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# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

16Walms  
Lettie M  
Laramie Wyo  
#2



JANUARY 1902

TEN CENTS

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA

*Blendon R Campbell*

DRAWN BY BLENDON R. CAMPBELL

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The Star Monthly wants names and addresses of bright boys between 12 and 20 years of age. We want to get them interested in our 32-page illustrated magazine of boys' stories, which now has a circulation of 100,000 copies monthly, although only 8 years old. The subscription price is fifty cents, but if you will send us five boys' names and addresses plainly written and five 2-cent stamps, or 10 cents in silver, we will enter you as a subscriber fully paid for six months in advance. Address

The Star Monthly  
Oak Park, Illinois



## The Saturday Evening Post's Home College Course

Thousands of young men and women, who have not been able to go to college, are anxious to improve their education at home, that they may broaden their lives and increase their chances of advancement. Haphazard reading will not do this for them, but reading along right lines and under proper direction will. To meet their needs, the editors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, assisted by competent educators, have planned a new department, which will appear in the magazine regularly during 1902, and be called A Home College Course. It will unfold, from week to week, a clear, simple, comprehensive plan of self-education. The President of one of our great universities will give the directions for home study. Every course will be mapped out and explained by a professor who has made that study his life specialty. The faculties of all our great universities are being drawn on for these men. The courses will be so arranged that you can take up one or all of them.

By Subscription, \$1.00 the Year

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



### An Explanation from the Editor

SOME of our readers find it difficult to understand why, in the case of the "Question Box," and the "Prize Photographs" series, we do not announce the winners of one month in the next issue. The explanation is simple: Take the question in this issue, to which answers may be sent until January fifteenth. By that time we shall be almost ready to mail the February number to subscribers, since it must be in everybody's hands ten days later—January twenty-fifth. By January fifteenth, too, the editors' work on the March number will be completed, so THE JOURNAL leaves the hands of the editors nearly two months before it reaches the subscribers.

Some were inclined to criticise us because no mention was made in this magazine of the assassination of President McKinley. The President died on September fourteenth. The first subsequent number was the October issue, which left the editors' hands August fifth—nearly six weeks prior to the President's death. The November issue was virtually completed before he was shot. The first number, therefore, in which the event could have been referred to was the December number. What would have remained at that time for us to say? Would it have been pleasant to recount so tragic an event at the festive Christmas season? Besides, the sentiments of the house which publishes THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL were fully expressed in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

With an edition of 900,000 copies certain things are impossible. A large circulation has disadvantages in some ways. But if THE JOURNAL did not have the income which this edition insures we could not give our readers the costly magazine that they get to-day.

### About Ernest Thompson Seton

IT HAS been asked: "How is Ernest Thompson Seton to be an editor of THE JOURNAL and yet live the free life of the naturalist, which is so essential to his work?" The reply is that an editorship in Mr. Seton's case does not mean being tied to a desk in the Philadelphia office. That would be like putting a grizzly into a swallow-tail and patent-leather pumps. Mr. Seton is still to live in the woods if he chooses, being guided solely by his own bent. In other words, he is to be just what he has been; but to millions of readers of a magazine, instead of to 100,000 readers of a book, as heretofore. He will be left free in order to keep his work fresh. From wherever he may be his work for THE JOURNAL will be sent.

### Awards of Prizes for Photographs

List of Winners in The Journal's \$900 Contest

#### Pretty Garden Series

- \$100.00 First Prize  
To C. M. Miller, Chicago, Illinois
- \$75.00 Second Prize  
To Dr. G. W. Otto, Santa Barbara, California
- \$50.00 Third Prize  
To Henry Troth, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
- \$25.00 Fourth Prize  
To Harry Renzelman, Allegheny, Pennsylvania
- \$10.00 Fifth Prizes  
To Mrs. H. B. Wright, Dayton, Ohio  
Dr. G. W. Otto, Santa Barbara, California  
W. R. McDowell, Germantown, Pennsylvania  
Henry Troth, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (2)

#### \$5000 Country Home Series

- \$100.00 First Prize  
To Walter A. Wood, Honesdale, Pennsylvania
- \$75.00 Second Prize  
To Mrs. Milton L. Cushing, Fitchburg, Mass.
- \$50.00 Third Prize  
To George P. Lawrence, Boston, Massachusetts
- \$25.00 Fourth Prize  
To Guy A. Brackett, Excelsior, Minnesota
- \$10.00 Fifth Prizes  
To L. B. Valk, Los Angeles, California  
Mrs. Inda W. Fugette, Monteagle, Tennessee  
Mrs. John S. Montgomery, New York City  
Miss Catherine Hill, Niverville, New York  
Frank W. Biddle, Knoxville, Tennessee

#### General Outdoor Series

- \$100.00 First Prize  
To Henry Troth, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
- \$75.00 Second Prize  
To C. F. Darling, Worcester, Massachusetts
- \$50.00 Third Prize  
To George Buttler, Worcester, Massachusetts
- \$25.00 Fourth Prize  
To F. E. Coombs, Natick, Massachusetts
- \$10.00 Fifth Prizes  
To George C. Blakslee, Rock Island, Illinois  
Arthur L. Howland, Lynn, Massachusetts  
William M. Christie, Lemont, Illinois  
Frances Thompson, San Francisco, California  
Henry Troth, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

### The Story of This Month's Cover

THE cover design this month takes us back to the old Puritan days when the paths that led to the humble church wound through the bleak forests which had not yet felt the keen edge of the woodsman's axe. In this case the artist has idealized the scene, which tells the story of the gentle Puritan maid whose way to the house of God had to be watched and guarded by the sturdy brother or faithful friend, lest the Indians or the wild beasts harm her.

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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EDITED BY EDWARD BOK



### About the Puzzles

WHEN we inserted "THE JOURNAL'S Amusing Puzzles" in the November number we did so in the best of faith after first seeking what we believed to be and accepted as authoritative advice. Upon the publication of the issue, however, we received official notice from the Post-Office Department at Washington that the matter published was in violation of the United States lottery law, which prohibits the publication in any periodical, or the distribution through the United States mails, of any printed matter in which the element of chance forms a part. The matter was taken up immediately with the authorities at Washington and gone over in detail. But no other construction of the law was possible. We were not only prohibited from making the prize awards, but as any correspondence appertaining to the puzzles would necessarily refer to what had been held to be a lottery, and therefore be considered by the Post-Office officials to be unmailable matter under the law, we did not feel that we could even send a notification to the readers who had sent us solutions of the puzzles. We have been practically unable to do anything previous to this announcement.

Meantime, the December issue of THE JOURNAL had gone to press with a second series of puzzles, and more than 200,000 copies of that issue had already left our hands. The balance of the edition that had been printed was immediately held and a "supplement notice" quickly inserted withdrawing the puzzle page in that issue, and in that part of the edition which remained to be printed another article was substituted for the puzzles.

Naturally, the regret of this company can easily be understood to be great at this unfortunate interruption of a "feature" which was entered into with such entire good faith.

### The New Puzzles In This Issue are All Right

All element of chance has been removed from this new series, and the idea has been officially passed upon and approved by the Post-Office Department at Washington. So, there will be no repetition of the previous hitch, and all THE JOURNAL lovers of puzzles can prepare for a succession of jolly puzzles with no end of fun and opportunities for clever ingenuity in store for them. The November puzzles we shall not repeat—at least, not now. But in this issue we give the puzzles originally intended for the December issue, and invite all our readers to send in their answers at any time between January 6 and January 9—not later. Here they are, as fresh as if they were made especially for this issue.

### The Journal's New Romance

JUST a word about a new story which will begin in THE JOURNAL next month. "Those Days in Old Virginia" is the title, and Miss Laura Spencer Portor the author. She is a Southerner, and her story is of the South—the South of the "old days," when the great families traveled to Richmond in their crested carriages, and when chivalry came as near reigning as it ever did this side the sea. The heroine is a Virginia girl, and of course there is love in the story—just a thread connecting the beautiful descriptions of that romantic life. Mr. W. L. Taylor went down to Virginia to get material for the illustrations. He caught the spirit of it all, and his pictures are exquisite.

### Another New Department

NEXT month THE JOURNAL will institute a new department. It will be called "Mothers' Meetings." Its motto will be: "Forward, But Not Too Fast." Every mother in the land who has known the criminality of the cramming system at school, or the evils of late hours for children, or has had any experience, the telling of which would be helpful to other mothers, is asked to make it known through this department. Only these conditions attach: each experience must be told in two hundred words—fewer if possible, and full names and addresses—not necessarily for publication—must be given. We want this department to be a real help to mothers. Help us to make it so.

### Pleasant Work for Women

ONE woman made more than \$2300 last year working for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. She did not have to work nearly so hard as many women, and it was pleasant work, and good for her health. It was the first money she had ever earned. If you would like to do the same work to us. We will pay you for every hour's work you do. You are sure of making money; how much, depends solely upon yourself.

## \$25.00 JUST FOR GIRLS

This month's contest is open only to girls. We will pay them for answering this question:

What would be the most attractive new idea, of any kind whatever, of direct interest to girls, that The Ladies' Home Journal could present?

Send your answer to Mr. Bok. Make as many suggestions as you like, but **don't use more than 100 words**. That is the limit. For the most satisfactory reply we will pay \$10, and \$5 each for the three next best. All must reach us before January 15, and contain names and addresses in full. Only the names of winners will be printed, not their letters. Be sure to address

*Mr. Bok's Question Box*

THE OCTOBER AWARDS WERE AS FOLLOWS:

- First Prize: Mrs. Reese Wilson, Lockhart, Texas
- Second Prize: A. B. MacKenzie, Vancouver, British Columbia
- Third Prize: Mrs. George L. Baker, Jr., Westerleigh, Staten Island, New York
- Fourth Prize: Mrs. S. Macnish, Berlin, Wisconsin

## The Fourth Taylor Picture

### "THE OLD STAGE AND THE TURNPIKE"

The narrow footpaths of the Indians were the first highways of New England. Then roads were made, and with the opening years of the last century came the turnpike and the lumbering stage-coach. The turnpike is yet; the stage and the wayside inn are memories.



"The Old Stage and the Turnpike"  
(The picture is twice as large as a page of THE JOURNAL)

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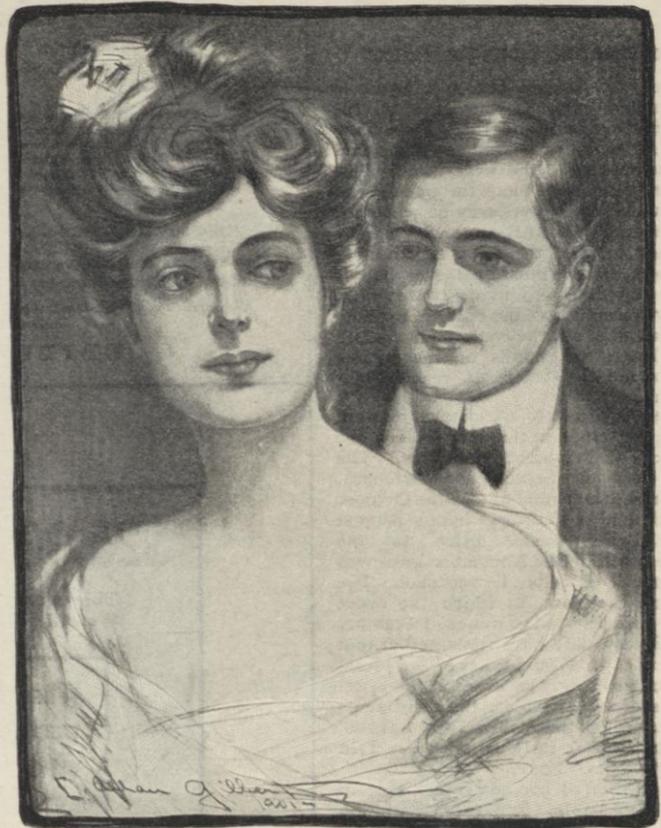
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## Elegant 1902 Art Calendar

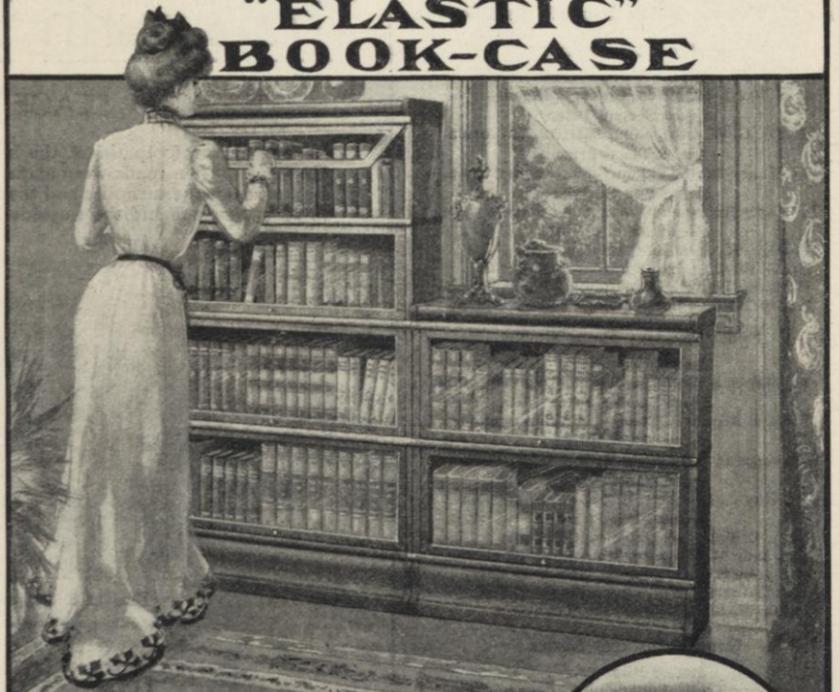
portraying "Popular American Actresses and Their Favorite Flower," all for \$1.00. This calendar is a fine example of American art painted solely for Leslie's Monthly by Miss Maud Stumm, the famous American water color artist. The calendar includes three sheets, each bearing the charming picture of a favorite actress. They are 12 3/4 x 10 inches, tied with silk ribbon, lithographed in twelve colors on heavy pebble plate paper.

Among the stories and bright special articles which appear in Leslie's Monthly are products from the pens of Nansen, Zangwill, Ballington Booth, Henry van Dyke, Owen Wister, C. G. D. Roberts, "Ralph Connor," Booker T. Washington, Frank R. Stockton, Mary Wilkin, Margaret Sangster, Conna Doyle, Stenikewicz, F. Hopkinson Smith, Ina McClaren, Hamlin Garland, Quiller-Couch, Bret Harte, Robert Barr and a multitude of others.

By subscribing \$1.00 NOW you receive the Art Calendar and 14 numbers of Leslie's Monthly. Specimen copy and illustrated Prospectus 10 cents, which amount will apply on your subscription sent to us, should you accept the above offer. **AGENTS WANTED. LIBERAL OFFERS. APPLY QUICKLY.**

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# THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 1902

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## The Foremost Women Photographers in America

A SERIES OF PICTURE-PAGES SHOWING  
WHAT AMERICAN WOMEN HAVE DONE WITH THE CAMERA

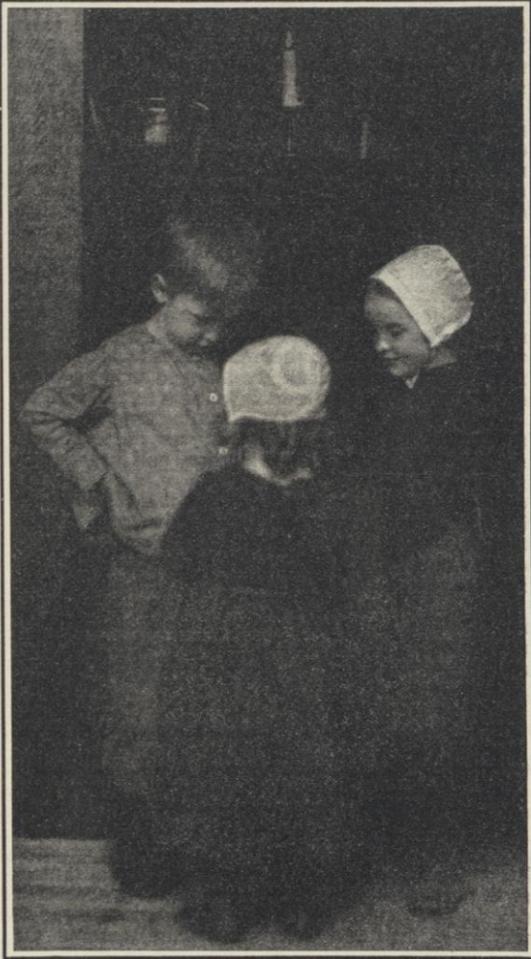
*Edited by Frances Benjamin Johnston*

**Seventh Article: Elizabeth Brownell**

A COMPARATIVELY new worker in photography, Mrs. Brownell is meeting with great success in the rich but hitherto almost untouched field of the art as applied to book illustration. Among the children of the poor she has found her most effective material, and with a sympathetic touch she fills her studies with much of the poetic pathos which is frequently the attribute of humble lives. Mrs. Brownell's photographs are the result of patient study. Her models are often first sketched in pencil for composition, and they are always carefully trained both for pose and expression.



ELIZABETH BROWNELL



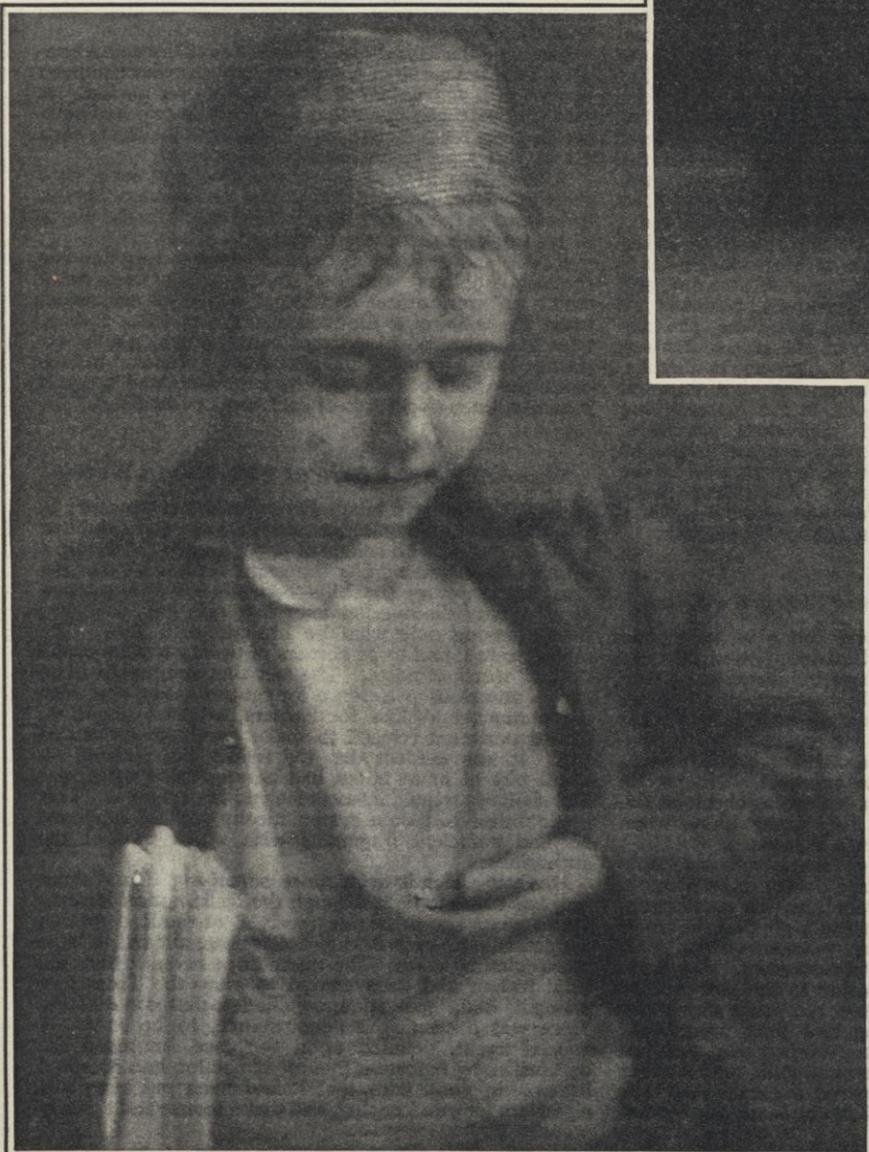
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# How Uncle Sam Guards His Millions

By John Elfreth Watkins, Jr.



UNCLE SAM has no spying system over the makers and keepers of his vast millions of dollars. Yet, of the \$45,000,000,000 handled in the Treasury Department in the last forty years, less than a quarter of a million has been lost.

Uncle Sam's paper money has its birth in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington.

Here a corps of engravers cut its lines into plates of steel. Five hundred men and women are in one room. It is the largest printing office in the world. Here are struck from these plates the notes which we give the butcher and the baker. Each steel plate, when not in actual use, is stored away in a great burglar-proof vault to which only the highest officials know the combination. At the side of each printing press is a little indicator like a bicycle cyclometer, which keeps tally of every piece of paper money printed. Thus is Uncle Sam kept informed as to the exact number of paper notes of all denominations which leave his presses every day.

## How the Paper is Made is a Great Secret

IF THERE is any secret which Uncle Sam jealously guards it is the process of manufacturing the fibre paper upon which his money notes are printed. He pays a Massachusetts firm forty-three cents a pound for it, and this firm does its work under the surveillance of a Government agent. The paper is manufactured of the finest rags, cleaned, boiled and mashed into pulp. As it is rolled into thin sheets silk threads are introduced into it by a secret process. These are the distinguishing marks making imitation of the paper well-nigh impossible.

The sheets of paper, already counted twice and placed in uniform packages at the paper mill, are stored in a Treasury vault and issued to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing as wanted. Before leaving the Treasury they are counted three times more, and the receiving official at the bureau must receipt for them. Then the bundles are unwrapped and the sheets are counted twenty-eight times by a corps of women. This is to insure that each printer gets the recorded number—no more, no less. Before any employee of the division in which this paper is kept can leave for home each night he must exhibit to a watchman at the door a pass certifying that every fragment of every sheet passing through his fingers has been accounted for.

If one sheet of this precious paper be lost the entire force of men and women having access to the room where the misplacement has occurred are kept in, like so many school-children, to find it. Each sheet is issued from the vault for the printing of a definite amount of money upon it. If the lost sheet were intended to ultimately represent four thousand dollars' worth of notes the group of employees to whom the responsibility of its misplacement has been traced must make good that amount if they cannot locate it within a reasonable time. The most expensive loss which has thus occurred was of a blank sheet issued for the printing of eighty dollars upon its face. The employees of the last room to which it was traced divided the loss among themselves. Such losses have several times occurred.

Twenty-four times more are the sheets containing the printed money counted after leaving the presses. Then they are sealed in packages of one thousand, placed on racks in a drying-room of one hundred and thirty degrees' temperature, unpacked, thoroughly examined, smoothed in powerful hydraulic presses and packed in wooden cases. These cases are hauled to the Treasury in an ironclad wagon. Six guards, heavily armed, accompany this wagon whenever it makes a trip.

## Each Bill is Counted Sixty-Three Times

NO ATTEMPT to steal Uncle Sam's money while undergoing any of these stages of manufacture has yet been detected. As a matter of fact the money would be practically useless, for its printing is not completed until after it makes this guarded journey to the Treasury. There the finishing touch is added in the printing of the colored seal upon the face of each note. With the six sealing presses the same precautions are taken as with the two hundred and fifty big money presses in the other building. Each sheet coming from the former has a row of notes printed upon it. The sheets are put through small machines, operated by girls who cut out the individual notes. Even the small strips, falling like shavings from their machines, must be carefully collected, sent to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and there boiled into pulp. An employee found with even one of these ribbons of waste paper is liable to imprisonment for fifteen years and a fine of five thousand dollars.

Between these different processes the paper money has been counted and recounted six additional times. Finally the single notes are placed in stacks of one hundred with all of the blue numbers printed on their faces in sequence. They are then wrapped in paper, labeled, sealed with red wax and stored in the great Treasury vaults. Thus each piece of paper money now in circulation has been officially counted sixty-three times.

In our three mints, at Philadelphia, San Francisco and New Orleans, the system of accounting for the blank metal out of which the finished coins are stamped, of keeping tally on the coining machines' work, of counting the finished product, of packing it, of sealing it in cloth bags, of transporting it under guard, of counting it many times again, and finally of storing it away, is practically the same.

There is not a day in the year when any one of the seven great Treasury vaults does not contain in coin, bullion, notes, certificates or bonds sufficient to make you or me one of the richest of the world's multi-millionaires. The most capacious of these strong-boxes are in the basement of the Treasury. A large guard of men—mostly old soldiers—commanded by a captain and lieutenant, watch them day and night. These guardians are heavily armed, and they patrol their beats every quarter-hour throughout the night.

## A Suspected Plot to Rob the Treasury

THERE was once suspected a deep-laid plot to penetrate the Treasury vaults from without. It appears to have been the scheme of one man, and one man alone. He conceived the idea of tunneling through to the vaults from the great sewer under Fifteenth Street, which thoroughfare bounds the Treasury on the east. He was a Scotchman, and although arrested on very strong suspicion he was never indicted. It was late in the eighties when he was noticed to pay frequent visits both to the Treasury vaults and to the mouth of the sewer at the river's bank. He was arrested. In his room were found forty odd rubber bags a foot square, each with a valve nozzle through which it might be inflated. The theory is that he intended entering the sewer either from its termination at the river, or through a manhole opening into it from the park behind the White House. A detective went so far as to make the subterranean journey which he suspected the Scotchman of contemplating. He found that with a lantern and rubber boots the trip to the spot beneath the Treasury vaults was but three-quarters of a mile, and that in dry weather the drain water in the sewer was scarcely more than half a foot deep. Between the sewer and the vaults lay two feet of stone wall and twenty feet of earth. To dig through this would have been a matter of perhaps a month. Once penetrated, providing the measurements and calculations had been skillfully made, the robber might have gained access to millions of dollars' worth of coined and uncoined gold and silver, used and unused paper money. It was suspected that the rubber bags had been provided as a means of floating the sacks and bundles of money to the river, where, it is believed, a boat was to have been brought to bear the booty away. Whatever the details of his plot, the Scotchman was never brought to trial. When questioned he was reticent. There was no proof, only strong suspicion, against him.

## A Charwoman Guards Thousands of Dollars

THE most notable exhibition of honesty within the history of the Treasury Department was made by Sophie Holmes, a colored woman first employed forty years ago by General Spinner—then the Treasurer of the United States—as a temporary charwoman. One afternoon in April, 1862, while sweeping and scrubbing the floor of the issue division she found a package full of crisp thousand-dollar notes, which some careless clerk had neglected to return to the safe. She determined to stand guard over the treasure and to confide her secret to no one but General Spinner himself, who slept in the Treasury building during those troublesome war times. She swept the dust of the room into one pile, then another; scattered it about and swept it up again and again, doing thus to keep up the appearance of industry and to make the atmosphere of the room as uninviting as possible to the intruding guards who now and then sauntered in. From sheer weakness she finally fell asleep until past midnight, when, imagining she discerned a figure moving in the room, she groped her way to the valuable bundle, secreted it between two desks, sat upon it, and while continuing her vigil thus fell asleep again. About four o'clock in the morning she was awakened by General Spinner's footsteps. Although she gave the Treasurer a great fright he rewarded her with a life appointment as matron in the issue division. And he did justly. When the package was examined it was found to contain, some say, thirty thousand dollars; others, seven hundred thousand.

## Temptation to Steal Too Strong for Some

THE temptation to steal has been too great for several trusted Treasury clerks. In the early seventies the interest teller of the cash-room took to himself something like sixty thousand dollars. He was implicitly trusted. He was never called upon to show a balance until after the theft had been suspected. He took a little at a time during a long interval. He served a short time in prison, being pardoned out on some pretense. His crime wrought a reform in the system of keeping check on the Treasury employees. To-day they never know when they will be called upon to show a balance.

In 1875 another employee of the cash-room stole forty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, mostly in old Treasury notes. He deliberately took the small package containing them out of the vault, slipped the notes hastily into his pocket, went out to luncheon and gave them to a confederate who kept a restaurant. Suspicion escaped him for some days owing to the fact that an innocent employee had selected the same day of the theft to visit Baltimore. The real thief was finally detected. He turned state's evidence and testified against his accomplices—the restaurateur and another man. Uncle Sam never recovered a cent. Had this thief stolen new notes it would have been an easy matter to identify them.

## Employees Held Responsible for Mistakes

MANY attempts to steal from the Treasury have been made through its Redemption Bureau, whose function it is to exchange brand-new money for that which is old, worn and torn. A corps of women counters with deft fingers, and another corps of women inspectors with eagle eyes, scrupulously examine each old coin or note before certifying how much new money shall be given for it in exchange. They are trained to throw out a counterfeit on sight. If they pass one or make a mistake in enumeration they are held responsible for the loss entailed by the Treasury. After the counting occurs each pile of old paper money is sent to a little guillotine which cuts it in two lengthwise. One stack of halves is then sent to one division of the Treasury to be counted; the other, to another division for the same treatment.

Worn coin exchanged for new is sent to the melting-pot. All this counting is, of course, done to insure against the theft of even worn-out money.

Thousands of dollars are believed to have been stolen some years ago by one of these women counters who had worked for Uncle Sam a quarter of a century. She would take ten worn paper notes home with her and there cut and tear nine of them into pieces which, when pasted together, would make ten ragged or undersized notes, sufficiently complete to pass muster. The latter she would return to the Treasury, keeping the note which she had left untouched. It was detected that within three days she stole nine hundred and forty dollars in this manner.

Forty years ago an employee of the Redemption Division stole hundreds of dollars while serving upon a committee appointed to burn all redeemed money. Instead of throwing all packages intrusted to him into the furnace he would turn his back upon his co-workers, slip package after package into his pocket and return with them into the Redemption Division. Here he would substitute the old money for new notes of equal amount. Such a theft would be impossible to-day.

## All Mutilated Money is Redeemable

UNCLE SAM agrees to make good any loss or accident to good money which can be reasonably proven. For this purpose he employs in the Redemption Bureau several women experts—one to determine the value of burnt money, one to estimate the worth of torn money, another to detect counterfeit money. When their Newport mansion was burned the Vanderbilts sent a bundle of charred bills to the redemption office and the expert managed to identify more than two thousand dollars therein. On another occasion a package of ashes was received from a Missouri man who claimed it represented seventeen hundred dollars in bank-notes, placed in a stove for safe-keeping overnight, but forgotten when the fire was kindled next morning. Eighty per cent. of their value was identified and redeemed.

One time the Treasury redeemed a small fortune recovered from the grave of a supposed pauper who had been buried with the money hidden in a secret pocket. A man and wife who quarreled tore a bill in two and each sent a piece for redemption. Uncle Sam mailed to each a new note representing half of the original.

A workman in a silver factory who had let a note drop under his roller sent it to the Redemption Bureau imbedded in the metal. Uncle Sam sent him the worth of his lost note as well as the sheet of silver.

At still another time there came in for redemption five thousand dollars' worth of compound-interest notes which an army officer had found in use as ornaments upon the walls of a Sioux Indian's hut. The Indian, who had captured them from some victim, gladly exchanged them for some highly colored chronos. In such cases the worth of torn or otherwise mutilated notes is returned when two-thirds of each can be identified.

## Tore Off the Corners of \$22,000 in Notes

A PEDDLER from a small Pennsylvania town came to the Redemption Bureau six years ago and exhibited a pill-box filled with scraps of paper money. He told a pitiful tale of gaining fifty thousand dollars in speculation, of secreting the bills beneath his spring-house floor, and of discovering later that rats had devoured them, leaving only what he brought with him. The scraps were found to be corners of twenty-two thousand dollars' worth of notes. The fact that the rats had had such a voracious preference for centres alone, and such a pronounced dislike for corners, aroused suspicion. The department refused to make good the pretended loss. It was evident that the fellow had pinched off small bits of many notes, had passed these notes, and had similarly treated others received in exchange. This he doubtless had done systematically until he supposed he had sufficient fragments with which to fool the authorities.

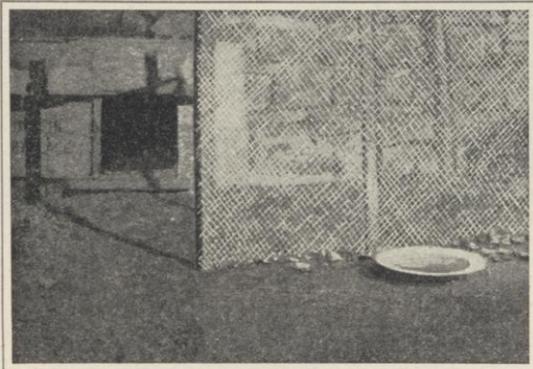
Honesty which is even more surprising than dishonesty has come to light through the Redemption Bureau. Some years ago there was received at the Redemption Bureau a counterfeit twenty-dollar note, alleged to have been eaten by mice. The microscope revealed that the little rodent had been careful to gnaw the Treasury's stamp "Bad," placed upon all detected counterfeits. Here was a suspicious circumstance, to be sure! A special agent, detailed upon the case, surprised the authorities by reporting that an old sailor had accepted the note in good faith, that it had been put away in a cigar-box for safe-keeping, and that a mouse had actually gnawed it.



# My Personal Experience With a Lion

By Rudyard Kipling

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



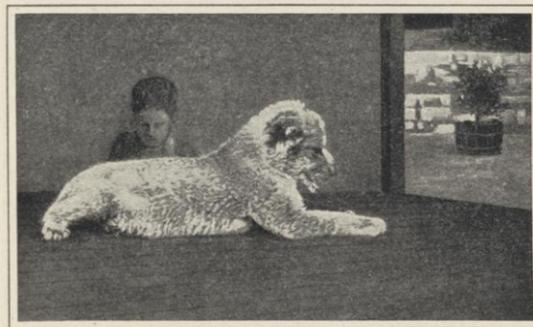
HIS OWN LITTLE DEN



OW this is a really, truly tale, Best Beloved. It is indeed. I know it is because it all truthfully happened; and I saw it and heard it.

Once upon a time there was a bad, unkind Mummy-lion called Alice, and she lived in a cage with her husband, Induna, half way up a mountain in Africa, behind the house I was living in. And she had two little baby lions, and she spanked one of them so hard that it died. But the Keeper-man in charge of the cages pulled out the other little lion just in time, and carried him down the hill and put him in an egg-box along with a brindled bulldog puppy, called Budge, to keep him warm.

Then I went to look at him, and the Keeper-man said: "This baby-lion is going to die. Would you like to bring up this baby-lion?" and I said "Yes," and the Keeper-man said: "Then I will send him to your house at once, because he is certainly going to die, and you can bring him up by hand." Then I went home very quick, and I found Both Babies (Daniel and Una,



AS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

they were called) playing on the stoop, and I said: "O Babies! we are going to bring up a baby-lion by hand," and Both Babies said: "Hurrah! He can sleep in our nursery, and not go away for ever and ever." Then Both Babies' Mummy said to me: "What do you know about bringing up lions?" And I said: "Nothing whatever." And she said: "I thought so," and she went into the house to give orders.

Soon the Keeper-man came carrying the egg-box with the baby-lion and Budge, the brindled bulldog pup, asleep inside, and behind him walked a man with iron bars and a roll of wire-netting and some picks and shovels; and they built a den for the baby-lion in the back-yard, and they put the egg-box inside the den, and said: "Now you can bring the lion up by hand. He is quite, quite certain to die."

Then Both Babies' Mummy came out of the house with a bottle in her hand—the kind that you feed very wee babies from—and she filled it with milk and warm water, and she



DANIEL USING THE DANDY-BRUSH

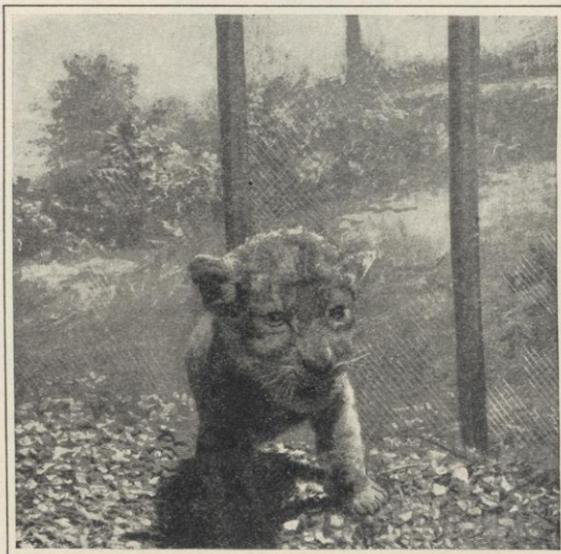
screwed down the rubber top, and she said: "I am going to bring up this baby-lion, and he is not going to die," and she pulled out the baby-lion (his eyes were all blue and watery and he couldn't see with them), and she turned him on his little back and tilted the bottle into his little mouth, and he moved all his four paws like windmills, but he never let go of the bottle—not once—till it was quite empty and he was quite full. Then Both Babies' Mummy said: "Weigh him on the meat-scales," and we weighed him on the meat-scales, and he weighed four pounds three ounces; and she said: "He will be weighed once every week, and he will be fed every three hours on warm milk and water—two parts milk and one part water—and the bottle will be cleaned directly after each meal with soda and boiling water."

And I said: "What do you know about bringing up lions by hand?" And she said: "Nothing whatever except that this lion is not going to die. You must find out how to bring up lions."

So I said: "The first thing to do is to stop Daniel and Una hugging him and dancing round him in the den, as they do now, because if they hug him too hard or step on him he will surely die."

This was 'splained to Daniel and Una; and they both said it would be a dreadful thing to kill a lion by accident, and they promised that they wouldn't do it if they could have Budge to play with.

Budge was a nice, frisky, little puppy, and he would always come out of the den to frolic; but for ten days the baby-lion only ate and slept. He didn't say anything; he hardly opened his eyes. We made him a bed of excelsior (that is better than straw), and we built him a real little house with a thick roof to keep off the sun, and whenever he looked at all hungry it was time for him to be fed out of the bottle. Budge tried to make him play, but he



HERE HE MATCHED THE BACKGROUND

wouldn't, and when Budge chewed his ears too hard he would stretch himself all over Budge, and Budge would crawl out from under, half choked.

Then we said: "It is a very easy thing to bring up a lion"; and then visitors began to call and to give advice.

One man said: "Young lions all die of paralysis of the hind-quarters"; and another man said: "They perish of rickets which come on just as they are cutting their first teeth." Then we looked at the baby-lion, and his hind-legs were very weak indeed. He used to roll over when he tried to walk, and his front paws doubled up under him, and his eyes were dull and blind. So I went off in a train to find a Trusty Taxidermist (this means a man who knows about animals' insides) and I found him in a Museum (curiously enough he was stuffing a lion that very day), and I said: "We have a baby-lion who weighs five pounds seven ounces on our meat-scales, but he doesn't thrive. His hind-legs are weak, and he rolls over when he tries to walk. What shall we do?"

"You must give him broth," said the Trusty Taxidermist. "Milk isn't enough for him. Give him mutton-broth at eight in the morning and four in the afternoon; you must also buy a dandy-brush—same as they brush horses with—and brush him every day to make up for his own Mummy not being able to lick him with her tongue."

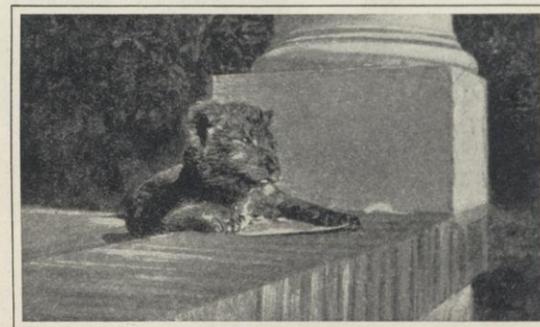
So we bought a dandy-brush (a good hard one) and mutton for broth, and we gave him the broth from the bottle, and in two days he was a different lion. His hind-legs grew stronger, and his eyes grew lighter, and his furry, woolly skin grew cleaner, and we all said: "Now we must give him a real name of his own." We inquired into his family history and found that his parents were both Matabele lions from the far north, and that the Matabele word for lion was 'umslibaan, but we called him Sullivan



HOW HE WAS FED

for short; and that very day he knocked a bit of skin off his nose trying to climb the wire-fence of the den. Then he began to play with Daniel and Una—specially Una, who walked all round the garden hugging him till he squeaked, and Daniel used to brush him with the dandy-brush.

One day Una went into the den as usual and put her hand into Sullivan's house to drag him out, just as usual, and Sullivan flattened his little black-tipped ears back to his thick woolly head and opened his mouth and said: "Ough! Ough! Ough!" like a baboon. Una came out very quick and said: "I think Sullivan has teeth. Come and look." We saw that he had six or eight very pretty little teeth about a quarter of an inch long, and we said: "Why should we give up our time to feeding this Monarch of the Jungle (that is a grown-up name for lion) every few hours through a feeding-bottle? Let him feed himself." In those days he weighed eight pounds eight ounces, and he could run and jump and growl and scratch, but he did not like to feed himself.



DEEP IN THOUGHT

For two days and two nights he wouldn't feed himself at all. He sang for his supper, like little Tommy Tucker, and he sang for his breakfast and his dinner, making noises deep in his chest—high noises and low noises and coughing noises. Una was very distressed. She ran about saying: "Ah, do please let the lion have his bottle! He aren't fit to be weaned."

Daniel, who doesn't speak plain, would go off to the Lion's Den, where poor Sullivan sat looking at a plate of cold broth, and he would say: "Tullibun, Tullibun, eat up all yo' dinner or you'll be hungry."

But at last Sullivan made up his mind that bottles would never come again, and he put down his little nose and ate for dear life. I was told later that Both Babies' Mummy had been out in the early morning and dipped her finger in mutton-broth and coaxed Sullivan to lick it off, and she discovered that his tongue was as raspy as a file. Then we were sure he ought to feed himself.



IN THE GARDEN BORDER

So we weaned Sullivan, and he weighed ten pounds two ounces, and the truly happy times of his life began. Every morning Una and Daniel would let him out of the den. He was perfectly polite so long as no one put his hand into his house; he would come out at a steady, rocking-horse canter that looked slow, but was quicker even than Una's run. Then he would be brushed with the dandy-brush, first on his yellow tummy, and then on his yellow back, and then under his yellow chin, where he dribbled mutton-broth, and then on his dark yellow mane. The mane-hair of a baby-lion is a little thicker than the rest of his hair, and Sullivan's was tinged with black. A man who had shot a good many lions told us that Sullivan was a "genuine black Matabele lion," and would grow into a regular beauty.

After his brush he would come out into the garden to watch Daniel and Una swing; or he would hoist himself up on the stoop to watch Both Babies' Mummy sew, or he would go into my room and lie under a couch. If I wished to get rid of him I had to call Una, for at her voice he would solemnly trundle out with his head lifted, and help her chase butterflies among the hydrangeas; he never took any notice of me.

One of the many queer things about him was the way he matched his backgrounds—just like the Leopard on the High Veldt. He would lie down on the bare tiled stoop in the full glare of the sun, and you could step on him before you saw him; he would sit in the shadow of a wall or slide into a garden-border and till he moved you could not tell that he was there. That made him difficult to photograph. I took one picture of him on a garden-walk just to show you what I mean.

Sudden noises, like banging doors, always annoyed him. He would go straight backward and almost as fast as he ran forward till he got his back up against a wall or a shrub, and there he would lift one little, broad paw and look wicked till he heard Una or Daniel call him. If he smelt anything on the wind he would stop quite still and lift his head high into the air, very slowly

till he had quite made up his mind. Then he would most slowly steal down wind with his tail switching a trifle at the very end. The first time he played with a ball he struck it, just as his grandfather must have struck at the big Matabele oxen in the far north—one paw above and one paw below, with a wrench and a twist—and the ball bounced over his shoulder. He could use his paws as easily as a man can use his arms, and much more quickly. He always turned his back on you when he was examining anything; and that was a signal that you were not to interfere with him.

We used to believe that little lions were only big cats, as the books say; but Sullivan taught us that lions are always lions. He would play in his own way at his own games; but he never chased his tail or patted a cork and string or did any foolish, kitten tricks. He never forgot that he was a lion—not a dog, nor a cat, but a lion, and the son of a lion. When he lay down he would cross his paws and look like the big carved lions in Trafalgar Square; when he rose up and sniffed he looked like the lions that a man called Barye used to make in bronze; and when he lifted one paw and opened his mouth and wrinkled up his nose to be angry (as he did when we washed him all over with carbolic and water, because of fleas) he looked like the lion that the old Assyrians drew on stone.

He never did anything funny; he was never silly or amusing (not even when he had been dipped in carbolic and water), and he never behaved as though he were trying to show off. Kittens do.

He kept himself to himself more and more as he grew older, and one day—I shall never forget it—he began to see out of his eyes. Up till then they had been dull and stupid—just like a young baby's eyes. But that day—I saw them first under my couch—they were grown-up lion's eyes—soft and blazing at the same time, without a wink in them, eyes that seemed to look right through you and out over all Africa. Though he had been born in captivity, like Alice, his mummy, and

Induna, his father, and though the only home he had ever known was on the slopes of the big mountain where Africa ended, we never once saw him look up the hill when he lay down to do his solemn, serious thinking. He always faced squarely to the north, to the great open plains and the ragged, jagged mountains beyond them—looking up and into the big, sunny, dry Africa that had once belonged to his people.

That was very curious. He would think and he would sigh—just exactly like a man. He was full of curious, half-human noises—little grunts and groans and mutters and mumbles.

Well, this is really the end of the tale, Best Beloved. He grew to weigh more than fifteen pounds when we had to leave him. We were very proud of this, and triumphed over the Keeper-man and the other people who had said that we could never bring him up by hand, and they said: "You've certainly won the game. You can have this Lion if you like and take him home and give him to the Zoo." But we said: "No. Sullivan is one of the family, and if he were taken to a cold, wet, foggy Zoo he'd die. Let him stay here where we can find him and talk to him when we come back. Let him have the cage near his mummy, where the Australian Dingo-dog lives, and next year we'll see if he remembers Daniel and Una and the feeding-bottle."

So they said they would do all those things, and we came away leaving Sullivan close upon sixteen pounds' weight, in perfect health with the beginnings of a beautiful mane.

I like to think of him up the hill in the sunshine, with his paws crossed, looking out north—always north, straight up over all Africa.

Oh, Budge, the brindled bull-pup? Before Sullivan was weaned a man took Budge away to make a real bull-dog of him. Besides, Sullivan needed all the house to sleep in.

## The Restless Woman

By His Eminence, J. Cardinal Gibbons

**T**HAT woman was created to fill certain well-defined places in this world no one familiar with her physical, moral and mental make-up can doubt. That many women of today show a tendency to think slightly of those privileges and responsibilities which have come down as the best inheritances of their sex is a fact which faces us on every side in this country of ours. It is more the case here than in any other nation, I regret to say. It has spread in the last few years like some great epidemic, until it has, to a distressing extent, affected the whole system of society and home government.

Modesty and gentleness, those two sweet handmaids of womankind, seem to have been laid aside by many, and masculinity and aggressiveness have been given their places.

The spirit of unrest has found easy victims in thousands of American homes, until the social condition which presents itself to-day, even among the best and most cultured classes, differs essentially from the standards heretofore held as inviolable. It is a sad and a dangerous change which confronts us. Its shibboleth would seem to be: masculinity is greater than motherhood.

I wish I could impress on American women the dangers that attach to such innovations. I wish I could show them, as they appear to me, the ultimate results of participating in public life. It has but one end—the abandonment, or at least the neglect, of the home. And when the influence of the home is removed life loses one of its most valuable guides, and government its strongest ally—indeed, its cornerstone.

You remember, perhaps, what a great General of ancient times said: "Greece rules the world, Athens rules Greece, I rule Athens, my wife rules me, and, therefore, my wife rules the world." Nor is the illustration overdrawn. The woman who rules the domestic kingdom is in reality the ruler of all earthly kingdoms.

As I have said before, I regard woman's rights women and the leaders in the new school of female progress as the worst enemies of the female sex. They teach that which robs woman of all that is amiable and gentle, tender and attractive, and which gives her nothing in return but masculine boldness and brazen effrontery. They are habitually preaching about woman's rights and prerogatives, but have not a word to say about her duties and responsibilities. They withdraw her from those sacred obligations which properly belong to her sex, and fill her with ambition to usurp a position for which neither God nor Nature ever intended her.

While professing to emancipate her from domestic servitude, they are making her the slave of her own caprices and passions. Under the influence of such teachers we find woman, especially in higher circles, neglecting her household duties, gadding about, at rest only when in perpetual motion, and never at ease unless in a state of morbid excitement. She never feels at home except when abroad. When she is at home, home is irksome to her. She chafes and frets under the restraint and responsibility of domestic life. Her heart is abroad. It is exulting in imagination, in some social triumph, or reveling in some scene of gayety and dissipation. Her husband comes to his home to find it empty, or occupied by one whose heart is void of affection for him. Then arise disputes, quarrels, recriminations, estrangements, and the last act in the drama is often divorce.

I speak the sober truth when I affirm that, for the wrecks of families in our country, woman has a large



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share of the responsibility. In so many instances she seems to have entirely forgotten, or purposely avoided, the place she is called upon to fill. She looks to material greatness in man as her guiding star. She wishes to do what men have done, and are doing. She enters this field, foreign to all her faculties and her strength, and seems to think she is living up to a higher standard than was ever before permitted to her kind. But if she stopped a moment to consider, could she find a mission more exalted, more noble or more influential than Christian wifehood and motherhood? That makes her the helpmate of her husband, and the guide and teacher of her sons and daughters, rather than a stumbling-block in the way of all.

If woman would only remember that her influence over a child the first few years of its life can have greater effect, and produce wider and more lasting results, than her whole life given up to walking in the ways of men!

Where are the men that have achieved triumphs and have not owned that the debt was largely due their mothers? What know we of the mothers of the world's greatest men, save that most of them were faithful to their holy station and true to the high privilege of motherhood—the most divinely sanctioned and the noblest of all earthly positions?

Christianity set its enduring seal on this Queendom in Bethlehem centuries ago, and the woman who seeks a higher sphere will not find it among men, or even in earth.

But the tendency of the times is altogether apart from such things. Women must be independent, and masculine. They must even indulge in all the sports formerly classed as masculine. They take to these not as occasional pleasures, but as constant pursuits. I see no harm in a woman's taking part once in a while in a game of golf, or any other outdoor exercise that befits her station. She is not to be housed like a plant, and never allowed the benefits derived from fresh air and moderate exercise. Any proper outdoor pursuit should be encouraged as an occasional recreation, but as a regular avocation it must be condemned. For pleasures that become habitual are no longer mere recreations, but serious occupations.

Then there is the woman who must join a club, or perhaps two or three clubs. These will require her presence or attention several hours of the day. How can she do all this and at the same time fulfill the duties of domestic life? After the labors of the day the husband rightly expects to find a comfortable home, where peace, good order and tranquillity reign. But his heart

is filled with sadness and despair if he finds the partner of his bosom attending a club, or neglecting her household duties for those of some semi-political or social organization.

There is another phase of this great question which presents a most dangerous aspect. When the home is abandoned, what follows? The substitution of flats and hotels as residences, where, instead of having a home in any sense of the word, women are merely escaping the responsibilities and the cares of domestic life.

But if domestic life has its cares and responsibilities—and what life has not?—it also has its sweetness and its consolations, its joys and its benefits, that are infinitely superior to anything that can possibly be obtained in hotels or flats. It is manifest that hotels do not furnish the same privacy and the same safeguard against questionable associations that are supplied by the home.

I am glad for their own sake that American women generally do not exercise the privilege of political suffrage. I regret that there are those among our American women who have left their homes and families to urge on their kind the need of suffrage. I hope the day will never come when in this land all women will be allowed to register their votes, save, perhaps, in municipal elections which come near to the home, and might, therefore, properly be influenced by those who should be responsible for the home.

Who enters the political arena is sure to be soiled by its mud. As soon as woman thrusts herself into politics and mingles with the crowd to deposit her vote, she must expect to be handled roughly, and to surrender, perhaps wholly, at least in part, that reverence now justly paid her. The more woman gains in the political arena the more she loses in the domestic kingdom. She cannot rule in both spheres.

The model woman is not she who takes up all the "ologies" and scientific studies. She is not the woman who is constantly seen and heard in public places, the woman who insists upon entering all branches of trade and commerce, and pursuing all lines of thought, who wanders restlessly through the world.

The model woman, thanks to Christianity, is she who is thus sung of in Holy Writ: "Who shall find a valiant woman? far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her. . . . She hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread idle. Her children rose up, and called her blessed; her husband, and he praised her. . . . Beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Proverbs xxxi.

American women, your husbands are the sovereigns of America, and if you be the sovereigns of your husbands, then, indeed, you would rule the nation. That should be glory enough for you. We are more governed by ideals than by ideas. We are influenced more by living, breathing models than by abstract principles of virtue.

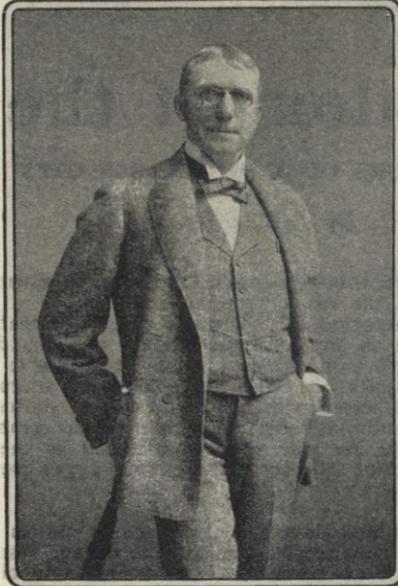
The model that should be held up to American women of to-day is not the Amazon, glorying in her martial deeds and powers; not the Spartan, who made female perfection to consist in the development of physical strength at the expense of feminine decorum and modesty; not the goddess of impure love like Venus, whose votaries regarded beauty of form and personal charms as the highest types of womanly excellence. No, the model that should be held up before you and all women is Mary, the mother of Christ. She is the great pattern of virtue, and all that goes to make the perfect woman alike to maiden, wife and mother.

# James Whitcomb Riley's "Home Folks"

By John F. Mitchell, Jr.



THE OLD RILEY HOMESTEAD IN GREENFIELD



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



WHERE MR. RILEY'S FATHER ONCE LIVED



"THE CRICK SO STILL AND DEEP"



"THE BRIDGE OF THE RAILROAD"



BRANDYWINE, "THE SAME OLD STREAM"

**G**REENFIELD, where James Whitcomb Riley's "home folks" live, is a thriving Indiana town, some twenty miles east of the State capital, on the old National Road,

"the main highway  
From East to West—historic in its day,"  
running between Washington and St. Louis. In the melodious verses of Greenfield's beloved poet the place figures as a modest little village, nestling cozily amid its native woods and fields, and teeming with hearts that throb in neighborly love and good-fellowship—a place where every one is content with the quiet village life and interests, and where "Howdy, Jim?" is uttered with heartfelt sincerity.

Such was the Greenfield of other years. The Greenfield of to-day, trim in its modern dress of up-to-date culture and metropolitan airs, is as different as is its popular poet from the barefoot country lad of former times. Even the Riley homestead bears traces of modern handiwork. But "Old Brandywine" is still "the same old stream"; and "the old swimmin'-hole," and the gnarled old trees, under which Almon Keefer used to read aloud from "Tales of the Ocean," are as they were long ago. The hearts of the "home folks," too, are unchanged, and each passing year only deepens their love and pride for the "Greenfield boy," who is still claimed as "our Jim," although he has lived for years in Indianapolis.

**M**R. RILEY often returns to Greenfield to see the "home folks," who, in his own words, are "jis the same as kin." Often, too, he revisits his boyhood haunts with them, spending hour after hour in happy reminiscence on the banks of the "old swimmin'-hole,"

"whare the crick so still and deep  
Looks like a baby-river that is laying half asleep,"  
or else in fishing or in wandering "up and down Old Brandywine," recalling how—

"In the days 'at's past and gone—  
With a dad-burn hook-and-line  
And a saplin'-pole—I swawn!  
I've had more fun, to the square  
Inch, than ever *anywhere!*"

Brandywine skirts Greenfield on the east. It is a small creek winding through woodland and meadow. Where it crosses the National Road it is spanned by "the road bridge," flanked on each side by "the old swimmin'-hole" and "the bridge of the railroad."

In the poet's rambles to these familiar spots, he is never so happy as when accompanied by such friends of his youth as Almon Keefer, one of his "big-boy heroes," or Captain Lee O. Harris, his old schoolmaster. Both are still residents of Greenfield. Mr. Keefer is connected with the oldest newspaper in his county, as he has been for forty years past. Mr. Harris, "schoolmaster and songmaster," as the poet has called him, lives near the old Masonic Hall where Mr. Riley's last schooldays were spent.

Of the two homes of the Riley family in Greenfield, the old homestead, "a simple old frame house—eight rooms in all," is yet standing; but the later home of the poet's father was burned shortly after his death. In the picture of this house is shown the poet with his father, stepmother, sister, brother-in-law, nephew and other "home folks."



"THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE"



THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD BRIDGE



AT THE BRANDYWINE FORD



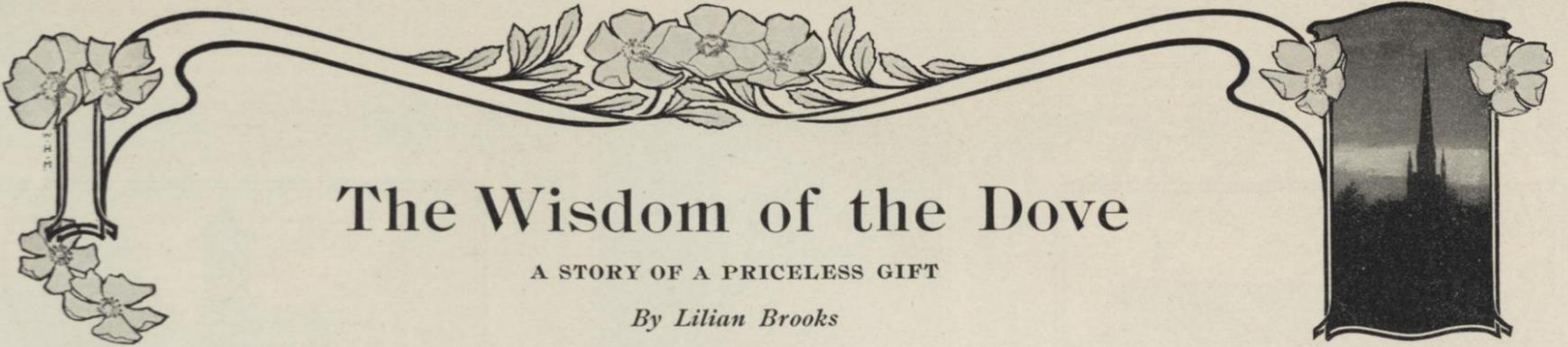
"AH, ALMON KEEFER, WHAT A BOY YOU WERE"



"UP AND DOWN OLD BRANDYWINE"



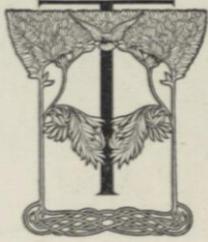
LEE O. HARRIS, "SCHOOLMASTER AND SONGMASTER"



## The Wisdom of the Dove

A STORY OF A PRICELESS GIFT

By Lilian Brooks



HE rector of St. Paul's and his wife were a contented couple. They were young and, in a material sense, poor, but they dispensed their sympathy with a lavish hand. No human soul in all the scattered little hamlet of Sahoma was so dull or so low that he found himself outside the pale of the rector's fellowship, or beyond the reach of Mrs. Ledyard's ministering hand.

The Reverend Cecil Ledyard was in appearance insignificant. Short, slender and with the scholar's stoop, he gazed mildly at the world with his short-sighted eyes, which seemed to carry in their dark blue depths a strangely wistful appeal for forgiveness for not seeing more. The extreme fairness of both skin and hair gave him a certain air of frailty, contrasting oddly with the depth and richness of his mellow voice.

In the pulpit the insignificance of his personality dropped from him as though it had been a mantle. Clad in the robes of his office, standing before his people as the teacher of the Word of God, master of a voice an angel might have envied, his inspired eloquence rushed forth in fiery exhortation or passionate appeal, holding his hearers spellbound.

One Sunday morning in early spring a woman entered the little church, and, seating herself, looked curiously about her. The windows were wide open, and through them she could see into bewildering masses of white cherry blossoms. The sunlight fell lovingly upon their dazzling purity, while an adventurous breeze scattered the white petals into little heaps of fragrant snow. The shadows of the gently swaying branches covered the bare wall with fantastic tracery, and the soft flutter of a startled bird mingled with the faint voice of awakening Nature.

The coloring of the church was warm, yet indistinct, and the twinkling flame of the two tall candles on the altar seemed like fingers pointing Heavenward. There was such an air of peace, an atmosphere of such pure repose, that Mrs. Arlington-Rivers closed her eyes and smiled.

"At last," she said to herself, "I have found rest." In dreamy pleasure she listened to the sweetly simple service, its beauties vivified and impressed upon her by the rector's melodious voice; then with quick, awakened incredulity to a sermon such as she had rarely heard anywhere.

"Whom have you with you to-day?" she asked of an old man standing near the door as she passed out of the church.

"Our own rector, ma'am," answered the man with a smile.

Mrs. Arlington-Rivers drove home in her perfectly appointed carriage, well pleased with her choice of a summer resting place. Enormously rich, worldly, and outwardly rather forbidding, she wielded the social sceptre which Fate had given her with an unsparing hand. Courted, flattered, beset on all sides for what she represented, rather than for what she was, she looked upon human nature with a scornful, half-indulgent cynicism, believing not greatly in any man, and in women not at all.

Her only daughter, whom she had rigorously instructed in the tenets and traditions of her world, had married, at the close of the season, a great nobleman, and Mrs. Arlington-Rivers, triumphant yet infinitely weary, had closed her own establishments, and, turning her back upon the world, retired to the forgotten little village of Sahoma. Nevertheless, mechanically, she had brought her state with her, and the clanking chains of her carriage, as she drove through the narrow streets or the quiet country roads, flaunted their incongruity.

To the Rev. Cecil Ledyard Mrs. Arlington-Rivers's arrival was not a source of unmixed joy. He was of the world, although not in it, and he knew the immensity of her wealth and power, and dreaded it. He saw his quiet little village a "summer place"; the hordes of pleasure-loving, money-spending, irresponsible society people changing the simple thriftiness of the natives into greed, their inherent independence into insolence. To his wife he spoke of none of these things, doubting if she would understand.

Born in a manufacturing town and educated at a woman's college, Martha Ledyard was a strange mixture of personal beauty, cultivation and provincialism. Her features were small and regular, with a glorifying crown of golden-red hair, which she wore parted and drawn into a Grecian knot in the middle of her head. Above her brow she often wore a golden fillet, which gave the final touch to a head most exquisitely classic. The square, almost ungainly, lines of her figure struck the trained observer with a positive blow, for they were striking, and left him lost in wonder at Nature's inconsistencies.

To Martha Ledyard money was but a name; social prominence was summed up in her position as the rector's wife; power, such as was wielded by Mrs. Arlington-Rivers, she did not understand, because she

had never seen—and, unlike the majority of her countrywomen, she was content not to see.

She accepted her husband's suggestion that she call at once on Mrs. Arlington-Rivers with placidity, and making it a rule to obey him in everything as literally and as quickly as possible, the following afternoon she dressed herself with her usual care and started on her visit—with the baby. She trundled the perambulator ahead of her with gentle pride, and as she looked at her child the sometimes too bright eyes grew misty.

She waited, on arriving, with the boy on her knee, as her card was handed from one idle servant to another in search of its destination. In the beautiful old house quiet reigned. Nothing altered its atmosphere of high-bred repose. Each massive piece of furniture, each classic line seemed to say, "I have been here from all time. No passing stranger guest can in any way add honor to the memory of those who have gone before."

Mrs. Arlington-Rivers with her quiet step approached unheard, and saw—a Madonna! The little one, in play, had pulled off his mother's hat; then with sudden childish weariness had laid his head against her breast and dropped asleep. She, with that little head above her heart, had fallen into dreams, and with raised, questioning eyes pierced futurity.

At length, as though some one had spoken, Mrs. Ledyard turned and saw Mrs. Arlington-Rivers. With instant mutual comprehension the two women smiled, then moved together toward a lounge on the other side of the room, and put the sleeping child upon it, covering him with a bright, knitted shawl. Then in the same silence Mrs. Arlington-Rivers led the way to the broad veranda, and motioning Mrs. Ledyard to a chair begged that she be seated.

"You must be very tired after your walk," she said cordially. "You will have a cup of tea with me, will you not? You must, it will refresh you. What a charming child! A boy, of course. What is his name, and how old is he?"

"His name is Romaine, and he will be nineteen months old in July," replied Mrs. Ledyard.

A little quizzical smile rippled over Mrs. Arlington-Rivers's face.

"Very romantic, but pretty," she added kindly as she saw Mrs. Ledyard flush. "Your husband's sermon gave me great pleasure last Sunday. I expected to find rest, and rest only, in this quiet spot, but I see I am to have an intellectual treat as well. Will Mr. Ledyard be here all summer?"

"Oh, yes, all summer. We never go away before October. It is only then that my husband realizes that he must have some little relaxation both for body and mind."

"Yes," assented the older woman, "change is essential. You go to town, I suppose?"

"To Bellport," said Martha Ledyard with a little laugh. "We go to the theatres, and have little suppers, and are generally very unclerical. My husband says we need that little leaven of worldliness to make us properly appreciate higher things. He is very broad," she added with proud simplicity.

Mrs. Arlington-Rivers smiled; not the smile that society knew, but one that few, if any, of her friends ever saw. She liked the rector's little wife, and, as their talk progressed, she saw that the rector's little wife liked her. She was too much of a woman of the world to be mistaken in the type, and she recognized that not her position nor her money, nor anything but herself, entered into the mind of the woman who was now her guest.

When the little child awoke and cried for his mother, Mrs. Arlington-Rivers rang for a servant and gave an order, and by the time Romaine was pacified her carriage was at the door. As she said good-by the boy put up one little hand and patted her cheek, and as she bent and kissed the rosy palm, there were tears in the tired gray eyes.

Then the rector's wife was driven home in state, with the warm feeling at her heart that she had found a friend.

The summer waxed and waned. The little crickets sang incessantly, and the early twilights blended quickly into night. The scent of burning leaves filled the air with a delicious pungency, and the smoke from their funeral pyre covered the distant outlines of the hills with bluish haze.

Mrs. Arlington-Rivers watched the fading season with a strange feeling of regret. She had resolutely shut herself off from every one, had lived the life of a vegetable, if her friends were to be believed, and yet she had been almost happy. In the long uneventful days she had seen much of the rector and his little wife, and had grown to love them both in a way that she would once have told you she had long outgrown. The simple, unspoiled sweetness of Martha Ledyard's nature had wound itself around her heartstrings, and she could not have lessened its hold had she wished. But important duties called her back to town. The world, impatient, claimed its own—and she gave orders for the breaking up of her household with a sigh.

On the eve of Mrs. Arlington-Rivers's departure the Ledyards were at dinner. The table in appearance was as inconsistent as Mrs. Ledyard's self. It was carefully set in the simple, familiar New England fashion of many dishes served together, with sturdy standbys, such as brown bread and pumpkin pie. From the centre of this epitome of the commonplace arose an ancient candelabrum. It was of bronze, the base of lily leaves, the stems twining upward together and opening out into three exquisite buds. In the centre of each bud Mrs. Ledyard had placed a pink wax candle. The table had no other ornament.

The rector's wife had finished eating, and sat thinking. "How we shall miss Mrs. Arlington-Rivers," she said at last, sadly, "and perhaps we shall never see her again. She will go out into her life, which must be so very, very different from ours, and in which this summer and you and I will be just an episode; but she will always be much more than an episode to us, will she not?"

"Yes," repeated the rector absently, "she will always be more than an episode to us."

He was wondering if Martha would miss the drives and little pleasures, the subtle new luxuries, the new desires, that Mrs. Arlington-Rivers must have brought into her life, and which he knew he could not afford to give her.

"Do you know," continued Martha dreamily, "I could not let her go without some little gift, some token of my appreciation of the many, many things she did for us this summer, so I gave her a little book—one that I made myself out of a bit of silk that had been my wedding gown. Inside I wrote little extracts from your sermons, the parts I loved best, one for each day in the year, and—"

"Martha!"

She looked up quickly, and was speechless at the expression of his face, which turned scarlet and then white with bitter mortification.

"Was I so very wrong?" said Martha, wounded to the quick. "I did not know—I did not dream—it seemed such a simple little thing, yet one I would not have done for every one—I—"

"You should have consulted me first, my dear; but do not feel badly about it; it is too late now. Mrs. Arlington-Rivers will understand," he finished slowly. "I am going there now; have you any message for her?" He arose as he spoke and gently put his hand on his wife's hair.

"No," she answered, "nothing but my love."

He walked rapidly down the little gravel path, through the gate, and along the road to Mrs. Arlington-Rivers's house. He thought of her boundless wealth, of her position, of her friends, of the gifts she must so constantly receive, and blushed again in the darkness as he thought of the extracts from his sermons, bound in a piece of Martha's wedding gown.

He would have given anything to have turned back, but Mrs. Arlington-Rivers expected him, and he must go on.

He found her in the library. The firelight rose and fell fitfully, as though rejoicing in its contrast to the dutiful, commonplace glow of the reading-lamp on the table.

She leaned far back in her easy-chair with her finger between the leaves of a little book. He saw at a glance that it was Martha's gift, and the color rushed into his face and stayed there.

Mrs. Arlington-Rivers met his eyes, and read him through and through. Rising from her chair, she gently placed the little book in his hands.

"See what your wife did for me," she said with her rare smile.

He turned the book over and over in silence. "You do not know how I prize it," she continued, still looking at him. "It is one of the few, the very few, gifts I have ever received."

He raised his eyes and looked at her in astonishment. "No one ever gives me anything," she replied a little sadly in answer to his unspoken question. "They think I have so much. They hear the stories of my wealth, my houses, my friends, my jewels, and—they pass me by. Not that they do not wish to remember me—not that," she added quickly, "but they think, of course, I must have everything. Your wife thought of nothing but her love—her love for you and me—so with her own hands she took what she knew to be a great gift from you, and made it also her gift to me. It was the personal touch, the one thing her intuition told her that money could not buy, and consequently the one thing that would mean everything to me."

He took her hands and pressed them silently.

"I am so glad, Mrs. Arlington-Rivers—so very glad that we could give you something"—he said rather brokenly. "I would have been like all the rest; but she—she understood."

Mrs. Arlington-Rivers watched him as he left her, his other business all forgotten. Then she closed her eyes and sat thinking.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DETROIT PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

LINCOLN PARK, WITH A VIEW OF LAKE MICHIGAN, NEAR WHERE THE RUSSELLS MADE THEIR HOME

## The Russells in Chicago

THE EXPERIENCES OF A YOUNG BOSTON COUPLE WHO MOVE TO THE WEST

By Emily Wheaton

### CHAPTER THREE

AT LAST the Russells secured a house on the North Side below Lincoln Park, where, from a corner window, they had a most glorious view of Lake Michigan. The furnishing of the house took Alice about the city a good deal. It seemed to her that the women whom she met on the street were hopelessly commonplace and lacking in that well-groomed, thoroughbred air that, no matter how plain a woman may be, causes her to stand out from among her sisters. Here in Chicago all the women were in a rush, with heads down making a desperate effort to get somewhere in a hurry. Every nerve and muscle was on an intense strain. It looked as though what was called "the bicycle face" had grown to be a habit. The men and women on the streets seemed swept along, as if blown by a cyclone.

Time in Chicago appears to be the most precious thing on earth. Rather than wait for a car to get over a crossing a man will jump on the car while it is going, to reach the other side of the street, if the cars are open.

Alice soon realized that it is no easy matter for a woman always to look well dressed, or appear immaculately clean, unless she owns a private cleaning establishment. At all times there is an air of general sootiness over everything. It was a bit disconcerting to Alice to have a friend say: "Pardon me, Mrs. Russell, but there is a smudge of soot on the end of your nose." Alice resented this familiarity, both from the woman and the soot.

It was nearing the end of October when a favorite aunt of Alice, Miss Emily Everett, arrived. She was a very handsome woman, and seemed to have that blessed faculty, which so few possess, of drawing out the best in every one. Friends of the Russells were delighted with her. She was invited everywhere, took a great

interest in the numerous clubs for women in Chicago, and did much toward getting Alice interested in several. Clubs Miss Everett thought very excellent things for the advancement of women, if used properly, and it seemed to her that even in her beloved Boston she had never known

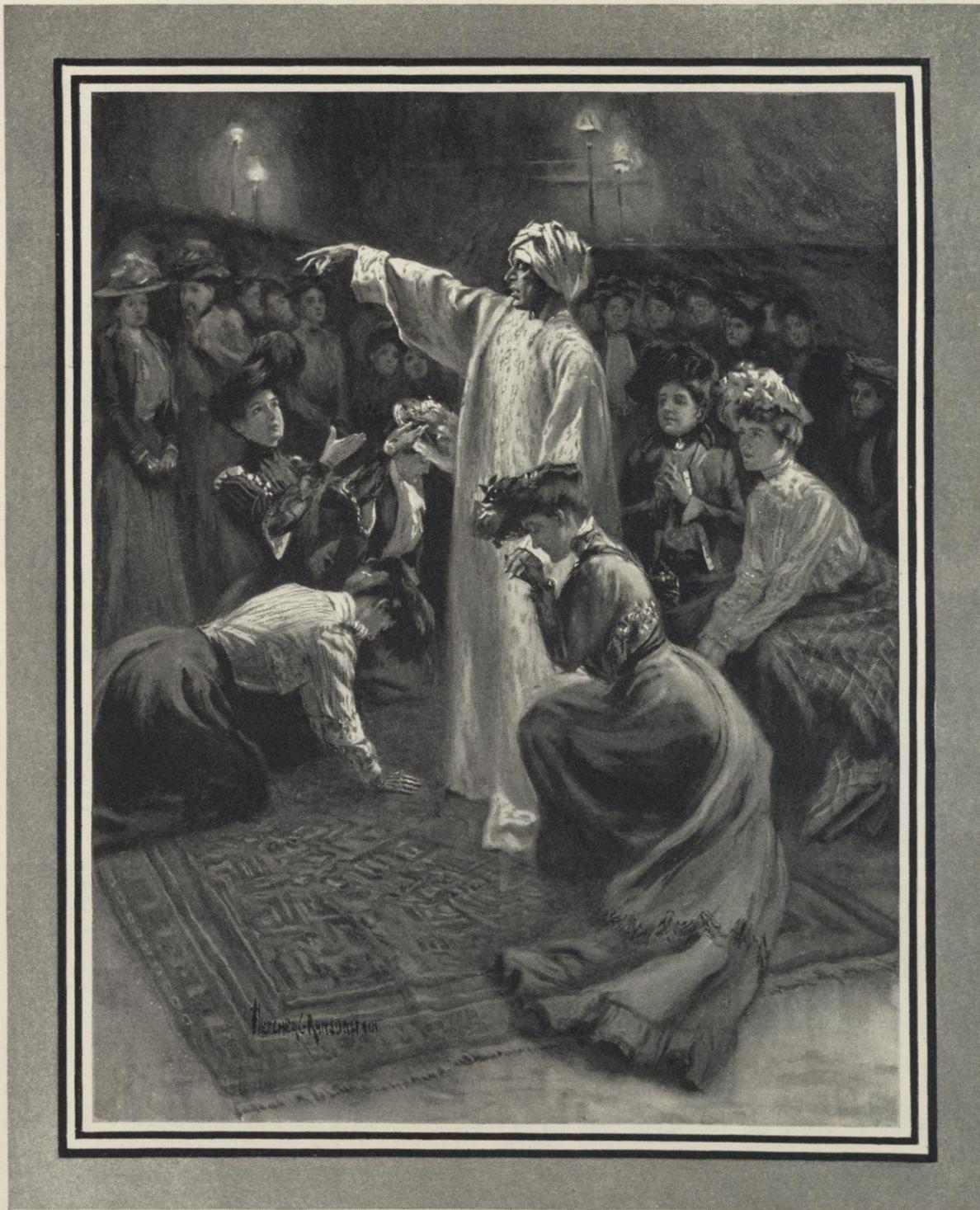
lot of other things that made men green with envy. And these same women could talk to men about these earnest and strenuous matters. They were real thinking machines, on earth for a purpose, and that purpose was not to stay at home to be simply mothers and housekeepers. No,

of a city where they had quite so many clubs and fads as here in Chicago. The Woman's Club she soon saw was doing a great good in this Western country. It was the most democratic of all, and in consequence its benefits were greater and wider. Its beautiful rooms in the Studebaker Building were thronged by women from all over the State of Illinois whenever there happened to be a meeting of any consequence.

At the time that Alice and Miss Everett were introduced into the mysteries of the Woman's Club it was in the midst of a volcanic eruption, all because of the admission of two members. One was a literary woman who would shed so much light on the annals of the club, by her literary and social prestige, that the members would be dazzled; so, in order that there might be some shade to so much brilliancy, a colored lady was put on the same list as the literary lady, and they were voted into the club together.

It is needless to say that the literary lady sent in her resignation by telegraph, so that it would be received in a hurry, and this little transaction split the club into two opposing forces. The late unpleasantness between the North and South was revived, much to the intense interest of Alice and to the amusement of Miss Everett.

There were many serious matters, however, that the Woman's Club studied and discussed, such things as "Public Playgrounds for Children," "School Boards," "Civil Service Reform," "Civic Care of the Young, the Poor and the Defective," "Clean Streets and Other Civic Sanitation," "The Non-Legalization of All Forms of Vice," and a



DRAWN BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

"THE SWAMI WAS A GREAT SUCCESS; WOMEN FLOCKED TO HEAR HIM, AND WORSHIPED AT HIS FEET"

indeed; that was quite out of date. The woman of today has to be "up and doing"; up to everything, and doing everything—and everybody.

Another club of importance was The Fortnightly, which Alice had been told was quite the club of the city. Only "the very best" women belong to this exclusive club, and to belong to The Fortnightly is like being decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Its membership entitles you to call the leaders of society your friends, and sometimes you are asked to their houses to a large reception, because it is always well to be diplomatic and the hostess may have aspirations toward filling the president's chair some day. It is always well to belong to The Fortnightly, for, as one naïve member said, "it gives one such social prestige, especially if one is spending the summer at some fashionable resort like Newport."

The Fortnightly was purely a literary club. Here they generally contented themselves with talks on "The Political Aspects of Russia as I Saw Them," or else "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," or "An Exposition of Rudyard Kipling's Effect Upon the World's Literature." Trifles like these were fearlessly taken up. There was an earnest, desperate effort in this club, as elsewhere in Chicago, for culture. Culture the members were going to have at any cost.

It was not long before Alice became a member of all sorts of clubs. She was put on the board of directors of "The Nurses' Association," because she had such a good, cool head. No matter what happened at any of the meetings Alice was always calm. Therefore she was eagerly sought after, to be secretary or treasurer of clubs, positions that none of the other women would have.

There was hardly a day that Alice and Miss Everett were not attending some club meeting or lecture, and it was only natural that Alice should be drawn into the inner circle of Buddhism as taught by the Swami Punji Bandana. This particular Swami had been sent to Chicago to educate the little souls of the rich to high thinking and plain living, the "thought" being so high that it was out of sight to the average person. Still, that made no difference to the devotee of occult science.

The Swami was a great success; women flocked to hear him, and worshiped at his feet. Alice was intensely interested, while Miss Everett, with her keen sense of humor, looked on and enjoyed the whole proceeding. The Swami, with a yellow turban wrapped around his massive brow, and his large, swarthy figure clothed in the most beautiful flowing robes of Oriental silk, telling his disciples to concentrate their thoughts, to breathe forth love "and radiate it in a luminous atmosphere around about them," in a room filled with the fragrance of burning incense and the perfume of lilies, with the subdued candle-light filtering through yellow shades, did not seem to her exactly conducive to high thought and plain living. She told Alice that hereafter she thought she would remain at home and read her New England Primer, or the Bible, while Alice was at the Swami's conferences. Such levity was too much for Alice, who increased her devotion to the study of Occult Buddhism, and would have gone on to the bitter end had it not been for a most unfortunate lack of tact on the Swami's part.

Carried away by his soft, low pleadings for love at one of the sessions where the incense and lilies rather deadened the senses, one of the emotional followers of the Swami threw herself at his feet and said in an awe-inspiring voice, "Thou art indeed love." Not content with hearing a good thing, the Swami, whose appetite for admiration could not be appeased, looked at the kneeling figure at his feet, and said: "Madam, I am not only love; I am God." Foolish! Foolish Swami! From that time forth Buddha had such a fall from the pedestal where Alice had placed him that she never again could put him back. It was a great disappointment to her. In telling "Aunt Emily" of it she was exceedingly annoyed. "My dear," said Miss Everett, "I have been surprised all along that one of your clear judgment about so many things should have been so impressed by the Swami's nonsense. From the very first it was ridiculous to me. I never saw anything like it except in Boston. I suppose it is the mad chase for culture that is the cause of it. I wonder what will happen next."

Something happened the very next day.

#### CHAPTER FOUR

ALICE and Miss Everett were invited to attend a series of "Lectures on the Psychology of Self, or Easy Lessons in Self-Culture." These lectures or talks were to be given by a charming woman whom one of the ladies had met, a Mrs. Leighton-Smith. Each of the members of this lecture series had pledged herself to give the use of her house for an afternoon, so that Mrs. Leighton-Smith could have the proper atmosphere for her talks, which consisted of "Artistic Home Life," "One's Duty to Husband and Children," "The Best Means of Developing the Inner Self," and "The Rearing of Children under the Most Refining Influences."

Naturally, these topics appealed to all lovers of the artistic and beautiful in life, and as Mrs. Leighton-Smith was pretty and dressed exquisitely it was an easy matter for her to start her lectures under the protecting wing of "society." In fact, she became quite the rage.

What impressed Miss Everett most in the women who attended these and all club meetings was that in the West there seemed to be no women content to grow old gracefully, and accept the inevitable by remaining at home and being housewives in the old-fashioned sense of the word. Grandmothers were a thing unknown, because all the grandmothers were as young as their daughters, having the same keen desire for whist and all other kinds of card parties. If they were not attending club meetings they were out on their bicycles, taking long rides through the parks or in the country. Another thing that was unusual to her was the absence of mourning. It was seldom that she saw women dressed in black, as she saw them in the East. Out here life seemed joyous, gay and young, with a lot of freshness and sunshine over things in general. Everything was rose-colored, sky-blue and apple-green. She missed the settled conditions that ruled society in the

East, and much as she liked the West (because she was sincerely fond of the honest, generous people she had met in Chicago), at her time of life she longed for something more solid than she found here.

However, she settled down to study these new meetings, and Mrs. Leighton-Smith in particular. From the first she was suspicious of Mrs. Leighton-Smith, who was much too suave and diplomatic to suit her ideas of absolute honesty. It was hard for her to understand how a woman could come to a city and, without anything more being known about her character than the little that these women who took her up seemed to possess, should be accepted in their families as Mrs. Leighton-Smith had been. But Miss Everett soon found out that this is characteristic of the West. They generally accept you for what you seem to be, and make little effort to find out what you really are. They can't afford to do so, because if looking up families became a favorite pastime of society in the West there would be many amusing and startling revelations. Consequently, they go on the theory that it is a good idea, socially, to let well enough alone. Besides, they are not the curious class of people that New Englanders are.

Miss Everett was not a little surprised that a woman as conservative as Alice should so readily lend her name to the support of Mrs. Leighton-Smith. When she remonstrated with her in regard to it Alice said: "Well, really, Aunt Emily, if Mrs. La Salle can entertain Mrs. Leighton-Smith at her beautiful home and give up her drawing-room for some of the lectures I should think that I might do so with the utmost propriety. I am sure that after being around in Newport, and living the greater part of her time in the East, Mrs. La Salle's approval is enough to sanction any one's social position." Miss Everett realized that after this there was nothing more to say, as Mrs. La Salle was the social autocrat of Chicago society.

Miss Everett had met Mrs. La Salle several times and was much impressed with her graciousness and charm of manner. She seemed most sincere and genuine, a woman that adulation and much praise had not spoiled; with all this she had a quick sense of humor. The few times that they had been thrown with each other had been times of great mental delight to both. Consequently when Mrs. La Salle gave her house to be used for the first one of Mrs. Leighton-Smith's lectures, Miss Everett was asked to attend, and in this way she became identified with the culture class. She did not care for the charming widow with her sad Madonna face, but enjoyed studying the women she met.

One of her favorite new friends was Mrs. Naylor. After one of the lectures Mrs. Naylor came over to where Miss Everett was sitting and said: "My dear Miss Everett, will you please do me a great favor? Will you tell me just what you think of Mrs. Leighton-Smith? I have watched you all through these talks and I feel sure that you are having a quiet little joke all alone here, and you won't tell anybody—there's such a merry little twinkle in your eye every once in a while. Please tell me what it is; I will promise not to tell any one."

Miss Everett laughed and said: "I don't know why I am so amused, but really it all seems so absurd." "Then you don't believe in the charming little widow? Well, let me confide to you that I don't either. I honestly believe she is a fraud, and that all this sad story about her two beautiful little children for whom she is working, and who are all that keeps her heart from breaking, is all 'tommy-rot.'"

The next lecture was to be given at Mrs. Grahame-Brown's, and at this lecture, which was the last but one of the series, the ladies had prepared a small testimonial of their appreciation of Mrs. Leighton-Smith's efforts in their behalf. They were going to give her a large bouquet of gentle lilies-of-the-valley, emblems of purity and modesty; but tucked away in the centre was to be a purse containing quite a sum of money contributed by the members "in loving friendship," for her to use for the two dear little babies.

It was all as sweet and touching as could be, and Mrs. Schiller had written a beautiful poem for the occasion on "Woman, as Wife, Mother and Friend," dedicating it to "Our dear friend, Mrs. Leighton-Smith." It was to be read before the purse was presented.

The day before this interesting ceremony of love and appreciation the members of the lecture class received urgent notices to attend a meeting that very afternoon at Mrs. La Salle's. All the members were requested to attend, as it was of the utmost importance. It is needless to say that all the members did attend, as they knew something exciting must be going to happen.

It was evident as soon as they entered the house that something was in the air, as Mrs. La Salle was not only excited but appeared much amused. She welcomed each woman with much cordiality, and when they were all seated and the silence was complete she said:

"Ladies, I have a great surprise for you. It may be amusing or disagreeable, which depends on how you choose to look at it. As I was the first to allow my house to be used for the lectures given by our dear friend, Mrs. Leighton-Smith, I feel that in a measure I am responsible for her, which is the reason that I took the liberty to call a meeting of the members of the class! Mrs. Madison, I believe that you were the first lady who spoke to us of Mrs. Leighton-Smith; may I ask what you know about her?"

Mrs. Madison, who in her day had been the reigning belle of Chicago, and still bore all the manner of a Grand Duchess, said: "I met Mrs. Leighton-Smith last winter when we were traveling through California. She was at the C—— Hotel while we were there and was the most popular woman in the hotel. I met her through some of the ladies, and as she was in the hotel all the time I was there with my son, who was ill, I saw a great deal of her, and she was most kind to us. Last fall she called upon me one afternoon, much to my surprise, and said that she had come on to Chicago to try to find some means of supporting herself and her two little children. She then told me that she had been employed by the hotel company as a sort of entertainer, to look after the guests, to see that they had a pleasant time during their stay; and I must confess that she did it beautifully. I

was quite willing to help her when she came here, as she seemed so deserving of it, by introducing her to my friends, and from that time on you ladies know as much about her as I do, and even more."

"Well," said Mrs. La Salle, "I will go on with my story. Day before yesterday my maid brought up a card bearing the name of a man of whom I never had heard, and with it a note saying he came on urgent business from Mrs. Leighton-Smith. Thinking it might have something to do with to-morrow's festivities I consented to see him. I had an interesting interview with him, during which he told me many startling things. He proved to be the husband of our dear friend, Mrs. Leighton-Smith. Both he and she had been actors in a mining camp in California. Mrs. Smith, for that is really her name without the Leighton, was born in Australia, was well brought up and well educated, but at an early age she ran away from home, was married, left her first husband, and has led a life of exciting and varied interests ever since. She has had all kinds of experiences and is now a clever adventuress. She met Mr. Smith in California, where they were playing together in some cheap theatre. She married him, and she has two little children. Reading the advertisement for a professional entertainer at the hotel of which Mrs. Madison spoke, she secured it, and left her home and the dear little babies of whom she always spoke so affectionately."

"The amusing part of all this lies in the letters which she wrote her husband after she came to Chicago and met us. It seems she intended to keep in with her husband, but we ladies turned her head by our attentions and flattery, so she decided to have nothing more to do with the husband and the dear little babies, but cast her lot with us instead. She counted without the husband, who came to see me and brought me these letters as proof of the truth of what he told me. I will read the first letter that Mrs. Smith wrote to her husband after meeting us, and the last, as they are the two extremes of the case."

"Dear Jim: Of all the snaps I ever struck in my life this is the softest. My old friend Mrs. Malaprop—that isn't her real name, but it will do; you know she is the dear old party, the faded ten-thousand-dollar beauty that I met at the hotel; she looks like some grand old ruin of past ages, but I fed her on taffy three times a day, and she swallowed it every time. She was too easy; honestly, she made me feel sorry for her, she was such an old fool."

Here Mrs. La Salle stopped to say: "I believe you are the 'old fool,' Mrs. Madison; but don't mind that; we are all going to catch it. Our dear friend goes on:

"I wish you had been around to hear me give my first lecture on Artistic Home Life; you would have passed away from laughter and surprise. I didn't know what I was talking about half of the time, but I wish you could have seen them—they swallowed the whole thing, line, hook and all. I heard the women in the hotel talk about their clubs, then I got them to tell me all they knew and all they didn't know. Then I went to a book store and bought a lot of books, sat up all night reading them, and then the next day I threw it into the whole tea-party quick and hot before I had a chance to forget it. It's the greatest thing I ever struck. When I look at this crowd of cats sitting around in their swell parlors with me, telling them how to live artistic lives, I want to scream with laughter. Sometimes they bore me so stiff that I am dying to stop in the middle of one of my lectures and do a 'turn,' as I used to at the theatre, just to stir things up. I wish you could see the women in society here; I don't wonder their husbands stay away from home. The Queen Bee of the whole lot—"

Here Mrs. La Salle stopped long enough to say: "I am the Queen Bee, ladies, and none of you can enjoy this description of myself as much as I do. Mrs. Smith says, 'she looks like a wax figure in a hair store, and if she would ever laugh hard I think it would crack her face.'"

This was so delightfully refreshing that Mrs. La Salle and the other ladies laughed louder and longer than they had for years, because there was just enough truth in it to make it amusing. Then the reader continued:

"There are more kinds of cats here than you ever saw. It's as good as a circus to watch their funny little ways. Women are all alike, Jim, whether they are way up toppers or the under crust—the latter is what they call us."

Mrs. La Salle read on, giving each woman a rap that showed that Mrs. Leighton-Smith was a keen satirist. When she finished reading the long letter the members of the lecture class had the rare good sense to be in a gale of laughter at their own expense and that of their friends. They enjoyed the letter hugely and appreciated the fact that Mrs. Leighton-Smith had played a great joke upon them. All but Alice, who was utterly disgusted and humiliated by the whole proceeding.

The other letter from the late Mrs. Leighton-Smith was short and quite to the point. It read:

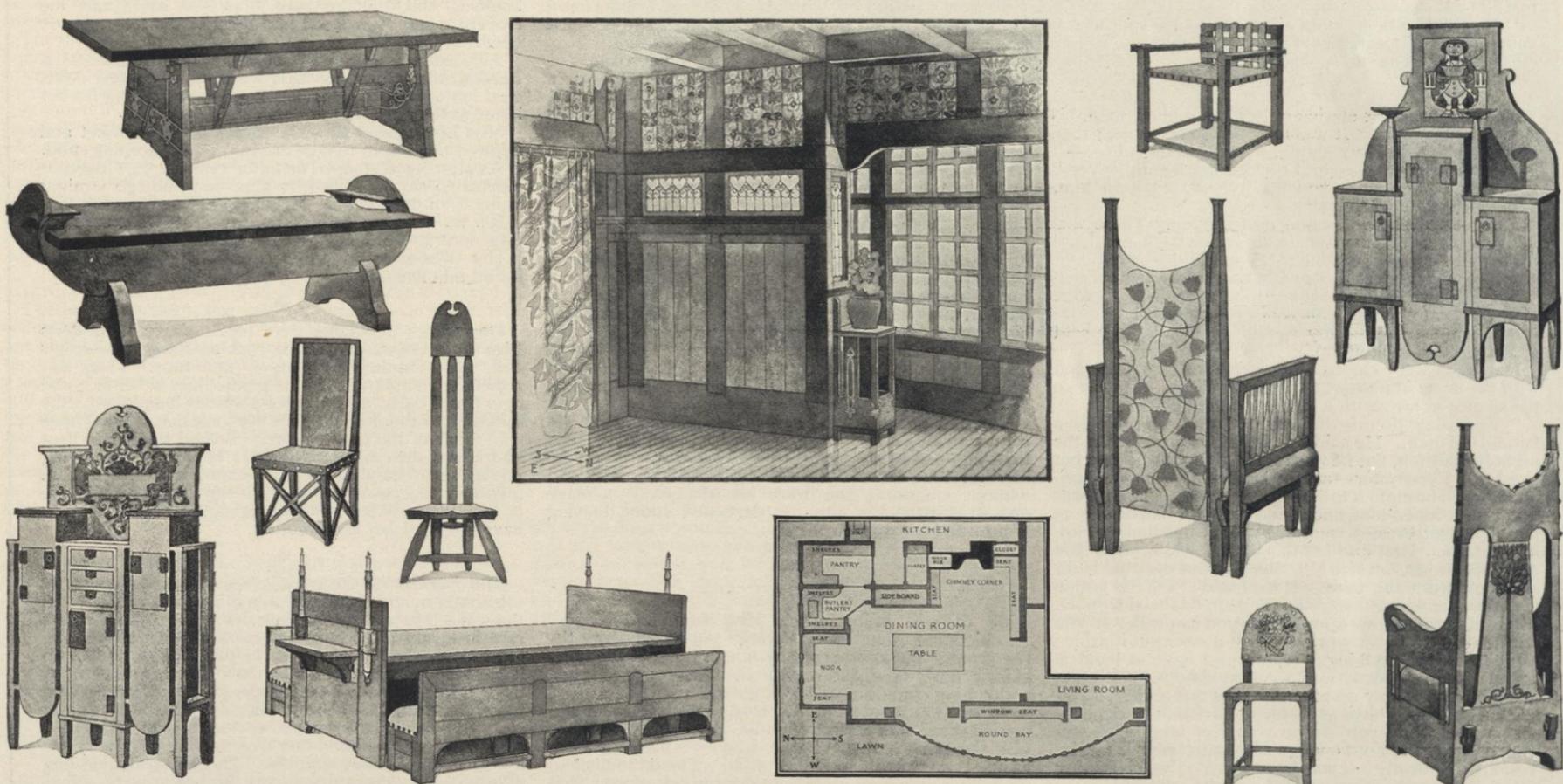
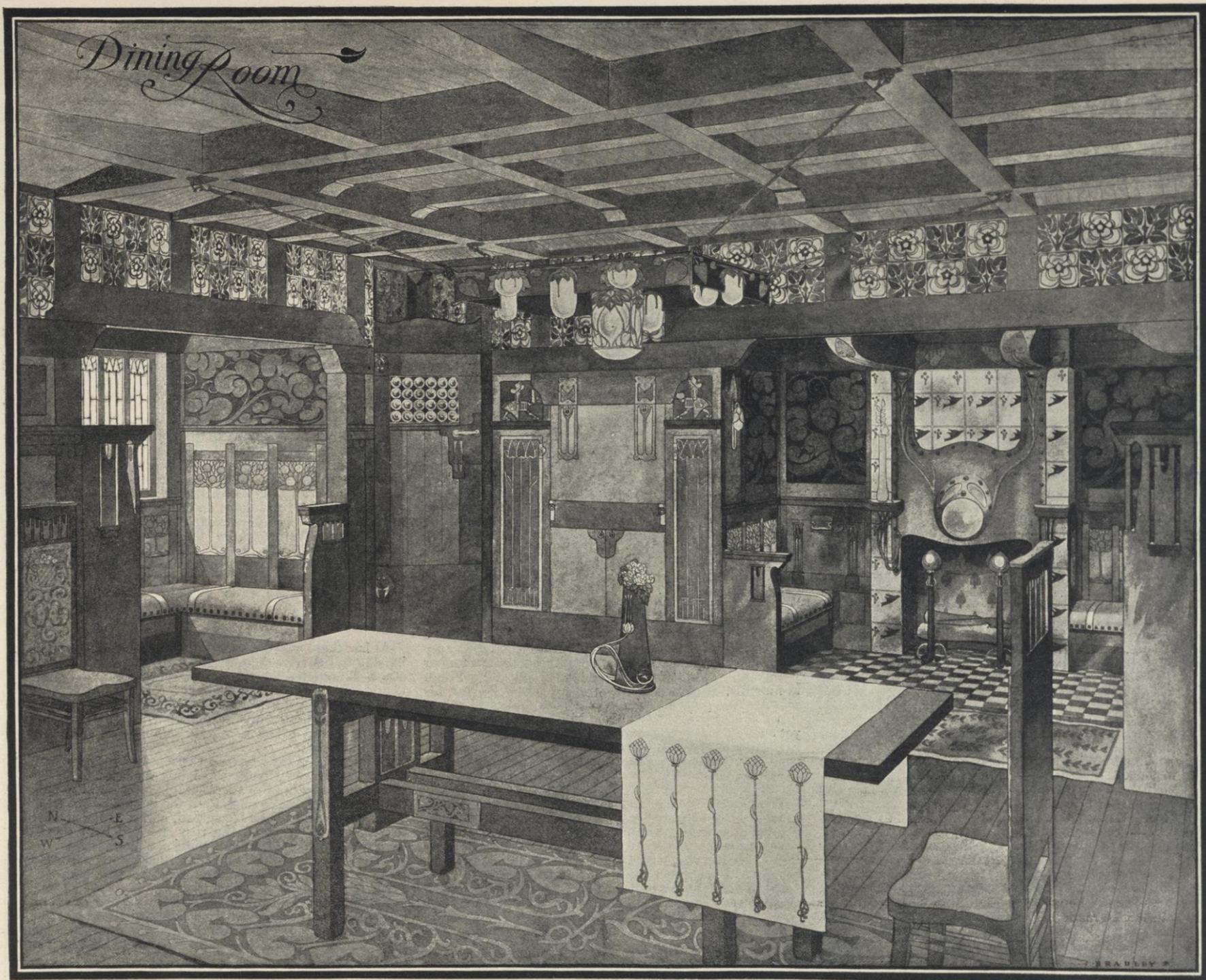
"Jim: You might as well make up your mind that I am never again going to live with you. You can have the children. I always hated children, anyway. This life here is so easy and fine that it has spoiled me for any other. I can have anything I like here, and I propose to get it at the expense of everybody and everything. I was a fool ever to have married you; I wouldn't if I had not been so sick that time, and besides, I thought your mine would make you a lot of money. I'm too clever a woman to be wasting my time on you and two children. You can have them. You stick to the theatre and let me alone. I never did care for you, anyway, and now that I am away from you I intend to stay away. These people here think that I am a widow, and I don't mean to let them know any different."

"Good-by, JENNIE."

This last letter was so brutal, and such a shock to the beautifully ideal, devoted mother working for her "two dear little babies," that it took the women some time to recover from its effects. It taught them all a lesson that they did not forget very soon, but, as Miss Everett said afterward, it only went to prove how trusting and kind-hearted Western people are, and that such mistakes are no sooner made than they are forgiven.

Alice, however, took it all most seriously. To hide her disappointment she devoted herself to the interest of the Trained Nurses' Association of St. Peter's Hospital, and in this association she was destined for another experience.

(CONTINUED IN THE FEBRUARY JOURNAL)



## A BRADLEY HOUSE in Eight Drawings by WILL BRADLEY No. 3

**T**HE Dining-Room is in golden oak; the frieze and fireplace are in Delft-blue tiles, the seats upholstered in greenish-blue leather. The oak floor is deeper in tone than the paneling. The wall in the chimney-nook is hung in leather the color of the seats, embossed in a darker tone. From the paneled oak ceiling is hung by chains an electric light fixture in hammered iron and bronze, with opaline glass globes. The fireplace hood and andirons are in iron and bronze, and the hearth is set in greenish-blue tiles. In the smaller picture the windows looking into the bay are of stained glass. The portières are in Delft blue worked in blues, browns, greens and rose.

This same color scheme may be carried out less expensively. In place of oak, white wood may be used, with wall-paper or stained plaster for the frieze. The small chairs and two of the tables could be used in place of those shown in the large picture. The large table could be used without benches. Having candles at each end does away with the sometimes unpleasant obstruction of a candelabra centre-piece. The benches will fit snugly under the table when not in use. The smaller of the large chairs is designed to go with the table of slot-and-pin construction. The two sideboards and large chair would naturally be out of place in this room.

THE FOURTH ROOM IN THIS SERIES—THE NURSERY—WILL APPEAR IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF THE JOURNAL, AFTER WHICH WILL COME THE HALL, A CHAMBER, A BOUDOIR, AND THE RECEPTION-ROOM. THE SERIES WILL CLOSE WITH AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE HOUSE, AND WILL ALSO SHOW MR. BRADLEY'S IDEAS OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING.



# A Gentleman of the Blue Grass

A LOVE STORY OF A KENTUCKY TOWN: PART FOUR

By Laura Spencer Portor



## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

HERE was a moment of silence between them after the door closed behind Miss Reed; then Margaret said, looking into the eyes of the Governor: "Ethel told me you were here before. You had from her my message that there was nothing you could do, for me?" He assented gravely. "At that time I could not have brought myself to see you. I felt bitterly." She raised her hand, for he would have spoken. "Don't ask me anything until I tell you. I am not strong, and I want to get through with it all. I want to tell you just how it was before I have to stop." She waited, as though for new strength, then continued: "The night before it all happened Presley came up to my room to tell me that he was going away for a day, perhaps. The baby was a wee thing then—he is a big little fellow now, over a month old." She glanced over to the darkened bedroom. "When I asked Presley where he was going he said he was going to B—. Why to B—? To see you—Presley always told me everything—he would have told me that, too—about his financial troubles—but I was ill and weak." She paused a moment. "No power could have persuaded him to do it if he had foreseen what has happened; but you see there was no time for delay. He used the funds for a few days only for my sake—until he could see his way clear. It was a mistake, of course, but it was for my sake he did it—until he could see you. Do you understand? With a little help he could have gotten on his feet."

"Did he tell you this?" The Governor's face was very white.

"No. When I asked him why he wished to see you he told me the truth, but not the whole truth. 'Peggy,' he said—he called me that—I want to see the Governor on business. I'm in a little trouble that I want him to help me out of for a while. He will, I'm sure. If he doesn't—he looked worried a moment, then he smiled—'But I'm sure he will.' I asked him what trouble he meant, but he made light of it. I know now how serious it was; how, when he spoke to me, every door, except one, had been suddenly closed. He told me nothing of this. The baby was two weeks old then. We were very happy. You know the rest."

"No," said the Governor tensely. "What was the rest?"

"He went to B— that afternoon to see you, to ask you to help him—the next day the crash came." She closed her eyes as she spoke.

The Governor sat staring at her like a blind man, his face full of thought. It was long before he spoke; then he said, with a dull incredulity, "And you thought—"

She opened her eyes and nodded her head. "Yes," she said, "I thought you had refused to help him. What else could I think?"

He got to his feet, white and shaken. There was mingled blame and emotion in his voice: "Oh, my dear! 'What else could you think?' You could have thought anything else under God's wide heaven—except that."

He sat down and put his head in his hands. A clock ticked delicately and distinctly in the silence.

"You must forgive my speaking quickly," he said at last without looking up.

Her eyes were closed again, and the lids trembled with the unsteadiness of tears under them. She broke the silence at last, with a low, controlled voice:

"Yesterday Jimmie brought me this. Jimmie is a faithful old man. He said that it had been given him the night Presley left, but he was told to give it to no one but Presley. Even after—after—Presley's death he hesitated—and brought it to me only yesterday. Then it was that I questioned him, and found that you had been here the night that Presley went away, and, not finding him, had returned later and left this letter for him. Do you remember what you said?" She glanced over the letter she took from the table. "You said: 'I have gotten the idea somehow that you may be in financial trouble. If this is so you know upon whom you can call. If you are held back by any pride in the matter put it aside; come to me for anything. Whatever I have at hand is yours. I can perfectly well accommodate you; I'd just as soon raise money on my house, for that matter, if you need more than I have at hand. I have no one dependent on me. Until you are on your feet take what you want of me. I am old enough almost to be your father. You are practically just starting out. You've everything ahead of you to be successful for—a wife—a child'—"

She broke off and let the letter drop into her lap. "I can't read any more of it," she said.

"You should not have read so much," the Governor said hoarsely, putting out his hand to take it from her. But she put her hands over it protectingly.

"No," she said, "I mean to keep it always. Even if you took it, I think I know it almost by heart. I keep reading it over and over, and then I think, 'Ah, if he had only gotten it!' Do you see now why I wanted you to come to-day? I wanted to explain to you that in my sorrow I was ungenerous enough to misjudge you. I suppose all the trouble made me blind. But I wanted to tell you, too, that if I misjudged you at first I know now how good you are. I have no words to thank you. You are the best man I have ever known."

She was using the very words her mother years before had used to him; and they rang with a subtle familiarity through and through him. As she finished speaking she leaned forward and put her two thin hands over one of his that rested on the arm of her chair. Her touch weakened him, and he put his other hand down over hers and held them firmly a moment to gain strength.

"My dear," he said simply, "even if that were ever so—even if I were ever worthy of it all—it is you who have made me worthy."

She scarcely heard him, or realized that he was paying her the one tribute he had any right to pay her—the tribute that all men hasten to lay at the feet of the woman they love.

Some great overmastering feeling was creeping up in his throat. He got up and walked away from her to the window, and stood looking out. When he at last turned to her again he had full command of himself.

"I have as yet served you in no way. Set me some task, and trust me to fulfill it as a pursuit of my own best happiness."

"I will tell you, if you like," she said wearily, "just how everything stands; then you will see how little there is to be done. All that Presley had has gone, of course—everything. I have some little property left me by my mother—you remember you saved it from the law for her years ago. I am very ill, I believe. I am going South to-morrow, if possible—to try to get well—for his sake." She glanced again toward the darkened room. "If I don't get well you see he will have very little, but yet enough for an education. Presley had no near relatives; neither have I. If I should not get well I should want him to have the education of a gentleman."

The Governor came and sat down by her. "Listen to me," he said gravely. "You will get well. It cannot be otherwise. Yet, if it should be otherwise—will you let me be his guardian? I should take him to B—, where Presley was raised. He should be my son, as fully as I am worthy to make him so."

She looked up at him gratefully, tears again in her eyes. "Thank you so much. Yes, I think, too, I am going to get well—but if I shouldn't—I should be proud if he grew up to be like you. Yes, I should like him to be—"

Her voice failed and her head sank wearily against the pillows.

"You are tired. We have talked too long." The Governor watched her with grave concern. She closed her eyes, and in a few moments, even while he watched her, she was unconscious from sheer exhaustion.

He got to his feet and stood looking down at her. All the big questions between them left him. For a moment the intervening years were gone out of his life, and he was flooded with the old uplifted longings which had swayed him that summer that he had first seen her a grown woman—in her yellow and white organdy. Then the present came back again. She was going away in the morning! An almost irresistible desire, only once to put his lips to her hair, swept over him. He had never had even so slight a right of this woman whom he had loved with his whole heart. He stood fully swayed by his longings, and then some old sense of chivalry, instilled into him long ago by his father, and roused anew in him one Christmas night by this girl's mother, uplifted him again, and he bent instead, and laid his cheek a moment worshipfully against her hand which lay white and weak along the chair-arm. There was in his whole figure, as he knelt, the big submission of a man who has had no joy, in his face the quiet, deep gratitude of a man who has been denied all things.

When he got to his feet again his face was white. He went out into the hallway, where he found Miss Reed kneeling before an open trunk, packing. When he met her eyes he was the Governor again, grave and without emotion. She took his whispered message and went past him into the darkened room, leaving him to find his way downstairs.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE daffodil bulbs which Miss Lize had planted bloomed that first spring unnoticed by the Governor. But another spring-time lay across the blue-grass country now, and outside the Governor's veranda nodded big clumps of yellow blossoms. He had noticed them one morning, gathered a big bunch of them and carried them with a kind of grave gayety to Miss Lize, with the remark that "Perhaps Zebby's planting them upside down wasn't so bad, after all. The daffodils had probably taken a year extra to get turned around, that was all!"

Yes, it was spring-time again. The lilacs were in full bloom, and yellow bells, and all the tender, joyous assurances of renewed life swayed in the balmy air, and glistened, after showers, in the warm sunshine. Best of all, the miracle of the blue grass was accomplished, and in every direction rolled the long, soft swells and waves of vivid color. The pikes, partly dry, partly wet, under fitful showers, and with delicate spring flowers here and there close by the grim, gray walls edging them, ran on for miles and miles with that wonderful freedom of the open road characteristic of the blue-grass section of Kentucky, now mounting easily to the top of a slow rise, and attaining seemingly the close touch of the very skies as they bent low with the weight of white clouds; now following easily and gradually the cradled descent of some green crest to a hollow where, in the shadow,

giant elms and oaks held the white road lovingly between them, and a brook babbled some sweet human undersong; then up again bravely to the hill's rise—then level life once more; then up again later to meet the first evening star, and to have the moon there seemingly in one's grasp against the west. Yes, the very pikes themselves seemed to have the brave, unresting vigor of the spring-time.

It was one evening of this spring-time that Miss Lize trotted about from parlor to dining-room, from dining-room to hall, from hall to kitchen, in a gentle flutter of excitement. Even 'Nervy was almost giving way now and then to an unheard-of impulse to hurry. At last there was the long, shrill whistle of an incoming train; and Miss Lize turned about on her heels, hurried to the kitchen door and said excitedly:

"'Nervy, 'Nervy, there they are!" and 'Nervy remarked laconically, as she polished a lamp chimney: "Lawr, Miss Lize, dey ain' gwiñe tuh git up fum de station fer fifteen minutes noway, an' ef dey don' git hyah den, 'tain't no killin' mattah, 'cause ef dey don' you'll be daid sho' wid de apperplexy, I reckon."

At last there was the sound of wheels, and Miss Lize hurried to the veranda, and down the steps, and 'Nervy stood silhouetted in the doorway. A moment later everybody came through the hall into the warm firelight of Miss Lize's parlor. There was Miss Reed in a brown traveling gown, and behind her the Governor, carrying what appeared to be a roundish bundle of pink and white blankets.

Despite the warm welcome there was a sadness in it all, of which every one was plainly conscious. There were even tears in Miss Lize's bright eyes until a half-frightened wail broke forth from the bundle of blankets. Then it was that Miss Lize smiled, and a moment later forgot everything but that a rosy-cheeked baby was in her arms, staring at her with wide, astonished eyes.

"He is a good child," said Miss Reed; "he was good all the way up from the South, though he cried some for Margaret. One must expect that."

For answer Miss Lize drew the baby's head down on her breast and kissed it with a warm motherliness. The Governor neither heard nor saw. He stood looking into the fire. Even in the warm glow of it his face was keen and worn.

By-and-by the baby slept. Twice during supper Miss Lize went to the lounge to turn down a corner of the blanket, and "make sure," as she said; and the Governor and Miss Reed had most of the conversation between them.

At last the time came for the Governor to take Miss Reed to the station, for Miss Reed, having safely delivered her charge, was leaving B— that evening for her home at the north of the State.

Miss Lize turned down a corner of the blanket and allowed them both to take one look at the sleeping child.

As Miss Reed stepped on to the veranda the Governor paused to say to Miss Lize that he would go straight home from the station. Miss Lize put her hand in his: "It's no need my tellin' you, my dear, what care I'll take until he's old enough to live with you."

Her eyes were brimming over as she spoke to him for all that had come and gone in his life.

Downstairs the lights were out. Above stairs Miss Lize sat in the warm firelight, rocking Margaret Conby's child and humming softly an old-time tune. There was a cheerful contentment in the gentle lines of her face and figure, and below all the cheer a serious happiness. She looked into the firelight with the look that women have who think of the future years. Several times she bent and kissed the child's forehead. There was something young and beautiful in the action, as though Fate might at the moment have entirely forgotten the life it had planned for her—as though it might always have intended her for a mother.

The moon, with the peculiar softness and mystery of the Southern spring moons, was shining at the full across the white pike and rolling pastures. Here and there, at rare intervals, close to some house, a fruit tree stood in full bloom. In one place, at the pike's edge, as though it had stepped there, close to the old oaks and elms, of its own free, willful will, a slender pear tree, young with blossoms, drifted an almond odor out into the cool night air. Overhead in the mysterious deep blue of the night—so infinitely deeper and bluer than the blue of the day—a few great stars shone liquidly. The pungent, yearning odor of fields, of upturned earth, and of growing things was spread almost like a visible veil close to the ground.

Once, as the Governor walked along the pike toward his home, he took his hat in his hand and allowed the air to blow against his forehead. Once, in that peculiar pregnant silence of the spring night, which, lacking the later, fuller night-sounds, seems almost a visible prophecy, and is, with each renewed experience of it, like a touch of the tangible eternal—in this silence the Governor stood still, raised his head like a young man and drew in a long breath of the searching night air. He stood looking up into the heavens with a long, earnest look, and with that uplifted intensity which—whether it accompanies youth's dreams, or manhood's prayers, or the visions of aged men—is still, and forever will be, the promise in us of the things that do not die.

(THE END)

# CHRISTINE - A Romance

BY FREDERICK M. SMITH

## CHAPTER SEVEN



IT WAS a clear, brisk September morning, a morning to make an early riser snuggle into his garments, and to urge quick movement on one out-of-doors. Bertram finished his coffee with a shiver and went out. He had risen earlier than usual, for he was all alive to the possibilities of the afternoon; the dash of danger stirred him, and his head was filled with plans for his future. He sauntered up the hill, and had reached the edge of the village where the houses were few and scattered when he became aware that a man had overtaken him and was keeping pace with his stride. The man wore buttons, and he bowed. Bertram had been long enough in Germany to know that in an official such a bow was ominous.

"Herr Bertram?" said the man politely.

"And whom have I the honor of addressing?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I am ordered to say to the young Herr that it will be to his advantage to leave Reichendorf at once."

"What!"

"It is so ordered."

"I don't understand," Bertram protested without much regard for truth. "Why must I go?"

"In this country we do not ask why."

Bertram saw the point. "My dear sir," he said, and his tone was almost cordial, "your wishes square admirably with my plans. I leave the day after to-morrow."

"To-morrow," insinuated the official.

"I have not time to pack; and besides," he added as he caught sight of a straw, "I have not engaged my place in the stage. It will probably be full."

"Travel," observed the man facetiously, "is not congested; but we have engaged the Herr's seat. The stage leaves at five to-morrow morning. Adieu."

"Adieu," said Bertram, lifting his hat.

After dinner he set off toward Schlossberg to keep tryst in a clump of low beeches near a bend in the river, and not far from the castle grounds. Christine and he had met at that spot once before.

She was not there when he arrived, so he sat down to wait. It was early in the afternoon; the high sun had driven off the coolness of the early morning and there was now almost a summer heat in the air. In the forest the great stillness rested; the river hurried past, wimpling and spouting over the black stones in its bed; the drying leaves of the beeches prattled in the light wind, and the same wind sighed in the firs on the slopes across the stream. Bertram shut his eyes.

The minutes, the quarter and the half hours dragged into hours, and he suddenly found himself facing the fear that Christine was not coming. Naturally, if they had taken summary measures with him, she, too, was watched.

A sound by the river made him look up. The collie was standing at the edge of the tree-clump looking at him; but Christine was not there. The dog, after eying the man suspiciously for a moment, showed his recognition by a gradual acceleration of tail movements which began with an uncertain wave and ended in a flourish as he came forward, his head lowered. Bertram patted him; the dog shook his tail again with the air of a confidant, opened his jaws and let fall an envelope. Bertram tore it open.

"I'm in the garden, by the fountain, just inside the wall that runs along the river. You may come," the note read.

The bank was steep, the wall low, and in one place an old fir leaned back from the water at so easy an angle that one could walk up its trunk, step on the wall, and leap into the outer gardens of the castle. Inside the ground rose in a series of terraces, stone-edged, grown over with shrubs and trees; here a white statue gleamed among the moving leaves; there a stone seat in a plash of shade invited rest. A graveled walk ran along the lowest terrace, and to the right above some bushes Bertram saw a tassel of white water and heard a tinkle of drops as they fell back into a pool. The collie had leaped the wall and now he trotted off toward the fountain, and the man followed.

Christine was sitting on a bench of white marble by the side of the water-pool. She wore a gown of light gray green with a lace fichu about the neck; the V-shaped opening in front showed the white softness of her throat. Her hair was done as Bertram had never seen it: in two long yellow braids which were brought forward over her shoulders, the tips reaching below her waist. She was embroidering a linen cloth and she wore a gold thimble. It was all a delightful little picture; and the thimble gave it a domestic touch which was its charm.

Christine smiled and held out her hand.

"You are not playing up to the situation," he said. "I should say you are receiving a caller in full view of the household, instead of having a secret meeting with an outlaw."

"Sit down," she commanded, making a place for him beside her. "It isn't at all dangerous; and you are a visitor. It was the huntsman Oscar who saw us yesterday in the hills. He told Prut! the castle was in an uproar. I couldn't go out without being attended, so I did just what nobody would ever think of my doing—I asked you here. You're a good dog, Scot," she said, turning to the collie.

"I'm ordered to leave to-morrow," said Bertram.

"To-morrow. Oh! I might have known it. It is easier to get you out of the country than to reason with me. So this is to be good-by, after all?"

"But it isn't to be good-by, Christine. You will come. I'm going by stage; it leaves before daybreak. You can disguise yourself and come. By the time they discover our absence we shall be near the German frontier. You will not stay here for a life which you dislike?"

She shook her head slowly. "No," she said. "You see our play is over. After all, it is better to say good-by. And you will forget. One always does in the end. We



ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"SHE STOOD UP AND HELD OUT HER ARMS IN THE SUN; THE WATER-DROPS GLITTERED ON HER WHITE SKIN"

can't always live in a garden of golden apples, and now I must do my duty and go back to the cornfields."

"But you can come if you will, Christine."

"One cannot change one's life in a moment, and, after all, I was born a princess. This was only an episode. You will tell your friends about me and about my foolishness. They won't believe you, because they say such things never happen in modern life. But you will forget you ever cared; and I shall remember you as a man who helped me to play at romance for a month."

"You mean we shall both forget?"

"In your country the books say you do such things for a summer. Why shouldn't we pretend we've done so?"

"But it will be pretense with me."

"It will end by being earnest. And there is the American girl at Weimar to make you forget. She loves you."

"Don't be absurd."

"Do you mean you don't know it?"

"We were good friends, nothing more."

"I think she was pretty—but a thought too serious. No? Still she loves you. One could see it in her eyes."

Bertram laughed incredulously.

"You stayed in the same pension; you went to operas together; you shopped together, all one winter?"

"Yes, but—"

"And since you are really rather a nice person she fell in love with you. Yes," she continued, pretending to think, "I believe I can understand. She—she couldn't help it. So you will go to Weimar. Why, I envy you. You will go back down the Rhine together. Oh, you will have a fine romance!"

"Do you think it makes it easier for me to have you joke about it? I shall not go to Weimar."

She looked at him covertly, and there was a tenderness in her eyes as she started to put out her hand to him; but she settled back again and spoke. "You must promise to."

"Having been ordered out of the country I don't think I'll stop short of the Empire's frontier."

Christine sighed. "You will not let me help you."

"If I were quite sure I understood you, Christine, I'd take you whether or no," he said earnestly. "But I am afraid I can't quite get at your point of view. I think sometimes that you really care and are only pretending to make fun of it because it seems the easiest way out of the dilemma; and then I'm afraid you do not—that it doesn't much matter—that perhaps you are playing."

"I must do as I think best," she said soberly.

"Yes," he admitted.

"And will you promise to do as I ask?"

"Yes."

"Is this playing?" she said suddenly, and held up her lips to him.

"Christine!"

"No—now you understand—but I can't go. I have thought it all out. It is easier if you go now; there is no other way."

She was very much in earnest—there was no smile lurking in her eyes.

"I will do as you say," he said.

She went to kneel at the rim of the basin; and pushing back her sleeves she plunged her arms into the water.

"It is cool," she said.

"You are like April days," he answered; "a sober face and then laughter. I cannot follow your moods."

"Nobody could; and all the more reason why we shouldn't go away together. But say this—say that you don't believe I was merely amusing myself. Say—just once more—that you love me."

"I love you."

She stood up and held out her arms in the sun; the water-drops glittered on her white skin; she patted her palms together and put them behind her as she faced him and looked into his eyes.

"You are wonderful," he said, taking one of the thick strands of her hair and pressing it in his hands.

"Kiss me!" she said imperatively. "Now you must go—and forget."

He turned to look at her from the bend in the path as he walked slowly away, and she kissed her handkerchief to him. Then she hid her face in her arms.

#### CHAPTER EIGHT

HERR HAUPT lamented that Bertram was leaving, but he sped his parting guest to the extent of assuring him that he should have his coffee no matter how early he left in the morning.

When he had finished his packing Bertram went out for a last walk up the village. It was a quiet night, and though there was a smell of rain in the air there were no clouds, and the glow on the sky in the east told that the moon had risen and was shining behind the mountain. The young man went slowly up the hill-street till he reached the outskirts and stood on the deserted road which wound ahead, a white path in the dim light. The crickets and small locusts were clicking in the fields; off to the right the land dipped into vague white uncertainty, and in the distance he saw the scattered lights of a village. A great wave of home-longing came over him. In another week he would have left all this Thuringian life behind him; the girl whom he had loved would be a picture in the past; the whole story would be, as she had said, an episode. And as he stood there looking at the shimmer of the moonlight on the fields and the deeper blue-black shadows which marked the valleys he knew that he was glad, glad that he had known her, glad that he had touched her lips; but he told himself that perhaps she was right and that it was better for him to go alone.

He went back to the hotel and made his adieus.

It seemed that he had scarcely slept when Fritz, the hostler, knocked at his door. It was dark and the watch said four-thirty. He went to the window. There was a fog outside which now and then thickened to a mist, and he could hear the splash of drops from the dripping eaves. He had his coffee in the dining-room, and followed Fritz to the post-yard where the guards were already tacking up the horses, their lanterns making spots of yellow in the gray mist. He was the only passenger, and he closed his eyes as the vehicle rattled out into the street, opening them again to glance at the shadowy outline of the hotel. The sight of it gave him a twinge of regret; the place was so much like home.

As they wound down the mountain there came faint light streaks into the east. The streaks had widened and crept up to the zenith when after two miles the stage stopped at a little cluster of houses to leave and take a mail pouch.

Just as they were ready to start again two other passengers appeared—women: one of them took the place next to Bertram, and a faint perfume, as if the breeze which came in at the open door had passed over a bed of violets, made itself felt in the coach.

The young man turned quickly to the cloaked figure beside him. "Christine," he whispered, and held out his arms to her.

"I have come," she said simply, as his lips touched her cheek.

"You will come? You will go with me—home?"

He could feel her nod. She turned back the collar which shaded her face. "You are surprised, of course; but you see I had the impulse."

"You would not be you without surprises."

"It's like comic opera, isn't it? That's my maid. She doesn't understand English."

"But how did you happen to take the stage here?"

"We rode up to meet it. It was safer here than at Schlossberg where I might have been recognized."

"And the impulse?"

"I was lonely. After you had gone I cried a little, and then I went back to get ready for dinner. I assure you it was not jovial, I being under suspicion. Then all the long evening I sat by my window looking across the valley to the hillside where the forest lay dark and still. I was so lonely. The moon came up over the hills and made it worse. I heard the water talking down there in the shadow, and I did not want to be alone. I wanted you. And then I decided to come to you. My groom got the horses; he will keep a shut mouth. I wonder if I did right? Are you glad?"

"Do you ask?" he said, pressing her fingers; and yet for the first time he was beginning to realize that this might be a serious matter; that carrying away a princess was vastly different from meeting a girl on a hillside. "The fool should drive faster," he grumbled, looking out at the slow-moving trees.

"It's different, running away, isn't it?" she said after several minutes of silence. "Make him drive faster."

"We shall catch the train south and have four hours' start. I hope you haven't the bad habit of rising early?"

"Ten would be early."

"Good."

"But, of course, they will try to stop us."

"It's more exciting to think of."

"But I don't want that kind of excitement. I'm not afraid for myself, but for you."

"Don't worry. Whatever happens I have been paid many times. This has paid me."

"You think they won't find us?"

"At least, we'll have had a last ride together, you and I. At least, if this ends it will be worth the memory. But it will not end it; and some day we shall come back to the dear old forest together."

She moved closer to him and looked into his face. "Yes," she said, "it is worth while."

They fell silent again, each pursuing a different train of thought. They passed through another village. The sky became lighter; the fog melted away; in places there were great rents in the clouds where the blue looked through. Day had begun to get into the valley. The road wound along the river now; on one side the sliding, black water; on the other the hillside and the silent swept aisles of the forest.

"Look!" exclaimed Bertram as the stage swung around a bend. "There is the castle—and the villas where you live."

"I wish I had been a girl from a villa. It would have been different then. You might have known my people. We should not have had this—which is, after all, not quite what it should be."

"Don't say that."

"Why wasn't I a girl from a villa? Why were you not a prince? Why are most things in the world wrong? Why are the things we want to do seldom the things we ought to do?"

"And yet we go on hoping, and working, and trying to do what's right," said Bertram quietly. "In the face of so much hopelessness the one hopeful thing is that men go on struggling after a perfection they can't attain—go on renouncing the pleasant to do the right."

"They do that, don't they?" said Christine thoughtfully, "and the right for us would be—" She stopped and looked out at the castle. It lay about a mile ahead and above on the other side of the stream, the sun just touching its white walls so that it glowed like an opal in a warm hand; round about it lay the dark emerald of the evergreens.

The maid on the opposite seat shifted uneasily and coughed. Christine took her hand from her lover's, as his eyes traced the outline of the castle which was her home. She had been born there; the long summers of her girlhood had been spent there, and the great forest had been her playground. As she looked at it the light grew on the hills and flooded into the deeper places of the valley; the mists of the night fled away from the girl and she saw things in the sun. One's point of view is very different in the darkness from what it is in the light of day. Christine turned up her collar determinedly.

"I almost wish I hadn't come," she said, and shrank back into the corner of the seat as the stage pulled into Schlossberg at the foot of the castle hill. The driver got down to drink a pot of coffee, and the maid peered out cautiously, but was sharply ordered back by her mistress. Christine did not speak till they started again. "It is not so easy as I thought," she whispered. "Perhaps I'm making a mistake. You must help me to see clearly."

Bertram took her hand. He said nothing, but she felt his attempt to comfort.

"I ought not to go. I've acted absurdly. It must have been the moon. Isn't there a superstition that it fuddles one? In the night when I thought of the journey it was all warmth and romance and color; and now it is chilly and stiff and gray. Why does one see so differently in the night?"

"You have changed again?"

"I have changed but once; in the light I have always known how far I could go. But it's not too late yet."

"You are not coming?"

"How can I when I look at things in the right light? I thought I wanted to break away from tradition, but there is all the blood of my fathers calling me back. I am still the daughter of my house. I am still the Princess Christine. I forgot all that in the night. I was only a selfish woman. If it were not for those things I would go with you—but I can't—I must go on living the life I was bred to. My duty is here with my father and my people. Please tell the driver to stop. There's a bridge just behind that clump of trees and a foot-path back up the river. We can get to the castle without being seen. The baggage can go on to the railway. I will send my groom after it. You see yourself how different the sunlight makes things. Confess; it would not be wise for us to go on."



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## The Engaged Girl in China

By Sui Sin Far

MARRIAGE is truly a lottery to the Chinese girl, for she knows not what she is getting until she is actually married. Sometimes it is a kind, good husband, an amiable mother-in-law, and much comfort; sometimes it is a tyrant, a mother-in-law who is eternally scolding, and a life that is a weariness to both flesh and spirit.

The ceremonies of betrothal and marriage cause much trouble and anxiety. The young man's family begin the negotiations. They engage a go-between to call on the girl's family and tender a proposal of marriage. If the young man is considered eligible by the girl's parents they consult a fortune-teller, who decides whether the betrothal would be proper. If his decision is favorable the go-between is given a card on which is marked the hour, day, month and year when the girl was born. This is delivered to the young man's family, who in their turn consult a fortune-teller. If he also pronounces favorably a festival is held by both families, the betrothal contract is signed, and the bridegroom makes a present to the bride of a pair of bracelets, but neither he nor she is present. The betrothal, however, is not considered binding until a pasteboard card has been interchanged by the families. The bridegroom's family provide two of these cards, one having a gilt dragon on its face, the other a gilt phoenix. The phoenix card is retained by the young man's family as evidence of his engagement, while the dragon card is kept by the girl's family. The betrothal is then complete.

When the cards are sent to the girl's family it is customary also to send presents of various articles of food, such as pigs' feet, a pair of fowls, fish, etc.

From one to five months before the marriage a fortunate day is selected for its celebration. Generally an uncle of the bridegroom or some trusty friend takes the eight honorary characters, which denote the birth-time of each of the affianced pair, to a fortune-teller, who

Bertram frowned. "It seems absurd," he said. "Last night I wanted you to go. I would have given my soul for you. Perhaps I would still; but I understand what you feel; and I know that what you say is true; and that the right thing, the sensible thing, is not the thing that for the moment seems pleasant, not the thing that we both want."

The girl smiled. "I knew you would understand. We should find it out later; but it might be too late."

Bertram leaned out and called to the guard. Fine words and a three-mark-piece did the rest.

"I will walk to the bridge with you," said Bertram. "You must go on with the coach."

"It's only a half-dozen miles from here to the railway; no more than I have walked every day to see you. I want to go to the bridge with you. I ask it of the Princess as a favor."

"She grants it."

The maid plodded on ahead. She had her opinions of people who spent the night gallivanting about the country; but being wise she kept the opinions for herself and the groom to whom she gave occasional kisses.

"At last we are sensible," said Christine, "and I'm doing right. Yes?"

"Yes," he answered. "You were born a princess and you must live like one. If you had only been a girl from a villa!"

"To you I always shall be; and I'm glad it happened. Say that, even though it ends this way, you are not sorry."

"I am glad," he smiled. "And will you do one thing more? Let me keep the handkerchief which began it?" and he pointed to the bit of lace at her girdle.

"But it isn't the same one," she objected, laughing, as she gave it to him.

"Isn't it? What a pity! It spoils the thread. It ought to be the one I picked up that first day on the hill. But anyway, it's yours. I shall keep it always."

"I shall keep the one you did pick up," she said in a low voice.

"Your Prince comes to-morrow," he said suddenly.

She smiled now. "I had forgotten him; I suppose I must try not to hate him—and you'll go to Weimar?"

"You will not believe that it would be useless?"

"But if I ask it?"

"You will not ask it."

"No. I won't. There is nothing to force you. Do as you wish. Go to your own country; perhaps you will meet the American girl there."

They reached the little foot-bridge. She stopped and turned to him, resting one bare hand on the railing, her long gray cloak clinging to her and showing the full lines of her figure; the high collar framed her face; the sun lighted her hair; her skin was rosy with the glow of morning, and her eyes looked gravely into his.

She gave him her hand. "It's good-by for the last time. You will think of me sometimes. You will not quite forget the days on the hillside?"

"You know I will not," he answered steadily, his grasp on her fingers tightening.

But she pulled her hand away, and suddenly putting her arms around his neck she drew his face down to hers and kissed him on the lips. Then she turned from him quickly and started across the bridge.

"Good-by, my Christine," he said.

"Good-by," she replied with an attempt at gayety. "Don't forget, we must not be sad—we must be merry."

(THE END)

selects lucky days for the marriage, for the making of the wedding garments, etc. These dates are put on a sheet of red paper and sent to the bride's family, who present wedding cards to the bridegroom's family.

The girl's family are sent wedding cakes, which they distribute among their relatives and intimate friends. With these cakes are also sent a sum of money, sometimes large, sometimes small, a quantity of red silk, dried fruits, a cock and hen, and a gander and goose. At the time set by the betrothal card the bride's dowry is carried through the streets with great parade.

The wedding day is a great day, and everything is designed to "show off." The day before the bride tries on her new clothes, and has her hair done up for the first time in the style of a married woman.

A Chinese bridegroom is not supposed to see his wife's face until the marriage dinner in the evening; for although the ceremonies may begin early in the morning the bride wears a thick veil all day. When they sit down to dinner the husband looks at the wife, but says nothing. His attention is then given to the good things provided. The bride, however, sits unveiled, quiet and still. According to custom, she must not touch any food; refreshments offered by friends and attendants are declined with thanks.

Being married is, in fact, a very trying ordeal to the Chinese girl. After removing her veil, all neighbors, guests, and strangers even, are allowed to enter and stare at her. She is obliged to bear with composure all sorts of criticism, neither laughing nor giving the slightest evidence of resentment, but remaining quiet, pleasant-looking and calm.

After the bridegroom has feasted the bridal pair prostrate themselves and give thanks to the Supreme Being for having caused them to exist and for having nourished them for the number of their years.

No minister nor priest officiates at the wedding, although yellow-robed religious functionaries are often present.

The bride's toilette is generally very gorgeous, and her hair is decked out with pearls and other jewels.



DRAWN BY OSCAR L. SMITH

## A \$6000 House With a Garden

By George Edward Barton

THE FOURTEENTH DESIGN IN THE JOURNAL'S SERIES OF MODEL SUBURBAN HOMES AT MODERATE COST



THE design for a house to be built upon a small lot should depend largely upon the surroundings. As these cannot be considered in a general example, the points of the compass become the important feature exclusive of any particular ideas or desires of the owner.

If the lot under consideration, for instance, had faced the east instead of the west, the whole scheme would have been different. The arrangement of the rooms would not have been the same, consequently the shape of the house would have been altered, and instead of being close to the street it would have been placed near the back of the lot, with the garden in front.

In planning an economical and convenient house the aim should be to utilize all of the land, and to arrange the plan so that the principal rooms may get the benefit of all the space at command.

IF THE house here planned is put in the centre of the lot there will not be enough land in any one place to do anything with. But by concentrating all the minor rooms on one side, and keeping that side close to the line, there will be enough ground on the other side to develop.

Allowing eight feet on the north side for a walk to the kitchen yard, the house should be set ten feet from the front line. This will leave a space in the rear of twenty-seven feet.

Continuing the line of the southeast corner of the house on to the rear with a lattice, the service yards will be shut off from the gardens. This service portion should be divided by another lattice fence, which will allow a space seventeen feet by twenty-seven for a kitchen yard and fourteen feet by twenty-seven for a laundry yard.

THE remainder of the ground may be used for the garden. As it is irregular in shape, but not sufficiently so to be interesting, it should be divided into two parts, neither of which may be entirely seen from the other. With this idea in mind a hedge should be set out from the corner of the piazza to the rear, which will give a rectangular garden twenty-five feet by seventy-five, and a smaller one eighteen feet by twenty-seven, to use for flowers or herbs, or as a kitchen garden for vegetables.

There should be a gate leading from this garden to the laundry yard. This gate should be placed at the end of the path which runs through the hedge from the long garden, and if painted white it will be attractive.



DRAWN BY OSCAR L. SMITH

THE LIVING-ROOM, LOOKING TOWARD THE HALL AND THE DINING-ROOM

THE long garden may be hedged, and at each end shrubs may be planted, with a border of flowers all around it. The centre may be all grass or may be planted with flowers.

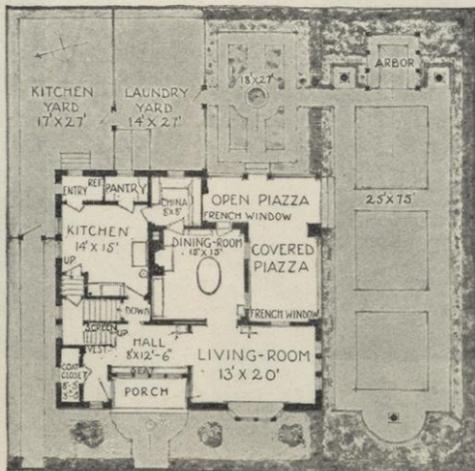
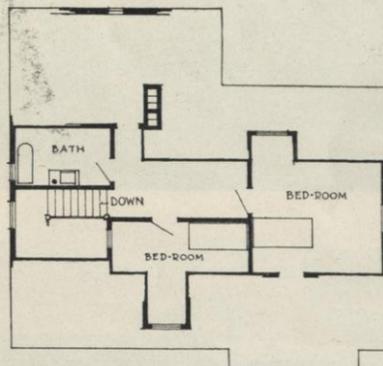
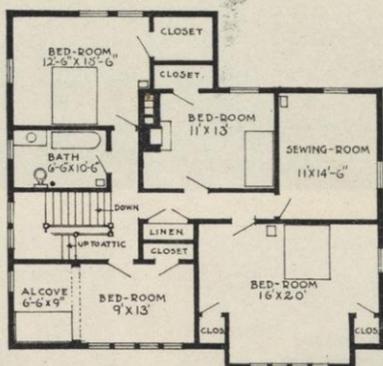
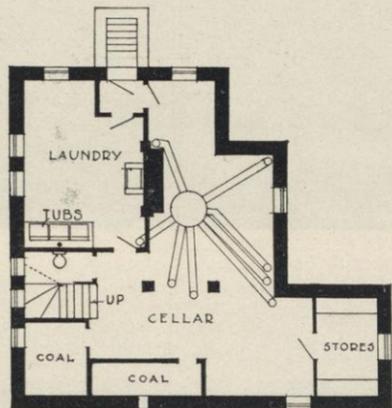
If there had been a tree on the ground it would have been made the keynote of the whole place, but as there is no tree I have planned an arbor to be built in the shrubbery at the east end. This arbor will not be far enough from the kitchen to be "too much bother" to take coffee there after dinner. It will afford a little shade, too, when the vines have grown.

THE house will be built partly of common red brick, varying in color from purple to orange, and laid up without any idea of pattern. No glazed, pressed nor face brick would look well in this design: it would be too "finished" for the simple scheme. In some parts of the country brick may be too expensive, in which case heavy corner boards and wide siding (not clapboards) should be used.

On the front and gables it will be well to use a little plaster to brighten up the house, and for the remainder clapboards painted red. Have the window sash, piazza railings and lattice fences white, and the rest of the outside finish a very dark brown.

The soil and supply pipes are vertical on an inside partition.

The area of the cellar and first floor is 1258 feet, and the second floor contains 1478 feet.



### Estimate of the Cost of this House

Excavation	\$ 90.00	Hardware, paper, mantels, etc.	\$290.00
Foundation, stone, etc.	235.00	Inside finish	280.00
Brick	547.00	Finish floors	215.00
Plaster	342.00	Painting	190.00
Frame	340.00	Labor	850.00
Boarding	196.00	Lattice, arbor, etc.	85.00
Strapping, grounds, beads, etc.	28.00		
Windows, blinds, doors, etc.	582.00	Ten per cent. for builder's profit	480.90
Shingles and clapboards	184.00	Plumbing	475.00
Outside finish	275.00	Heating	165.00
Piazza frame, floor and rails	80.00		
		<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$5929.90</b>

EDITOR'S NOTE—As a guarantee that the plan of this house is practicable, and that the estimates for cost are conservative, the architect is ready to accept the commission of preparing the working plans and specifications for this house to cost \$6000, provided that the building site selected is within reasonable distance of a base of supplies where material and labor may be had at the standard market value.

# Along Country Roads

CHARMING VIEWS OF WAYSIDE SCENES



MEADOW ROAD, NEAR CAZENOVIA, NEW YORK  
By Charles P. Marshall



ON THE WAY TO TOWN  
By Henry F. Bergmann



AN OLD VIRGINIA ROAD  
By  
J. O. Cammack



CREEK ROAD, NEAR NEWBURGH, NEW YORK  
By A. Hamilton Craig

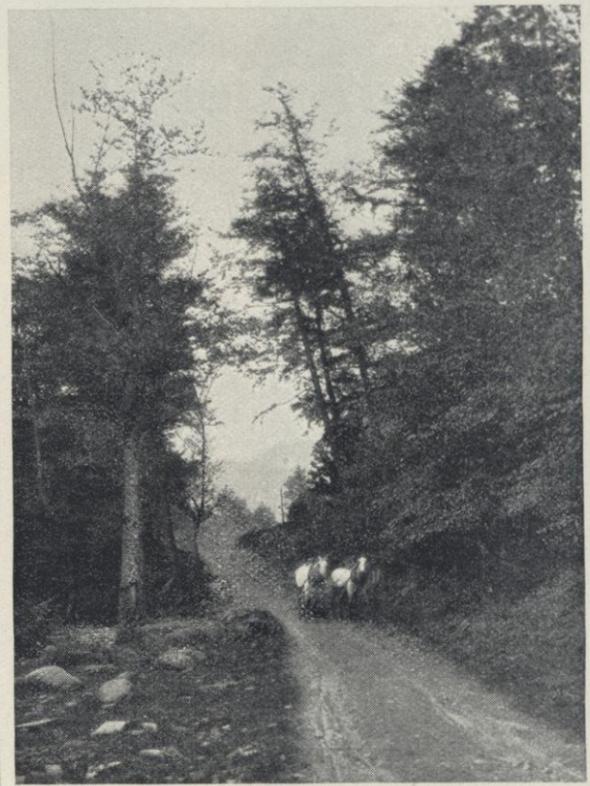


GOING HOME ON A MICHIGAN ROAD  
By H. P. Johnson

From Photographs of Rural Places  
Submitted in a Prize Competition



A SOUTH JERSEY ROAD  
By George L. Beam



IN THE WOODLAND VALLEY  
By R. Lionel De Lisser



SUGAR HILL  
NEW  
HAMPSHIRE  
By S. S. Nickerson



FROM SARATOGA TO GLENS FALLS, NEW YORK  
By S. P. Kurzman



ON BOLTON ROAD, LAKE GEORGE  
By Mary A. Havens



# Dedicated to the American Parent

By Edward Bok

## A ROLL For Educators to Ponder Over

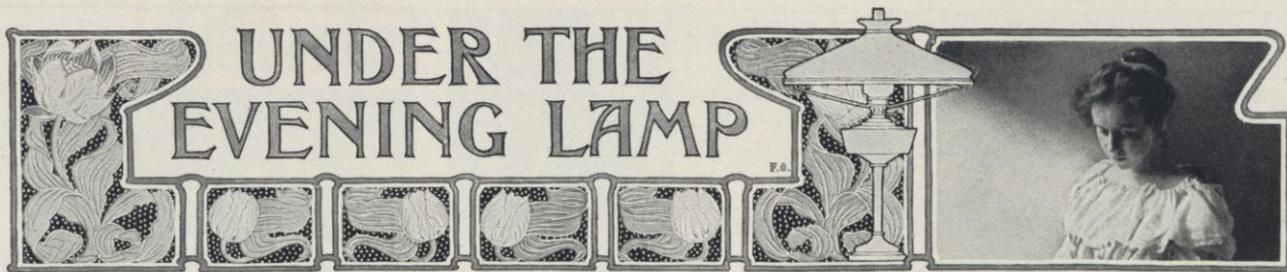
- "Eight children in the school where I teach have been withdrawn already this term—two I fear with their little brains hopelessly hurt."
- "After seeing my frail little boy of ten sent home with twenty-five sums in cubic arithmetic, reaching home at half-past four and working until ten, the poor little brain too tired with cubic inches to sleep, I withdrew him. Protest to the school availed nothing."
- "Twelve children from overstudy under my professional care as a physician have opened my eyes this year."
- "Unless he sat up until midnight it would be a mortal impossibility for my boy to do the lessons which he brings home."
- "Three girls in one single block have been ordered from school by their doctors—each nervously exhausted."
- "We have four daughters and had to take each of them out of school."
- "It was either no boy or no school: so we chose the latter and took our boy out."
- "With our two boys it was study until ten at night and at it again at five in the morning. So we stopped schooling."
- "Our daughter of fifteen broke down; a schoolmate, an orphan, with no one to look after her, broke down, continued in school, and died."
- "Of five children I have had to take three out of school almost broken beyond repair."
- "One year of study and my boy of eight had to be taken from school."
- "Compelled to bring home seven long lessons every evening, after being in school from nine to four, I have just taken my little girl of eleven out of the public school."
- "Only last evening I saw my boy working at his lessons from four until six and from eight until ten, and at the end of that time his lessons were half done. This morning I went to the school, but the principal could give me no assurance of things being different. This evening we decided to withdraw our boy."
- "Last week we took our twelve-year-old daughter out of school—the second of our children this term."
- "Clever as he is, my little boy of ten cannot master the lessons he brings home, although he works until nine every evening. Repeated headaches decided us yesterday to take him out of school."
- "For four years in succession I have been compelled to withdraw my boy before half of the term was over."
- "Fancy compelling a girl of ten to bring home a bag of books weighing nearly six pounds."
- "For over two months I have helped my boy every evening to get his lessons, and I give you my word that, man as I am, I cannot finish them for him until sometimes ten and eleven in the evening. And what good do they do him?"
- "Pains in the head followed efforts to get the next day's lessons with my boy, and we stopped his schooling."
- "As a teacher, I know only too well how diabolical is this pushing children. But I can do nothing, even when I see children withdrawn from my class on account of overstudy."
- "I am a physician, and during the last school year I treated over forty children suffering from overstudy. In over thirty of the cases I had to advise withdrawal from school."
- "The lessons our boy brought home gave him absolutely no time for play. Even then, he went to school nearly every day with a part of his lessons unfinished."

## A ROLL For Parents to Think Over

- "For twelve years I, a young woman, have been trying to overcome nervous prostration directly brought on by overstudy."
- "After fifteen years of schooling, in which mind and body were overtaxed, I now pray each day, from a hospital bed, at the age of twenty-five, for the opening of parents' eyes."
- "At the age of twenty-one I see my daughter a nervous wreck from overstudy."
- "I was pushed by ambitious parents until sight gave out. I lost the use of one eye altogether, while the other is weak."
- "We overreached. Pushed our bright, young daughter in school and out, until she broke down. Almost by a miracle she was saved to us. But it taught us a lesson."
- "Pushed beyond my endurance as a child, I am to-day a nervous mother with children so nervous that it is pitiable."
- "I wish I might have awakened fifteen years ago and thus avoided being the innocent means of urging on a beloved daughter to the verge of nervous prostration."
- "If I had only let my boy take his time he would not now be the nervous boy he is."
- "I lost health, wifehood, motherhood."
- "At seventeen I broke down. To-day, at thirty, I am still an invalid."
- "I gave my nerve-force—yes, my life-blood—to 'pass.' Now, I am a sick young wife, weak, nervous and physically wrecked."
- "I had a foolish ambition that my daughter should graduate early. She did. But now I have an invalid child."
- "An ambitious father caused me to be shattered in nerves before I was sixteen. My bed has ever since been almost my constant companion."
- "My eldest daughter became a complete wreck in mind and body before she was twenty. Too late I realized my responsibility as a mother."
- "I have taught in school for eight years, and during that time I have met the parents of just six of my scholars."
- "I am constantly told by parents that I must push their children. 'Never mind if the boy does get sick,' said one. 'Sickness can be cured, but a lack of education cannot.'"
- "I have four charming and promising young women now in a sanitarium from the combined results of overstudy and evening dances."
- "What are we as teachers to do when we never have a chance to see a parent, and when our only communication with parents is through a note saying that their children must be forced to learn their lessons? These notes I constantly receive."
- "Must a daughter say it, that her parents were blind? Surely I have learned from a sad, sad experience how bitterly true it is."
- "Years have gone by since I was under my parents' educational lash. Yet here I am at thirty with attack after attack upon a shattered nervous system."
- "My heart aches for my boy as I see him night after night studying, his eyes inflamed and his head tired. But what am I as a mother to do? I have been to his school three times. The teacher simply says this is demanded of her and she must do as she is told. Is there no relief from this oppression?"
- "I am one who laments going through life with a partially wrecked nervous system—a misfortune that could have been avoided had my parents realized that there is a limit to what a growing girl can do at school."

## A ROLL Which Speaks for Itself

- "Last year I laid my dear little daughter away wrecked in nerves and brain by overstudy. Too late I saw my error."
- "It was music and painting added to a tired brain. Now our house is still—a monument to our thoughtlessness."
- "Brain fever at twelve—and we are left alone."
- "She graduated, but she never recovered, and in two years we had no daughter."
- "She was ailing, but her mother was so ambitious for her. She let her sit up far into the night to work—a beautiful girl of only seventeen. She died a few days ago."
- "After she was graduated, coming home a mental and physical wreck, I laid a cherished daughter to sleep 'in the silent city.'"
- "Foolishly, I went ahead. Ambition spurred me on. Now, my little girl is mine no longer."
- "Ambitious to have her excel, we let our child overstudy. We did not see our wrong, even when she became 'so tired.' At seventeen she has just left us."
- "My parents did not see that there was a limit to a young girl's nerves and health. And the life of my beloved sister was the price."
- "I thought more of a diploma than I did of my child. Now, I have only the diploma."
- "'You don't try,' we said to our little daughter. She did try, then. Now, how we wish she had been wiser than we were."
- "Marks and medals were the goal of our ambition with our boy. He died, and we suffer."
- "Two lovely children in our town passed away last year entirely from being pushed at school."
- "A beautiful niece in a private asylum is a sorrowful tribute to modern schooling."
- "My wife and I often say that we lovingly murdered our little girl."
- "Our poor little boy, just previous to his passing away, went into a delirium of fear that he would not get his 'marks.' His dread was something pitiable."
- "Everything that love and skill could suggest was done. But our eyes had been opened too late."
- "We placed an education above health, and the life of a promising boy of eighteen is the price we paid for our mistake."
- "A little mound in our family plot is all that we have."
- "We pushed her, and God knows how we have suffered for our mistake."
- "I would not that any parent should pass through the anguish of regret that we daily feel, and witness each week when we visit a daughter at a private retreat."
- "'Promotion! Promotion!' was our cry. Then our little girl was promoted. But not in the way we hoped."
- "She was so well—rosy-cheeked and well-developed—that we thought she could easily stand the pressure of a fine education. Too engrossed with our selfish ambition, we attributed her growing anæmic state to all other causes but the right one. In a moment, almost, my husband realized our mistake one day. For years we tried travel, rest, the best of care—everything, in fact. But it was not to be, and with heavy hearts we laid her away."
- "What would not my husband and I give of our means to-day if we could undo the past and bring our only child back! That is the hardest part to bear: the feeling of what we might have done. From the house-tops would we cry out to parents to take care!"



**"Unto One of the Least of These"**

By Franklin B. Wiley



T WAS at the height of the busy holiday season, only a few days before Christmas some years ago, that a large man stopped at a counter in one of the big stores in Boston to make a purchase. As he stood waiting for his parcel many in the bustling, hurrying crowd, above which he towered head and shoulders, turned for another look at the massive figure and smooth-shaven, benevolent face, instinct with intellectual power. Just then, almost hidden by the jostling throng about her, a poorly dressed little girl came wandering by, crying bitterly. Instantly the faraway, meditative look in the big man's eyes changed to one of alert and sympathetic concern. Turning quickly, he stooped down and, stopping the child, asked her what the trouble was.

"I've lost my mamma, and I can't find her," she sobbed out.

Without a moment's hesitation he gently picked her up, and raising her carefully to his shoulder said: "Now, I am a very big man. You sit on my shoulder and you can see everybody in the room. In a few minutes you will either see your mamma, or she will see you."

Sure enough, in a short time the little one joyfully called out, "There's my mamma!" and at the same moment a small, shabby woman came hurriedly pushing through the crowd toward them, her flushed face plainly showing the relief she felt.

"Oh, I thought I'd lost her!" she said with breathless eagerness as she came up. "I've hunted everywhere and couldn't find her."

She reached up her arms and took the child, hugging her close, too excited to remember to utter any thanks; but there was a look of gratitude in her tired eyes that spoke louder than words.

With a kindly smile Phillips Brooks picked up his parcel and walked away.

**The Breakfast Face**

By Flora C. Fagnani

OH! WHAT a bright face, my darling!  
Tell me the secret, pray,  
Of such a sweet face, come rain, come shine,  
At breakfast every day?

Why, dearest, just look at the bright side;  
But, if you can see no bright,  
Go to work with a will on the dark side  
And polish with all your might!

**Sang for Jenny Lind's Teacher**

By Leigh Mitchell Hodges

THE good King Oscar, who has ruled so long and so wisely over Norway and Sweden, is a lover of music, and a good deal of a musician himself. When Emma Thursby, in the noontide of her fame as a soprano, was singing in Europe, she was received in Stockholm with great enthusiasm, and among her warmest admirers was the King. He was charmed with her voice, and often asked her to sing at the palace.

On one of these occasions he told her of an old singing-teacher whose life was drawing to a close under pathetic circumstances—Herr Bergs, who in his palmy days had counted Jenny Lind among his pupils, and had trained that matchless voice, and followed its career with almost the pride of a mother. Now, for fifteen years he had been confined to a little room in an old building in Stockholm, unable to get around by reason of an affliction, and cared for by a few faithful friends—among them the King himself.

King Oscar asked Miss Thursby if she would go and sing for the old teacher. One fine morning with her sister and her manager she hunted him up. When the singer stood before the aged master and lifted her clear, sweet voice in the "Bird Song" which Jenny Lind made immortal, his head fell on his breast and he wept. One by one Miss Thursby sang the songs which were dearest to the "Swedish Nightingale." As the last note of the last song died away he caught her hands and pressed them to his lips.

"You cannot know," he said, sobbing, "what you have given me. It is now so many years since I heard these songs that I taught her myself—and I had despaired of ever hearing them again. I cannot say how grateful I am."

Only a few years later the old man died. Perhaps, as the candle of his life flickered, the silvery measures of that morning's melodies lulled him peacefully into the Beyond.

**A Doll Two Hundred Years Old**

By Mary Townsend Kirk

IN 1699, when William Penn sailed from England in the good ship "Canterbury"—this being his second visit to his American Colony—he brought with him an English doll, of which, so far, scant notice has been taken, although it is believed to be to-day the sole surviving representative of that voyage across the Atlantic.

This doll, selected by William Penn's daughter Letitia, was sent by her to a little Miss Rankin, of Philadelphia.

Letitia Penn, the second, after two hundred eventful years, still retains, in a marked degree, much of the brightness and beauty of those early days when she was the pet of one little Quakeress after another. Her dress, not having changed with the changing fashions, is the Court dress of that period, and is made of striped and delicately tinted brocade and velvet; the skirt is very full and is distended over an enormous hoop. She is twenty inches in height, and her figure is long-waisted and slender, as are the pictures of Court beauties in those days. The full basque spreading out from the belt over the skirt enhances the slender effect. The hair is rolled away from the face much in the fashion of to-day.

Unfortunately, this doll had lost one of her arms before I knew her, but save for that she is in almost as perfect a condition as when she first landed in Philadelphia from her far-away home on the other side of the Atlantic.



Miss Rankin gave this doll to a Mrs. Prior, of Philadelphia, by whom she was presented to Miss Anne Massey, of the same city. Miss Massey, afterward Mrs. Brown, on her departure for England, left the doll with her friend, Mrs. Maher, whose property she was to become should Mrs. Brown die while she was abroad. Mrs. Maher, formerly a Miss Burns, of Philadelphia, but for many years a resident of Maryland, thinking Letitia should return to her Quaker friends, in May, 1858, gave her to Miss Mary B. Kirk, of Sandy Spring, Montgomery County, Maryland.

On the death of Miss Kirk, in 1882, Letitia was left to Dr. Mahlon Kirk. She now lives in the retirement her great age demands, only being removed from her careful wrappings when strangers, whom her quiet fame has reached, come to make close acquaintance with this, the oldest doll in America.

**My Sweet Brown Gal**

By Paul Lawrence Dunbar

W'EN de clouds is hangin' heavy in de sky,  
An' de win's a-tearin' moughty vigorous by,  
I don' go a-sighin' all erlong de way;  
I des' wo'k a-waitin' fu' de close o' day.

Case I knows w'en evenin' draps huh shades down,  
I won' care a smidgeon fu' de weathah's frown;  
Let de rain go splashin', let de thunder raih,  
Dey's a happy sheltah, an' I's goin' daih.

Down in my ol' cabin wa'm ez mammy's toas',  
'Taters in de fiah layin' daih to roas';  
No one daih to cross me, got no talkin' pal,  
Bbt I's got de comp'ny o' my sweet brown gal.

So I spen's my evenin' listenin' to huh sing,  
Lak a blessid angel; how huh voice do ring!  
Sweeter dan a bluebird flutterin' erroun',  
W'en he sees de steamin' o' de new plowed groun'.

Den I hugs huh closah, closah to my breas',  
Needn't sing, my da'lin', tek yo' hones' res'.  
Does I mean Malindy, Mandy, Lize er Sal?  
No, I means my fiddle—dat's my sweet brown gal!

**Mother**

By Virginia Woodward Cloud

THERE came a day when cattle died  
And every crop had failed beside,  
And not a dollar left to show.  
Then father said the place must go,  
And all of us, we hated so  
To go to tell Mother.

Behind the barn, there we three stood  
And wondered which one of us could  
Spare her the most—'tis easily said,  
But we just looked and looked in dread  
At one another.

I spoke: "I'll trust to Brother's tongue."  
But Father said, "No, he's too young;  
I reckon I—"  
He gave a groan:  
"To know we've not a stick nor stone  
Will just kill Mother!"

"Maybe a mortgage can be raised.  
Here all her father's cattle grazed;  
She loves each flower and leaf and bird—  
I'll mortgage ere I'll say a word  
To Mother!"

Upon his hands he bowed his head,  
And then a voice behind us said:  
"Mortgage? And always got to pay?  
Now, Father, I've a better way!"—  
And there, between the ricks of hay,  
Stood Mother.

"I have been thinking, 'most a year,  
We'd sell this place, and somewhere near  
Just rent a cottage small and neat,  
And raise enough for us to eat,"  
Said Mother.

"There's trouble worse than loss of lands.  
We've honest hearts and willing hands,  
And not till earth and roof and door  
Can rob of peace, shall I be poor!"  
She smiled. "And, 't seems to me,  
You all had better come to tea,"  
Said Mother.

As through the sunset field astir  
We three went following after her,  
The thrushes they sang everywhere;  
Something had banished all our care,  
And we felt strong enough to bear  
All things—with Mother.

And listen: Once there came a day  
When troops returned from far away,  
And every one went up to meet  
His own, within the village street.  
But ere he reached our old milestone  
I knew that Father came alone—  
And not with Brother.

Then through the twilight, dense and gray,  
All that our choking sobs could say  
Was—"Who'll tell Mother?"

But waiting for us, by the wood,  
Pale in the dusk, again she stood.  
And then her arms round Father prest  
And drew his head upon her breast:

"The worst that comes is never Death,  
For honor lived while he drew breath!"  
Said Mother.

Often, when some great deed is cried  
Of one, by flood or flame, who died,  
Of men who sought and won their fame,  
While all the land rings with some name  
Or other,

I think me of one warfare long,  
Of Marah's water, bitter, strong,  
Of sword and fire that pierced the heart,  
Of all the dumb, unuttered part,  
And say, with eyes grown misty, wet  
(Love's vision, that cannot forget),  
"All heroes are not counted yet—  
There's Mother."

**A Story of a Father's Love**

By a City Missionary

OLD Mr. — has an only daughter. They are of lowly rank, but he is honest and industrious. By trade he is a "puddler" in a foundry, and he earns four dollars and a half a day. Twenty years ago the wife and mother died, and the child of five became the old man's pet. Twelve years ago he sold his property and spent all his money in sending her abroad to study music. She came back two years ago a famous singer and a matchless beauty, and refused to own her father. He has moved to the East Side in order that, by living on a pittance, he may have twenty dollars every week to give her to buy clothes. Every week he sends it and every week she spends it, though she neither sees nor writes to him. Week after week he grows a little prouder and also a little sadder.

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## Edward Howard Griggs's Talks

On the Education of a Child from Eleven to Eighteen

FOURTH ARTICLE: EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCES



**I**HAVE now reviewed the chief changes which mark the mental and moral transition from childhood to manhood. To the awakening of the conscious life, isolating the individual from the world, yet giving a wholly new power of loving union with others, we found must be added the birth of a wealth of new ideals in every phase of life, not only giving immense stimulus, but also furnishing consciously accepted aims of conduct in place of the chance pressure of desire.

The new life must always involve a loss of the unconscious joy of childhood. The tree of knowledge is one of good and evil, and the joy in conscious appreciation of beauty is singularly close to pain. Yet if the glory is lost which Wordsworth describes as about the little child, it is only because there is new capacity to meet the problems which lie in the bare light of common day. The vision of the ideal has made discontent with the world as it is forever necessary, only that one may seek to build the world as it ought to be.

### When Ideals are Being Formed

**T**HIS time of awakening when ideals are being so rapidly formed and accepted is the one when educational influences must effect the largest results. The book that is read now, the line of action that is chosen, must mould permanently the life for good, or for evil. It is all but useless to plant seeds when the springtime is gone; the harvest of character must depend in part upon planting the soil in the time of awakening.

The peculiarly individual character of the new birth in each person makes this problem exceedingly difficult. One has not only to understand certain general principles regarding soils and seeds: in planting for the human harvest one must seize just the right moment and attain that subtle adjustment of the influence to the personal spirit which is never exactly the same for any two individuals. Thus the question, again, is less what is the stimulus, than what is the point of development reached by the individual and what is his peculiar need and capacity.

### What Different Influences May Do

**S**EEMINGLY slight influences may produce supreme revolutions when acting at just the right moment, while multiplied stimuli will prove often quite ineffective if acting too soon or too late. Not only that, but widely different influences may produce the same results in different individuals in the period of rapid change. For instance, one may see exactly the same type of religious development occur in two students, one of whom is absorbed in Greek mythology, while the other is working with problems of physical evolution.

In one instance I knew two young men, one of whom was deeply influenced by Emerson, while the other became almost a devotee of Herbert Spencer. Under the influence of these widely different masters the two passed through much the same type of intellectual clearing up, and came out into almost the same independent attitude toward life. Yet what two influences could be imagined more remote from each other than Spencer and Emerson: the one an inductive naturalist, gathering an immense range of biological and other facts, and reducing them to system by far-reaching analysis and synthesis; the other a mystic, brooding over the problems of the soul, and announcing the ideas and visions that came to him. Truly it is less a question what is the influence than where is the individual at the time when the influence affects him.

### Results from an Experiment

**T**HIS came out very clearly in some studies undertaken during successive years with a university class working with the ethical and educational problems in personal autobiography. The students were quite mature, many of them being former teachers, and they cooperated in the experiments in a thoroughly serious way. They were asked to state what book (excluding the Bible for obvious reasons) had most deeply influenced their lives, and why. The papers were unsigned and bore every evidence of entire sincerity. The result was most surprising, though largely negative. There were few of the books one would expect to find mentioned, while it seemed that almost any book might produce the great result if it came at the critical moment. The books covered a wide range. There were novels, histories, volumes of essays, poems; and of them all many of quite minor worth. Yet each of these coming in the period of youthful reaction had been able to produce the great result in some peculiarly constituted individual.

### What Lack of Discipline May Do

**A**S A SLIGHT and seemingly inadequate influence may produce the great result when acting at the critical time, so where right influences fail in this period the result is often serious and irreparable harm.

One of the most interesting examples is that of Marie Bashkirtseff, whose Journal gives so clear an expression of her personality and of the influences moulding it. What impresses one most in the earlier years she records is the utter absence of an organic personal world. Surrounded by individuals proud of her beauty and talent but quite incapable of disciplining and directing her character, flattered, stimulated and scolded, taken about from place to place and brought into contact with the rootless cosmopolitan society that exists in great hotels, was it any wonder that her intense egoistic nature became morbidly self-conscious, that she hungered for the applause that would come from having done great things, without being capable of the patience and sane living necessary to the doing? One can only wonder what would have been the effect of one strong, simple, organic personality in constant contact with her in the period of her life from ten to fifteen. What would not have been its effect!

Poor Marie Bashkirtseff! Surrounded by all that would call out her vanity and selfishness, deprived of all opportunity to establish quietly the roots of her physical and spiritual life, without one influence that would give sanity and stability, forced to the melancholy satisfaction of exploiting her moods and vanities for the recognition and memory she so craved, she is a sad example of how great may be the harm if the right influences fail to come in the period of awakening for a sensitive and highly gifted life.

### What Environment Did for Goethe

**T**O STUDY a more cheerful illustration let one recall Goethe's visit to Dresden as it is related in his Autobiography. Moved by an inner impulse Goethe went away from the University of Leipzig for a brief stay in Dresden with the daily study of the pictures in the great gallery there. The result was marvelous. Goethe's whole life received a lasting inspiration and art a new meaning. He could now look at Nature through the eyes of this or that artist and appreciate how each expressed and interpreted some phase of the world. Had Goethe's visit to Dresden occurred three years earlier it could not have produced such an awakening. Had it come three years later the time for the great effect on Goethe's life would have been past.

It is then possible to emasculate even a noble influence by pressing it upon the child before there is a possibility of his responding to it. Many of the best intentioned and most generously equipped of us are doing that in education to-day. The rapid expansion of education has placed a world of new stimuli in our hands. We bring to the little child a bewildering wealth of photographs of paintings, statues, architecture, and a multitude of books of highly developed literary art, with the feeling that it is impossible to have too many good and beautiful things. The child, alas! is too often swamped with this mass of influences, many of which he cannot assimilate until the period of youthful awakening arrives. Fortunately, Nature protects him somewhat at this period.

### Children Should Never be Forced

**W**E ARE chagrined when the child turns from the Sistine Madonna to a colored chromo, and quietly prefers his Mother Goose to Dante; but, instead of regarding his action as an inexplicable caprice, we should be glad that he has the power to let a flood of influences to which he cannot yet respond slip by without receiving much injury.

Yet it is possible to do real harm. I am not unaware of the great value to the child of an environment of beauty. Verses he does not understand may waken echoes in his soul; and the glorious maidenhood of the Madonna that looks down from the wall of his schoolroom may prepare him, all unconsciously to himself, to respond to nobler ideals in the life that comes by-and-by. When, a little later, he turns consciously to the world of art he may find that he has already made many friends. But deliberately and systematically to force the great pictures and poems upon a young child, and attempt to teach their meaning and their beauties in detail, may be only to disgust and bore the child now, and to divest a noble influence of the power it should have over him in the period of awakening, if it then come fresh and new to his attention. Do you remember how difficult it was later to love the poems from which as a child you dined over selections in the old-time reader?

### Nature Helps the Child Wonderfully

**W**E MEET the same problem in the relation of the child to Nature. Young children enjoy physical action and fresh air; sunshine, green and flowery fields, and deep forests appeal to them with endless charm. But that romantic love of Nature beauty which finds its expression in descriptive poetry and landscape painting is as little characteristic of children before the epoch of awakening as it was of the ancient Greeks. To attempt to teach such beauty to young children in detail is to waste time and distract attention from those interests and activities in which they are naturally absorbed.

However, Nature does help us wonderfully. If the little child has the happy imperviousness to influences coming before their time, the youth in the period of transition, more responsive to stimuli, has an even more positive ability to react against an environment which would do harm. Blessed indeed is sometimes the instinct for running away from home which dawns in many children. Goethe ran away from home when he went to the University of Leipzig at the behest of his father. It was his breaking with an influence which had accomplished its good and was becoming a hard and formal limitation.

### What a Single Good Influence May Do

**I**NDEED, it was the misfortune of Goethe's sister that she could not also run away, and a lasting bitterness in her spirit was the result of her continued subjection to the rigid and formal discipline of her home. It made no difference in Goethe's case that he went to Leipzig at his father's order. None the less did he then assert his own independent spirit and choose his own way of life.

If the problem is so difficult there is at least the comfort that a single helpful influence may have an unending good effect. Inestimable is the value of one noble friend, one great book made an intimate companion in the period of youthful awakening. Better one than many, we may often say. For the need is not the multitude of books, each of which may dull the impression of others, nor the wide range of personal relations which sharpen but dissipate the spirit, but the intimate and continued contact with a few strong, sincere influences which may give centre and balance as well as inspiration.

### Education is the Touch of Life upon Life

**E**DUCATION is not in extensive apparatus and vast libraries, but in the touch of life upon life. We need to remember this in these days when education is being rapidly transformed, and well-intentioned patriotism leads us rightly to give ever larger grants for school purposes. It is true the one supreme function of the State is education: no equipment of the schools can be too good, no well-used expenditure too great. But an unused equipment may be a burden; an unassimilated environment may dull or even swamp the spirit, and distract attention from what is the one thing needful—the strong, inspiring touch of life upon life.

I remember reading one morning after Christmas that in some wealthy family the children had twenty-two Christmas trees illuminated with electric lights. The parents doubtless meant well, but they could not have done worse. One simple doll that a child may dress and undress is worth a show-window of wax puppets; one rubber ball or box of plain blocks is better than a hundred complicated toys, whose chief use is to stimulate the child's investigating faculty as he takes them to pieces—at the expense of cultivating destructiveness. So, in the period of reaction, it is not the number of influences that determines the result, but the worth of a few deeply assimilated. Reserve is as necessary as generosity; the range must be limited if the great effect is to come from the best.

### Theory Must Flower into Practice

**T**HUS the problem of educational influences is one of delicate adjustment to the needs of the individual at the particular point of his development. Guiding principles may be laid down, but the worth of these in the harvest of character can be estimated only in terms of the individual to be influenced. Thus educational science must be completed by art, theory must flower into practice, and for even a relative solution of the problem sympathetic study and appreciation of the individual must crown our knowledge of principles and laws.

In the next article, which will appear in the February Journal, Professor Griggs will write of the

"Dangers of the Period of Transition"

Reviewing and classifying those dangers, so that they may be avoided or overcome.

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If you'll send your address, I'll send you the Index to Lamps and their Chimneys, to tell you what number to get for your lamp.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

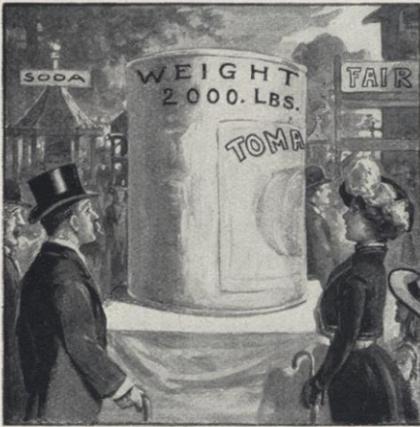
# The Journal's Puzzle School

Here are twelve pictures. Each one represents a well-known American city or town. For example, No. 1 is Canton (Ohio). Now guess the rest. (The States in which the cities are located need not be added.) After you have made your solutions, tell us, in not more than 25 words, or less, what you know about the city represented by Picture No. 1 (Canton, Ohio).

In return for your skill in solving the puzzles and writing the little article THE JOURNAL will give:

- A Check for \$25.00 to the Person Sending a Correct List of Solutions of the Puzzles, and, in the Judgment of the Editor of The Ladies' Home Journal, the Best Article of 25 Words (Not More) About Canton, Ohio.
- A Check for \$10.00 for the Second Correct List and Best Article.
- A Check for \$5.00 for Each of the Third, Fourth and Fifth Correct Lists and Best Articles, and \$1.00 each for the Next Twenty-five (25), Thirty (30) Rewards in All, Amounting to \$75.00.

(No questions regarding these puzzles will be answered: all the conditions to be complied with are clearly given in the directions below.)



No. 1



No. 2



No. 3



No. 4



No. 5



No. 6



No. 7



No. 8



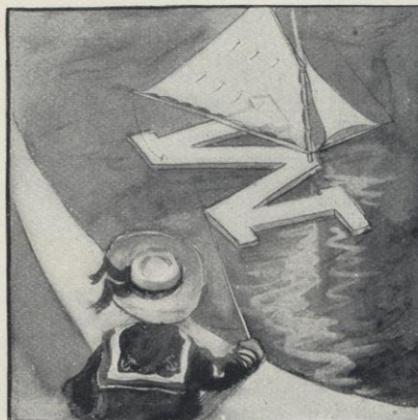
No. 9



No. 10



No. 11



No. 12

**Use No Other Slip Than This**

Put one guess on each line and say no more. Then cut this slip out and mail it to

THE PUZZLE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA, P. O. BOX 14 01.

- No. 1.....
- No. 2.....
- No. 3.....
- No. 4.....
- No. 5.....
- No. 6.....
- No. 7.....
- No. 8.....
- No. 9.....
- No. 10.....
- No. 11.....
- No. 12.....

Give full name and address here.

NAME.....

**Read These Mailing Directions**

Mail your letter so that it will reach Philadelphia not earlier than the morning of January 6, and not later than the morning of January 9, after which last-named date no letters will be considered. But allow us to repeat: each list must be sent on the slip given at the left of this notice and in no other way. Put absolutely nothing in your envelope but the slip.

The rewards will be made immediately after January 9. The correct solutions of puzzles and names of reward-receivers will be published in the March Journal. Owing to lack of space, the little articles cannot be published.

**LIFEBUOY SOAP**



"A LIFE-SAVER"

**LIFEBUOY SOAP**

IS NOT ONLY A THOROUGH CLEANSER BUT AT THE SAME TIME DISINFECTS PERFECTLY—IT PURIFIES. KEEPS THE HOME SWEET AND CLEAN, AND THE BODY IN HEALTH AND FREE FROM INFECTION



**LIFEBUOY SOAP**

ONLY 5 CENTS

**THIRTY YEARS OF HOUSEKEEPING**

"In my experience of over thirty years of housekeeping I have used many kinds of soap, but Lifebuoy is the King of all. I have used it for the past four years, and would not be without it at any price."

MRS. J. W. STEVENSON, 511 VANDERBILT AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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"Lifebuoy Soap is the most remarkable soap I have ever used. It is unequalled for toilet and bath, leaving a sense of cleanliness and freshness not experienced from the use of other soaps. Lifebuoy Soap should be in every home."

C. H. LELAND, M. D., LOWELL, MASS.



Carton containing three full-sized cakes of Lifebuoy Soap will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address, on receipt of 15 cents, stamps or coin, if your grocer does not sell it.

Mention The Ladies' Home Journal, and we will send you free valuable booklet, "The Friend of Health."

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**Read These Positive Directions**

When you settle on the city or town which you think each picture represents, write it on the line after the same number as the picture on the slip on this page, and use only this slip cut out of the magazine. No others will be considered. Then, below the slip, on the white margin of the page, write your 25-word (or less) article. Do not write your article on a separate slip: the whole must be confined to the slip and the margin.

Send as many different sets of solutions as you like, but each must be on a separate slip cut from "The Journal's Puzzle School." The same article of 25 words can be used on each different slip if you like, or a different article, as you may see fit.

Next Month  
A New Set of 12 Puzzles  
Will be Given.

# Making Good Candy at Home



**I**N MAKING plain cream fondant sweet dairy cream is not used as many people suppose, but it is made with water and sugar in correct proportions, then boiled to a certain degree (for example, 239° Fahrenheit) and afterward paddled to a creamy texture, not unlike the turning of cream to butter by agitation.

This is the fondant so extensively used by confectioners the world over, as it is the base of an endless variety of candies.

Place three pounds of granulated sugar in a four-quart granite-ware saucepan with a handle, and add to it three gills of clean cold water; set the pan over a blue-flame or coal fire, stirring the while until the syrup boils; this is done to dissolve the sugar thoroughly, when the stirring should cease. Wash down the inside of the pan to the syrup's edge with a small-handled vegetable brush dipped in water. This is quite important, as the least particle of undissolved sugar adhering to the pan above the boiling syrup will work its way into the mixture and will often cause the whole mass to turn back to sugar or "grain."

### When the Syrup Begins to Boil

**W**HEN the syrup first breaks out into a boil add as much cream of tartar as a dime will hold, dissolving it in a tablespoonful of water; this cuts the grain or reduces the strength of the sugar somewhat. Continue the boiling, without stirring, for five minutes or more, then have a bowl or saucer of water near by, dip out a small spoonful of the hot syrup and drop it in the water; if it is then sufficiently firm to be rolled up in a "soft ball" between the thumb and fingers it has boiled enough and should be removed from the fire at once. When trying the water test, if the syrup remains too thin to form a ball, continue the boiling until such a ball can be formed. Care should be taken that after the syrup has been allowed to cool it will not be too firm to work. When thoroughly cold it should be a little heavier and thicker than molasses in cold weather, or just gummy enough to remain on a level surface without running.

If the syrup should be stirred hot as it comes from the fire it would turn into a coarse, unsatisfactory mess, not fit for candy making at all. Herein many fail at sugar boiling.

### It is Well to Have a Marble Slab

**C**ANDY makers have a nice marble slab to pour the hot syrup on, with four small iron bars laid on it in such a way as to form a hollow square; this keeps the syrup from running over the edges of the stone.

If the marble slab cannot be had pour the batch in large earthen platters; it should be poured out carefully and allowed to stand undisturbed until it has become entirely cold. If it has been boiled nicely it will look clear and transparent like rock candy syrup.

Now take in hand a small hardwood butter paddle with thin blade and begin stirring the thick syrup by pushing the paddle under it, then over, working it back and forth over and over. Shortly it will become opaque or milky looking. Keep paddling steadily, working the whole toward the centre of platter or marble; after a while it will turn snow-white and set instantaneously in a firm lump. The paddle should be scraped now and then to keep the whole evenly blended. Wet a small towel and wring it partly dry, then place it over the newly made fondant, allowing it to remain there for at least one hour. This is called the "curing process."

Remove the cloth and knead the whole lump just as you would bread dough. It is then ready to be packed down in a small wooden tub, and as long as a slightly dampened cloth is kept over it the "stock fondant" will keep pliable and creamy; it may be used at will, as it is always ready for use. Small quantities can be taken out and flavored, then colored to form many pleasing effects.

### Making the Fondant into Candies

"**S**TOCK fondant" is always kept in readiness by candy makers, just as a chef keeps "soup stock."

A confectioner's copper-case thermometer is a valuable asset to any one who wishes to obtain uniform results in candy making.

This is an easy way of making common chocolate creams:

Take any quantity of "stock fondant," knead and work into it any flavor or color to suit the fancy; break off small pieces and form them in odd or regular shapes and stand them in rows across sheets of wax paper. They should stand for several hours to dry on the outside, or until they feel firm enough to

handle. Then melt up some sweet chocolate in a steam jacket kettle or small farina boiler, and when it is just thin enough to run pour it out in a platter or on the marble, and while it is still blood warm dip or roll the prepared creams in it. Cover each one evenly and drop on wax paper in regular rows. When a sheet has been filled set it where it will cool quickly. In this way the chocolate creams will retain their shape and not spot nor streak.

By W. L. Wright

### To Make the Finer Grade of Chocolates

**F**IRST of all it is necessary to have a small tin funnel-dropper, four inches and a half across the top and tapering down to a quarter of an inch at the bottom, with a small stick similar to a lead pencil to run through the centre of funnel to close the quarter-inch outlet, this stick to be raised and lowered so as to let out a small quantity of melted fondant sufficient to fill a small mould that has been prepared to receive it. The funnel should be seven inches in length, made to resemble the letter V, and handled on one side like a tin quart measure.

Fill some shallow wooden trays with powdered sugar or dry cornstarch and scrape off the top with a thin piece of wood something like a yardstick, only shorter; whittle out a design on the end of a small piece of wood to resemble a bonbon or chocolate cream; smooth it over nicely with fine sandpaper; when it is finished make impressions in it in regular rows by pressing down on the stick and lifting it out carefully. By taking a little pains the impressions will be perfect.

### When Ready to Flavor and Tint

**F**LAVOR and tint some "stock fondant" the same way as directed for common chocolates; place it in a small farina boiler and let it melt down thin; should it appear too thick to pour add a very few drops of water at a time to thin it just right. Do not let the mixture get too hot as the chocolates would dry more quickly and be harder when finished. Place the funnel-dropper in the top of a tin quart measure (as a holder) and pour about half a pound of the melted fondant into it (the stick of course prevents it from running through), then take the funnel in your left hand and hold it directly over an impression in the tray; then with your right hand lift the stick up enough to fill a cavity with the melted cream and then push down on the stick to close outlet; repeat this operation until all the moulds are filled. After they have stood for ten minutes cover them over with a sprinkling of powdered sugar or starch and let them stand long enough to harden sufficient to handle, usually six or eight hours. Remove them from the moulds by running a finger under the side and lifting them up, or a fork may be used. Dust them off and they will then be ready to receive their coating of chocolate.

### Cream Mint and Other Wafers

**T**HESE popular candies are easy to make at home at a trifling cost. Place a pound of "stock fondant" in a double kettle and melt it down the same as for running in moulds; when thin enough to pour add five drops of oil of peppermint (not essence), turn it in the funnel-dropper and drop it out on sheets of heavy wax paper in wafers the size of half dollars. The paper should stand on a level place and the creams be allowed to remain until they are firm enough to handle, then they may be removed for use.

For wintergreen use ten drops of the oil and tint the melted fondant pink with red vegetable coloring. Pistachio, lemon, orange, lime and vanilla are good flavors to use.

Oils are better for flavoring than extracts.

### A Reliable Way to Make Fudge

**T**HE following method of making fudge is practicable and reliable and excellent results should follow: Take a heavy five-quart granite-ware saucepan (with handle), plain or porcelain-lined, place therein one pint of medium dairy cream and three pounds by weight of granulated sugar (cane sugar, not beet); place the pan over a moderate fire and stir the mixture continually until it boils; then stir in a quarter of a teaspoonful of pure cream of tartar. Continue the

boiling and stirring for five minutes and then add slowly another pint of cream. The object of stirring is to prevent the cream from scorching on the bottom of pan. Too much stirring will sometimes grain the whole boil in the kettle. Try the water test the same as for syrup boiling; when the "soft ball" degree is reached remove the pan from the fire at once, set it on some secure place and stir into it one pound of plain "stock fondant" and two tablespoonfuls of best vanilla extract; keep stirring the mass until the ingredients are thoroughly incorporated; when the mixture begins to thicken, and before it gets too thick, pour it out quickly and evenly in a large dripping-pan that has been lined with wax paper, or plain paper that has received a coat of olive or sweet oil.

Let the pan stand on a level place until the fudge has become hardened enough to mark and break in bars or squares.

### Chocolate and Nut Fudge

**T**HIS is made the same as vanilla, only when the fondant is stirred in add a quarter of a pound of melted chocolate and finish as above. Chocolate or butter should not be put in at the beginning of a boil or the flavors will not give satisfactory results. Butter may be added when the chocolate is. Crush a pound of walnut meats (English or hickory) on a moulding-board with a rolling-pin; roll them rather fine; this coaxes out that "nutty" flavor which adds to the candy a peculiar richness not to be obtained in any other way; stir them into a batch at the time the fondant goes in.

Make some maple fondant, using crushed maple sugar instead of granulated. Maple cream made in this way is far superior to any form of maple. A pound of it added to the hot fudge mixture, instead of plain fondant, makes a most delicious combination.

Cherry fudge is made by stirring in glacé cherries instead of nut meats.

Cocoonut fudge calls for half a pound of shredded cocoonut. This combines well with vanilla or chocolate.

The correct texture of finished fudge should be one-half "chewy" like a caramel, and the other half "grainy," a happy medium produced by rule, measure and system. The stirring in of fondant works perfectly. Fudge may be made without the use of fondant, but it is not considered as nice. When a thermometer is used in a fudge boil the degree wanted is 235° Fahrenheit; this does away with the forming of the "soft ball."

### Old-Fashioned Butter Scotch

**A**NOTHER popular candy is butter scotch, which may be easily made in any kitchen. Use a three-pint porcelain-lined saucepan; put one pound of granulated sugar and a small teacupful of water in it, and set on a blue-flame or coal fire; stir the mixture until the sugar is completely dissolved; wash down the sides of the pan with a dampened vegetable brush to the syrup's edge, and place a wooden cover over it and let boil for a few minutes; remove the cover and watch the boil; the bubbles will keep growing larger and the syrup thicker; finally it gets to pattering like pudding; watch the color of it, and when it turns from a water white to a dark straw color it is done. The time required from the appearance of the first bubbles to the finish is about ten minutes by the clock. When the desired color appears take the pan from the stove and stir in two tablespoonfuls of the best butter previously softened, but not melted, also six or eight drops oil of lemon; set back on the fire for a few seconds and then pour the mixture thinly over oiled sheets of tin. Before the wafer hardens mark it in squares or diamonds with a long knife blade, and when it has thoroughly hardened break it up for use in uniform pieces. Add a pinch of cream of tartar to the mixture when it begins boiling.

### Butter-Scotch Wafers are Popular

**I**NSTEAD of pouring the butter-scotch mixture directly on tin, as in the foregoing, pour it into the funnel-dropper and then drop it out quickly on sheets of tin the size of silver quarters in regular rows. This mixture has been boiled very high (310° Fahrenheit) and will harden like glass immediately after it has been dropped out. Wafers so made may be kept in glass jars with ground stoppers for a long time. Butter-scotch wafers are among the leading confections at the present time.

Wafers two inches square, each one nicely wrapped in wax paper, six wafers to the packet, and all finished by wrapping in tin-foil, held in place with a pretty ribbon, make a pretty gift packet.

**GRAPE-NUTS**

**Kitchen Expenses**

Reduced by Ready Cooked Grape-Nuts

"Modern food saves gas bills (cooking), labor, and doctor's bills, and the food I refer to is Grape-Nuts," says a Chicago woman.

"We have used Grape-Nuts over a year. I weighed, when I began using it, about 100 pounds, but have gained 22 pounds since. I have been entirely free from dyspepsia since using this delicious food. My husband and children enjoy Grape-Nuts as much as I do, and they have all been decidedly benefited by its use. My baby is very much healthier than my other two children were at his age. I attribute the difference to the use I have made of Grape-Nuts Food. Of course it is a great advantage to have a food that is already cooked and sure to be in good condition. This is not always true of many cereals."

Mrs. Geo. S. Foster,  
1025 Wabansia Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

**ROBERTS' Cream Chocolate**

TRADE MARK.

Is a new preparation of CHOCOLATE, PURE CREAM, AND SUGAR, blended into a powder in correct proportions. For drinking simply add hot water.

**Dainty—Delicious—Nutritious**

The \$555.00 Prize Recipes are selected from many hundreds offered. The first prize recipes will be published in February LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

A half-pound can to any address by mail, **30 Cents.**

A five-pound can (family size) by express, prepaid, **\$2.00**

Address  
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PRIZE RECIPE BOOK FREE

**Knox's Gelatine**

has many values for it very different from "other" gelatines. I want you to know them and

**I Will Mail Free**

my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," if you will simply send me the name of your grocer.

If you can't do this, send a two-cent stamp.

For 5 cents in stamps, the book and full pint sample.

For 15 cents, the book and full two-quart package (two for 25 cents).

Pink color for fancy desserts in every package.

A package of Knox's Gelatine makes 2 quarts (a half gallon) of jelly.

**CHAS. B. KNOX**  
12 Railroad Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

**Competent Agents Wanted**

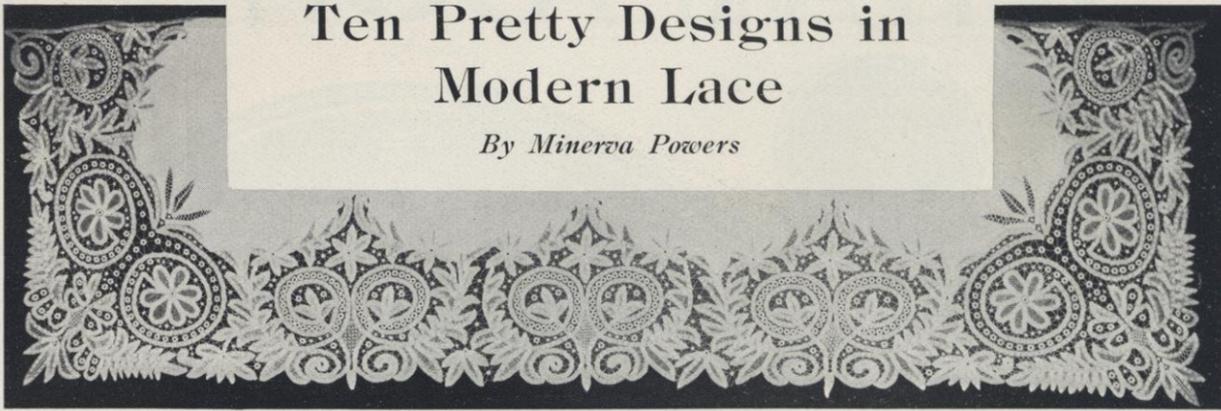
who can earn \$25 to \$75 a week taking orders for

**"SUN" INCANDESCENT GASOLINE LAMPS**

Cheaper than kerosene, more light than ten electric bulbs. Needed in homes, stores, halls, churches, etc. Conforms to all insurance underwriters' rulings. Write for terms. Mention territory wanted. **SUN VAPOR LIGHT CO.** (licensee of the ground patent for vapor lamps), Box 500, Canton, Ohio.

# Ten Pretty Designs in Modern Lace

By Minerva Powers

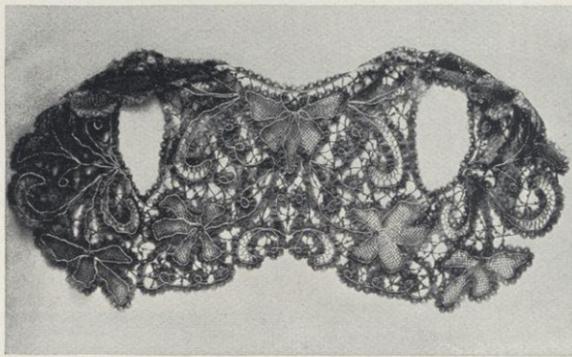


EXQUISITE LACE FALL FOR BACK OF A PIANO

This handsome fall for an upright piano is in fern and scroll pattern. Wide Flemish braid and thread rings are used. This design would also be suitable for a lunch-cloth, a buffet-cover or for curtains. A fine quality of art linen is used for mounting.



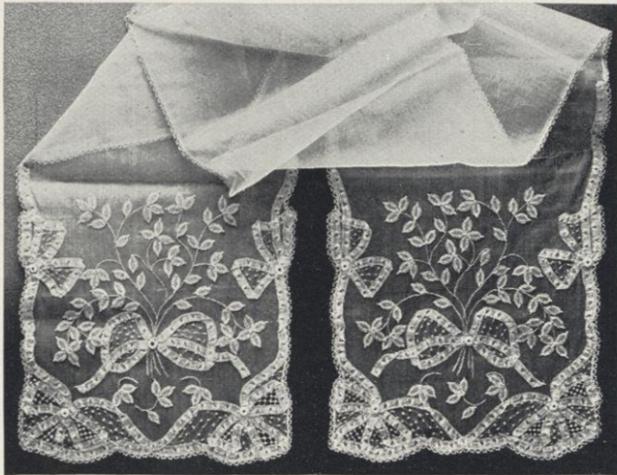
PRETTY LACE COLLAR  
Cream and gold Arabian braid form this collar.



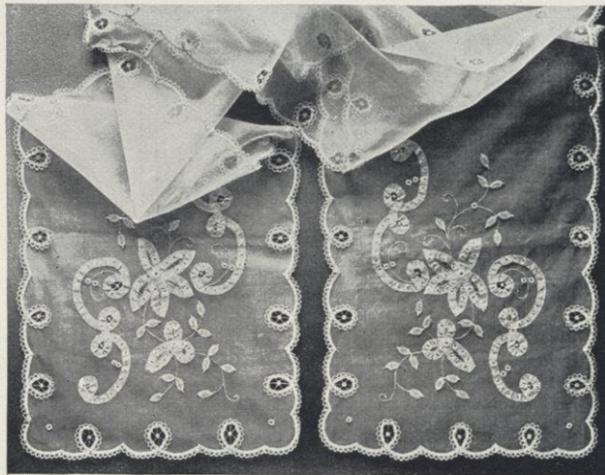
AN UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE BOLERO  
This beautiful jacket is of black silk braid. Fine white lines represent gold thread. The work must be done on the right side.



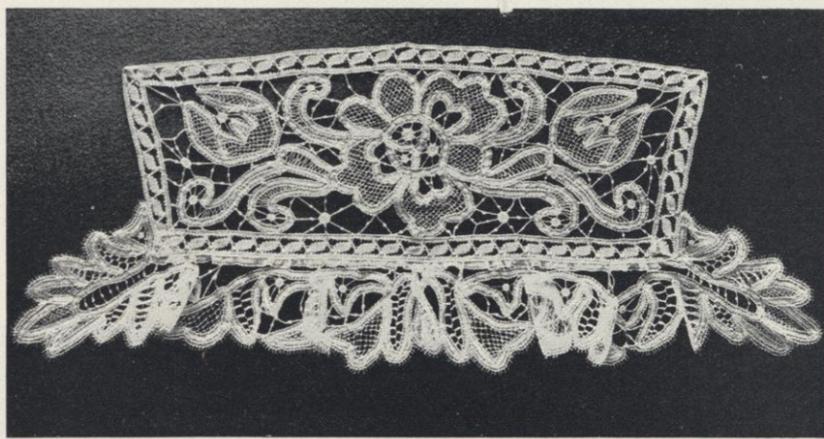
LARGE LACE COLLAR  
A combination of cream Flemish braids outlined in gold thread.



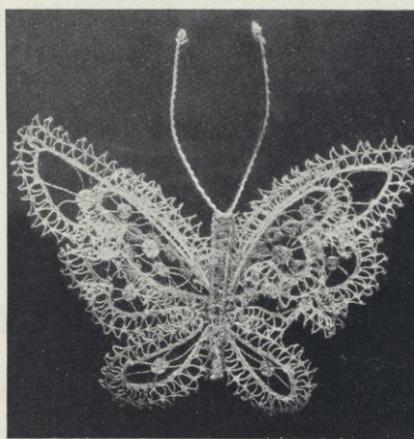
MARIE ANTOINETTE SCARF IN BOWKNOT DESIGN  
White silk mousseline de soie and appliqué of cream braids are used for this scarf. The small dots are made in the French knot embroidery stitch.



WORKED ON MOUSSELINE DE SOIE  
This pretty scarf is made of white mousseline de soie and cream Flemish braids. It might be used for a hat, a jacket or a corsage drapery.



LACE CUFF FOR UNDERSLEEVE  
The lower part of a sleeve may be finished with a cuff like this, with a fall of lace for the hand. The cuff and lace are made separately, then joined. The finest point braids and thread are used.



FOR THE HAIR  
Gold braids and thread form this butterfly ornament. Each pair of wings is be wired like a V.



DAINTY BLACK LACE BERTHA  
This pretty bertha is made of black silk Flemish braid. This design done in white would make a pretty centerpiece.



A COLLAR OF THE OLD STYLE  
This point lace collar is of the old-fashioned shape now so popular. This collar, and cuffs like the one shown above make a pretty set. The design may also be used for a fan.

## HIGHEST GOLD MEDAL

is awarded by the "Pan-American" Exposition to Brainerd & Armstrong's SILKS

THIS PROUD DISTINCTION is conferred on our Silks of every kind, and especially in recognition of the fast colors of our Embroidery Silks. Send to-day for our

### New Embroidery Book

containing full instructions for the New and Stylish Brown Linen Centerpiece and our Souvenir Pan-American Sofa Cushion. Also instructions for "Beautiful Screens" and "Beaded Silk Bags and Purses." Over 130 pages and engravings of Centerpieces, Dollies, Battenberg Work, etc. Our silks in HOLDERS prevent snarls. Empty Holders Secure Valuable Prizes. All explained in "1902 Book." Mailed for 10 cents. Address

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.  
6 Union Street  
New London, Conn.

NOTE—DO NOT BE MISLED OR DECEIVED. A recent advertisement of a certain silk Company claims the company received a prize at Paris in competition with all the other silk thread manufacturers of this country. The truth is that no other silk thread manufacturer from the United States made any exhibit whatever at Paris. So the Company referred to was awarded a medal in competition with itself and no one else, so far as the United States is concerned. We trust no person will be deceived by any such misleading advertisements. We prefer to exhibit in our own country—welcoming competition.

Any man can provide under the policies of

## The Mutual Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK

Richard A. McCurdy, Pres.

- FOR HIMSELF. An immediate income for life. An endowment for early retirement. A pension for old age.
- FOR HIS WIFE. A definite amount at his death, and fixed payments for her life.
- FOR HIS SONS. Money to start in a business or a profession. A fund which cannot be touched and from which an income is assured.
- FOR HIS DAUGHTERS. Marriage settlement money, or an ample income for life.
- FOR HIS BUSINESS. Additional capital at his own or partner's death. Instant cash when most needed.
- FOR ANY CHARITY. Such a sum as he would care to leave it.

The Mutual insures women on exactly the same terms as men. It is the largest, strongest and most progressive life insurance company in the world. Its rates are lower than those of any of the other large companies, and its guarantees are higher.

Income in 1900 - \$60,582,802.31.  
Assets Jan. 1, 1901, \$325,753,152.51.

Returned to policy holders over \$550,000,000.

Ask for free booklet, "Why Women Should Insure"

## Make Your Own Lace

Do you want to make Money?

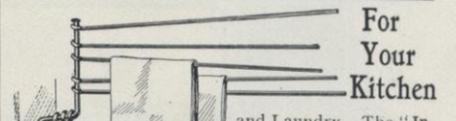
A New Industry— "Lace Making at Home" A SURE income can be earned at home with our



### "PRINCESS LACE LOOM"

It is something entirely NEW. With it can be woven the most beautiful Valenciennes and Torchon Laces. Something never done in America before! Easy to learn and easy to work, and the lace produced is equal to the finest imported hand-made lace. Ladies who desire to make lace for their own use, or to make money, should write at once for full particulars of this wonderful little Loom. Upon receipt of 4 cents, stamps, we will send FREE our new book, Lace Making, illustrated.

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### For Your Kitchen

and Laundry. The "Indispensable" Towel Rack has eight arms. Adjusts to any position desired. Swings against wall when not in use. Made of steel, nickel-plated. Will not rust and wears a lifetime. Price, \$1.25, express prepaid anywhere in the United States.

#### How to Get One Without Money

By taking orders from your neighbors and earn money besides. Send \$1.25 for one rack to work with, and price will be rebated if you sell four. You can be our agent and make good money. Write for particulars.

McElroy Iron Works Co., Keokuk, Iowa



## 20th Century LAUNCHES

Electro-Vapor Were used exclusively at the Pan-American Exposition because they are the best. They are elegantly finished, simple, seaworthy, safe, reliable. Stock sizes 15 to 50 ft. \$150 and up. Send 10c. for handsome catalogue of Steam and Sail Yachts, Row Boats, Canoes, etc. Order now; avoid spring rush.

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., Box 5, Racine, Wis.

"LOOK" Embroidery Offer: One 17 in. Battenberg Center, Tie End and Collar on cambric, Point Lace Braid and Thread to work the collar. Also 18 in. Linen Centerpiece, Catalogue with Illustrated stitches, for 25 cts. WALTER P. WEBBER Lynn, Mass. Box L

# WHAT A GIRL DOES AT COLLEGE

## PART TWO: The Athletic Side

## A Picture Story

By Carolyn Halsted

In the Next Number of The Journal Miss Halsted Will Present the Dramatic and Musical Sides of a College Girl's Life.



AT NEWCOMB COLLEGE  
Basket-ball is played outdoors all the year round at New Orleans.



1903 CHAMPION BASKET-BALL TEAM  
After the championship game in March at Smith College the captain is carried on the shoulders of the winning team.



A SENIOR GOLFER  
Western Reserve University,  
Cleveland, Ohio.



SMITH FRESHMEN—1904  
This was the first Freshman basket-ball team to play under the new rules introduced by the director of athletics at Smith College.



FIELD DAY IN NOVEMBER  
A group of Seniors at Wellesley College just ready to throw the ball.



ROWING IS THE FAVORITE SPORT AT WELLESLEY  
The Senior crew at Wellesley practicing for Float Day in June. This event attracts thousands of spectators every year.



READY FOR THE ANNUAL BATTLE AT VASSAR  
Each class at Vassar has a regular team, which competes for the class championship on the "Athletic Circle" toward the close of the college year. The different classes attend these games in special costumes.



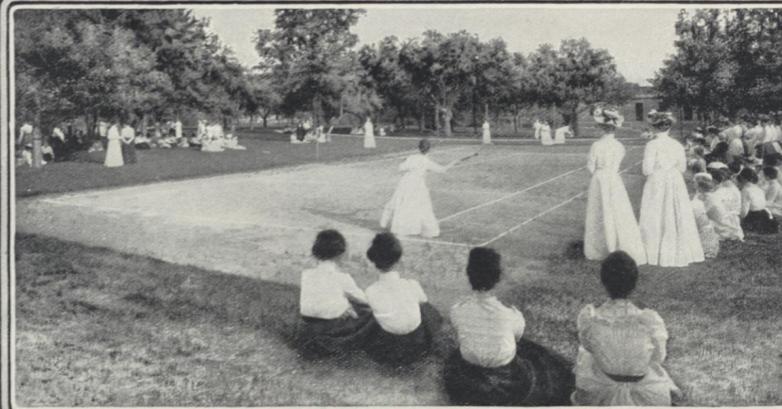
CLASS CREW AT SAGE COLLEGE, CORNELL UNIVERSITY  
Aquatic sports are very popular at Cornell. The girls have their own boat-house, but they do not pretend to rival the crack oarsmen of the University.



FRESHMEN AND SOPHOMORES AT BASKET-BALL  
Each team has its mascot in the yearly contest at Smith College between the Freshman and the Sophomore teams.



SWARTHMORE'S PRETTY BASKET-BALL TEAM  
At Swarthmore the girls do most all of their basket-ball playing on the wide campus around the college buildings.



SMITH COLLEGE UNDERGRADUATES IN TENNIS FINALS  
The tennis tournament for the college championship is played in the courts on the back campus at Smith College just before Commencement week, and there are always hundreds of students and guests present. The trophy is a silver cup.



ON THE ICE  
Vassar girls have jolly times skating.



SOME MOUNT HOLYOKE GIRLS  
The four class teams play outdoors in the spring for the championship. In the winter they practice in the gymnasium.



AT VASSAR  
An ice carnival is held each year.



MERRY GOLFERS ON THE LINKS AT WELLESLEY  
The Golf Club always has been very popular with the girls at Wellesley College, who daily congregate on the attractive links to swing the driver, brassie or iron, or to act cheerfully as caddies for their enthusiastic chums.

# Seeing Things Outdoors

By Professor S. C. Schmucker

**T**OGO to sleep ugly and wake up beautiful—how charming it must be. It is still more delightful to have no recollection of your old estate. But it is best of all to lie down in the fall, after a good square meal, sleep over the winter, and wake up in the spring a lovely creature with a finer nature and a daintier appetite. Such changes are now going on beneath the snow.

A foot or so below the surface of the ground, wherever last fall tomatoes or potatoes were growing, Nature is at this wonderful work. These plants were "infested" (as the farmer naturally says, looking at it from his standpoint) by what most people would call an ugly green worm. The farmer calls it a "tomato worm." It is not a worm. For a worm never becomes anything higher.

**P**ROPERLY this thing is called a larva, though this is quite by the way. It is as long as your finger and quite as heavy, and has a most dangerous-looking horn on its tail. It fills most people with disgust, if not with fear. Its only apparent mission in life is to eat. It keeps eating until it has filled itself so completely that further feeding is out of the question. Then it creeps down into the ground and prepares for sleep. Its last conscious action (if I am not too bold in imagining its psychology) is to split its old larval skin about the neck and shove it back. Then it pushes the skin off, leaving it to lie as a pellet just back of it. Now it looks like a long brown pitcher with a slender handle. This is the last external change for the season. All through the winter it lies apparently unaltered. By the time spring comes the animal that had gone in a long, ugly, half-blind, wholly gross larva, emerges from the split brown case a beautiful creature.



NATURE DOES HER OWN PLOWING

### Nature's Lesson to Helpless Animals

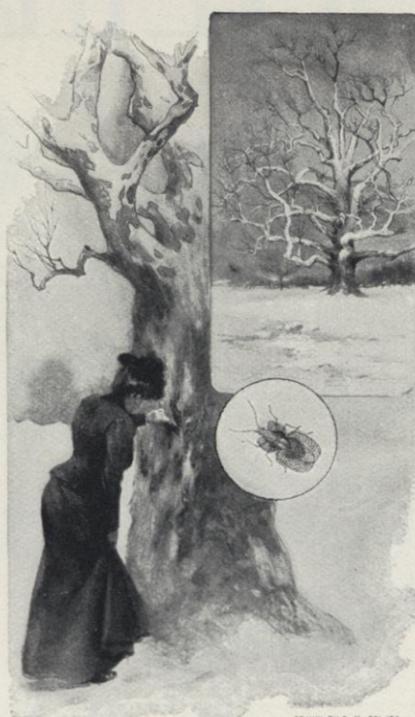
**I**F YOU look like the ground sit still and you are safe. This is Nature's first lesson to a helpless animal. It is the hopping toad that startles you, and the gliding snake. Let either lie quiet and you miss him. For every toad you see you probably pass ten unnoticed. Even after a grasshopper has caught your eye by flying you usually lose sight of him when he lights.

During my walks through the winter woods I occasionally meet a bird that has learned this lesson well, and that is the ruffed grouse. He is now, alas, too rare, although even in Eastern Pennsylvania he was quite common within my memory. The rich brown plumage, with its flecks of black, corresponds so closely with the fallen leaves and occasional patches of bare brown earth that if he will lie still you are almost sure to miss him.

### Should your path

run near his resting-place, almost from beneath your feet herises to the level of your head. Then with a speed that is at the same time the admiration and the despair of the gunner, he is away through the woods. The low, firm hum of the wings tells of the rapidity of the stroke. No bird can keep up long at that rate, and the grouse usually drops before he has gone more than a few hundred yards. So accurate is his flight that in spite of his speed he never strikes against the trees

even in the closest forest. To accomplish this his tail is broad, fanlike and strong, for the tail is the rudder of the bird, and on all birds that fly accurately it must be well developed. Our common chicken, degenerate as she is through captivity, flies for a short distance with just the same motion of the wings as the ruffed grouse. This



LOOKING FOR THE LACE BUG

Thus the rock is split, and the pieces made in this way are again broken into finer and finer fragments until new soil is made to take the place of that which is so rapidly moving down to the lowlands. But this new soil lacks fertility. It needs organic matter. So the bacteria work in the old fallen leaves and withered grasses and in the tangle of roots of dead plants, and work them up into the very best of compost for enriching the soil. These bacteria are as helpless as we are unless they are well supplied with air. In the soil, opened up during the winter by the frost, this work is ready to go on with vigor as soon as warm weather comes. Earlier than this the plant could not use the material. Nature makes her fertilizers just when she needs them.

### When Nature's Plowman is at Work

**T**HE richness of these lowlands is almost beyond our power to conceive. The deep soil brought from the mountains has mixed with it abundant decaying vegetable matter so as to be almost black. Then, too, it is a mixture of all the great variety of rocks found in the whole stretch of country drained by the river.

On these winter days, as you walk along a country road after a frosty night you can see how Nature's plowman is at work. Jack Frost is loosening up the top layers of the soil and making them porous and airy. Nature plows when the plants are asleep and will not be hurt by the process. The sod on the top of the bank is lifted up on tall needles of ice.

If you walk on the turf your foot sinks in an inch or so at every step, and the crackling of the crystals tells what has given way. The ground is full of moisture, and Nature is anxious that it shall not dry out too soon.

### Why the Earth Does Not Dry Up

**A**NY housewife who has left uncapped the lamp beneath her chafing-dish knows how soon the alcohol will have evaporated. If the top of the wick were more loosely braided and had larger air spaces in it this work would be slower. But a lamp is intended to rapidly evaporate its burning fluid. When not in use such a lamp must have a cap. So the moisture of the earth would dry up



I OCCASIONALLY MEET A RUFFED GROUSE

### Have You Ever Seen a Hawk Moth?

**H**AVE you ever noticed what seemed to you a humming-bird hovering in the twilight before your moon-flowers or trumpet-vines or petunias? Humming-birds like to fly in the sunlight, so it could not be one of them. Perhaps you called it a lady-bird, though bird it was not. It was a hawk moth. Active, lithe, graceful, covered with the most delicate of powdery clothing, and with a rare beauty of sedate coloration, it is hard to realize that this was once a "tomato worm." Indeed, I strongly doubt whether the hawk moth ever, even for a moment, has recognized the relationship.

Is it not natural that men's minds should have seen in such marvelous changes as these something to help them understand a little less dimly how we may be sown a natural body and raised a spiritual body?

### A Bug with a Lace Gown

**D**O YOU want to see a beautiful bug, tucked away for the winter? Go to the nearest sycamore tree, and lift up a small piece of its bark from the trunk at about the height of your head from the ground. There lives the lace bug: active in summer, asleep in winter. This tiny creature is only about an eighth of an inch long, and to the naked eye seems simply white. But any ordinary magnifying-glass will disclose its beauty. Two long sheets of lace down the back form its wings. Its neck is surrounded by an Elizabethan ruff of lace. It wears a lace cap on its head. If you admire lace gowns here is a real one, fresh from the hand of the great Weaver.

To me it is a source of great satisfaction to be able to turn up for my own delight so beautiful an object. More than one winter day has shone brighter for me because I lifted a fragment of the bark of a sycamore tree.



FALL, SUMMER AND WINTER

Domestication has made flight unnecessary for the chicken; and this accounts for the white meat on her breast and on her wings. The muscles that work the wings lie here, and her neglect to use them has made them pale and flabby. We may like the taste of white meat, but it is not as useful to the chicken, and not as nourishing to us, as the dark meat of her legs, or as that on the breast of the grouse, who uses his wings.

### How Nature Makes New Soil

**T**HE mountains are always moving down into the valleys. When springtime comes every stream will run muddy in its course. It is carrying away the soil of the uplands to enrich Nature's great fertile meadows, the plains about the mouth of the river, over which it spreads whenever the river is higher than usual. At this rate all the soil from the hills would soon be gone were not this soil being constantly replaced. Water soaks into the crevices of the rocks, and when it freezes it swells with almost irresistible force. That a very little of it can crack an iron pipe most of us have found to our cost.

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# BABY'S SLUMBERLAND

Words by Walter G. Davis

Music by Frank O. Mason



Moderato.

**Introduction.**

1. Soft sweeps the wind o'er Na - ture's breast;  
 2. Flow'rs of the field, birds of the air,  
 3. Rest, dear one, rest; sweet be thy sleep;

Soft sleeps the earth, by God ca - ressed. The si - lent heav'n's, arch-ed high a - bove,  
 Bow in the hush of twi - light pray'r. Night's man-tle falls o'er dale and hill;  
 Night's deep'ning shadows a - round thee creep; He who hears and an - swers prayer Will

Shed o'er the world the dew of love. Sleep, ba - by dar - ling; close thine eyes.  
 Earth's throbbing heart is sooth'd and still. Sleep, ba - by dar - ling; swift-winged feet  
 keep thee in His ten - der care. Sleep, ba - by dar - ling; fear no wrong.

An - gels watch o'er thee from the skies. Sleep, ba - by dar - ling; un - seen  
 Bear thee to rest in dream - land sweet. Sleep, ba - by dar - ling; moth - er's  
 An - gels will sing thy slum - ber song. Sleep, ba - by dar - ling; gent - ly

**1st and 2nd Stanzas.**

hands Beck - on thee on to Slum - ber - land.  
 hand Waves thee "Good-night!" in Slum - ber - land.

**3rd Stanza.**

fanned By wings of love in Slum - ber - land.....

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# Mrs. Rorer's Cooking School



PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILLIPS

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL LESSONS

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

## III—The First Object in Cooking

**T**O THE vegetable kingdom we look for our starches. Starch is represented by the chemical symbol  $C_6H_{10}O_5$ . The C stands for carbon, which occurs abundantly in nature; H for hydrogen, a colorless, tasteless, odorless gas which exists in water and in all organic substances; and O for oxygen, which also exists in water, air, vegetable tissues and many minerals. Hydrogen and oxygen exist in water in proportion  $H_2O$ ; thus starches have hydrogen and oxygen in the same proportion as they exist in water, hence the name carbohydrates.

Starch granules have a definite organized structure, varying in shape and size in different plants. They are insoluble in cold water. If moistened in cold water and heated to 160° Fahrenheit they swell and rupture, forming a thick, viscous mass or paste which gives a blue reaction when tested with iodine.

### Foods Which Contain Starch

THE principal sources of starch are the seeds of the grasses, our common grains, as wheat, rye, corn, rice and potatoes, sweet and white, yams, chestnuts, chickpeas, the legumens, as ground and pea nuts, old peas, beans and lentils, and in small proportion in such roots as salsify, parsnips and carrots.

Cornstarch, sago, arrowroot, tapioca, cassava and manioc are almost pure starch, being in their manufacture freed from all other substances. Cornstarch is the washed starch from our ordinary Indian corn, maize. Arrowroot, perhaps the purest form of starch and the one most easy of digestion, is derived from the *Maranta arundinacea*. The Bermuda arrowroot is considered the best. It cooks at a low temperature, and is valuable for invalids and children. *Tous-les-mois* is another form of pure starch prepared from the tuberous root of the *Canna edulis*. These granules show under the microscope distinct concentric markings, and are the largest of the starch granules. The potato, oval granules, showing hilum and concentric marking, look much like tiny oyster shells; the arrowroot resembles it slightly, but is much smaller in size. Potato starch is frequently sold under the name of arrowroot, or used to adulterate the same. A microscopic familiarity with starch grains enables one to quickly detect adulterations.

### Roots Which are of Food Value

**T**APIOCA is obtained from the tuberous root of the *Manihot utilisissima*, granules small, with central hilum. Frequently three or more will adhere and form a compound granule. Sago, similar to tapioca, is made by washing the pith of several species of palm and collecting the sediment; it is then mixed with water, dried, granulated, and sold under the name of "pearl" sago. Both of these are admirable starchy additions to eggs and milk for light puddings, or may be added as starchy substances to soups. Manioc and cassava also belong to this class of pure starches. Cassava meal, in the Philippines, is made into cakes or thin bread and used as we use wheat bread; in nutritive value, however, it is far inferior. The chemical properties and food value of all these pure starches are practically equal. Taro, the root of the *Arum esculentum*, is the principal starchy food of the natives of the Pacific islands. It is a stemless plant, corresponding or having the same general appearance and habits as our garden *Caladium esculenta* (elephant ears). This starchy root is boiled or baked and served like potatoes. It is, however, much lighter in texture than potatoes, and even when baked, and mashed, and baked a second time, has, without the addition of eggs, the appearance of a soufflé. It is also made into a food called *poi*.

### Soft Foods are Bad for the Teeth

**S**ALEP, the powdered root of several species of orchids, is one of the ingredients of raccabout, which contains a little starch mingled with a goodly quantity of mucilage. It is supposed to be exceedingly soothing to the intestines of young children and invalids; it is sold at drug stores. A cup of raccabout forms an excellent breakfast food for school-children.

Buckwheat, which is the seed of an herb and not a cereal, is quite rich in starch. When made into cakes it forms a fairly nutritious food, but is rather difficult of digestion on account of the soft, moist, slack-cooked condition in which it is generally used. Soft foods are especially bad, both for the teeth and the digestion.

One must bear in mind that many of the foods mentioned, especially the grains and leguminous seeds, contain many elements besides starch, and are frequently typical or perfect foods. By this I mean foods which in themselves contain all the essential elements of nutrition. All starchy foods must be well and thoroughly cooked. In old peas, beans and lentils the starch is so incorporated with the legumin, the nitrogenous principle, that the cooking must be long and slowly done in order to soften the envelope or wall of the starch granule; otherwise, fermentation and flatulency will result.

### Fried Foods Give Little Nourishment

THE first object in cooking, then, is to assist digestion. Careful, simple cooking only can do this. Potatoes baked or boiled are easily digested; when fried the granules are covered with a coating of fat, which prevents the digestive secretions from reaching them and renders digestion difficult. They are of little food value to the average person. A large quantity of fried foods may be eaten, but will not nourish the body, and are sure to unduly tax the digestive organs. Such food brings ruin and failing health. Starch is not found in the body as starch, but is changed by the enzymes in the digestive secretions into a sugar.

An enzyme is an unorganized or structureless ferment. The ptyalin of the saliva, pepsin of the stomach, and the trypsin of the intestinal secretions are enzymes.

The mouth contains in the saliva (an alkaline medium) the enzyme, ptyalin, which acts upon starch precisely the same as *diastase*, the enzyme of malt. If, then, our starchy foods are well cooked and thoroughly masticated we assist digestion and save the cost of "aids to digestion." Digestion is natural; indigestion unnatural. To be natural is very easy when one understands Nature's process. The stomach secretions are acid, having no effect upon starches. In the stomach, starches are separated from other substances, passed on into the second stomach, the duodenum, the upper part of the small intestine, where again, in the presence of an alkaline secretion, they meet the enzyme, *amyllopsin*, which continues and completes the digestion that was begun in the mouth.

### Thorough Mastication is Necessary

**I**T CAN be readily seen that mastication and thorough insalivation save undue intestinal labor. Violation of this law, with an over-amount of starchy food, produces intestinal indigestion, gas and flatulency. When one knows the cause of the effect, prevention and cure are quite easy. Indigestion may be due to a faulty method of eating, as well as to errors in diet. Defective teeth and hasty mastication are no doubt primary causes of intestinal indigestion. For this reason soft foods are to be especially condemned; being soft they easily slip down the throat as soon as taken into the mouth, are not retained long enough to be insalivated, hence they miss the important primary digestion. Then, too, the teeth, like every other part of the body, require good healthy action to keep them in order. Mastication is the thing for which they were intended.

Starches produce in the body fat and energy and a certain amount of heat. I am quite sure, however, that the fats are burned first, for the latter purpose. In the absence of fatty foods starches and sugars are available.

In arranging a diet for a person under hard labor, a large amount of starchy food would be necessary. Brain workers require less. It is not necessary to so greatly change the kind of diet for different occupations as it is to change the amount of the materials. According to the various diet tables that have been worked out by our experimental chemists, the average person requires one-fourth nitrogenous or muscle-building food to three-fourths carbonaceous or heat and energy foods; only a portion of the latter will be starch.

### What Constitutes a Balanced Dietary

**T**HERE is great misunderstanding among housewives as to the nutritive value of starch. They give their families potatoes three times a day, feeling that potatoes are nourishing. Analysis would, however, show great bulk without a corresponding amount of nourishment. Rice contains the greatest amount of available starch; the grain itself, containing little cellulose, forms one of the most easily digested of vegetable foods, requiring only one hour for perfect digestion. Rice contains 75 per cent. of starch in 100 parts; the potato only 18 per cent.

Rice must always be served with meat or other nitrogenous foods to give a balanced dietary. Rice contains 71 per cent. of starch in 100 parts; macaroni, 73 per cent.; Scotch oatmeal, 63 per cent.; peas, 51 per cent.; lentils, 56 per cent.; beans, 52 per cent.; ground nuts, 11 per cent.; fine flour, 74 per cent. Whole wheat flour contains less starch, because it is made from the whole wheat grain, ground, while the white flour has a portion of the mineral matter taken out, and is milled and blended to give a greater amount of starch. White flour contains less mineral matter, tooth and bone material, than entire wheat flour, and is largely to blame for such conditions as constipation and intestinal indigestion. It is particularly unwise to use white bread where there are growing children. Fortunately, in this country, oatmeal is used to a great extent as a breakfast food. If properly cooked and slowly eaten it makes up for the lack of mineral matter in white bread.

### Macaroni Served with Cheese is of Value

**M**ACARONI may be classed with the starchy foods; it forms a perfect diet when served with cheese and a succulent vegetable as the tomato.

It will be observed that the laborer who confines himself to potatoes or white bread always needs an undue amount of food to satisfy his hunger, or to obtain the proper supply of albuminoids. Such a diet is detrimental to good health. Persons who do both mental and physical labor prefer to take their heat and force food in the form of fat; one ounce of oil will go as far as two ounces and a half of starch. It gives less wear and tear to the economy, and saves the blood for other purposes. It may be seen at once that a diet of pork (carbonaceous) and beans (nitrogenous) is rational. One of pork and potatoes is very irrational. The latter lacks nitrogen tissue-building elements, and gives double the required amount of carbonaceous, heat and force food. Victims of such a diet are always tired and sleepy.

### How Potatoes Should be Baked

**W**ASH and clean the skins of the potatoes without breaking. Put them on the grate in a moderately-heated oven. If the oven is too hot the skins will at once harden, forming a non-conducting surface, preventing the escape of water. Potatoes baked in this way are heavy and waxy, indigestible and unpalatable. As soon as the potato is soft upon slight pressure of the finger, remove it from the oven. Take it in your hand, which should be protected with a napkin or towel, and carefully work the potato as though you were mashing it in the skin, being very careful not to break the skin. When the potato seems soft and mealy throughout, put it back on the grate in the oven; and so continue until all the potatoes have been subjected to this process. Potatoes treated in this way may be kept hot for twenty minutes to a half hour in a perfectly good condition.

Left-over baked potatoes may be mashed while warm, seasoned, a little milk or cream added, the mixture beaten until light, put back into the skins, and laid aside and reheated at serving time for another meal.

### This is the Way to Boil Potatoes

**P**ARE the potatoes; throw them into cold water for at least thirty minutes. As the starchy portion of the potato lies nearest the skin, let the paring be very thin. When ready to cook, throw them into boiling unsalted water and let them boil gently until they can be easily pierced to the centre with a fork. Drain off every particle of water; dust the potatoes with salt and shake them, uncovered, over the fire until dry. If cooked in this way they will be as white as snow. Serve potatoes in an uncovered dish.

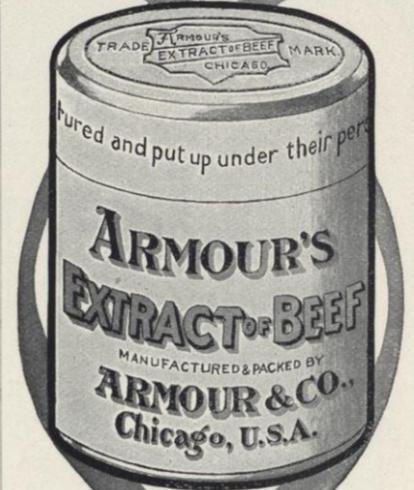
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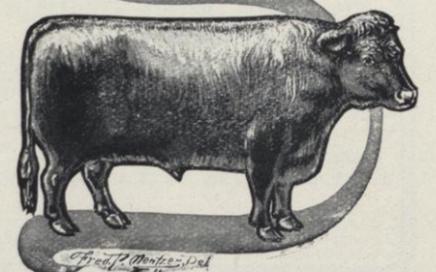
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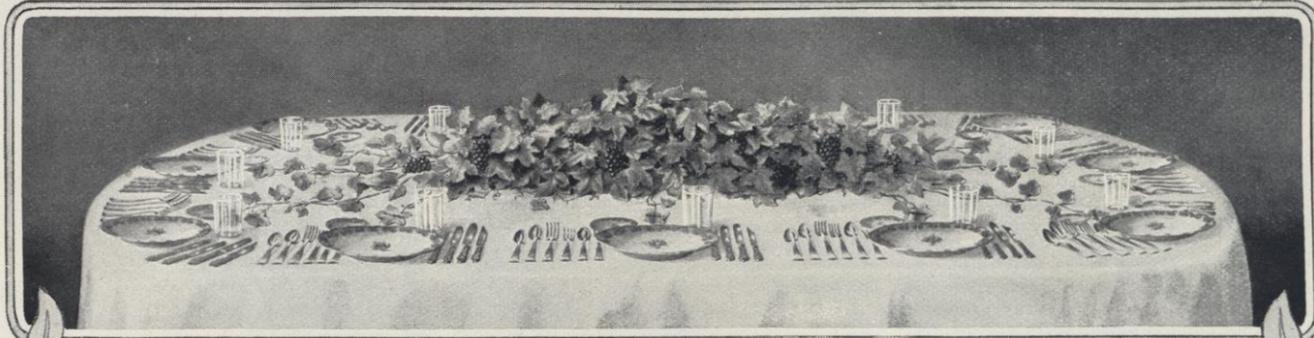
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# Some Prettily Set Tables

THE FOURTH OF A NEW SERIES OF PICTURE-PAGES

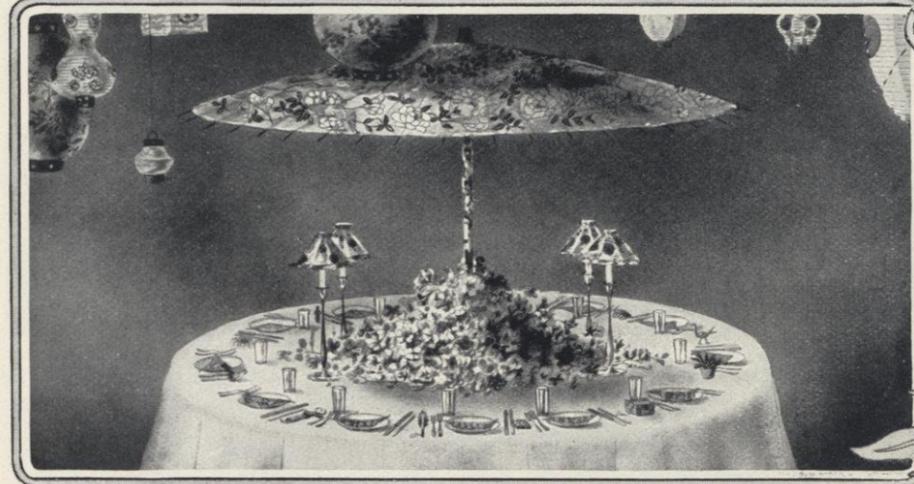
By Janet McKenzie Hill, of the Boston Cooking School



DINNER-TABLE DECORATED WITH AUTUMN VINES

Autumn-tinted grape leaves are arranged in the centre of this table to represent a natural vine. Long branches run out toward each place, where they terminate in menu-cards painted to look like leaves of either a pale yellow or red tint. Clusters of Tokay grapes are placed here and there among the leaves and really appear to be growing on the vine. For this design first prize was awarded to Miss H. A. L. Floyd in the recent competition for pictures of decorated tables.

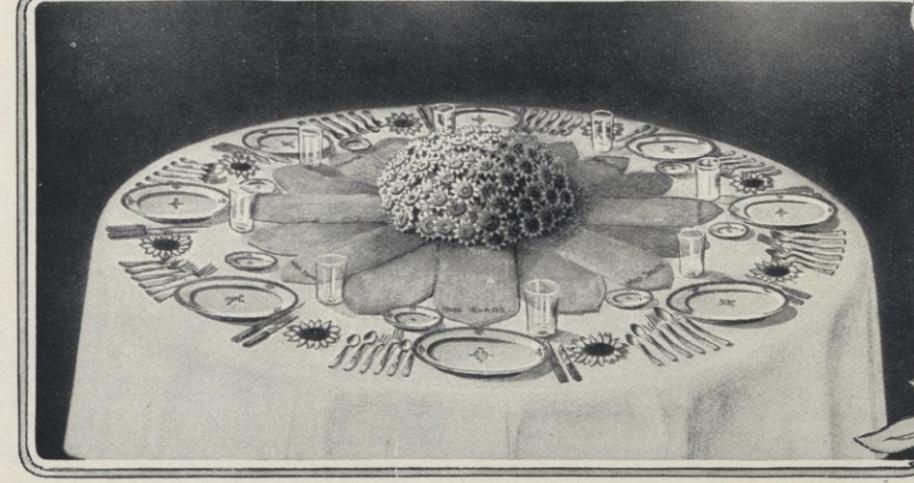
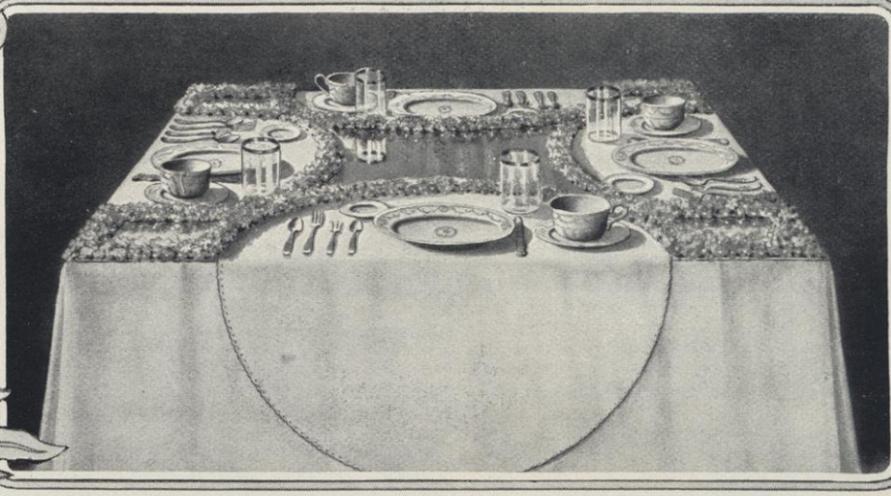
**TABLE LAID FOR LUNCHEON WITHOUT A CLOTH**  
Three sets of dillies, twelve, eight and four inches respectively in diameter, for service plates, bread-and-butter plates, and water-glasses to rest on, serve to protect the table. The service-plate doily leaves space for but a single knife and fork; other small pieces of silver are put in place as needed. The flowers are yellow roses, a long-stemmed one accompanying each name-card. The Japanese linen is embroidered with white silk and gilt thread.



JAPANESE DECORATIONS FOR A CHILDREN'S LUNCHEON

A large Japanese parasol stands opened over a round table. The handle pushed down into a jar of sand holds the parasol in an upright position. The jar is screened from view by nasturtium leaves and sprays with blossoms of many shades. Japanese shades soften the light of the candles. The ceiling is festooned with lighted lanterns, and at each place Japanese dolls and trinkets are arranged for the children to have as souvenirs of the occasion.

**FORGET-ME-NOTS FOR A FAREWELL ENTERTAINMENT**  
A small square table is covered with a damask cloth. Over this is placed a mirror the size of the table. Four round, padded centrepieces are laid upon the mirror so that half of each rests upon the table, and the other half hangs down over the cloth. A hedge of forget-me-nots runs around half of the centrepiece that lies on the mirror, and along the edge of the table to the corners. The place cards are decorated with forget-me-nots.



A PRETTY SUNFLOWER LUNCHEON

This round table has bands of yellow satin ribbon running from the centre to each plate, and rounding in a point to represent petals. Alternate petals bear the names of the guests who occupy the places to which these point. The centre of the decoration is fashioned of natural sunflowers of the dwarf variety. The menu-cards are also in the shape of sunflowers, the menu being done in gold lettering on black centres. The whole effect is brilliant.

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"Suppose we ask The Lady from Philadelphia what is best to be done"  
Questions will be answered every month on this page. Inquirers must give their names and addresses. Correspondents wishing answers by mail should inclose stamps or addressed stamped envelopes.

**H**APPY NEW YEAR! May it have in store for each one of you three hundred and sixty-five happy days! In the month of January the interchange of social visits is probably more frequent than at any other time of the whole year. In view of this fact let us consider the subject of making calls. The burning question of the winter wardrobe settled, Christmas past, visiting seems to be the next thing to claim attention.

**R**ECEIVE many letters asking about the proper number of cards to be left when calling. It is really very simple. When making the first call of the season a married woman leaves, with her own, one of her husband's cards for the lady, and one for the master of the house at which she visits. Where there are other adults in the household she may use her own discretion about leaving additional ones for them. Of course she does not leave her own card for the men of the family, but she usually shows that recognition of the other adults.

**A**T SUBSEQUENT visits she need not leave her husband's cards unless he has received an invitation for some hospitality, when she would do as before, though many women prefer to leave their husband's cards at every call. The custom deceives no one. It is merely the conventional social recognition of the husband.

**A** YOUNG girl, calling alone, observes a courteous custom in leaving her mother's card with her own. If her friend is at home she sends up her card and leaves that of her mother on the hall table.

**A** MAN should always leave a card for the mother when calling upon a young girl.

**I**F ONE of the family open the door the cards should be laid unobtrusively on the hall table while one asks courteously for the person one wishes to see.

**I**T IS the custom now to have the full name on a card, without initials, and always with the prefix "Miss" and "Mr.," except those of boys and girls under age. The address is in the right-hand corner, the reception day on a married woman's card in the left. It is an economy, approved of by fashion, to have a daughter's name on her mother's card engraved below the mother's name. A card may read:

MRS. JOHN SMITH  
THE MISSSES SMITH

Sisters may also use a card in common.

**W**HEN invited to a reception, your presence is accounted a call. If unable to attend, you should send or mail your cards inclosed in an envelope, fitting them exactly, on the afternoon of the entertainment.

**T**HE same rule is followed in sending cards as in leaving them—one for the hostess from every invited guest, and one for the host from each masculine recipient of an invitation. Should the reception be given for a daughter's introduction or in honor of some one who is visiting you, an additional card should be sent, addressed separately or not, as one pleases.

**A**T WEDDING receptions one sends cards to the parents of the bride, or to whomever gives the invitation, if unable to be present. Strange to say, the bride is quite overlooked, perhaps because when the cards are seen after the wedding Miss — has ceased to be, and to address her as Mrs. — before the ceremony would anticipate her existence.

**A** WRITTEN invitation for any entertainment whatsoever requires a note in reply, worded with the same degree of formality or friendliness.

**I**N RESPONSE to an engraved card of invitation one sends cards on the day of the function, with nothing written thereon, except where the letters R. S. V. P. are engraved (standing for the French words requesting an answer), when a reply, formally worded, is expected.

**T**HERE is no further rule about who shall make the first call than that residents take the initiative in calling upon newcomers, and brides, elderly people and those in delicate health are entitled to first calls.

**T**HE elder lady, or the one most prominent socially, is usually the one to give the invitation to visit her. Where the difference is not marked it is a friendly courtesy that any one may extend and accept.

**W**HEN an acquaintance invites you to call upon her do not say "Thank you; won't you come and see me?" She has placed her invitation first, and you can but express appreciation and call at your earliest convenience—within a fortnight, if possible.

**A** "PARTY-CALL" should be made within a fortnight of the entertainment, when possible.

**I**F, WHEN calling upon a friend, you find others whom you know in the room, be particular to speak to your hostess first, concentrating your attention upon her before recognizing any one else. When you meet a lady with her daughter speak to the elder woman first and address or include her in the conversation.

**F**ORMAL calls are made between the hours of three and six. Informal ones should be timed with consideration. If you are the visitor avoid the hours for meals, and never inflict your society upon others unless you are reasonably well and happy, or can appear so.

**D**O NOT stay less than ten or fifteen minutes or your visit will appear perfunctory; nor more than half an hour, lest you make your hostess twice glad at your departure.

**W**HETHER you are making or receiving a call give your friend the opportunity first of talking of what interests her by polite inquiries or by introducing some topic that concerns her. Aside from the courtesy, you will insure a more interested hearing for what you may have to say.

**R**ISE to take your leave when you are the speaker, that you may not appear to go because you are not well entertained. Indeed, it were best to go before the interest of the conversation begins to languish. Those who say, "Well, I must be going," and yet keep their seats, belong to the family of bores.

**W**HEN it is known that a friend has a visitor stopping with her it is not obligatory to call upon the guest, though the attention is much appreciated, and if one can show some little hospitality it is always appreciated.

**F**OR a frolic on New Year's Eve I would suggest progressive games with calendars for prizes—a comical one for the "booby." Just before midnight assemble your guests. Give the men tin whistles or horns, and to each girl a bell of some kind—sleigh bells may be borrowed or hired for the occasion. All join hands in a ring, and, accompanied by the piano, join in singing "Auld Lang Syne" until the clock begins to strike twelve. Then all are silent until the last note, after which all shake hands and wish each other a "Happy New Year," blow their horns and ring their bells. The evening may conclude with a Virginia Reel, or anything that suggests joy and jollity—typical of the outlook for a new year; which always promises "There's a good time coming!"

**A** SPICE of novelty for our New Year entertainments may be found by reviving old-time merrymakings. Twelfth Night, among our remote ancestors, was as widely observed as Christmas. It fell on the sixth of January, twelve days after the Nativity, in commemoration of the visit of the Magi.

**I**TS SOCIAL features were closely followed by a clever hostess last winter, whose guests, well acquainted, fell in readily with her suggestions. A large cake was served containing a ring and a coin. The chance of the coin determined the "King," whose wishes were to be laws to the rest of the company until midnight. The recipient of the ring assumed the rôle of "Queen." These were invested with crowns of gilded pasteboard lined with caps of red cotton velvet, and pokers covered with gilt paper did duty for sceptres. The guests might not thereafter turn their backs on the "royalties," and great mock deference was shown them.

**T**HE others then "drew for characters," according to mediaeval precedent, which they were to assume, the characters to be guessed by the company. After reading their fate upon their cards they were ushered into an adjoining room, where their hostess selected something appropriate to the character inscribed upon the cards from a lot of "properties" provided for the occasion to furnish a hint of costume to the solution of the mystery of each personality.

**T**O THE lady who found "Portia" upon her card the hostess lent her husband's college gown and "mortar-board." To "Mephistopheles" was assigned a black skull cap adorned with two antenna-like red feathers, three yards of Turkey red for a cloak, and a bit of burnt cork wherewith to give himself fierce eyebrows and mustache. "Friar Tuck" was accommodated with a red-brown bath-gown with a rope girdle, and a sofa-pillow to give rotundity, and "Lady Macbeth" was terrible in a long black veil, a paper-cutter dagger, and an expression that alone would have suggested tragedy. "Punch" was provided with a mask and a peaked cap with tassel, and "Red Riding Hood" was bewitching in a cloak of Turkey red.

**T**HE hostess declared that it was not as much trouble to provide costumes as it was to find favors for a german, and the guests averred that to an ordinary dance were added the combined charms of a costume ball and a masquerade with no trouble of preparation.

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## CORRECT SPEAKING AND WRITING

By Elizabeth A. Withey

Questions will be answered every month on this page. Inquirers must give their names and addresses. Correspondents wishing answers by mail should inclose stamps or addressed stamped envelopes.

**ONE** of my correspondents has asked if the different parts of the superscription of an envelope require commas at the end when each part is written on a separate line. They do not. The sole office of punctuation is to make the writer's meaning clear to the reader, and the name of a person, the name of a city, or the name of a state, that stands by itself, is just as clear without a comma as with it. A part that does not stand by itself, but is written on the same line with another, should always be separated from that other by a comma; as, "Interlachen, Putnam Co."

**He Don't or He Doesn't?** "Doesn't" is the proper contraction of "does not." "He do" was once in good use, but has long been obsolete or dialectal. Those who would not say "he do" should avoid "he don't."

**Write You or Write to You?** If the author in question says that "write you" is "good English idiom" and says no more, he is misleading. "Write you" in the sense of "write a letter to you"—as, "I will write you as soon as I get there"—was in good use till about fifty years ago, but it is now stigmatized as "commercial English." "Write you" with the direct object of "write" expressed—as, "I will write you a letter as soon as I get there," "I will write you a few words of introduction"—is perfectly good English, though in one case "write you" may mean "write to you" and in another "write for you," as it does in the sentences just given.

**Beside or Besides?** It is better to use "besides" when the meaning is "in addition to"; as, "I have two hats besides this one." "Beside" has work enough in the senses "by the side of," "out of one's wits," and "apart from"; as, "He sat beside the fire," "He was beside himself," "That is beside the mark."

**Commence or Begin?** The best writers, and the best speakers also, prefer "begin" to "commence" for all every-day purposes. The reason for this preference is not, as some have said, that "begin" is older, for "commence" is of very respectable antiquity; nor is it, as others have said, that "begin" is of Anglo-Saxon origin, for words of French or of Latin origin that have been fully adopted into our language are just as good English as native words: it is rather that "begin" has the strength of simplicity, whereas "commence" has fallen into disrepute from being associated with the cheap finery of writing.

**Hung or Hanged?** "Hung" is incorrect in the sentence "At that time they hung murderers there"; it should be "hanged." "Hang" in any other sense than that of execute by hanging has the form "hung" for both past tense and past participle; in this special sense it has the form "hanged."

**Awfully Pretty or Very Pretty?** "Awfully" has been so cruelly overworked that it is rapidly giving up its life. A girl who is "awfully pretty" is in reality so pretty as to inspire awe in the beholder. Such a girl is rare even in America. If we need a word to intensify the meaning of "pretty," or of another adjective, there are "very," "exceedingly," "extremely," "intensely," "surpassingly" and others to choose from, and one of these well chosen will mean more than "awfully."

**Holmes' or Holmes's? Dickens' or Dickens's? Bridges' or Bridges's? "Holmes's"** is preferable to "Holmes," "Dickens's" to "Dickens," "Bridges's" to "Bridges's." According to the best modern usage, the possessive singular of a proper name ending in "s," or the sound of "s," takes an additional "s" after the apostrophe unless the collocation of sounds so produced is un euphonic. With names of one syllable—as, Keats, Bryce, James—the additional "s" is perhaps always desirable. With names of more than one syllable, its desirability depends on the name itself and on what is to follow: "Howells's novels" and "Peppys's Diary" are not un euphonic, but to most ears "Chalmers's presence" or "Mr. Husband's dissent" would be. When the form with the "s" and that without it are both displeasing, the equivalent expression with "of" is to be preferred to either: "The sagacity of Themistocles," for example, is preferable to "Themistocles's sagacity" and to "Themistocles' sagacity."

**Historic or Historical?** You can easily learn to use these two adjectives correctly by fixing in your mind the difference between "an historic spot" and "an historical novel." Anything is "historic" that forms a part of history, or is celebrated in history; anything is "historical" that deals with history or is founded on history. John Eliot's Indian Bible is an historic book, Scott's "Ivanhoe" is an historical novel.

**Foreign Names or English Names?** For English-speaking persons in their own country it is surely in better taste to use the English rather than the foreign names of those foreign persons and places which are sufficiently well known to have English names. With regard to those that are so little known that they have no English names, no course is open but to use the names they have.

**To Tell or To Have Told?** Either form is allowable, "It was your duty to tell him yesterday" or "It was your duty to have told him yesterday": the choice between the two forms depends on the speaker's point of view. If the speaker conceives of himself as placed at the time indicated by the main verb, he thinks of the time for telling as the present or the future, and chooses the present infinitive; but if he conceives of himself as placed at a time later than the time for telling, he looks back on the time for telling, and chooses the perfect infinitive. Two or three centuries ago the perfect infinitive would have been preferred in such a sentence as that under discussion. To-day the tendency is to use the present infinitive.

**Plenty or Quite?** If the use of "plenty" for "quite" which appears in "She was plenty good enough for other men, but not for him" is not confined to the illiterate, it should be; for "plenty" is not properly an adverb.

**In Several Months or For Several Months?** "In" as used in the sentence "He was hungry as he had not been in several months" was once correct; but this usage had disappeared from standard English before the book that furnishes the sentence in question was written. The proper word was then, as it is now, "for."

**Over the Signature or Under the Signature?** "He wrote under the signature of 'Q'" is the proper expression. Similar uses of "under" appear in the phrases "under date of" and "under my hand and seal." "Over the signature" originated with some literal person or persons, who to the old and altogether reputable "under the signature" objected that what is written is not under the signature, but the signature under what is written. The obvious reply to this objection is that no one writes his signature first and puts what he has to say over it.

**Inning or Innings?** "A short innings" is in accordance with the most approved usage. We occasionally read in a newspaper that some person or group of persons, some thing or group of things, has had an "inning"; but "innings" is the preferable form whether the meaning be singular or plural.

**Rarely Ever or Rarely?** "Ever" is superfluous in "I have rarely ever seen so many crows at once"; "I have rarely seen," etc., says all that is intended.

**Be Done or Have Done?** The "golfing parson" was quite right, so far as his form of expression is concerned, when he said, "After all, I don't know whether I shouldn't do better to swear and have done with it." "Be done" properly means to be at an end, as "When work is done": it should not be used to express action. In the United States, "I am done"—as, "One further instance and I am done"—is sometimes heard, probably because the idea prominent in the speaker's mind is not so much that of the act of finishing as that of the state of rest which is to follow; but the best usage is, in England decidedly, in the United States somewhat less decidedly, in favor of "I have done."

**Had Have Known or Had Known?** "If I had have known," or "If I'd had known," is almost as bad as "If I had done it." The correct form is "If I had known" or "Had I known."

**Golf: Pronounced Gölf or Gölf?** Either of these pronunciations is allowable, but that in which the "l" is sounded is preferred by the standard dictionaries of England as well as of America. The pronunciation in which the "l" is not sounded, which is somewhat fashionable, is an attempt at imitating the Scotch pronunciation, "gouf."

**Dreamt or Dreamed?** You may say either "I dreamt of strange beasts" or "I dreamed of strange beasts." In conversation "dreamt" is very common; but in writing "dreamed" is usually preferred.

**Among or Between?** "Among" would not be at all proper in the sentence "A league was made at The Hague between the Emperor, the King of Spain, and the United Provinces." The grammar which you used in school did, no doubt, "prohibit the use of 'between' to refer to more than two persons or things." As long ago as 1755, Johnson said in his famous dictionary: "Between is properly used of two, and among of more; but perhaps this accuracy is not always preserved." Fortunately, this "accuracy" is in many cases not "preserved." Fortunately, too, Johnson's practice was better than his theory, for he elsewhere uses the phrase "between public business, improving studies, and domestic pleasures." Unfortunately, most grammarians, and some makers of dictionaries, of our own time have followed Johnson in his theory rather than in his practice. As a matter of fact, "between" is the only word to use in such expressions as "the triangular space between three trees," "a treaty between three powers," "a choice between three men," "this is between us three," and, in general, when the reference is to individuals rather than to a collection.

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**GIRLS' PROBLEMS**

By Margaret E. Sangster

Questions of interest to girls will be answered on this page, but inquirers must give their names and addresses. Correspondents inclosing stamps or addressed stamped envelopes will be answered by mail.



**HAPPY NEW YEAR to you all!**  
I wish I knew just what would make it happiest to every one of my girls, but that secret is in the heart of our Heavenly Father, and with Him it is safe. May God bless us all in this new year.

One of my girls who has been told that she has "a wonderful voice" writes: "I am fifteen years old, and have been told that I have a gold mine in my voice, which is very strong and has a wonderful range. I want to leave school and devote all my time to vocal culture, but my father objects." Your father is very wise in objecting. Your voice will not suffer by delay, and you may well wait for its development till you are a little older. In the mean time the gold-mine part is mythical; it may prove very disappointing, and you do not wish to grow to womanhood without mental discipline. Continue in school for the next two years.

**"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"**  
"As I am the only girl in a family of seven I feel a great responsibility about my brothers, especially the two who are nearest my age. The boys are fond of going out evenings, and impatient of restraint at home. They are fifteen and seventeen years old, and I suppose I am the one who must make home so pleasant to them that they will be content to stay there."

You have stated the case very fairly, not only for yourself, but also for other sisters who are in the same relative position. Now, don't carry too heavy a burden, and don't try too obviously to entertain the boys and amuse them, for they are quick to see through such schemes and apt to resent them. If I were you I would depend as much as possible on my brothers for escort duty. I would often have calls to make on girl friends in the evening, and ask one of my brothers to accompany me. In doing this I would not be too solicitous; I would take it for granted that they would not deny a request of mine. Invite nice girls to the house. See that the living-room is warm and brightly lighted after dark, and never have an atmosphere of quarrels or bickering when the boys are around. Be tactful in treating them as if they were men, not as though they were children, and be obliging in performing little offices such as mending their gloves and sewing on their buttons. Take an interest in their ties and shoes, and make their environment, particularly in their own room, as agreeable as you can. But do not worry, dear child. Do the best you can and leave the rest.

**How Shall She Advance Her Interests?**  
"I am teaching in a public school in the country where the term closes at the end of the winter. The school is not graded and the pay is small. Can you suggest some way to improve my prospects?"

Yes. Avail yourself of the long vacation to study domestic science, or some branch of manual training, and then procure a position as a specialist in a city school. If this does not appeal to you endeavor to obtain a place as governess in a private family. Or, devote yourself in every spare moment to history or literature, and become fitted to teach one of those branches in a graded school.

**"What Can I Do Without Being Ashamed?"**  
"I am compelled to earn my living. Please tell me of something I can do without being ashamed."

Be ashamed of nothing on earth except poor work, which is a thing to be ashamed of. Select whatever you are best fitted for and train yourself to thoroughness in that line.

**How Shall this Estrangement End?**  
"My dearest friend and I have been separated by the gossip of a third person. We pass each other now without speaking. It is embarrassing as we attend the same church, and it is making me perfectly miserable. But neither of us will make the first concision."

You poor things, to let a meddling busybody come between you. I don't think much of such brittle friendship. Run up and see your friend to-day as soon as you read this, and you will find her ready to be reconciled. Life is too uncertain for foolish disagreements.

**Wanted, a Good Vocabulary**  
"I have an unusually good position which requires fluent language, quick and proper. How can I acquire it?"

Be accurate in your choice of words. Associate with refined persons. Read a passage every day in some good book. Do not think of the impression you are making, but be thoroughly acquainted with the subject you talk about.

**How to Break the Slang Habit**  
"When one has fallen into a habit of using slang how can she reform?"

By no half measures. She must stop short. Whenever she uses a slang phrase she would do well to fine herself, dropping a penny or a nickel or a dime into a box for the poor. To use slang is a most inelegant habit, and it should be avoided by every refined girl.

**In Need of a Change**  
"A dressmaker by trade, I am forbidden to sit steadily at my needle, but I must support myself, and have nothing else to which I can turn. Please advise me."

Why not form a class of young ladies and teach them how to cut and fit gowns? Lent will be coming by-and-by, and many young girls like to use its leisure in learning how to make their shirt-waists for another summer. From your letter I think you could do this successfully.

**What are a Stenographer's Talents?**  
"Please give me an idea of a stenographer's talents."

Talents is a picturesque word in this connection. Let me enumerate. The stenographer must know how to read, write and spell. She must have quick ears and eyes. She must concentrate her attention. She needs a good memory, and some general information does not come amiss. The more intelligent the person, the better will be the work done. On the whole, the stenographer needs brains.

**When Sweet Bells Get Out of Tune**  
"When one member of a family goes astray, or is ill-tempered, or open to censure, what should the rest do?"

I will begin in the middle. We are generally too ready for the sake of peace to put a premium on ill temper, and to give the cross person the right of way. This is often cowardly and almost always a mistake. Ill temper should be gently resisted. But never talk about the infirmity of a sister or brother to outsiders. When, unfortunately, any member of the home group is the victim of sin or wrong, the rest, so far as they can, should stand strongly around him, and save him from himself and from unkind comments. The family front to the world should be like a fortification.

**What Tact Really Is**  
"Are tact and sincerity compatible? My chum is very popular because she has the art of making agreeable speeches, but half the time she doesn't mean them."

Tact means touch. Sincere means transparent. One may be tactful—that is, quick to feel and respond to the feelings of others, therefore sympathetic—and at the same time be above deceit. The habit of saying pleasant things is praiseworthy, and there is not the slightest necessity for their being untrue. As a rule, the people one meets are good and kind, and there is much opportunity for being nice to them. Look for the best in friends, and cultivate the accomplishment of praising it. She who says disagreeable things needlessly, even if they are true, is a social guerrilla.

**A Girl Who is Too Fussy**  
"Unless my shoes and stockings are exactly side by side, and my other clothing is folded precisely, I cannot get to sleep. Sometimes I rise three or four times to straighten my things out."

Isn't this overcare a little silly? Compel yourself to lie still once you are in bed. But your plan is a good one, to have your clothing neatly and carefully arranged, as, in case of fire or a sudden alarm, you would be much better off than the girls who slip into bed leaving their rooms looking as if they had been swept by a cyclone.

**From One of the Older Girls**  
"During several busy years my mind has been engrossed with household affairs and my knowledge of books has slipped away. Now I have two little ones at school, and I want to take up study again."

Study every evening with your children. Indeed, as they grow older their home work will oblige them to ask your help. In addition, undertake some regular reading this winter. You will find pleasure and profit in historical romances, of which there are many good ones among recent publications. I think you are too busy to attempt a great deal of real study while your children are under ten.

**"How Shall I Get a Start?"**  
"If you will tell me how to get a start in my profession I will be so much obliged to you."

You do not name the profession, but here is a little story which I heard the other day, and it may give you an idea. A little girl wanted her brother to swing her. She kept calling, "Start me strong, and swing me high." The boy was busy at something else and did not wish to stop, so he shouted, "Put your foot on the ground, and start yourself." In most professions and avocations this is wise advice, and she who adopts it will be a successful woman.

**Tired of Everything**  
"There is nothing in the world that interests me. I have no enthusiasm. I am tired of everything. Can you help me?"

I knew by your writing that you had grown weary and nervous, and my first bit of advice to you is to go to bed at eight o'clock every night for the next three months. My next is that you stop worrying over a want of enthusiasm and go right on, making believe you have it, and taking pains with your daily work.

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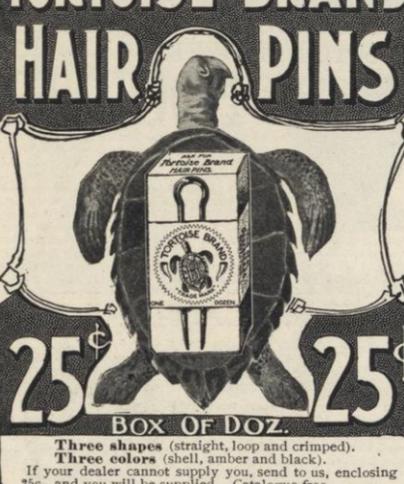
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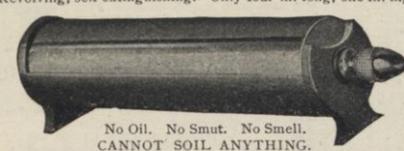
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# Good Health for Girls

By Emma E. Walker, M. D.

Questions of general interest will be answered on this page every month, but inquirers must give their names and addresses. Correspondents wishing answers by mail should inclose stamps or addressed stamped envelopes.



**W**ould you ever stop to think how you breathe? Do you know that, as a rule, we are actually too lazy to breathe properly? Well, we are, and so we do much to impair the beauty of both form and figure. Have you not often noticed the ugly mouth breather? This habit of breathing through the mouth is unattractive enough in children, but it is even more so in grown people.

I shall never forget the impression left on me by the son of a distinguished novelist who had this wretched habit in its most pronounced form. The prominent teeth which so often go with this deformity, for it is hardly less, always come up in my mind when I think of this man. And it was all so unnecessary. He could either have overcome it by his own efforts or medical attention could have come to his aid.

It was one of the trials of my youthful days when I was out walking in the evening with my father to have him say, as he always did when I began to talk, "Keep your mouth shut in the night air!"

I have often thanked him for it since from the bottom of my heart!

Nose-breathing and deep breathing are most important and magical aids to health and beauty. There is a little volume published with the title "Shut Your Mouth and Save Your Life." Rather startling, isn't it? But it is as true as startling things often are. Deep nose-breathing cannot be too often practiced when in the open air, and the purer and clearer the air the deeper you should breathe. Try this once, and it will really become a pleasant pastime, and its results will soon become apparent in your straighter shoulders, better developed chest, clearer skin and sweeter breath. It is really better than any magic youth restorer in the market. It is truly the best "elixir of life" that we can use, while it will not encroach upon the purse at all. Just give this a fair trial and see how easy the habit becomes.

You must also make a point of getting all the sunshine possible. Human beings need the sunshine as much as plants do. Don't be afraid of its causing freckles, for we have the best of authority that it does not do anything of the kind.

## Some Questions I am Asked

### A Most Unpleasant Condition

I am very much troubled with excessive perspiration, which is at times offensive. Can you tell me how to overcome this trouble? **SCHOOLGIRL.**

An eminent skin specialist advises as a remedy a tea of white-oak bark applied freely to the perspiring parts; and for the bad odor, a wash of an ounce of hydrate of chloral to a pint of water.

### To Remove Stains from the Hands

I am working with my pen all day. Can you not suggest some way of removing ink and other stains from the hands? **SCRIBBLER.**

Lemon juice, used either alone or in combination with salt, will generally suffice. Another solution good for removing ink stains is rose-water, eighteen parts to one of acetic acid. A piece of smooth pumice-stone is also valuable. It may be rubbed over a stain, or over any little callous spot which may be upon the hands.

### Trouble with the Feet

Can you give me a remedy for corns? **SUFFERER.**

When corns are first noticed, rubbing with pumice-stone will often cause them to disappear. A good solution to paint on a corn daily till it disappears is the following: Salicylic acid, half a teaspoonful; bi-chloride of mercury, two grains; colodion, one ounce; ether, as much as is necessary to make the mixture the right consistency.

### The Proper Shoe to Wear

Will you kindly give me advice in regard to well-fitting shoes? **L. F. B.**

A shoe to fit a normal foot should be straight along the inner border in order to accommodate the large toe, and it should have an outward curve on the outside of the foot in order to correspond to this contour. The sole should be flat. The heel should be low and broad. The high narrow heel does a great deal of injury to the foot. The sole should project slightly beyond the toes and be broad enough to accommodate them. The upper part of the shoe should be easy over the foot.

### Hands that are Restless

I find it difficult to keep my hands still. Can you give me any advice that will help me? **ELLEN J.**

Special exercises are good for this trouble. If the hands are relaxed and shaken vigorously from the wrists, as if they had no connection with the arms, but were tied on to the ends, the exercise will be found to have a quieting effect.

### Strengthening the Throat

Can you tell me how I may strengthen the muscles of my throat? **ELSIE.**

The muscles of the throat may be strengthened by drawing in a deep breath, and then forcing it—as you hold it—against these muscles for a few seconds.

IT IS just as necessary to change the shoes from day to day as it is to change any other part of the attire. At least two pairs of shoes should be on hand, so that they may be worn on alternate days. This not only rests the feet but it also gives the shoes a chance to become thoroughly aired.

A prescription for a powder which will prevent excessive perspiration is: Oleate of zinc, one teaspoonful; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one-third of a teaspoonful. Dust this frequently over the affected parts.

An excellent remedy for canker sores of the mouth is alum. It is well to rinse the mouth thoroughly after its use as it is injurious to the enamel of the teeth.

Massage persevered in is your best remedy for wrinkles. Use at the same time almond oil or cold cream. Drink milk (hot but not boiled) and cream between meals.

Massage the scalp with the finger-tips for five minutes morning and night. Do not wash the hair too often. There is no safe remedy to prevent hair from turning gray.

Although cocoa butter agrees well with most skins, its effect on each individual must be learned by experiment.

## A Five-Minute Exercise



**CORRECT STANDING POSITION**

Keep the heels together at an angle of sixty degrees. The weight of the body is over the balls of the feet. The hips should be held back, the chest thrown forward and the chin held in.

If a wrong position is first taken, and these directions are then followed, it will be seen that when the abdomen is drawn back the chest must come forward. After assuming the correct position, practice deep breathing for five minutes.

THE foot covering should always be kept in perfect order. A good oiling with castor oil—shoemakers use neat's-foot oil—every few weeks does a great deal to preserve the leather.

To keep the gums healthy it is a good plan to sponge them with a solution of myrrh and water after the teeth have been thoroughly cleansed. Use enough tincture of myrrh in a glass of water to make a milky solution.

Never wear shoes that are run down at the heels. A woman is judged quite as often by the appearance of her feet as by her hands.

In all cases of eruption upon the skin, exercise, and plain, wholesome, nourishing food taken regularly are very important.

For general use there is nothing better than pure white Castile soap. This should, of course, be the genuine article.

It is a good plan to change walking shoes as soon as one comes into the house and wear lighter-weight shoes indoors.

Never forget that what is good for one person may not be good for another. And always use as goodly a share of common-sense in the decision of any question concerning your health as you would in any of the other problems of your life.



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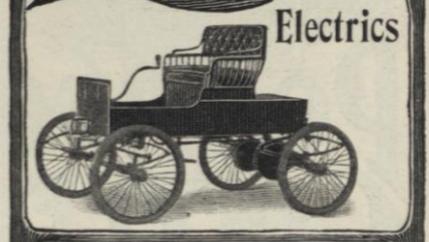
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## Following the Flowers

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

Questions of general interest will be answered on this page every month. Inquirers must give their names and addresses. Correspondents wishing answers by mail should inclose stamps or addressed stamped envelopes.

**A** GENERAL thing, there are few flowers in the window-garden or greenhouse in January, but there are—or, at any rate, there ought to be—active preparations going on for the flowering season just ahead. Almost all the plants are making growth now, and the amateur gardener should see to it that this growth is as complete as possible, for much of the success he is striving to attain depends upon the thoroughness with which this part of the plant's work is done.

It must be borne in mind that a plant in a pot is trying to develop itself under difficulties; it is growing under unnatural conditions, and it must be assisted in every possible way, and the conditions under which it labors should be made as nearly natural as possible. It must be supplied with fresh air in liberal quantities as frequently as the weather will admit. It must be given the benefit of all the sunshine furnished by the short winter days, if it is a sunshine-loving plant, as most flowering plants are. If it is not particularly fond of sunshine it will require good light in liberal amount. And in order to make development as thorough as possible, and lay the foundation for future good work in the production of flowers, it must be supplied with all the nutriment it can make use of, for no plant can do itself justice unless it is well fed. And water must also be given in proportion to the needs of the plant at this season.

**T**HE following general rules for the amateur florist will be found of value:

See that your plants get fresh air whenever it can be given them safely. This means that cold air should be so admitted that it is mixed with the air of the room before it reaches the plants themselves.

Give your plants the benefit of light and sunshine if you wish them to do well. Light and sunshine are most important at this season.

**W**ATER only when the surface of the soil looks dry. This rule cannot be deviated from with safety by the amateur. The experienced gardener will frequently discover conditions which make it safe for him to vary or modify it, but these the amateur will not discover, and it is not possible to lay down any instructions by which they may be discovered. Experience only will enable him to tell when it is advisable to depart from this rule. Therefore be governed strictly by it until you understand your plants perfectly. At this season of the year, when evaporation takes place slowly and growth is just beginning, it is an easy matter to seriously injure even the most robust plant by giving more water than it can properly take care of. Therefore, watch the soil carefully.

**W**HEN the roots have extracted a good deal of moisture from it the surface of the soil will take on the dry look which is always to be considered as an indication that more water is needed. Then, and not till then, should more be applied. Apply enough to saturate all the soil in the pot, and then wait until the dry look spoken of appears again before giving more moisture. This old rule is one that cannot be ignored by those who would grow good plants. Over-watering does untold harm, as it causes souring of the soil and brings on decay of the roots.

Apply fertilizers only when a plant is growing, for then, and then only, can it make use of them. None are needed while a plant is dormant. To give them at any but the growing time is sure to result in injury to the plants to which they are applied. Begin with a small quantity of whatever fertilizer you use, and increase the amount as the plant increases in growth, being careful not to overdo the matter. Aim to use just enough to produce a vigorous and healthy growth. Avoid excess in the use of all fertilizers because it is sure to result in a forced and unnatural development.

### Answers to Timely Questions

**Cuttings for the Garden**  
Is this the right time to begin to make cuttings for use in the garden next summer? W. P. C.

No, it is too early. Plants started now will almost always make a rapid growth, and this is not desirable for such plants as you desire to make use of outdoors next season. March is quite early enough to start plants for this purpose. Size is not so important as strength. A small but vigorous plant is much better than a large one lacking in vitality.

**Bulbs for Winter Flowering**  
How can bulbs for winter flowering be hurried along, or retarded? JEAN.

By giving heat a bulb is forced to make a rapid development. By keeping it in a low temperature development takes place slowly. If you want to keep your bulbs back for Easter keep them cool.

**When to Bring Fuchsias from the Cellar**  
Shall I bring up my Fuchsias now? They were put in the cellar in November. MRS. L. R.

No. Leave them where they are until March. Fuchsias are summer bloomers for the most part, and as they grow rapidly, plants started into growth at that time will be quite large enough for all practical purposes by flowering time. Put no cellar-stored plants in the window until absolutely necessary to do so, as they will make heavy demands on your care, and occupy space which might better be given up to winter-flowering plants. Nothing is gained by being in too much of a hurry.

**The Amaryllis Will Bloom in Winter**  
Ought not my Amaryllis to bloom in winter? MARY W.

That depends upon the care you have given it. If you encouraged it to grow vigorously at its growing period, and allowed it to rest when it showed an inclination to do so, it should give you a winter crop of flowers. But if you continued to give it as much water after it ceased to put forth new leaves as you did while it was growing you did not give it a chance to rest, and you need not expect it to bloom. No plant is easier of culture when its habits are understood. It has growing periods and dormant periods. Plenty of water should be given while the plant is growing, with frequent applications of some good fertilizer. But as soon as it stops growing very little water should be given, and it should be set away from the light and left there until signs of renewed growth are seen. Here we have two extremes of cultivation, both of which must be observed if we would grow this plant successfully.

**Roses that Bloom in Winter-Time**  
Is there any new Rose you can recommend as being a good winter bloomer which is adapted to culture in the window? F. P.

Yes. I have given the variety sold under the name of Gruss and Teplitz a thorough test, and find it superior in every way to Aग्रippina and Queen's Scarlet. It blooms freely and constantly in winter, and is much more fragrant than either of the kinds named. In color it is a very rich, dark crimson. It is of good form, and does not fade.

### Seasonable Suggestions

**K**EEP your plants well under control. See that they grow as you want them to grow. If one part of a plant seems inclined to develop at the expense of the rest of it, check this inclination promptly by pinching off the end of the too vigorous branch. Keep it in a state of arrested development by repeated pinchings, if necessary, until the other branches have caught up with it, and are able to hold their own against it. It is important that this should be done while development is going on. To wait until after development and then prune a plant into shape is to waste a large amount of the work of the plant. Prevent this by pruning at a time when all the energies can be economized, by properly directing and controlling the plant.

**B**ESURE that your hanging plants do not suffer from lack of water at this season. A little neglect now will be likely to injure them so seriously that they may not recover during the entire winter. They will need watering much oftener than the plants which have been grown in pots on the window-sill, because they are in a warmer stratum of air, and evaporation will take place rapidly in consequence. It is a good plan to drop them into a pailful of water and leave them there until they have taken up all the water they can absorb.

**I**F YOUR plants are unfortunate enough to get touched with frost, remove them, as soon as their condition is discovered, to a cool room, and shower them with cold water. This will draw the frost from their cells so gradually that they are not ruptured, and but little harm will be done as a general thing. But all depends on prompt action. If severely frozen, however, tender plants will seldom recover. On no account make use of warmth to counteract the effect of frost.

**C**ANNAS, and other tuberous plants which have been stored in the cellar, should be looked over frequently to make sure that they are keeping well. If any show signs of decay cut away the diseased part and dust the surface of the wound with powdered charcoal or with fine sand. If mould is discovered the place in which the roots are kept is too damp. If they shrivel it is too dry.

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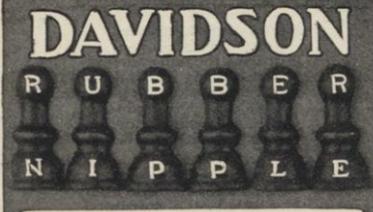
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Former Superintendent of the Newport Hospital

Questions of interest to mothers will be answered on this page. Inquirers must give their names and addresses. Correspondents wishing answers by mail should inclose stamps or addressed stamped envelopes.

**Treatment of Croup**

MY LITTLE girl, one year old, is subject to croup. What do you consider the best treatment for the attacks and is there any way in which I can ward them off?  
WORRIED.

The attacks of croup probably follow some undue exposure, though you may not be aware of it. Be careful that the nursery does not get overheated, for if the child passes from her own warm room to a cold hall or a cold room she will likely become chilled and an attack of croup result. Do not allow her to go out-of-doors in damp weather or when the wind is very sharp. This is really about all you can do to prevent the attacks. For the actual attack wring flannel cloths out of hot water and apply them to her throat, changing them frequently. Make a tent over her crib by means of sheets over a screen or umbrella; then place a small teakettle over an alcohol lamp near the crib and let the child inhale the moist vapor which may be conducted inside the tent, care being taken that she does not come close enough to the hot steam to get burnt. If the attack is severe you may give ten drops of syrup of ipecac every fifteen minutes until she vomits. It would be best to keep her indoors for a day or two after the attack.

**Care of Eyes, Ears, Nose and Mouth**

Do you think it best to attend to the eyes, ears, nose and mouth of a baby at bath time or at some other part of the day? I am so afraid of tiring her by being too long over her morning bath.

MOTHER OF FIRST BABY.

The eyes, ears, nose, mouth and nails should be attended to just after the baby has had her bath and is dressed. You will need close at hand some wooden toothpicks, absorbent cotton, boric acid solution, and a pair of small blunt-pointed scissors. Around your little finger wrap a small piece of the absorbent cotton and gently wipe out the baby's mouth after first dipping your finger in the boric acid solution. Next twist a small piece of cotton on the end of a wooden toothpick, wet with boric acid and gently introduce this a little way into each nostril, being careful to remove all secretions that have collected during the night, but do not go too far back. The ears should be cleaned in a similar manner, removing the wax which can be seen but not going in farther, and being careful to clean the little creases and also behind the ears. Take a small piece of cotton, wet with boric acid, and gently holding open the eye squeeze some of the boric acid solution into it, then dry with cotton. Use separate pieces of cotton for each eye and carefully wipe the edges of the lids and corners of the eyes. The nails should be cleaned with a wooden toothpick, cut with the blunt-pointed scissors and kept quite short, as babies are apt to scratch themselves if their nails are allowed to grow too long. The baby's morning toilette should not take more than half an hour. After a little practice it may be easily accomplished in that time.

**How to Prepare Prunes for a Baby**

I have been advised to give my little two-year-old son prunes as he is inclined to be constipated. Will you kindly tell me how to prepare them? Should the skins be removed?  
SUBSCRIBER.

Soak the prunes in cold water for half an hour, then wash and place them in a saucupan with just enough cold water to cover them. Boil for two hours, adding hot water from time to time in order to keep them covered. Then strain them through a medium-sized strainer, using a spoon to help mash them through. The skins will then remain in the strainer and you will have a soft, pulpy mass. To this add half a cupful of molasses to each pint of prune pulp, and boil again until thick enough to "jell," usually about one hour. If prepared in this way prunes make an excellent dessert for children, and often entirely overcome constipation.

**Covering for Baby's Feet**

My little girl is now nearly two months old and I have never allowed her to wear socks. Her feet are, however, nearly always cold. Do you think she should wear the little worsted socks or is there something better?  
MRS. S. A. K.

Some mothers prefer tiny woolen stockings that can be pinned to the diaper, but I think the pretty little knit socks or booties quite as good. Select the closely knit kind. The little toes will not then catch or be turned back. Be sure that the baby's feet are perfectly warm before you put on the socks, and hold the socks before the fire before putting them on. Turn up the long flannel skirt at the bottom and pin it at each side. The cold air from the floor cannot then get up and chill the child.

**Danger of Rupture**

I fear my little daughter, two months old, has been badly spoiled. I am having a very hard time trying to train her. Do you not think that by letting her "cry it out" there is danger of rupture?  
AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

There is very little danger of this happening if her flannel band is put on properly. If you are firm and persistent in your training a two-months-old baby will surely give in before long, and you will be glad that you did not give in to her.

**To Comb a Little Boy's Curls**

CAN you recommend any means of combing a child's hair that will take out the tangles without giving pain? My little boy, three years old, has long curls. I do not want to have them cut just yet, but the operation of combing them is so disagreeable to him that I am afraid they will have to go if you cannot suggest a remedy.  
LAURA S. K.

Try combing the hair with an aluminum stranding comb; the teeth are so arranged as to give more room for the hair at the top of the teeth than at the points. Hold the hair firmly with one hand near the head as it is combed, and work gently, but quickly. The hair should be braided loosely at night to keep it smooth, if it is not put up in soft paper, or silk, in curls.

**Raphia Work for Children**

My little girl, six years old, is confined to the house this winter. She has been much interested in weaving with strips of paper and cardboard, as taught in the kindergarten. Is there any other material she can use to amuse her?  
G. J. C.

Reed weaving and raphia work are both developments of the work done first with paper and cardboard. The latter is perhaps the newer of the two and the material is softer and more flexible than reed. Raphia is the inner, fibrous bark of a species of palm found in Madagascar. It is sold in twists of two pounds, costing about thirty cents. After the strands are braided they are sewed together to make table mats, napkin-rings, dolls' hats, boxes, baskets, etc. Books may be purchased which give instruction in both raphia and reed work.

**Russian Blouse Suit for a Boy of Four**

How shall I dress my boy of four? He is too tall for kilt skirts and I do not care for sailor suits.  
YOUNG MOTHER.

Make him one of the new Russian blouse suits with short, rather full trousers reaching to the knee, and a long straight coat, showing about three inches of the trousers, buttoned on one shoulder and worn with a leather belt. The sleeves are full, being tucked at the wrists to simulate cuffs.

**Table Manners Should be Taught**

I am anxious to teach my little girl to behave properly at table. During my illness she has been left much to herself and now I am better I want to try to train her.  
MRS. L. B. H.

Teach her first to enter the dining-room quietly and take her seat without making a noise. Let her wait patiently until her turn comes to be helped, and never permit her to criticize the food. Show her how to hold her knife and fork properly by the middle of the handle, and to eat quietly, keeping the lips closed while masticating. Do not allow her to interrupt the conversation, but listen and reply courteously when she speaks properly. Train her in exquisite neatness: not to drop particles of food on the tablecloth or the floor, and to use her napkin unobtrusively when it is necessary.

**Cocoanut Candy for Children**

Can you give me a simple receipt for cocoanut candy? My children are very fond of it and I should like to allow them to make it at home for a treat.  
ELLA R.

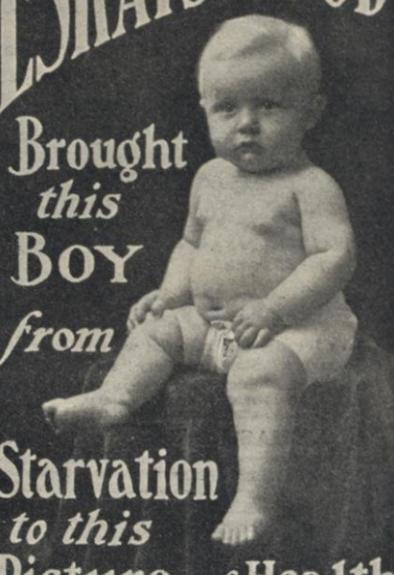
Take one pint of sugar, a quarter of a pint of desiccated cocoanut and a quarter of a pint of milk. Boil these ingredients in a granite-ware or porcelain-lined saucupan for five minutes. Remove from the fire, set the saucupan in a dish of cold water and stir briskly until the mixture is creamy. Pour on a lightly buttered dish and mark in squares while warm, so that it may be easily broken when cold. Cocoanut cakes are very easily made and would be a variety. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth; add gradually a small cupful of sugar, the same quantity of cocoanut, either desiccated or freshly grated, and one tablespoonful of flour. Drop on a buttered tin in small round cakes and bake for five minutes in a quick oven.

**Care in Contagious Disease**

There are several cases of measles in our neighborhood. I cannot send my five children away, and I should like to know the proper precautions to take, if one of them took the disease, to protect the others as far as possible.  
MRS. W. B. M.

Isolate the child in a room as far from the other children as you can provide it. Buy a quart bottle of formaldehyde and an atomizer and see that everything that goes out of the sick-room is disinfected by being thoroughly sprayed with the liquid. Keep the room well ventilated. Use pieces of old cotton instead of handkerchiefs for the sick child; wrap them in newspaper and burn them. If you are obliged to mix with the family wear a cotton wrapper and cover your hair while you are with the invalid; remove both when you leave the room, and wash your hands with soap and water. Ventilate the house thoroughly and admit all the sunlight possible there, even if the sick-room has to be darkened. When the child is well give a sponge bath in carbolized water, wash the hair, and dress in clean clothes that have not been exposed to infection, before letting the invalid see the other children. Have the room thoroughly cleaned also.

**ESKAY'S FOOD**



Brought this BOY from Starvation to this Picture of Health

The above in brief tells the story as given by the mother, MRS. GRUHLER, wife of Henry Gruhler, celebrated Pianist of Germantown, Pennsylvania.

For dyspeptics and those suffering from irritability of the stomach from any cause, ESKAY'S FOOD will be found palatable and nutritious, and a Food that will be retained by the weakest stomach.

Free samples upon application to  
SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO., Philadelphia.

**Rubens' Infant Shirt**



No Buttons No Trouble

Pat. Nos. 528,988—550,233

**A WORD TO MOTHERS**

The Rubens Shirt is a veritable life preserver. It affords full protection to lungs and abdomen, thus preventing colds and coughs, so fatal to a great many children. Get them at once. Take no others, no matter what your unprogressive dealer says. If he doesn't keep them write to us. The Rubens Shirt has gladdened the hearts of thousands of mothers, therefore we want it accessible to all the world, and no child ought to be without it. They are made in merino, wool, silk and wool, and all silk, to fit from birth to six years. Sold at Dry-Goods Stores. Circulars, with Price-List, free. Manufactured by  
E. M. MARBLE & CO., 90 Market St., Chicago, Ill.

**"BETTER THAN ANY GIFT"**

**Coward**

**"Good Sense" Shoe FOR CHILDREN**



Embodies results of 30 years' study of the Comfort, Health, Support and Protection of the Human Foot. In shape and make a perfect shoe! Costs no more. Wears better. Thousands send here for it. Why not allow YOUR children to enjoy the inestimable advantage of

**"Good Feet for Life"?**

Write to-day for Catalogue, including Good Sense shoes for every member of the family.

JAMES S. COWARD  
268-272 Greenwich St., NEW YORK

**NO MORE DARNING**

**Racine Feet**

A New Pair Hose for 10c

Cut off ragged feet, attach "Racine Feet" to legs of hosiery by our new Stockinette Stitch, and you have a pair of hose as good as new. Cost only 10c and a few moments' time.

Racine Feet come in cotton, sizes 5 to 11, black or white. Price, 10 cents a pair; prepaid.

Booklet, "The Stockinette Stitch," tells everything. Sent free. Agents wanted.

H. S. BLAKE & CO., Department E, Racine, Wis.

**"Mizpah" Valve Nipples**

WILL NOT COLLAPSE

And therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle.

Sample Free by mail

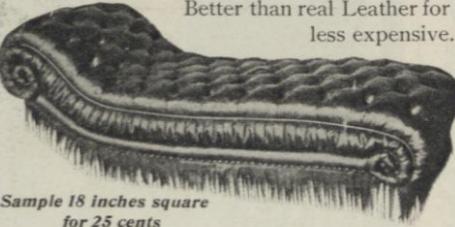
Walter F. Ware  
512 Arch Street  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**BABY'S HEALTH WARDROBE**

Complete outfit, 30 cut patterns infant's long, or 25 first short clothes, full directions, sealed, 25 cts. Hints to Expectant Mothers and description New Maternity Nightgown free with patterns.  
MRS. J. BRIDE, P. O. Box 1265, BOSTON, Mass.

# CHASE LEATHER

THE STANDARD LEATHER SUBSTITUTE



Better than real Leather for many purposes, and far less expensive. Comes in various colors, suitable for Furniture, Car Curtains and Decoration Yacht Upholstery Book Bindings, etc.

It will not scratch or peel. Durable and Handsome.

## 1902 DIARIES

To advertise this material we will mail, postage paid, during December and January, a "Standard Diary" for 1902, bound in Chase Leather, at half prices.

A 30-cent, 7-day page, vest-pocket diary, 2 3/4 x 5 3/4 inches, for 15c.  
 A 40-cent, 3-day page diary, 3 x 4 1/2 inches, for 20c.  
 A 50-cent, 3-day page diary, 3 x 6 inches, for 25c.

L. C. CHASE & CO. Dept. A Boston, Mass.



## New Year Sunshine

The Department of the International Sunshine Society  
 Edited by Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, President-General

TRUE it is, and always has been, that cheerfulness is riches that cannot be taxed. Let us begin the New Year with a bountiful supply.

Let us have smiles, too, for they are a sure cure for wrinkles. And love! Of that we must get in a good stock as well, for without love no one can be rich; with it no one can be poor. Then there is the "passing on" of kind words and kind deeds that makes up most of our sunshine. We should begin with them this very day.

I have just learned the history of our creed, "Pass it on." The story is most interesting; especially so, since he who composed the music is living now. His home is in Philadelphia.

We selected the stanza "Good Cheer" from the thousands of pieces of poetry sent in by the members when asked what they thought was a suitable creed to be followed and lived up to by our society. The name of Mrs. W. H. Chase, of Brooklyn, was attached to the clipping. I asked her at the time for the history of the poem, but not until now have I been able to secure it. Through the kindness of Mrs. Sara B. Kirkpatrick, of Philadelphia, the following pretty story is furnished:

### Where Our Password Came From

LONG years ago a little schoolboy in England was on his way home for a short vacation. When he arrived at Bristol he got on board the steamer with just enough money to pay his fare. That being settled, he thought, in his innocence, that he had paid for everything. His experiences are told here in his own words as he gave them in a sermon preached years afterward, when, as a minister, he occupied the pulpit of a church in England.

"I had all that I wanted as long as we were in smooth water; then came the rough Atlantic, and there was need of nothing more. I had been lying in my berth for hours, wretchedly ill and past caring for anything, when the steward came to me.

"Your bill, sir," said he, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money," said I.

"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?"

"I told him.

"Instantly he took off his cap and held out his hand. 'I should like to shake with you,' he said.

"Then came the explanation—how some years before a little kindness had been shown to his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood.

"I never thought the chance would come for me to repay it," said he pleasantly."

### When the Man's Chance Came

AS SOON as I got ashore I told my father what had happened. 'Ah,' said he, 'see how a bit of kindness lives! Remember, if you meet anybody that needs a friendly hand, that you must 'pass this kindness on' to him.'

"Years had gone by. I had grown up and quite forgotten it all, until one day, at the station of one of our main lines, I heard a lad crying.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"If you please, sir, I haven't money enough to pay my fare. I tell the clerk that if he will trust me I will be sure to pay him."

"Instantly the forgotten story of long ago flashed upon me. Here was my chance to 'pass it on.' I furnished the sum needed, and then got into the carriage with the boy. Then I told him the story of long ago. 'Now, to-day,' I said, 'I 'pass it on' to you; and, remember, if you meet with any one who needs a kindly hand, you must 'pass it on' to him.'

"I will, sir, I will!" cried the boy.

"I reached my destination and left my little friend. The last sign I had from him was his handkerchief fluttering from the carriage, as if to say, 'It is all right, sir; I will 'pass it on.'"

The story led to the poem, "Good Cheer," or "Pass it on," the first stanza of which has been adopted as the creed of the International Sunshine Society. The Rev. Henry Binton, of England, composed the words, and Professor Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, of Philadelphia, the music.

### Look After Those Who are Near You

TO SHOW you how little many of us know what is going on right around us I will tell you a true story.

A woman wearing the badge of membership came into the office the other day and asked if there was any rule against showing the book that she was trying to sell. Her voice was gentle, her manner refined, and it needed no second look at her face to recognize the fact that she was suffering. It did not take long to learn that she and her sister were struggling in vain to make sufficient money to give them the necessities of life. Both were invalids, one unable to leave the house, and the other scarcely strong enough to walk about attempting to sell the book that was their only means of support. Further investigation proved that they, through sickness and death in the family, had been thrown on their own resources for support, and they had been

and were doing the very best they could to get along. A plan was formed at headquarters to send them out of the city for a month where they could have good medical care, as well as all home comforts and fresh air. One young girl who grew intensely interested brought over six dollars as her share toward the expense. I said: "I wish you would take this to them yourself. I believe they live on your street." On handing the number of the house to the young girl she gave a cry of surprise, and then burst into tears.

"That is right next door to me; the very next door! To think that I have been having such a happy life, and that there are two women slowly starving, with only a brick partition separating us!"

### Try to Make Sunshine Circle the World

IF EVERYBODY made an effort to first make sunny the circle immediately about them, then in time these circles would meet and Sunshine would cover the world. For example, don't send all your flowers to the other side of the city and forget the little woman who is sick next door, and perhaps loves a rose even more than you do. You say she is rich and can buy flowers. That is not the question. It is not the value of the flower which Sunshine takes into consideration; it is the "good cheer" it is capable of carrying.

I know one little woman who lives all alone, and seldom makes an effort to cheer the life of any one. Consequently she is left to herself so much that she is gradually being isolated from everything bright and lovely. She said the other day that the world was hard and cold, and that she would rather have no friends than run the risk of having bad ones. So she shuts her door and locks it, and lives within herself, proving to me more plainly than ever that this world is much what we make it. I find it very hard indeed to smile and say good-morning to her, and I feel myself rapidly reaching the point where the rest of the world is—evading her, for I cannot help but dread encountering that unhappy feeling she always leaves in her wake.

### One Woman Who is All Sunshine

THEN there is another little woman in Brooklyn whom I see every day, and I get more strength from her than I do from many sermons. The sermons tell me what to do; she shows me. Her life is filled with the trials that come to every woman who must earn her own living. There are times when she is bearing on her shoulders more care than ought seemingly to be put on ten persons. Yet she gets so much sunshine out of life that I catch myself almost envying her. Sometimes as early as seven o'clock she will be at the piano singing. At first the music is soft and low. It may be a hymn. Then a gayer selection is heard, and finally she closes the piano after having sung some bright piece full of trills and all kinds of birdlike turns.

"What are you doing?" I asked her once.

"Oh! don't you see, it is raining cats and dogs. I am to have a hard day's work, and I just sang the blues so far down into the ground that they won't peep out again to-day."

Just to look at her smiling face makes me feel better. If she goes to prayer-meeting she comes home radiant because the "minister did make such a wonderful prayer." If she goes marketing or shopping she says it was good exercise, and she feels so sorry for those who have to stay in the house. If anything goes wrong she brings forth her supply of "cheap cheerfulness" and submits gracefully to the inevitable, saying, "How lucky it wasn't so-and-so; that would have been so much worse."

She always makes me think of one of our Sunshine songs, the one which begins:

"A pocketful of sunshine  
 Is better far than gold;  
 It drowns the daily sorrows  
 Of the young and of the old;  
 It fills the world with pleasure,  
 In field, in lane, and street,  
 And brightens every prospect  
 Of the mortals that we meet."

"A pocketful of sunshine  
 Can make the world akin,  
 And lift a load of sorrow  
 From the burdened backs of sin;  
 Diffusing light and knowledge  
 Through thorny paths of life;  
 It gilds with silver lining  
 The storm clouds of strife."

### Pay Your Sunshine Dues

DO NOT forget that once a year you owe something to the central office.

If you are a club then hold your International Day exercises and report results at headquarters. If you are an individual member have your kind deed directed to 96 Fifth Avenue. If you are in doubt what to do, put into an envelope as many stamps as you are years old and forward them to headquarters where they will be used on some of the hundreds of Sunshine bundles always awaiting the stamps to send them on their round of "Good Cheer." Don't forget that one day in the year you are to remember me, if only to write and say that you wish to be kept on the books for another year. The only way I can keep in touch with you is by hearing from you.

## EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN

Is the title of Our New Catalogue for 1902—the most superb and instructive horticultural publication of the day—190 pages—700 engravings—6 superb colored plates of vegetables and flowers.

To give this Catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer:

### Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who incloses 10 cents (in stamps), we will mail the Catalogue, and also send free of charge, our famous 50-cent "Henderson" Collection of seeds, containing one packet each of Sweet Peas, Giant Flowering; Pansies, Mammoth Flowering; Asters, Giant Comet; New York Lettuce; Freedom Tomato, and White Plume Celery, in a coupon envelope, which when emptied and returned will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order of goods selected from Catalogue to the amount of \$1.00 and upward.

## PETER HENDERSON & CO.

35 and 37 Cortlandt Street NEW YORK

## ATTRACTIVE and ARTISTIC HOMES

Depend more upon an understanding of the value of color, light, arrangement and relation of objects than upon furnishings.

Any Room Can Be Made Beautiful if properly handled, and the process is not necessarily expensive.

The House Beautiful is a magazine devoted exclusively to the artistic and decorative in the home.

HERBERT S. STONE & CO., Room 21, 11 Eldredge Court, Chicago

## The ARLINGTON Automatic Lift and Drop Cabinet

Acme of Sewing Machine Perfection

(Equal of any \$40.00 or \$65.00 Machine.)

The HEAD is of standard, perfect, everlasting construction. Sews Anything.

The ATTACHMENTS are the most complete and finest made; of high-grade steel beautifully nickel-plated. Greatest Variety of Work.

The STAND is BALL-BEARING, free from friction, eliminates fatigue, easiest running and almost noiseless. It means greatest speed with the least effort.

The WOODWORK is the handsomest made—quarter-sawn oak, piano polish. A handsome Piece of Furniture.

The AUTOMATIC Lift and Drop Lever permits its opening and closing by the mere touch of the hand. A Great Convenience.

SENT ON THREE MONTHS' TRIAL \$17.75  
 Guaranteed for 20 Years. Price, -

Other Machines from \$11.95 to \$25.00. 250,000 sold. Write for Our Handsome Catalog. CASH BUYERS' UNION, Department A-3, Chicago

## Did You Give or Receive Silverware For a Christmas Gift?

If it bears the stamp of "1847 Rogers Bros." it can be used with the assurance that you have the best that money can procure. Best in design, finish and wear—"Silver Plate that Wears." You will be so pleased you will surely desire

### ADDITIONAL PIECES

of the same design and grade which your dealer can supply.

NOTE OUR TRADE MARKS HERE SHOWN

and see that each piece you purchase bears our stamp, which has for over half a century been recognized as the standard of the world. Write for catalogue No. 61 R, which is an aid in selecting.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor to MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

## Colonial Spirits

Is a pure refined spirit for domestic use, sweet smelling and clear as crystal.

It is the ideal fuel for spirit lamps, chafing-dishes, tea and coffee urns, etc.

It cleans and imparts a fresh lustre to cut glass.

It is a refreshing luxury for the bath and for massage purposes. It is put up for the convenience of the housekeeper in neatly labeled bottles.

Send 20c. for quarter pint bottle and full particulars.

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited, DETROIT



## Heart to Heart Talks

With The King's Daughters

By Margaret Bottome

IT HAS occurred to me that you might like me to give you Daughters a word for the New Year—a New Year motto of only one word that may stay with you and help you. In the early days I used to say when New Year's Day came around, "I must turn over a new leaf; I will make some new resolutions." But not many leaves were turned, and somehow many of the resolutions never went into action; so I will not set you on that track, but I will give you the word "Consider." "In the day of adversity, consider." Most people in the day of adversity do another thing—they complain. This word "complain" has just as many letters in it as "consider" and begins with the same letter, but oh, the difference it makes in character whether we consider or complain.

### Take Life as Easily as the Flowers Do

I AM determined to add to the joy of this world if I possibly can, and the reason why we have so little real joy is the not knowing God. I have just received a letter from one of the most faithful Daughters in our Order—such a royal daughter of our King—and this is what she has written me this week: "Every year of my experience of God only makes me more of a happy, divinely careless, child than ever. With such a Father what need can there be of care? So I rest in His love without a questioning thought, and take life as easily and as unthinkingly as the flowers do."

Do you say, "I know no such experience as that?" Well, then, that is before you. You must live in hope. You must say, "All that will be mine; I am going into a New Year for new experiences of the love of God." And I will tell you what you will meet—more abundant life, for Christ said, "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." You will have the God who says He will have mercy and will abundantly pardon. All grace will abound toward you, that "ye, having all sufficiency in all things, may abound unto every good work."

I have often thought of the woman who had never seen the ocean, and when at last she saw it said quietly, "Well, I am glad at last to have seen enough of something." God is enough. God is all-sufficient. So go into 1902 rich, rich in all that is worth calling riches, enduring riches, the riches that you can carry into the next world with you.

### Trust in God the Father

Girls come to me for me to help them to some position. My first work is to look after something they did not come to me for at all. Some of them look so hopeless and I have said to them, "I don't believe you will get a position with that look in your face. What you want first of all is courage, hope. Have you a father?" Sometimes they say, "Yes, but he cannot help me." "Oh, I don't mean that father. I mean, do you know that God is your Father?" Sometimes they say they belong to the church. "Oh," I say, "that is a very different thing from knowing that God is your Father."

Many a time I have had a girl thank me as she left when I had neither position for her nor knew where to get one. And when I have smiled and said, "But you see, I have not done anything for you," she has said, "Oh, yes, you have; you have given me courage."

I have a girl in my mind now who came to me not many months ago, and her face was a joy—there was hope, purpose, faith in it. It was a hard case. I said, "I could give you letters of introduction, but they would be of no use. The only question is, Is the stuff in you? Have you a voice? If you have, somebody will want to hear you sing. Do you think you have?" Quickly she said, "Yes, I do." "Well," I said, "the only thing is to let somebody hear you who knows what a voice is. I frankly confess I do not. But, meantime, bread and butter and a decent place to sleep are a necessity. Now, have you the courage to do what will give you these necessary things?"

### What Courage Did for One Girl

The answer was strong, "Yes, indeed, but"—and then I saw in her face a something which said as loud as words, and louder—"but I shall sing; I shall have a musical education." And I saw her working at something she did not intend to continue, but with joy and courage and perfect faithfulness, and it was not long before promotion came, and that meant money; and more money meant that musical education, and she is having it to-day. She had the voice, and she will mount the ladder. She would have failed if her faith in herself had failed, but she told me afterward she never doubted but that her Heavenly Father would see her through. "He gave me the voice," she said, "and it is to be used for Him; and the church where I am to sing, and where I will be well paid for my services, is waiting for me."

You must have a purpose in your life, and you must start with the highest purpose, and you must face difficulties. It is easy to sing, "Lead Thou me on," but did you ever stop and think of the words

that follow—"o'er moor"? Were you ever on a moor? I was, in England, once, and we were lost on a moor. My son was with me. We were in a pony carriage, and at last we waked up to the fact that we were lost—on that moor. He whistled—but it was only to keep his courage up—"O'er moor—o'er crag and torrent." Take either of these words, get the definition from the dictionary if you have the opportunity. The one word "torrent" does convey something to us almost of terror—and yet this is the way the Kindly Light leads.

It is not easy to stop talking to you. I see the army that reads this magazine, from the highest to the lowest, all shades of religious belief, and no belief—and I am to wish you a Happy New Year. I really would not do it—it would be mockery—if I did not believe in the Kindly Light, if I could not say as we one and all go into 1902:

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
Lead Thou me on;  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

### The Faith Which is Deathless

The "Shamrock" will remain—where? In the waters where she was defeated. Months have passed since I read the words, "The 'Shamrock' will remain," but the lesson it conveyed to me remains with me, and I recall it at the commencement of this new year. It reminded me of F. W. Robertson's definition of faith: "After many failures, having the heart to try again." "She will remain in these waters." I felt for the "Shamrock" as if she had been a living thing. It seemed as if she might say, "Oh, not here; let me go back. Hard as it would be to go home, not having won, it is harder still to stay here just where I suffered the defeat. Oh, no; to stay here means another race." Life is a race—not for a silver cup, but for character—that is the goal. The prize is Heaven, but the race must always be run, and life, to many, is outward defeat, and to a larger number, inward defeat.

Who has not failed in patience—in unselfish love—in being the woman God made her to be, or in being the man God made him to be? Well, what is to be done—die? Oh, no, stay—stay in these waters, in these circumstances, and try again. But you say—at least some of you do—"It always somehow means defeat with me." Well, stay. You will yet win; in this race you can be assured of victory. I cannot say that for the hopeful owner of the "Shamrock"—though he has done more for me by losing than if he had won, for he is what I heard one man say—a good loser; and in every great race there is often apparent failure, but not to lose heart is the great thing.

I heard Henry Ward Beecher say when I was a girl, "No man fails till he fails inside." Only think of the great causes that have seemed lost. "Jesus won the world through shame, and beckons us the road," and if we could only see deeply enough we should see the glory there is in working for a cause even though we must die with the work unfinished for another to take up.

### Every Wrong Thing Shall Die

There is a wonderful chapter in the New Testament—the eleventh chapter of Hebrews—where they all fought, and fought in faith, and you read over and over, through faith they did this and that, and then you read they all died in faith, not having received what they believed in. The only thing they held on to was their faith. Now why was that? Well, as I read it, it was for our sakes, that we might not be discouraged by their success. So you read "that they without us should not be made perfect." They wanted us to have this joy; and they will wait for us. They do not want one or a few to secure the race. They want all to win. Of course this is unlike any earthly race. In an earthly race only one gets the prize, but in this Heavenly race all are to get the prize, and in the end it is victory for all.

Do you not see any comfort in this? Isn't there something here to put new life at this new season in you, faith and hope? Suppose you have faith; hold on to your faith. You will yet have the victory—victory in the best sense of the word. Victory over yourself, victory over all evil. Hold on! Say when you are bewildered, blinded, when everything inside and outside seems so wrong, still say, "I only know that God is just and every wrong shall die." Fight the depression, the discouragement.

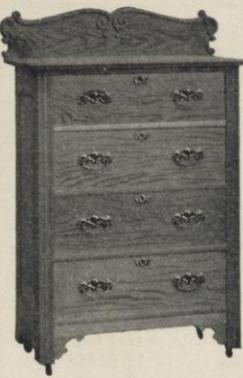
I think I hear again the voice of Gladstone in the House of Commons when he made what has been called his great speech—"These things cannot last, and in the faith that they will not last, in the faith that every single manful protest will tend to bring nearer the day of their doom, I move the rejection of the bill."

This is the faith in which we must live and work. Right is going to triumph. We may say of all evil in us and around us, "It passeth away; the seeds of death are in it. We are in the victorious army of right."

## Direct from the Factory to the Consumer

A full assortment of first class toilet and laundry soap, washing powder, perfumes, etc., all of our own manufacture and guaranteed pure. We offer either the chiffonier or the rocker illustrated in this advertisement with the following list of articles at the extremely low price of \$10, practically wholesale prices.

### Sample Premium Chiffonier—How to Get It



This Handsome Solid Oak Chiffonier, 4 ft. 2 in. high, with four drawers, golden oak finish, retail price of which is \$10, included without additional charge with the following, or the purchaser's own selection of a \$10 assortment of our own Soaps, Perfumes and Extracts.

- |                                                                                                           |                                                      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|
| 4 boxes Toilet Soap at 25 cents, . . . . . \$1.00                                                         | 1 bottle 1/2 oz. Crabapple Perfume, . . . . . \$0.25 |
| 3 boxes Carbolic at 25c, . . . . . .75                                                                    | 1 bottle 1/2 oz. Violet, . . . . . .25               |
| 2 boxes Wild Rose at 25c, . . . . . .50                                                                   | 1 jar Complexion Jelly, . . . . . .25                |
| 4 boxes Fragrant Bouquet at 25 cents, . . . . . 1.00                                                      | 1 jar Rose Shampoo, . . . . . .25                    |
| 1 box Queen of Violets, . . . . . .25                                                                     | 1 box Taleum Powder, . . . . . .15                   |
| 1 box Olive Castile, . . . . . .25                                                                        | 1 bottle 2 oz. Lemon Extract, . . . . . .20          |
| 2 boxes Pine Tur at 25c, . . . . . .50                                                                    | 1 bottle 2 oz. Standard Vanilla, . . . . . .30       |
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| 10 cakes Cotton at 8c, . . . . . .80                                                                      |                                                      |
| 40 cakes Laundry at 5c, 2.00                                                                              |                                                      |
| 5 pkgs. Pearl Washing Powder at 10 cents, . . . . . .50                                                   |                                                      |
| 1 bottle 1/2 oz. White Rose Perfume, . . . . . .25                                                        |                                                      |
| 1 bottle 1/2 oz. Carnation Perfume, . . . . . .25                                                         |                                                      |
| Buy soaps at wholesale. Soaps bought in quantity and dried last from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. longer. |                                                      |



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## ACCORDING TO MISS PARLOA

BY MARIA PARLOA

Questions will be answered on this page, but inquirers must give their names and addresses. Correspondents wishing answers by mail should inclose stamps or addressed stamped envelopes.

**VERY** housekeeper experiences, from time to time, annoyance in finding stains on delicate fabrics. There is a way to use the sun and moisture in removing such stains. I spread the stain on a large platter and wet it with whatever is best for that kind of stain: lemon juice and salt for ink; oxalic acid for fruit, tea, coffee, etc.; soap and water and starch for scorch. I cover this with a sheet of glass and place it in the sun, wetting from time to time.

**Carbolic Tallow.** Shred mutton suet fine and put it in a glass jar. Place the jar in a pan of cold water on the fire. Let it cook until the oil is dissolved. Pour off the clear oil and as it cools beat in a few drops of carbolic acid. This tallow is excellent for chapped hands or face. It is also good for sensitive or tired feet. I get the kidney suet for this tallow.

**Cleaning the Soiled Edges of Books.** Rub the edges with a rubber ink eraser and they will look fresh and new.

**Effect of Acids on Brass and Copper.** A strong acid, like oxalic acid or vinegar, will remove the coating of oxide from brass or copper, leaving it bright and clean. But if the acid is not immediately washed off it corrodes the metal, producing copper acetate (verdigris), a deadly poison. Articles cleaned with an acid do not remain bright for any length of time unless they are afterward rubbed with rottenstone and oil or Tripoli and oil.

A Crust on the Teakettle is generally caused by lime in the water. Acid will dissolve the lime. Try vinegar, or dilute sulphuric acid. When the lime scales off wash the kettle in plenty of clear water, then rinse with hot soda water. The acid must be removed the moment it has done its work.

**When the Drain-Pipe Freezes.** I have frequently found that pouring salt down the pipes was one of the best means of thawing the ice. It will hasten matters if, in addition, hot woolen cloths be wrapped around the pipes.

**To Destroy Moths in Stuffed Birds** take the birds out-of-doors and saturate them with naphtha. Keep them in the open air until the naphtha has evaporated.

**To Prevent Beds from Creaking.** If you can trace the sound to the place where it is made oil that place. If it is not possible to trace the noise to its source oil all the joints in the bed, even places where one piece of wood might rub upon another. I think you will find the trouble at an end after this treatment.

**Spots on the Dining-Table.** Methods for removing spots caused by heat on a varnished surface have been given several times. I give a few of them again: If the stain is slight hold a hot plate over it for a few minutes. A hard rubbing with kerosene and a woolen cloth will remove stains that are not deep. When these simple remedies fail rub with a mixture of rottenstone and linseed oil.

### What I Have Learned About Hardwood Floors

THE constant demand for instruction in the finishing and care of wood floors has led me to prepare this brief article; but as the laying and finishing of floors is a trade in itself, I would not advise any one to do the work himself if he can afford to employ a skilled workman.

Prepared stains can be purchased at any painters' supply store if one does not care to prepare them at home. Prepared wax and liquid wax, which give most satisfactory results, can also be purchased almost, if not quite, as cheap as if prepared at home. If the floors are to be varnished only the best quality of varnish should be used. Each coat should dry thoroughly before the next is put on. There are preparations of varnish in which the color is mixed, but I do not like color put on a floor in that way, because the varnish and color wear off together. When the boards are stained before being varnished the color remains even when the varnish wears off.

#### How to Smooth and Fill the Boards

When the carpenter has finished laying the floor rub it smooth in the following manner: Purchase a package of medium coarse steel wool at a painters' supply store. Take a handful of the wool and rub the boards, one at a time, until perfectly smooth. In rubbing let the movement be regular, but not too heavy. Protect the hands with thick gloves.

Brush up the dust and apply the filler if the wood is open-grained. Mix the filler thoroughly and rub it into the wood with a woolen cloth. Let the floor rest for forty-eight hours or more, then rub down with fine excelsior. Apply a second coat of filler, rest, and rub down as before. Brush the floor and wipe all the dust off. It is now ready to be waxed, varnished or oiled.

The fillers can be purchased at a painters' supply store or they may be prepared at home.

A good filler for light wood may be made by taking half a pint of flake white, half a pint of whiting, one pint of boiled linseed oil, and three pints of turpentine.

To make a filler for dark wood, take one quart each of boiled linseed oil and turpentine, one pint of whiting. For mahogany, add one tablespoonful of burnt sienna and a quarter of a teaspoonful of yellow ochre. For walnut, one tablespoonful of burnt umber, half a teaspoonful of Venetian red, half a teaspoonful of yellow ochre. For ash, one level tablespoonful of raw sienna.

#### Some Methods of Staining Woods

Some woods absorb more coloring matter than others. A white wood that is to be stained to imitate a dark wood requires a strong preparation, while a dark wood that needs to have the color deepened slightly requires a weak preparation. So it will be seen that the workman must use judgment in following out such rules and suggestions as I shall give.

For an oak stain take half a pound each of potash and carbonate of potash to one gallon of water. This gives a brown stain. Liquid ammonia makes new oak look like old. A decoction of green walnut shells applied hot to the boards will make new oak look like old. The stronger the decoction the darker it will make the wood. A solution of sulphate of iron will make new oak dark. It shades toward black rather than brown.

For red shades use nitric acid diluted with water. On mahogany or cherry use two ounces of the acid to a quart of water. For white woods where a mahogany red is desired use eight ounces of the acid to a quart of water.

Apply these stains with a brush or a cloth fastened on a stick. After the stain is well set rub the boards with boiled linseed oil, let rest a day or more, and then polish with a woolen cloth. The floor is now ready for wax, varnish or oil.

#### Staining with Powdered Pigments

For a light oak take one quart of boiled linseed oil, three gills of turpentine, and four tablespoonfuls of raw umber; for dark oak, the same as light, with the addition of one tablespoonful of burnt umber; for antique oak, add half a teaspoonful of lampblack to the dark oak mixture; for cherry use the same as for light oak, with the exception of using six tablespoonfuls of burnt sienna instead of the raw umber; for light mahogany take one quart of boiled linseed oil, three gills of turpentine, one tablespoonful of chrome yellow, three of burnt sienna, and one of Bismarck brown; for dark mahogany, the same as light mahogany, but add one teaspoonful of aniline black and double the burnt sienna; for walnut, use one quart of boiled linseed oil, three gills of turpentine, three tablespoonfuls of burnt umber, four of burnt sienna, three of chrome yellow, and half a tablespoonful of lampblack.

The rules given for pigment stains are suitable for staining light woods to imitate the woods indicated. The quantity in each rule will stain about two hundred square feet.

#### When Mixing and Applying Stains

Put the powder in a bowl or pail. Wet with some of the oil and rub smooth. Gradually add the remainder of the oil, then the turpentine. Try a little of the stain on a board of the same wood as the floor. If it has not the right tone add whatever color is needed to darken or lighten it. If it should happen that the color is too strong add oil and turpentine.

Have the boards perfectly free from dust or dirt. Dip a woolen cloth in the stain and rub it into the board. Do one board at a time. This will not give a very dark stain. If a dark shade is desired let the floor rest one day; then with a brush apply a second coat of stain, and let rest a day or even a little longer.

When the floor is dry fasten a piece of clean carpet on an old floor-brush and rub the floor hard, doing but one board at a time and being particular always to do the rubbing with the grain of the wood. The floor will then be ready to be oiled, waxed or varnished.

#### The General Care of Floors

If one only knows how, nothing is easier than the care of a well-finished floor. Water should never be used on a waxed floor. The less water used on any floor the better.

Painted, varnished and oiled floors may be cleaned with crude petroleum. Dip a woolen cloth in the petroleum and rub the boards with it.

When the entire floor has been cleaned in this manner close the room for a few hours. Cover an old floor-brush with a piece of clean woolen cloth and rub the floor hard. This will remove any superfluous oil, and polish the floor.

Occasionally add half a pint of paraffine oil to each quart of petroleum. This will keep the floor in fine condition.

It is most important that every particle of superfluous oil shall be removed in the manner I have indicated. If this is neglected many times the oil will hold the dust and you will soon have a dark, dingy floor.

Painted, varnished and oiled floors can be wiped with a cloth which has been wrung out of water. This will remove the dust, but will not add to the lustre.

Waxed floors should be dusted with a soft cloth or dust-mop. To remove dirt spots from such floors wipe with a cloth which has been dampened with turpentine. This will remove the wax, and it will then be necessary to go over the spots with a cloth slightly moistened with wax.

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**MRS. RORER'S HELPS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS**

Questions of interest to housekeepers will be answered on this page, but inquirers must give their names and addresses. Correspondents wishing answers by mail should inclose stamps or addressed stamped envelopes.

**A** DOUBLE boiler may be purchased for one dollar and fifty cents or one dollar and seventy-five cents. It removes all danger of burning when cooking cereals or preparations of milk. It consists of an upper small boiler fitting in under a larger boiler. The under boiler is partly filled with boiling water. Things do not boil in the upper part of a double boiler.

**Boned Chicken or Turkey.** Chickens and turkeys are boned before they are cooked. They are then stuffed, and steamed or boiled.

**Panada** is either zwieback or toasted rusk made soft by pouring a little boiling water over it. It has no virtue as an article of diet. Better use the dry zwieback and masticate it thoroughly. Softened foods are injurious.

**Keeping Cheese.** To prevent cheese from moulding, keep it in a dry place. Soft cheese should be chopped for Welsh rarebit rather than grated. Soft cheeses melt easily.

**Welsh Rarebit** must be served as soon as it is cooked. It may be made by simply melting the cheese and seasoning it to taste. It is usually served on toast.

**To Keep Fish** sprinkle them with salt and put them in a cold place. Fish must be used while fresh to be wholesome. This is true of all sea food.

**Bits of Left-Over Steak** may be chopped fine, seasoned and used for sandwiches.

**Sunday Evening Tea** may be served in the library. It may be composed of sandwiches, chocolate and fruit. This saves the arranging of the dining-room and gives a variety to one's day.

**Coffee-Pot.** Probably the best coffee-pot is the ordinary Vienna pot with a glass top and a small alcohol lamp underneath. The boiling water is driven through the tube, spraying the coffee, and percolates into the bottom of the pot. With one of these pots of ordinary size sufficient coffee may be made for ten or twelve people by adding now and then a little more coffee and pouring in extra water. Coffee boiled is coffee spoiled.

**A Tin Chafing-Dish** costs a dollar and will answer the purpose just as well as a much more expensive one. Tin chafing-dishes are, however, difficult to get.

**Wood Alcohol** may be used for chafing-dish cookery, but as it burns away more rapidly, and evaporates more quickly than good alcohol, it makes little difference in the final cost.

**To Scour Tins.** Use ordinary sea sand moistened with a little dissolved soap. This polishes the tin without scratching. This is also an admirable way to clean brass or copper.

**Cracker Machine.** This term is applied to the ordinary brake which is sold in the South for the making of Maryland biscuit. It looks much like a wringing machine when it is fastened to the end of a marble or wooden slab. The dough is put backward and forward through these rolls, and may then be rolled as thin as one pleases for crackers and biscuit.

**Tin Boxes** in which crackers and coffee are bought may be saved to use for the keeping of dry materials or groceries. They may be used plain, marked or painted. A pound of paint (gray is preferable) will paint fifty boxes of the ordinary size. When the boxes are dry they may be lettered with either white, black or blue enamel paint. They will answer every purpose and will save money. Baking powder boxes may be used in the same way for the keeping of spices. Select boxes of even size.

**To Keep Sandwiches Moist** for a few hours until serving time, wrap them carefully in a dampened napkin and put them in a closely covered tin box.

**Thick Sour Cream** may be seasoned with salt and pepper, beaten up a little to make it light, and used as a dressing for lettuce, cold cauliflower, or cabbage.

**Onions Will be Crisp and Tender** if cut into slices, pulled apart into circles and plunged down into hot fat at a temperature of about 360° Fahrenheit. Lift them two or three times into the air, and then plunge them back into the fat until they are sufficiently brown.

**Tomato Ketchup.** Just a suspicion of asafetida adds greatly to the flavor of tomato catsup. Asafetida is one of the oldest seasonings now in use. It may be purchased powdered. It must be used judiciously.

**Caramel is Burnt Sugar.** Articles flavored with caramel are flavored with sugar that has been browned and burned.

**A la Crème** when applied to articles means that they are served with a cream sauce.

**Frappé** is usually made from water. It means a partly frozen mixture. Café frappé is partly frozen coffee. Lemon frappé is water flavored strongly with lemon, sweetened and partly frozen.

**Café au Lait** is coffee and milk in equal quantities. It is usually served in large cups for breakfast, the hot milk being put into the cup first.

**What Baking Powder Really Is.** Baking powder is a combination of an acid and an alkaline material. As soon as they are moistened they evolve carbon dioxide which is held by the thickness of the dough, making it porous and light. The moment the flour is moistened the gas is evolved, hence the necessity of working rapidly, and of having your oven hot before you start mixing the baking powder with the flour. Sift the flour several times after the baking powder has been added and then rub in the shortening. Add the moisture, and bake quickly.

**What Housekeepers Should Not Do**

**DON'T** clutter up the kitchen when getting a meal, because it will take hours to "clean up" after the meal is over.

**Don't** put a greasy spoon on the table. It leaves a stain which requires time to erase. Put it in a saucer.

**Don't** crumple up your dishcloths. Hang them out to dry.

**Don't** pour boiling water over china packed in a pan. It will crack by the sudden contraction and expansion.

**Don't** blacken a stove while it is hot. It takes more blacking and less polish.

**Don't** put damp towels and napkins in the hamper. Dry them first or they will mildew.

**Don't** use good knives for scraping the table. A Teller knife costs ten cents and will answer the purpose.

**Don't** pour boiling water and soap on grease spots. Moisten the spots first with a cold saturated solution of sal soda, then scrub them with the grain of the wood, using cold soapsuds.

**Don't** put egg dishes into hot water; it makes the egg adhere. Soak the dishes first in cold water.

**Don't** allow the soap to remain in a bucket or pan of hot water; it wastes. Have soap-cups to fasten to the sides.

**Don't** scour the inside of coffee-pots. Wash them with hot soapsuds, using a mop to dry thoroughly.

**Don't** put tin pans on the stove to dry. They become heated, the solder loosens, and they soon leak.

**Don't** crack ice in a tin pan; the pan wears out quickly or leaks at once. Use a wooden tub.

**Don't** put tin dishes in greasy water. It deadens the brightness.

**Don't** wash glasses in clear water. Use a little soap.

**Don't** add lard, molasses or sugar to bread if you wish it to keep well and be wholesome.

**Don't** spoil good, fresh fruit by making it into pies or puddings.

**Don't** moisten your food with the idea of saving your teeth. It spoils the teeth and you will soon lose them.

**Don't** throw away pieces of bread. Save, dry, roll and put them aside for breading.

**Don't** use cracker-crumbs if you can get bread-crumbs.

**Don't** salt cucumbers or eggplant before cooking. It makes them indigestible and unpalatable.

**Don't** use steel knives for cutting fish, oysters, sweetbreads or brains. The steel blackens and gives an unpleasant flavor.

**Don't** save cold coffee in the pot in which it was made. Draw it off and put it in a jar; cover and re-heat it quickly at serving time.

**Don't** use butter for frying purposes. It decomposes and is unwholesome.

**Don't** use tablecloths for breakfast or supper. Small doilies are much prettier and more easily laundered.

**Don't** put ice in your drinking water. Cool the water by putting it near the ice.

**Don't** fill the teakettle the night before. Fill it with fresh water in the morning, bring it to the boiling point and then use it at once.

**Don't** serve mashed potatoes with mutton or chicken. Reserve them for beef.

**Don't** wipe cut glass with the towel. Dry it in sawdust.

**Don't** put vinegar or severe acids in metal dishes.

**Don't** allow graniteware to dry over a hot fire. The iron expands, chipping off the entire outside.

**Don't** allow your marketing to stand in the kitchen, especially during warm weather; put it away at once. Meats frequently become heated and quickly spoil.

**Don't** boil milk for coffee. Scald it.

**Don't** put butter in your refrigerator with the wrappings on.

**Don't** scrub your refrigerator with warm water. When necessary sponge it out quickly with two ounces of formaldehyde in two quarts of cold water.

**Don't** put tablecloths and napkins that are fruit-stained into hot soapsuds; it sets or fixes the stains. Remove the stains first with dilute oxalic acid, washing quickly in clear water.

**Don't** salt meat before the cooking. Add it after the meat is cooked or when nearly done.

**Don't** boil meat at a gallop. Boil five minutes, then cook it at a temperature of 160° Fahrenheit.

**Don't** make bread into large loaves. The centre is apt to be underdone and spoil easily.

**Don't** keep custards in the cellar in an open vessel. They are liable to become poisonous.

**Don't** wash omelet-pans. Rub with soft pieces of paper, wipe them out and keep in a clean closet.

**Don't** scrub nor wash your fish plank. Rub it with sandpaper each time it is used, polish it with a piece of brown paper, and put it at once into an unbleached muslin bag made for the purpose.

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# The New Department of Women's Clothes



PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. GILBERT  
MRS. RALSTON

**WORD ABOUT THIS DEPARTMENT.** The fashions, from an artistic, practical and economical point of view, have become a question of such size and cover a field of so much importance to most women, and particularly to women of moderate means, that to be perfectly familiar with this notoriously fickle Lady Fashion and her many ways takes most constant attention and even study. Now, few women in the busy rush of every-day life have time to give to this subject, thereby often unknowingly to themselves neglecting the hundred and one little frills which all go to the making of an attractive woman.

So, if you will allow me, I shall gladly give to you any thought or knowledge I may have on these subjects, the thoughts coming from a very particular liking for all things feminine and pretty; and the knowledge, from many years' work and experience among women's clothes.

I shall be glad to have you write and ask me for any information pertaining to Fashion, in her many guises, in which you think I may be of help to you. Always inclose, please, a stamped envelope. Your answer will be promptly sent you. Or, if you prefer, your questions will be answered on my page of The Journal.

VIRGINIA LOUIS RALSTON.

## MRS. RALSTON'S CHAT

Illustrations from Drawings by Abby E. Underwood

broadly general rules obtain, and after that your fancy's pleasure. But fashion has so many different meanings to different people that it is often a more than troublesome question to know just what the fashion for one's own individual tastes and needs are, the "needs" being in nine cases out of ten much more exacting than the demands.

Just now one naturally thinks first of wraps and coats. As a rule, they are difficult to make, except by the experienced, and it seems hardly worth while, as they may be bought so inexpensively, for a woman to attempt to make them.

A tailor-made suit is an investment never to be regretted, and nothing is so generally useful. The best materials in vogue for these suits are rough goods, but not the thick, shaggy ones of a season or two ago. These latter-day rough goods are soft and silky, yet thick and light in weight. An excellent advantage about them is that they require

little trimming—in fact, stitching and its many variations are the principal trimmings used on tailor-made clothes.

**THE** comfort of the long coat is beyond question. It should be made large enough to put on easily over a cloth suit which is made with a short jacket. As to shapes, these coats are graceful with the long lines, becoming to most figures. In length they reach within three or four inches of the edge of the skirt. The backs are all loose and half fitting; the fronts straight and mostly double-breasted. Many of the imported French coats are lined with gayly flowered satin, and fasten with big Dresden china buttons—these, of course, on the more fanciful coats. For every-day wear and general utility, a long coat made of gray Oxford covert cloth is very smart-looking. Stitching and gray or white pearl buttons are the only trimmings used for such coats.

The three-quarter-length coat, which is really the new coat of the winter, is seen with many cloth suits, and promises to be quite popular with older women. Young women and girls still hold tenaciously to the bolero and short jacket, although even for them separate coats are sometimes made in the three-quarter length to wear with odd skirts.

Suits of corduroy, which is an inexpensive and most durable material, are much liked, and very much worn, by young matrons and girls. These suits are particularly youthful and becoming, and answer for all but extremely formal occasions.

The winter fashions seem especially adapted for the altering and "doing over" of last season's clothes, usually a most difficult and discouraging task, and fraught with many heartburnings to the mother with a family of girls. A question always confronting this mother of girls is, "How to lengthen last year's dress?" But now this vexing question is solved in a very simple and easy way—by adding two or even three circular flounces of silk to the edge of the skirt. Taffeta silk is liked for this purpose, as it is light and gives the "flaring" look around the feet which is so desirable. There are many ways of joining these silk flounces to the skirt—either with stitched bands or a narrow braid, or cutting the flounces into points or shapes at the top edge to extend up on to the material of the skirt. This use of all stuff materials and silk is pretty and practicable, and may be made to serve many purposes.

**JACKETS** are longer—at least, fashion in Paris so decrees, but the entire feminine world has found the bolero much too becoming a garment to be lightly put aside, and so many little compromises have been made. On the newest bolero we find a tab or box-plait extending an inch or so below the waist-line, or if the bolero is trimmed with braid or stitched bands these are made to form a tiny end in the back. As a trimming on all styles of gowns these stitched bands of silk, velvet and cloth are most popular.

The high standing fur-lined collars, used so much last year on jackets and boleros, are now passé. A separate piece of fur is used, the kind and style, of course, depending upon the length of one's purse. Whole animal skins for this purpose may be bought for from five dollars up. There are many varieties of fox shown by the furriers this winter—including black fox, brown fox, gray fox and white fox, and all are much worn. Boa scarfs are almost the same as the old-fashioned tippets of our grandmothers.

**F**ASHIONS were never so sensible, nor so suitable to so many purposes and occasions, as they are to-day: one or two

**T**HE "Sableized" fox, another style, prepared to look like the real sable as to shade, is an extremely pretty fur—soft in color and skin. Then there is the "pointed fox"—natural color—with white hairs, and tails as trimmings with white ends.

As to the muffs—they are simply enormous—perfect "grannie" muffs of our great-great-grandmothers. This fashion of big muffs was started by some enthusiastic automobilists who wished to run their machines and keep their fingers warm. So the size grew to keep not only fingers warm but arms too, and to act as a shield from wind and cold.

Some novelties in chinchilla are long scarfs to be worn in a fichu style, with big, odd, watermelon-shaped muffs.

The new fur jackets have full, loose sleeves with wide turn-over cuffs. There is a new cloth which has a soft, silky surface and has the effect of fur. If one has an old fur coat it would be an excellent idea to have it ripped apart and utilize the least worn portions of the fur with this cloth for a new coat.

Just a few words as to hats, which were never prettier, with a simplicity of shape and coloring that is very restful and charming to the eye after the wonderful creations and harlequin effects of the past few seasons. The low, flat trimming is still the best, and the hats themselves are tilted a wee bit, but the tilt must not be too marked. All sorts of beavers and soft silky felts are worn most of all. Of course, velvet is worn too, but only with one's best frock. Ostrich feathers are becoming luxuries nowadays, so they are kept more strictly for picture hats—and a picture hat made in white felt with white or black plumes, to wear with a jacket which has a touch of ermine, is smart to a degree.

For evening wear, toques and hats are made in lovely laces, really much too costly for such purposes, but the temptation is overwhelming if you try one of them on.

**A** FRENCH woman rarely has a large wardrobe according to our ideas, but she wears out thoroughly the clothes she has, and therefore can the oftener buy new things. The plan is a good one, as old clothes are indeed a bugbear to most people, but at present there are many ingenious ways of turning this difficult corner. The use of braid to cover worn-out places is, to be sure, not a new idea in itself, but it may be put on over taffeta silk and then on to your old skirt or last year's bodice, the taffeta giving a new, crisp look, decidedly refreshing, besides making the skirt lighter. This combination of taffeta with other trimmings is very much in evidence in many of the long coats and wraps. Lace and embroidery—hand embroidery—are everywhere and on everything. Lace is so delicate and exclusively feminine that it is the best trimming to choose when in doubt. The heavy coarse-thread laces are the most fashionable.

**A** BLACK gown of some thin material is almost indispensable—and in this day of many varieties in all fabrics it is often hard to decide upon the material, particularly when the gown must answer many purposes. Satin, crêpe de chine, peau de soie, taffeta, tulle and all kinds of lace and net are used, and this list can be made to suit any woman and also any purse. Velvet is always in fashion, but as a rule it is for the matron of years.

Shirt-waists of white pongee are most satisfactory as well as pretty. They wash beautifully and yet may be worn when a cotton waist is not possible. With a little half-lining across the shoulders and in the sleeves they may be worn all winter. A few "French dots" embroidered in wash silks on the collar, cuffs and yoke or front add much to the beauty of such waists. This question of embroidery on shirt-waists will grow as the spring season grows older, and all manner of lace appliqué will be seen on heavy linen, and even duck, dresses.

**T**HE thrifty housewife looks ahead and makes her own or her children's summer clothes in January, when the first new summer materials may be bought. Possibly one cannot find so many bargains at this season, but the choice is so much better than it is later, and the saving in time makes up, I think, for the little extra outlay. One is also saved the scramble to rush things through at the last moment when the warm weather is at hand.

There are certain things in dress which change comparatively little from one season to another. White duck skirts of comfortable walking length are necessary for almost every one nowadays, and can be made early in the year and so much is finished. Shirt-waists, too, are another necessity, and if one has time to make some part of them by hand, as the collars and cuffs and front plaits, it adds wonderfully to the daintiness and style. Of course, if all the tucks can be run by hand it is still prettier, and makes a shirt-waist a thing of beauty indeed. These extra touches may be added by those who have the chance to "take time by the forelock," and by the woman who can sew neatly.

**F**OR little children's summer clothes piqué is almost too heavy, but it may be used as a trimming on thinner goods or in combination with other materials.

A pretty dress for a little girl is of chambrey, the skirt gored and made with a hem around the edge, above which are three graduated bands of piqué in a contrasting color, separated by rows of feather-stitching. A dress of this sort could be worn with a guimpe made of piqué.

The new dress linens are in endless assortment, both as to colors and weaves, but the coarse, heavy ones are the best. For an odd waist the thin, sheer linens are liked.

Piqué is a good trimming for summer gowns, as, for example, a white linen gown trimmed with bands of pale blue piqué.

It is well to look over all of one's last year's clothes before beginning on the new, as often one new dress may be made from two or three old ones. This is the more readily done, to be sure, when the old dresses are of the same color, or white, or colors that combine well together, as blue and white. The heavy linens in tans and navy blues make extremely useful and good-looking dresses. They should be made quite simply, so that they may be easily laundered. The trimming should consist of such trifling touches as a pretty new turn-over collar, and cuffs that are quite wide, made of heavy white linen, feather-stitched in the same shade as the gown, or with a deep hem of the plain color hemstitched on to the white linen. If you are apt with your needle embroidered yokes and collars done in a heavy linen thread add a great deal to the effectiveness of these linen gowns.

**O**NE gown which we never seem to grow tired of is the white muslin, and nothing is more adaptable for all sorts of purposes and occasions. Personally, I prefer these gowns made very simply. Elaborateness in cotton gowns is only justified, to my mind, when done by a master hand, using only real laces or finest French hand embroidery. This is possible, however, to only a few. Daintiness and extreme simplicity are the two rules to follow closely in muslin gowns. A little hand embroidery or hand sewing adds more to a gown of this sort than yards of coarse cotton lace.

A specially pretty fashion, a revival of a few years ago, is the square-necked bodice for demi-toilette. It does not necessarily have to be of the same material as the skirt. Could anything be more useful for the unexpected occasion than a waist like this? Pompadour silk in soft colors seems to be made for this very kind of—shall I say, demi-toilette blouse? As it looks particularly well with black skirts, and charming with white lace ones, a touch of black must be somewhere—at the throat, the waist, or in the trimming. The sleeves should be rather short—that is, just above the curve of the elbow—and very flat and tight, or else very long, loose and crinkly.

**B**ELTS are worn in every imaginable form—that is, as to the sorts and kinds of materials. But many of the new models show belts to match the trimmings of the gown. In size they are either very narrow or very wide. Some fasten in the back, being laced together with ribbons through round loops of steel. So many blouses and shirt-waists are worn that the belt is an important adjunct—in fact, it is attention to just such little details that makes the well-dressed woman, combined with that excellent habit—neatness.

Ribbons have been discarded more or less as a dress trimming for the last few years. They are again in high favor, and flowers made entirely of ribbons are seen on the prettiest and newest evening gowns.

Many skirts have graduated rows of ribbon, some put on at the extreme edge of the skirt, others above a deep hem. Usually the widest ribbon is put in the centre, and the narrower widths on each side. When narrow velvet ribbon is used the ribbon is so arranged as to give the effect of a double skirt forming deep points. The flowers made of ribbons are used only on thin materials, as a rule: as, for instance, on a net dress or a gown of satin crêpe de chine the flowers are made of two or even three different kinds of ribbon, as peau de soie, taffeta and gauze. A thread of tinsel in some cases adds very much to the effectiveness. This trimming or ornamentation of flowers is put on in clusters or long, graceful sprays, narrowing toward the waist-line. When artificial flowers are used on evening dresses they are not put on as we have always been accustomed to seeing them—that is, the whole flower—but the flowers are separated petal by petal, and embroidered together again, as it were, by narrow baby ribbon. This gives a graceful and artistic effect.

While speaking of evening clothes I think it well to emphasize the desirability of selecting simple materials of a thin, light texture. Inexpensive materials, such as albatross, nun's veiling and crépon, are shown in figured designs, the figures being of different shades of the same color as the ground. The great advantage about these figured materials is that they require but little trimming.



# For Little Men and Women

Original Designs by Virginia Louis Ralston

Drawings by Emilie Benson Kennedy



FOR A WINTER DAY

This little girl's coat is made of broadcloth and trimmed with braid. The pretty part of this coat is the braiding of the double capes and the coat.



RUSSIAN BLOUSE SUIT

With this suit of velveteen, which is trimmed with fur and fastened with frogs, a round cap trimmed to match the suit, and a patent leather belt, are worn.



CARRYING HIS BLOCKS

For a small boy nothing could be prettier than the little linen dress which is illustrated above. It is trimmed with straps held in place by small pearl buttons.



THE LITTLE MOTHER

This dainty little cashmere dress is trimmed with scalloped bands of polka-dot velvet. The yoke is also of the velvet. The dress has full sleeves and a deep girdle.



READY FOR A RACE

Nothing more adapted to the free play of the body and the limbs could possibly be devised than this princess design for a little girl's serge dress. It should be worn with a white gümpe.



NORFOLK JACKET SUIT

For every-day wear, the design shown here, if developed in a dark mixed cloth, will be found both useful and serviceable. With such a suit a deep white turn-over linen collar and a soft silk tie should be worn.



HER PARTY FROCK

This little dress is made of pale pink cashmere trimmed with silk braid. It is intended to be worn with an embroidered gümpe.



LOOSE BOX COAT

This design for a little girl's box coat will be found both comfortable and stylish. The trimming used is a fancy braid.

OFF TO SCHOOL

Very comfortable and serviceable is this Norfolk jacket suit. It is made of a polka-dotted material and trimmed with cloth of a darker shade.



WITH BOTH HER PETS

Most dainty is this little maiden in her dress of Paris muslin. The bertha and skirt are trimmed with feather-stitching and French knots.



FIRST KILT SUIT

This design for a small boy's suit may be reproduced in linen and trimmed with embroidery. The sleeves are full and plaited into band cuffs.



FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

Nothing could be newer or daintier than this little dress which is trimmed with many rows of stitching outlined with narrow braid.



HIS LATEST TOY

The distinctive features about this small boy's linen blouse suit are the deep linen collar which is cut in squares, and the full sleeves.

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# The Informal Evening Dress

Original Designs by Virginia Louis Ralston

Drawings by Thomas Mitchell Peirce

## Pretty House Frock

THIS attractive design is intended for a house frock and may be developed in crêpe de chine, taffeta, mousseline or figured foulard. The skirt is circular, with a drop lining, and is trimmed with a graduated flounce which is cut in deep points that are bound with narrow velvet ribbon.

The bodice is bloused and fastens up the back. It is trimmed with a shoulder yoke of the material cut in points to match the skirt. An emplacement of lace in front gives the effect of a small yoke.

The sleeves are full and gathered into deep close-fitting band cuffs. The belt is of velvet tied at the back with long ends.



SO MANY are the occasions for which an informal evening dress of some pretty and pronounced design and some dainty material is required, particularly at this season of the year, that no woman's wardrobe can be said to be complete without one.

The designs given on this page are intended for any informal evening affair given after six o'clock, but indeed there is no reason why they should not be utilized for dresses for afternoon teas, luncheons, or even for morning weddings.

The wise woman is the one who copies good designs even though she can afford only the simplest and most inexpensive of materials.

## For the Theatre

EXQUISITE design for a theatre frock to be developed in taffeta with appliqué of cloth in open-work design. The skirt is gored, fits very snug and flat around the hips, and is made with a demi-train.

The bodice fastens on the shoulder and under the left arm. It is bloused and has a small round yoke of the appliqué both in the back and front. The plastron in front is of the appliqué finished with a piping of black silk.

The upper part of the sleeve is cut in two pieces and finished to match the plastron. The undersleeves are of chiffon trimmed with the appliqué.



## Reception Gown

VERY charming is the design for a reception gown shown on the left. It is intended to be made of mousseline de soie and Pompadour silk. The skirt is of the mousseline, accordion-plaited, and finished around the edge with graduated tucks.

The coat, which is of the Pompadour silk, is made tight-fitting, with short jacket fronts, and long tails which reach almost to the edge of the skirt. The jacket fronts and shoulders are finished with small tabs of the silk trimmed with bands of the taffeta.

The upper part of the sleeves is plain, and the deep cuffs are finished with tabs. The undersleeves are of chiffon.



## Dinner Gown

IN CRÊPE DE CHINE the design, which is shown on the right, would make a particularly charming frock for an informal dinner. The skirt is long and trimmed with clusters of plaits separated by rows of narrow ribbon in Walls of Troy design.

The bodice is full, quite bloused, and has a fichu edged with a double ruffle, trimmed with the ribbon. The small vest is made of finely tucked chiffon.

The sleeves reach to the elbows and are trimmed to match the fichu. The high collar and belt are of black velvet.

The fichu crosses in front and ties in a bow with long ends which fall over the skirt at the back.



## A Simple Design

THIS frock, so simply designed, would be pretty if made of white broadcloth with the embroidered design carried out either in braid or ribbon, or, prettiest of all, done by hand with floss silk. The skirt is plaited.

The bodice is made with a small round yoke both in the back and the front, and laid in stitched plaits from shoulder to waist-line.

The sleeves are full bishop ones finished at the top with small caps, and at the wrists with narrow cuffs.



# Mrs. Holden's New Bodices

Designed and Drawn Especially for The Journal

By Katherine Vaughan Holden

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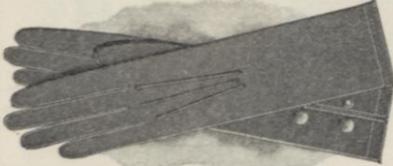
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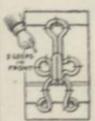
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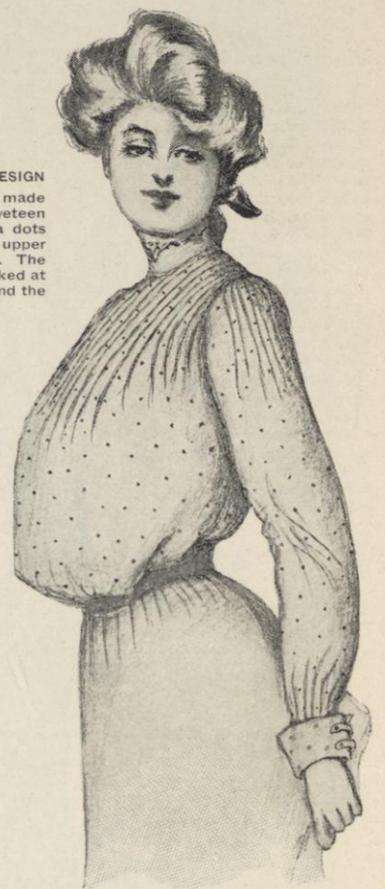
### A SATIN BODICE

Cluny lace emplacements trim this bodice of cream satin, which closes at the back. The tucks are run in by hand. This design might be reproduced in velvet.



### OF WHITE SWISS

For the girl who is wise enough to devote her spare moments in winter to her summer wardrobe this design is given for a white Swiss muslin bodice. It is trimmed with Valenciennes lace.



### A YOUTHFUL DESIGN

This bodice is made of white velveteen with fine polka dots of black. The upper part is tucked. The sleeves are tucked at the shoulders and the wrists.



### FOR THE EVENING

The bolero and collar of this dressy evening bodice are made of Irish guipure. The under-bodice and elbow sleeves are of mousseline. With this bodice is worn a deep girle.



### OF BRIGHT SCARLET

Bodice of scarlet nun's veiling finished with black silk herring-boning. Nun's veiling, being less heavy than flannel, is much liked for separate waists.



### AN AFTERNOON BODICE

This afternoon bodice of gray velvet is trimmed with appliques of Cluny lace in a good design. This bodice is bloused both back and front, and should be worn with a deep belt.



### MADE OF GREEN FLANNEL

This bodice is made of a dull shade of green flannel trimmed with bands of black taffeta. The vest fronts and the sleeves are stitched with black silk.



### FOR NEXT SUMMER

A pretty hand-made summer bodice is developed in pink batiste and trimmed with applique designs which are cut from a wide lace and adjusted, as shown in the illustration.



### A BLOUSE OF SOFT SILK

This pretty blouse is made of gros-grain silk of a soft, heavy quality. The embroidery is done by hand with floss silk. There are several rows of shirring on the shoulders and at the tops of the sleeves. The fastening is at the left side.

# The Hat and Hair in the Evening

Designed and Drawn Especially for The Journal

By Katherine Vaughan Holden



FOR A YOUNG GIRL

Girls of sixteen, or thereabouts, are wearing their hair parted in the middle and arranged in a soft roll at each side. The back of the hair is braided in one broad braid, and pinned up under a bow of black taffeta ribbon.



THE NEW ROLLING BRIM

This design may be reproduced in pink or blue malines, chiffon or any soft, dainty material. It has a full and rolling brim. A spray of pink poppies done in velvet and chiffon falls across the front.



THE SIDE PART

The part made slightly on one side is all right provided it is becoming. To many faces it is not so, in which case it should be avoided. When the side part is used the hair may be dressed either high or low.



MADE FROM A LACE VEIL

This dainty evening hat is made with a low, flat crown of small full-blown roses. Around the brim a cream lace veil with a pretty lace border is softly draped. The ends of the veil are caught at the back with a buckle and allowed to fall over the hair.



WITH A DECIDED FLARE

This hat has a most decided flare which shows the left side of the hair. The facing is of plissé cream chiffon with a cream-colored rose nestling against the hair. The upper part of the hat is of black velvet, draped with a fall of cream-colored lace.



WORN WELL OVER THE FACE

For those to whom the hat worn off the face is unbecoming this one is designed. It has a soft plissé crown of salmon-pink chiffon, and a rolled brim of cream-colored Irish guipure.



A PRETTY PICTURE HAT

This attractive hat is made entirely of guipure lace stretched over a wire frame covered with tulle. The edge of the brim is finished with a single fold of black velvet. The only trimming is a large white plume which starts from under a fancy buckle in the front.



MADE OF WIRED LACE

Somewhat in the Toreador shape is this hat of heavy wired lace. About the crown is a single band of black velvet fastened with a fancy buckle. Under the brim is a large plume which falls well over the hair. This hat is a particularly stylish one.



ONE OF THE NEW FELT HATS

This pale blue camel-hair felt evening hat is trimmed with many folds of chiffon and a large pale blue plume. Leaves cut from the felt and embroidered in silver thread are the only other trimming. The back of this hat is short and fits closely to the head.



A BEWITCHING OPERA HOOD

Black velvet and cream-colored chiffon are used for this opera hood. The crown is of the velvet and quite full. The chiffon is plaited and falls over the face and around the neck.



PICTURESQUE EVENING TOQUE

Gray chiffon and gray ostrich feathers trim this most picturesque evening hat. The feathers droop low over the hair at the back. This design may be reproduced in black or white chiffon and feathers, or in pale pink or pale blue. In gray or blue it would be becoming to a blonde.

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## Dressing Well on Small Means

Some Helps for the Woman Who Makes Her Own Clothes

By Emma M. Hooper



We have no agents or branch stores. All orders should be sent direct to us.

## Reduced Prices on Suits and Cloaks

Early in October a woolen manufacturer offered to make his finest woollens at considerable reductions if we would give him a large enough order to keep his mill running during dull season. We contracted for the newest Winter and early Spring fabrics, and shall make these goods, for a few weeks, into suits, skirts and cloaks to order only, at one-third less than regular prices. Nearly all of our styles and materials share in this sale.



JANUARY has grown into being a "white" month as far as sewing goes. Underwear, shirt-waists and wash dresses are the first disposed of, and retailers help along by showing all the new white goods, materials, trimmings and garments early in the month.

The year 1902 is going to be a white and cotton year; women, misses and children will dress in white frocks; white shirt-waists will be all-prevailing, and the simple cotton dresses, "shirt-waist suits," that were so popular last year will be even more worn this. Consequently at this season of the year it behooves the home dressmaker to prepare for sunny days to come.

In the White Fabrics there are thin, transparent goods, such as organdy, batiste, mull, Swiss, Paris muslin, batiste-Swiss, India linen, Persian lawn, linen, cotton and mixed lawn, dimity, lace-work effects, Madras, etc. These materials may be bought for from fifteen cents to a dollar and a half a yard, and are from twenty-seven to forty-five inches wide. Organdies sixty-eight inches wide are on sale.

Everything has a soft finish. Even Swiss no longer pricks the neck. Piqué is of various sized cords and many grades of thickness, but under twenty-five cents it will not give hard wear. Duck and heavy linens for skirts are in fancy weaves, basket patterns, and both stripes and figures, but the materials are light weight and soft in texture, and when washed very little starch is used.

The white shirting and heavier linens for waists are cool and durable, though they cannot be said to be cheap. The best quality is sixty cents, but the wear gained makes the cost reasonable in the end.

The First Shirt-Waists of the season, in piqué, Madras and linen, show the one-piece back, elongated front, but not as extreme as it was a year ago, for corsets and waist-lengths have become more moderate. The front should set easy, but not pouch unless the wearer is of a slender figure. In a heavy material the fullness at the waist is taken up in tiny plaits; in thinner materials it is gathered. Few waists have collars to correspond, as so many fancy ties and stocks are worn.

Sleeves are Larger This Year than last and made with bishop cuffs an inch and three-quarters wide, or shirt cuffs three inches deep with round corners. The simple, but stylish, tailored waists have the cuffs moderately stiffened, with square corners, and fastened with link buttons.

With all the varied styles of fronts two backs predominate—one with a few centre tucks or two box-plaits, and the other entirely tucked. The former gives a longer-waisted effect.

The choice houses show waists costing from three dollars and a half to ten dollars for a cotton model, with a few gathers at the neck or tiny plaits, laid back or box-plaited, imitating a short yoke. Others show these materials made up with small pin tucks, or narrow box-plaits stitched down each edge; large box-plaits in the Norfolk blouse style, or clusters of quarter-inch tucks, and a garniture of heavy embroidery in lengthwise, yoke or crosswise effects.

On All Cotton Shirt-Waists use bag or French seams. Cut the neck evenly round, as too low a cut in the front means a drop below the collar that will be worn with it. Three and four pearl buttons fasten the front, and one button is used for the bishop cuff. Well-made hand buttonholes and good buttons mark the best ready-made shirt-waists, and should be used on home-made ones where every moment spent in the making need not be considered a loss in the future profit.

Fit waists closely in the under-arm seam; allow no looseness there.

The New Thin Waists are a mass of fine tucks, lace and embroidered insertion applied with a transparent effect by cutting the material away. Yoke, front and all-over trimmings are in good taste. Soft stocks of the goods are made with these waists with turn-over or points of the trimming.

Waists buttoning in the back are worn, but they are not paramount, and unless a woman is of erect figure she would better pass them by. If worn, fasten with small pearl or lace buttons set close together, and do not fit such backs unduly tight.

Some waists have round or slightly V-shaped necks, which are pretty for house wear in summer. Beading run with ribbon trims many necks, front plaits and cuffs.

Some Sleeves are Tucked all over, some have lengthwise tucks forming a puff at the cuff, and some have tucks only across the top. The garment made of thin material requires a loose fit for wear, and allowance should also be made for shrinking.

Jacket Fronts and such innovations do not take well, as shoppers and home workers think of the washing and almost impossible ironing to come, and the beauty of a cotton shirt-waist is that it can be washed and be clean and fresh.

White linen shirt-waists are made dressy by many rows of heavy Irish lace insertion in three lengthwise or two crosswise strips over the front, the linen being cut from underneath. These waists are made with bishop sleeves and cuffs of lace, or the tailor cuff such as is used on shirt-sleeves.

Other White Shirt-Waists are made of albatross which costs from fifty cents to a dollar a yard; plain and corded crépon at seventy-five cents, and flannel at sixty cents, the latter being twenty-seven inches wide and the other two forty inches. Summer flannel waists are made up without any lining and due allowance for shrinking is made. Unless of an excellent quality it is better to have a cleaner renovate these waists than to have them laundered at home. The plainer a flannel waist is made the better. The tailor finish is always preferred as it insures perfect stitching; also good pearl buttons, well-made buttonholes and a trig cut and fit. A cluster of neck gathers or small box-plaits or side plaits affords all necessary fullness for the front of a shirt-waist, and a plain back is correct. Finish the neck with an inch-wide silk band, and have a similar finish to the necks of all woolen and silk shirt-waists.

An Albatross Shirt-Waist does not need any extra trimming. A pretty finish for such waists is irregular heavy lace insertion in crosswise or lengthwise bands, beading threaded with velvet ribbon bands, or merely ribbon. Fine tucks are always liked. A pretty model has the centre back tucked, and the front tucked as a round yoke; sleeves tucked lengthwise on the outside to form a puff at the wrist, with a narrow cuff also tucked. Tucks require careful machine work. Select silk for stitching which is a trifle darker than the goods.

Buttonholes on a Front Plait should be of a snug size and made lengthwise in the centre of the plait. Overhand them with silk for safety, and work finely but neither tightly nor loosely. While the strands of silk twist should touch closely they should not be crowded or the buttonhole will appear too heavy. Plain and carved pearl buttons, small and of medium size, are being used this season on shirt-waists. Avoid a weighty looking button on cotton goods.

For the Dainty Underwear which all women love to work upon during the winter months light-weight muslin, cambric, nainsook and fine lawn are used, with trimmings of Swiss, nainsook and Hamburg embroidery, beading, hand-made and manufactured feather-stitching, hemstitched tucks, herringbone of fine French cotton to connect insertions, fine beadings for the same purpose, point d'esprit lace and net as ruffles, cotton and linen torchon lace and Valenciennes lace of every width. Linen lawn ruffles made by hand at odd moments have hemstitched hems and rows of feather-stitching beneath, or a rolled hem to which a narrow lace edge is whipped. Trimmings of this sort wear well.

Paris muslin is a material recently adopted for elaborate underwear and negligees. It may also be used for children's dresses.

Circular Flounces are Used now on underskirts and a fluffy effect is desired. Inserted or let-in lace is very much liked. Occasionally a fine guipure insertion is used in conjunction with Valenciennes. Beautiful hand and machine work mark much of the display in the shops. Such underwear is never cheap on account of the labor expended on it, but well-made plainer garments are more practical for general wear.

The popularity of this season's white fabrics calls for dainty underwear, and the retail-stores this month all have special sales of such wear at prices that defy womankind to save money by laboring over muslin and embroidery to accomplish like results, but many women like such work and want better material and less trimming than is used for the ready-made garments. Indeed, more women make up their underwear than the world at large imagines.

In Fine Materials the tucks are hand run. Wash ribbons are used to avoid the trouble of removing them. All bulky fullness in undergarments around the body is avoided.

Select small patterns for embroidery. Mechlin lace is not durable, as it shrinks out of shape. Do not have a raw seam on any article of underwear or you will not prove yourself a neat seamstress. Use as fine a needle and cotton as the work will permit, whether sewing on the machine or by hand.

This is a Convenient Time to buy remnants and pieces of white goods for children's aprons, misses' waists, etc. Make your summer wardrobe up early and have your white sewing out of the way before the street dress materials, summer silks, etc., come along. The fashions for thin cotton gowns are decided before those for woollens in the spring, and women will be perfectly safe this season in providing white and colored cotton gowns.

Odd skirts of piqué, linen or duck are cut in five or seven gores this season. Circular skirts do not iron well, and though a circular flounce hangs prettily it will not emerge unscathed from under the iron. Seams on the new skirts are lapped on the outside and stitched or left plain. A yoke cut in five points is becoming to a slender figure. Graduated flounces are used on the lower edge of skirts. Heavy Irish point lace insertion is applied and the material cut out from the back in single or double rows down the front seams of skirts, and is also used as flounces, headings, etc.

A piping of black and white striped linen or a plain color stitched on makes a durable trimming for bias bands of the skirt goods.

Heavy Cord Piqués, or basket-woven ducks, do not need any trimming except stitching. These skirts will shrink no matter what is promised for them. Make the top snug in fit with a flat back of inside plaits, and either have the skirt made to entirely escape the ground or with a sweep at the back. The lower edge should be well flared, with a deep facing above a two-inch turn-up of the skirt in order to let it down when washed.

Entire dresses of piqué, linen, etc., will be made with the skirt described above, and either shirt-waists or blouses rather simple in general effect, and not of a snug fit. Of course such waists are left unlined and made with French seams.

A Thin White Dress for constant service should be made of a good quality of lawn, and so fashioned that it may be easily laundered. If a flounce is used have it straight and gathered and with or without a few tucks above the hem. Make the skirt with seven gores and a gathered back. Let the skirt proper extend the full length, setting the flounce over it. Have a blouse waist made with a tucked yoke, centre tucked back, and collar band for extra stocks and ties. Have bishop sleeves tucked across at the top and bottom, or lengthwise on the outside.

Such a dress in lawn or dimity is easy to make and comfortable to wear, needing only a belt and collar to complete it. With these accessories in black it is as appropriate for those in mourning as for those who wear colors.

Colored linings for these white gowns are no longer considered in good taste.

Elaborate Gowns of Batiste, organdy, mull, etc., require yard upon yard of Valenciennes insertion, all of which is let in by the finest seamstresses in straight, crossed and fantastic rows, sometimes interrupted by medallions of lace. The flounces on the skirts are straight or circular, and tucks are run in any direction to fit or trim the article. The waists are made either high or V-shaped and cannot be too elaborate with crosswise or lengthwise effects or diamond-shaped tucks and insertion around medallions of lace. To obtain an unbroken trimming in front many of these waists open on the left side or at the back. The long effect obtains for the front, and the elbow or full-length sleeves have tucks, lace, frills and band cuffs, according to one's fancy.

After making a white dress press it as lightly and as little as possible, as an iron spoils the original texture of fine goods.

When sewing on insertion that is to have a transparent effect hold it quite easy over the goods, as it will shrink a trifle when wet.

The Correct Ribbons for collars, corsage bows and belts are of satin or taffeta, mousseline softness being a requisite. The full rosettes made for the side or centre of a waist require two yards and a half of four-inch ribbon, and cost, made up at a store, from sixty-five cents to a dollar, according to the quality.

A full ribbon set consists of a belt with small rosettes at the back, collar with rosette at the back, corsage rosette and a coiffure bow—all of which means six yards and a half of ribbon, which costs from twenty cents a yard up.

A white gown with two sets of ribbons will make a young girl ready for any dress occasion during the summer, and if the ribbons are picked up at the many spring sales a less expensive trimming cannot well be had.

White, pink, blue, green, yellow and lavender are the ribbon colors for the bow garniture, ranking as named.



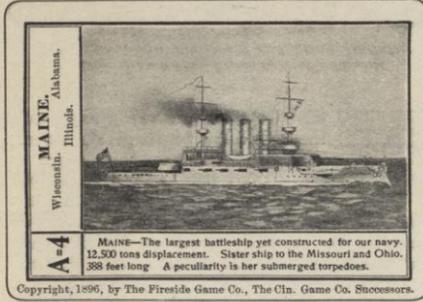
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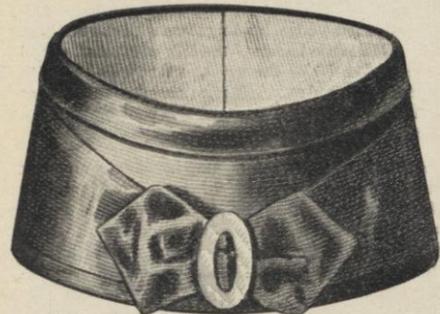
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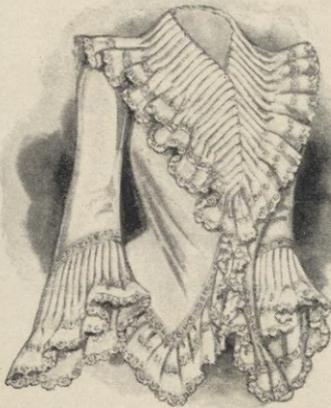
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**Mrs. Ralston's Answers**

Questions of general interest relating to dress will be answered every month on this page.

**ONE** of the most popular materials this season is velveteen, and the wearing of it is not in any sense of the word like wearing "paste diamonds." It ranges in price from fifty cents to two dollars a yard. Twelve yards would be required for a dress. I do not furnish any patterns. A dress of velveteen would hardly correspond to a piqué skirt and waist. It may be worn on more formal occasions.

**Petticoats of Pongee** lined throughout with albatross make extremely nice skirts for every-day use in cold weather.

**White Pongee is the Nicest Thing** for a simple washable silk blouse. White is more worn this season than it was last, and looks better on more occasions. A pretty model is made with plaited French back, and with the front in fine graduated plaits; a double box-plait down the front, full bishop sleeves gathered into very narrow snugly fitting band cuffs, and stock collar. A blouse is much prettier when the collar, cuffs and front plait are finished with feather-stitching done in a heavy silk buttonhole twist, and a few French knots.

**For Your Daughter's School Dress** make a shepherd's plaid and trim it with bands of scarlet cloth, braided with narrow Hercules braid. Make it with a gored skirt and a four-inch band of the braided cloth around the edge, a gathered waist fastening down the back, and bishop sleeves. Have the belt, collar and cuffs of the braided cloth.

**For Evening Wear** this season make a black tulle waist to wear with a velvet skirt. Trim it with rows of narrow velvet ribbon. The sleeves should end just above the elbows and be finished with ribbon quilling. Arrange the ribbon on the waist in clusters running from the shoulders to a high girdle of Pompadour silk.

**For General Wear**, cloth of a dark Oxford gray stitched in black, and trimmed with some narrow black braid, would make an exceedingly nice suit to wear with a velvet bonnet. To wear with your suit have a waist of peau de soie in black or gray. For traveling, use one of nun's veiling or challie.

**Make a Blouse** in all-over very fine pin-plaits, bishop sleeves, and collar and cuffs of embroidery in a Persian pattern and colorings. Fasten it up the back and wear with it a high girdle of velvet ribbon.

**For a January Bride** white muslin is hardly appropriate. Use silk mull or mousseline de soie.

**A White Cloth Dress** would be appropriate for a February wedding, and if not of too heavy weight it could be worn all spring. Make with a cut skirt with two circular flounces stitched, and an Eton coat with many rows of stitching and white pearl buttons. With this suit wear a blouse of lace and a toque of chiffon and lace. Your bridesmaid might wear a face cloth gown of pale blue with a blue felt picture hat to match.

**A Blouse of Velveteen** would be very attractive and serviceable. It should be made with a light-weight cotton lining and without bones. Make it in a Russian blouse shape, fastening it on the left side with fancy buttons. Trim the collar and band cuffs with narrow fancy braid.

**Blue is Always Most Becoming** to a blue-eyed girl. Choose a baby blue nun's veiling for a house dress, made over a drop skirt of silk-finished percaline. The skirt may be tucked around the waist-line with the tucks growing shorter toward the back; around the foot have three knife-plaited ruffles put on with a small heading. The bodice should be tucked in fine plaits in clusters and finished with a small round yoke of lace, bell-shaped sleeves with undersleeves of lace, and belt of black velvet.

**Blue Serge** always makes a dress of unerring usefulness as a "hard wear" school dress for a little girl. Yoke, collar and cuffs of a gay plaid silk make a pretty finish. Alter a little girl's last year's best dress by trimming it with ribbon. Add a ruffle of the ribbon around the edge of the skirt to lengthen it. Trim the waist with ribbon to simulate a high "peasant" girdle, allowing the waist to blouse easily over it. Make elbow sleeves and let her wear the dress with a guimpe.

**A Short Skirt** is really indispensable nowadays. An old one may be cut into the proper length for a walking skirt; which is two inches from the ground. It should be made with a deep hem and closely stitched; pockets are both ornamental and useful on these skirts. One is usually placed at each side; they should be deep and wide and finished with lapels of the cloth stitched and buttoned down flatly.

**A Black Silk Skirt** would be quite appropriate to wear at an informal wedding. To wear with the skirt have a bodice either of black silk to match the skirt, or a white lace one trimmed with black silk.

**If a Traveling Suit is Worn** when a girl is married a hat should be worn with it—or a toque if that is more becoming. A long coat would be the nicest for wear on the wedding trip. Such coats are always useful. For the afternoons and for church a dress of Venetian cloth or zibeline made with a circular skirt would be best; have it trimmed with velvet and use a little lace upon the bodice. For a separate coat to be worn with any dress, tan is a good shade. India silk lined with albatross would make a nice wrapper; trim it with ruffles of the silk edged with ribbon. Petticoats of figured lawn or percale make good every-day skirts. They are inexpensive and launder beautifully. Heavy gray suede gloves are nice for traveling.

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**Mrs. Ralston's Answers**

Inquirers should give names and addresses. Those wishing replies by mail should inclose stamps.

**TO REMODEL** a last year's toque into the present low flat shape, rip the velvet off the old frame and steam it thoroughly; then take out the old crown, replacing it with a very low small one, over which fit the velvet as neatly as possible. For trimming, white roses and foliage would look well with the purple velvet. Sew the roses on a wired band covered with velvet and put it around the crown. Arrange the brim with soft folds.

**A Pretty Theatre Wrap** may be made of lady's cloth lined with a silk quilted lining. Sleeves in an evening wrap make it much warmer. Do not have them small, however, as in an ordinary coat, but straight from the shoulders to the wrists, and as large at the wrists as at the top. Finish the sleeves with rounded turn-over cuffs. Plait the back half-way down, also the fronts. Finish with triple capes stitched on the edge, pockets on each side with turn-over lapels stitched, and fasten it up the front with rather large fancy buttons.

**A Boy of Twelve Years** should wear full bloomer knickerbockers, Norfolk jacket or sack coat, broad white linen turn-over collars, and four-in-hand ties.

**Brown Camel's-Hair Cheviot** would make a stylish, useful walking suit for every-day use. The skirt should just escape the ground. As a jacket, something in the Norfolk shape would be pretty; as a trimming for a suit of this kind use nothing except stitching. That may be as elaborate as you desire. Small fancy metal buttons should be used on the jacket. Brown is very much worn just now.

**A Hat of White Felt** in the new sailor shape with small round crown, bound around the edge of the brim with pale blue cloth and trimmed with a rather wide band of cloth around the crown, a pair of pale blue wings and small 'chou' of black velvet directly in front, would make a stylish and suitable hat to wear in the afternoons with a black tailor suit.

**A Three-Year-Old Velvet Coat** may very nicely and easily be done over. Rip it apart, steam the velvet, then make it up in a bolero shape, covering the seams in the back with stitched bands of taffeta. Fasten the front very slightly to the left side. Make the fronts quite straight and allow them to blouse slightly. Finish the collar with stitched bands of the taffeta in either a rounding or square shape. Use metal buttons. The sleeves will answer as they are, if trimmed above the cuffs with a couple of bands of the velvet. Have a belt of silk stitched on the coat.

**The Large Scotch Plaids** make stylish dresses, but require very careful cutting and making, and should only be worn by women who are slight in figure. A plaid skirt may be worn very well with a jacket of a plain color.

**A Half-Worn Flowered Silk** and an old black net dress may be combined into one, instead of buying new materials to fix them both over. The net and silk would make an extremely pretty and useful gown for many informal occasions. Have the silk ripped apart, cleaned and pressed. Use the net skirt, trimming it with three graduated ruffles around the edge, binding them with the flowered silk. Make the bodice of the silk with small round yoke and collar of the net, and elbow sleeves with ruffles of net and silk. If it is becoming add a jabot of the net down the front of the bodice. Wear a belt of ribbon with a buckle clasp.

**A Persian Lamb Coat** may be worn by a person in mourning, but not with chinchilla fur trimmings. Have lynx instead of Persian lamb. Lace is not used on deep mourning. Broadcloth would make a nice skirt. To wear with it have a waist of dull silk made very simply, and use white turn-over collars and cuffs.

**Cashmere is Rather Old-Fashioned** for a street dress. Serge, zibeline, or camel's hair are the best materials for general use for the street. Make the skirt circular in shape, with a circular flounce at the foot trimmed with narrow bands of stitched velvet or taffeta. Make the coat rather short—about two inches below the waist-line, with a perfectly straight double-breasted front, the back with a slight fullness at the waist-line fastened across the back with a belt (as in a child's Russian blouse coat), bishop sleeves and turn-over cuffs.

**Belts are Much Worn.** They form an important finish to a costume. Stout women should avoid wide belts. Belts made of the dress material stitched and lined with waist belting ribbon are neat and trim looking.

**An Old Lynx Muff**, very much worn at each end, may be readily fixed over, inexpensively. Fur muffs are nowadays large and flat and not gathered in at each end as formerly. Rip the fur off the old lining and make a new lining of wool wadding, lined with satin or silk. The lining should be in a perfectly straight piece, about half a yard long by a quarter of a yard wide. At each end put finely knife-plaited ruffles of black taffeta silk edged with a silk quilling.

**Stocks of Silk** with small turn-over collars of linen are worn with flannel shirt-waists. Linen collars should never be worn with dressy blouses. In fact, they look well only on shirt-waists of washable goods. Collars made of the same materials as the blouse are the nicest looking as well as the most simple arrangement for the neck; these should be worn always with a small turn-over collar. Stocks of white piqué with small butterfly bows are extremely nice for golf and any outdoor sports. They are so easily laundered.

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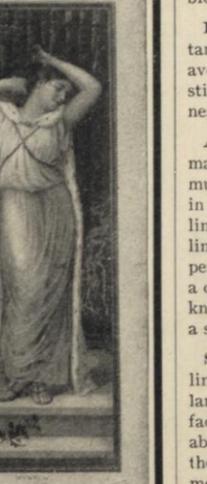
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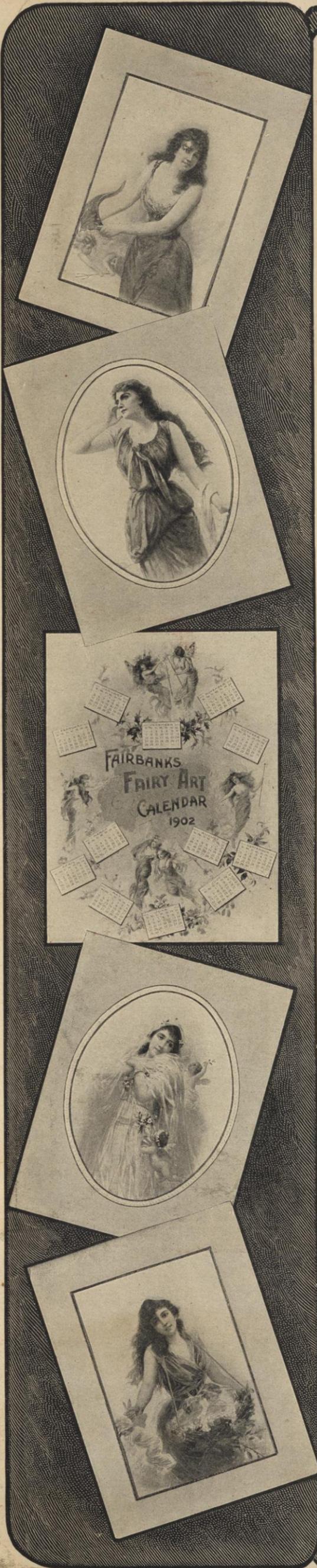
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