yet completed, the time has been extended to November 1.

### WHEN VICTORIA WRITES OUR PRESIDENT

IT IS always about some great event: when she ascended the throne, for instance; when she married Prince Albert; when the Prince of Wales was born; when her husband died. Napoleon I wrote the President, too, when the King of Rome was born; the Emperor of Germany when the present Emperor was born. For the first time permission has been granted by the United States Government to print these letters. In fac-simile all will be published in the next (October) JOURNAL.

### FLOWERED PIAZZAS AND PORCHES

THERE are verandas and porches in some parts of the country so picturesque with their screens of vines and flowers, and summer furnishings. The JOURNAL would like to publish pictures of a few of these attractive piazzas. To encourage the sending of such pictures the JOURNAL agrees to give three prizes—$15.00, $10.00 and $5.00—for the best three received, provided rewards are deserved. Photographs should be marked "Piazzas," and sent to the JOURNAL'S Art Bureau before October 1.

### MRS. MASON'S NEW ROMANCE

THE new story by Mrs. Caroline A. Mason, author of "A Minister of the World," will begin in the next (October) JOURNAL. It is called "The Minister of Carthage," and from the start the young ministerial hero will win the attention of his readers. Each installment of the novel will be beautifully illustrated by C. M. Relyea, a new artist.

### WINNERS OF PRIZES

SOME months ago the JOURNAL offered prizes for five dinner menus for a family of four. It also offered prizes for the best examples of work done by children in kindergartens, for pictures of churches decorated for festal occasions, and for original musical compositions. There were thousands of responses to these offers. Awards have been made as follows:

#### MRS. RORER'S DINNER MENUS

$25.00 for "First Prize Dinner"
To Mrs. Mantie L. Hunter, Warren, Ohio.
$10.00 for "Best Interior-West Dinner"
To Mrs. Frederick Webster, Oberlin, Ohio.
$10.00 for "Best Southern Dinner"
To Mrs. S. C. Coleman, Coatopa, Alabama.
$10.00 for "Best Northern and Eastern Dinner"
To Ida V. Enders, Brooklyn, New York.
$10.00 for "Best Pacific Coast Dinner"
To Mrs. W. S. Wright, San Diego, California.

#### THE BEST KINDERGARTEN WORK

$10.00 First Prize
To Mabel Cannom, London, Ontario, Canada.
$5.00 Second Prize
To Gertrude Wilson, Kansas City, Missouri.
$5.00 Third Prize
To Mino and Mina Slavie, Youngstown, Ohio.
$2.50 Fourth Prize
To Jennie D. Moody, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.
$2.50 Fifth Prize
To Georgie Decker, Dayton, Ohio.

In addition the JOURNAL bought six other specimens of meritorious work.

#### PICTURES OF FESTAL CHURCHES

$25.00 First Prize
To Miss C. I. Nye, Vaiden, Mississippi.
$10.00 Second Prizes
To H. Siebrecht, New Rochelle, New York.
Charles L. Beckwith, East Orange, N. J.
A. L. Session, Bristol, Connecticut.
Miss Augusta Robinson, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. S. C. Smith, Camden, New Jersey.
$5.00 Third Prizes
To Mrs. J. R. Nankivell, Athens, Tennessee.
F. Marion Cutler, Lebanon, N. H.
Mrs. Edwin S. Gray, Pittsburg, Pa.
Mrs. E. B. Walden, Brooklyn, New York.
Miss Lelia E. Burton, Albany, New York.

#### CHILDREN'S SONGS

$25.00 First Prize
To P. H. Goepp, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
$15.00 Second Prizes
To Carlos Troyer, San Francisco, California.
Mrs. F. J. H. Moore, London, Ontario.
L. F. Gottschalk, Boston, Massachusetts.

The titles of the successful songs, arranged in the order in which the composers' names appear above, are as follows: "Marching Song," "Baby Bye, Here's a Fly," "The Message of the Bells" and "The Song of the Little Bird."

The JOURNAL regrets to announce that no award was made for a piano solo, for the reason that, although there were many meritorious compositions submitted, not one met all the conditions imposed in the original offer, the writers generally exceeding the specified limits in some respect.

### IT IS EASY TO GET A FREE SCHOLARSHIP

"IF I COULD only go to some conservatory!" many a music lover despairingly exclaims. Well, why not go? The JOURNAL has now sent 500 students to the best musical institutions in America—free of expense. It has provided an education for hundreds: it is now looking for hundreds more to aid in the same way. Not a dollar of expense to the student, who can choose between the largest conservatories in the East or West. Few young people realize how easy it is to secure a free scholarship. Ask the JOURNAL'S Educational Bureau to tell you all about it.

### A FREE TRIP TO PARIS

"I HAVE just returned from a seven months' trip to France," writes one of the JOURNAL readers, "paid for with the money which I earned from the JOURNAL. I went there for a special course of study. Now, I am going to earn more money through you to go back and finish my studies." The JOURNAL'S Circulation Bureau will tell you, if you like, how this trip was earned, and you can make money in the same way for a similar trip, or anything else.

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### 37 CHANCES IN PRIZES FOR THE BEST PHOTOGRAPHS

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*Fifth—Twenty, of $5.00 each*
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Photographs of any size will be admitted: the larger the better—large enough, at least, to show some of the surrounding trees or shrubbery. But—and this is an important fact—the houses need not be owned nor occupied by competitors for these prizes. If you know of a pretty house anywhere the JOURNAL would like a photograph of it. There is no limit to the number of photographs any competitor may send. Besides the thirty-seven prize pictures the JOURNAL will want many more, and for all such accepted it will pay liberal rates. Write on the back of each photograph "Suburban House," giving its location, and add your address. No picture received after October 1 will be eligible for competition. All pictures should be sent to the JOURNAL'S Art Bureau.


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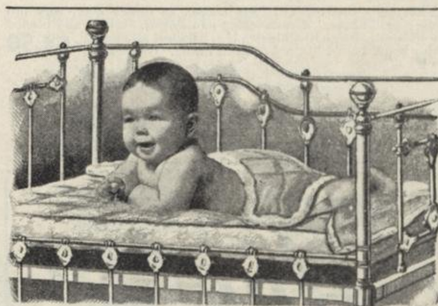

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# FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

**Tuberoses** will not bloom a second time.

**The Hoya.** This plant should be allowed to rest during the summer. Put it on the veranda in a sheltered place, and keep it rather dry.

**Spots on Palm.** The leaf sent seems to be spotted from drops of water, which were doubtless allowed to stand on it while the sun was shining.

**Spireas.** There are two classes of Spireas—the shrubby and the herbaceous. Both are desirable, but I consider the herbaceous kinds the finest.

**Violet Culture.** Write to Miss Helen Candee, whose article about "Violet Growing as a Woman's Trade" appeared in the April issue of the JOURNAL. Send your letter in care of the JOURNAL and it will be forwarded to her.

**Scale** cannot be gotten rid of by the application of Tobacco tea. Use Fir Tree oil soap, and apply it with a brush that is stiff enough to remove the scale at the time of application. Tobacco about the roots of plants does but little good.

**The Aphis** can be killed by fumigating the infested plants with Tobacco smoke, by the application of Fir Tree oil soap, or kerosene emulsion. The red spider will only yield to moisture applied frequently and liberally. You cannot hope to grow Roses unless you keep them free from aphis.

**Smilax.** When Smilax turns yellow it is trying to tell you that it wants a rest. Withhold water and keep the plant quite dry for at least six weeks. Then give more water, and pretty soon new shoots will be sent up from the roots. The specimen you sent is Asparagus *plumosus*.

**Painted Pots.** Do not paint flower-pots. This fills up the pores of the clay, and keeps the air out and the moisture in, and most plants are injured thereby. In unpainted pots the roots of the plants are enabled to grow healthily, but in painted ones they are pretty sure to become diseased.

**Trees Near Flower-Beds.** Flowers cannot be grown near trees because the roots of the latter reach out in all directions and absorb the nutriment of the soil. Grass is about all you can get to grow there, and you will not be likely to succeed with that unless you use bonemeal as a top-dressing each month during the growing season.

**Remedy for Worms.** I find the following remedy for worms in the soil of pot-plants, in a recent publication devoted to floriculture: "An even teaspoonful of saltpetre, dissolved in one quart of water. Apply enough to the soil to moisten it all through. Saltpetre will also kill the borer that destroys Cucumber and Squash vines."

**Cape Jessamine.** This plant sometimes drops its buds because of too dry a condition of the soil. To prevent this trouble see that the best of drainage is provided. Then apply water in sufficient quantities to thoroughly saturate all the soil. When drainage is what it ought to be, and the soil is not too heavy there is no danger from overwatering.

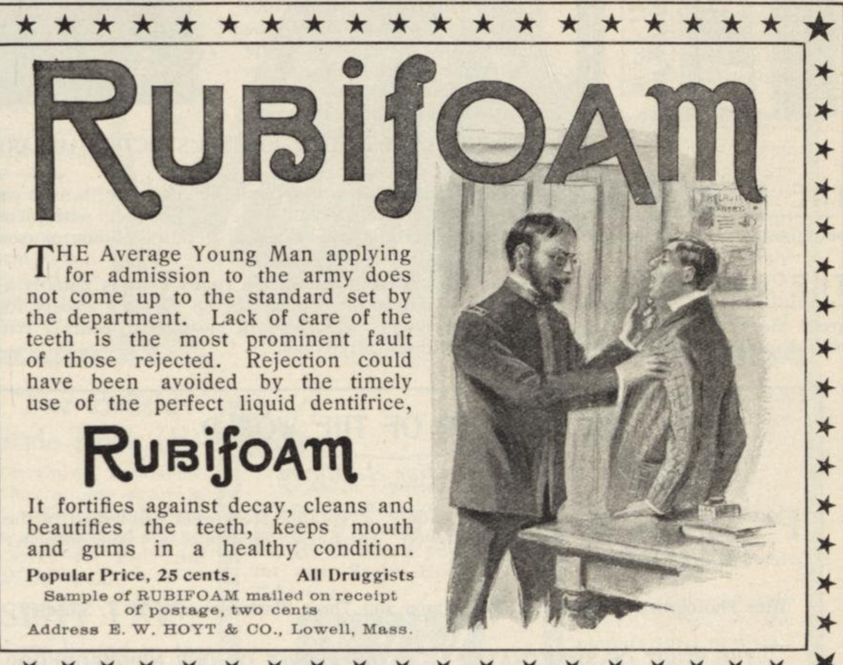
**Growing Plants.** If your bed is within a yard of a large tree it is not at all to be wondered at that you did not succeed in making plants grow there. The roots of the tree draw all the nutriment from the soil. The only way in which you can grow plants there is by keeping them in pots or boxes, as this will prevent the tree-roots from getting at the soil contained in them.

**The Umbrella Plant.** The proper name of this plant is Cyperus. The variety usually grown is *Alternis folius*. It is a semi-aquatic, and should be given a good deal of water. As soon as the old leaves begin to turn brown, cut them off. I would not advise trying to grow this plant in water-tight jars. To secure the requisite amount of moisture at the roots I would apply water more frequently than to ordinary plants—say daily, or oftener, if the room in which the plant is kept is very warm.

**Care of Palms.** Water only when the soil appears dry on the surface, then give enough to thoroughly saturate all the soil in the pot. Be governed by this rule, and not by any period of time. Sometimes a plant will dry out in a day. Sometimes not for a week. Therefore, do not have any stated times for applying water, but let the appearance of the soil govern you in the matter. A temperature of seventy degrees by day and sixty-five degrees by night will suit most varieties. The "little and often" plan of watering is a very poor one.

**Heliotropes.** This favorite flower likes a good deal of sunshine and considerable warmth, and the soil must never be allowed to get dry. Neither must it be kept so moist as to bring about souring. To avoid these dangers see that the plant has the best of drainage. Then water can be given in liberal quantities daily, and there will be no danger from over-watering. If allowed to get dry, or if the roots are injured by excessive moisture, the plant will almost surely drop its foliage, or the leaves will turn brown at the tips. Nor must the plant be allowed to become pot-bound if you want to grow it in perfection. Shift from time to time, as the roots fill the old pots. A good compost for it is made up of garden loam and sand, using enough of the latter to make the mixture friable. Do not attempt to grow this plant in a window that is not sunny, and never try to grow it in a room where there is a coal-stove that allows the least gas to escape from it. Coal-gas is sure death to the Heliotrope.

**The Wax Plant.** I know of no method by which the Wax Plant may be made to bloom, but a reader of the JOURNAL sends me the following: "Any Hoya or Wax Plant over a year old may be made to bloom. This I learned from the late Peter Henderson. I have frequently tried it, and have never known a failure. The treatment is as follows: Withhold all water from the plant about the first of March, and do this until the leaves get soft and flabby, and lose their bright green look. No stated time for withholding water can be given. Much depends on the temperature of the room in which the plant is kept. It may be any time from three to six weeks. The owner of the plant must use his own judgment, but I will say that most persons usually give water too soon, as they fear the death or permanent injury of the plant. The Hoya will be found able to stand a good deal of this treatment, therefore do not be in too great a hurry to give water. When you conclude the time has come to end this part of the treatment, put the plant in the sun, and give water liberally, and in a short time it will take on new life and send out buds. As I have said, I have never known this treatment to fail, and I have not only tried it on my own plants but on the plants of my friends. I have one plant now in bloom—the second time within a year—the second crop of flowers being secured in exactly the same manner that the first one was." If the late Peter Henderson indorsed this plan—which is a new one to me—it would be safe to follow it, for he was one of our best florists. I would advise those having Hoyas which have refused to bloom, to try it.



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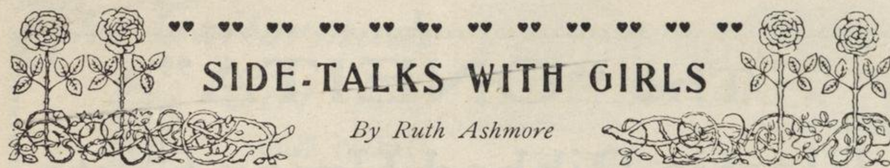


# SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

*By Ruth Ashmore*

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope, to Ruth Ashmore, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, will be answered by mail.
The titles of the answers obviate the need of initials or pen-names on this page.

**At an Informal Tea** or afternoon at home it would not be necessary for the hostess to wear gloves.

**Gladstone's Favorite Hymns.** The hymns said to have been the favorites of Mr. Gladstone were "Rock of Ages" and "Lead, Kindly Light."

**The Fashionable Belt,** for the winter as well as for the fall, will be that of white leather, closing with an ordinary steel buckle and eyelets, or where something more elaborate is desired with a fancy ivory buckle or one of filigree silver.

**Wedding Invitations** should be issued at least two weeks before the day of the affair. Announcement cards may be sent out one hour after the wedding has taken place if it be so desired, but it is usual to allow at least twenty-four hours to elapse before posting them.

**The Loveliness of Eve,** as described by John Milton, is claimed with justice to be a wonderful picture in very few words of a stately beauty. His description said:

"Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

**The Etiquette of Mourning** demands that a mother, after losing by death her two oldest sons, should pay no formal visits for at least one year. When the betrothed of a young lady dies within a few weeks of the time set for the wedding she would at least assume all black for three months if she did not put on mourning for one year.

**The Moonstone** is believed to be a lucky stone, and if any one is fortunate enough to have the first rays of the harvest moon shine upon it good fortune will come to him throughout the year. The opal is considered the unlucky stone, but if you will think a little it will be usually found that the bad fortune would have come anyhow with or without the opal.

**"Nothing to Do."** Of the poem to which you refer I only know two verses, while the name of the writer is unfamiliar to me. These two verses are:

"Nothing to do? Hast thou no store of gold?
No wealth of time that thou shouldst well employ?
No hidden talent that thou shouldst unfold?
No gift that thou shouldst use for others' joy?

"Nothing to do? Oh, look without, within.
Be to thyself and to thy duties true;
Look on the world, its trouble and its sin,
And own that thou hast much indeed to do."

**A Pretty Bathroom.** A sensible way to arrange your bathroom, since you feel that you cannot go to the expense of tiling it, is to cover every inch of it with oilcloth. Choose one that shows a design not unlike tiling, either in white and blue, white and deep red, or green and white. One specially good design shows a border that has the regular Wall of Troy pattern, while another has a vermicelli border that is at once simple and artistic. It is best to varnish the oilcloth thoroughly, and after that it will be found very easy to keep clean, and if possible it looks prettier and cleaner than the tiling. A big boy at home for the holidays can help about this, and you know, as I do, that he is never so happy as when he thinks he is a person capable of doing great work.

**The Four Marys** to whom you refer were the close attendants and friends of Mary Stuart. A quaint old poem was written about them, and much later there was an interesting historical novel entitled "The Four Marys," by Whyte Melville, interesting not only because of the romance in it but because there is also so much of truth. Indeed, after reading it one is apt to delve into both French and English history. The quotation,

"Last night there were four Marys,
To-day there are but three.
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton
And Mary Carmichael and me,"

is supposed to have been said by Mary Hamilton, who was not quite faithful to her mistress, and, I think, fled from the Queen.

**Skin Discolorations** are undoubtedly undesirable, but they frequently proceed from the general disarrangement of the system; therefore it is best to look for the cause, instead of the effect, before attempting a remedy, or the complaint may be increased instead of decreased. Taking it for granted that one's health is generally good, the following prescription to fade out skin discolorations (for which many of my girls have asked) was given by Dr. Eramus Wilson, the famous skin doctor: One ounce of elder-flower ointment, twenty grains of sulphate of zinc. Mix well and rub into the affected skin at night. In the morning wash it off with plenty of soap and warm water, and when the grease is completely removed apply the following lotion: Half a pint of infusion of rose petals, thirty grains of citric acid. Doctor Wilson says that all local discolorations will disappear under this treatment, and if the freckles do not entirely yield they will in most instances fade very perceptibly.

**Unmounted Pictures,** those pretty and interesting ones that sometimes come as supplements with the really good papers, the photographs that you do not care to frame and which are too large to put in an album, the engravings that have been picked up here and there, and especially the pictures cut out of old but good guide-books, may be arranged in a portfolio so simple that it can be handled by everybody without its showing the usage given it. Buy an ordinary portfolio, a good-sized one, with a strong back to it. Cover it with coarse gray linen, and paint on this in a floral or architectural design the word "Pictures." Let your pictures be loose, but mount those which are small or which have suffered in the least, and trim the edges of those that are ragged. It is necessary in time, because they are handled a great deal, to throw some of the pictures away, but there are always fresh contributions. Two portfolios filled with these pictures will entertain a party of young people an entire evening, giving them subjects for conversation and opportunities for *tête-à-tête* so that they will go home pleased with themselves and with each other.

**Fruit at Dinner.** When bananas are served at dinner the skin should be removed with a fruit-knife, the banana held in the hand, and small pieces broken or cut off and eaten from the fingers. Some very particular people put the banana on the plate after it has been peeled and cut, and eat it from a fork, but this is not the usual custom. Oranges are seldom served at dinner unless they are specially prepared—that is, with the skin taken off of them, the sections divided and made tasteful by some dressing or sweetening, and the seeds removed, in which case the fruit is eaten from a fork, as if it were a pudding, ice or fruit salad. When apples are served they are usually part of a fruit centrepiece, and should be pared, cut into small pieces and eaten from the fingers or fork as is fancied. Fruit stones may be removed from the mouth by the assistance of the fork, but it is in better taste to use one's napkin to conceal this act. Fish bones are taken from the mouth with the fingers. Care, however, is usually taken to leave as few bones as possible in the fish, since the general use of the silver knife with the silver fork has made it easy to separate the bones from the meat.

**The Host and Hostess** should sit at the head and foot of the table, rather than at opposite sides. The afternoon tea-table may with propriety be spread in the parlor before your guests arrive, and the tea be brought in when you are ready to offer it.

**The Title "Esquire"** has really no meaning in this country. In England gentlemen of certain standing, and, I believe, all lawyers, have a right to have "Esquire" after their names, but here, except as a courtesy, there is no reason for its use. It is in much better taste to use the title "Mr."

**A Personal Question,** such as you ask me, is rather difficult to answer, and yet it is one that has been asked me by very many girls. Personally, I do not think that any girl can be happy with a man who, during the time he is engaged to her, continually finds fault with her not only when they are alone but before entire strangers.

**Visiting-Cards.** When a card is received from a friend with "Second Saturday" engraved in one corner it means that she is at home on the second Saturday of any month during the visiting season. It would be advisable to call as soon after this card is received as is possible. If for any reason you cannot go, send your visiting-card by mail.

**Carving at Dinner.** In a household where there are only ladies it would be perfectly proper at an informal dinner to ask a gentleman to carve. As a widow, which is almost the same as being a married woman from a social sense, you may invite the gentleman who is an old friend of yours to visit at your mother's house, which is your home. In extending the invitation express a desire on your mother's part to meet this friend.

**China.** I should not imagine that any piece of china made in America, of such recent date, could be of great value. The ordinary blue ware made in this country is exceedingly cheap. The blue ware to which you refer is, no doubt, either Canton china or Delft; I cannot tell, from your description, which. If, however, you take the piece to any china dealer he will tell you what ware it is, and whether it is valuable. Royal Dresden is made in several patterns, and bears the mark of crossed hammers.

**"Pillars of the House"** was written by Miss Charlotte Yonge, who has written more than eighty books. Not long ago a number of her girl admirers, headed by the Princess of Wales, got up a collection to pay, not for a piece of silver, not for a diamond brooch nor a fancy bracelet, but for three free scholarships in good schools, to be called after her and to be given to the daughters of those clergymen who, like the rector in "Pillars of the House," were rich in faith and loving hearts but not too well off in the good things of this world.

**A Question of Etiquette.** Even if you are engaged to the gentleman it is not good taste, when you go into the city, to visit his office and wait for him until he is ready to return home with you. At the office you meet men with whom he has business, and of whom you have no knowledge, and these same men, remembering that they saw you there, and knowing nothing of your engagement, are the ones who are apt to speak unkindly of you. None of us can afford to think lightly of what the world says. In beginning a letter to a friend whom you are in the habit of calling by her first name you would write "Dear Katharine," whereas if your intimacy is slighter, although you called her by her first name, you would write "My Dear Katharine."

**Good Manners** are a social obligation, and a young man should never make light of them nor pass them over as unworthy of notice. The extreme manners of the fop are silly and unnecessary, but the way a well-bred man deports himself is always worth a young man's closest study. Good manners mean comfort for others and the recognition of little social rights, which to pass over is to degenerate. Etiquette books cannot instill good manners. One's deportment comes from within. Few men are born without an intuitive knowledge of what is wrong or right in deportment: it is simply experience that develops the quality. To be good-mannered generally means to have consideration for women, and that is a quality which young men cannot possess too strongly.

**The Word "Mother"** is, as you say, much the same in all languages. I will add a few others to the list you have given: Anglo-Saxon, *modor;* Persian, *madr;* Sanscrit, *madr;* Greek, *meter;* Italian and Spanish, *madre;* French, *mère;* Swedish and Danish, *moder;* Dutch, *moeder;* English, *mother;* Russian, *mater;* Celtic, *mathair;* Hebrew, *em;* Arabic *am.* Like you I am deeply interested in words and their meaning and classification, and I do not think you could find a more delightful study than this for your club. It is something, however, over which you will have to skim, since when you achieve a certain amount of knowledge you will find that, unless you are familiar with many languages, the study grows very wearisome or your ambition gets far beyond your ability.

**"Patience With Fools."** The little anecdote about which you ask you do not quote quite correctly. The old lady referred to has led in all these years an anonymous existence, and her name is not even given in telling this story about her when she was on her deathbed. Throughout her life she had always been so sweet, so amiable and so sympathetic that no matter what happened she always made the best of circumstances and was agreeable. Consequently she was dearly loved and had innumerable real friends. A day or two before she died her family physician could not resist saying to her, "Mrs. Jones, I do wish you could give me the secret of your happy disposition." The dear old lady made an attempt at a smile, and then weakly said, "Well, Doctor, I always had patience with fools."

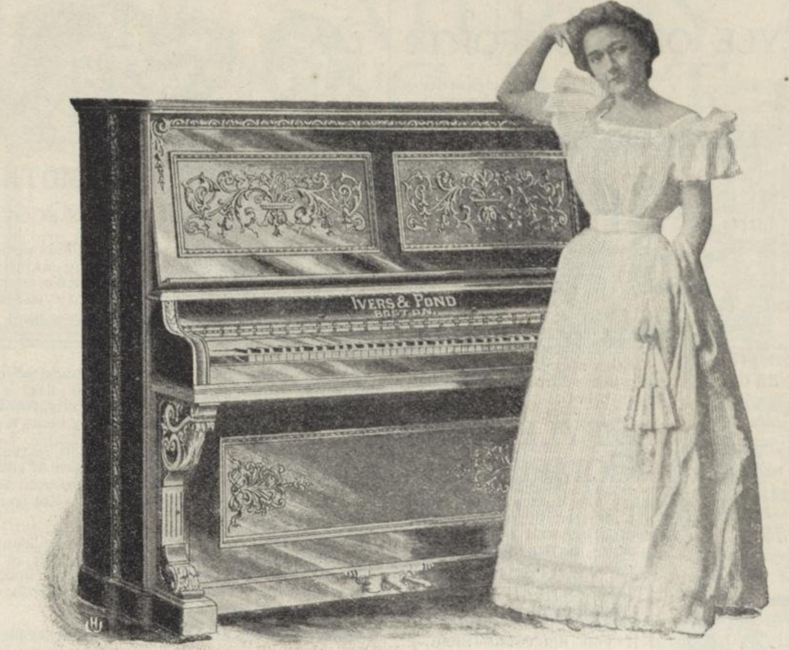
**A New Booth** for the fancy fair may be one wherein a specialty is made of selling, both for the toilette and the kitchen, wash-cloths, tooth, hair and nail brushes and the various toilet waters. It can be draped in pure white nun's-veiling and have letters of gold over the arch reading: "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Of wash-cloths there may be flannel ones, not having a thick hem, but button-holed or pinked to keep them from raveling. Then there may be bound wash-cloths of Turkish toweling, and specially fine cloths of damask about a quarter of a yard square. These may have a hem feather-stitched with heliotrope, pink, yellow, red or blue embroidery cotton. In one corner may be a monogram of the household initials, or some simple, suggestive little motto, such as

"My presence will be a warning
That you should wash every morning."

Another one might be gay with this little jingle:

"You'll use me freely, I hope,
And on me rub plenty of soap."

Both men and women will buy at this table, for it provides fun as well as useful belongings. By-the-by, I forgot the knitted wash-cloths, which are the delight of those people whose skins are not over-sensitive and yet who are fond of something that is first cousin to the flesh-brush.

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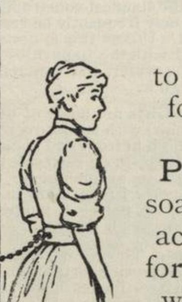


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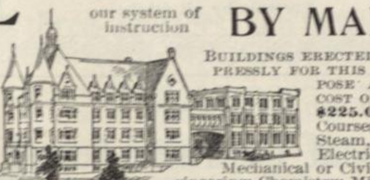

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# SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

**Bicycle Leggins for Girls** are made of canvas, corduroy, cloth and leather. The first are the cheapest, costing sixty-five cents a pair, the last the most expensive, two dollars and forty cents a pair.

**Silk for Baby's Socks.** One ounce, or two balls, of knitting silk is required to knit a pair of silk socks for a baby. It improves their appearance to lay a cloth over them and press them with a hot iron when they are finished.

**A Small Iron** adds much to the ease of ironing the yoke and sleeves of a baby's dress. It is almost impossible to do it with a large iron without wrinkling the tiny surfaces, while a small iron can be turned about at will.

**White Dresses** are the most satisfactory for baby's wear, even in the second summer; those in light colors soil almost as quickly, and fade in the washing, while a white dress is renewed in the laundry, and looks well as long as it is whole.

**Baby's Hammock.** The best hammock for a baby's bed is made with stationary sides, to prevent the child from falling out. The body is of striped duck; the cords are fastened to rings, so that it may easily be suspended indoors or outdoors.

**A Swimming Jacket** may be procured to fasten around the waist under the arms. It is made of cork or some similar material, and the support which it affords gives a timid child confidence in the water and makes bathing a delight instead of a terror.

**Little Girl's Hair.** A pretty way to dress a little girl's hair is to part it on one side, separate the upper hair from that beneath, and tie it with a ribbon opposite the parting. The ends may mingle with the other hair and be braided or curled with it if desired.

**Cake and the Teeth.** Cake is more injurious to the teeth of children than candy is. The crumbs lodge in the interstices of the teeth and do not dissolve as quickly as the particles of sugar. A silk thread should be passed between the teeth after cake has been eaten.

**Baby's Hat.** The corded wash hat, with crown buttoning on the rim, is still worn, and is the most useful for every-day wear for children from one to three years old. It is made of a fast-color chambray, pink or blue, or in white. The brim is edged with rickrack braid or narrow embroidery.

**Ironing-Boards.** The best material for covering ironing-boards is the thick laundry felt sold for the purpose. It comes in two widths, that a yard wide costing fifty cents a yard, and twice that width one dollar a yard. It is inexpensive, as the width serves to cover the length of the ordinary board.

**"Singing Verses for Children"** is a charming book of songs for children, with music neither too juvenile nor too difficult. "The Flag" is a patriotic song, exactly what you want. "Clouds" and "The Baby Moon" are delicate child fancies put into almost the very words a child would use in describing them.

**Sailor Collars** are much worn on shirt-waists by girls from six to fourteen years old. They are cut in square tabs or points in front and trimmed with ruffles of embroidery or bands of insertion. They are made of Persian lawn, pink or blue chambray, white piqué, white, pink or blue dimity, brown linen and fine gingham.

**Knitting Heels.** It is almost impossible to pick up the stitches in a woven stocking in order to knit a new heel in it, yet this is often the most satisfactory way to repair the heel. Cut it out neatly and crochet a firm edge around the opening. Pick up the stitches of this edge across the leg and knit the heel; after binding it off sew it to the foot.

**Corsets** should never be worn by a growing girl. A corded waist affords all the support that is necessary; even this should not fit tightly, as it is most important that undue pressure should be avoided. Muscles that have not been weakened by inaction are perfectly capable of supporting the body without being assisted by a steel framework.

**Colored Slips** look very pretty for a child of three or four under white dimity dresses. Make them of pale green, yellow, lavender, red, blue or pink Persian lawn or dimity. It is a yard wide, and costs twenty-five cents a yard. The yoke of the dress may be trimmed with Swiss embroidery, with baby ribbon of a shade to match the slip run through it.

**In Flat Foot** the arch of the instep is flattened. When the child stands the whole of the inner side of the foot touches the ground, instead of the natural arch being well defined. There is often pain in the foot. An arch supporter is sold that can be inserted in any shoe and sometimes gives relief. A surgeon should be consulted if there is no improvement.

**Bathing Suits.** Alpaca is the most satisfactory material for these suits. They may be trimmed with bands of white duck and a white duck collar added if desired. Those for girls look well made with a full waist and short puff sleeves. For little boys they are made in one piece, with a belt around the waist, sailor collar, short sleeves and reaching to the knee.

**Embroidering Initials.** Buy the three initials that you wish to embroider, stamped on transferring paper. Lay these on a piece of coarse Swiss muslin and press them with a warm iron, thus transferring them to the muslin. Place this on the garment you wish to mark, and go over the letters with a sharp-pointed lead pencil. You can use the muslin as a pattern again and again.

**A Filter** is a distinct source of danger to the household if it is not thoroughly washed every morning. Those of the simplest construction, where the filtering material may frequently be removed and renewed, are the best. Unless this is done the filter becomes impregnated with the impurities that have been filtered from the water, and contaminates the stream passing through it.

**Overalls for Little Girls** are made of denim (blue or brown is a good color) with straps over the shoulders. They are cut high in front and back, reaching almost to the throat, are open on each side to the hips and are wide enough to accommodate the skirts inside. They afford perfect protection to the clothing while the child is at play. A jumper may be added to protect the sleeves if desired.

**Length of Dresses.** Those for children of two and three years old are worn shorter than they have been, reaching about two inches below the knees. Madras gingham, lawn, percale and chambray are the materials used. A pretty design has a deep yoke of embroidery, coming to a sharp point in front and behind. This is edged with insertion and there is a deep frill of embroidery over each shoulder.


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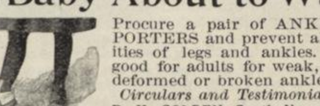

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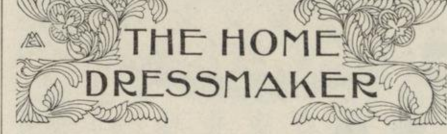

# THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

**Braid Trimming** around a waist should be about three-quarters of an inch wide, and in rows an inch and a half apart, sewed on with long stitches loosely caught. A tan belt would be neat to wear with a tan and white striped dress.

**Wedding Dress.** If the bride is middle-aged she should wear either a handsome visiting gown of lavender or gray, or a traveling suit of brown or dark blue. The visiting costume might be of taffeta silk or cloth, cashmere or poplin, and the headgear a toque. For a traveling dress a suitable one would be of cloth, tailor-made. With it may be worn a becoming silk waist.

**Demi-Train Skirts** are from fifteen to eighteen inches on the floor, and are worn on opera, dinner and reception gowns as well as elaborate tea-gowns. A full train means one resting from one to two yards on the floor, and these are only found on a few wedding gowns and on Court costumes. Regular trains are not worn in the street, but walking dresses are cut so as to touch, which is not a sensible fashion.

**The Fall Colors** for street wear will be golden and darker brown, bright French blue, medium gray and Russian green, also the new blue of a strong violet cast, which is of a range from pale lavender blue to a shade nearly as dark as navy, always keeping to the lavender-violet cast. For evening wear ivory white, rose, cherry pink, scarlet, lavender, blue of a violet cast, Nile green, yellow and cherry will be used. The yellow is a very delicate shade.

**Drop Skirts** are separate from the outside, except at the belt, and are now made by the best of dressmakers, but I would not advise you to try one for your first attempt at skirt-making. If you cannot indulge in the luxury of a silk lining you can use your four yards of taffeta silk for three ruffles and put them on the lining skirts so that they will come next to the outside of a drop skirt, or on an ordinary skirt use two dust ruffles of silk on the inside of the skirt next to the petticoat.

**A Limited Wardrobe.** Under your present circumstances you should have a handsome black jacket suit of serge, cravenetted, for the fall, to wear with fancy fronts, vests and silk waists, thus obtaining great variety with one street gown. Have a black hat with wings or quills and several bows of velvet or ribbon, matching in color the vests or waists. These may be changed and pinned in according to the front arrangement worn. Black will be very fashionable this season, both for day and evening.

**Elderly Women** of slender build are fortunate nowadays on account of the full, fluffy effects worn. A suitable basque has a tiny skirt piece at the back and sides, and a round front piece without darts, the fullness being caught in a cluster of plaits, with a narrow, loose vest beneath a square, tucked yoke, narrow belt of silk, small sleeves, and a silk collar in tiny tucks with a small lace frill across the back. Linen collars, as a rule, are not as becoming to elderly women as are lace ruffles of a creamy tint.

**Net Dresses** of a handsome design should not have gored skirts, but be drawn closely over the figure in front and on the sides, gathering the fullness left at the back. Three and a half yards is a very good width for the skirt. The scallops forming the lower edge should be finished with a narrow box-plaited ruche of black *mousseline*. The waist may be shirred around the neck, allowing it to bag slightly in front, and the sleeves have ruches of *mousseline* at regular intervals around the arms from shoulders to wrists. Over the chest the waist may be trimmed with from three to five rows of the ruches. Finish the gown with collar and belt of velvet or taffeta silk in pink, cherry, burned orange, turquoise, apple green or the new violet-blue shade. A black lining is the most useful. If the net is plain gore the front and sides, making the skirt four yards wide. Trim the lining with several ruffles.

**Fall Weddings.** "Making a Moderate Wedding Outfit," in the March issue of the JOURNAL, will give you lists of the dresses and underwear necessary, allowing a slight change in the selection for the season. Better have one street and one church and visiting gown of good material than four changes of cheaper goods. You will not tire of a well-made, becoming suit, but one made up cheaply in every sense of the word will soon disappoint you, particularly if your future home is to be among "well-dressed people." For the second evening gown have plain black net with two princesse slips of taffeta to wear under it, one of white and one of black. Thus with different belts and collars you can manage several toilettes. Transparent effects in black will be extremely popular this season. Cover the faded silk waist with black net or kilt-plaited *mousseline* fulled around the neck, and use the narrow jet you have for strips across the chest, forming a yoke, and finish with a collar and belt of velvet of the light blue shade of the silk. This will be pretty to wear with your black satin skirt, which I would advise you to trim with two ruffles on the edge of number seven satin ribbon; this will give it an up-to-date appearance, as the design of seven gores and four-yard width remains correct. The new silk skirts, however, you should have made with a twelve-inch shaped flounce headed with a stitched band of the same. You are wise in making over what materials you have, for new gowns are always to be found, while fashion is not always so kindly disposed as it is this season in the way of combinations of materials.

**Wedding Outfit.** The outfit described in the March issue of the JOURNAL will assist you, though your living at a fort will curtail the necessity of so many street gowns, but in any case the blonde bride will need one tailor-made Venetian or broadcloth jacket suit, dark violet blue, medium gray or bright Russian green, with a fancy silk waist to correspond, and a toque. Visiting and parade gowns of cashmere or poplin, gray, army blue, brown or dark blue, with skirt, waist and sleeves of the material; collar and belt of velvet, and a handsome yoke with epaulettes and vest of spangle, bead and silk embroidery. I note that you say "expense need not be considered." One large hat, feather-trimmed; jacket of beige, blue or green, according to gowns; evening wrap, a military cape, as described above; one light fancy silk waist, a taffeta shirt-waist, black silk skirt, one black net evening gown made up over black or white, one in lavender gauze or *mousseline*, a cashmere and silk tea-gown, afternoon gown of dark red wool, and a taffeta silk in medium green, blue or violet. For midwinter a fur coat will be needed, and if another wool dress is bought let it be a fine black serge. The sister will require much the same outfit, only a satin dinner gown, more hats for evening wear, etc., and a second church and visiting gown. A list of fall colors is given above. The bridesmaids may wear pink silk under white organdy or net, and pink velvet hats with black feathers. Rich embroideries and passementeries will be much worn. You will need about the same wardrobe for your visits, only some lighter weight wool gowns for Florida, but as you have plenty of money and want these elaborate outfits your better plan would be to put the entire buying and making in the charge of a city goods house, who will send samples, directions for self-measuring, etc.

**Short Stories and Sketches** Nearly one-half of each issue of the *Post* will be given to fiction. The stories will be selected wholly for their interest, variety and literary value, and not because of the name or fame of the author. Most of them will be written expressly for the *Post*, while those that are reprinted will be the most fascinating of the tales from all sources. Every story will be fully illustrated by the artists of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

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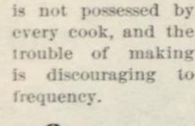

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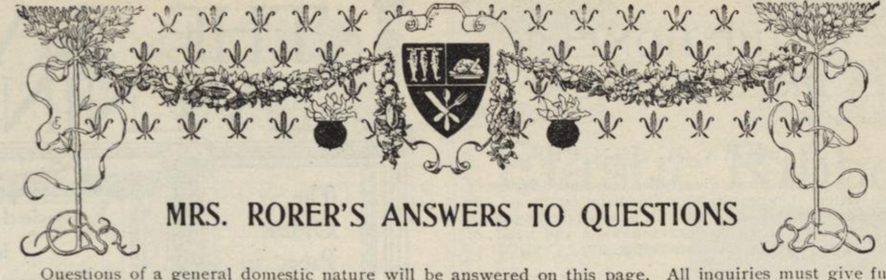

## MRS. RORER'S ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Questions of a general domestic nature will be answered on this page. All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope to Mrs. S. T. Rorer, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, will be answered by mail.

The titles of the answers obviate the need of initials or pen-names on this page.

**Pine Nuts** are the nuts from the small pine or piñon tree. They are also called pignolias, or piñon nuts, and may be purchased where nuts are sold.

**Portières.** The portières for your folding doors must correspond with the furniture and carpets, which you neglected to mention. Rope portières are very pretty.

**Beef.** The tough ends of beef may be chopped raw, made into Hamburg steaks and carefully broiled, or into little meat balls and baked in the oven in tomato sauce, or used for smothered beef.

**Caramel Sugar.** To caramel sugar, put it into an iron pan, stir constantly until it forms a dark brown liquid, and it is ready to use. If for coloring, however, an equal quantity of hot water must be added, and the whole boiled to a syrup.

**Eating Between Meals.** It is not wise to allow your little girl to eat between meals, even if she does come with a ravenous appetite to her dinner. Give her for the first course a bowl of clear soup; this will satisfy her for the time being, and give the stomach a better chance to digest the food that is to follow.

**Headache.** Cut off the starchy foods largely from the diet of your little girl who has the frontal headache. Her stomach, evidently, is out of order. Her fatness is no sign of health. Let her take a very light breakfast, perhaps a glass of milk, one-third barley-water, and a piece of whole wheat bread, well toasted. For her dinner a red meat, some green vegetable and no dessert. For her supper either bread and milk, cornmeal mush and milk, wheat granules or something of that kind.

**Cream Puffs.** Boil together two ounces of butter and half a pint of water; add hastily four ounces of pastry flour, and cook until you have a smooth, soft loaf. Take from the fire and add, one at a time, four eggs. Drop by spoonfuls in a greased pan, and bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes. When done, split one side open, fill with a custard made by thickening half a pint of milk with a tablespoonful of cornstarch, then add the yolks of three eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Flavor with vanilla and stand aside to cool.

**Stock-Pot.** I do not like the idea of maintaining a stock-pot. Begin on Saturday to save the bones from the centre of the steaks, carcasses of chickens, and roasts, keeping them in a cold place until Tuesday—ironing day—when you have a continuous fire. Put them in a soup-kettle, cover with cold water, adding vegetables, any pieces of bread that you may have, and the proper seasonings. Simmer gently for about four hours; strain, throw the bones away. Begin then to save the accumulation until Friday or Saturday. A stock-pot that is on the stove continuously becomes a little strong and has a flavor of overcooked foods.

**Caraway Cookies.** Weigh and sift one pound and a half of flour; mix with it one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; sift one pound of granulated sugar, beat until light four eggs, cream three-quarters of a pound of butter, measure half a pint of milk, and two tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds. Put the flour into a bowl; add and mix the caraway seeds; make a hole in the centre and put in the butter; cut lightly with a knife, until all is well mixed, then put in the eggs and sugar, and chop with a knife thoroughly until well mixed; then add the milk, kneading the dough, and set it aside for a few moments; then cut off a piece of the dough, put it on a floured board, roll it out half an inch thick, cut into round cakes, and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

**Oyster Cutlets.** Drain fifty good fat oysters; wash them by pouring over them cold water, put them into a dry saucepan and stir over the fire until they are cooked thoroughly. Drain, this time saving the liquor. Chop the oysters fine, measure them, and to each half pint allow half a tablespoonful of butter, one rounding tablespoonful of flour and a gill of oyster liquor; rub the butter and flour together; add the oyster liquor and cook until quite thick; then add the oysters and the yolk of an egg. Take from the fire; add a level teaspoonful of salt, a level tablespoonful of chopped parsley, ten drops of onion juice and a suspicion of powdered mace. Turn out to cool; when cool form into cutlets, dip in egg and then in breadcrumbs, and fry in smoking-hot fat.

**Jerusalem Pudding.** Cover half a box of gelatine with half a cupful of cold water; allow it to soak for thirty minutes. Whip one pint of cream to a stiff froth. Throw two tablespoonfuls of rice into boiling water; boil rapidly for twenty minutes; drain, and dry on a towel. Chop fine sufficient dates and figs to make half a pint. Turn the whipped cream into a pan, and stand it in another containing cracked ice. Sprinkle over the cream half a cupful of powdered sugar, then the rice, then the fruit, and add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Dissolve the gelatine, add it to the other mixture, stir immediately and continually until the whole is slightly thickened and thoroughly mixed. Turn at once into a mould and stand aside to cool. Serve plain or with whipped cream.

**Mock Pâté de Foie Gras.** Wash, scald and skin one calf's liver and lard it thickly over the top. Put it into a stewing-pan with two green onions chopped fine, two bay leaves, a blade of mace, half a dozen pepper corns, six whole cloves, a saltspoonful of salt, a lump of loaf sugar and a pint of stock. Cover the pan and cook slowly for three hours. When done remove the liver, cut it into thin slices, placing it on a long meat-dish; strain over the liquor and stand aside over night to cool. Next morning take one piece at a time, pound in a mortar; add another and another, adding, during the pounding, half a pound of melted butter, a saltspoonful of white pepper and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly, rub through a fine sieve and pack it into pots. Pour over melted butter or suet and put it away to keep.

**Care of a Delicate Child.** A delicate child should not be fed more frequently than one of robust health. In fact, the robust child would have greater power of endurance and could digest and cast off a greater amount of food. The delicate child must have time to grow, and while he needs both fuel and muscle food for development, it must be given in small quantities—in fact, just enough for him to digest and assimilate. More than this would clog the machinery and probably upset the child. Do not change the food at every suggestion. Seek out and consult a sensible physician and follow carefully his outline. The child born in a weak physical condition is likely to take twice as long to walk and to talk as an ordinary healthy child. So if your child at two years old does not walk do not be discouraged, but keep right on giving him massage, long hours of sleep, simple, easily digested food and an abundance of fresh air. Clothe him in warm, loose clothing. Do not let his shoes press his feet or ankles. Be careful not to tie his mittens or bonnet sufficiently tight to stop the circulation. Do not stand him on his feet if his ankles and legs are weak. Nature will tell the child when to stand alone and when to walk.

**Draperies** on the corners of mantelpieces and tables were never used to any great extent, unless they were exceedingly handsome.

**Pie Crust.** The reason why your pie puffs up in the bottom is because there is air underneath the crust in the plate. Prick it with a fork and line the plate carefully.

**Cocoanut Candy.** The cocoanut candy to which you refer is made by adding grated cocoanut to fondant and dropping it by tablespoonfuls on a slab or paper. The pink comes from the addition of a few drops of cochineal.

**A Red Nose** comes sometimes from indigestion, but more frequently from lack of circulation. Loosen your corsets or take them off entirely. Bathe frequently, eat slowly, masticating your food thoroughly, and omit the acids that you have been using.

**Ginger Bread.** The receipt sent would be put together in the following way: heat eight ounces of treacle; add to it six ounces of butter; mix six ounces of sugar with one ounce of ginger, one ounce of lemon peel and one pound of flour; add a small teaspoonful of dissolved bicarbonate of soda to the molasses and butter, and then add these to the dry ingredients. Bake in a shallow pan in a slow oven.

**Care of the Teeth.** The phosphates of the whole wheat bread will, no doubt, help to build up the bone structure. The cause of the decay in your teeth may be from the food, or from lack of proper attention. Brush your teeth in the morning with a little bicarbonate of soda water, or you may rub the teeth with bicarbonate of soda, rinsing the mouth. Brush them the last thing before you go to bed, with the soda. Do not eat severe acids, such as vinegar, pickles or acid fruits. Use whole wheat bread three times a day. A diet of beef, milk or eggs would be good for you if your teeth are inclined to decay.

**Crackers.** Hard, well-baked crackers are not indigestible. Crisp, flaky crackers might not be extremely indigestible, but do not use them for their food value. Do not confound the two conditions. I should not give crackers to children. Give them only wheat bread made in bread sticks well baked. Yeast does not make bread digestible; on the contrary, it rather retards its digestion. Hard, well-baked, unleavened bread contains greater food value than wheat bread made from either yeast or baking powder. The hardness makes mastication necessary, consequently gives it a greater food value. The softer the bread the less it requires mastication, and the longer it takes to digest.

**Custards.** The custards to which you refer are not made from molasses, but from melted sugar. Put six tablespoonfuls of sugar into an iron saucepan, and when melted pour it into the bottom of six ordinary custard-cups; this will look like dark brown molasses. Beat three eggs, without separating, until light; add three tablespoonfuls of sugar; add a teaspoonful of vanilla and a cup and a half of milk. Put this mixture in the cups on top of the caramel, put the cups in a baking-pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen or twenty minutes until they are set; take from the oven, loosen the edges with a knife, and turn each custard out on its individual dish. The caramel in the bottom of the cup will melt, forming the brown sauce for custard.

**Nervous Prostration.** Food rich in phosphates, even if taken in large quantities, will not prevent nervous prostration. This disease comes to people who are, as a rule, illy fed and overworked, or to another class who are overfed and take but little exercise. What you want is an easily digested, nutritious dietary—not more food, but probably less. Where a person gains flesh and loses strength he cannot be using the proper sort of food. I am quite confident that, in cases of nervous prostration, if people would go entirely without breakfast—which probably would be difficult for two or three days—and then take two comfortable meals, they would soon gain their strength. The majority of persons in this class use up all the strength given for daily work in digesting food.

**Stewed Celery.** You certainly must pour the water from the celery before pouring the cream sauce over it. You can make the sauce from this water. After the celery has stewed and is perfectly tender, put a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour into a saucepan and add half a pint of the water in which the celery was boiled. Now drain your celery and pour this sauce over it; season and serve. Salsify may be boiled in water and served in cream sauce in the same way. A better way to stew celery is to cut sufficient celery to make a quart; pour over a pint of water; allow this to steam until tender; by that time the water will have evaporated. Then add a teaspoonful of salt to the celery when put over the fire. Take a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour; mix and add half a pint of milk; stir until boiling and add a dash of pepper; turn the celery into a heated dish, pour over the sauce and serve.

**Cinnamon Bun.** Beat two eggs without separating them. Pour into one pint of scalded milk; add two ounces of butter. When the mixture is lukewarm add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a yeast cake, dissolved, and add sufficient flour to make a soft dough, which knead lightly. Put this into a bowl, cover and stand in a warm place for three hours. Turn this out carefully on a board, and without kneading roll it out in a thin sheet. Spread it lightly with butter. Sprinkle about two-thirds of a cup of sugar, then add two or three tablespoonfuls of currants, and dust over powdered cinnamon. Roll in a long roll. Cut into biscuits about an inch and a half long. Stand them in a greased, round pan, rather crowding them. Cover and stand for an hour and a half. Bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. Turn from the pan while hot. The sticky mixture that covers the buns is made by the melting of the sugar and butter in the baking.

**Man's Higher Diet.** I fully agree with my correspondent that the ideal meal is one properly proportioned from the vegetable world, and I can fully understand how a family, born vegetarians for three generations, will be more robust and less nervous than the ordinary meat-eater. On the other hand, the American people are born meat-eaters and cannot, as a class, change their digestive viscera and accept a purely vegetable diet. Mothers who feel that their offspring would be better if they would follow a vegetable diet during pregnancy frequently produce illy developed children. A radical change in diet cannot be made without serious results. Even if a person is following an unnatural line of diet, the change must come gradually. Nuts contain some nitrogen, but they are truly carbonaceous food, so I doubt if they will in any way take the place of meat. Use them in place of butter, cream or olive oil, but depend upon the grains, such as whole wheat, oatmeal and corn well cooked, with peas, beans and lentils, for your supply of nitrogen.

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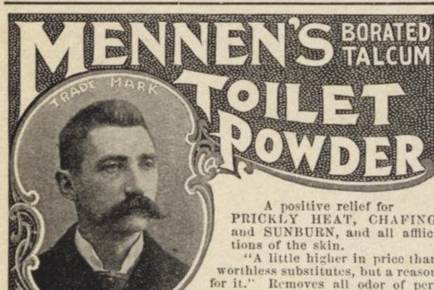


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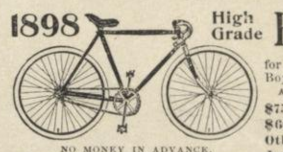


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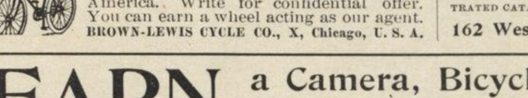


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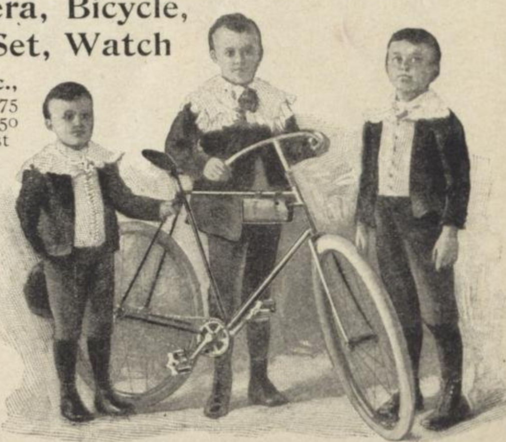

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