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THE ANECDOTAL SIDE OF MRS. CLEVELAND IN THIS NUMBER

TEN CENTS

JUNE, 1898

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



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MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND, FROM HER LATEST PORTRAIT, TAKEN AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, MARCH, 1898, WITH THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. CLEVELAND IN THE BACKGROUND

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Vol. XV, No. 7

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1898

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MRS. CLEVELAND AT HER DESK IN HER OWN ROOM IN THE PRINCETON HOME

THE ANECDOTAL SIDE OF MRS. CLEVELAND

A Series of Stories and Anecdotes of Mrs. Cleveland Contributed to The Ladies' Home Journal by Her Most Intimate Friends

With the First Photographs of Mrs. Cleveland Taken Since She Left the White House, and Here Published for the First Time



MRS. CLEVELAND'S LATEST PORTRAIT

[Taken at Princeton, New Jersey, March, 1898]

THE most popular and beloved woman in America is here presented in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL's new form of biographical articles. Pages of the JOURNAL might easily be filled with anecdotes of the rare womanly kindness, charming grace and exquisite tact of Frances Folsom Cleveland. Sufficient, however, are here given, it is believed, to clearly show why Mrs. Cleveland holds so firm a place in the affections of American women.

This series treats the lives of famous people in a personal, intimate and novel way by revealing their chief characteristics through a number of anecdotes contributed by their closest friends. Each story is intended to point out some special trait of character. The series was begun in the April JOURNAL, when Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, was presented.

"MY PEOPLE ARE ALIKE TO ME"

ONE morning Mrs. Cleveland showed in a striking way her complete freedom from snobbishness, and her sympathy with the people whose names are not on the social register of any city, and who are usually spoken of by the "elect" as the "masses." At public receptions, as at all of the large evening functions at the Executive Mansion, the mistress of the White House is assisted by the wife of the Vice-President and the ladies of the Cabinet circle. On the morning before one of these public receptions several of the Cabinet ladies were having a discussion about the gowns to be worn. Mrs. Cleveland did not take part in the discussion until one woman made the remark: "Oh, any of our old gowns will do for to-night! It is only a public reception."

For the first time in the experience of those who were present Mrs. Cleveland showed some anger. "On the contrary," she said, "we must wear our richest and most becoming gowns. It will mean more to the people who will be here to-night than it did to those who were present at the card reception. The society people may have come to see each other, and to show their own gowns, but our guests to-night will come for a very different reason. I want them to be satisfied with what they have come to see, and to feel that I consider their presence here an honor to me and to us all."

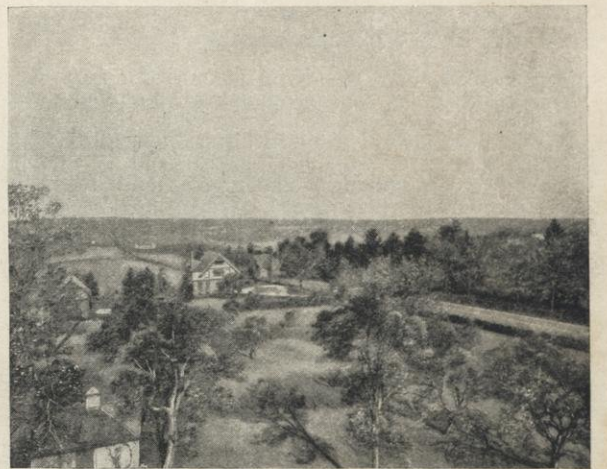
And the mistress of the White House illustrated what she meant by appearing in her handsomest costume that night, the same beautiful white satin embroidered with brilliants, and wearing the same jewels she had worn at the reception to the Diplomatic Corps, which is the most formal evening affair, and the handsomest in point of costume, that takes place at the White House.

WHY MRS. CLEVELAND SELECTED PRINCETON FOR A HOME

SHORTLY after the removal of the Cleveland family to Princeton an unmarried lady, a close friend of Mrs. Cleveland, was visiting her. One day, while the two women were in the nursery with the three little Cleveland girls, the friend said jokingly:

"Mercy me, Frances, how are you ever going to get all your daughters married off? You see from me that mamma could not do it in New York!"

"Exactly," replied Mrs. Cleveland. "But what better place could there be than a college town like Princeton, I should like to know?"



THE VIEW FROM MRS. CLEVELAND'S ROOM IN THE REAR OF HER PRINCETON HOME



"WESTLAND," THE PRINCETON HOME OF MR. AND MRS. CLEVELAND

BEFORE THE LITTLE CLEVELAND HEIR WAS BORN

MRS. CLEVELAND used to be somewhat sensitive over the general regret so freely expressed before the birth of the last child that there was no boy in the family. It seemed to her to imply a lack of appreciation of her three little girls. A childhood friend, who is married and has a fine boy, visited the White House one day, and when the children were brought in she exclaimed, "What a pity they are all girls!" Quick as a flash Mrs. Cleveland knelt, put her arms about the children and retorted: "That shows that you do not know how nice little girls are."

SHE FORGOT, PERHAPS, BUT MRS. CLEVELAND DID NOT

MRS. CLEVELAND was very popular among the saleswomen in the Washington shops. In one of the largest stores there was one woman who waited upon Mrs. Cleveland whenever she came into her department. On one occasion this saleswoman saw a tall woman bending over a table intently examining some suitings which were there displayed, and going up to her she asked, "Will you be waited on?"

The purchaser straightened up, and the saleswoman seeing that it was Mrs. Cleveland was so surprised that for the moment she forgot herself, and in the most familiar way said: "Why, how do you do!"

An instant afterward she regretted having used such a familiar tone to the President's wife. But Mrs. Cleveland grasped the situation in a moment, and holding out her hand said, as she cordially shook that of the saleswoman: "How do you do! I was hoping to see you. You always know so well what I want. Now, do help me to select a suiting, won't you?" And in a moment the saleswoman had forgotten her embarrassment.

A "BRICK" WITH THE URCHINS

WHILE walking one day in Washington with her friend Miss Willard, as was her frequent custom, Mrs. Cleveland was approached by a little violet vender.

"Sweet violets, lady; only ten cents a bunch!" he cried, holding up his tray.

Mrs. Cleveland took a bunch, handed him a quarter to pay for them and walked away.

"Hole on, lady," said the little fellow, running after her. "Wait for yer change."

"Oh, you chump, you!" exclaimed another boy near, grabbing his comrade. "Don't you know who that is?"

"No," said the vender.

"Well, that's Mrs. Cleveland. She never takes change. She does that all the time to us fellows. It's always a quarter and a smile. Did you see the way she smiled at you? Oh, she's a brick, she is."

THE MOTHER UNDERSTOOD THE MOTHER

AT ONE of Mrs. Cleveland's luncheons the party was detained by the tardiness of a guest. After waiting as long as she thought proper Mrs. Cleveland led the way to the table and said: "One of my friends has not arrived. I fear that she has been unavoidably detained, and we won't wait for her any longer."

The company had been seated for half an hour at the table when a pretty little woman, the wife of a Western Congressman, came bustling into the dining-room, panting and blushing, and in a shrill voice exclaimed: "You really must excuse me for being late, Mrs. Cleveland, but I couldn't help it. I was all ready to come half an hour ago, and just as I was going downstairs baby wakened and I had to go back and nurse him."

The explanation was heard and appreciated by every mother at the table, and a burst of laughter greeted the frank confession. Mrs. Cleveland shook hands cordially with the guest and said: "I cannot conceive of a better excuse, and I am sure that baby enjoyed his dinner."

NOT EASY TO FOOL HER

MRS. CLEVELAND'S wonderful memory for faces is as keen as is her tact in administering a rebuke when she thinks it is necessary. At the White House receptions there are always people who are not satisfied with shaking hands once with the President and his wife, but who will crowd and push and scheme until they have gone through the line a second and sometimes even a third time. It was an unlucky moment for persons of this kind when they thought that they could go through this proceeding without being observed by Mrs. Cleveland. She always recognized them, and always took pains to let them know it. She would grasp their hands, and always with a sweet smile would say: "Oh! This is the second time I have seen you this evening."

AS AN IMPROMPTU MAID

AT A CROWDED dance in Washington a very lovely girl who was enjoying her first ball suddenly paused in the midst of a waltz and exclaimed in a tone of dismay to her partner: "Oh, look at my pretty gown! The ribbons are all hanging down and I cannot get to the dressing-room. I don't want to lose this delicious waltz. Haven't you a pin?"

Her escort had not. But just then a sweet voice behind her said: "Stand still just where you are, my dear, and I will arrange your ribbons." And in a moment the voice continued: "Now you're all right. Go ahead, dear, and finish your waltz."

And turning around to thank her friend in need, the girl was fairly struck dumb with amazement upon making the discovery that it was Mrs. Cleveland who had stooped down on her knees, at the risk of soiling her own dress, to help a girl whom she had never seen before.

HANDKERCHIEFS THAT WILL BE TREASURED

WHEN the Clevelands lived in New York City, between the two Administrations, Mrs. Cleveland gave a children's Christmas party. Of course every child that received an invitation accepted, and there were thirty of them. Mrs. Cleveland had sent her invitations a month in advance, and many a mother wondered why this should have been done for a children's party. At the close of the party it was explained by Mrs. Cleveland handing out to each nurse a personal gift, a bunch of toys for the children, and as each child passed out she was kissed by the gracious woman, and given a pretty handkerchief, upon which Mrs. Cleveland had with her own hands embroidered the initial of the recipient.

SHE SATISFIES HER LITTLE RUTH

AT THE end of Mr. Cleveland's second Administration, just before he left the White House, little Ruth said to her mother:

"Mamma, will papa be just as much my father when he is not President as he is now?"

"Yes, dear; even more so," said Mrs. Cleveland, with an amused smile, "for now you see he is your papa and the President; then he will be all your papa."

And is it strange that the answer should have so thoroughly satisfied the little child?

ONLY A LITTLE INCIDENT

NOT an incident, however small, ever escaped Mrs. Cleveland's eye at one of her public receptions. Upon one of these occasions an old lady dropped her handkerchief. She was too old and rheumatic to stoop down and recover it, and those back of her in the line were too intent upon getting the one fleeting glance possible to obtain of the lady of the White House to notice the old lady's loss, and the handkerchief was trampled upon roughly.

Just before the old lady reached her Mrs. Cleveland stepped out of her place and deftly picked up the handkerchief, tucked it in her dress, and taking her own fresh one, which was of the most delicate, dainty lace, smilingly handed it to the old lady with the sweet remark: "Please take mine, and after you get home send it back to me, will you?"

And when her handkerchief came back to her Mrs. Cleveland returned that of the owner, freshly laundered, lying on the top of a box of beautiful rose buds that came from the White House conservatory.

THE ONLY "OFFICIAL" FAVOR SHE EVER ASKED

THE only "official" favor which Mrs. Cleveland ever asked of her husband while he was President was the appointment to office of the husband of her college roommate. This is thoroughly characteristic of the woman whose sudden elevation from her modest Buffalo home to the White House never led her to forget the friendships of her youth. All during Mr. Cleveland's two terms as President her most intimate associates were those whom she knew before marriage. One of them was the wife of a clerk in the Treasury Department, who lived in one of the most modest little homes in Washington's most unfashionable district. This made no difference to Mrs. Cleveland. Often the White House carriage called to "pick up" the friend for a drive. Another of her intimate friends in Washington was a young woman who taught music to support herself. Mrs. Cleveland obtained many pupils for her. Another was the wife of a struggling lawyer, and each week a bouquet of White House flowers came to cheer the home of the friend of schoolgirl days. A fourth was the teacher of a small kindergarten, who, when the Cleveland children reached a suitable age, transferred her school to the White House, and the children and grandchildren of the Cabinet members, and of the families of Mrs. Cleveland's friends, and of the friends of the President, became her pupils. Mrs. Cleveland's elevation never spoiled her a particle, nor did it affect any of her old friendships.

HOW MRS. CLEVELAND LEARNED TO COOK

PART of one summer President and Mrs. Cleveland spent at Woodley, their suburban home near Washington. The occupant of the adjoining residence had in her employ a genuine "befo' de war" Virginia auntie, whose cooking was the delight of her mistress and guests. Her pickles and preserves were incomparably fine, and to even possess one of her receipts was regarded as a piece of good fortune. Mrs. Cleveland was interested in this branch of cooking, and during the summer took frequent lessons from "Aunt" Charlotte. It was a sight that delighted the old colored woman to see the first lady of the land walking up the lane, her gown covered with a long gingham apron, and carrying a white umbrella to shield her from the sun. "Aunt" Charlotte would execute a series of profound curtsies, and her face would glow with joy as Mrs. Cleveland approached. Then the first lady of the land would peel silver-skinned onions, slice tomatoes or chop cabbage for pickles. Or she might be seen standing over a glowing brazier of charcoal (for these preserves were made in real old Virginia style), armed with a long wooden spoon, stirring a kettle of peaches to prevent their burning, as eagerly interested as though she were a young housekeeper with limited means. Those were happy mornings for "Aunt" Charlotte—the happiest of her life—and she never tires of telling how "all one summer me and Mrs. President Cleveland made pickles and preserves." In further expression of her joy she will sometimes bring from her room a gorgeous, old-gold plush frame inclosing a portrait, across which is written in tall, angular characters, "For Aunt Charlotte, from her pupil, Frances Cleveland."

THE WHITE HOUSE MONKEY AND CANARY

AT ONE time there was a veritable menagerie at the White House. Every one has heard a score of stories about the French poodle, the monkey, the canary birds and other small favorites. A certain Washington newspaper man made a specialty of anecdotes about these pets, and at times it was difficult to satisfy the demands of his paper on this score. One day, when he was called upon to furnish a good story, there was no material on hand. In desperation he resorted to fiction. He told of a long-standing antipathy between the monkey and the canary bird, and how, in the absence of their mistress, a most terrific fight had taken place, in which the canary had eventually given up its life and was found lying dead on the bottom of its cage.

It happened that Mrs. Cleveland was on the train on her way to Washington when she saw the paper containing the account of the battle. Tears were her steady companions to Washington from that moment, and when she got into her carriage at the station she told the coachman to drive as fast as the horses could go. The White House carriage never went at such a pace before. It dashed up Pennsylvania Avenue, and one would have thought that the hospital ambulance was passing. Mrs. Cleveland was out of the carriage almost before it stopped, and when she reached her room and found the little yellow bird hopping about in the gayest manner she was too rejoiced for words. But she never liked the monkey so well after that.

HER KINDNESS SAVES A WOMAN'S REASON

WHEN the President and Mrs. Cleveland were spending the early summer months at Oak View, near Washington, they were constant attendants at the little church, Saint Alban's, on the Tenallytown road. The Rector's wife happened to fall ill, and after a tedious convalescence it was seen that melancholia would surely result unless some pleasant outside influence could be brought to bear upon the invalid. Mrs. Cleveland learned of this, and from that time she made a practice of calling daily for the Rector's wife in her victoria, with her fine chestnut team, and taking the invalid for long drives, during which she talked to her in the brightest manner possible. Mrs. Cleveland must have experienced personal inconvenience in this constant, self-imposed duty of caring for the invalid. But if she did no one ever knew it, and she must have been more than repaid by the speedy restoration to health of the one whose reason she saved by her thoughtfulness.

AS A "LADY BOUNTIFUL" TO CHILDREN

IN THIS rectory there were at that time a number of little daughters of the clergyman and his wife. These were not forgotten by Mrs. Cleveland. Seldom, indeed, did she drive up to the door for the mother without the footman carrying something into the house intended to delight the hearts of children. One day it was a curious toy; then some dainties; another day brought some wonderful puzzles; again, came a work-basket with needles and thread; then some flowers. One day she brought a large box filled to overflowing with gorgeous ribbons of every hue and color that had from time to time been sent to the President's wife tied to bunches of flowers. These, Mrs. Cleveland explained, the little girls might like in tying up their hair, trimming hats, or for decorating little articles about the house. And thus did the first lady of the land bring health to the mother and delight to the children of a home which will never forget her kindly thoughtfulness.

AN IRISH WOMAN'S VIEW OF MRS. CLEVELAND

DURING a rush of business at one of the large house-furnishing stores in Washington consequent upon certain "bargain" offers, a very plainly clad Irish woman was being waited on in an indifferent manner by a not-over-civil salesman. Suddenly the salesman's manner changed, and like a flash he hurriedly left his not very attractive and hesitating customer, and stood bowing and smiling in a most obsequious manner before Mrs. Cleveland, who had just entered the store.

But Mrs. Cleveland, quick to notice everything, having seen the manner in which the salesman had left his other customer, said to him as he neared her: "When you are through with this lady's wants," and she moved to where the Irish woman was standing, "then you may show me some nursery tables. But I am in no hurry and will wait," and suiting the action to her words she sat down beside the woman until she had been waited on.

The salesman was abashed, and when the plain Hibernian woman had her wants filled she turned to Mrs. Cleveland and said: "God bless you, mum, for your kindness to the likes of me. I dun'no as who you are, but you ought to be a princess, so you should. Ye're an iligant lady, so you are."

But Mrs. Cleveland only smiled, and went about the purchase of the nursery table.

OUT OF A LINE OF THOUSANDS

AT ONE of the public afternoon receptions given by Mrs. Cleveland at the White House the crowd was unusually large. All Washington was thronging into the Executive Mansion, and a row of carriages over half a mile in length extended out of the White House grounds and along the street. It was bitter cold, and those in the waiting line outside suffered considerably. Mrs. Cleveland knew this, and greeted everybody as pleasantly and as quickly as possible. After receiving the people for two hours Mrs. Cleveland heard a friend at her elbow say: "Odd what endurance these people have. An old woman and a child who have just gotten into the outside door have been standing in the cold for over three hours. I should think the child would be frozen if the mother isn't."

Mrs. Cleveland heard, but said nothing. In a few moments she overheard the official at her side say to his wife: "There's that old woman and her child now."

When the woman reached Mrs. Cleveland an unusually sweet smile greeted her and her child, and as she grasped her hand, and with the other gave an American Beauty rose to the little child, she drew both out of the line, and turning to the wife of the official beside her, said:

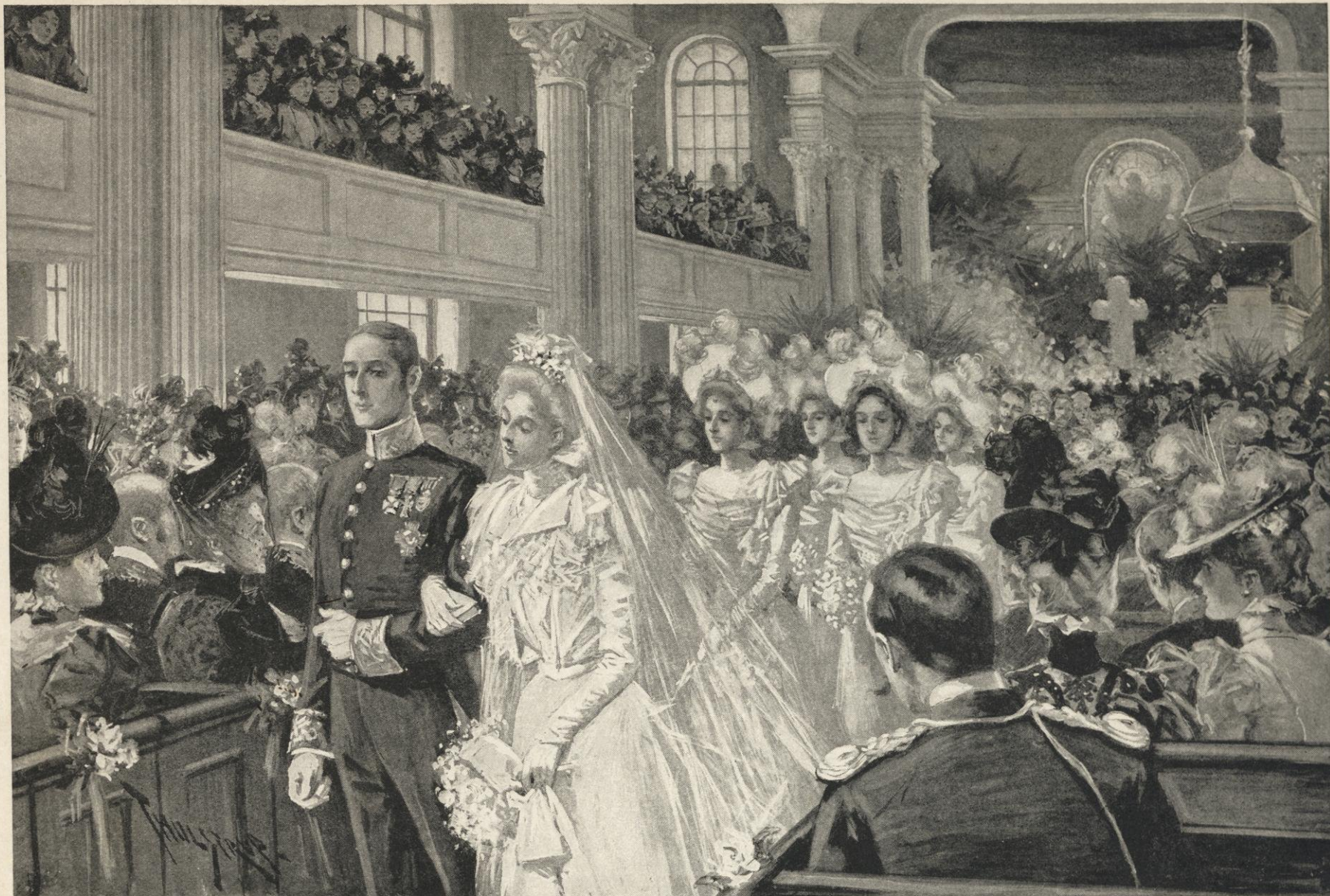
"My dear, won't you take this lady and her child up to my rooms and give them something hot to drink. I know the child must be cold, aren't you, dear?"

And as a look expressive of grateful appreciation came into the eyes of the mother Mrs. Cleveland resumed her place and shook hands with those who had come to see her as if she had not just bestowed a benediction on a tired and aged woman and brought a blessing on herself.

HER LAST ACT IN THE WHITE HOUSE

MRS. CLEVELAND'S last act in the White House was characteristically thoughtful and graceful, and one which few women under the circumstances would have even found time to perform. It was the last hour of her preparations for leaving. Mrs. Cleveland was here, there and everywhere, superintending the moving. In the midst of the turmoil there came a note from a friend saying that the bearer, a little girl, wanted, above all things, to see the President's wife. Mrs. Cleveland read the note, stopped a moment, and looked around at the confusion. Then, leaving her packing, she went smilingly down to the child. She contented herself not only with letting the child see her, but walked through the White House with her, plucked her a bouquet of roses from the conservatory, and then, taking the child to the door, put her into her own waiting carriage, telling the driver to take the child home and come back for her. It took nearly the last half hour that Mrs. Cleveland spent in the White House to be kind to the child, and because of the distance of the little one's home the departing lady of the White House had to wait for half an hour before her carriage returned to take her from her four-years' home.

Editor's Note—This series of anecdotal biographies will be continued by presenting "The Anecdotal Side of President McKinley" (in the July Journal), followed by "The Anecdotal Side of Mark Twain."



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

"THE CEREMONY WAS PERFORMED IN A FASHIONABLE CHURCH TOO SMALL FOR THE OCCASION"

THE INNER EXPERIENCES OF A CABINET MEMBER'S WIFE

AS SHE WRITES THEM TO HER SISTER AT HOME

And Told by Anna Farquhar

Who, in these much-discussed "letters," has suggested the experiences—some actual and some otherwise—which came into the household of one of the Cabinet members that she visited in Washington

EIGHTEENTH LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30, 189—

Dear Lyde:

MY SUPREME social effort has been accomplished, and I am nothing but a wrung-out rag left to tell the tale. I'm tired enough to go to bed by the time breakfast is over. Do you suppose I am catching laziness? It's in the air. By the supreme effort I mean my Cabinet dinner, the last one of this season, and the first State affair to follow Lent and Easter.

There is no set time nor rule governing these dinners. This year the Cabinet ladies got together and decided to divide the honor equally among them, half of our number entertaining each year, consequently I will only give two Cabinet dinners during the Administration. Everything went off smoothly owing to Lem and a good caterer. The truth is, Lyde, the servants make or mar an Administration. Tariff and currency are of importance, I admit, but good domestic service is a National necessity. If I were lobbying for a certain bill or measure I would first feed well the House and Senate.

Lem saw that I was hardly able to be about, so he told me to "leave de occasion in my han's, Mrs. Cummin's, an it'll go off's gran' an' unhitchety's though Marse General George Washington himself was to honorable de occasion." I let him have his way, and was well repaid by the results. Among the few invitations Mrs. President accepts are the Cabinet dinners.

After these six months of social intercourse, which though formal has been constant, the members of the President's official family have begun to feel pretty well acquainted, so my dinner was less stiff than the others have been, coming last as it did. As is always the case at a Cabinet dinner, the host took in Mrs. President, and the hostess (yours, humbly) was escorted by the President. There was no particular arrangement of the others; they were placed just where I thought they would fit in best. The flowers I did attend to myself. A month in advance I ordered lilies-of-the-valley from one of the leading florists. The table colors were green and white, even to the dishes, and the green Bohemian glass I rented for the occasion.

The caterer brought two men, who were successfully "bossed" by Lem, who was in his glory. When I visit you in the summer I'll tell all about the long bill-of-fare which Henry says was "scrumptious." I couldn't tell, because nothing tastes to me now. I've lost all the appetite I ever had. The President complimented me upon the dinner and my successful season in Washington. He

asked me if I liked society for society's own sake, and when I replied, "Not in the least, I am trying to pay the National debt for Mr. Cummings," he laughed in that thoroughly amused way he has.

The day after I stayed in bed until about three o'clock, then dressed to go down to see Marion Tyler, for whom I had sent to come at that hour. She had been in New York attending to her wedding clothes, and this was the first opportunity I had had to tell her about Mrs. Grey's disclosures. We sat in the library, where some important events in Marion's life have taken place, and I told her the truth and showed her Mrs. Grey's affidavit, so to speak. As she saw how successfully she had been made a tool of she said nothing, but pressed her lower lip with her even white teeth until I saw the blood start. She seemed to me more angry than sorry at first; then, as she realized the meaning of it all where her own life was concerned, she burst out into violent denunciations of liars, and finally burst into tears, and hid her face on the couch where she had thrown herself. "Why did you believe the lie so readily, Marion?" I asked, hoping to understand her better through her answer to that question now that the face of things had so completely changed.

"Why?" she exclaimed, jumping up from the couch and walking about, "because I was a fool! I, who thought I knew the world! I was proud and jealous, too, Mrs. Cummings, and there was something else you don't seem to realize. My adopted parents have done everything for me ever since I was a baby. I owe them everything I am or have. Perhaps it was bad enough for me to have thought of marrying Jack Garven against their wishes, but it would have been cruel ingratitude to have married him in that way when I thought I had been deceived in him, that he could be the man that woman told me he was. I know you have thought me heartless, but I had my side. I am under deep obligations to papa and mamma. Brian Bynington is a kind, interesting gentleman, but I don't love him! Mrs. Cummings, I don't love him! and I have cared for Jack ever since I was a schoolgirl and used to see him on the street long before he ever knew of my existence. What shall I do? Can't you

help me in some way or other? I'd break my engagement now if he'd take me back, but Jack is so unforgiving."

"Poor, poor child! I am sorry for you," I said, taking her hand in mine as she stopped beside my chair. "Jack thinks you were unfair, dear, and with good reason from his standpoint. I am going to do the last thing I ever can for you two unfortunate children. Even when I do it I feel as though we were treating Mr. Bynington unfairly, but surely he would not wish to marry a woman who cares for another man if he knew. Jack will be here in a few moments. I told him to come at four without letting him know you would be here. I will give you Mrs. Grey's piece of paper, Marion, for you to show him. You can tell the story when I leave you alone, and I hope you may do whatever will be best all around."

We sat and talked together some little time—the last talk I shall ever have with Marion, I fear. She told me



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

"I WENT WITH HENRY TO SEE JACK GARVEN OFF, IF ONLY FOR THE PURPOSE OF SILENCING THOSE HORRID GOSSIPS"

Editor's Note—The seventh and concluding installment of the series narrating "The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife." The first of these letters appeared in the December, 1897, issue of The Ladies' Home Journal.

how, when she met him here the other day, she lost her head, and could not help calling his name the way she did. If he had answered differently she would have taken him back then. When he came we talked a moment on indifferent topics. Then rising, I said to him, "Jack, Marion has something of importance to tell you. I will leave you together a little while." As I went out I looked at him, saying, "Be a good boy, Jack."

In about half an hour I heard Jack rush out of the house slamming the front door in an unusual way. Looking from my sitting-room window upstairs I saw him walking as hard and fast as he could go down the avenue. I immediately went down to Marion, whom I found huddled up in a large chair as though she were suffering pain, and staring off into the distance seeing nothing. When I said, "Marion," she started, looked at me in a dazed way, and said, as though she were talking in the presence of the dead, "It was no use. He said he never could have faith in my love for him again; we never could trust each other—he wouldn't be dishonorable and break my engagement to another man. Everything is gone now, Mrs. Cummings, and I must go, too. I can never be proud again, can I? Think of having a man refuse you when you offer yourself to him! That was hard on me, wasn't it? I must go. Would you be kind enough to telephone over to the house for our carriage? I feel so weak, I don't believe I can walk."

I made her stay with me and lie quietly on the couch a while. We said nothing more about her troubles until I sent her home in my carriage. When I kissed her good-by I said, "Perhaps 'tis all for the best, dear, who knows? Can you go on with this wedding? Break it off even now for your own sake. Why don't you?"

"No, no," she replied, drawing herself up. "Do you think I would give Mr. Jack Garven the satisfaction of thinking I mourned for him, and make a kind gentleman unhappy without a good reason? Never! Jack was all that stood in the way of my marriage. To-day he has made it easier for me. You have been a good friend to me, Mrs. Cummings. Some day when you visit me in England you will see that I can make the best of any situation."

A note came this morning from Jack saying:

"Dear Lady-Mother:

"You did your best for me, but it was too late. Perhaps it's conceit; perhaps it's a strong sense of justice—whatever it is that makes me so I can't forgive people who have been unfair to me. I kept thinking she'd doubt me always at the slightest provocation without giving me a chance to explain, so I couldn't take her back, even if I thought it would be fair to Bynington. I felt an awful cad saying it to a woman. She, herself, tempted me so that at last I just ran out of the house for fear I'd give in and be sorry afterward. I'll be around in a few days. I can't talk or write, or do anything just now. Yours, J. G."

And so ends the romance of my young friends. As I told Jack once, they are better apart without full confidence in each other. I think, after all, she loved him better than he loved her, because the sacrifice would have been greater on her part at any time. Jack is the kind of a man whom all women love and forgive. It is hard to say who was right. The names I have given are fictitious, so their confidence has not been betrayed by my telling you. I wonder how Marion will stand the ordeal of her wedding. I will tell you about it.

I really believe I'm going to be ill. Good-night.

EMMY.

NINETEENTH LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30, 189—.

Dear Sister Lyde:

AFTER many days I am able to write you again. The illness had full possession of me when I wrote last, but I did not think it would amount to so much. Of course, Henry told you in his letters that the doctor called it malaria, and I suppose some of it was, but in my own opinion I was worn out from my winter's work, the hardest nervously I ever did in my life. The late hours and constant going were too much for my homespun constitution. Then I have worried over Marion and Jack, and Tim had some trouble at college, which has blown over now. It just amounts to my being a weakling.

I have been about for two weeks, and would have written before had not Jack Garven induced Henry to take me for a change over to New York to see him off for Europe, and at the same time to bring Alice home from school. Marion sent me flowers during my illness, and inquired every day about me, as the President's wife was kind enough to do, too. The first time I left the house was to attend Marion's wedding. What a gorgeous affair it was! She came to see me the day before, and insisted upon my going over to their house with her to see her wonderful display of presents, but I knew I had to save my strength for the wedding, so my natural curiosity had to be restrained. Marion sat a while with me, but we talked only of my illness and the wedding, until just before she left she said with an assumed air of gayety, "Kiss the old Marion Tyler good-by, dear Mrs. Cummings, for you will never see her again. To-morrow when I walk down the aisle in all my splendor this Marion will be dead and buried in the grave of the past. A new Marion is to be born to-morrow morning. Let us hope she will be a better and a wiser woman."

"Oh, Marion!" I cried. "How can you do it?"

"You must not think of me as sacrificing myself, Mrs. Cummings. I am going to marry a man who loves me better than any one else does, and I respect and admire him. I am making my parents happy, and paying back a heavy load of obligation to them. Mr. Bynington can gratify all of my luxurious tastes and habits. I could never be a success as a poor man's wife."

"Does he know about Jack, Marion?"

"No, and I intend that he never shall. I do not ask, nor care to know about his past. We are marrying each other's future. I hardly think he could show as fair a record as I can, but that is the way of the world. You know he leaves the Diplomatic service, at least for the present, and after our year's trip around the world we will settle in England. He has a place in town, and his brother's country place is always at his disposal, as the brother, Sir Leighton Bynington, is a bachelor, and a great traveler who dislikes the country. Remember, at the end of this Administration you and Mr. Cummings are coming to me in London for a visit."

"Ah, Marion, that time is a long way off. I hope we may do it. I shall want to go over and satisfy myself

about your happiness. Good-by, my child—I really feel as though you were my own. We all make our own lives, and if you try your best to be a good wife I know you will be. Take my love with you, and write me when you can. I shall miss you, dear, more than I can tell."

I'm afraid I cried some, Lyde—I was so weak still—but Marion did not—she was perfectly calm and self-possessed. As she turned to go I said, "I will see you again at the breakfast when you will be Mrs. Bynington, but this is our real good-by." She hesitated a moment, and half turning back said, "Will he—Jack—Mr. Garven—be at the church? Mamma sent him a card, I believe." "I think he intends to go, Marion, for the sake of what the world has to say." She bowed her head, and with another good-by left me. This was only two weeks ago, you must remember. The wedding was put forward a week because some of their friends were leaving town for the summer season. The ceremony was performed in a fashionable Episcopal church too small for the occasion, and a dingy, uninteresting place it is, to my thinking. White and pink roses were hung in bunches at the entrance of every pew, and great masses of the same flowers seemed to grow out of a wilderness of green placed about the altar. As Henry and I got out of the carriage at the church door I saw Jack Garven going in ahead of us with some Army people from the Barracks. He looked just as usual. No one could have suspected from his face that he was not the gayest man in the church. We were ushered down below the white ribbons among the family, so I lost sight of him, and will never know how he looked during the ceremony.

Mrs. President, as a personal favor, came to the wedding with the Secretary of State and his wife. She has always shown great liking for Marion. They knew each other before the President went into office. We all sat near together, not far from the families of the bride and groom. Mr. Bynington's mother, brother and one sister came over for the wedding. They were nice-looking people, though not remarkable in any way. The six bridesmaids were all pretty, dressed in white gowns with large white hats trimmed in the palest shade of apple green, and they had the same shade of green waist-ribbons to their gowns. The ushers were Legation and Army men, and, of course, Sir Leighton Bynington was his brother's best man, although he must be fifty-five or fifty-six years old. I was so nervous when Marion came with her father in the procession that I shook all over; but she was as calm as a May morning. Her face is nearly always colorless, but that day there was a slight flush on her cheeks, and oh! how beautiful she was in that satin gown trimmed with old lace belonging to the groom's family, and given her by his mother. Her answers were spoken in clear, firm tones, loud enough to be heard all over the church, and you may be sure she "will" without one murmur, no matter what comes. No one in this city suspects the amount of affection there was between Marion and Jack. They all thought it an ordinary flirtation, and no one could have imagined from her face, as she passed back after the ceremony, that there was any man on earth for her but the one she had promised to love, honor and obey. And so they were married. Dozens of girls sat there envying Marion her future—I alone did not; still, perhaps, she has found her true niche after all.

The breakfast was very good, and much like any other wedding affair. As we left the house a newspaper woman I have been kind to stopped me to ask about the breakfast. I told her I was not well enough to talk; then she asked, "Have you heard the news?"

"No; what news?"

"Why, that Jack Garven has left the Army, and Mrs. Deming was all ready to go to Europe with him when she met with an accident that will lame her for life. She was coming back from the Morrison-Findly ball in New York last night and was in that railroad wreck. New victims are being found constantly."

"Do you know positively that she is hurt?" I asked, too indignant at the rest of the lie to even contradict it.

"Oh, yes. Doctor Jones told me himself that she would never walk again." I passed on, wondering if such retribution could be meted out in real life, and it did prove true, Lyde—the woman will never walk again.

I rested for several days after the wedding, then I went over to New York with Henry to see Jack Garven off, if only for the purpose of silencing those horrid gossips. They know well enough that I do not countenance fast proceedings, and my going over has stopped all reports such as the newspaper woman gave me. Henry went out to bring Alice to the hotel for dinner (her school will be out to-morrow) the afternoon before Jack sailed, and I had a last talk alone with the boy. He began by saying, "This is a serious step I'm taking, lady-mother, isn't it? They have granted me six months' leave because I haven't been off before but once since I left West Point."

"Do you think you will come back to the Army after having a taste of travel and leisure, Jack?" I asked.

"Of course, I can't say for certain at present, but I don't believe I could live without something to devote myself to. I won't have anybody but my dog when I leave you, and I don't believe I could be happy outside of the Army."

"But, Jack, you will marry some day, of course, and think what a roving life an Army woman leads."

"Yes, I think it's highly probable I'll marry in my present condition of belief in women. After touring a while I'll hie me to a tent in the desert of Sahara where a woman is not to be seen. There I will think things out, readjust my relations with the sex, and begin over again."

"What you need is a well-balanced, sensible girl, not brought up in the worldly life you know too well, and who would take you in hand when you leave the desert and teach you some things about women you have never known." He looked up at me with the boyish smile I had not seen for a long time, and replied, "I think I know of just such a girl, but her mother would shut her up in a convent rather than permit her to undertake my reform."

"Who do you mean?" I asked quite innocently.

"I mean a charming young lady of whom I have seen very little and heard much, who at present is walking up Fifth Avenue with her father, and who is to make her debut as a Cabinet young lady next winter in Washington."

"You don't mean Alice?"

"Certainly. She has been raised well, and reminds every one of the best woman I know—her mother."

"What utter nonsense! Alice is only a child. You're only joking, Jack. I should want my daughter to have her husband's undivided heart."

"It's the old story. You would be willing to regulate me with somebody's else daughter, but not with your own."

"This is perfect nonsense, Jack," I said again. "You hardly know Alice."

"That is true, Mrs. Cummings, and this is all nonsense, I admit." His face changed as he went on. "We will not discuss my unworthy self any more. Your daughter is for a better man, and I am not ready yet to marry for the sake of self-improvement and having you for a mother-in-law. You've been a lot to me this winter and always will be. You'll let me come back in time for Miss Alice's debut, anyway, won't you? Am I to be forbidden the house when she appears on the scene?" Just then she did appear on the scene with her father, and as I saw her glance up at Jack I knew he had already left some impression on my child's fancy, as he does with every woman he meets. I wish he had not said that, Lyde; I shall think of it, I know, whenever I see them together, even if he were only joking about it. Wouldn't it be queer if he—but, there, how silly of me! Alice is only a child, too good for any worn-out man of the world. She came back with us, and she goes with me next week to the sea for a little time before we return to you for a nice visit. I do hate to leave Henry here alone until Congress adjourns, but I'm really not well enough to stay.

No more letters from me at Washington this season. What a change this new life has made in me! I know you will see it. I do not think my heart or principles have been touched in the least, but my sense of right has been venerated. I see some things differently. I would not give up the experience for anything, no matter how hard it has been on my nerves; still, I will be so glad to be with you again, where for a while I need not think about people's opinions of me. I'm perfectly sure of yours, my sister. Next year I will have to look after the love affairs of my own daughter, instead of other people's children. I trust she will not bring my gray hairs to an early grave.

As ever, your sister, EMMY.

(THE END)



By Rebecca Harding Davis

ONE of the foremost women in the world has gone from it, and the newspapers have been filled with eulogies of her, and appreciations of her work written by her associates in the great organization of which she was the motive-power.

They seem to be, in the main, just, yet they somehow leave a word unsaid about Frances Willard. May I say it? I, too, should like to lay my little leaf upon her grave.

Not being a woman who takes any part in public work, I know nothing of her outdoor life; I never even heard her address an audience, and therefore I cannot speak of her executive ability or eloquence, or her lack of either. I know her only as a personal friend.

I have beside me now a package of her letters, written in a strange, wavering hand like that of a child. It does not indicate a single masculine quality. Neither can you find in the letters any arguments or allusions which would hint of scholarship, nor any flashes of wit. But they are as full of sympathy as a rose is of color. They glow with affection not only for her friend, but for every living being of whom she chances to speak: for "that generous dear boy"; for the chance acquaintance who "reminded me of the heroes in story-books"; for the tired old woman whom she had seen but once, but the secret of whose life she had read at a glance.

Miss Willard's personality told the same story as her letters. The low, quiet voice, the appealing eyes, the soft, firm grasp of the hand betrayed the friendly soul beneath as occasional breaths of perfume in the woods do the hidden flower. Her natural manner expressed simply the anxious kindness of a nature at rest in its own place. It was, therefore, the very perfection of good breeding.

I remember once to have seen her when she was the hostess during a long summer day of a queer assemblage of guests: a shy poet, half a dozen voluble "new women," two or three conservative high-class Englishmen, and some prying, staring, notoriety hunters panting after their game. None of them were tiresome or absurd to her. They were only so many of God's creatures whom she wished to help. This made her tact and charm finer than that of any queen of society. In her natural self, as I said, she was the gentlest of gentlewomen.

But I often suspected that when acting officially she was sometimes beset by a self that was not natural, but acquired. I once or twice saw her forced into an argument by some men. She soon grew vexed and illogical in a very womanish way, and her words fell into the fluent, perfunctory swing of the public speaker. Like many another of her sex, when she met the world with the woman's forces of faith, sympathy and high purpose she succeeded, but when she borrowed the man's weapons she failed. To Ithuriel a lance was given, not a battle-axe.

The secret of Miss Willard's life was that it grew out of that of the little sister whom she loved so passionately, as a large, beautiful flower opens from a green, withered calyx. She wrote Mary's story in a little book called "Nineteen Beautiful Years." As you read it you see how the unfulfilled hope of the dead child to "do something for God" drew the older woman on and on year after year in her great work of bettering the world. Mary's dying words, "Tell everybody to be good," sounded always in her ears like a message from Heaven.

Lady Henry Somerset tells us that it was the chance reading of this little book and this message that urged her to cross the sea to find Mary's sister and help her in her work. These two women have founded an organization which extends into thirty-five countries, and includes women of every color and race. Its sole object is to help us all to a cleaner, saner life.

Frances Willard's work here is done, and she has gone home. Who can doubt that she has found again the little sister whom she loved so well, and told her how her dying words have echoed round the world?

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY IN LITERATURE

By Clifford Howard

DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

IT WAS in the month of May, in the year 1845, that Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning met for the first time. Yet they did not meet as strangers. They had been corresponding for a little over three months, and in that short time their intercourse had ripened into dearest friendship.

For years Miss Barrett had been confined to her room, an invalid and a recluse, shut out from the great world of life and reality, yet patiently dreaming away the weary days with her pen and her books. But with the beginning of her correspondence with Browning, the poet, there had come into her dreary life a ray of joy, a gleam of sunshine from the outer world, illumining her heart with the prescience of a dawning happiness.

In the prime of manhood, strong, robust and energetic, unacquainted with sickness, reveling in the music and the gladness of earth, and accustomed to a life of exercise and travel, Mr. Browning was the physical antithesis of Miss Barrett, and he could not help feeling an intense sympathy for this frail, helpless invalid, cut off as she was from all those phases of existence that to him seemed so necessary and so indispensable to the enjoyment of life.

He was filled with a longing desire to care for her and to protect her; to lift her in his great, strong arms, and bear her away from the darkness and the solitude of her narrow world; and with his pity and his sympathy there came the determination to devote his life to her—a determination that grew ever stronger, brighter and more earnest until, in a fervent outburst of love and devotion, he begged for the consummation of his life's desire.



"THEY WOULD WANDER SLOWLY BACK AND FORTH UPON THEIR ROSE-EMBOWERED BALCONY"

Imbued with the sad conviction of her unworthiness, and with the belief that Providence had designed for her a life of uninterrupted loneliness, Miss Barrett felt that it was her duty to assure him that there could never be any change in their present relationship, and she asked him to never again recur to the subject.

He respected her wishes and was silent. But though he refrained from any verbal expression of his feelings it was impossible for him to conceal the truth of his deep regard for her. In every letter and on the occasion of every visit he unconsciously gave to her in his thoughtful solicitude, and in his touching and delicate attentions, some fresh token of his love and of his steadfast devotion.

Little by little she allowed herself to realize the depth of his attachment and the sincerity of his grand and noble purpose, so that when, in the course of a few months, emboldened by their more perfect understanding of one another, he again touched upon the subject that was nearest to his heart, she was neither surprised nor offended. She merely endeavored to dissuade him, to convince him that he was throwing into the ashes his best affections; that the common gifts of youth and cheerfulness were no longer hers; that she had not even the strength of heart for the ordinary duties of life, and that in every way she was unsuited for him, and could never be more than a burden and a care.

But to all of the objections that she made he answered simply that he loved her; that however much she might repulse him he would love her to his dying hour. She should be his first and his last. "Yet I will not be importunate; I will not worry you with my love, but wait—wait for twenty years. Then, if life lasts so long—then, perhaps, when it is ending you will understand me and feel that you could have trusted me."

He had believed from the first that she was suffering from an incurable injury of the spine. Not once had she been able to rise to greet him, but always received him lying down—resting upon the sofa on which she had spent so many weary, weary months. He felt that she would ever be a helpless invalid; that never could he hope to see her stand, or to even rise unaided from her couch. And yet he asked for nothing more than that she might be his. "Could I but sit an hour by your side each day life would be infinitely happier than in the fulfillment of the brightest dream in any possible world without you."

It was not that she failed to requite his love. Her "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the most beautiful and most truly inspired love poems the world has ever known, bear immortal witness to the sublime passion that filled her soul. Yet even he who inspired them knew not of their existence until years afterward. He did not know that, responsive to his own impassioned love, she sang within the prison of her heart:

"I love thee to the depth, and breadth, and height
My soul can reach
I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! And if God choose
I shall but love thee better after death."

When at last she consented to favorably consider Mr. Browning's wishes, it was on condition that she should pass the coming winter without a return of her customary attack of illness at that season of the year.

"And if you are ill," he answered, "and keep your resolution of not marrying me under those circumstances, then I, too, shall keep mine, and love you till God shall take us both."

As if in answer to the prayer of two yearning souls the winter was a remarkably mild one. Not only did Miss Barrett escape the return of her illness, but she became so much improved in health that her doctor saw for her a chance of permanent recovery if she could go at once to a warmer climate.

She knew, however, as well as did Mr. Browning, that her father would not sanction the step she was about to take. This parental opposition, with which Mr. Browning knew from the first he would be obliged to contend, was but one of the many obstacles that beset the pathway of his heart's unerring purpose. His high sense of honor had impelled him to seriously consider the objections that he felt Mr. Barrett would interpose, and he shrank from doing aught that might be construed as unworthy of true manhood, or as lacking in proper respect to the wishes of another, however selfish or unreasonable they might be.

Yet when he realized that Mr. Barrett was indifferent to the advice of his daughter's physician, and would not consent that she should leave her London home, he felt that his first duty was to her; that his love for her took precedence over all other considerations, and that with her willingness it accorded him the right to make her his own, and give to her the care and protection that her frail and tender life so sorely needed.

True to this noble sentiment, and with the doctor's orders as a happy pretext for the consummation of their dearest wish, the poets were quietly married on the twelfth of September, 1846, and a week later set sail for the shores of France, en route to their future Italian home.

Beautiful as was their courtship, it forms but the prelude to the exquisite love story of their married life—a life spent for the most part beneath the sunny skies of Florence.

In his loving attentions, in his care and solicitude, and in his unalterable affection, Mr. Browning more than fulfilled the sacred obligation he had so willingly and so lovingly assumed. His touching and beautiful devotion to his invalid wife grew ever stronger and more fervent with the passing of years. He waited upon her with the chivalrous attention of a lover, watched over and cared for her as a brother, revered her as a companion, and adored her as a mortal would an angel.

Not once in all the years of their married life was he absent from her a single day. At home or on their occasional journeys he was ever with her, ready to protect her and to wait upon her. Often ill and unable to leave her room, he nursed her with the tenderness of a



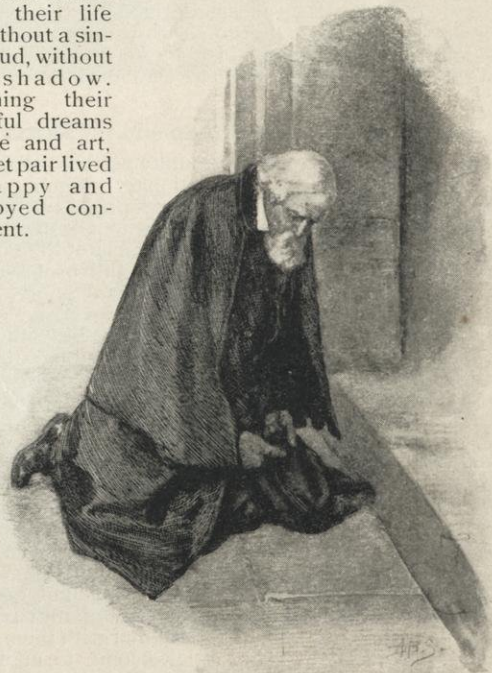
"GATHERING FLOWERS TO PLACE AT HIS WIFE'S BEDSIDE"

would he take up one of these little volumes where she had left it, with its pages unclosed, and, reading the lines she had just finished, tenderly place it to his lips.

Wherever she trod, whatever she touched, became endowed with the sacredness of her presence. When he returned with her on a visit to England, after an absence of several years, he repaired to the little church in which they had been married, and there, at the entrance, he reverently kneeled and kissed the paving-stones upon which she, the light of his being, had stepped. And in after years, when the light had gone from his life, he sought this sacred spot on the twelfth of each September, and in the dusk of the evening shadows passers-by might have seen a white-haired man kneeling for a moment as if in prayer before the doorway of the dark and silent church. Yet little would they have thought to recognize in this man the poet Browning; he whose mystical writings had led the world to regard him as a man of austere nature.

There were, indeed, even among his friends, comparatively few who understood him. None knew him as did his wife. The wondrous love, affection and devotion of his noble nature were given to her, and to her alone. She saw him as no one else in all the world saw him.

In their union of almost fifteen years their life was without a single cloud, without one shadow. Dreaming their beautiful dreams of love and art, the poet pair lived in happy and unalloyed contentment.



"A WHITE-HAIRED MAN KNEELING FOR A MOMENT BEFORE THE DOORWAY OF THE SILENT CHURCH"

Ofttimes in the balmy stillness of the night, bathed in the mellow moonlight of a cloudless sky, they would wander slowly back and forth upon their rose-embowered balcony; she, frail and delicate, almost sylph-like; he, tall and strong, with his arm placed lovingly about her; while upward from the dim-lit windows of the neighboring church of San Felice came the melodious chanting of the choir, melting away in soulful cadences upon the quiet air as echoes of divine thought.

Thus they lived and breathed in the atmosphere of poetic enchantment; each drawing inspiration from the other, and giving to the world those symphonies of thought and language that tell us of their joys and of their love; while in their life—in this perfect union of souls—mankind will ever behold a poem of love transcending all others in its purity, its beauty and its ideality.

1846 Marriage solemnized at St. Paul's Church in the Parish of St. Marylebone in the County of Middlesex									
No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.	Rank or Profession of Bride.
117	12th September 1846	Robert Browning of Bachelors	34	Single	Author	St. Paul's Church, St. Marylebone	Robert Browning	Author	Elizabeth Barrett
		Elizabeth Barrett	34	Single	Author	St. Paul's Church, St. Marylebone	Elizabeth Barrett	Author	Robert Browning
Married in the Parish Church of St. Paul, St. Marylebone, according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church, by Licence.									
This Marriage was solemnized between us, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, in the Presence of us, James Smith and John Doe.									

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF ROBERT BROWNING AND HIS WIFE



A WONDERFUL LITTLE WORLD OF PEOPLE

By Madeline S. Bridges

Accompanying the Photographs on the Opposite Page

NESTLED among the hills of Lebanon County, New York, not far from the line where the Berkshire Hills slope down to meet them, is a wonderful little world of human beings. Here are men and women, intelligent beyond the average, who have found a life of good works, peace, and upward growth in the home of their adoption—the Shaker village of Mount Lebanon.

The name "Shakers" was first given to this peculiar people in derision because in the enthusiasm of religious meetings those who were wrestling in soul against the powers of sin were sometimes led to shake outwardly as an expression of the inward conflict. They have been generally known by this name, although they call themselves, in all public documents, The United Society of Believers.

The sect is founded in deeply religious conviction, and had its origin first among the Revolutionists of France about the year 1689. Of this beginning new outgrowths appeared in England in 1747. The first Shaker colony in America was organized by Ann Lee, a woman preacher of the faith, who, with several of her followers, came from England two years prior to the Declaration of Independence, in search of religious freedom. There are now fifteen of these societies in the United States, formed of from two to six families in each community, making in all nearly five thousand individuals.

ALL WORK IN THE INTEREST OF THE COMMUNITY

PRESIDING over each family as spiritual directors are two Elders and two Eldresses. These are assisted in temporal affairs by two Deacons and two Deaconesses. The government is simple and paternal. The formulas and by-laws are anti-monastic. Each sex, however, occupies separate apartments (including those married who have become members) in the same dwelling. Both sexes take meals in the same hall and at the same time, but at separate tables. These meals are partaken of in silence, and are preceded and followed by silent prayer.

Though Shaker industries are many, there are no arbitrary hours of labor. All the members work willingly together in the united interest of their common home. The brethren engage in agricultural, horticultural and mechanical pursuits: the raising and preparing of fruits and vegetables to supply the market, the assorting of seeds for the seed trade, chair-making, upholstery, and the compounding of certain sorts of medicines. The sisters in many of the families are employed in shirt-making and cloak-making for the outer world. In all the families the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables, and the making of cheese and butter for market, are part of the women's labor.

Money does not circulate among the Shakers. Having all things in common the use of money is unnecessary except in occasional business transactions between the families. There is no division of earnings other than ample provision for food and clothing and the general comforts of life. In these all share with absolute equality.

HOW THE MEMBERS ARE RECEIVED INTO THE SOCIETY

ON ENTERING a Shaker community neither money nor goods is required. Probationary members may retain the lawful ownership of their property, but the accruing interest will be used for the benefit of the Society until, of their own free will, and the consent of the governing powers, they shall consecrate, by full profession of faith, all their worldly possessions to the support of the family with which they unite. For those who have thus dedicated their property and have afterward withdrawn from the Society there can be no grounds of retraction, according to the laws of justice and equity.

Children are willingly received. As a general rule, the boys must be over ten and the girls not under six years of age. Healthy and natural physical development and good mental and moral capacities are demanded, the intention being to bring them up as honorable members of the Shaker community. A thorough common-school education is given, with elementary instruction in music, and each young person is taught some sort of business or handicraft which will aid in earning a livelihood.

Parents who enter with their children may, under certain circumstances, retain control over them. Should parents wish to leave they can take their children with them.

Persons advanced in years are welcome to apply for membership if spiritually qualified to embrace the faith and works. A religious conviction is the important requirement. No irrevocable vow is taken, the individual being held responsible only to his conscience.

THE RELIGIOUS BELIEF OF THE SHAKERS

THE Shakers believe in God as a dual spirit—Father and Mother in one; in Christ as the first embodiment of Divine Truth on earth, and in Mother Ann Lee as the second embodiment. Ann Lee was a woman of lowly origin, the wife of a blacksmith of Manchester, England, who renounced all earthly ties, and endured terrible persecutions and trials in preaching a crusade against sin; a mission which she declared had been divinely revealed to her. Her creed is based on the simple precepts of Jesus even to the celibate life and the renunciation of all worldly desires, pleasures and possessions. Her followers claim that none can truly call himself Christian who does otherwise. They believe in the confession of sin as a helpful aid to its amendment. They also accept modern spiritualism, not as characterized by table-tippings, materializations, or rappings, but as a psychical power, demonstrated by visions, impressions and inspirations.

THE HOMES AND HOSPITALITY OF THE SHAKERS

THE village of Mount Lebanon comprises landed possessions six miles long and three miles wide, but the village proper extends about two miles along the mountain side. Five groups of buildings succeed each other; each group constitutes a family containing three hundred or more of both sexes and all ages.

Belonging to the North family, which is considered "the gate to the world," as visitors and inquirers are here first received, are five large dwelling houses, with the numerous requisite outbuildings attached. These were erected by the brethren with but little outside assistance. This family consists of perhaps eighty members, without including the "probationists," who may or may not eventually increase the number.

Half way up a magnificent hill the large white buildings greet the eye, suggesting, in their extreme simplicity, the idea of factories or workshops, rather than dwelling places. A nearer approach shows pretty garden slopes, a velvet lawn and croquet-grounds, and a hospitable open door, in which a sweet-faced sister stands, ready to extend the kindly Shaker greeting to the wayworn tramp or to the millionaire who steps from his carriage. Above this door might well be paraphrased the inscription, "All who enter here leave care behind." Smiling faces, friendly voices, the earnest glance of sympathy, are characteristic of these gentle ascetics, who are popularly supposed to live within the limits of a rigid creed which wholly separates them from fellowship with the outside world. This is, indeed, a grave error. The outside world, especially in its sinful and sorrowful conditions, seems to be carried individually and collectively in the Shaker heart, not only with prayer for its betterment, but with unbounded hope for its ultimate purer and nobler development.

A COMMUNITY OF STRICT VEGETARIANS

THE radiant cleanliness of a Shaker home is a grace that must be seen to be appreciated—the windows, crystal-clear, with plain half curtains of snowy linen, the painted and polished floors, where immaculate squares of home-woven carpets or the brighter hand-made rugs are laid, and the ceiling and walls of spotless white. On the latter, here and there are etchings, or some modest little sketch from a sister's pencil, but these are by no means frequent. In addition to all sorts and sizes of rocking-chairs and a comfortable lounge the rooms are largely furnished with sunshine, fresh air and flowers, and, also, one can but feel the unseen beneficent influences that belong to these sweet gifts of Nature.

It is, perhaps, not widely known that Shakers are strict vegetarians, except in so far as the use of eggs and milk may be considered a deviation from the rule. Tea and coffee are still used, though sparingly, and the daily menu, prepared in the most inviting way, of cereals, vegetables, custards, jellies, preserves, fresh fruits, delicious brown and white breads, honey, and such cream, butter and cheese as one seldom finds in city markets, gives the feeling that nothing was missed from such a table—the thought of animal food, indeed, seemed repellent. Visitors' meals are served in a small room opening from the general dining-room. Those outside of the faith are never admitted to the family table.

Breakfast is at six o'clock in summer, and half an hour later in winter; dinner at twelve and supper at six. The hour for rising is five, and nine o'clock is the stated time for retiring, though this regulation is not entirely stringent. Alcoholic stimulants and the use of tobacco in any form are strictly prohibited.

It is sometimes asked how Shakers amuse themselves. A pertinent answer would be that they do not appear to feel the need of amusement, because their days and hours are so full of interest. Nevertheless, such need is provided for, two evenings in the week being set apart for social pleasures, conversation, music, recitation, reading aloud, etc., in which both sexes participate.

In summer pleasant outdoor reunions are held, to which visitors from other families are invited, and the berrying and nutting seasons, when large companies go out, with well-filled dinner-pails, for a day on the mountain, are hailed as times of joy by the younger members.

THE SABBATH WORSHIP OF THESE PLAIN PEOPLE

SABBATH worship is usually conducted at the public church, where visitors from the world are free to attend. It is occasionally held in the large home room, set apart for this purpose in the family dwelling—an immense apartment, white and lofty, and smooth of floor and furnitureless, except for a plain wooden bench extending round the room, and a small organ at which a sister presides. For religious service the sisters don the quaint Shaker cap and kerchief, which of late have been cast aside and replaced with attire of more modern fashion. The "meeting dress" for summer is of pure white. Four sisters and four brethren stand in the centre of the room and form a double quartette.

The Shaker dance, so miscalled, is in reality a more or less stately march, in which all the members join—the brethren in a procession, two by two, followed by the sisterhood in like order. They move in step to the hymns they are singing, either slowly or quickly, as the measure of the time demands. The ritual is of the simplest: Testimony of faith fervently uttered by those who feel impelled to speak, a few earnest words of exhortation from the Elders, the march and the singing of hymns.

Something curious in regard to these Shaker hymns is the fact that they are claimed to be largely inspirational—the music and words come together "as gifts," and frequently to those who are not musical, naturally. For instance, very often a tap will sound on the door of a

musical sister, and an unmusical sister will enter with the announcement, "Sister, a song has just come to me. Can you take the words, and note it for me?"

The tunes thus "sent" are in motif much like the primitive Methodist hymn tunes, and though sweet in the singing, are certainly not inspired by departed masters in musical art. But the Shakers are music-loving, and have inaugurated new departures in the way of vocal and instrumental culture as part of the educational methods for the young sisters.

THE SHAKER GIRLS TYPIFY THE POET'S IDEAL OF MAIDENHOOD

OF THIS latter charming contingent, and of the young brethren also, a special word must be said. A Shaker girl comes very near the poet's ideal in all the sweet endowments of maidenhood. She is frank, modest, gentle, refined in voice and movement, and with that utter unconsciousness of self as rare as it is delightful in this age of self-assertive femininity.

The Shaker boy—but why speak of impossibilities? I will not say that no Shaker was ever a boy, but I firmly incline to think that no boy ever was a Shaker. The growing youths at Lebanon were hearty and healthy as outdoor air and exercise could make them, and full of fun and mischief—the exuberant vitality that makes itself heard and seen—this in striking contrast to the extreme quietude and precision of the grown-up members. They could mind their manners prettily when occasion demanded, though they were not, apparently, specially anxious for the occasion. Their caretaker and teacher, himself still in the early twenties, rules his boys altogether by gentleness and kindly comradeship with their youth. It is refreshing to see boys happy in being useful, making pastime of their tasks at weeding and hoeing, and going blithely on their errands about the farm.

TOIL OF THE HOME LIGHTENED AND VARIED

IT IS really in its aspect as a home that the Shaker family is most inviting. Coöperation, wherever else it may have failed, is here a signal and admirable success. All the work that falls to woman's share is lightened and simplified by wise devices, most of them invented by the painstaking thought of the brethren, who are trained to the virtue, if they have it not, of making life's daily ways as pleasant as possible to the sisters. The men appear to recognize fully the equality of woman.

The household work of the sisterhood is so divided that "many hands make labor light." Rotation in office is the rule. Each sister of suitable age and strength takes, in turn, her term of from four to six weeks in the kitchen, laundry, dairy, as in the "shops" where the outside industries are carried on. In this way monotony is avoided, and the change of environment, bringing consequent change of mental outlook, is in every way beneficial. Of course, where a sister shows special virtues in some distinct branch she is permitted to exercise her talent in preference to less remunerative pursuits. But, with whatever other grace she may be gifted, she is expected to be the best of housekeepers. The education in this direction is thorough and sincere. The Shaker woman, whether she be an advanced thinker, public speaker, writer or administrative officer, is always womanly.

The Shakers believe firmly in the efficacy of prayer—that even "where a few are gathered together" the united thought for good can send forth a sustaining and ennobling influence to all who struggle and suffer—the masses and the individual.

A TOUR OF A SHAKER HOME IS INTERESTING

TO MAKE the tour of inspection of a Shaker home and its industries is an experience to be remembered. Our "party of inquirers" was taken through the various departments by Sister Cecilia, who is quite well known to the outside world by her poetic contributions to magazines. She had been a Shakeress for nearly forty years.

In the large, perfectly ordered kitchen sisters were busy, and smiling and friendly; in the dairy rooms, cool and sweet and quiet, sisters were smiling and friendly, and busy; in fact, wherever there were sisters—and they were everywhere—we found them friendly and busy and smiling. The big ironing-room was really a charming picture of happy usefulness. Here the feminine group numbered perhaps fifteen, and a bright current of talk went on constantly, with a snatch of song now and then, and ripples of soft laughter. A sister of nearly eighty, with whom I had an interesting bit of conversation, was sprinkling clothes beside a bright-eyed girl of twelve. A sister who had "run in a minute" from some other workshop lengthened her minute to entertain the ironers at the long table with humorous verses of her own composition. Eldress Anna White busied herself at the starching-board as if it were the one important task of her life. The work progressed quietly without the slightest anxiety or haste. In the sewing-shop perhaps a dozen young sisters were operating the sewing machines, noisily, but serenely, and with bright, tranquil faces. Out in the fields and in the mills and workshops, where we met the brethren, our conversation was not so much of crops and machinery as of politics, recent scientific developments and the general trend of intellectual research. We viewed the wonderful stone barn, perhaps the largest ever built in America, with its many clever contrivances to save time and muscle, while we talked of the rise and fall of nations, and inspected the flour-mill during an animated discussion on the occult sciences. The brother who was hoeing potatoes spoke eloquently on the degeneracy of modern Christianity, and Elder Charles desisted from mending a wagon-wheel to give his views on the silver question. Labor here is dignified in its commonest aspect by earnestness of thought and purpose. It is not toil. It is intelligent industry.

A PEACEFUL LIFE THAT DEFIES TIME'S RAVAGES

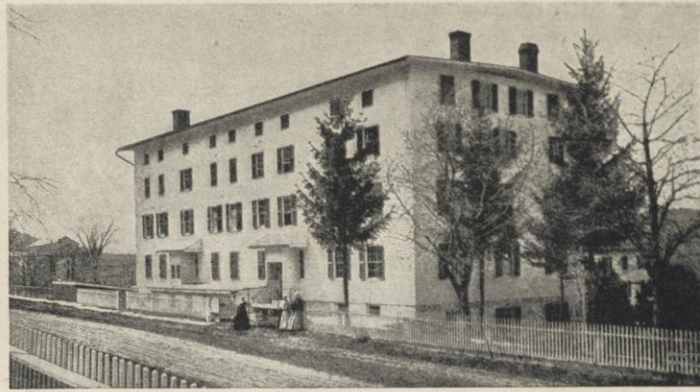
I DO not know how this wonderful village on the hillside may impress other strangers and sojourners who tarry to rest a while within its quiet precincts, but to me it was truly a palm tree and fountain in the desert—the shadow of a rock in a weary land. In the rush and turmoil of the city streets often the sense of its sweet loneliness comes back to me—its restfulness, security and calm. And I think, as the careworn, anxious crowds pass and repass, intent on the mere struggle for existence, how many a tired soul might here find refuge and peace. It is but leaving the unwillingly borne cross of the world for the willingly borne cross of the spirit.



THE SHAKER VILLAGE AT MOUNT LEBANON, NEW YORK



ELDRESS ANNA WHITE



THE NORTH FAMILY'S DWELLING-HOUSE

A WONDERFUL LITTLE WORLD OF PEOPLE

The illustrations on this page are from photographs taken under the supervision of Madeline S. Bridges especially for The Ladies' Home Journal. Miss Bridges' article, descriptive of these interesting people, will be found on the opposite page



ELDER CHARLES GREAVES
of North Family



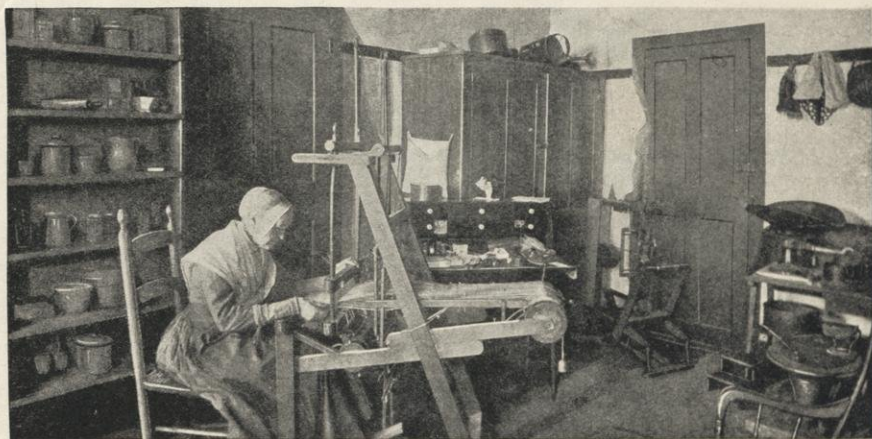
A GROUP OF SHAKERS AT A PICNIC IN THE WOODS



TRUSTEE LEVI SHAW
of North Family



A CORNER OF THE NORTH FAMILY'S SHIRT SHOP



WEAVING SHAKER BONNETS OUT OF RYE STRAW



PREPARING A MEAL IN THE NORTH FAMILY'S KITCHEN



AT WORK IN THE NORTH FAMILY'S IRONING-ROOM



NORTH FAMILY'S DINING-ROOM



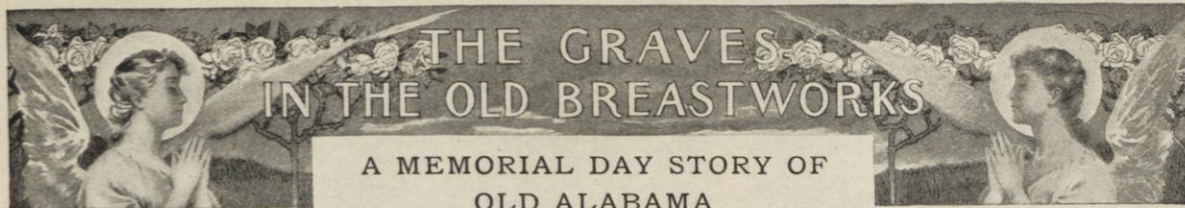
CECILIA DE VERE
of North Family



Sister Martha J. Anderson

Eldress Anna White

ELDRESS SISTERS' SHOP



THE GRAVES IN THE OLD BREASTWORKS

A MEMORIAL DAY STORY OF OLD ALABAMA

By Francis Lynde

[Author of "A Romance in Transit," "The Hundred-Dollar Shortage," etc.]



H. TOM, I do hope father won't go to law with old Major Loudon! It's bad enough as it is, but that will make it ever so much worse. I met Kate in the post-office yesterday, and she pretended not to see me."

Tom Hartwood rapped the iron from the plane he was using, and began to whet it on the oilstone. "I'm with you, Dorothy," he said, "but what are you going to do about it? Father has settled it in his mind that the Major is wrong, and he's going to law about it down here in Alabama just the same as he would back in New Hampshire. He isn't bitter about it, and he can't see why the Major should be."

The bright-haired young girl sitting on the end of the workbench nodded her head emphatically.

"I know," she said. "But the Major is bitter; he'd be untrue to all his traditions if he wasn't. Going to law with anybody down here is just like a declaration of war. The neighbors take it up on both sides, and there's no end of trouble. Just look at the Peterses and the Reeds! They're ready to fly at each other like cats and dogs all the time."

Tom laughed. "If it comes to that it will be pretty one-sided with us," he said. "The Loudons used to own the whole valley before the war, and they set the pace for nearly everybody in it now. And as between the blue-blooded old Major and a despised Yankee farmer, who persists in plowing deeper than his neighbors, and making money when everybody else is losing it—"

"Now, Tom, you know that isn't fair. We couldn't have been treated better anywhere than we were two years ago, when we came here with mother sick, and father discouraged, and everything so dreadfully dreary and—tacky. Everybody was just as kind and thoughtful as could be. They never asked where we came from, and they didn't seem to care."

Tom's plane was curling long shavings from the edge of the board, and he laughed again. He was a broad-shouldered young fellow, with a resolute jaw and unafraid eyes, and laughing came easy to him.

"It costs a pet prejudice or two, but you're right, little sister. There is no North nor South any more. But that doesn't help us out of our tangle with the Major."

"No; and it's such a little thing—a foot and a half of land on one side of an old field!"

"A foot and eight inches," Tom corrected. "But it's the principle of the thing with father. He believes he is right, and he is going to insist on that foot and eight inches if it costs us every friend we have in the valley."

Dorothy's gaze went adrift out of the workshop window, wandering aimlessly until it alighted upon the bent figure of a man digging in a distant field.

"The dear old pater!" she said softly. "He is so just and upright that he has quite forgotten how to be generous. If this dispute grows into a neighborhood quarrel it will break mother's heart."

"That's so," said Tom; but he had no helpful suggestion to offer.

The young girl slipped down from her perch on the bench and went out into the sweet May sunshine. She was a born peacemaker, and the threatened trouble made her heart ache. There were two young people at the great house on the knoll—the Major's grandchildren—and everything had been so pleasant and happy until the boundary dispute had halved the apple of discord between the two families.

And now she knew that Kate Loudon and her brother would have to be loyal to their grandfather; and there would be no more quartette picnics to the "Pocket," nor carryall drives to Nick-a-Jack Cave, nor Sunday evening hymn-sings around the old-fashioned grand piano in the Loudon drawing-room. And her mother would have to be told; and the neighbors would take sides—against them, as Tom said; and the whole affair was altogether too miserable even to contemplate.

Her gaze went afield again, and sought and found the stooping figure in the distance. She thought it was her father, and went around through the orchard and out into the lane, meaning to take him unawares, and to try once more to dissuade him from his purpose. She came out opposite the bent figure in a thicket of old-field pines, and gave a little start of surprise when she discovered that the delver in her father's field was Major Loudon's grizzled old house-servant.

"Why, Uncle Pete!" she said; "what are you doing here?"

"I's a-doin' whut ol' Marse Loudon sent me ter do, Miss Dor'thy; and I's a-wishin' eve'y minute dat dishyer spade brek off short up to de han'le," said the old negro.

Then Dorothy looked over the fence and saw a row of freshly dug post-holes. The Major had evidently taken the law into his own hands and was going to make sure of the nine points of possession.

"Does my father know you are here?" she asked. "No'm, I s'pect he don't. But I reckon he gwine find out 'fore long. I des been watchin' for him ter come t'arin' out dishyer way wid his gun eve'y minute."

"You needn't be afraid. My father doesn't settle his difficulties with a gun. And, anyway, he wouldn't say anything to you."

The old negro leaned on his spade and glanced timorously over one shoulder toward the distant farmhouse, and over the other at the great house on the knoll.

"I's gwine tell you somepin, Miss Dor'thy, but you mus'n't never let on dat I tol' hit. Ol' Marse Loudon he

been hearin' dat your pa gwine do dis an' dat an' t'other, an' he get pow'ful troubled in his min'. He done let on to young Marse Percy like he gwine to run your pa cl'ar off'n dishyer place 'fore he get t'rough wid him."

"Why, Uncle; how could he do that?"

"Deed, I don't know dat, Miss Dor'thy. 'Pears like de white folks kin do mos' anything dey wants ter. He say somepin 'bout some ol' deed dat ain't been s'rend'ed yit; an' when he 'low dat, young Marse Percy he des up an' r'ar back, an' Missy Kate she let on like she gwine ter cry. Den ol' Marse Robbut look like he gwine to brek somepin, an' holler at me ter tek de spade an' go dig dem postes-holes."

Dorothy turned away sick at heart. She remembered something about a flaw in the title; that there was an unrecorded gap in the transfers of the farm dating back to its purchase by some former owner many years before. It had been represented that the deed had been lost in the registrar's office, and her father had so far departed from his cautious custom as to accept the faulty title.

And now, out of this trivial contention over a bit of land barely wide enough to carry the boundary fence, was to grow a monstrous injustice which was to turn them out of house and home! Dorothy's breath came thick at the thought, but she was a brave girl, and she hastened home to do what she might before it should be too late.

She found her father in the stable putting the harness on one of the horses. There was stern determination written in every line of the fine old face.

"Where are you going, father?" she asked.

"To town, to swear out a warrant against Loudon for trespass," was the curt reply. "He has sent his man over to move that line fence."

"Oh, father, I wish you wouldn't! And on Memorial Day, too! Surely we can afford to be generous on this day of all others."

"It isn't a question of generosity; I'd give him the land willingly if he needed it, but I won't let him take it when it doesn't belong to him."

"But, father, just think how kind they've all been to us since we came here, strangers in a strange land. Have you forgotten how Kate used to come over and sit up night after night with mother in that awful time two years ago? And how the Major used to come twice a day to ask if there wasn't something he could do for us?"

The hard lines in her father's face melted ever so little, but he went on harnessing the horse.

"No, I haven't forgotten; and I'd do as much for him and his this minute. I'm not angry, child, but it's a matter of principle. In justice to you and Tom, and to your mother, I am bound to defend my legal rights."

"Please don't go to-day, father. Won't you wait just a little while? As it stands now the Major is the aggressor, and I'm sure he'll be sorry if you'll only give him a little time to think about it."

For a moment she thought she had won. He paused with the bridle on his arm, grasping the horse's forelock. Then he shook his head and slipped the bridle into place.

"It's no use, Dorothy, girl. It's got to come, sooner or later, and I'd rather have it done and over with."

She let him go at that, but when he climbed to his seat in the sulky she gave him a parting word.

"Remember the day, father—we used to call it our 'forgiving day' at home. Think of the good things the Major has done for us, and try to forgive him."

When he was gone she did not know what to do with herself. With the burden of the dreadful secret weighing upon her—the secret which she had not shared with her father for fear she should tempt him to forbear from unworthy motives—she dared not face her mother; and Tom's cheery whistle warned her off from the workshop.

She went to the gate and watched her father driving down the winding road. He was letting the horse walk, and as long as she could see him she fancied that his determination was wavering. When the sulky disappeared over the final hill she opened the gate and walked aimlessly in the opposite direction.

Her walk was a long one, and it led her far up the slopes of the great mountain which walls in the sheltered valley on the west. Near the cliff line she had stumbled upon a dell thickly starred with sweet-scented white azaleas; and remembering in the midst of her troubled musings her mother's fondness for this particular wild flower, she had filled her arms with the fragrant blooms.

She came out of the forest at the foot of the mountain into an open space which appeared to be an old field long uncultivated. It was in the little depression between the knoll and the mountain, and the Loudon orchard ran down to its farther edge. She could see the roof of the great house above the trees in the orchard, and thinking to save time she cut across the old field toward the road.

In mid-passage she came upon a low, curving mound, grass-grown and half hidden in a thicket of old-field pines. It was the remains of an old breastwork, and between the horns of the curve were seven graves. Only one of them was marked, and she knelt to read the inscription on the plain white headstone:

Sacred to the memory of
CAPTAIN ROBERT PERCY GORDON,
who, with six members of
his command, gave up his
life on this spot,
September 6, 1863,
while resisting the
advance of the Federal
Army of Invasion.

Dorothy's eyes were swimming when she finished. She was altogether of the other side; two uncles and her grandfather were of this same "Federal Army of

Invasion," and these three slept among the heroes in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga; but true heroism knows no political creed, and the tears came quickly when she pictured this little band of seven men lying behind the rude breastwork and yielding up their lives freely in the cause which they believed to be right.

"Poor fellows!" she said softly. "All these years you've been lying here forgotten in this lonely spot, and it is left for the daughter of those who fought against you to do you honor!"

Swiftly and with deft fingers she twined the starry azaleas into seven wreaths and laid them reverently upon the sunken mounds, reserving the last for the grave of the Captain. When she rose her eyes were brimming again, and she saw but indistinctly the martial figure of the old Major, standing in an attitude of reverence, with bowed head, the tips of his huge white mustache twitching curiously, and he seemed to be struggling for speech, and without knowing why, her heart went out to him.

"My dear young lady," he began, but something choked him and he had to try again. "Do you know who these men were? They were rebels; they died fighting for the 'Lost Cause.'"

"I know," she said simply; "but they thought it was right; and they were brave men. And—and to-day is Memorial Day."

The tips of the fierce white mustache twitched again, and the Major took off his broad-brimmed hat with the most stately courtesy.

"Tell me, Miss Dorothy; did you come here to—?" he could not finish, and she answered the unspoken question.

"Not purposely," she said. "I had been gathering wild flowers, and I came here quite by accident. I didn't know there was any one buried here."

The Major cleared his throat and came around to stand beside her.

"We buried them just where they fell; it seemed most proper and fitting. They were on the picket line, and the order to fall back never reached them."

"Did you—did you know any of them?" she faltered.

The erect figure of the old soldier unbent at the question, and the Major choked again.

"They were all old neighbors of mine," he rejoined; "and this boy—this Captain Robert Percy Gordon—was my sister's son and my name-child."

She started back at the word, and the miserable boundary wrangle came to its own again.

"Then this is your land! these are your—please forgive me, Major Loudon; I didn't know!"

The stately old man put on his hat with a bow that Lord Chesterfield might have envied. "It's getting right late, Miss Dorothy. Will you permit me to see you safe to your father's house?"

He tucked her arm under his own, and they went, not by the road, but up through the orchard and past the great house. At the side door which opened out of the library the Major excused himself, and when he came out a moment afterward he was buttoning his coat.

Five minutes later they were crossing the road in front of the farmhouse, and the Major's hand was on the gate latch when Dorothy's father drove up in the sulky. Notwithstanding all that had befallen she expected an outburst of bitter words on one side or both, and caught her breath nervously. But there was no need.

"Good-evening, Neighbor Hartwood," said the Major genially. "I just found your little gyerl here, projecting around in my old field, and I took the liberty, sah, of seeing her safe at home."

John Hartwood was a man of few words, but he climbed down from the sulky and made the proper acknowledgment of thanks.

"And while I'm here," the Major went on, "there's a little matter of justice that I'd like to set right. A good many years ago, when I sold off this place to old Jeff Anderson, there was a deferred payment which was never made. Instead of taking a mortgage I merely withheld the deed; and when old Jeff died the matter was lost sight of—lost sight of completely, sah, till the other day when I happened to run across the deed among some old papers. It has just occurred to me, sah, that you need this deed to make your title good, and here it is."

John Hartwood took the deed, and while he was trying to find words in which to clothe a tumult of self-reproachful thoughts the Major began again.

"And about that contemptible little boundary matter; two or three feet, more or less, shouldn't be allowed to come betwixt good neighbors. Let your fence stand right where it is, sah."

Whereat John Hartwood found speech at last. "No," he said firmly. "I was all wrong in that, Major—all wrong from the beginning, and I hope you'll find it in your heart to forgive me. I examined the survey again to-day, and it's just the other way around; I'm on your land a foot and eight inches, and—"

The interruption was the upcoming of old Uncle Peter, spade on shoulder.

"Evenin', Miss Dor'thy; evenin'. Marse Ha'twood; evenin', Marse Robbut. I done dig all dem postes-holes—"

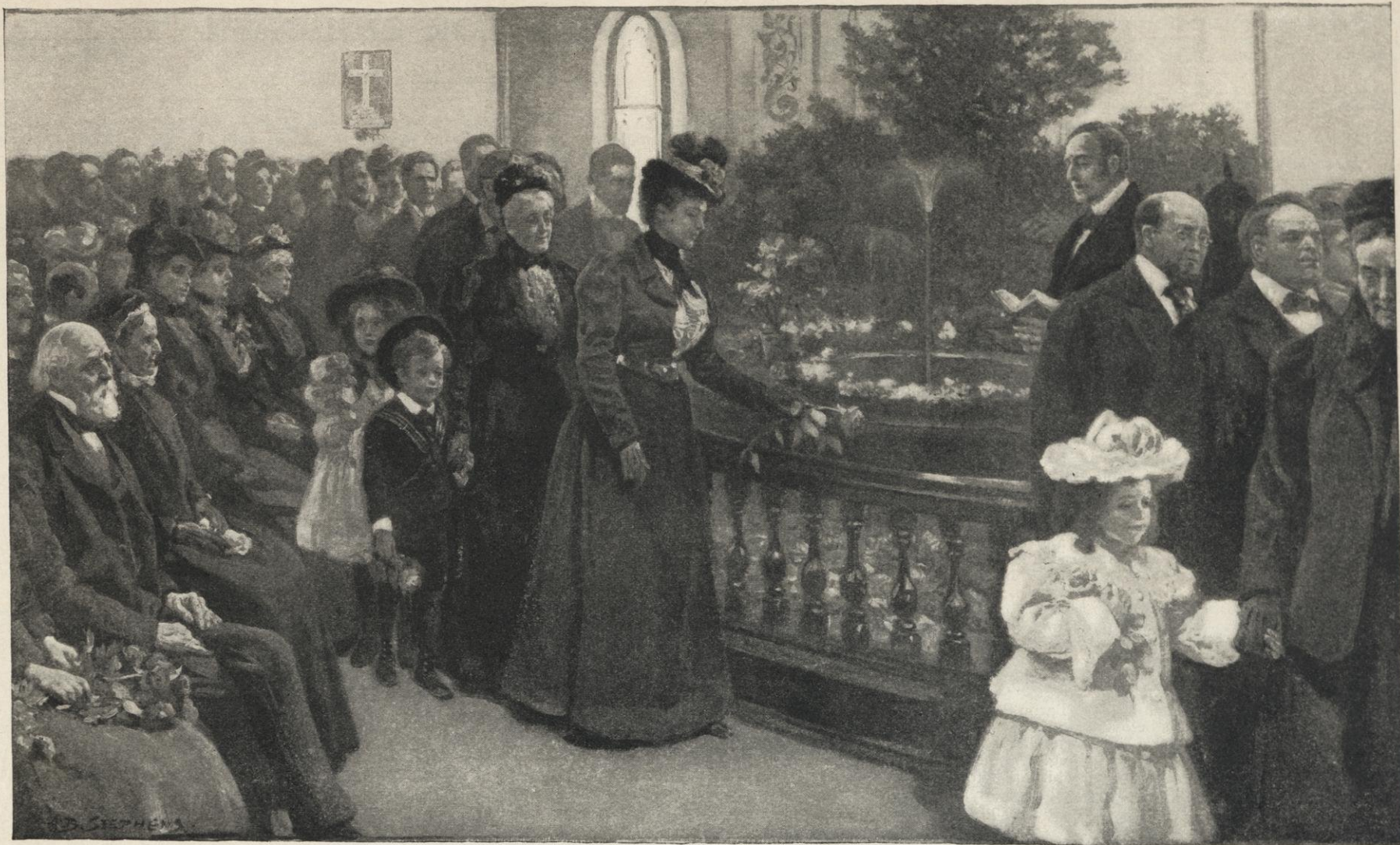
The Major broke in with an explosion:

"Why, you white-headed old scound'el!—go back thah and fill up those holes before I skin you alive, sah! Appears to me you're getting mighty childish in your old age—it does, for a fact!"

Dorothy slipped away in the midst of the explosion, and a few minutes later she had stripped her cherished "La Neige" of its wealth of snow-white blooms, and was flitting through the old orchard with her arms laden with the fragrant burden. The twilight was mellowing into night when she reached the graves in the old rifle-pit, but there was light enough to serve her purpose. When she had added her thank-offering of roses to the wreaths of azaleas she had put there before, she stood beside the grave of the young Captain.

"Good-night," she said softly. "On that awful September morning long ago you fought against us, but to-day you've fought for us. Good-night, brave soldiers!"





DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

A YEARLY ROSE UPON THE ALTAR

By Clifford Howard



ELIZABETH M. LUTHER
This Year's Heir to the Rose

scene. In truth, this quaint old town of Manheim still retains many of its early characteristics, and beneath the changes wrought by time and modern invention preserves in dreamy outline its likeness to the ancient, Rhine-kissed town of Germany, after which it was named and laid out.

It is here, in this little town of barely two thousand inhabitants, that there occurs each year a celebration unlike that held in any other place in the world. It is not alone its unique character, nor the fact that it enjoys the distinction of belonging solely and inseparably to Manheim, but it is the strange, and at the same time inspiring, purpose for which it is observed, together with the romantic history associated with it and its founder, who passed away in the very prime of life, unknown and unrecognized, in a house that had at one time been his own sumptuous dwelling, that renders this celebration so attractive and so interesting to the outside world.

ONE RED ROSE RENTAL FOR THE CHURCH SITE

ON THE second Sunday of each June there is paid to the oldest lineal descendant of the founder of Manheim, Baron Henry William Stiegel, the annual rent for the plot of ground given by him more than a century and a quarter ago for the building of a church. This rent, this yearly tribute, is not a sum of money, nor any other token of worldly wealth; it is simply a rose—one red rose; and it is the payment of this flower to the heir of Baron Stiegel that forms the occasion of Manheim's beautiful and novel celebration, the "Feast of Roses."

In conveying this church property to the inhabitants of Manheim no consideration was asked for it save the sum of five shillings (the amount required by law to make the transaction valid) and the curious obligation, set forth in the deed in due legal form, requiring the congregation to "yield and pay therefor unto the said Henry William Stiegel, his heirs or assigns, at the said town of Manheim, in the month of June yearly, hereafter, the rent of one red rose if the same shall be lawfully demanded."

Twice was this rent paid to the Baron himself, and then for a period of nearly one hundred and twenty years the deed and its strange stipulation were lost sight of. The rent was not demanded, and it was gradually forgotten, until it became a mere tradition in the town's history, a vague and uncertain story, treasured in the minds of only two or three of the older inhabitants, who would relate that they had heard it said that Baron Stiegel had donated the church property on condition that he should be given a red rose whenever he passed the place.

FOR FOUR GENERATIONS THE FLORAL RENTAL WAS NOT PAID

STRANGELY enough, no attempt was ever made to investigate the source or the truth of this tradition until about six years ago, when the town historian, Dr. J. H. Sieling, a man to whom the world owes much for its knowledge of Baron Stiegel, determined to ascertain what foundation there was for this odd and rather unlikely story. The result was that he discovered the long-lost deed, and brought to light the stipulation that for more than four generations had been unnoticed and neglected. A large and handsome church now occupied the ground that had been so generously given, and the congregation was enjoying the gift of its now valuable property, all unmindful of the slight tribute that the munificent donator had asked should be paid to him and his heirs.

There had been, of course, no violation of the terms of the deed, for during all that long period the rent had never been demanded; but now, prompted by the sweet sentiment that this fanciful stipulation inspired, and having no knowledge of the existence of any descendants to whom the tribute could be paid, the people of Manheim determined to acknowledge the goodness of their benefactor each year thereafter by paying to him in spirit the one red rose that he had asked for during his life.

FIRST CELEBRATION OF THE "FEAST OF ROSES"

PREPARATIONS were accordingly made, in the year 1892, for the first celebration of the "Feast of Roses" in honor of the memory of Baron Stiegel, and in commemoration of the payment to him of his yearly rent. The novelty of the coming event, and the discovery that had led to its inauguration, elicited widespread interest, and formed a topic of comment by several of the larger newspapers in the Eastern part of the country.

By means of this notoriety the matter was incidentally brought to the attention of one of the Stiegel heirs living in Virginia, who was thus for the first time made aware of the existence of the curious deed executed by his ancestor, and he accordingly came forward to claim the rose on the day of Manheim's celebration—an unexpected, but at the same time a most appropriate and welcome, feature, and the crowning event of the occasion.

Naturally, the incident became very generally known in the neighboring sections of the country, with the result that several others of the Stiegel heirs were heard from, and since then each year many of the descendants of the Baron attend the "Feast of Roses," not only that the terms of his bequest may be fulfilled by demanding and receiving the one red rose, but to do honor to the memory of a man whose life and whose fortune were devoted to the betterment of his fellow-beings and to the progress of civilization: a man closely associated with the industrial and religious affairs of the early days of our country: the founder of many enterprises, and for a time one of the wealthiest and most influential men on this continent.

THE UNSOLVABLE MYSTERY OF BARON STIEGEL

WHERE Baron Stiegel was born or who he really was nobody knows, and probably never will know. The early years of his life are hidden in mystery, while the closing days of his existence, fraught with the gloom of pitiable desolation, are shrouded in a mantle of tender forgetfulness that the world is loath to disturb. His career from the time of his entrance upon the stage of history—when he arrived in Philadelphia from Germany, in 1750, a young man of scarcely twenty years of age—is, perhaps, the most romantic, realistic and pathetic life-story in the early annals of the State of Pennsylvania.

"THEY FORM IN SLOW PROCESSION
AND DROP THEIR ROSES, ONE BY ONE,
WITHIN THE CHANCEL RAIL"

Possessed of a large fortune, and gifted with enterprising energy and ambition, he quickly identified himself with the industrial interests of his new home by becoming the owner of one of the largest and most important iron works in the country, situated a few miles beyond the place where Manheim was subsequently built. He purchased large tracts of land surrounding the furnace, in order that he might have an independent supply of charcoal and other necessary materials, and at the same time provide sustenance for his small army of workmen, whose numerous dwellings were clustered about his spacious mansion house, where he dwelt among his tenants as a veritable lord of the manor.

HIS BIG ENTERPRISES AND PALATIAL MANSIONS

THE success of this undertaking induced him to establish works of a similar character in other parts of that section of the State, and to invest in various other enterprises. In 1762 he purchased the tract of land on which Manheim is now situated, and there laid out the town—planning and naming it after the far-distant Manheim across the sea—the home, perchance, in which his happy boyhood days were spent, and whither his heart may oft have turned in tender longing beneath his stern resolve to never again behold his native land. As an impetus to the growth of his infant town he engaged a number of skilled workmen from abroad, and erected a glass factory at this place—the first enterprise of its kind in America. The factory building was constructed of brick in the form of an immense dome, ninety feet in height, and of such large dimensions that a six-horse team could be driven in at the entrance and turned around within its inclosure. At Manheim he likewise built for himself and family another dwelling—the most costly and most elaborate of his several mansion houses. It was a large, square, two-story building, made of brick especially imported for the purpose from the finest kilns of England. Its interior was handsomely decorated and luxuriously furnished. Beautiful carvings and exquisite tilework adorned the mantels and the great fireplaces; costly furniture filled the spacious rooms and added grandeur to the large hallways, while rare old tapestries and paintings covered the walls and lent their rich colorings to the surroundings of this baronial home.

THE FOREMOST MAN OF HIS DAY, AND FRIEND OF WASHINGTON

DURING the days of prosperity that followed his many successful ventures Baron Stiegel was beyond doubt one of the richest and most prominent men in Pennsylvania, and probably the largest land-owner in the province. His valuable estates were measured by the thousand acres; he was the owner of a town, the proprietor of many thriving works, the possessor of an enormous income, and the virtual lord and master of a tenantry numbering more than a thousand souls. His large financial interests, together with the commanding personality of his rank, brought him in touch with the leading men of the day, many of whom, including George Washington, were numbered among his friends, and enjoyed the hospitality that he dispensed with so lavish a hand at his manor houses and at his secret castle hidden away in the lonely depths of a mountain forest.

With the generosity and kindness born of true nobility he endeared himself to rich and poor alike. His gracious, considerate manner and his deep regard for the rights and feelings of others were manifested not only toward those of his own station, but to the lowliest of his dependents. He was dearly loved and honored by his workmen, to whom he was uniformly kind and indulgent, ever solicitous of their happiness and comfort. For those who were musically inclined he engaged instructors from

abroad, in order that they might improve their talents, and in many other ways equally generous contributed to the education of his people. In his conscientious regard for their spiritual welfare he frequently preached to them himself, and built a chapel in his Manheim residence, where he gathered them together whenever an opportunity offered and held religious services for them.

FROM COURTLY SPLENDOR TO A DEBTOR'S PRISON

BARON STIEGEL'S arrival was always eagerly looked for, and was made the occasion of a holiday with feasting and merrymaking. In going about to his different estates he traveled in a manner befitting his rank and exalted station; a magnificent coach, drawn by four spirited steeds, with postilions, a mounted escort and a pack of hounds constituting his princely equipage. Upon his approach to Manheim the musicians repaired to the balcony on the roof of the mansion, and welcomed him with glad and inspiring strains of music as he drove into town amid the joyful salutations of men and women, while a visit to the ironworks beyond was heralded by the roar of a cannon fired from the summit of a lofty hill, whereon a watchman was constantly stationed to thus give notice to the workmen of their master's coming.

But the wave of prosperity that had carried the Baron's fortunes to such splendid heights now suddenly receded and engulfed him in a sea of financial ruin. The threatened rupture with England crippled his industries; creditors became pressing; obligations multiplied without resources at hand to meet them, until at last, in the winter of 1774, unable to satisfy the claims and importunate demands upon him, he was cast into prison for debt. Upon his release he made heroic efforts to regain his lost position, but without avail. His lands and houses, his ironworks and his factory, even his household effects and personal belongings—all went from him; all were swept away in the overwhelming tide of adversity.

EARNED THE BARE NECESSITIES OF LIFE BY TEACHING

HOMELESS, penniless and broken-hearted, Baron Stiegel retired to a hamlet near his beloved Manheim—now forever lost to him—and there for a short time eked out a scanty living by teaching school and preaching. Some of those who had formerly been employed by him, and for whose education he had paid, now engaged him for a small weekly sum to instruct their children; and many of his old workmen, filled with tender sympathy, attended his little Sabbath meetings that they might contribute their meagre share toward the support of their once wealthy master. In restless despondency he wandered about from one settlement to another, earning what little he could, oftentimes wanting for the bare necessities of life, and ever haunted by the dread fear of starvation, until after several years of unceasing struggle, sorrow and destitution he passed away, at the age of fifty-three.

Where he was buried who can say? The grave of him who dies without money and without friends is unmarked, and is soon obliterated; no loving hand records the spot; no tender memory preserves it to the world; and thus it is that the last resting place of the great Baron Stiegel must forever remain unknown.

THE CEREMONIES ATTENDANT UPON THE PAYMENT OF THE ROSE

IT IS to glorify the name of this remarkable man, and to keep alive and honor his memory, as well as to discharge in some measure their lasting obligations to him, that the people of Manheim hold their annual "Feast of Roses" on the occasion of the payment by the German Lutheran congregation of its yearly tribute to the heir of Baron Stiegel. The oldest lineal descendant now living is Mrs. Elizabeth M. Luther, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, a great-granddaughter of the Baron, and it is to her, therefore, that the one red rose will be paid this year.

The day preceding the formal ceremonies is observed as a general holiday, devoted to festivities and amusements, and to welcoming the heir. The town is early filled with people from the surrounding country, and by the time set for the coming of the distinguished guest the streets are thronged with an expectant multitude. As the train draws into the station the thundering boom of a cannon announces its arrival, and in a few moments the honored descendant of the Baron appears in an open carriage preceded by a band of music. Then, as in the days of old when the Baron himself rode into town, the coach is driven along the streets, accompanied by a body of uniformed guards and followed by a great concourse of people, while the shouts of the populace, the joyful strains of the band, and the barking of dogs add to the spirit and enthusiasm of the happy occasion.

Accompanied with appropriate religious exercises, with music and addresses, the simple yet beautiful and touching ceremony of paying the rent is performed in the church on the following day. Long before the appointed hour the auditorium is filled to overflowing, and many, unable to gain admittance, occupy the benches that have been placed on the lawn. Each member of the large audience wears a red rose or carries one in his hand, and ere the people depart they form in procession and drop their roses, one by one, within the chancel rail as offerings to the memory of him whose beneficence they typify.

NATURE'S RICHEST BLOSSOMS IN POETIC PROFUSION

EVERY space, every nook within the church is filled with a luxuriant mass of red roses, and through the open windows peep the blossoms of the rose vines that climb and cluster on the outside wall. The balmy zephyrs of a June afternoon, redolent of ripening fields and blooming gardens, steal softly through the vine-embowered windows, and mingle their perfumes with the ambient scent of the roses, while the soft, mellow sunlight sheds its golden glamour upon a scene pregnant with the loftiest and holiest emotions of the human heart.

In the name and in behalf of the congregation, the minister takes from its silver chalice the rose that has been specially selected for the purpose because of its transcendent beauty and fragrance, and presents it to the heir of Baron Stiegel in discharge of the obligation required by the deed. The recipient takes the rose in her hand, and in a few appropriate remarks addressed to the congregation acknowledges the payment of the debt.

Once more the tribute has been paid and a curious wish fulfilled. One red rose! What strange history or momentous event may there be associated with this emblem in the life of him who demanded its payment?



GARDENS FOR CHILDREN

By Charles M. Skinner



IF YOU wish a garden of children you must have a garden for them. The two are closely associated in most minds. Children are fair and tender; they require delicate nurture, but they more than repay the best. Let me tell you, moreover, that you are sinning grossly against that child to whom you forbid access to the earth. We spring from the soil as truly as the trees do; this quintessence of dust still savors of the earth: transmuted, once or twice, into vegetables, fruit or flesh, the soil still keeps us; so let us occasionally get our roots, our feet, into that same ground, or we dwindle and bleach, as darkened plants do, and pine for strength and light.

Children are so true to their own natures and so near to great Nature that when you forbid them to obey the laws of the one, or to find friendship in the other, you hurt them. It offends me to the soul to see these small people led by nurses along our streets, mourning—they do not know for what—over-warm, over-dressed, over-fed, under-slept, hardly knowing that healthiest of colors, green, except in millinery; for then comes into my mind the memory of country childhood, careless, happy, healthy, its day crowded with innocent delights, and with all my voice I would cry, "Give these children the taste of air and earth they long for." You would not deny food to them, yet you refuse health and contentment; you deny their instincts. Let them have a patch of ground where they may run around in bare feet, where they may dig their fingers into the sand, where their faces may ripen brown in the sun, where they may find appetite and content. We have lived in streets so long that we forget our true and early wants and tastes, which took us toward the fields, and we do not realize the cause of that child's uneasiness who for months and years at a time walks only on carpets and flagstones.

One of the earliest of my recollections is that of scratching a little bed of vegetables with a tiny hoe, and I have no doubt that the potatoes and "turnits" had to come up every day to see how they were getting on; but as to the joy and soundness that came out of the ground with them, there is not a doubt of that. Let the child know that humanity is not all there is in the world; that social resources are not the only ones. Let him learn to find occupation, comfort and amusement in simple ways and simple things, and to that end give him the liberty of a back yard, at the least, and encourage him to put his inventiveness and his skill as a farmer into practice.

CHILDREN are apt to make havoc with a lawn. There are tent poles to put up, and wells to dig, and forts to make, and the like of that to be done, all important at the moment, all forgotten to-morrow. If the yard is big enough, and if you have no floricultural ambitions, let the young ones alone. But if a part of the yard is reserved for flowers, or the part near the house is kept in grass, make a path for the children through or around the garden proper, and let them have their garden of dreams in the corner. And there you strike the note of a child's enjoyments. Every normal child is a poet. He peoples even a yard with dragons, knights and fairies; and let never a "Gradgrind" say "Shoo!" to these figments, for he will let in worse than he drives out. A tall spear of grass is a magic wand to the little dreamer; a stick, a sword; a stone, a throne; a doll, a living creature; and Lilliput and Arabia are just over the fence.

Don't make the mistake of supplying too many playthings. The child may think he wants them, at the moment, but he goes back to the crude materials that he can glorify through his imagination. A toy well shaped and painted restrains him. He needs to think out a bigger, finer toy than you can buy. So let him do it. When you see him in his garden at the end of the yard seated in a retired ashpan, and earnestly rowing with a couple of canes or pokers, or maybe it is only clothespins, do not disturb him, for he is winning the Henley regatta, or one more important, and if he had something like a real boat and real oars he would lose so much time in admiring them, or fearing for them, that he would not be able to row a race at all.

AH, WE are children to the last—all of us! We throw away easy and momentary happiness for material benefits that may prove vulgar and demoralizing after we have secured them. Often when I see how much is done for youngsters in our time, as compared with what was done thirty or forty years ago, I fear they are over-stimulated, or, to take another view, suppressed, because their own natures have not room and verge enough. Compared with some of our little old men and women, whom we dare not question closely about their studies lest they should ask our help with them, and thus disclose our appalling ignorance—compared with them the country child, noisy, happy little being that he is, wins us. He touches our deeper sympathy with the strong, the vital and the right. His is the vigor of the sunflower, and tiny Miss "Prunes-and-Prisms" is the hothouse plant. But never fear; the city yard is a bigger place than we have supposed it, and there is room in it for health as well as beauty. With liberty your children will find both.

First in its outfit should be a sand heap if the young ones are quite young. Almost the first thing that human beings want to do, after they learn to eat, is to dig. A cartload of sand is one of the cheapest and most satisfying playthings in the world. It is worth a houseful of dolls, and painted monkeys on sticks. Watch Johnny and Nelly at their work and you will wish most heartily that you could find the same novelty and enthusiasm in your employments.

That sand pile is very cosmos. Mountains are builded from it with the use of tin shovels and beach pails; there are caves in the cool depths near the foot of those Himalayas—caves big enough for the cat to turn around in; Johnny makes a fort on his side, and Nelly lays out a garden on hers. Johnny's fort mounts murderous clothespins, and the garden has trees and flowers and fountains made of burned matches, wisps of paper and broom straws, while china dolls walk abroad there and take the air. "What trifling!" did you say? Not so. This is one of the most serious affairs in life. Don't you see that in this play the little ones are learning? Probably they acquire

more exact information in an hour than they gain all day in school. They are gathering ideas—facts—about this physical world that they must use their whole lives long, for all knowledge rests upon them: ideas about substance, gravity, density, form, distance, mobility.

The children's sand heap is a college. Moreover, they are developing from within, and that is the true education. They are gaining notions of beauty and proportion when they map out their parks, canals and batteries; they are learning to use judgment and to calculate mathematically when they have to estimate the amount of sand that may be added to a frustrum of a cone or moulded in the pail in order to make it a church steeple, or the amount that may be taken out of a pit before its sides fall in. They are learning to use their eyes and to see for themselves, and will presently run in with tales of ants and beetles that are as important to them as the Iliad will be twenty years later, and more real. It is worth mentioning, too, that when the sand is dry and clean the children may play in it with no danger of wet clothes, wet feet or colds. Nor does it harbor the bacillus of lockjaw that is found in the warm, damp earth of our Atlantic seaboard below the forty-second parallel.

AS TO constructions, like seesaws, swings and hammocks, they are well enough when the yard is large and if the youngsters really want to use them, but frequently they don't, after the novelty is gone. If these devices encourage them in exercise and stimulate play, keep them by all means, even though Bridget protest loudly that the drying clothes are in danger from the flying cordage and the soaring heels. And in the winter let the revelers make slides, snow-men, snow-houses and snow-forts, to their hearts' content.

Give the little folks a corner of the yard for their own garden, and it will be their school in botany and agriculture. If they show a disposition to till it carefully there is no harm in putting it at the back of the yard, in plain sight from the windows. If it is chopped up and disorderly, if it is treated as a sand heap, rather than a garden, it may be concealed from casual view, around the corner from the storm shed, or behind an arbor or a thicket. You will find it an advantage to the rest of the yard if definite bounds are made for the children's playground, because otherwise the picks and spades and shovels will be making ragged fringes on your grass-plot, and chopping at your foliage plants and endangering the roots of your hardy perennials. The best boundary is a curb of stone, sunk deep enough to be secure, or a flagged walk.

Encourage the growing and planting of flowers. Let the miracle of seed-time and harvest be shown. Teach the little gardeners to be orderly and considerate, to water their plants in dry seasons, to cut away dead and withering leaves and branches, to manure lifeless soils, and lighten clayey ones with sand and loam, to train up vines, to curb growths that are too luxuriant, and to check weeds, unless they discover what perhaps you had not noticed yourself, that some of them are the equals in color, form and flower of cultivated plants. I have partly stocked my own yard with wild flowers that flourish gloriously.

THE tending of the flowers will have its aesthetic service for the one who tends them. It will cultivate the eye for beauty and lead the way to solaces high, pure and lasting. The aesthetic does not always imply the moral, yet, other things being equal, the person with an aesthetic development will be better off than one without it, because he will take a readier offense at the coarseness that associates itself with vice.

There is an ethical and scientific use, also, in associating the child with small animals. Have puppies and kittens in the yard—these will keep the peace if they start in life together—and, if consistent or possible, have a few toads, and a turtle, or even a baby alligator. These inhabitants of your premises will be found instructive and amusing, and incidentally I may remark that they are useful in destroying insect pests that will otherwise ravage your pet plants. Do not try to keep a large dog in a small yard. He will chafe under his confinement, and may sicken or develop ill temper. Put up a bird-house, and if possible have a few of our own birds to fill it—not the sparrows, but the robins, bluebirds, orioles, warblers and wrens. Alas! These happy creatures are growing few, and in some districts have disappeared.

One of the benefits that come from a friendship with animals will be the growth of justice and chivalry in your children. Teach them to love these dependents, to guard their rights, to protect them from abuse, to discover their many relations to our own species.

Observing children will find their garden a veritable kindergarten, as it should be. What they see there, as the seasons change, will supplement their studies, and will often do a better service for their minds and sympathies. They often see more than we imagine. I was expressing some unfavorable opinions about the grubs that had eaten some of our flowering plants to tatters when the "baby" of the family remarked, "It's funny that the insects eat the plants and then come around and fertilize them, isn't it?" putting the interdependence of plant and insect in such plain terms that for a full hour I dealt more leniently with the caterpillars.

SOME day, when our cities have grown so vast that an easy access to the country is impossible to the average family, except on holiday occasions, we shall have public playgrounds for children, just as we have public parks for grown people. We have the beginnings of them already in one or two towns, and the people are petitioning for more. These playgrounds will not fill the place of the yard, because there can be no privacy in them. Still, the fact is to be kept in mind that the more play, the better health and better morals. Fresh air and activity are as needful in the elevation of mankind as laws and preaching are. The boy who was arrested for smashing the stained-glass windows of a church said, "I done it 'cause dere wasn't nothin' else to do." Energy, especially in the young, must have its outlet. To confine it, either by physical or conventional restraints, is a cruelty. See, then, that we liberate it in right directions.

"A HEAVEN-KISSING HILL"

By Julia Magruder

[Author of "A Beautiful Alien," "The Child Amy," "The Princess Sonia," "The Violet," etc.]

*PART III—CHAPTER V



GILBERT was in a state of such self-disapproval that it hampered him in his work. He was ashamed to have been so unduly influenced by this ignorant girl's opinion, for he could see that she had no knowledge nor even instinct about art. He asked himself severely what it was in her that had taken such hold of him, and he was forced in honesty to admit that it was mere beauty—a thing worthy of being loved for his art's sake, but not by any means a thing to offer all the allegiance of his manhood to!

To change the current of his thoughts he went off for a day or two's sketching in the country, but it did little good.

The thought of this girl so haunted him that he resolved to rid himself of it. He believed—in fact, was quite confident—that she was shallow and worldly, and so, in order to discharge his social obligations at once and be done with her, he went on the afternoon of his return to call.

our Western brothers are wont to put it, I think you are barking up the wrong tree! I don't know what you mean."

"Really—this is quite too modest!" Mrs. Brevard began, when her daughter interrupted:

"He cannot play that game with me, mamma, for I happened to find him gazing at his picture himself the other day, and I haven't forgiven him yet for setting a trap for my very ignorant opinion, into which I incontinently fell!"

"Indeed, I did not," said Gilbert hastily; "I had no idea but that you had seen my name on it. I am glad to know that I was mistaken."

"Then you thought you had proved me ignorant and rude!" said Miss Brevard. "However, let me give you a cup of tea, by way of heaping coals of fire on your head."

Gilbert was much excited. He accepted the tea, because he thought it would give him an air of greater composure to do so, but while he stirred and sipped it what he felt like doing was to throw up his hat and yell, or shout, to get some small degree of vent for his feelings.

paper, and it was quite certain—in fact, there was not room to doubt—that his picture had made a decided sensation.

When Miss Brevard had finished the reading she handed him the paper. The article was unsigned.

"Who in the world could have written it?" he said as he gazed at the printed words, thus verifying the utterances of that sweet voice.

"Don't you know? We hoped you could tell us," said Miss Brevard.

"I haven't the least idea, I assure you. Some unknown friend!" he answered.

And as he spoke the words a swift assurance came to him of who that friend might be.

"No friend at all! Some disinterested critic," said Mrs. Brevard; "that makes it so much the better! But surely you must know about the offers for this picture, which the paper speaks of—and you must know whether it belongs to you or not."

"Of course, I know that, but circumstances compel me to be silent. As to the offers I can truly say I have not heard of them—but I have only just returned to town."

"This introduces the element of mystery," said Miss Brevard. "How delightful! I advise you to go at once to the place and have an interview with this dealer."

It was just what he was longing to do, but he could not bear to show any eagerness in that direction, and, besides, the delicious incense of the present hour was pleasure enough to him. Even the young men around the tea-table had something savoring of cordiality to say, and



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILLS

"MRS. STERRETT, LET ME INTRODUCE MR. GILBERT—THE YOUNG ARTIST WHOSE PICTURE IS MAKING SUCH A SENSATION"

It was a little after five, and he was taken into the drawing-room where tea was being served.

Miss Brevard sat behind the tea-table, around which several young men were gathered, and on a sofa, at a little distance, sat a white-haired woman unseasonably wrapped in magnificent furs. Gilbert was received in a manner that fairly made his head whirl.

"Ah, Mr. Gilbert—delighted to see you," said Mrs. Brevard warmly, and then, turning to her companion, she added: "Mrs. Sterrett, let me introduce Mr. Gilbert—the young artist whose picture is making such a sensation. We have been longing to congratulate you, Mr. Gilbert, and were about to send Guy in search of you."

This exceedingly unexpected welcome, so unlike the coolness of his former meeting with Mrs. Brevard, was so surprising to the young man that it was with an air of embarrassment and confusion that he turned to the lovely being who now rose up behind the tea-table and stretched out a fair hand cordially across it.

"A thousand felicitations!" she said. "It was very good of you to come and call upon us, when every one is talking about you, and wanting to get hold of you."

"But, I assure you, I don't know what you mean," said Gilbert. "This is all very delightful, but really, as

"I beg that some one will enlighten me," he said quietly, "as to what all this means."

"Come, come, Mr. Gilbert," said Mrs. Brevard, "after the enlightenment of yesterday afternoon's paper you surely can't pretend to need more."

"But I haven't seen yesterday afternoon's paper. I've been out of town for several days."

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Brevard with interest, while her daughter rose abruptly and said that she would go and fetch the paper.

Gilbert's heart beat quicker as she passed and repassed him, on her way to and from the library, and those throbbing heart-beats quickened more and more as he listened to the article which she read aloud.

It was no less eloquent than intelligent as a tribute to his picture, which it criticised with the knowingness and experience of a connoisseur. Could it be possible that it was to himself that he heard accredited such a rare and subtle power, such a new and brilliant method of dealing with the mysteries of light and darkness? Could it be of his little canvas that he now heard that crowds of people had been to look at it, and that three, four, five hundred and finally nine hundred dollars had been offered and refused for it—the dealer giving the invariable answer that it was not for sale. Who owned it, whether the artist or some one else, the dealer said he had been forbidden to say—the supposition being that he did not know! The article referred to a former notice in another

looked at him with interest, while Mrs. Sterrett, speaking in a choked voice, as if her furs were suffocating, said, as she rose to leave:

"Do come to see me, Mr. Gilbert. I'm a perfect devotee to art, and I shall be anxious to see you."

"You'd better not let that opportunity slip," said one of the young men to Gilbert as soon as the visitor's broad back was turned. "She spends thousands in pictures whenever the fancy strikes her, and she doesn't know an old master from a chromo!"

The implication of this speech made Judith laugh, and the sound sent its vibration through Gilbert's heart.

When he got up to take leave Mrs. Brevard gave him a cordial invitation to come to dinner next day, and he had accepted it with alacrity, and was in the street outside before he remembered that he had intended that this visit should be his farewell to this family! Instead of this, however, he was reveling in the idea of seeing so soon again the lovely being, the warm pressure of whose hand still tingled on his palm.

When he reached the large picture store the electric lights had just been turned on. Under one of the most brilliant of these was the easel bearing his picture, and a little group of people stood before it.

It did look a masterly little thing—even in this light, and there was a certain remarkable quality in its high and

low lights. He had felt that, even before others had said so, but it was astonishing how much more secure that able bit of newspaper criticism had made him feel!

An important-looking functionary, whom he took to be the proprietor, was standing a little way off, observing the group about the picture, with the superior air of dealers under such circumstances. Gilbert approached him, and bowing slightly, said:

"Will you be good enough to tell me whether the newspaper accounts of the offers which have been made for that little picture are correct?"

The man looked at him with a certain hesitancy in his manner. Then he said, as if he were not going to make too great a concession:

"They are."

"Has nine hundred dollars really been offered for it?"

"The gentleman looking at it now has offered a hundred more; but it is not for sale."

"Have you communicated this offer to the owner?"

"That is a private matter."

"I have an interest in it, all the same. My name is Roger Gilbert."

Instantly the man's whole manner changed.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gilbert," he said. "You must excuse me, but I have to answer so many questions and listen to so much talk that sometimes I get pretty tired. I hope you will excuse me. I have been trying to find you out for several days, but so far the owner of the picture has not answered my request to be furnished with your address. I wanted to tell you that you couldn't do better than place your pictures with us for sale. Nobody could do more for you than we could, and we are prepared to offer you the best of terms."

"I have no pictures to sell," said Gilbert.

The man's manner became more unctuous still.

"But even if you are a gentleman of means," he said, "and don't care to sell your pictures, surely, after all the interest that has been shown by the public, you will not object to exhibiting them here—and we could show you a magnificent line of frames."

"I have no pictures—and therefore want no frames," said Gilbert, "but I advise you to let the owner know of this last offer."

"Kindly leave us your address, sir," said the man, seeing that Gilbert was going.

Smiling inwardly Gilbert wrote it on a card, amused to think how odd a little place it was for a man to live in whose picture could not be bought for a thousand dollars.

When he got to his rooms they were echoing with the chatter of four or five young art students, who declared that they had been to see him almost hourly since the notice in the paper appeared—only to find him absent! Their hearty congratulations were pleasant in a way, of course, but Gilbert himself felt more or less like a hypocrite, so confident was he that he owed everything to the unknown friend, who, he felt sure, was in some way the invisible agent of it all.

He was glad when his rooms were cleared at last, and he could sit down to think in peace.

Two feelings struggled for supremacy within him—gratitude to the friend who had made him all that he now was—and alluring recollections of the beautiful young being who had lately been so gracious to him.

With the idea of this last there mingled a certain sting of doubt and pain. Why had her manner to him changed so suddenly? Why had she become gracious, in proportion as he had become fortunate? The certainty that this was so rankled in him.

His thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door—a messenger boy with a note. When Gilbert had signed for it and dismissed the boy he tore the note open. Inclosed in it was a check for eight hundred dollars, signed Margaret Vinton. The note ran:

"You will have seen, my friend, that your picture has already made you, within a limited circle, famous. It has come sooner than I expected. A thousand dollars has been offered for your picture, and I send you the sum which will make up the price at which the public has estimated it. Let me beg of you to use this money in placing yourself more advantageously. Rent a real studio at once, where you can work better and show your work to advantage."

"You do not dream what this success of yours has brought to me. I did not dream myself that it was possible to possess through another, as this experience has caused me to do. I owe you much, my friend. The creative power that is in you I adore, and the true and simple nature which your letters have revealed to me is as precious and as rare. If you should hesitate to take this money, which is an honest indebtedness, you will wound me deeply—and that I am sure you do not wish to do."

Gilbert laid the letter down with tenderness and tears. How good she was! How could it be that any other woman could share with her the allegiance of his soul?

CHAPTER VI

"My Dear and Very Good Friend:

"YOUR letter inclosing your check has come, and how poor a return for them it seems to say, 'I thank you'! I shall keep the eight hundred dollars and use it as you wish, but it must be as a loan. The picture has already been munificently paid for by you, and that matter is quite closed. Now, by your great-hearted trust and aid, I shall go forward with my work—I hope to success. If so it will be wholly due to you, and all the best that is in me is yours to command, at any time, in any cause, forever."

"When will it please you to let me see your face and touch your hand? When I have accomplished—when the voice of time shall have declared me a fixed star, and not a meteor in the Heaven of your kindness, shall that be my reward? Tell me, I pray you."

Your devoted friend and servant,

"ROGER GILBERT."

This letter was written out of the fullness of a grateful, happy heart, and expressed no more than what he felt. When he had sealed and directed it there came a knock at the door, and a moment afterward one of his friends, a young art student, entered.

It was a certain Bob Kimball, a great favorite in his set and a very good fellow, though the fact that he had money enough to live on prevented his working as well as his talents deserved. He had come to congratulate Gilbert on his success, and when the first words were said and he was looking about for a chair, his glance fell on the letter that lay on the table.

"Hallo!" he said, "Miss Margaret Vinton! How do you happen to know her? She has rooms in the same house with me."

"I don't know her," said Gilbert, trying to speak indifferently. "I've never laid eyes on her. That letter is only to answer an inquiry about a picture."

"Well, I'd advise you to cultivate her acquaintance. She's a little bit queer and unapproachable, and I've never been able to make any headway with her, though I've behaved my prettiest. I wanted to get invited to look at her pictures and things, but somehow the lady doesn't take to me or to any of the rest of us. I expect she's afraid of being married for her money."

"Married!" said Gilbert, "why, isn't she too old for that sort of thing?"

"Too old? Not a bit of it! She's not a bud, of course, but she's by no means old. I really couldn't guess her age—she's somehow so unlike other people, and though not what you would call a handsome woman, she has a very interesting face. She must have a good deal of money, too, and lots of fellows would be willing enough to marry her, but she seems to avoid men. Perhaps she may make an exception in your favor."

"Hardly, I think. This is not the first time, since I painted that picture, that I have heard from her, but when I asked to be allowed to see her I was positively and decidedly refused."

"Just like her! Just what I should have expected," Kimball said. "Get your hat and come for a stroll."

Gilbert returned from the stroll alone, thinking all the while of what he had just heard. The result was that he decided not to send that letter to Miss Vinton, but to write another and more reserved one. Now that he knew that she was of a marriageable age he thought it would be in better taste to address her with less familiarity. He was no coxcomb, and was not afraid of any liabilities to himself; all he feared was that she might think that he was presumptuous in insisting on introducing the personal note in their acquaintance.

So he went back, determined to rewrite his letter, and found that a servant had taken it upon himself to mail it!

He had often given this boy, who attended to his rooms, letters to mail at this hour, usually leaving them for him on the table, so he knew how the letter had disappeared. Well, it could not be helped, and as he felt himself blameless he was not altogether regretful that that dear and generous lady should receive the expression of his gratitude in such warm and spontaneous terms.

The next morning he secured two rooms in a large studio building and settled in them with his few effects.

And what sensations now possessed him, as he found himself actually placed at last, with the real opportunities and environments of an artist! He was feverish to get to work, and it was with a thrill of delight that he brought from its hiding-place a certain canvas, on which he had been surreptitiously working for some time past.

As he placed it on the easel now in the beautiful north light of this large room, which enabled him to get his values so superbly by giving him space and distance to see it in, he felt a sort of ecstasy come over him. Surely in this mood he could finish it, and finish it well!

His task was difficult, for with all his contrivances he could not get the light quite the same as it had been, and a harder undertaking yet it was to make this picture sufficiently like and sufficiently unlike to please him.

It was a woman's figure, with head and arms flung upward, and the gauzy drapery that hung about the maidenly form had also an upward swirl, as if the figure had but just descended through a wind. The eyes were upturned, too, expressive of a rapture that was one with the joyous smile upon the parted lips.

He had drawn this head and body from the model at the life-class, but though this was to some extent her outline, those were not her features, nor was that her expression! The features were as much like those of Judith Brevard as he dared to make them, and the expression was the joy in his own soul!

As he put the last touches to that picture he was so overflowing happy that he could not wonder that the subtle elixir flowed through his fingers and into his brushes, displaying itself in radiant colors on the canvas.

When he threw his palette and brushes down at last he flung up his own arms and looked upward, with an expression on his rugged features that was almost a match for the pictured face he had been at work upon.

It was weary work waiting for the picture to dry, and then it must be varnished, but at last all was ready and he took it with him in a cab and superintended its framing and placing in the great picture store.

Then he wrote the following note to Miss Vinton:

"Dear Lady:

"The picture on which I have been working is done at last. It is framed and in its place at Hunt's, where it stands waiting your judgment. If it pleases you I ask no more."

"I wonder if you will guess the line from Shakespeare that was my inspiration for it. If you do the picture shall be yours—as I am also!"

R. G."

This note dispatched he looked at his watch, remembering his engagement to dine to-day with the Brevards. He went about his toilette, whistling a gay tune, which was often interrupted by the parting of his lips into a smile.

That line of Shakespeare's was in his thoughts and in his blood, and as he walked rapidly along the streets the very echo of his footsteps seemed to reiterate it:

"New-lighted on a Heaven-kissing hill."

In the warmth and glow of the beautiful house an ardent welcome was awaiting him. Guy and his father intercepted him and took him into the library for a few moments, but it now appeared that the dinner was to be a large one, for he was conducted by his hosts across the hall and into the drawing-room, where a brilliant company was assembled.

Mrs. Brevard received him graciously, and Judith turned upon him a delicious, friendly smile, which pierced all too sweetly its way to his happy heart. She was in white with her dazzling arms and shoulders bare. It was the conventional full dinner dress decreed by Parisian fashion, but in his narrow experience he had never seen anything to be compared with it, and as the sheath to that lovely flower he thought it the most exquisite enfolding that an exquisite object had ever had.

His spirit drooped when he found that he was not to take her in to dinner, for that fond hope had shot up in his heart only to be disappointed. With a great effort to master this feeling he was just beginning to make the best of things when he found that he was to have Miss Brevard on the other hand.

She acknowledged his discovery with a gracious smile. It was evidently no surprise to her. Had she, he wondered, could she have had a hand in contriving that it

should be so? At the mere possibility of this his blood beat quicker.

When the company was settled at the table some people near him began to talk about his picture. One lady surprised him by saying that she had been promised beforehand the pleasure of meeting him here, and some one else asked him how it felt to find yourself suddenly a celebrity. But they all spoke of the first picture, and he soon discovered that the second one had not been seen.

For a long time Miss Brevard devoted her attention to her neighbor on the other side, and he got only an occasional furtive peep at her as he talked dutifully to the uninteresting girl whom he had brought in. After a while, however, it appeared that the man on her other side did not share his opinion of her, for he engaged her rather eagerly in talk, and so Gilbert found himself free to turn to his other neighbor also.

At the same moment she was turning toward him, and their eyes met with the directness of two clashing hands. His color heightened; for a moment he could not speak.

"You thought me unappreciative of your first picture," she said abruptly, "and so, perhaps, I was. The subject, as I told you, did not interest me. I prefer figure subjects, and I am so much pleased with the new one that I want to possess it. We must not talk business here, but I am so afraid some one else may get ahead of me that I feel bound to make sure of the fact that I should be promised the first chance at it."

Gilbert's joy at her first words had been so great that the shock occasioned by the ones that followed was absolutely painful.

"I am extremely happy that you like it," he said. "I did not know that any one had seen it yet."

"Yes, I chanced to have an errand at Hunt's this afternoon and saw it. It struck my fancy so much that if you had not been coming to dinner I should have written you a note to secure the refusal of it."

She spoke with such confidence that he felt he must no longer leave her in ignorance of the fact that the picture had been already promised.

"I am so honored and delighted by your approval," he said, "that it makes it the harder for me to tell you that I have already given what you ask to some one else."

"What?" she said, and her tone had an inflection in it that seemed to him to savor rather of displeasure than of disappointment.

"Unfortunately, yes," he said. "I feel myself most unhappy to have to tell you that I have already offered the picture to another purchaser."

"On what conditions?" she demanded.

The questionable taste of this inquiry impressed the young man, in spite of all his instinct to approve of whatever she did.

"The conditions are two," he said: "first, that the purchaser, who has not seen it yet, should like the picture; second, that she should tell me the line in Shakespeare which this little attempt of mine has tried to put upon canvas."

He had not intended to let out the fact that the person referred to was a woman, but the feminine pronoun had escaped him unaware.

"I know very little about poetry," the girl said coldly, "and I could not, of course, fulfill that condition. Besides, it does not represent to me anything but an awfully pretty woman, and so I need not tax my brain to see more in it than I do. These subtleties of your art I know nothing about. I must say, however, that it seems to me a little strange that a person who has not seen this picture should be preferred to one who has taken a decided fancy to it, and wants it so much that no other picture would do in its place. You will paint me a copy of it, at any rate, I suppose?"

Gilbert colored with vexation.

"Unfortunately," he said, "I do not feel at liberty to agree to that until I have the consent of the owner—I mean the owner that is to be, should the picture prove pleasing and should the line be guessed—"

He was floundering helplessly when she said, in her clear, incisive tones:

"Pray say no more, Mr. Gilbert. I see that you do not want me to have your picture," and with these words, at a signal from her mother, she rose from the table and swept past him, leaving him miserable in the sense that he had offended her.

(CONTINUATION IN JULY JOURNAL)



VERY DAINY AND PRETTY ROSE-BAGS

By Jean F. King

OUR grandmothers considered daintiness in every detail to be the great secret of a gentlewoman's life. Their delicacy of taste was never shown more effectively nor more daintily than in their selection of perfumes. Every lady of the period was an adept in preparing her own favorite perfume, and from my own dear, old-fashioned grandmother I have learned how she gathered the petals of the blush rose which grows so plentifully in Virginia gardens, placed them in little, loosely meshed bags, sprinkled over them a few drops of some aromatic tincture to coax out their peculiar sweetness, and then scattered the dainty bags among her linen.

She did not confine herself to the blush rose, but gathered all varieties early in the morning, then shook them lightly in an airy room over newspapers spread upon the floor. Several times during the day she tossed them lightly about to be sure that no moisture remained. The next morning she made flat bags of common mosquito netting, which she filled with rose leaves. The bags were then placed for a day on the paper, turned occasionally, and on the morning of the third day sprinkled liberally with violet toilet water, and consigned to their places in the bureau drawers.

More expensive rose-bags may be made if desired. Threads may be drawn and two or three rows of baby ribbon darned in the spaces, a frill of lace may be put about the edges, and tiny bows of ribbon fastened at the four corners. Tulle or illusion may take the place of the netting as a receptacle for the delicate leaves.

Whenever the fragrance becomes too dull another application of the violet water is a stimulus to another outpouring of old-fashioned sweetness.



"SO SHE TOOK THE BAD CHILDREN TO THE SEA"

HOW THE ROCK CAME TO BREAK

By Mrs. Mark Morrison

DRAWINGS BY REGINALD B. BIRCH

NUMBER TEN

ID you ever take a trip to England and France? If so, perhaps your boat stopped at the beautiful island of Guernsey, in the English Channel. It lies quite near the coast of France, but belongs to England. There are many wonderful caves about the island, through which the sea rushes, and this story is about what happened in one of them.

One day, when the sun was shining on the sea, a little Elaine, whose name was Verri, was dancing there, too. She is a tiny fairy, born in a rainbow. She has many little sisters who dance and sing with her. They kiss her so often that you can hear their lips meeting as they ride to the shore on the waves of the sea.

In a wood lived a little brown Pixie who had so many bad children she did not know what to do.

"I will take you to the water," she said to her bad children, "and let you learn to be good from the Elainchens."

"What are the Elainchens, mother?" asked the youngest of the bad children.

"The Elainchens are the children of the Elaines who live in the rainbow. They dance and sing on the waters in the sunshine and the moonlight. They are never loud nor rude, and they do not quarrel nor pull each other about. When any one comes into the wood he hears

only the hoarse creaking of your quarrelsome voices, but by the sea one hears the sweetest lispings songs and the most silvery bursts of laughter as the happy, cheery Elainchens play with such keen pleasure in the waves."

SO SHE took the bad children to the sea, and showed them Verri and her sisters, playing so sweetly and happily together.

"Now," said the little brown Pixie, "remember these gentle creatures, and try to imitate them."

The poor little Pixie then tried to take her bad children back to the wood, but she had so many, and they all teased her so that she never knew when one of them winked at his brothers and ran away from her to hide in the seaweed. One little Pixie was angry because his mother had praised the Elainchens; he determined to injure them in some way.

When his mother was quite out of sight he began to cry most pitifully. This attracted the Elaines, who came to the seaweed at once.

"Poor little wanderer, why do you weep?" said Verri.

"My mother has gone and left me," sobbed the wicked Pixie; "my home is in a great, dark cave, and I am afraid to go alone."

Verri kissed him sweetly. "Do not weep," said she tenderly, "we will go with you and take you home to your mother."

She gave him her hand, and followed by her sister Elaines they went into a big, dark cavern where the sea came after them, beating against the rocks with a sound like thunder. The sea had been beating against these rocks for many hundred years, but still they stood black, and strong, and unmoved. Out of this cavern the Pixie led the way into another, which was not so dark, but very beautiful, being covered all over with a peculiar kind of animal flower.

THESE are wonderful animal plants which breathe and eat, and yet have a kind of root which fastens to the rock, like the roots of moss. This sea cave has its walls and ceiling lined with these bright-colored, wonderful things. They have long, clawlike leaves, or tentacles, with which they reach out in all directions to seize their food. The Elaine children, who know nothing of the sea below its surface, did not know that they were in any danger, but the Pixie, who was wise in all of the many devices of evil, knew it quite well.

"This is where the colors grow from which rainbows are made," said the story-telling Pixie; "look at them closely."

"Are my dear rainbows colored from these?" said the innocent Verri, and she kissed her hand to the carnivorous sea plants as she ran toward them. One of them reached out its tentacles to seize and devour her, but when it felt the light air blown from her kissing mouth it thought she was only a passing breeze, and did her no harm.

The Pixie now led Verri and her sisters into a third cave, which was very cold and perfectly dark. He pretended to be very much afraid, but the little Elaines bade him have no fear, for they could hear the waves, which were laughing in the sunshine only a little farther on. While they were thus cheering him, the strong, nimble Pixie ran behind them, and suddenly pushed them all, one after another, down a deep, black hole which was in the heart of the rock.

"Now," said the Pixie, "be sweet and gentle down there, and see what good it will do you!"

"Ro-re-ro-ro," growled the rock, "what comes here? I am a thousand years old, and not a ray of light has ever kissed my heart. What bright, foolish bits of light and air are you who dare to disturb such solitude?"

Verri flew to the angry old rock and kissed it. "Let us be friends, dear rock," she said, "since we needs must live together, at least a little while. We will be good and quiet, and not disturb you any more than we can possibly help."

The kiss astonished the hard old rock, and he felt that perhaps there was no need to be quite so hard to so soft a little stranger. Then all his little visitors kissed him with their moist lips, and touched his rough cheek with their cool, wet fingers. Presently, when they thought of all their relatives now sporting on the sunny water, their warm tears fell, one by one, on the old rock's hard heart. After this he could no longer resist the gentleness of his loving little prisoners. Day by day they kissed him so gently, yet persistently and at the same time so lovingly, that, little by little, his great, firm wall relaxed.

YES, day by day the old rock's wall, which had stubbornly and with absolute defiance withstood the most severe of earthquakes, the thunder of Heaven and the beating of the angry sea for fully a thousand years, grew a little less firm and unyielding under the constant caresses of the Elainchens' moist hands.

One day the Elaines pressed their hands very firmly against the rock. They kissed him on the brow, and implored him with tears to let them out. His heart smote him with fierce pain that he had so distressed such sweet creatures for so long a time. Lo! the rock opened, and a tiny ray of God's own sunlight fell upon his sore heart.

"How warm, how beautiful!" said the rock, and he earnestly thanked the little creatures whose gentle, sweet persistence had conquered him and given him the only joy that he had ever known.

But Verri had not waited for thanks. Already she was joyfully caressing her mother, who had sat many sad days by the cave waiting for her children. The Pixie was also near, watching from curiosity to see what goodness and gentleness could do in the heart of a rock which had remained just the same for a thousand years. He was very much astonished when he saw Verri, and much more so when she ran to him and gave him a kiss.

"**O**H," said he, "how can you do that after the unkind trick I played upon you, shutting you in a cold, black hole in the rock?"

"The rock was not hard to me," said Verri, "because I loved it. My own jewels, which came from the rainbow, made a light for my feet, and I think our coming to the rock has been a good thing, for we have let a little sunlight into his cold heart. So, don't feel unhappy over what you have done, but come, play with my sisters and me, and be good and happy with us."

But the Pixie crept back to the woods feeling very much ashamed. He was never so wicked in his life again. Sweet Verri had shamed away the evil spirit in him, just as she had moved the walls of the great, strong rock of the sea.

Long after, the Pixies enticed a child into the rock which had been opened by the Elaines. Then something



"AND GAVE HIM A KISS"

strange occurred which frightened the Pixies quite away. They saw there a dim though beautiful light, showing a safe passage back to the shore. The Elaines, though passing through the rock so noiselessly, had left this imprint of light where all had once been darkness, and the lost child was now guided by it. As he emerged on the shore he saw, for a moment, those gentle ones whose memory in the rock had made the dark path lighter for his little feet, and as they vanished he heard them say, "It is sweet to think that one child has been touched and helped by a memory of the Elaines."

Editor's Note—In Mrs. Morrison's dainty "Pixies and Elaines" series the following have appeared:

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| I—"A Pixie Princess Visits the Elaines," | September, 1897 |
| II—"The Elaines Choose a Queen," | October, " |
| III—"The Elaines' Picture of Heaven," | November, " |
| IV—"The Elaines' Christmas Visit," | December, " |
| V—"The Pixie Transforms an Elaine," | January, 1898 |
| VI—"The Elaines and the Valentine," | February, " |
| VII—"The Elaines Build a Hyacinth Bridge," | March, " |
| VIII—"With a Pixie Under-Ground," | April, " |
| IX—"The Fairies and the Opal," | May, " |

The present is the concluding article of the series.



"THIS IS WHERE THE COLORS GROW FROM WHICH RAINBOWS ARE MADE"



THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JUNE, 1898

THEY WHO NEVER WERE BRIDES

HERE is one compensation—among others—which an unmarried woman always has: everybody wants to know the reason why. She has her friends constantly “by the ears.” There is a perpetual curiosity about the affairs of the unmarried woman which is never extended to the woman who has married. Young and old alike wonder “if she has a story,” and their curiosity fairly bristles to know the whys and wherefores of her heart. But the life-stories of such women are the untold tales of the world, and will ever remain so. As years come to most of us we are apt to regard the unmarried woman who has lost the flush of girlhood with that respect which is ever the portion of one who lives with a story which her tongue never tells. But the young are sometimes apt to misjudge the woman who remains single; to them she seems a curiosity: rarely the heroine of a story.

IN EVERY woman's heart is implanted the love of home. The woman has never been born who did not long for her “ain fireside,” as the Scotch say, with her Lares and Penates clustered about her. I know it is the tendency of the times to make light of this feeling, but that kind of flippancy is only the bitter surface of natures hardened by circumstances which have separated them from the life of the hearthstone. The instincts of domesticity, of wifehood and motherhood are fundamental and eternal in the normal woman. The abiding principles that underlie life cannot be altered. Nature is more potent than all the clamor of the shrieking sisterhood. A good woman never gets far away from the feeling that the church and the home stand side by side in their effect upon the people. But although these feelings and instincts are born in every woman, it is not given to all women to realize their development and fruition. Yet because their lives are to-day single, it does not necessarily follow that they might not have been otherwise. The fact that a woman is unmarried does not mean that she might not have been married if she had so chosen. An “old maid,” in the eyes of the young, is generally a woman who has never had a chance to marry. The young eyes do not see that some of the most attractive women in the world have never worn bridal gowns. Could not they have done so if they would? High motives sometimes take precedence of heart longings. The recognition of a higher duty to another has prevented many a woman from walking up the aisle of a crowded church to the strains of the wedding march. She had chances enough. It was not that. It was not, as we sometimes say of some women, that “she was born to remain single.” It was not the hand of Fate. To belittle or shift the cause of the single state of some women—yes, the majority of unmarried women—is to make little of some of the highest and noblest sacrifices of which the human heart is capable.

A WOMAN, unless for extraordinary reasons, rarely reaches the years of maturity without having had a chance to marry. But the chances which come into our lives are not always the opportunities which we can embrace. Chances make heralded successes of some people, of others they make silent heroines. It is not always when we turn and grasp an opportunity that we show our greatest strength: the truest character is sometimes shown when a chance comes and we stand aside and resolutely let it pass us, when it might have been ours for the simple taking. That is a quality which is rare, and yet that is a quality which is possessed by so many women who are called “old maids.” It was not that these women valued any less the power of a man's love. It was not that they did not believe in it. It was not that they did not know that to love was joy, and to be loved great happiness. It was not that they wished that the highest gift which can come to a woman should pass through their lives instead of becoming an abiding part of them.

The consciousness of seeing her own charms reflected in a man's eyes is something which appeals to every woman. Nothing else ever makes her so proud and so happy in exactly the same way. But that consciousness is not always for expression: sometimes it is a thing for one's inner self, to be enjoyed at the time and to be lived over in the years to come. No; women do not willfully turn away from their own happiness. But they do sometimes darken their own lives to make brighter the lives of others who may be close or dependent upon them. Some higher and fundamental duty sometimes calls, loftier motives sometimes quiet the deepest heart-longings, a God-given task sometimes points a woman in the opposite direction to her own instincts. There is such a thing—not known to the young, albeit years bring the knowledge—as a woman turning away from great happiness to insure the greater comfort and happiness of others, choosing their comfort as her life-work. Men do it now and then. But women oftener do it. Memories take the place of realities, and in those memories, sweet and tender, many women are living to-day. They have never been brides. But they might have been. At one time in their lives the necessity of choice came to them. Prayerfully and tearfully, and yet resolutely, they made the choice. To-day they are not wives simply because they are heroines. And who will say which is the greater?

THE CHILD'S DEAREST PLAYMATE

HERE is no inconsistency at once so glaring, and no sight so pathetic, as a child dressed so primly that it is afraid to play in the dirt for fear of soiling its clothes. It is like an umbrella which is never taken out in the rain. There are undoubtedly occasions and times for children to be “dressed up.” But when a child is, as so many are, “dressed up” from early morning until bedtime, and has constantly ringing in its ears the injunction not to soil its clothes, it would seem as if a more unnatural state of things could scarcely exist. A child is happiest when at play, and, generally, the dirtier it is the happier it is. And why should it be otherwise? We of an older growth are happiest when we are closest to dear old Mother Earth. What greater joy is there than the throwing of one's self upon the grass in summer and lying at full length upon the bosom of the earth? So the child's happiest moments are those which are spent in digging in the sand of the seashore or the dirt of the garden. And as the child is happiest, so is its pleasure the healthiest.

JUST as at last Christmas time this magazine made a plea for the absolute freedom of children on that holiday, so with the season now at hand it pleads for permission for the children to have freer and closer acquaintance with their dearest playmate: the earth. Of course, the playmate is not cleanly; it is not conducive to keeping the little skirts white nor the miniature trousers without rents. But then, what playmate is there which has so much to give to the child? What playmate holds more health? What playmate is so harmless? What playmate is so absorbing or so infinite of resource? It is a child's cheapest playmate. Its only cost may be paid with soap and water and the mother's needle. It is the only rival to the doctor, and his most effective one. With the simple exercise of a little prudent oversight the soil never did a child any harm. The little shoes may wear out, the little dresses may appear to the sharpest eyes as though they never had been white, but on the cheeks of the child and in the sparkle of its eyes are seen what the earth has given in return to the little digger of its soil. Far richer is what it gives than what it takes away.

THE time is short enough before the child tires of its playmate. Only a few years lie between the wonderful fortress of sand and the more conventional home of mortar. No happier period, no freer time, no healthier moment ever comes to a human being than when as a child it stands in proud contemplation of its house of sand. We never get so close to Mother Earth again, we are never so natural. Let the children, therefore, know well the soil. Let every possible moment be spent upon it and in it. If the family purse cannot stand the laundry strain let the little frocks and trousers be adapted to the soil. Far better are dollars spent on children's clothes than pennies given to doctors. The sturdiest, happiest children are those who practically live out-of-doors. Let them romp, then: let them play: let them dig, and the more they grovel in the cool, health-giving soil, the more content let us, as parents, be. The closer we keep our children to Nature, to Mother Earth, the wiser are we as parents and the healthier are our children. Let them have their little gardens, let them build their houses of sand. Every hour of such play brings them health, every romp makes sturdy their little limbs, every breath of leaf and soil makes finest fibre, every moment gives pure and healthful delight. The soil is the child's best friend.

THE BUGABOO OF THE MAD DOG

HERE are hundreds of women in this country who, each summer, live in a state of mind bordering almost on frenzy. They scarcely see a dog on a hot day but they fear “hydrophobia.” They wear themselves and their children out with nervous warnings to “look out for dogs.” They read the sensational reports of the bites of mad dogs in the newspapers, and the cases of “hydrophobia” resulting therefrom, until they work themselves into a state of nervous exhaustion. So widespread has become this fear of “hydrophobia,” and public belief in it, that it is to-day almost impossible to convince people that, as an actual fact, there is no such specific malady as “hydrophobia,” and that, in reality, it is almost impossible to find a record of even a single case in the United States during the past twenty years. All this may seem surprising to those who have not given the subject careful attention.

NOT long ago a careful inquiry was made among the most eminent physicians of America and Europe on the question of “hydrophobia.” One physician, whose practice extended over a period of seventy years, during which time he searched diligently for the disease in man or animal, declared that after all his careful search for the disease he had never personally known of nor seen a real case of “hydrophobia.” Another physician made a specialty of the subject, and after twenty years of research, inquiry and practice, never had a case of “hydrophobia,” nor ever saw one. Thirty physicians, all of unquestioned standing, each of whose practice extended over a period of from fifteen to forty years, were seen, and not one of them ever had a case of “hydrophobia.” Remarkable proof was then secured at the Philadelphia Dog Pound, where over six thousand vagrant dogs are taken up annually, many of them supposed to be mad. The catchers and keepers are naturally frequently bitten while handling the dogs, but although during twenty-five years over one hundred and fifty thousand dogs were handled, not a single case of “hydrophobia” was ever known. Two hospitals in London, the Saint George's and the London, handled during one year six thousand six hundred and sixty-eight patients bitten by angry dogs, yet not one case of “hydrophobia” resulted.

In the entire history of the Pennsylvania Hospital, covering one hundred and forty years, there are on record only two cases of “hydrophobia,” and one of these, the only one submitted to bacteriological test, did not confirm the diagnosis “hydrophobia.” Another eminent medical man, repeatedly appointed by the highest medical bodies to investigate the question of “hydrophobia,” and who has corresponded for nearly twenty years with every medical authority in America and Europe, and who, in addition,

has performed the almost incredible task of investigating, either personally or by correspondence with the physician or others in attendance, every case reported in the newspapers of the United States for the past sixteen years, failed to find a single case on record that could be proved to have resulted from the bite of a dog. The secretary of the medical board of the Bellevue Hospital in New York City writes me that, “although my connection with Bellevue extends over a number of years, I have personally never seen a case of ‘hydrophobia.’”

IS IT not time, therefore, in view of these indisputable facts, that we should give ourselves a little more freedom from this bugaboo of the mad dog? What the newspapers so sensationally report as cases of “hydrophobia” are, in reality, nothing more nor less than instances of people who have been bitten by dogs and frightened into hysterical conditions in which they involuntarily reproduce all the supposed symptoms of “hydrophobia.” Physical disorders having absolutely nothing to do with “hydrophobia” are known to have all the symptoms of the popular idea of the disease, such as difficulty and often impossibility of swallowing water, a feeling of horror at the mere idea of having to swallow, convulsive movements and slaving at the mouth. It is a pity that our newspaper editors cannot have a more careful regard for the feelings of women during the summer months and agree to suppress the reports of cases supposed to be “hydrophobia.” They make the public mind nervous, and do more to spread the silly notion of a belief in “hydrophobia” than anything else. In France, for example, it has been demonstrated that cases of “hydrophobia” increase in proportion to the effectiveness and publicity of the reports printed in the newspapers, so that in one year of this sort of advertising more cases of “hydrophobia” developed than would have occurred in one hundred years without the newspaper publicity. France will have hundreds of cases in a season, while directly across the border, in Germany, where the people are unable to read the language in which the sensational reports are written, not a single case will occur. Women have had their feelings played upon long enough by this foolish notion of “hydrophobia,” and enough unnecessary suffering has been inflicted upon the dog, who is often killed for nothing but a popular fallacy. It is high time that common-sense should rule: that we should believe the fact that there is no such thing as “hydrophobia,” and rid ourselves of this bugaboo of the mad dog.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS

FEW of us ever learn the secret of true judgment. What we like we consider good, what we don't like we condemn. We look at everything from an individual point of view. If a book fails to please us we say that it is stupid or uninteresting. This does not necessarily make the book stupid, but we think it does and we say so. It is not to our taste, and therefore we have no tolerance for it. Some one else reads the book and finds it the best he has ever read. Then we wonder at the taste which could relish a book which we found so dull. The idea, however, that a true judgment is always two-fold rarely occurs to us. Occasionally, we meet some one who looks at everything in two ways. Not long ago one of a party making the assertion that “corn isn't fit for human beings to eat,” turned to another for corroboration of the statement. “Well,” said the woman appealed to, “I should hardly say that. Corn may be good, but I do not relish it.” There was the broad two-fold judgment. It conceded to corn its usefulness and at the same time presented the personal modification. “How any one with any sense or brains can play tennis, I cannot see,” said a man not given to athletics. He didn't care for tennis himself, so in an extravagant manner he denounced the whole game, not conceding anything good to the pastime in the eyes of others simply because he either did not know the game nor enjoy it. “Miss B never shows the least taste in her dress,” said a girl. Miss B simply did not dress to the taste of her critic. But Miss B's taste may have been good just the same. It certainly was good in her eyes.

IT IS a pity that more of us cannot cultivate the two-fold way of looking at things. There would be less friction in life if we did, and sweeter sympathy, kinder understanding, and broader and fuller living. The fact is that we never reach the dignity of true living unless we do learn this all-important lesson. And that it may be cultivated admits of no doubt. It is simply a question of schooling ourselves not to condemn generally what individually does not happen to be to our taste. If, for example, we are fond of seeing tragedy enacted on the stage we should not, therefore, condemn comedy. If our taste leans toward Wagner in music our opinions should not, for that reason, be condemnatory of comic opera. If we find rest and recreation in realistic fiction let us not condemn works of ideal romance as useless. If we prefer green as a color there is no reason on earth why we should condemn the taste of any one who prefers to wear green. Let us rather be liberal in our ideas and admit that green has its uses, only that it happens not to appeal to our taste. What the vast majority of us need is to be a little more self-poised, more judicial, more willing to see good in the tastes of others, although they do not please our own particular fancies. If we all thought alike, read the same books, saw the same plays, wore the same colors, this would be an exceedingly uninteresting world.

We cannot see all things in the same way, but we can come near to justice and true respect by taking a two-fold view of things while still retaining our strong individual views. Seeing a possible good or use for everything does not necessarily mean a weak individuality. To recognize good it is not necessary that we should consider it as good for ourselves. But it may be good for some one else. The most uncomfortable people in the world are those who assert their judgments in a hard, decisive and final manner, as if they were courts of last resort. On the other hand, the brightest and best minds are those that have most respect for the opinions of others. They possess the judgment of fact together with the individual modification. That is true judgment. That shows the broad mind: the judicial character: the safe counselor. Extravagance with money and extravagance of denunciation are exactly alike in their results: both rob us of the respect and confidence of our friends.



LILIAN BELL ON THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER

*The Eighth of Miss Bell's European Letters
to the Journal*



VILNA, RUSSIA.
MET our first real discourtesy in Berlin at the hands of a German, and although he was only the manager of a hotel we lay it up against him and cannot forgive him for it. It happened in this wise:

Mrs. G—, being the courier, bought our tickets straight through to Saint Petersburg with the privilege of stopping a week in Vilna, where we were to be the guests of a Polish nobleman. When she sent the porter to check our trunks she told him in faultless German to check them only to Vilna on those tickets. But as her faultless German generally brings us soap when she orders coffee, and hot water when she calls for ice, I am not so severe upon the stupidity of the porter as she is. However, when he came back and asked for fifty-five marks extra luggage to Saint Petersburg we gave a wail, and explained to the manager, who spoke English, that we were going to Saint Petersburg, and that we were not particularly eager to pay out fifty-five marks for the mere fun of spending money. If the choice were left to us we felt that we could invest it more to our satisfaction in belts and card-cases.

HE WAS very big and handsome, this German, and doubtless some meek frau-lein loves him, but we do not, and, moreover, we pity her, whoever and wherever she may be, for we know by experience that if they two are ever to be made one he will be that one. He said he was sorry, but that, doubtless, when we got to the Russian frontier we could explain matters and get our trunks. But we could not speak Russian, we told him, and we wanted things properly arranged then and there. He clicked his heels together and bowed in a superb manner, and we were sure our eloquence and our distress had fetched him, so to speak, when to our amazement he simply reiterated his statements.

"But surely you are not going to let two American women leave your hotel all alone at eleven o'clock at night with their luggage checked to the wrong town?" I said, in wide-eyed astonishment.

Again he clicked those heels of his. Again that silk hat came off. Again that superb bow. He was very sorry, but he could do nothing. Doubtless we could arrange things at the frontier. It was within ten minutes of train time, and we were surrounded by no less than thirty German men—guests, porters, hall boys—who listened curiously and offered no assistance.

I looked at Mrs. G—, and she looked at me and ground her teeth.

"Then you absolutely refuse us the courtesy of walking across the street with us and mending matters, do you?" I said.

Again those heels, that hat, that bow. I could have killed him. I am sorry now that I didn't. I missed a glorious opportunity.

So off we started alone at eleven o'clock at night, for Poland, with our trunks safely checked through to Saint Petersburg, and fifty-five marks lighter in pocket.

WITH the courage of despair I accosted every man and woman on the platform with the words, "Do you speak English?" But not one of them did. Nor French either. So with heavy hearts we got on the train, feed the porter four marks for getting us into this dilemma (and incidentally carrying our hand-luggage), and when he had the impertinence to demand more I turned on him and assured him that if he dared to speak another word to us we would report him to His Excellency, the American Ambassador, who was on intimate terms with the Kaiser; and that I would use my influence to have him put in prison for life. He fled in dismay, although I know he did not understand one word. My manner, however, was not affable. Then I cast myself into my berth in a despairing heap.

Mrs. G— was almost in tears. "Never mind," she said. "It was all my fault. But we may get our trunks anyway. And if not, perhaps we can get along without them." "Impossible!" I said. "How can we spend a week as guests in a house without a change of clothes?"

In order not to let her know how worried I was I told her that if we couldn't get our trunks off the train at Vilna we would give up our visit and telegraph our excuses and regrets to our expectant hostess, or else come back from Saint Petersburg after we had gotten our precious trunks once more within our clutches.

*The eighth of a series of letters written by Miss Lilian Bell for the Journal. The letters already published are:

"Going Abroad,"	October,	1897
"First Days in London,"	November,	"
"Among the English,"	December,	"
"First Days in Paris,"	January,	1898
"Among the Parisians,"	February,	"
"On the English Channel,"	March,	"
"Seeing the Germans,"	April,	"

ALL the next day we tried to find some one who spoke English or French, but to no avail. We spent, therefore, a dreary day. By letting Mrs. G— manage the customs officers in pantomime we got through the frontier without having to unlock anything, although it is considered the most difficult one in Europe.

The trains in Russia fairly crawl. Instead of coal they use wood in their engines, which sends back thousands of sparks like the tail of a comet. It grew dark about two o'clock in the afternoon, and we found ourselves promenading through the bleakest of winter landscapes. Tiny cottages, emitting a bright red glow from infinitesimal windows, crouched in the snow, and silent fir trees silhouetted against the moonlit sky. It only needed the howl of wolves to make it the loneliest picture the mind could conceive.

When we were within an hour of Vilna I heard in the distance Mrs. G—'s familiar words, "Pardon me, sir, but do you speak English?" And a deep voice, which I knew without seeing him came from a big man, replied in French, "For the first time in my life I regret that I do not."

At the sound of French I hurried to the door of our compartment. There, sure enough, stood Mrs. G— with a tall Russian officer in his gray uniform, and a huge fur-lined pelisse which came to his feet.

When Mrs. G— wishes to be amusing she says that as soon as I found that the man spoke French I whirled her around by the arm and sent her spinning into the corner among the valises. But I don't remember even touching her. I only remembered that I could speak French, and that in two minutes this handsome Russian had untangled my incoherent explanations, had taken our luggage receipt, and had assured us that he himself would not pause until he had seen our trunks taken from the train at Vilna. If I should live a thousand years I never shall forget nor cease to be grateful to that superb Russian. He was so very much like an American gentleman.

We were met at the station by our Polish friends, our precious trunks were put into sledges, we were stowed into the most comfortable of equipages, and in an hour we were installed in one of the most delightful homes it was ever my good fortune to enter.

I NEVER realized before what people can suffer at the hands of a conquering Government, and were it not that the young Czar of Russia has done away, either by public ukase or private advice, with the worst of the wrongs his father permitted to be put upon the Poles, I could not bear to listen to their recitals.

Politics, as a rule, make little impression upon me. Guide-books are a bore, and histories are unattractive, they are so dry and accurate. My father's grief at my lack of essential knowledge is perennial and deep-seated. But, somehow, facts are the most elusive things I have to contend with. I can only seem to get a firm grasp on the imaginary. Of course, I know the historical facts in this case, but it does not sound personally pathetic to read that Russia, Prussia and Austria divided Poland between them.

But to be here in Russia, in what was once Poland, visiting the families of the Polish nobility; to see their beautiful home life, their marvelous family affection, the respect they pay to their women; to feel all the charm of their broad culture and noble sympathy for all that makes for the general good, and then to hear the story of their oppression, is to feel a personal ache in the heart for their National burdens.

IT DOES not sound as if a grievous hardship were being put upon a conquered people to read in histories or guide-books that Prussia is colonizing her part of Poland with Germans—selling them land at almost nothing in order to infuse German blood, German language, German customs into a conquered land. It does not touch one's sympathies very much to know that Austria is the only one of the three to give Poland the most of her rights, and in a measure to restore her self-respect by allowing her representation in the Reichstag and by permitting Poles to hold office.

But when you come to Russian Poland and know that in the province of Lithuania—which was a separate and distinct province until a Prince of Lithuania fell in love with and married a Queen of Poland and the two countries were joined—Poles are not allowed to buy one foot of land in the country where they were born and bred, are not permitted to hold office even when elected, are prohibited from speaking their own language in public, are forbidden to sing their Polish hymns, or to take children in from the streets and teach them in anything but Russian, and that every one is taught the Greek religion, then this colonization becomes a burning question. Then you know how to appreciate America, where we have full, free and unqualified liberty.

THE young Czar has greatly endeared himself to his Polish subjects by several humane and generous acts. One was to remove the tax on all estates (over and above the ordinary taxes), which Poles were obliged to pay annually to the Russian Government. Another was to release school-children from the necessity of attending the Greek church on all Russian feast days. These two were by public ukase, and as the Poles are passionately grateful for any act of kindness one hears nothing but good words for the Czar, and there is the utmost feeling of loyalty to him among them. I hear it constantly said that if he continues in this generous policy Russia need never apprehend another Polish revolution. And while by a revolution they could never hope to accomplish anything, there being now but fourteen million Poles to contend against these three powerful nations, still, as long as they have one about every thirty-five years, perhaps it is a wise precaution on the part of the young Czar to begin with his kindness promptly.

Another recent thing which the Poles attribute to the Czar was the removal from the street corners, the shops, the railroad stations and the clubs, of the placards forbidding the Polish language to be spoken in public.

THUS the Poles hope much from the young Czar in the future, and believe that he would do more were he not held back by Russian public opinion. For example, the other day two Russians were overheard in the train to say: "For thirty years we have tried to force our religion on the Poles, our language on the Poles, and our customs on the Poles, but now here comes 'The Little Colonel' (the young Czar), and in a moment he sweeps away all the progress we had made."

To call him "The Little Colonel" is a term of great endearment, and the name arose from the fact that by some strange oversight he was never made a General by his father, but remained at the death of the late Czar only a Colonel. When urged by his counselors to make himself General, as became a Czar of all the Russias, he said, "No. The power which should have made me a General is no more. Now that I am at the head of the Government I surely could not be so conceited as to promote myself."

The misery among the poor in Poland is almost beyond belief, yet all charities for them must be conducted secretly, for the Government still forbids the establishment of kindergartens or free schools where Polish children would be taught in the Polish language. I have been questioned very closely about our charities in America, especially in Chicago, and I have given them all the working plans of the college settlements, the kindergartens and the sewing-schools. The Poles are a wonderfully sympathetic and warm-hearted people, and are anxious to ameliorate the bitter poverty which exists here to an enormous extent. They sigh in vain for the freedom with which we may proceed, and regard Americans as seated in the very lap of a luxurious Government because we are at liberty to give our money to any cause without being interfered with.

ONE of the noblest young women I have ever met is a Polish Countess, wealthy, beautiful and fascinating, who has turned her back upon society and upon the brilliant marriage her family had hoped for her, and has taken a friend who was at the head of a London training-school for nurses to live with her upon her estates, and these two have consecrated their lives to the service of the poor. They will educate Polish nurses to use in private charity. With no garb, no creed, no blare of trumpet, they have made themselves into "Little Sisters of the Poor."

I could not fail to notice the difference in the young girls as soon as I crossed the Russian frontier and came into the land of the Slav. Here at once I found individuality. Polish girls are more like American girls. If you ask a young English girl what she thinks of Victor Hugo she tells you that her mamma does not allow her to read French novels. If you ask a French girl how she likes to live in Paris she tells you that she never went down town alone in her life.

But the Polish girls are different. They are individual. They all have a personality. When you have met one you never feel as if you had met all. In this respect they resemble American girls, but only in this respect, for whereas there is a type of Polish young girl—and a charming type she is—I never in my life saw what I considered a really typical American girl. You cannot typify the psychic charm of the young American girl. It is altogether beyond you.

THESE Polish girls who have titles are as simple and unaffected as possible. I had no difficulty in calling their mothers Countess and Princess, etc., but I tripped once or twice with the young girls, whereat they begged me in the sweetest way to call them by their first names without any prefix. They were charming. They taught us the Polish mazurka—a dance which has more go to it than any dance I ever saw. It requires the Auditorium ballroom to dance it in, and enough breath to play the trombone in an orchestra. The officers dance with their spurs on, which jingle and click in an exciting manner, and to my surprise never seem to catch in the women's gowns.



DESIRABLE as a clear skin and well-molded features are to a refined woman, her sensitive nature shrinks from the use of face preparations, which always betray the user and bring the merited disapproval of modest persons. For this reason, many prefer to endure a coarse, blotched or sallow skin rather than resort to artifice. If they but knew what wonderful results had been accomplished by

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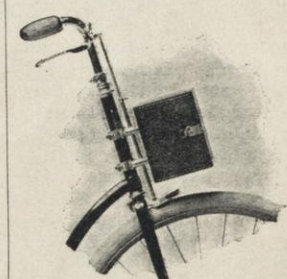
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MY KINDERGARTEN OF FIFTY YEARS

By Robert J. Burdette

II—THE PUPILS: SOME OF THEM YOU WILL KNOW

IT IS pleasant, as one's days in the kindergarten wane into the afternoon, to turn over the pages of Memory's album and look once more upon the faces of the children now scattered here and there in the several departments of the old school, or who have been graduated and sent on higher.

Of course, you remember little Minnie Tulait, the tardy scholar? Poor little girl! She never left home until she heard the bell ring; then she ran all the way and came bursting into the schoolroom out of breath, her bonnet hanging down her back, lid off her lunch-basket and a rip in her book-bag, just after her name had been called and a tardy mark put down against her. Then she cried her eyes out and came just about as late the next day. She rushed into chapel just as the text had been read, got to the picnic after dinner, and reached the door at recess just in time to turn around and go back to her seat. When she grew to be a big girl she married one of the boys in school—Bee Heindand—and was married in her school gown because her wedding-dress wasn't finished. Bee was a good boy; he met Minnie frequently when they were both trying to catch up. He always studied yesterday's lesson to-day, and was so far behind the rest of his own fellows that a visitor never could tell whether he was at the foot of the class ahead or at the head of the one behind. When at last Bee got into one of the upper classes he went into politics because the Ship of State must have a rudder, and he was just the man for the place. But when I last saw him he was the "log chip," trailing along at the end of the log line, two hundred fathoms behind the rudder.

THE FRAID-CATS AND FAINT-HEARTS

AND the timid scholars who used to huddle together. The Fraid-Cats and the Faint-Hearts—lots of them used to come to school from Lonesome Hollow and Aspen Grove, and out that way. They were always in a condition of semi-distraction. Whenever a door opened suddenly they started, looked fearfully over their shoulders, and huddled closer together. Whenever a boy was called up for a "birching" they turned white, and when the boy howled, Minerva Symptoms and the other girls cried. No matter who was punished, nor for what, these tender-hearted ones suffered more than did the boy who was leaping and shrieking under the scourge. The rest of us knew that, as a rule, the louder the culprit yelled and the higher he leaped the less was he hurt. Consequently we didn't have much sympathy for the noisy sufferer. The fellow who wanted to show us his welts and bruises at recess, and told us how much it hurt and how hard the teacher had laid it on, made us weary. Sometimes this weeper came whining and sniffing to a boy who had raw wales under his shirt that hadn't healed for years, and who never said a word about them. Only once in a while, when he flinched at some of our rough play, did he show that he had a raw spot somewhere. And oftener there were girls who hid their aches, and laughed and sang when their hearts were breaking, and never asked for sympathy.

THE PUPILS WE LOVED BEST OF ALL

THESE sufferers we loved and admired, when by some accident we found them out. But the howler was a wearisome creature, who would remember a toothache for twenty years, and tell about it every day if he could find anybody to listen to him. I think it was that way in our school ever since it was founded; the martyr who went around whining and begging for sympathy never got any, and the boy and girl who took the scourging with clenched teeth and set lips, and then went away to cry it out alone, found tender faces, gentle words, warm hearts and helping hands waiting for them when they came back with the tear-stains washed away.

When we healthy, shouting, romping pupils played a little too roughly with these gentle-hearted ones, they never slapped back. All they asked of the rest of the school was to be let alone in their own quiet corner of the playground. Sometimes, when they were carried away by the contagion of some very unusual exhilaration, they rushed madly into a game of "tag"; and once, it is told in the traditions of the school, they played "crack the whip." But little Timmy Dolesome got cracked off into a tree-box, and sprained his wrist and tore his jacket down the back, and they never played such a rough game again. But it was something to be remembered, and to be told in the twilight, long years after, like a ghost story.

Editor's Note—"My Kindergarten of Fifty Years" began in the issue of the Journal for May, 1898, with "I Will Tell You of the Kindergarten Itself." The series will conclude in the July issue with "Some of the Teachers: They Will be Familiar to You."

A DISCOVERY WHICH CAUSED A PANIC

WITH all their timidity it was noticed by everybody that they were the calmest pupils in the room the day we thought the schoolhouse was on fire and bound to burn down. One of the youngest pupils in the primary department, while reading the lesson carefully, discovered that what we had always thought was a comma was nothing but a fly speck. The announcement of this discovery created such a smoke that for some time we couldn't see the windows, and we could distinctly feel the everlasting foundations giving way under the schoolhouse. Amid all the clamor, and shouting, and wailing, the timid ones sat in their places, soothing the younger children about them and quietly reading their lessons. When the tumult was quieted, and we all settled back to our work and found that the "Reader" said just what it had been saying for several thousand years, the only pupils who did not assemble on the platform and tell what they thought when they saw it coming, and how they felt, and what they said, and what they would have done if it had lasted ten minutes longer, were these pupils from Aspen Grove.

SOME PUPILS WERE NOT AS BRIGHT AS OTHERS

ALL the pupils in the kindergarten were not nearly so bright as yourself—oh, no! There were some boys and girls, I remember, who had to be taught the same thing more than a hundred times. You could count on their coming up at every review to fail on the same lessons. Their books were a sight: dog's-eared and thumbed, blistered with tears and dingy with finger-marks. Some of the lessons were cried over until you could hardly read the lines. There were all sorts of marks on the margin to help the stupid learner to remember. They would write the answers on their cuffs, and ink the figures on their thumb-nails for "pointers." No good. They either forgot to look at the marks, or else couldn't remember what they meant. "Precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little." We used to lose all patience with them because it seemed to us they kept the class back, and lowered our average so that we didn't show up well on exhibition days. The majority of the class wanted them expelled or put back into the lower classes. But somehow the Teacher seemed unusually patient and gentle with those pupils.

There was one boy, named Thomas Something, who had to have everything explained and proved to him so clearly that a baby could understand it before he would believe it. And another one, Somebody Peter, who appeared to be as full of blunders as a cactus is of prickles. They were kept in the class, for all their blundering and stupid ways, although a great many of the wiser and brighter pupils predicted that such lax discipline would break up the school. But it didn't. And a great many years ago, when the school was several thousand years younger than it now is, one of the pupils named David got to thinking about the discipline of the school one day, and wrote, as a result of his investigation, that if the Teacher should mark demerits there wouldn't be a pupil left in the school to miss a lesson. Said it something that way in a song which he thought he wrote at the time, but which some very wise pupils afterward explained he didn't write until he had been dead eight hundred years, and then got somebody else to write it for him.

THE BOY WHO GAVE UP THE FIRST TIME

WORSE off than the stupid fellows, who kept on studying the harder the oftener they missed, was the poor fellow who stopped when he failed the first time. Gave right up; said there was no use trying, and didn't try any more. Had been getting along first-rate, you know; got good marks, learned easily, and seemed to hold on to what he learned. But at last one day there came the hard one that lurks somewhere in the pages of the Book for every one of us; a tough lesson which the old heads had cried over in their time; a page that was blurred with the tears of generations of pupils; lines that were hard to scan and harder to construe. And when he stumbled on this one, and couldn't learn it right away, Hadda Nuff shut his book with a slam, got up from his desk, and said he wouldn't study any more if that was the way they were going to make a fellow "bone." Said the Book had no sense in it anyhow; declared that all the answers in it were wrong, and went straight away to a "Short-Cut University of All Universal Universities," that guaranteed him a dead-sure thing on his diploma when he was matriculated. Whenever you heard a boy or girl slap a book down on the desk and cry out, "This is a hard saying," you knew somebody was going to leave school. You see, there was always an idea that if you didn't read the Book you would never have to learn the lessons that were in it.

THEY DATED BACK TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN

WE can never forget the Sneaks who were in the old school in our time, can we? Used to sit away back in the last row where they could see the whole school, watch the rest of us like cats, and tell on us whenever they caught us playing in school hours, whispering during prayer, or throwing paper wads against the ceiling. We would get found out some time anyhow, but it made us detest the whole tribe of Sneaks none the less. They were nearly all cross-eyed; you never could tell what they were looking at. They were well enough behaved themselves—not because they were well bred, but because they were willing to endure anything for the sweet reward of catching somebody else in mischief and telling on the culprit. It was once rumored that an organization of the pupils was contemplated, by means of which all faults were to be eliminated from the school, and everybody was to be made good and happy. For weeks while this talk was going on, and everybody was eager and enthusiastic and excited over the plan, the Sneaks pined away and sulked; they turned their faces to the wall, refused food, and would not be comforted. But happily for them, one day one of the best girls in school—she was president of the new society of "The Fraterosis of Emancipated Woman"—in a superhuman effort to keep one good resolution all day, broke half a dozen better ones, and the Sneaks brightened up—for they caught her every time—and were cheerful and happy all the rest of the term. They thrived on other people's stumblings. They utilized your mistakes for their chewing-gum. They came of an old family, and dated back to the Garden of Eden, where their ancestor was the next settler after Adam and Eve. He settled them, too. "Should I not say, 'those two'?" No, daughter, I shouldn't; I mean just what I say—"them, too."

THERE ARE BULLIES IN EVERY SCHOOL

AND the Bullies in the school. I guess there will always be bullies in all schools. There were some mean ones in the kindergarten. The boy bully was always a coward, of course; a bit of a sneak as well, cringing to the big boys and brutal to the little ones. In the presence of the Teacher he was half crazed with terror, crying out, "What have I to do with thee?" But the weak pupil, whom he could handle, he mauled without mercy. It was his nature to be brutal. Rather than not have anything to worry he would torture a hog, even though he had to live with the animal to get at him.

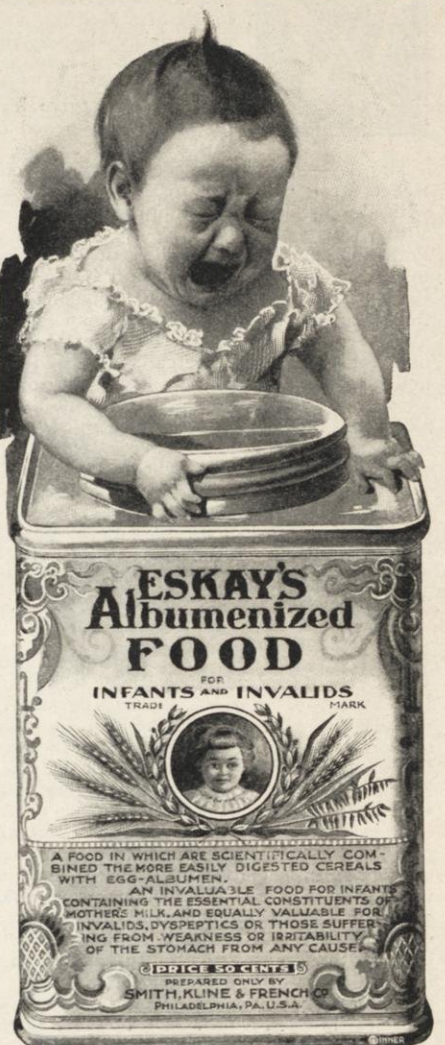
And there was a girl bully in school at the same time. I knew her well. Tongue as sharp as a briar and tireless as a wolf. You couldn't look in her direction any time in the day without seeing some child within reach of her, crying. She bullied you during prayers or other times when the school was unusually quiet, and you did not dare utter a sound. She was the girl who would jab a steel pen into your leg in class when the Teacher wasn't looking. The vicious poke brought tears into your eyes like a briny fountain. Sometimes a child would cry out with the sudden pain. Then the girl bully would look supernaturally good; she would put on the meekest countenance, arch her eyebrows in the most innocent surprise and say, "Why, whatever is the matter?" Then, if the weeping one would say, "You stuck that pen into me," the bully's eyes would open wider than ever, and she would say, in such sweet, innocent astonishment, with two circumflex inflections, "M-e? M-e? Why, the idea! I never touched you!" And everybody in the class believed her except the Teacher and the pupils whom she had jabbed at other times, and the timid ones who saw her but were afraid to tell lest she should jab them at some convenient season.

THE SCHOLARS WHO NEVER HAD ANY TIME

AND the lazy scholars, who did so little that they never had time to do anything; who were continually borrowing your books because their own were so much harder; they were always complaining that they "couldn't get a start." It would take an earthquake to start some of them, and the rest of them wanted a start that would last to the end of the journey.

And the poor scholars, who had to work their way through school, had no money to buy books, had no private coaches and no trots, and no time to play, and yet seemed to learn so much that wasn't in the books. There was a boy of this class in school when I was in the primary department. His name was Abraham Lincoln. His Latin would make you laugh; he had no Greek, and it must have been a circus to hear him read French. But one day when somebody put dynamite under the schoolhouse, and we were sure it was going to be blown into Kingdom Come and part way back again, this boy took his place on the platform close by the Teacher's desk, and had everything straightened out while the rest of us were wringing our hands and creeping under the desks. Then he went into the high school and we never saw him again. And the good scholars. Well, if we begin to talk about them, people will think we have organized a mutual admiration society. But it was a good school, wasn't it? And it is a great deal better than it used to be, isn't it? And we learned as much in it as we have been able to carry around and use, didn't we?

IT'S WORTH CRYING FOR



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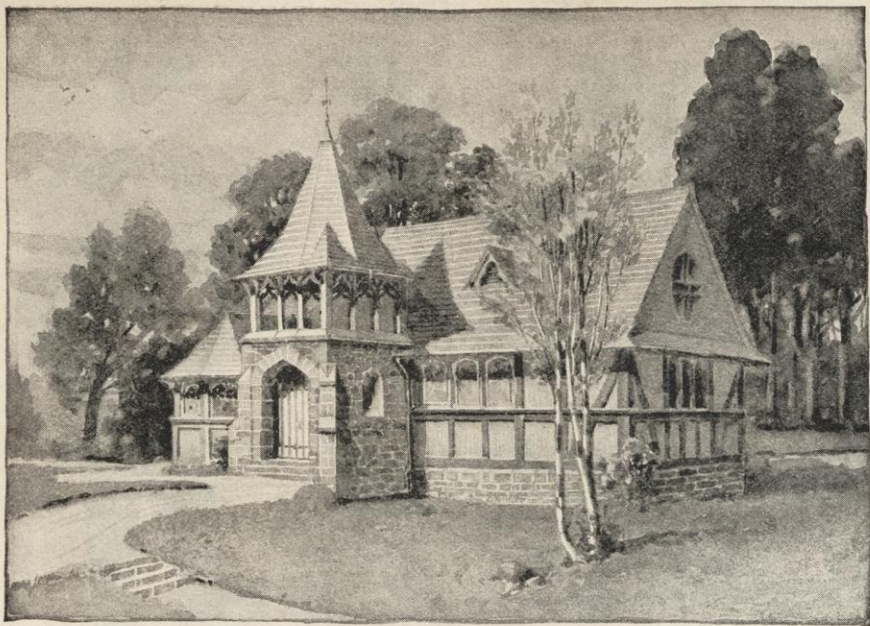
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HALF-TIMBER CHURCH—COSTING FROM \$2000 TO \$2500

THREE MODEL SMALL CHURCHES

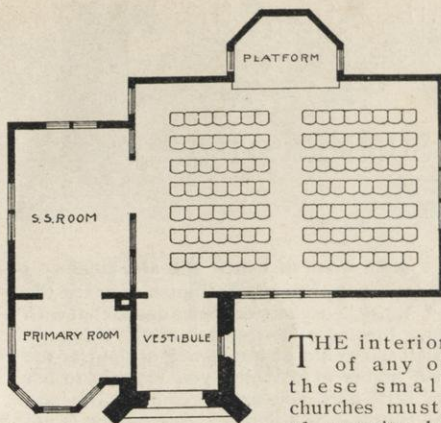
Designed by the Journal's Special Architect

THE accompanying sketches of three small churches demonstrate that it is not necessary to have elaborate detail, nor to follow the well-worn paths of precedent to make an attractive and practical church building at a moderate cost.

The largest of these designs follows more closely in style the older work in this country, and for many places would be more appropriate than the less conventional shingle and timber buildings. The detail has been kept extremely simple. Colonial work may be made expensive if elaborate

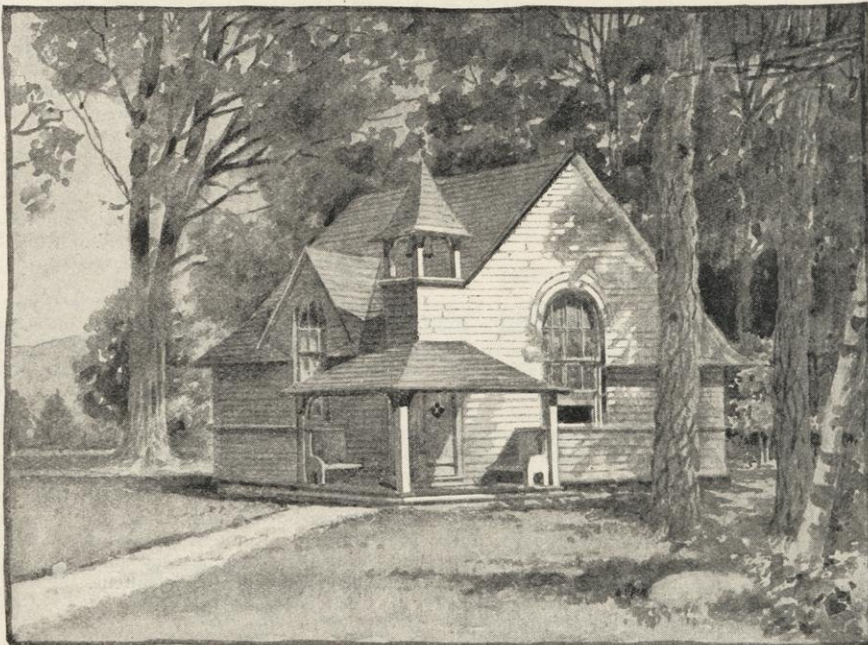
THE small half-timber church is more in keeping with the modern suburban town or village, where the houses are of many styles of architecture, and where the severity of the Colonial would be out of place.

The half-timber church is irregular in plan, to meet the wants of an imaginary congregation, and must make up in picturesqueness and interior comfort what it lacks in symmetry.



THE interior of any of these small churches must, of necessity, be plain. What woodwork there is should be simply stained and waxed, even if it is of soft wood such as pine or poplar. If it can be afforded, have the roof built open, showing the trusses and rafters, and add simple wainscoting to the height of the window-sills. The glass for such a church should be leaded, either in diamonds or more elaborate color work.

THE design for the smallest of the three churches is in plan a simple square box, of the cheapest construction, and no such luxuries as stained glass or timber roof can be afforded, but it may answer the wants of the summer resort in the woods, or, with a chimney and stove, those of a small congregation all the year round, where cost is the first question to be considered and seating capacity the next. Its form and arrangement insure this, and the little steeple, with the planking seats and tiny belfry, give some attractiveness to the little building. Cover the outside with shingles and let them become gray in the weather, and posts and seats may be left without paint, as well, if the



\$800 TO \$1200 SHINGLE CHURCH

cornices are used, but good proportion and line are much more important; it is better to have extreme simplicity than bad detail.

THE exterior of such a building should in most places be covered with clapboards, and painted either Colonial yellow with white trimming, or all white. A pleasant variation from this custom may be made by covering the walls with pebble-dash or rough plaster.

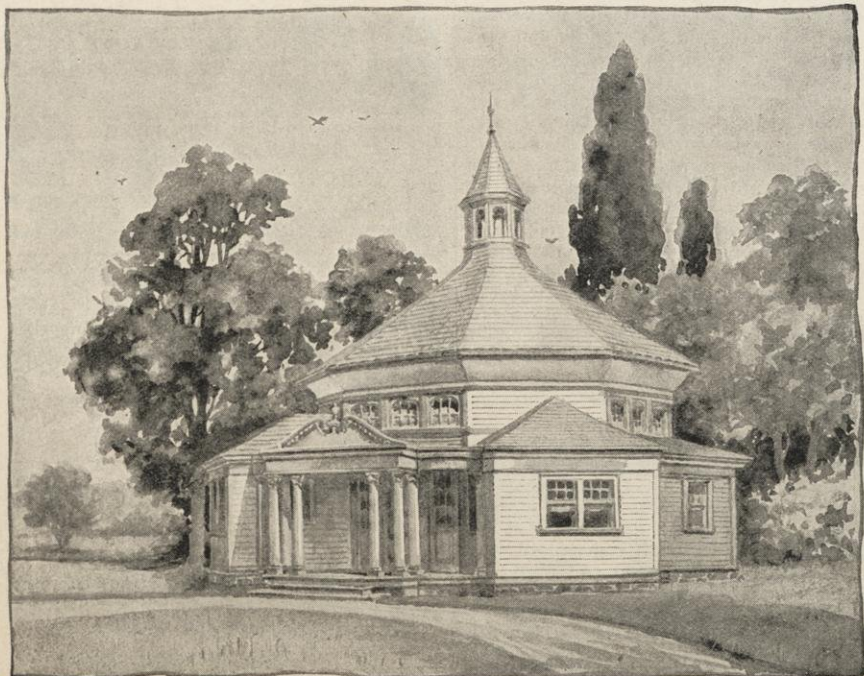
The interior is designed to have simple pilasters and cornice, and to have the ceiling arched or vaulted, which may be done at a comparatively low cost, and will greatly enhance the beauty of the church. All of the interior work should be of pine, painted white or ivory, with the addition of mahogany rails if they can be afforded. The decoration should be simple, and the glass plain.

The timber-work may be of chestnut, either stained or left to the weather. The stone used may be the common field stone, with moss or rust left on, not tooled into sameness either as to color or shape.

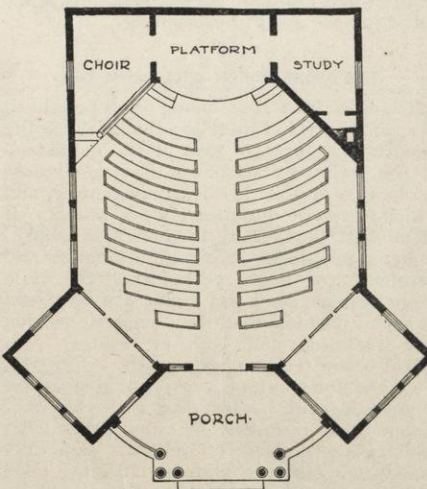
This, with the buff or white plaster, and the gray of the shingle roof, will give a pleasing and interesting color value to the building, and color, or the lack of color, is almost the worst fault of American architecture, and it is something for which we ought not to permit ourselves to be criticised.

church be built at the shore or in the mountains, where the rustic effect is desirable.

THE cost of such churches is harder to state accurately than that of a house, as it must vary very much with locality, the lumber and carpentry work forming the bulk of the expense; but in a general way I would put the cost of the semi-Colonial building at from twenty-eight hundred to thirty-two hundred dollars; that of the half-timber building at from two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars, and the shingle church at anywhere between eight hundred and twelve hundred dollars. These prices would not only vary with location, but still more with character of



\$2800 TO \$3200 SEMI-COLONIAL CHURCH



finish. My effort has been rather to direct the thought of congregations about to build toward simpler and newer ideas in church building, than to supply any specific want.

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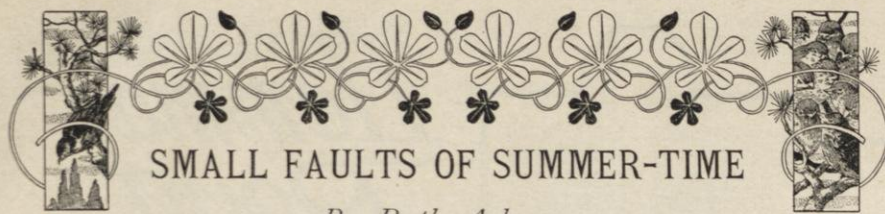
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SMALL FAULTS OF SUMMER-TIME

By Ruth Ashmore

IT SEEMS that when the summer days come, when the vacation time appears, much that is foolish, much that is to be despised shows itself in the average girl, and when the summer days are over, and the less bright ones are at hand, she devotes a deal of her time to regretting.

Now I do not want any girl to be a prig. I want every girl I know to be as healthy and as happy as she can be, and I want her, especially if she be a worker, to have a good time during her vacation, but I also want her to remember herself, and I want her to think how the sunshine brings out the little weeds and invites the tiny adders to appear, and I wish her to look out for these very adders and these poisonous weeds, and keep them entirely out of her life. I want her summer days to be thoroughly happy ones, and I want her not to be a selfish girl, nor a bad-mannered one.

Oftentimes, from sheer joy of living, a girl is loud in her speech, shrill in her laughter and decidedly careless in her behavior. She is overflowing with the pleasure of the summer-time, and she forgets the tiny adders, those little, brilliant, creeping things, that come so quietly close beside you, bite so viciously and leave a scar. That is the worst of it—they leave a scar. What are some of the weeds of the summer-time?

BEGINNING IN THE WRONG WAY

TWO of you are going to spend two weeks at a quiet country place, where you feel sure you will have a good time. You are so excited at the prospect of rest and of days that will be filled with joy, that, instead of taking your place in the line at the ticket-office, you shove an old lady out of the way, you push a couple of children out of their places, and you laugh with delight at your success in getting your ticket ahead of your turn, and your laugh is very shrill. It is a very conscious laugh, too, for you mean what you consider your cleverness to attract the attention of two young men who are evidently going on the same train with you. In the car you begin to talk at these young men, and to tell of the great gayeties which come into your life, of the wonderful things you do, and you speak in such a way that you are convinced that everybody around you is impressed with your importance. Ah, no, my child! The important people in this world are the ones who move along very quietly and let the world discover them.

When your destination is reached you look with amazement at the big wagon with its pair of fine horses that meets you, and when the jolly farmer tells you that your trunks and you are to go up in it you announce in a very positive way that you have never ridden in a wagon in your life. Fortunately the farmer does not hear you. If you were the right kind of a girl you would be glad that the opportunity had come to you, and you would see how very jolly it was to ride behind such a quick pair of travelers and in a great big open trap. But the summer-time is waking in you the disease of faultfinding.

YOU BEGIN BY LOOKING FOR WEEDS

AT THE house your hostess greets you and you are taken into a plain, comfortable bedroom. Nothing suits you, and yet, my friend, did you ever happen to think that for three or four dollars a week you cannot expect palatial apartments? Did you ever happen to think that people come to the country that they may have fresh air, inhale the delightful odors that come from the flowers and the trees, and live out-of-doors? The wise people do not care so much what the house is like nor what the food is like; they want to drink in all the wholesome sights, and go back home so refreshed and so strong that staring at houses and houses, and nothing but houses, is not quite as hard as it used to be. But you are not wise, and you are quick to show how the faults of the summer-time develop in you.

With many silly airs you seat yourself at the table, and scorn this strange dish, decline that other dish, perhaps without a disagreeable word, but certainly in a disagreeable manner. Afterward you go out on the veranda, and a kind girl, who is one of the boarders, tells you of the lake that is near, and which is a source of pleasure to all, of all the drives that are about, and how a good long drive is often had by each guest contributing a little money so that the farmer is paid for taking a wagon-load to see the country round about. There is distinct disappointment on your face. Your companion seems delighted, but you—what had you expected? In the morning an invitation to go rowing is declined. Another invitation to take a walk is also declined, and, rather overdressed, and feeling very much neglected, you sit alone with your embroidery, with an expression of discontent on your face.

SOME WAYS IN WHICH YOU ARE RUDE

WHEN she has a few minutes to spare the busy housekeeper comes out to chat with you. Instead of telling her of the things in which she would be interested, of some of the great sights of the city, you explain to her how little used you are to country life and how tiresome you find it. Surely this is not much of an incentive, as far as she is concerned, toward adding to your pleasure. Overdressed, disagreeable in your manners, you cannot expect to be popular, and yet you wonder at the enjoyment that your friend is finding in the place which you refer to as "this horrid, disagreeable hole."

Sunday comes, and with it an invitation to go to church. Again you make the mistake of overdressing, while your companion is wise enough to put on a fresh cotton gown, such as is worn by the other girls in the village. You carry a lace-trimmed parasol and wear a most elaborate hat. Your fingers are covered with kid gloves, and there is an odor of some dainty perfume as you step into the wagon, where you are absolutely out of place. But being out of place is your fault, your mistake, not that of anybody else. In church you stare at the congregation, and are by no means polite to the clergyman, and pay but little attention to the sermon. When you go out, following the country fashion, the neighbors all stand for a little chat, and some of the young men ask to be introduced to you. Then you make yourself agreeable, and being charmed by the good manners that you have the policy to assume for the time being, they ask permission to call on you.

In a very short time your callers appear. As it is early evening the veranda is filled with the other people staying in the house, but instead of introducing the young men to the other girls, and forming a jolly party for the evening, you take them off in a corner, devote yourself to entertaining them, and express the wonder audibly, "Why people, when they see that other people wish to be alone, do not leave them alone."

RESENTING A WELL-MEANT KINDNESS

YOU are invited to go out driving. You accept the invitation from a young man about whom you know nothing. You have not condescended to ask your hostess as to the character or position of any of these young men, and evidently that drive must have been a very interesting one, for it was very late when you reached home. Your hostess, who has waited up for you, meets you at the door and tells you that years ago she had a little daughter of her own who is now sleeping in the quiet, country churchyard, and that if her daughter were living and grown up, as you are, she would thank some one to speak to her as she is doing to you. And then she tells you that nice girls in the village, like nice girls in the cities, do not take such long drives alone with young men. You meet her kindness with a something that is half anger and half scorn, and you give her to understand, in a very rude way, that you are quite capable of attending to your own business.

You thought yourself very witty as you laughed at the way the country girls were dressed, and at their amusements. You went to a little festival that was gotten up for the benefit of the Sunday-school, and instead of remembering how few were their resources, and applauding them for making the most out of so little, you jeered audibly, and your laugh was one of contempt and not of amusement. Who are you that you should put yourself on a pedestal and criticize the rest of the world? Think of the people who would find you uninteresting and tiresome. Think of the people who would find you lacking in knowledge and lacking in the gentle virtues that are always so attractive in a girl. One of the worst faults of the summer-time is the failing to see good in everything.

THE BOOKS WHICH WILL HARM YOU

YOU have it in your hand. You bought it and several of its fellows at one of the big department stores, or else at the newsstand at the railroad station. It is one of those books that appear in the summer-time, and which are written to please weak minds. It is a bad book—bad because the coarse, common people who are made its heroes and heroines are made very attractive, while those who are good and gentle are described in such a fashion that they suggest nothing but weakness and lack of brains. You might better read nothing at all.

One of your faults is to think that whatever is good is stupid. My dear girl, you were never more mistaken in your life. That which is really good is a delight. It is only that which makes a pretense at being good which is tiresome. Perhaps you did more than read these trashy, wicked books; perhaps you loaned them to others, and so handed around the ill-smelling weeds that are bound to make whoever touches them malodorous.

SEVERAL MISTAKES WHICH YOU MADE

YOU have appeared very attractive to the young men of the village who have called on you, and you flatter yourself that you have awakened much envy and made the hearts of the village girls ache with the fear of losing their sweethearts. Where did you get an idea that all the good sense was in the cities? These very young men who are so devoted in their attentions to you, who laugh at your free manner of speaking, and who jest with you in what might be called an easy manner, are not going to ask you to marry them, and when you have returned to the city they will make you a subject for jest.

You did something else that was wrong. You were asked by the young girl who knew that in the early fall she must go to the great city and earn her living, if you could tell her what work it would be wise for her to attempt to get? Assuming a disagreeable air you gave her to understand that you knew nothing whatever about girls who worked, and so could give her no information. Now, the friend who came with you, not being as foolish as you, had told where you were both employed, and how you managed to get your two weeks' vacation together; so that your posing as an idle, fashionable girl was not only untruthful, but silly.

You continually display your ignorance of the fashionable girl, because oftentimes she is quite as busy as you are, and her work takes many of her hours and much of her thought.

YOUR FAULTS ARE ALL FOOLISH ONES

A SERIES of faultfindings? I fear so. And yet the finding of fault is evoked, because during the sunshiny days I have met so many girls who gathered weeds instead of flowers. So many of the faults are foolish ones—ones that may with but little trouble be gotten the better of, and that is why I call your attention to them. To get the best of the summer days you want to start off with the determination to have a good time. You need to take with you a few simple, suitable clothes, and you want to make up your mind to find pleasant times and pleasant people everywhere. You must resolve to be unselfish and to share your pleasures with others. You need not be effusive; you need not tell others of your mode of life and your personal affairs, but you need not be ashamed of the place in life that you fill, and you must not exaggerate, as so many foolish girls do, your possessions and advantages. Avoid being gushing, but remember that in the journey of life a pleasant manner is a sure sign of good breeding, and that it is only the people who are not certain of themselves who are afraid to be agreeable. There are so many delightful flowers that may be gathered by the city girl—absolute flowers of enjoyment. There are pleasant drives, delightful rows, agreeable walks, hours spent in the hammock with a good book, and visits paid in the village. The small, mean faults that appear in the summer-time, and which make you a most undesirable companion, are those you must learn to avoid. If you are so lacking in knowledge that you live a selfish life, and see nothing but the tall, disagreeable weeds, hear nothing but the frogs and see nothing but the adders, then be very sure that your vacation will be one of discontent.

A FEW LAST WORDS

THE friend who is with you, and who is wise in her generation, is carrying a bouquet of flowers and a basket of fresh fruit, while two or three mysterious bundles are cared for by somebody else for her. She also has a box of growing plants to take home with her, and some specially fine peaches for her invalid mother. Every one says "good-by" and "good-by" again to her, and each tells her that next summer must see her there again, and there are tears of happiness in her eyes as she thinks how kind these people have been to her. But you have not even a little posy as a souvenir. Your hostess shook hands with you, but that was her only "good-by," and you heard your host telling his wife that he would not speak to you—that you were a disagreeable girl and he wanted nothing to do with you. Certainly you cannot be said to be leaving pleasant impressions, and whose is the fault? There is nobody in this world whose friendship is not worth possessing. A good word in the form of a friendly bark from the poorest and most forlorn of dogs has its value, and if you want to be happy in this world you have got to learn this lesson. Begin right away and realize what the faults of the summer-time are, and get the better of them. You cannot do it alone, but ask the good God to help you, and then help yourself and you will surely succeed, for God is generous in His help to those who try to be helpful to others. You can make your summer full of fragrance, full of delight, and enjoyment, and sunshine. Above all, let it bring forth in perfect blossom the flower of Unselfishness. Encourage the budding of another beautiful flower, that of Gratitude, and in every way aid the budding forth to life of Consideration and Memory. To be in yourself a veritable bouquet is what I should like to see you, and that is what the sunshine will make of you if you will allow it and encourage it. Which do you prefer to represent—the weeds or the flowers?

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

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Will be worn by hundreds of good dressers through the warm season; cool, serviceable, stylish; the perfection of summer comfort, economy and good taste. Single or double breasted suit of dark blue Serge (pure Worsted, absolutely fast dye), cut in the latest fashion, made by skilled tailors, seams sewed with silk. Trousers have loops at waist and may be worn with a belt. Every suit guaranteed. Price, \$15. Some for as little as \$12; others silk lined throughout, \$18 and \$20.



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Perfumes the breath, and, containing Pepsin, aids digestion. Packages, 5 cents. At all dealers or by sending stamps to THE SEARLE & HERETH CO., 87 Wells Street, CHICAGO

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FIRST SUMMER DAYS

WORDS BY JULIA M. KNIGHT MUSIC BY FRANCES C. ROBINSON

F.S.G.

Voice. *Allegro moderato.* Flick - er of leaves at the ease - - ment,

Piano.

Glimps - es of sum - mer blue, Sway - ing boughs that beck-on and wave Thro' sun and shin - ing

dew, Or - i - oles trill - ing and call - - ing, Haunt - ing the morn - - ing hours.

But-ter-flies flitting and float - ing O-ver a sea of flowers. The snow - y drift of the dai-sies, But-ter-flies all a - glow,

Ma - gi - cal play of light and shade, And drow - sy winds that blow, While fair as a love - - ly maid - - en,

Fresh as the dawn of day The first rose blush - es on its stalk A - down the gar - den way.



THE SUMMER BOARDER IN THE VALLEY

By Mrs. Lyman Abbott

*PEACEFUL VALLEY PAPERS: NUMBER SEVEN



THE spirit of organization is a most pervading one. Once it enters into a community it seems to embody itself in a great variety of forms. The Woman's Club, the Library Committee, the Good-Times League, the Board of Trade—none of them very elaborately equipped with Constitutions and By-Laws, but all of them accomplishing a great deal in their respective departments—were, with some others, combined in a Village Protective Society. This had come as a natural endeavor to avert the danger of a speculation in land which had seemed at one time to very seriously threaten the conservatism of Peaceful Valley.

That calamity having passed, and the attention of the villagers having been directed toward the usefulness of a combination, not only to prevent injury, but to secure absolute improvement, many things came up for consideration in the meetings of the society. At one of them was brought up the question of the proper entertainment of the summer boarder. It naturally aroused discussion. There were some who could not endure to hear the words "summer boarder," and would like to build a high fence around their village and permit only a select few to enter within its gates. Their principal grievance against these "citified folks" seemed to be their exclusiveness, a quality which was exhibited in the Valleyites themselves in a high degree. So is the beam cherished in the eye which is disturbed by another's mote.

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF THE CITY BOARDER

OTHERS thought that every newcomer, whether quite congenial or not, brought a new impetus to trade and was an advantage to the community, and that among a rather miscellaneous company some "angels" were sure to be found if they were only looked for. Instances could be mentioned where even a "boarder" was of great service. Was it not a city boarder who took Mrs. Wiley home with her, and consulted for her the most skillful oculist in the metropolis, and thus saved her eyesight when no one else thought it could be saved? Was it not a city boarder who advanced the money and prevented the foreclosure which had worried old Mr. Eager till he had lost all his courage? Will his family ever forget to be grateful for the day that that city boarder's carriage stopped at his gate?

But Mrs. F would bar her front gate, and put pickets on the top of the board fence around her cherished garden, because the city boarder, forsooth, was too much inclined to walk in and help himself to the choicest of her flowers. Mr. T said that there was no scarecrow he could put up which would protect his fruit from the ravenous city boy; but good old Deacon H said he "allus liked to leave a little bit of sumthin' for those poor fellers who never knew what it was to see any fresh fruit, but had to eat the things that were all dust-covered at the corner grocery stands." He had been to the city enough to know what very poor fare the city folks had to live on.

SOME CRITICISM OF BOTH SIDES

BUT ridiculous as were many of the complaints, and charitable as were a few of the judgments, it could not be denied that some of those who came to the country for a summer vacation brought with them a very small stock of the good manners which they were supposed to be abundantly supplied with at home. Whether just or not, it was a fact that, with few exceptions, the city boarder was welcomed only for the sake of the money he brought to the town.

It would seem from the discussion that on neither side had there been an effort to make the relation of host and guest anything but one of trade. What we deplore as the commercial spirit seemed to control both those who came for a summer sojourn and those who "entertained" them. When brought to light in the meeting it was not a pleasing picture of human nature that was exhibited.

*Of Mrs. Abbott's "Peaceful Valley" papers, showing the aspects of life in an ideal village, the following have been presented:

- I—First View of Peaceful Valley, October, 1897
- II—The Village Library, November, "
- III—Schooling in Peaceful Valley, December, "
- IV—The Social Life of the Valley, January, 1898
- V—The Farmer and His Wife, February, "
- VI—The Storekeeper in the Valley, April, "

A GOOD WORD FOR THE BOARDER

QUIET Miss Parker had listened to all the talk silently, as was her custom, but after a little she spoke out. "There seems to be almost nobody here," she said, "to say a word on behalf of the boarder. I have been a city boarder myself, and while I acknowledge that much which has been said against the conduct and the spirit of the boarder is true, I think that there is something to be said on the other side, and I should like to suggest that we take up the question seriously as to what is our part, as good lovers of our beautiful village, to make it a happy resting-place for tired city people. I know that we must consider the financial side of the question; that most of us would prefer to keep our homes for our own families, and that it is only because we need to add to our incomes that we are willing to sacrifice a little of our home life. Since Mr. S is not here we may speak freely, I think, of his way of taking boarders, and perhaps it will help us to understand a little the best way of overcoming some of the difficulties which have been mentioned here to-night. I believe he never has to advertise, and that he gets good prices for all the rooms he has to spare. I have never heard from his wife any of the complaints that have been so freely spoken of this evening, and I think that Mr. S and all his family have made many friends in the course of the years of their taking boarders. We all know that he has a generous heart, and that it finds expression in his dealings with his 'summer people,' as he calls them, and they recognize it."

"That's so!" came from more than one voice, and the interruption stopped the timid Miss Parker, who became too self-conscious to go on. But she had said enough to turn the tide of the meeting, and the Chairman, after a moment or two of silence, said: "I think we have reason to heed Miss Parker's words. Perhaps we have not thought quite enough of what we ought to give and what we ought to do for the summer boarder. Shall we consider the matter further?"

A WORKING COMMITTEE WAS APPOINTED

IT WAS moved that a committee be appointed by the Chairman to bring to an adjourned meeting some plan of operations by which the village at large might profit from the good methods pursued by some of the individuals in regard to the reception of the summer boarder, and the motion was at once unanimously adopted.

Peaceful Valley was enough like other villages to be stirred by any such suggestion. It was talked about in the stores and in the homes, of course. One said, "It is my own business whom I take into my family, and what I do to take care of them. I am not going to be dictated to by anybody or any committee." Another said, "It would be a good plan if we could be sure to get those people who would pay their bills and would not be exacting, but how can we find that out by any committee? Some of the most highly recommended people that ever came to me have been the most disagreeable. Parents may be very good and their children very obstreperous; children are sometimes easier to get along with than the parents; but the whole family comes." The general spirit, however, was in favor of an attempt to do what lay within the ability of the villagers themselves to make the coming of the summer boarder an advantage. As the result of the agitation certain methods were decided upon. The young minister had said in one of the meetings that in the first place they should themselves unselfishly cultivate a respect for Nature.

THE YOUNG MINISTER DOES HIS SHARE

HE HAD been putting himself on trial, and had found that he was guilty in the first place of throwing the ashes from his study fire into an unsightly pile in the rear of the house which he occupied. The fact that the householders themselves did it he considered to be no excuse for himself. He remembered that he had ruthlessly pulled some of the valued spring flowers up by the roots, careless of the fact that such a habit would tend to the entire destruction of the plants. He had joined with the boys in the fall in beating the nut trees, without sufficient care in regard to the breaking of the limbs. In short, he recognized that if he wished the summer boarder to be considerate of the village and its surroundings he must begin by setting a good example. And he pledged himself to begin without any delay.

THE WORK OF THE VILLAGE SOCIETY

IT WOULD require too much space to report the discussions which proved very educative to the people of the village. As a result several excellent suggestions were carried out. In the first place, circulars were prepared setting forth the intentions of the Village Protective Society. They were neatly prepared, and could be easily slipped into ordinary letters without adding to the postage. These were abundantly distributed, and it was urged that in the correspondence regarding summer board these circulars should always be used. It would be an easy method of informing those who intended to come to Peaceful Valley that there were certain things which would be expected of them in regard to the care of the village. Then it was suggested that one who came to spend any length of time in the village should be asked to join the society by the payment of a very small initiation fee. The privileges of the library and reading-room were to be given freely to all non-resident members of the society. The teachers in the various schools were urged to interest the children in preserving order and neatness in the village streets, as it was thought that through the children of the village the children of the boarders could be more easily reached.

PLANS FOR ENTERTAINMENT WERE MADE

WHEN several weeks had been given to thought on the subject it finally dawned upon the minds of hitherto careless individuals that while they had been wishing to restrict the summer boarders they had done nothing to enlarge their opportunities for recreation. Visitors had been warned not to cross certain fields and pastures, but they had not been informed what paths they might take to reach advantageous outlooks, and shady nooks in the woods. It came to be realized that the only way to reach the borders of the lake, unless advantage were taken of private paths, was by roads which were a mile or more apart. Consequently the boy who wished to take a dip in the cool water, or play with his fishing-rod, must either walk a long distance or take a path which was forbidden. By an agreement between the land-holders two or three paths were opened and distinctly marked as quite free to those who wished to use the water for rowing, bathing or fishing within certain limitations. Then it followed that a very simple bathing-house must be erected.

By this time there had grown to be a great deal of real interest in village improvement. Needed trimming was done along the roadsides, and Arbor Day was celebrated by an astonishing amount of tree-planting. Two or three of the older boys who had a passion for whittling and wood-cutting made some rustic seats to be placed on the way to a favorite spot for seeing the sunset. The village tinsmith prepared some neatly painted signs, which gave distinct directions for reaching attractive points of the hills and by the water.

THE SUMMER BOARDER BECAME A BLESSING

IT WAS hard for the most untidy not to fall into line, and after a few weeks the general impression was that the summer boarder had already been a blessing. Hitherto, even in the churches, the principal feeling, apparently, had been: "How shall we manage by entertainments and favors to reap a harvest from the city boarder?" Now the churches began to think: "What can we give to the city boarder?" And a general house-cleaning took place. Several pews which had been allowed to become shabby as to cushions and footstools were repaired, and arrangements made to supply the visitors with the needed books for the service.

What minor work was done this is not the place to say, but those who availed themselves of the improved conditions in Peaceful Valley would testify that their laundry work was unusually well done, that the prices were fair, and that in general the dealings with the tradespeople showed a remarkable gain in self-respect. The circulars of the Village Protective Society turned some applicants for board away from Peaceful Valley, but those were the people who wanted not only freedom but lawlessness; to others they proved an extra attraction.

The experience in Peaceful Valley was only an added demonstration that for the survival of the fittest there is something higher than a struggle for existence. The struggle for others secures the noblest opportunities for self-advancement; and love, wrought into social life, education, trade and religious institutions, is the great power.

A CORRESPONDENT who has been interested in these "Peaceful Valley" papers has sent in the following little poem. As it is his desire that his name shall not be given it is published anonymously.

"Between green hills, beneath blue skies,
Serene our 'Peaceful Valley' lies.
The birds and bees all know it well,
And in its quiet ever dwell.

"Here is no care, no jealous strife,
Only the joy, the peace of life—
The bright good-morrow of the sun,
The night wind's kiss, when day is done.

"E'en winter's winds and storms so drear
Take on a kinder aspect here,
And sink from shriek to minor key,
Wood'd by the sweet tranquillity
Of Peaceful Valley, as it lies
Between the hills, beneath soft skies."



From a Fish to a Pie

There is nothing that you cannot cook as it should be cooked on a DETROIT JEWEL GAS RANGE. For baking, broiling, boiling, frying, stewing, roasting, toasting, it is superior to any coal or wood stove because you can cook one thing fast, another thing slow, at the same time. With a

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you can have a hot fire one minute, a cold stove the next, by turning a valve. And what a clean stove it is—no smoke, no soot, no ashes, no litter! Moreover, a DETROIT JEWEL GAS RANGE is a revelation of economy—can actually be operated at less cost than a coal or a wood stove.

Write for a copy of our "COOKING BY GAS." An up-to-date pamphlet for up-to-date housekeepers. Contains a Chapter of Choice Cooking Recipes.

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SUMMER REST Excellent accommodations for self-supporting gentlemen. Terms, \$3.50 a week, including service. Apply by letter (or in person on Wednesday mornings from 10 to 12 o'clock) to Mrs. Albert Speyers, care Miss H. P. Johnson, 206 East 15th Street, New York City

NEW SOFA-PILLOWS FOR THE SUMMER

By Frances E. Lanigan

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS



AN ORGANDY PILLOW

THE organdy pillow cover is made from a square of duck, upon which is neatly appliquéd a square of figured organdy.

THE clover pillow is redolent of the sweet clover-tops with which it is filled. The cover is of white duck, upon which is embroidered in wash silks



A CLOVER PILLOW OF DUCK

sprays of sweet clover. The front and back of the pillow are laced together with pale blue satin ribbon. If desired the line, "The clover blossoms kiss her cheeks," may be embroidered upon it.



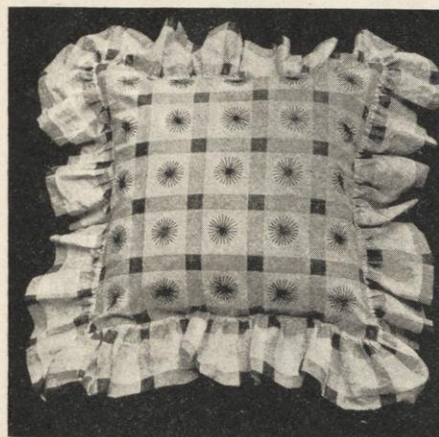
A BUTTERFLY PILLOW

The butterfly pillow is made of unbleached muslin of a very deep shade, upon which is appliquéd a design of yellow and black butterflies. The ruffle is a deep one of the muslin hemstitched with red.



PILLOW WITH DESIGN OF POPPIES

THE pillow with design of poppies is made of yellow piqué, on which is appliquéd two red poppies which have been cut from a piece of silkoline.



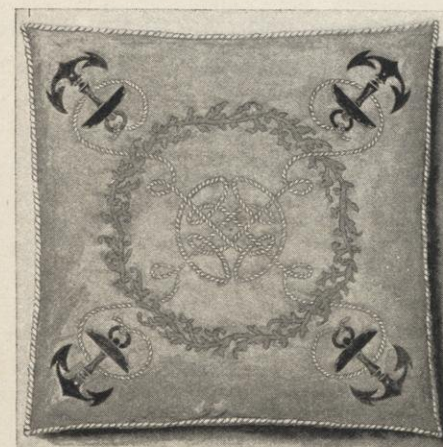
LINEN PILLOW WITH DAISIES

THE linen pillow with daisies is made of yellow and white checked gingham; the checks are large, and upon each white one a yellow daisy is embroidered in wash silk in outline stitch. The edge is finished with a deep hemstitched ruffle.



A CRETONNE PILLOW

The cretonne pillow is made of a piece of cretonne which is striped with rosebuds. The centre wreath is appliquéd on.



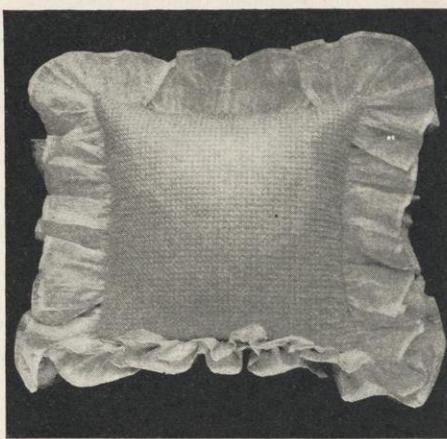
A WHITE DUCK YACHT PILLOW

The bandana pillow is simple, being made from two red bandana handkerchiefs tied in loose knots at the corners. The handkerchiefs used may be either of silk or cotton. The idea may be utilized still further by hemming squares of bright plaid cotton gingham, and tying them in the same way. This style of pillow is to be commended for its durability and inexpensiveness—two prime requisites in the furnishing of a summer cottage.



A DAINTY PILLOW IN CLOVER

THE dainty pillow in clover is made of white dimity with a spray of three-leaved clovers embroidered in one corner. The border which outlines the square is of figured cambric in clover design. The edges of the pillow and of the square are finished with a pink and white cotton cord.



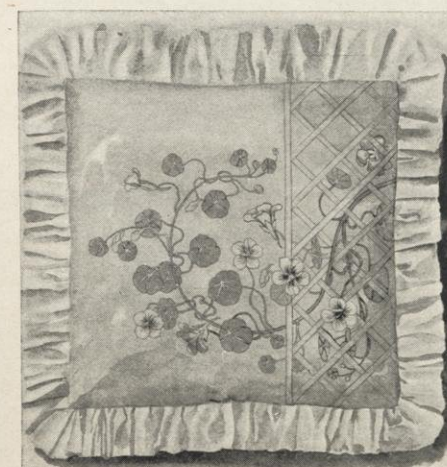
PINK AND WHITE GINGHAM PILLOW

THE pink and white gingham pillow is made of gingham in which each one of the pink squares is embroidered in white. The ruffle is a very full hemstitched one of sheer white lawn, beneath which is a full ruffle of the pink and white gingham.



MULL PILLOW IN OUTLINE STITCH

The mull cover is embroidered in an all-over design of pale green in outline stitch; the edge is finished with white ball trimming. This idea may be reproduced in a well-covered organdy and finished with a ruffle of pale green lawn.



A DESIGN IN NASTURTIUMS

The nasturtium design is embroidered on white linen; the edge finish is a full hemstitched ruffle of the linen.

Sofa-pillows which are intended for summer use should suggest daintiness, and be of a material and color that will stand frequent laundering. Often the winter pillows are made to appear very cool and inviting by being covered with ruffled slips of figured lawn, either in white or colors.

Wedding Gifts in Sterling Silver

In the selection of Wedding Presents of Sterling Silver, one needs an absolute assurance that the sterling mark is something more than a mere symbol. The stamp of the

GORHAM CO., Silversmiths

affords this assurance in the fullest sense, and it has also for many years been synonymous with what is best in design and workmanship. More

than half a century of experience has developed a corps of expert workers in silver and a tradition of good work that are not to be surpassed. Their productions can be seen in the stores of the leading dealers is silverware throughout the country or at the salesrooms of the Company.

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The King's Daughters

Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome

HEART TO HEART TALKS

THOUGH messenger boys come to my door very often, if you should ask me what kind of a boy brought a certain message I am sure I should say, "I did not notice him, I was interested only in his message." I hope you will take the message I bring you; more than that I do not care for. A new inspiration has come to me, and I call on every Daughter who wears the little silver cross to listen to my message. It is not a call to work or to do more work. Perhaps some of you will say, "But that is the only practical thing." It is important, but not the most important of all. We must return to the first principles of our Order.



WE MUST, ABOVE ALL THINGS, BE HOLY

I WELL remember writing or saying to Doctor Hale, when I asked him to lend me his "ten-times-one-is-ten" idea, that our Order would not be simply a Lend-a-Hand Club, but a spiritual Order; that we should emphasize "being" more than doing. Though I cannot now give the exact words of his reply, his thought was that "being" was the deepest need. Now, as if this were my last message (and it may be), I wish to put myself on record as having said that my idea of our Order, and it was also hers who suggested its name, is entire consecration to Jesus Christ. Less than this is to make the cross we wear "In His Name" meaningless. I do not think that every one who enters our Order sees all that the word consecration means at once, for very young children are in the Order (and we wish to have them in it). Some of them cannot even spell the word, but they may be taught the meaning of the word though not old enough to spell it, and, in my opinion, they can take in the meaning of "Follow Me" better than some grown-up people. For the grown-up people must become like little children before they can see the Kingdom of Heaven. Less than this idea of consecration to Christ and serving humanity "In His Name" for love of Him makes our name and badge, to my mind, meaningless.



I ADVISE YOU TO LOOK AFTER YOUR SOUL

NO APPROVAL, no praise of man or woman, can for a moment weigh with me. I mean to look after my soul, and I advise you to do the same. We will have to give an account of ourselves, and it will not avail for you or me to say, "I did as others did." When one of Christ's disciples said, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" Christ answered, "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." This is an individual matter; do not lose yourself in any order, or society, or church, for all the visible is soon to pass away. The Order of The King's Daughters, and the Society of Christian Endeavor, and the church you belong to—all may and will pass away; all organizations will cease to be, but you will live on, and the Church of Jesus Christ, the invisible Church, composed of all holy souls, will live on. So make sure of the immortal, the invisible, the never-ending. Let Christ Himself be your King, and let the question that was so much to us when the Order of The King's Daughters was started, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" be the question with you every day and hour of your life. It will cost you something, but it will be the only thing that will be worth what you paid for it in a very short time.



WE MUST HAVE AN EYE SINGLE TO GOD

IT COSTS in a world like this to walk with "Heavenly garments, white and pure," but you can do it. You can have an eye single to the glory of God, and only so can your whole body be full of light, and only so can you win souls—and this is the work of a daughter of The King. Do not misunderstand me. I am not writing against the philanthropic side of our Order, but I insist that it shall be in its proper place; the out-come of our Christ-life. The Master cared for the bodies of men and women, and so will we if we have His Spirit, but it is His Spirit that I insist we shall have, and then when we minister we can minister to soul as well as body, for there is a hunger of heart that we have to minister to, as well as the hunger for bread, and we must have spiritual bread to give; there is only One who says, "I am the bread of life." Unless He is your bread you will not be apt to give Him to others. Now you have the plain message I have always wanted to give you—the truth; and if I have erred in giving it in familiar illustrations it has been in the hope that you would see it, and perhaps receive it more kindly, if I veiled it in a parable. But this is a plain message from my heart; it is mine, and I give it to you. It involves no one else. It is the truth that I intend to live and die by.

DO NOT NEGLECT TO "MAKE YOUR WILL"

THIS has a solemn sound. I shall always associate it with one of the saddest hours of my life. It had never occurred to me that my father could die, until the Doctor said to my mother, "If your husband has not made his will no time should be lost." After the lapse of all the years I can feel the hurt as I write. I think to have one's attention called to the subject when in perfect health is startling. I do not like the trifling way in which death is spoken of so often in these days. It is no trifle to exchange worlds, even if we believe in the Christian religion, but I am more and more persuaded there is a bright side—a helpful side—to everything, if we will only see it, and seeing, believe.

In hearing a will spoken of a short time ago, and seeing the formula, "This is my last will and testament," the reality of Christ's last will and testament came so vividly to my mind that I wanted to read it over. How apt we are entirely to forget, when we handle the New Testament, that it is, as it says, a Testament. And to go to it as to a "will" in which we are remembered, and find out what He left us, should make the New Testament very interesting to some people who have not the interest in it they wish they had. Now suppose you look at it with me at this time in this spirit of seeing what He left for us. Ah, He left what no one has ever put in his will: "Peace I leave with you." What a legacy in a world like this. Oh, what a peace it was! Such perfect peace with His Father—so full of peace that He breathed it on others. He breathed it wherever He went. His enemies felt it when they were searching for Him with Judas leading them. He said, "Here I am," and so calm and peaceful was He that they fell back frightened at His peace.



THE PEACE WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING

HAVE we His peace? Does our peace, His peace in us, in our families, make the waves "be still"? It is a wonderful legacy; maybe you never have understood that it was left to you. Maybe you have never claimed your inheritance. Then I have found out several other things that He left in His will. He told His Father, "I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory which Thou hast given Me: for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world." Think what a sight that will be; and it is Christ's will that we should see that sight, but to me what will be seen will not be anything to the being with Him. Then He left joy for us. The crown of it all to my mind is that He is the peace. "He is our peace," and He is the joy; the joy of the Lord is your strength. So He does not give us these gifts apart from Himself. How many, when their attention has been called to what has been left them, have said, "Oh, I do not care for the things; I want him; he was everything to me. Oh, if I could only have him back." Well, in this will we do get Himself back. He does come back, and is more to us than His earthly presence could be. To believe it all is to come to know it all. "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you." Let us take up this last will and Testament and see what is ours, what really belongs to us.



WORK MAY CEASE, BUT BEING GOES ON

AS I AM writing this I am thinking of one whose death I have just read of in my morning paper—an ideal of manly beauty! He had just entered on a career, and every prospect was before him of a brilliant success; not one thing was lacking; he entered on his professional life magnificently equipped, but all is over for him on earth. Work may cease, will cease, but being goes on; and again I want you to mark in the Forty-fifth Psalm that it says, "The King's daughter is"—what she does is not mentioned—but the teaching is very clear that by being she had a following. There is a beauty in holiness that is very attractive and lasting. You may be very beautiful to look upon, you may be greatly admired, but all this may be only for earth, and in a few days all the beauty that has cost you, maybe, your soul, is gone—for only soul beauty goes on. This is not pleasant to read, but it is true, and I care more at this time for truth than pleasantness or favor from man or woman. I am in earnest. We who call ourselves Daughters of The King must be filled with true holiness. The old hymn of my early days means more to me than it did then:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
"Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give."

I DID NOT WANT TO WALK ALONE
I CAN remember a time when I shrank from that word "alone." They used to sing a little hymn in the long ago:

"My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time and voice,
Myself, my reputation;
The lone way is my choice."

I knew in my heart that it was not my choice; I did not want any lonely way. The impression that verse made was not correct. Every other way becomes lonely sooner or later unless Christ becomes to us the "way." And His is not a lonely way. In the first place, we escape loneliness by knowing Him. Have you ever thought of the awful loneliness of human life? No one knows you, for you know no one—not even the one who walks by your side! There is a rare oneness existing between some souls, but I am inclined to think that in these cases it is because they both know and love Christ to an uncommon degree.



THE ONLY WAY TO ESCAPE LONELINESS

INTIMATE companionship with God is very rare. It rarely comes to us in early life, but it will come, and you will know an awful loneliness if you cannot say, as Jesus said, "The Father is with Me." Oh, the homeless, houseless souls. They wander indeed—to this one and that one, from this thing to that thing, thinking about people who perhaps never think of them. I feel like crying, "Come home! Come home to God, to your Father, and do remember that you have a home, your soul has a home—on the bosom of God." I want to save you from disappointment. You think you will live in your children, in your friends, in the one nearest to you, but, my friends, there is just One, and only One, of whom we may safely say, "In Him we live and move and have our being," and if we but choose Him He will come and take up His abode in us; then we shall never be alone. Believe me, the way to escape loneliness is to have Him abide in us and to abide in Him; then we take in the world, we have an interest in the whole world, and in the world that is yet to come. Make Christ the door of escape from all loneliness, from all that would embitter you. More and more I love the old lines of Lucy Larcom:

"To be made, with Thee, one spirit,
Is the boon that I lingering ask,
To have no bar 'twixt my soul and Thine;
My will to echo the will divine,
Myself Thy servant for any task!
Life! Life! I may enter through Thee, the door,
Saved, sheltered forevermore."

Let Christ's words become more to you: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me."



AN INCIDENT WHICH CAME TO MY NOTICE

I HEARD yesterday of a dainty little lady who was standing on the dock by the side of a distinguished-looking gentleman, and their attention was attracted to the trouble of a woman with a child in her arms, who would not pass on as she was commanded to do. No one could understand a word the woman said. One after another, of different nationalities, went up to her, but she did not understand either French or German any better than she did English. The officer became impatient, and was about to lay hands on her when the beautiful little lady bounded away from her escort and in a moment stood by the side of the woman, and the face that had shown such terror and anguish was soon wreathed in smiles. After a few moments' conversation with her the little lady turned to the crowd and said, "She is from Honolulu. Her husband was to meet her at this steamer. She hasn't a cent with her, and she feared to move till her husband came." A young man with the badge of the Salvation Army said, "Come, lads, let us all give ten cents apiece to the poor woman," and hands went into pockets, and more than ten cents came from a good many, and the poor woman was comforted, and felt less friendless and alone.



"FOR YE HAVE THE POOR WITH YOU ALWAYS"

AS THE little lady walked away with her distinguished escort, he evidently was displeased at what he considered an out-of-the-way proceeding of his companion, for she was heard to say in answer to some words he had uttered, "But I couldn't help it."

Oh, for more people who do kind things because they cannot help doing them. Alas, for the distinguished escorts that are not willing that anything should be done that is not "quite the thing."

There are many verses we could not miss from our New Testament, and one is, "Let her alone. . . . She hath done what she could." Of course, it was extravagant in that woman to lavish the box of precious ointment on the lowly Nazarene, and the man who accused her of extravagance sold Jesus Christ not long afterward for a few pieces of silver.

The lady who did the kind act to the poor woman just off the steamer was Christlike, whether she knew it or not. Oh, that we would all of us remember that the poor we have with us always, and that "he that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord."

Margaret Bottome

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To the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost we will mail free our Summer catalogue of suits and skirts, together with the supplement of new styles from our Paris house, and a complete line of samples of fashionable materials to select from. The following illustrations give you only an inkling of the handsome styles which are illustrated in our catalogue at extremely moderate prices:



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BREAKFAST SET IN BLUE AND WHITE

Designed Especially for the Journal

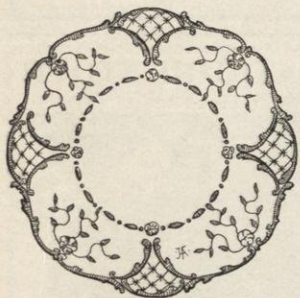
A RUNNING BORDER



A CORNER

FOR the breakfast-table blue and white ware is quite as popular at the present time, and nearly, if not quite, as cool-looking in effect as the pale green and white, now so popular a combination. As underlays to this style of ware the illustrations given on this page offer suggestions for several pieces of table linen, to be worked in the beautiful Delft shades, that will harmonize and form a pretty background for any set of blue and white china.

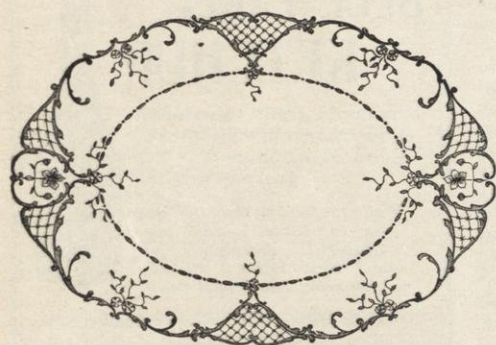
THE pattern for a goblet doily shown in illustration measures five inches in diameter. It is arranged with a pearl circle two inches and three-quarters across, so as to accommo-



A GOBLET DOILY

date the bottom of the goblet or water glass. This design will be found easy to work and effective in result. It should be embroidered so that the shading may be dark at the outer edges and grow lighter toward the centre. The pearl circle may be carried out in a darker shade.

FOR the serving-tray an oval design is shown. For a silver server of average size it may be made sixteen inches long and eleven inches wide. About two inches in from the margin all around an oval



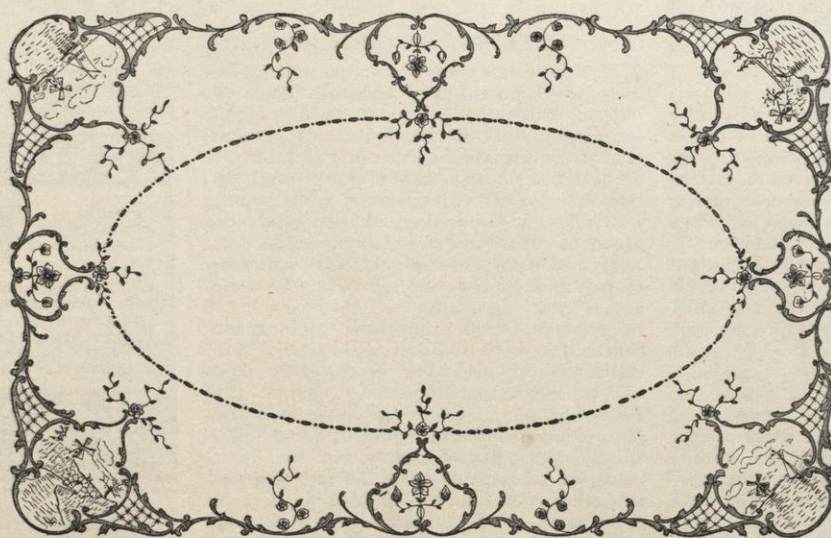
FOR THE SERVING TRAY

of broken beads may be arranged, as shown in illustration, thus leaving a clear centre seven inches wide and ten inches long.

FOR the coffee service of silver, or as an underlay to a large platter, a design for a cloth is shown in illustration. It may measure eighteen inches across and be twenty-eight inches long. While the general outline of the cloth is oblong the squareness is relieved nicely by the oval of pearls or broken beads that, at the sides and ends, form an attractive attachment to the flower ornament.

The design is easy and graceful and not overcrowded, so that in carrying out the lines with embroidery silks it will not require an excessive amount of work.

A picture is shown in each of the four corners in keeping with those on the centrepiece. These corners should be worked in two or three of the medium Delft shades in imitation of the Delft china decorations.



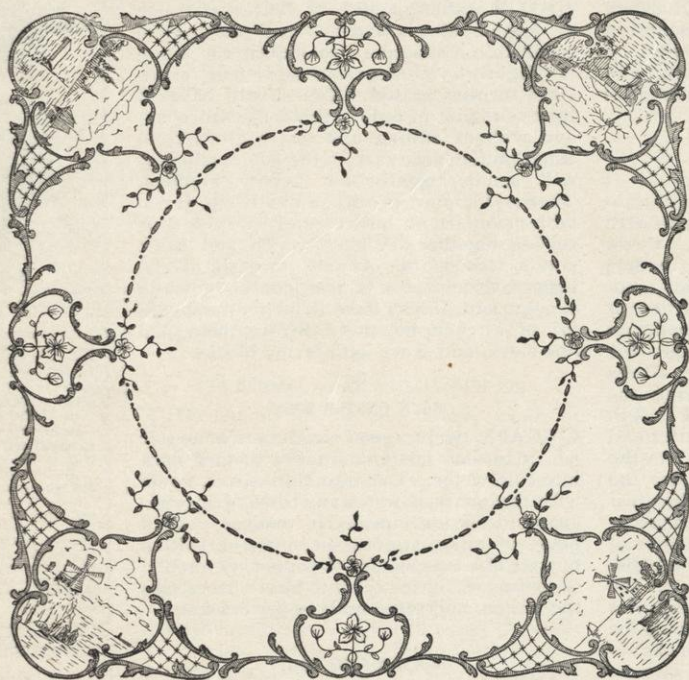
FOR THE SILVER COFFEE SERVICE

FROM a glance at these illustrations it may be seen that silk threads of several sizes must be employed to obtain good results, as the thickness of the different parts composing the designs varies considerably. To gain a satisfactory result one's eye and hand must be quick to detect distinctions between the effect of heavy and light work.

For the large scrolls forming the outline and framework of the patterns the Asiatic Roman floss or Caspian floss in five Delft-blue shades may be beautifully blended in carrying out the design. Employ the darkest shade for the outline, and shade the entire design to light at the centre. To lend contrast it might be well to embroider the circle of pearls with one of the darker shades.

For the lattice effect at the corners the Asiatic filo silk should be used. The little vines and leaves may be worked in the same silk, or outline or twisted silk may be used.

THE design for the centrepiece shown in illustration, and intended for general use, may measure eighteen inches square or nearly so, as the outline is broken by the

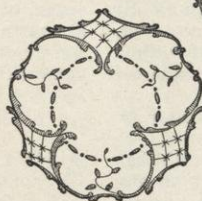


A SQUARE CENTREPIECE

scroll ornament that forms a pretty feature of these designs. The circle of broken beads measures twelve inches in diameter, and is arranged to meet the little rose ornament at the middle of each side. This design is quite easy to embroider, as great care is not required to follow the lines accurately, as in the case of patterns where strict regularity is the prevailing feature.

THE butter-plate doily shown in illustration should measure four inches across and be embroidered as the goblet doily is.

The flower ornament and the landscape or marine pictures at the corners of all these designs must be very carefully embroidered with the silk, or the result will be very unsatisfactory—the idea being to give them as near a representation to painting as it is possible to give a piece of embroidery.

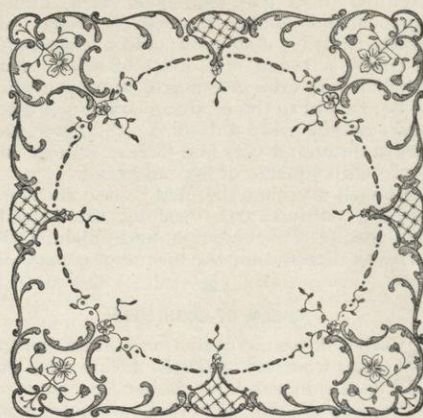


BUTTER-PLATE DOILY

THE running border and corner shown in illustrations are arranged to be applied to cloths one or two yards square, or two yards by three yards in size. At the corner the distance from edge to the centre of first ornament is nine inches, and from centre to centre of ornaments the distance is nine inches, thus making the border available for cloths eighteen, thirty-six, fifty-four or seventy-two inches square.

For large napkins, square centrepieces, carving-cloths or other linens the design for a corner is of use, and departing from table ware it may be adapted to a sofa-pillow, a table-cover or a lambrequin.

For a carafe doily the illustration shown gives a pretty design that is square in shape, having a circle of pearls a little more than

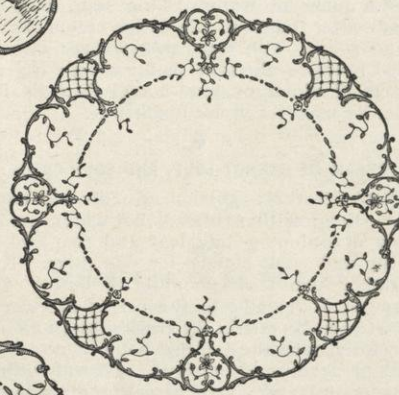


A CARAFE DOILY

nine inches in diameter. The general character of this pattern is in keeping with the others, and as it is twelve inches across it may be used for a square plate doily if preferred.

The outlines of all of the designs should be buttonholed, so that the linen may be cut close to the outer edge after the work is completed. The inner scrolls composing the constructional part of the design may be worked with cross-stitch, or satin stitch if preferred.

AS UNDERLAYS to the cereal bowls, or for breakfast-plate doilies, a circular design is shown in illustration. For plates of average size the doily may measure twelve inches in diameter with the inner circle of pearls eight inches across. This pattern is simple and



BREAKFAST-PLATE DOILY

pretty, and as the shaded parts show, it may be easily worked.

The intricate appearance of accompanying illustrations may seem to indicate a great deal of work, but if the shaded part of each design is inspected closely it will be seen that the work is quite simple and within the ability of any one who is familiar with the art of embroidering on linen.

For the set here given a good quality of XX or XXX white art linen should be employed. If that cannot be had a good round-thread, hand-made Irish linen with a firm body may be substituted.

Let the frame be heavy, but keep the picture light and graceful, so that the result may be pleasing and attractive at the first glance.

Editor's Note—A full-size perforated pattern for any one of the embroidery designs on this page will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents. The full set of nine patterns may be had by sending \$1.00. Address The Art Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia. Full directions for transferring the designs accompany the patterns.

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THIRTY SOUPS WITHOUT MEAT

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

NEW COOKING LESSONS: NUMBER FIVE



THE object in taking a soup at the beginning of a meal is to warm, stimulate and prepare the stomach for the heavier food that is to follow. The clear beef soups are, for this reason, the accepted dinner soups.

Soups made without meat contain a greater food value and are best adapted where the food following is of a less concentrated or lighter nature. A good rule to remember is to precede the scrap or picked-up dinner with a good nutritious soup, and the heavier meat dinner with a light clear soup. For luncheon, where the soup forms almost the entire meal, a purée, such as black bean, split pea or dried bean, is advisable, while for a dainty luncheon, bouillon or one of the fruit soups may be served in cups.

A VERY FINE ASPARAGUS SOUP

TAKE one bundle, or about twelve good-sized shoots of asparagus; peel, cut off the heads and put them aside; cut the remaining part of the shoots into pieces about an inch long. Cover with a quart of water, boil for five minutes, drain and throw the water away; cover again with one quart of boiling water; add a teaspoonful of salt, simmer gently thirty minutes and press through a colander; add one pint of milk; rub together a tablespoonful and a half of butter and three rounded tablespoonfuls of flour; add them carefully to the hot soup; stir until thick and smooth, using a double boiler for the second preparation. Add a teaspoonful and a half of salt, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of black pepper; strain this through a fine sieve; reheat and serve very hot.

CREAM OF ARTICHOKE SOUP

TAKE four medium-sized fresh artichokes; wash, boil until tender, and remove the skins; chop the artichokes very fine, then mash them through a colander. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan; add one sliced onion, shake and stir without browning until the onion is soft and tender. Add a bay leaf. Moisten two tablespoonfuls of flour in a little cold milk, then add this to one quart of milk; strain into the saucepan with the butter and onion. Add the artichoke that has been pressed through a colander, and stir constantly until it reaches the boiling point. Strain through a fine sieve; add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of red pepper, and serve.

CREAM OF LIMA BEAN SOUP

COOK one pint of good-sized lima beans in salted water until perfectly tender, and press through a colander. Add to them gradually one quart of milk; turn into a double boiler, and add a tablespoonful of grated onion, a bay leaf and a blade of mace. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour; add to the mixture; stir constantly until thick and smooth; put through a fine sieve; add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and the soup is ready to serve.

White beans, such as kidney, or any of the fresh shell beans, may be used in the same way. The flavorings may be changed; celery salt may be added in the place of a bay leaf, or a single clove may be added.

BLACK BEAN SOUP

IT IS very common to use, in making this soup, a good beef stock. Being quite nutritious, however, it may be made from water alone. Soak the beans over night; next morning drain off the water; cover them with cold water, bring to boiling point, drain and throw away the water. To a pint of beans add two quarts of water. Simmer gently for one hour, then add an onion with half a dozen cloves stuck in it, a bay leaf, and a teaspoonful of celery salt; cook the beans slowly for another hour, and press through a colander. Add a tablespoonful of butter, return the mixture to the fire, and if too thick add just a little boiling water. Put into the soup tureen which is to be used at the table two hard-boiled eggs cut into thin slices, half a lemon and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley; you may add, also, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Pour in the purée, and serve with croutons.

Dried white bean, split pea and lentil soups may be made after this same receipt.

Editor's Note—Mrs. Rorer's new series of Cooking Lessons, which began in the Journal of February last, will continue throughout the year. The lessons which have been given thus far are: The Apple in Thirty-Five Ways, February; Cooking for the Sick and Convalescent, March; Proper Cooking for the Nursery, April; Strawberries in Thirty Ways, May.

The subject of Mrs. Rorer's next (July) lesson will be "Forty Kinds of Summer Sandwiches."

BISQUE OF CUCUMBER SOUP

PUT two tablespoonfuls of butter and one onion together in a double boiler; cover the boiler, and allow this to cook for thirty minutes; then add four good-sized, almost ripe cucumbers that have been peeled and grated; stir for a moment; add a teaspoonful of celery salt and one quart of milk. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour; add to the mixture, cook until thick and smooth. Add a dash of red pepper, and strain through a very fine sieve. Reheat and serve with squares of toasted bread.

Squash soup may be made after this same receipt, boiling and mashing the squash, and adding it to the onion, and finishing the same as directed for the bisque of cucumber.

CREAM OF CORN SOUP

SCORE down the grains and press out the pulp from six good-sized ears of corn; add to this in a double boiler one quart of milk, a teaspoonful of grated onion, not more than one-eighth of a teaspoonful of ground mace, about a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, and, if you like, a teaspoonful of sugar. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour; add to the soup and stir until thick. Serve in a hot tureen after pressing through a purée sieve.

CREAM OF CABBAGE SOUP

TAKE half of a medium-sized head of cabbage; chop it fine and measure; to each quart of this allow one quart of milk. Cover the cabbage with a quart of boiling water; add a teaspoonful of salt, a slice of onion, and, if you have it, a sprig of parsley. Allow it to stand where it cannot possibly boil, but still be kept at a temperature of about 180° until the cabbage is transparent. Press through a colander, using and saving the water. Add to this one quart of milk. Rub together a quarter of a pound of butter and three tablespoonfuls of flour, and add to the soup, stirring carefully until it reaches the boiling point. Take from the fire; add a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper. Serve with squares of toasted bread or with tiny little cheese balls.

Cream of cauliflower may be made in the same way, using one head of cauliflower and a quart of water. This soup may be made after the same rule as the cream of cabbage soup. The red cabbage may also be used precisely the same as the white; it gives a sort of violet or blue soup, which is frequently used for violet luncheons.

CREAM OF CARROT SOUP, AND SOUP CRÉCY

GRATE three good-sized carrots; cover them with a pint of hot water; add a slice of onion, a bay leaf and two cloves; cover and cook slowly for one hour. Rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and three of flour; add to the carrot mixture a quart of milk, stir in the thickening, and stir carefully until the boiling point is reached, and press through a sieve. Season with a teaspoonful and a half of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper.

Salsify, turnip and parsnip soups may be made after the same receipt.

If you have had stewed or boiled cabbage for dinner, when you have drained off the water put it aside for to-morrow's soup "Crécy." Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan with a slice of onion, shake and toss until the onion is slightly brown; add the cabbage water and four good-sized carrots, grated. Cover the saucepan and stew gently for an hour or an hour and a half, then add two tablespoonfuls of butter. When the butter is melted put the soup through a fine sieve; add a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, and serve at once.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP

THIS, perhaps, is the daintiest of all the thicker cream soups. Take three heads of celery, wash and cut into small pieces; cover with one quart of water, cook slowly for a half hour; press through a colander, using just as much of the celery as possible. Put this in a double boiler with one quart of milk. Rub together three tablespoonfuls of butter and three of flour; add to the soup and cook until smooth and thick; add a teaspoonful and a half of salt and a dash of pepper.

GREEN PEA SOUP

SHELL two quarts of fresh green peas; wash the shells, and cover them with a quart of water; boil five minutes, drain. Add to this water the peas; cook until tender, and press through a colander; add two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Add a pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour; add salt and pepper, and serve at once.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP

THIS is one of the very palatable and slightly green soups. Pick the leaves from two quarts of spinach; wash; throw them into a hot kettle, and shake and toss for five minutes. Drain them, saving the very small amount of water which has been formed in the kettle. Chop the leaves very fine, and press them through a sieve; return them to the kettle; add a tablespoonful of grated onion and one quart of milk. Rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour; add them to the soup, stirring constantly, until smooth and thick. Press this again through a sieve; add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper, and serve with small squares of toasted bread.

CREAM OF POTATO SOUP

PARE three good-sized potatoes; cover them with boiling water; boil five minutes, drain and throw away the water. Cover them with one pint of boiling water; add a slice of onion, a bit of celery cut into small pieces, or a quarter of a teaspoonful of celery seed, and a bay leaf. Cover, and cook slowly until the potatoes are tender. Press the whole through a colander. Add one quart of milk; pour into a double boiler. Rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour. Add to the mixture, cook carefully until smooth; add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and press through a very fine sieve. Reheat and serve at once.

Sweet potato, pumpkin and Hubbard squash may be used, following the same rule.

BISQUE OF TURNIP SOUP

PUT a tablespoonful of butter and one onion, sliced, and two or three slices of carrot into a saucepan; toss until the onion is slightly yellow, then add four good-sized turnips, grated. You should have, at least, one pint of pulp. Cover the saucepan, and without adding any water allow it to stand on the back part of the stove, where it will simmer gently for twenty minutes. Then add a quart of milk, and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour rubbed together. When smooth and thick add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of red pepper, a quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper, and, if you have it, half a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet. Strain through a fine sieve, and serve with farina blocks.

MOCK OYSTER SOUP

SCRAPE twelve good-sized roots of oyster plants or salsify and throw them at once into cold water. Cut into thin slices, cover with one quart of water and cook gently for an hour, or until perfectly tender. Add a quart of milk, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of butter cut into bits. Turn into the tureen, and serve with oyster crackers.

MOCK BISQUE SOUP

THE proportions of tomato and milk in this soup need not be uniform. You may use a quart of milk and a quart of tomatoes, providing the two are mixed very carefully at the last moment. The easier method, however, is to season nicely one pint of strained stewed tomatoes with a teaspoonful of onion juice, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and an eighth of a teaspoonful of mace. Thicken a quart of milk in a double boiler with two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour rubbed together. When ready to serve, turn the tomatoes into the tureen; add a quarter of a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, pour in the milk; mix, and serve at once with squares of toasted bread.

CLEAR TOMATO SOUP

ADD a pint of water to a quart of stewed tomatoes. Add a slice of onion, a bay leaf, a teaspoonful of celery salt, or a little celery seed, or a sprig of celery, whichever is most convenient, a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of red pepper. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter; bring to boiling point, press through a fine sieve, return to the fire, and add three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch moistened in cold water; cook until transparent, and serve with squares of toasted bread.

SOUP MAIGRE, AND CREOLE SOUP

CUT into dice one carrot, one turnip, one white potato, and into thin slices one onion. Put two ounces of butter into a saucepan; add the vegetables, toss until slightly brown; then add a sprig of celery, or a quarter of a teaspoonful of celery seed, and two quarts of water; cover, and simmer gently for one hour; then add two good-sized tomatoes cut into bits, and simmer one hour longer. Strain; add a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper, and serve as you would any other clear soup.

To make Creole soup, wash and cut into thin slices half a dozen good-sized okras. Peel, cut into halves and press out the seeds of six good-sized tomatoes; cut into thin slices one onion. Cover the whole in a saucepan with two quarts of cold water; bring to a boil, and simmer gently for one hour. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of salt and a dash of pepper. If green peppers are in market, chop fine one green pepper and add to the other ingredients as they go over the fire. Serve very hot.

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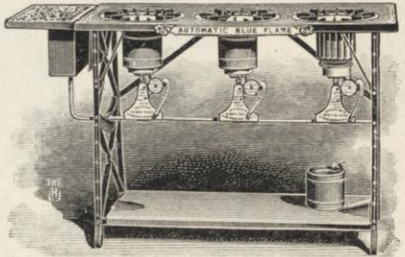
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FRUITS AS FOODS AND FRUITS AS POISONS

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

DOMESTIC LESSONS: NUMBER SIX



TO BE able to enter carefully into the study of fruits as foods and fruits as poisons we must divide them into three general classes, not botanically, but rudely, from a similarity of constituents: the acid, sub-acid and saccharin. The first class embraces a few members of the citron family, such as oranges, lemons, grape fruit or shaddock, and cherries, currants, strawberries, cranberries, gooseberries, barberries and sour plums. Dried plums and prunes are comparatively without acid. In the second class peaches, sweet apples, pears and grapes may be placed. In the third class are the nutritious fruits, of which in this country several fresh varieties, as figs, bananas, guavas, papaws, persimmons, and the dried fruits, such as prunes, dates, raisins and the Turkish figs, are used. Huckleberries and blueberries might also be added to the list of saccharine fruits.

THE APPLE IS THE MOST VALUABLE

THOUGH an acid fruit, the apple stands alone as one of the most valuable of this class of fruits. It has been my observation, after most careful experiments, that both children and adults who eat freely of good, ripe, mellow apples, either raw or baked, and with the skins removed, are free from various forms of indigestion, liver trouble and also from constipation. The scraped apple will be more easily digested than one partly masticated, and cooked apples are, to many, more acceptable than raw ones, especially if mastication is imperfect. The cooking of apples has been discussed at length in a recent number of the JOURNAL, so it need not be touched upon here. The acid fruits may be classed among those as poisons. Many years ago I discarded from my table all acid fruits, apples excepted. While the health of myself and family did not especially need improving I felt it a step in the direction of reform.

FRUITS WHICH I ALLOW ON MY TABLE

IT MAY be interesting to know that the fruits allowed on my table are fresh figs, dried ones carefully cooked, guavas canned without sugar, guava jelly, orange marmalade made by special home receipt, dates both raw and cooked with almonds, persimmons, bananas cooked, and an occasional dish of prunes with the skins removed, blackberries and dewberries, slightly cooked, strained and made into flummery. The objection to the latter fruit, however, is the addition of starch and sugar, which is prone to fermentation. All fruits, whether cooked or raw, should be used without sugar. It must be remembered that sugar in no way neutralizes an acid; for this an alkali must be used. Sugar sprinkled over an acid fruit masks the objectionable and severe acid until it slips by the "guard-keeper," the palate. Once in the stomach, however, it regains its own position and grants the same to the irritating acid.

ACID FRUITS HAVE NO FOOD VALUE

ACID fruits are used by the great majority to stimulate the appetite, that they may eat what is called "breakfast," mis-called, however, for really there is no fast to break. It is well to observe that the person who eats a heavy luncheon at or near midnight is the same who eats one or two good-sized oranges or a dish of strawberries to give him an appetite the next morning.

Another fact of no small importance is that starches are digested and sugars converted only in an alkaline medium. What, then, becomes of the bowl of cereals taken immediately after these acid fruits for breakfast, taking no account of the sugar that is usually sprinkled over it? The intestinal tract must sooner or later become irritated by these fermenting foods. The blood loses its alkalinity, and a train of diseases, already only too well established in the system, follows such a diet.

Fruits and bread and butter are very common mixtures for those who have at the close of the day a supper. One can see at a glance that such combinations are not wise.

Many persons who cannot eat the currant with comfort, smooth down its acidity by mixing with it the sweeter red raspberry; this, however, does not change its character.

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

Do We Eat Too Much Meat? . . . January
What Indigestion Really Means, . . . February
What to Eat When You Have Indigestion, . . . March
The Best Food for a Growing Child, . . . April
When Unexpected Company Arrives, . . . May

One lesson will be given in each issue. In the next (the July) issue Mrs. Rorer will write of "The Table for Stout and Thin Women."

VALUE OF THE SUB-ACID FRUITS

OF THE sub-acid fruits peaches head the list. Taken in a ripe, mellow condition they stimulate the stomach and intestines, and contain considerable food value. Fresh figs, guavas and persimmons are confined, of course, to special districts of the United States, and cannot always be had north of Mason and Dixon's line. The guavas especially will not bear transportation, so most people are willing to accept them canned or made into jelly. The composition of the guava makes it a valuable sweet to "taper off," as it were, children who have been indulged in the ordinary sweets.

The pineapple and papaw are exceptional fruits, containing a ferment having the power to digest albuminoids. Nature puts these two fruits indigenous to warm climates where meats must be eaten almost as soon as the animal is killed. Of course, in this condition the meats are hard and tough, and the natives know that a few papaw leaves wrapped around the meat will soften its fibre and in twenty minutes make it sufficiently tender to be palatable and easily masticated. The secretions of both the pineapple and the papaw are akin to pepsin, and like it are active only in the presence of a congenial acid. Most housewives know that the pineapple possesses this digestive power. Frequently, during the canning season, children eat or suck the core which has been rejected, the secretions of which will digest off a portion of the skin of the mouth and lips, producing sores. The cooking of the pineapple destroys the activity of the ferment. The fruit being rich in woody fibre is rather difficult of digestion. For this reason we grate or pick it into very small pieces. Pineapple marmalade, made with half a pound of sugar to each pound of grated pineapple, is not at all an objectionable sweet.

THE BANANA AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD

THE banana in its true home, where it becomes mature before picking, forms an important part of the diet of the inhabitants. Many varieties, however, used there in an uncooked condition, will not bear transportation, consequently those which are sold in our markets are of an inferior variety, picked long before they are mature, and the ripening of which is almost a premature decay. They are exceedingly difficult of digestion. Children should never be allowed to eat the ordinary banana unless cooked, or when the skins are black and the fruit very soft and dark—almost what one would call over-ripe. The cooking seems to do for the banana what the ripening would have done in the natural condition. Banana meal, made from dried bananas reduced to flour, is very nutritious, used mainly to give variety to the restricted diet of the diabetic. It is usually made into a breakfast porridge, and in this form is much more palatable than the thin, hard cakes. Baked bananas are quite popular, contain a large quantity of pectin, and no free acid, are very nourishing, and may be given to invalids and children. To bake, remove carefully the skin and fibrous portion that frequently adheres to the flesh of the fruit. Place them in a porcelain baking-dish; add half a cup of water to each dozen bananas; bake twenty minutes in a hot oven, basting once or twice; serve hot.

Banana fritters and fried bananas are to be condemned, as are all fried foods.

SOME THINGS IT IS WELL TO KNOW

SEVERE acids, sweets, which frequently form acids in the stomach, and fried foods are certainly poison to weak stomachs, and one thing should be considered: that which is unfit for a weak stomach will certainly, if persisted in, ruin even the most robust. Scalloped bananas, banana ice cream and bananas cooked with rice are nutritious and palatable.

While the pear does not contain sufficient free acid to be objectionable it does contain granules of material difficult of digestion. Cooking, both stewing and baking, will partly soften these granules and render the fruit more acceptable. The skin should always be removed. Of the dried fruits dates are most nutritious. They may be eaten raw, or the stones removed and half almonds placed in the space, soaked over night, brought quickly to boiling point, lifted, the water reduced to a syrup and poured over. These may be used warm or cold, or they may be chopped fine and mixed with an orange or plain gelatine, moulded, cooled, and served with whipped cream. The space from which the stone is taken will hold nicely a quarter of an English walnut, or two peanuts, and in this way make a dainty sweet for the afternoon tea-table. Mixed chopped nuts may also be used. Fresh dried figs carefully cooked stand high in the list of fruits which may be used as food.

THE SKIN OF FRUIT IS IRRITATING

NATURE has placed on the outside of all fruits and grains a tough, indigestible covering, the object of which is to save the soft pulp within. The skin of fruit protects it from water and the sting of insects, but on the outside of grain keeps the starch within dry. All these are composed largely of silica, an indigestible substance, consequently they should always be removed. The skin of an apple is no more desirable than the outside bran of wheat. Both are irritating, and will, if persisted in, cause serious trouble in the intestinal canal. Raisins and figs may be classed with the tough-skinned dried fruits—valuable as food if properly cooked, but certainly poisonous to children if they are allowed to eat them in a dry condition. The dried figs for cooking purposes should be those sold under the name of "pulled figs." They must be thoroughly washed, soaked over night, brought to boiling point, the water reduced to a syrup and poured over. Use warm or cold.

Orange marmalade does not partake of the true character of the orange, as the bitter principle of the white rind used, in a measure aids digestion. It is a sweet, however, and must be used sparingly. To intensify this bitter we use all the rind and add one shaddock to each dozen oranges. Select large, sweet, ripe oranges, cut into thin slices, toward the core, rejecting the same. Cut one shaddock after the same fashion, cover with six quarts of cold water, soak over night; next morning boil three hours; add seven pounds of sugar and cook until transparent and clear. Put this into tumblers and when cool seal. This may be used at the close of breakfast or luncheon. All fruits would prove more valuable and wholesome if eaten in the early part of the day, and at the close rather than the beginning of the meal.

FRUITS WHICH SHOULD BE EATEN SPARINGLY

THE old adage that fruits are gold in the morning, silver at noon and lead at night does not apply especially to fresh fruits, but to those heavy sweet fruits usually taken with the night meal. Fruits having food value used as dessert must be taken into account while you are preparing the early part of the meal. For instance, after a hearty meal, do not eat two or three figs or dates, or even apples, unless you have arranged for this in proportioning the meal. Two figs with a gill of whipped cream, and a slice of whole wheat bread and butter, will give sufficient food for a noonday meal. Small fruits, containing as they do large quantities of seeds, must be eaten sparingly. Strawberries not only contain small seeds, but considerable free acid, and are poison to many. They produce an irritating rash similar to that produced by the crustacea or mollusk. The writer is inclined to think that the small fruits were not made especially for the use of man; cherries, blackberries, raspberries and currants, with the more acid barberries and cranberries, seem marvelously adapted to the bills and digestive organs of some of the birds. Strawberries were certainly made for those reptiles which keep very close to the ground. Man has a fashion, in looking over the earth, of claiming everything in sight, much the same as we consider the milk of the cow our special property, when really Nature intended it as a food for the calf. We are apt to think that we are monarchs of all we survey.

PENALTIES WHICH WE MUST PAY

IF MAN, then, persists in using or trying to use that for which he has neither power for digestion nor assimilation, he must, without doubt, pay the penalty. To many persons strawberries are such a violent poison that a single dish will produce a rash in less than two hours. The cooking of the fruit seems to destroy this active, irritating principle, but again, here comes our fashion of adding sugar. Canned or preserved fruits, as well as jams and kindred articles, are to be condemned on account of the mass of sugar used. With the fruits it is more prone to fermentation, and even if the sugar is inverted we have a far greater amount than can be cared for by the liver, and here is the origin of the "torpid liver" we hear so much about. The liver is not torpid at all, it is simply overworked. The given capacity is exhausted.

Fruits as foods are, then, peaches, apricots, nectarines; ripe, mellow apples; dates, figs, fresh and dried; prunes without skins; persimmons, papaws; very ripe or cooked bananas; guavas without seeds—fresh or canned without sugar; pineapples, grated or finely picked, never cut; mangoes, grapes; sweet plums without skins, sugar cherries, and an occasional cooked pear. Bartlett's are excellent when canned without sugar.

The fruits which must be used most sparingly are lemons, oranges, shaddocks, currants, barberries, cranberries and strawberries. This applies most emphatically to those persons who are inclined to uric acid conditions. The rheumatic and gouty should also most rigidly abstain. The tender lining of the child's stomach cannot, certainly, bear such fruits any length of time; serious results must follow. The ripe, mellow peach is really the child's fruit.

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

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EDITED BY EDWARD BOK

The Gossip of the Editors

A SPECIAL PRIZE OF \$100.00

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BUILT THE JOURNAL'S MODEL HOMES

NEARLY five hundred houses have been, or are being, built from the plans published in the series of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL'S "Model Homes of Moderate Cost." The JOURNAL now offers a prize of one hundred dollars (\$100.00) for a set of photographs of the most successful house actually built from the plans of any one of the houses published in this series. The set should include at least five photographs; an exterior view of the house, and a photograph of each one of the four principal rooms. The photographs of what is considered by the JOURNAL'S architect as the best house will be published in the JOURNAL. The photographs may be taken and sent by either the builder, owner or occupant of the house. The actual cost of the house should be indicated, as well as the particular plan in the JOURNAL from which the house was built. All photographs intended for this prize offer should be sent to the office of the JOURNAL not later than July 15 next, and addressed to the Art Bureau of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

PRIZES FOR CHURCH DECORATIONS

JUNE is the month for weddings, and the JOURNAL is desirous of getting photographs of churches decorated for weddings for its new series "Inside of a Score of Churches." When your church has been decorated for a wedding have a photographer take a picture of it showing all the decorations, and send it to the JOURNAL. You will thus have a souvenir of your wedding or your church, and perhaps see it published and secure one of the eleven prizes which the JOURNAL offers. It will give \$25.00 for the best-decorated church; \$10.00 for each of the next best five; and \$5.00 for each of the next best five—making eleven prizes in all, with a total of \$100.00. All such photographs should be sent to the Art Bureau of the JOURNAL by July 1 next.

These eleven prizes for the best-decorated churches apply not only to weddings, but also to churches decorated for Easter, Christmas, Thanksgiving, Harvest Home, Fair, Bazar, or festive occasion of any kind. A number of photographs have already been received by the JOURNAL, but it wants many more. So, if you are going to have your church decorated for any purpose, have a photograph taken of it. Or, if you have had a festive occasion in your church, and have a photograph, send it to the JOURNAL. It will return all photographs to which prizes are not awarded, and aside from the prize awards will buy any others which seem available, paying the usual rates for them.

NOW THAT SCHOOL IS CLOSING

WHY not arrange to make a little money during vacation? Teacher or scholar: either can do it. The JOURNAL will help you to make small or large sums of money, just as you choose. It is pleasant work to represent such a magazine as the JOURNAL, and that is all you have to do. Simply write to the JOURNAL'S Circulation Bureau and the plan will be explained to you.

THE NEW MUSICAL PRIZE OFFERS

FOUR prizes for children's songs, and one for the best piano solo, have attracted much attention. Twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) is offered for the best children's song, and \$15.00 for each of the next best three, while \$50.00 is the prize for the best piano solo. The competition does not close until July 1 next. You will find the conditions of these Musical Prize Offers fully explained on page 36 of the last (the May) issue of the JOURNAL.

GET A PRIZE FOR YOUR GARDEN

IN ORDER to obtain as much material as possible for its proposed series of "Inside Some Pretty Gardens" the JOURNAL will give for the best photograph of a home garden, city or country, roof-garden, floral balcony, back yard or vegetable garden—a garden of any kind, in fact—a first prize of \$25.00; five second prizes of \$10.00 each, and five third prizes of \$5.00 each—making \$100.00 for the best eleven photographs. All photographs submitted in response to these prize offers must be received by the JOURNAL prior to September 1 next, and should be addressed to the Art Bureau of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

There is always a plan suggested on this page for making money, and a new plan each month. For the details of these plans and what the editors are doing it will pay you to watch this page of the Journal.

THE PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL SIDE

IN THE same manner as Mrs. Cleveland is entertainingly written of in this issue, "The Anecdotal Side of President McKinley" will be given in the next (July) issue of the JOURNAL. This will be known as

The President's Number of The Ladies' Home Journal

The cover will be a superb and unique one, printed in the National colors, with the President's private flag, and a striking figure of the President, surrounded by portraits of his mother and his wife.

Inside the number will be presented some new portraits of the President, showing him engaged in various official duties. This "anecdotal" article is the result of the contributions of his most intimate friends, and will show the characteristic and personal traits of the head of our Nation in story and anecdote in a manner never before attempted.

The only approach to a musical air connected with the President's office which we have in America is "Hail to the Chief," a composition generally played whenever the President appears. In the next JOURNAL (the President's number) will be given, in its entirety, a new composition, specially written for the Journal, called

The President's March By Victor Herbert

The famous composer of the following operas: "The Serenade," "The Wizard of the Nile" and "The Idol's Eye." Mr. Herbert's great band will take the place of Sousa's organization at Manhattan Beach this summer. This march, which is

Dedicated to President McKinley

Promises to be the American march. It is brilliant in style, martial in music and National in flavor. Aside from the National significance which the march will have it is admirably adapted to the popular use of the "two-step" dance. Its popularity this summer will probably eclipse that of any march composed in recent years.

THE DECLARATION AS IT IS TO-DAY

ANOTHER feature of interest in the next JOURNAL (the President's number) will be a large photograph of the Declaration of Independence exactly as it looks and is to-day. Through the courtesy of the United States Government the JOURNAL has been allowed to photograph, not the copy of the Declaration which the visitor to the State Department usually sees in its glass case, but the original document itself, which is kept behind bars and which no one ever sees. The original is far more distinct than is generally supposed. It has not been photographed for years. Jefferson's original draft has also been photographed, and this, too, will be shown on the same page, together with a view of the place where the original Declaration is kept.

ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

THE JOURNAL desires new, fresh, unpublished anecdotes of famous people now living. For the best anecdote submitted during June a prize of \$5.00 will be paid.

Re-Paint Your Buggy for 75c.



For seventy-five cents (75c.) you can actually purchase enough varnish-gloss paint to make your old buggy, cart or sleigh look as good as new. It is made so that anybody can apply it successfully. Ask your dealer for **Neal's Carriage Paint**

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FOUR SPECIAL PAGES

DEVOTED TO THE SUMMER WARDROBE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

THE PRETTIEST OF THE WHITE GOWNS

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE JOURNAL'S OWN MODELS



OF DOTTED SWISS

THE fashionable materials for the white toilettes of the summer are cloth, serge, *crêpe de chine*, chiffon, piqué (always with a soft finish), duck, mull, Swiss muslin, lawn and organdy.

A dotted Swiss muslin constitutes the costume shown in illustration. The skirt is laid in lengthwise groups of fine tucks that reach quite a distance on the skirt, and then flare to give fullness, the edge being finished with a ruche of the material. The bodice is a fitted blouse with two rows of tiny ruches, while the sleeves are gathered in one full ruche, or puckered on the outside seam. The broad belt is of watermelon-pink velvet with a large crush bow. The collar is a crush one of white *mousseline de soie*, and the hat is of black Neapolitan braid trimmed with white tips and rosettes of watermelon velvet.

WHITE serge is used to make the dressy costume shown in illustration. The skirt is decorated with tucks about an eighth of an inch wide, graduated so that they are closer together as they reach the waist-line. The semi-loose blouse is decorated with tucks of the same width arranged to form a square effect. It closes on one side with pearl buttons over a vest of deep cardinal silk which shows a square plastron at the top and at the sides. The collar is of the silk, and the belt is of the same material. The sleeves are tucked crosswise and flare.



COSTUME OF WHITE SERGE

THE white lawn gown shown in illustration is made over a foundation of pale heliotrope lawn separate from the skirt, except at the belt-joining. The bodice is gathered on cords, and has two rows of narrow lace of a deep écu shade gathered in with each cord. The epaulettes are edged with lace. The sleeves are corded with the lace running lengthwise, frills of it coming down over the wrists. The collar is composed of narrow ruffles of the lace, and two rows are about the edge of the skirt. The crush belt is made of the heliotrope velvet.



OF WHITE LAWN

A GOWN of piqué with a soft finish, and having the stamp of "tailor-made" upon it, is shown in accompanying illustration. The skirt is absolutely plain, but cut so perfectly and hung with such care that while fitting the figure it flares just enough to be graceful. It just clears the ground.

The shirt-waist is stamped with the same simplicity as the skirt, there being only enough fullness at the front and back to make it fit easily. The sleeves have the usual straight cuffs caught by links of plain gold. The high standing collar of linen is encircled by a silk four-in-hand tie of a brilliant red, the ends of which are sufficiently long to tuck under the white leather belt which closes under a white enamel buckle. The hat is a straw sailor, with a scarlet band. With such a skirt a white lawn or percale shirt

may be worn, but as the soft piqué is no heavier than cotton cheviot it would seem as if good taste required that the shirt and skirt should match.



THE PRINCESSE EFFECT

THE design shown in the toilette of white *crêpe de chine* in illustration consists of a skirt and bodice giving the princesse effect. The front is of guipure, while the other portions of the skirt and bodice are of *crêpe de chine*. The outline of the *crêpe de chine* is defined by rows of pale green velvet ribbon laid on in scant frills, and a sash of the same shade, but of broader velvet ribbon, is arranged in loops and long ends at the back. Narrow epaulettes are outlined with the velvet ribbon full on, while the sleeves are finished with rows of narrow velvet ribbon.



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THE NEW SLEEVES AND BODICE FRONTS

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE JOURNAL'S OWN MODELS

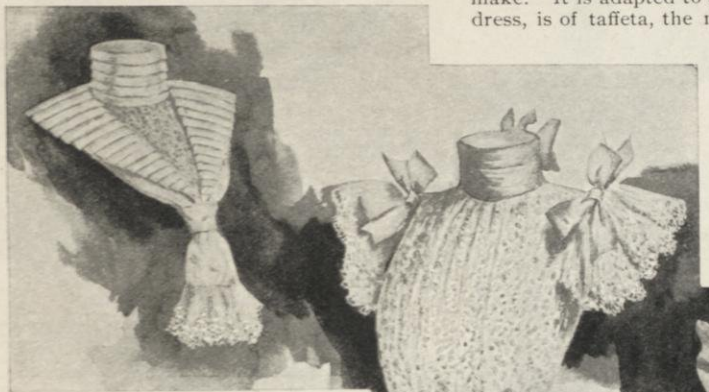
HERE has never been a time when it was so easy to freshen a costume, as the designs given on this page prove. The so-called "front" is a great help in this direction, and a most valuable addition to a woman's toilette.

To wear with a bodice of one of the light evening shades that has lost its air of freshness, and for which something new must be provided, select the pretty tucked collar

A FRONT especially adapted to evening wear is the one shown in Illustration No. 4. It is of inexpensive piece lace, gathered to fit at the neck and waist; the epaulettes are of the lace, and are not deep, but full, while each has a jaunty little bow of pink satin ribbon on top. The collar is a crush one of pink satin. The sash is of broad ribbon.

A stock and full bow, similar to the one in Illustration No. 5, is not difficult to make. It is adapted to almost every style of dress, is of taffeta, the neckband being high and laid in fine plaits, while the bow is full, very thickly plaited, and drawn close in to the centre by a knot which makes it flare.

A sleeveless blouse is shown



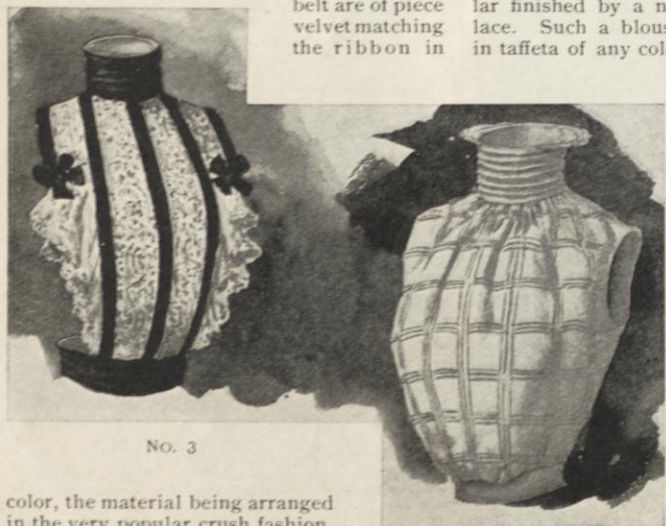
No. 1

and revers shown in Illustration No. 1. It is made of white satin, both collar and revers being laid in tucks that are nearly an inch wide, while the plastron between is of Duchesse lace. From under the collar comes a satin tie, which is knotted, sailor fashion, just at the point of the revers; the ends which fall from it are trimmed with Duchesse lace to match.

ALTHOUGH the fashionable sleeve is close-fitting, care should be taken to evolve for it some touch of originality.

The sleeve for organdy, muslin or any of the summer materials, shown in Illustration No. 2, consists of a series of puffs, reaching from the top down to the wrist, strapped by Valenciennes insertion. Frills of lace fall over the hands.

A front which is particularly stylish is shown in Illustration No. 3. It is made of *écru point de Venise* and golden-brown velvet ribbon. A striped effect is produced. At each side below the arm's-eye is a frill of lace that narrows in toward the waist. The high collar and belt are of piece velvet matching the ribbon in



No. 3

color, the material being arranged in the very popular crush fashion.

The coarser laces in the cream colors are used for these fronts, while velvet or satin ribbon in stripes or latticework, buckles, bows, passementerie, chiffon and braid are all called into service. The flaring bow, which stands well up under the chin, is made of chiffon or silk muslin, and is veritably a bow as it has no ends. Revers effects are greatly liked. The square revers have a standing collar, and the pointed revers a shawl collar.

in Illustration No. 6. It is made of *écru taffeta*, tucked crosswise and lengthwise. There is a slight fullness at the neck and a little pouching at the waist. The neckband is tucked, and has an outstanding collar finished by a narrow edging of lace. Such a blouse may be made in taffeta of any color that will harmonize with the costume, and may be trimmed with velvet ribbon.

A BODICE to be worn over a high-necked gown, and which is alike in the back and front, is shown in Illustration No. 7. It is made of cream-white *mousseline de soie*, outlined at the neck and trimmed on the corsage portion with bands of pearl passementerie. Tiny caps of the soft material are at the arms'-eyes, and a band of the passementerie forms the belt.

A novel design in sleeves that has a seam on the upper side of the arm is shown in Illustration No. 8. Set in this are two narrow gauze ribbons scantily gathered so that they look like little frills. The flare at the wrist is trimmed with two frills of the ribbon. At the top there is a slight fullness which is drawn into the seam and not to the sleeve.



No. 9

THE front of cloth shown in Illustration No. 9 is made in one piece with a slight pouching just in front, while the only decoration is the simple braiding pattern which outlines all the edges and trims the belt.

An odd sleeve which is shown in Illustration No. 10 is made of satin cloth, corded heavily at regular intervals from the top to the wrist. At the top is a narrow lace jockey, while at the wrist the flaring cuff turns back and is faced with satin of a contrasting color.

The sleeve for a thin summer dress pictured in Illustration No. 11 consists of two tucked groups of the material, alternating with two broad insertions of embroidery, while at the top are two narrow frills of the material, and at the wrist is a deep and full frill of the embroidery.

ANOTHER sleeve for a summer gown is shown in Illustration No. 12. It is gathered in two puckerings on the upper side, has a group of ruffles that graduate in depth at the top, and a single ruffle at the wrist.

The sleeve in Illustration No. 13 is made of wool suiting, and fits the arm closely. At the top is a small puff of silk held in by three straps of velvet, and with velvet outlining the under edge. The flare at the wrist has the



No. 7

No. 10 No. 11 No. 12



No. 13

No. 14

edge scalloped and outlined with velvet and faced with silk to match the puff.

A sleeve suited to a cloth gown is shown in Illustration No. 14. It has a group of tucks at the top, fits the arm closely, and ends in a flaring cuff decorated with military buttons.

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Poets at the Tea-Table

THE cozy fire is bright and gay,
The merry kettle boils away
And hums a cheerful song—
I sing the saucer and the cup—
Pray, Mary, fill the tea-pot up,
And do not make it strong.—COWPER.

The poet was evidently a discriminating tea-drinker. The trouble is that when the tea is pure the infusion is often too strong, as a very small quantity of good, pure tea suffices to make a pot. Since Cowper's day tea adulteration has become quite an art. Really pure teas can now only be obtained from Ceylon and India, where they are made by clean machinery.

O purity, painful and pleading!
O coldness ineffably gray!
O hear us, our handmaid unheeding,
And take it away.—SWINBURNE.

Swinburne also drinks tea, and his protest against tea which was allowed to get cold would equally apply to an infusion made with water which was not actually at the boiling-point.

Our own poet, Poe, sings:

Here's a mellow cup of tea, golden tea—
What a world of rapturous thought its fragrance brings to me!
Oh! from out the silver cells, how it wells! how it smells!!

This mellowness is attained within five minutes with Ceylon and India Tea.

CHILDREN'S SUMMER FROCKS AND BONNETS

By Emily Ross Bell

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS

THE Russian blouse dress for a boy shown in Illustration No. 1 is made of brown linen and trimmed with white braid. It is cut in one piece like a full apron, and fastens at one side under a band of the linen which is also trimmed with rows of the white braid. The sleeves are full and gathered into bands. The belt is a broad one, slightly curved and kept in position by straps of the braid. The collar is a plain round one trimmed with braid. This dress may be reproduced in blue linen, gingham, seersucker or piqué, and trimmed with embroidery or braid, or left entirely untrimmed.



No. 1

a poke bonnet. A soft ruche is sewed inside of both ruffles. The cape is made of embroidery. Loops of pink satin ribbon are placed on the top.

The embroidered muslin bonnet in Illustration No. 2 is quite similar to the one in Illustration No. 1. Two ruffles finish the front, and each gauging is finished with a tiny ruffle. A very deep gathered ruffle is placed where the crown is attached to the front portion. The cape is cut quite deep. This bonnet may be reproduced in organdy. A variation in this style of bonnet, and one insuring more desirable results, may be made from Chambray,



No. 2



No. 3

edging the ruffles with narrow embroidery and cording the crown. The design is particularly suitable for summer, as the ruffles and cape afford ample protection from the sun.

THE little girl's dress shown in Illustration No. 4 is made of India linen. The full skirt is attached to a yoke made of eight rows of lace insertion set between rows of tiny tucks. The sleeves are full, and trimmed with shoulder caps and cuffs to match the yoke. The skirt is finished with a deep hem and three bands of insertion set between tiny tucks. The neckband is finished with a frill of the lace. For very warm weather cheese-cloth dresses made after this pattern will be found most comfortable and satisfactory.



No. 4

The yoke of the little nainsook frock shown in Illustration No. 5 is made of tucks and insertion, and finished with a frill of the nainsook edged with fine lace. The neck and sleeves are trimmed to match. The skirt, which is attached to the yoke, is made of two widths of the nainsook, and tucked to match the yoke. A bow of ribbon is placed on the left shoulder.



No. 5



No. 6

THE front of the dimity bonnet in Illustration No. 6 is gauged on cords. The crown piece is quite full and gathered to the front. A fine embroidered ruffle gathered with a heading finishes the front of the bonnet and the cape. A very pretty fashion is to adopt an individual shape and style for a little girl, and have all her bonnets made to match her dresses. This style of bonnet is so simple that it will lend itself admirably to such treatment, and is also quaint enough in effect to be well worth duplicating.

The summer hat in Illustration No. 7 is made with a straw crown and a lawn brim. The brim is covered with ruffles of pale blue lawn, each one of which is gauged on a reed and sewed to the brim, which is then sewed to the crown. A large rosette of the lawn and a few sprigs of mignonette are placed in front. This style of hat may be duplicated in other colors to match different



No. 7

dresses, or in white with colored flowers.

THE boy's kilt suit of gingham in Illustration No. 8 is made to wear with a high-neck sleeveless underwaist, trimmed in front with a band of insertion and finished with



No. 8

a plain band at the neck. The dress itself is made with a plaited skirt, which is stitched to the waist. A large sailor collar opening half way to the waist is edged with deep embroidery. The belt, which is bound with white braid, is held in place with straps of the gingham, and buttons in front. The sleeves are full, and stitched in plaits to form a cuff.

The sun-bonnet in Illustration No. 9 is made of plain pink gingham. The cape is cut with the back, and both are gathered to the front. The strings are of the gingham. This little bonnet may be reproduced in lawn of any color, or in figured organdy of any shade.



No. 9

THE boy's kilt dress shown in Illustration No. 10 is made of piqué. The waist is made to fit closely, and the skirt is laid in deep kilt plaits and joined to it. Two bands of insertion at the back and one on each side of the front are



No. 10

deep, round collar. The dress closes on the left side. This dress may be reproduced in seersucker or colored linen, and trimmed with white linen braid instead of embroidery.

THE waist of the kilt suit shown in Illustration No. 11 is made sleeveless, and the front trimmed with a plait and insertion. This waist is joined to a side-plaited skirt and fastens in the back. The jacket part is made with a deep sailor collar and large cuffs, all of which are trimmed with the insertion, as is the front plait which finishes the high-neck waist. A belt of piqué, of which the dress is made, is trimmed with the insertion and buttons over a



No. 11

large button. Pearl buttons are sewed on each side of the jacket.

THE skirt of the little girl's nainsook dress in Illustration No. 12 is gathered to a yoke made of alternate rows of puffing and insertion. The sleeves are full and finished at the wrists to match the caps, which are made of the insertion and edged with Valenciennes lace. The

neck is finished with a full ruffle of the lace. The edge of the skirt is finished with a deep hem and three clusters of fine tucks. This little dress may be reproduced in dotted Swiss and trimmed with fine embroidery.

The skirt of the boy's kilt suit in Illustration No. 13 is made with side plaits. The sailor collar stitched half way down each side. The letters "U. S. N." are worked in satin stitch in blue on the breast. This little dress may have a belt to match, or be worn with a leather one.



No. 13

The crown is a small circle of the lawn. The front is trimmed with a double ruffle of embroidery, between which is a ruffle of the lawn. The upper ruffle forms the cape. Ruching is sewed on the inside edge. A full bow of the lawn is placed at one side of the top of the crown. The strings are full ones of the lawn, finished with hem-stitching and embroidery.



No. 14

THE front of the sensible little sun-bonnet in Illustration No. 15 is made of fine white piqué. The crown and cape, which are of batiste, are cut in one piece and drawn up with narrow ribbon. The upper part of the back is cut



No. 15

in points, and the entire edge is trimmed with narrow lace. The front piece, which is finished at the edge with lace, and the strings are embroidered with tiny blossoms in wash silks. The front is lined with a color corresponding to the color of the silks used in the embroidery. The crown is buttoned to the front.

The cape and front of the quaint little sun-bonnet in Illustration No. 16 is made of piqué, cut in one piece and finished with an embroidered edge. The crown, which is full, is gathered to the front. A bow of dimity is placed over the seam.



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MAKING OLD GOWNS LOOK LIKE NEW

By Emma M. Hooper

*NUMBER ONE: CLEANING AND DYEING

IN NO other work is it more necessary to use care than when renovating and making over half-worn gowns. Unless the garment is worth repair, do not waste time over it, and remember that it will not prove a success unless every part of the task is carefully performed. First rip up the garment, using a knife or a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, and shake and brush each piece, using a silk handkerchief or piece of old flannel when removing the dust. Look over each piece, and put in the rag-bag those that are too much worn to be of use. When sponging, use a piece of the same material as a wad to rub with, and rub down the way of the weaving, and not against the grain. In case naphtha is used, remember that it is very explosive when exposed to the heat of a fire, lamp or the rays of the sun. Sponge your goods on a hard, clean surface, and remember that soiled materials which may not clean well will often dye very satisfactorily.

CLEANING BLACK SILK AND SATIN

OWNERS of black silks expect to get a great deal of wear out of them on account of all brands of this material cleaning so nicely. Satin cannot be sponged nor pressed like silk, but much of the shiny look may be removed and a refinish given by dipping each piece in a bowl of naphtha until perfectly saturated, and then hanging in the air to dry. An old method of cleaning black silk that has many followers is to boil an old black glacé kid glove in a pint of water in a new tin pan until the water is reduced one-half. Strain, and add a teaspoonful of ammonia and a wineglassful of clean hot water. Sponge the right side of the silk with this, and when nearly dry press with a moderately warm iron on the wrong side. Snip selvage edges here and there so that they will not draw when wet. When black silk is simply very dusty and grayish in appearance, sponge it with lukewarm water in which borax has been dissolved, a tablespoonful to a pint of water. A really greasy-looking and soiled silk requires more vigorous treatment. For such, use two ounces of soapbark steeped for three hours in a quart of hot water. Strain, and sponge both sides of the silk with this liquid, wiping the suds formed on the silk with a fresh piece after sponging. Shake and hang up to dry, but do not iron.

When it is necessary to iron silk it is well to place a piece of old thin muslin or sleazy crinoline between the iron and the material. If a silk can be turned always sponge what will be the outer side. If the silk has become limp it may have its stiffness restored by sponging it with a liquid composed of a pint of hot water in which has been dissolved a generous quarter of an ounce of powdered gum tragacanth; strain when the gum is dissolved and use while it is warm.

SPONGING AND CLEANING SILK

REMOVE any grease spots before commencing with the sponging of either black or colored silks, using a lump of magnesia, and rubbing it on wet if the color will endure water; or tear a visiting-card apart, and with the soft inside part rub and the grease will disappear. French chalk removes grease and does not injure colored silks. Scrape a little on the spot, rub it in, and let it remain twenty-four hours, and then brush it off. Repeat the process if necessary; some grease spots are hard to remove. A very simple method is to sponge the silk on the wrong side with warm water and alcohol, one-third of the latter to twice as much water, and iron on the same side with a barely warm iron until the silk is dry. Sponging with hot strained coffee is particularly good for gros-grain silk, which is very apt to have a greasy appearance. Shake the silk in the air to remove part of the liquid, but never wring it. A French method is to sponge the silk on both sides with spirits of wine, and then iron on the wrong side with a piece of crinoline between it and the iron. A strong decoction of ivy leaves cleans black silk. Weak gum-arabic water will remove wrinkles.

Black ribbons are cleaned just as black silk is, and may be ironed or rolled smoothly over a broom-handle until dry. If the ribbon is really soiled, brush it softly or sponge it with a tablespoonful each of alcohol, soft soap and molasses; mix well, and after using as a cleanser rinse the ribbon in cold water; roll up in an old piece of cloth, and iron when partly dry with a moderately hot iron.

Colored ribbons and neckties may be cleaned by dipping them in a bath of naphtha and exercising the care necessary when this explosive is used. Shake them free of creases, and dry in the open air. They should not be ironed.

*This is the first of Miss Hooper's articles on "Making Old Gowns Look Like New." The series will be continued in the July issue with "Cleaning Materials and Trimmings."

DYEING COTTON, SILK AND WOOL

A GOOD black may be given to materials of any color, except very dark brown and red, by the use of dyes. There are certain rules to be observed in using all dyes. They are prepared for cotton, wool and silk, and one will not answer for all. The actual formula of the ready-made dyes is known only to the manufacturers, but as sufficient for half a pound of goods may be procured for a few cents these dyes are certainly within the reach of all, and are easy to use.

The dye is dissolved with a little cold water first, then adding up to a quart of boiling water if necessary until well mixed, stirring it all of the time, and then straining through a cloth. Wash the material in soap-suds, rinse in three waters, and then put in the dye while it is wet. Use a clean tin pan; put in enough boiling water to cover the material; add some of the dissolved dye, and enough vinegar to make it decidedly sour. After putting in the goods, use sticks to souse it about with, as it dyes the hands. Keep it boiling for twenty minutes; then if the goods is not jet black, take out, add more of the dissolved dye and repeat. Rinse in clear water, dry and press with a moderate iron. One is more sure of dyeing colors black than any other color, as even experienced dyers often fail to get the right shade. Fabrics will only take a darker shade or color, and if stained or faded must be dyed a color that is darker than any of the spots. Dry in the shade.

DYEING AND CLEANING FEATHERS

TO DYE feathers black, first wash them in a pint of boiling water in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved; then rinse and put in the dissolved dye as prepared for silk, holding by the tips of the stems and moving in the boiling water. Rinse in cold water, dry between soft cloths and over a stove where they may be waved in the warm air. If the feathers come out too light a black add more dye. Curl with the back of a knife drawn under two or three flues of feather at a time after heating the knife slightly over a warm iron, which makes it curl quicker. White feathers may be gently soused in warm soap-suds until clean, rinsed in clear water, and dried and curled according to the plan given for dyed feathers. Black straw hats may be given a new lease of life by revarnishing them, which really takes the place of dyeing, using some black sealing-wax pounded into small pieces, and over which enough methylated spirits to dissolve it has been poured; then mix thoroughly, and apply with a soft brush to the hat, covering every crevice of the straw. Blue straw hats may be freshened in the same manner, using blue sealing-wax.

CLEANING LIGHT-WEIGHT WOOLENS

CHINA silks, and such light-weight woollens as albatross, veiling, etc., are cleaned by soaking them for three hours in a cold lather of good soap and water with a spoonful of borax to each gallon. Then dip the fabric up and down, and rub gently in the hands; rinse in cold water and roll up in a clean cloth to dry. When nearly dry, iron on the wrong side with a cloth between a moderate iron and the goods. A hot iron will discolor white. White silk handkerchiefs will remain white, instead of turning yellow, if soused in a suds, rinsed, rolled up to dry, and ironed with a protection against an iron of even, moderate heat. Pongee silk may be renovated by washing it in tepid suds and a little salt; rinse, dry in the shade, roll up in a clean sheet for a day and iron on the wrong side. Keep white silk folded in blue tissue paper to prevent yellowing. Do not sprinkle silk for ironing or every drop will become a stain. Remove grease spots with French chalk, and grass stains from white woollens with cream of tartar and water, or alcohol. White flannel gowns may be washed in a cold lather of white soap, wrung out and wrapped in a cloth until nearly dry, when they should be ironed on the wrong side with a moderate iron over a piece of muslin.

White ribbons may be washed like silk handkerchiefs or dipped into naphtha; they also dye a good black when past their first usefulness. White crêpon, cashmere, albatross, etc., are now fashionable for separate summer skirts, and may be dry-cleaned with hot, dry flour or cornmeal, rubbing the goods in a large bowl as though the flour were water; brush off the flour, shake well, and repeat the process if necessary. Then iron on the wrong side if the fabric needs it, but hanging in the evening air will remove ordinary wrinkles. Do not rub soap on a fabric unless especially directed to do so.

An organdy, Swiss, mull or nainsook gown if worn one summer will need freshening up for the next season, and it is easily done with a little care. If elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbon remove all of this before washing, and if necessary clean both ribbon and lace according to directions given.

WASHING AND STARCHING SUMMER DRESSES

PLACE the dress which is to be cleaned in boiling water in which three gills of salt have been dissolved in every four quarts, and allow it to remain until the water is cool; then put in tepid soap-suds and wash gently between the hands, not rubbing soap on the material. Rinse in cold water, and, if a white gown, then in blueing, and roll up in an old sheet until nearly dry, when it should be ironed on the wrong side with a moderate iron. Some laundresses prefer using rice-water, boiling a pound of rice in a gallon of water, and no soap, the rice giving thin goods a slight stiffness, though soft-finished goods are now preferred. Fine cottons are also cleaned without soap in bran-water, consisting of two quarts of wheat bran boiled in sufficient water to cover them fully for half an hour; strain after cooling, and mix this liquor with the tepid water in which the fabric is washed; rinse once in clear water. If preferred, use very thin boiled starch, almost water in fact, with the organdies, Swisses, etc., to give just the suspicion of stiffness to them. Dry in a shady place.

Black piqué skirts are fashionable, and require doing up for the second season. This fabric must be dried quickly after washing it in hot suds and rinsing in very blue water. When perfectly dry, dip in very thin blue starch, hang in the air, and when nearly dry iron on the wrong side. Very fine muslins may also be soaked in tepid water in which a tablespoonful of borax to a gallon of water has been dissolved; after an hour rub them gently through soap-suds, pour boiling water on, and let it cool. Then rinse and squeeze nearly dry, ironing while damp.

The color in pink and green cottons may be set with a cup of vinegar in a gallon of cold water, through which they are to be rinsed.

MAKING OVER AN OLD BLACK SILK

AFTER cleaning the pieces of a black silk gown make the skirt with five gores and four yards wide, fitting it smoothly in front and on the sides, with the back fullness in side plaits or gathers. If a trifle short it can be pieced down on the lower edge, which is covered by two ruffles of black satin ribbon an inch or more in width, or if more trimming can be afforded add two more rows five inches above. For a person with a stout figure three rows of inch-wide velvet ribbon put on flat with a half-inch space between might be used. The sleeves should be small, with two ruffles of ribbon over the top and across the waist. If the waist has two darts add a full front of black net with ruffles in the wrists, and two rosettes of the same at the back of the collar. A belt of two-inch ribbon tied in a short, full bow on the left side, and a yoke and collar of pink, turquoise, cherry, green or burnt orange taffeta in tiny cross tucks, will make a stylish waist of your old one. If for a young person, have a sash of black satin ribbon four to ten inches wide folded around the waist, with a steel or Rhinestone buckle in front, a small, square bow at the back, and two long ends. If of a full figure, cut the waist in a slight point, back and front; finish with a bias fold of the silk or of satin, or a band of narrow jet passementerie. Continue the yoke to form a narrow vest of white taffeta in lengthwise tucks, or a color if preferred. A smooth white silk vest and yoke covered with jetted net are also in good style. Edge both with narrow jet or a fold of satin, and have the collar to correspond. A frill of the white may finish the wrists. The combination of black and white is good for a matronly figure. If the sleeves are too short make them of silk like the vest, and cover all contrasting parts with black net, mousseline, piece lace or jetted net, put on full in shirrings up the two seams, or in tiny crosswise tucks.

If the silk prove too shabby for nice wear cover it with striped, plain or jetted net, and trim with colored silk sash, collar and yoke.

ALTERING LAST SUMMER'S ORGANDIES

LAST year organdies were made up without ruffles, while this season such a style is unheard of. Some of the fullness may be taken out of the skirt, which need be but four yards wide, and made into two or three tiny overlapping ruffles edged with narrow lace.

Another pretty fashion shows several rows of lace insertion around the upper part of the skirt as well, or rows of inch-wide ribbon matching the belt and collar are used in this manner. For a stout figure the seams may be covered with lace or ribbon above the tiny cluster of ruffles so as to form lengthwise effects. The round waist carries out the idea of the skirt in being trimmed in crosswise or lengthwise rows of insertion or ribbon, with soft stock knotted in front, and belt or sash of wider ribbon, or sash of black for any dress, and collar of insertion and edging. One very pretty organdy waist is modeled after a black net one and trimmed with five ruchings of lace two inches wide, with the straight edges whipped together and thickly plaited; these are in rows from collar to belt, and give a very fluffy look to the white gown, which has similar ruches over the top, the sleeve showing between.

This year skirts are trimmed with a lace frill an inch wide. If one does not object to ripping it off when the dress is washed tiny velvet ribbon is very quaint for the ruffles trimming thin cotton gowns. Colored skirt linings are made in the princesse style with several ruffles on the edge.

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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

BY RUTH ASHMORE

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope, to Ruth Ashmore, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers obviate the need of initials or pen-names on this page.

Herbert Ward, the well-known writer, is the husband of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Finger Nails, if they are inclined to be stiff and brittle, should be anointed each night with a little vaseline. This will make them stronger and firmer.

A Gold Chatelaine may be worn with a handsome walking or visiting costume—indeed, at almost any time except with full evening dress or with a very simple morning dress.

After-Dinner Coffee is served in small cups and without cream. In many houses rock candy, crushed in very small pieces, is used as a substitute for sugar, the claim being made that it gives a purer sweetness.

Serving at Table. If the hostess is the only lady at the table she is served first, as a lady is of the most importance from a social standpoint, and it is always proper to attend to her wants first. After her the gentleman who is a visitor or whose age gives him precedence receives attention.

Black Satin Skirt. For general wear with fancy bodices a black satin skirt is not only most fashionable, but most desirable. Black was never more popular than at present, but if you prefer a skirt of lighter weight, and you are tall and slender, have a taffeta skirt ruffled to the waist, the ruffles grading in depth as they go up, and each ruffle edged with a narrow velvet ribbon.

When Making Calls a married lady should leave one of her own cards for each lady of the family who is in society, one of her husband's cards for each lady, and one of her husband's cards for each gentleman. A lady never leaves her card for a gentleman. A note of regret should be sent when one is unable to be present at a wedding. Whenever a formal call is made a card should be left.

Mourning for Children. Children are never put in mourning except for a father or mother, and even then plain gowns of black, and hats trimmed with dull black ribbon, are in best taste. Crape is not worn by young girls. For a small child during the summer a dress of white piqué with a broad black sash, black sailor hat, and black cloth coat to be assumed when a sudden cold spell comes on, makes satisfactory and proper mourning.

Official Etiquette. Custom does not require that the wife of the President of the United States should return official calls. Exception is made in the case of visiting Royalty. The wives of the foreign Ambassadors should make the first call upon the wife of the Vice-President, as should the wives of the Cabinet officials. At functions given by officials of foreign Governments at Washington the wife of the Secretary of State takes precedence over the wives of the foreign Ambassadors.

At a Tea. A lady should leave a card for each lady receiving. No after-call is necessary. If there are a number of ladies present and the hostess is much occupied, it is proper to leave without bidding her good-by. It is not customary to announce the visitors. If the hostess thinks a visitor has no friends in the room she introduces her to two or three who are near her, and counting on her knowledge of the customs of society will feel quite sure that her guest will enjoy herself.

The Verse,
"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence."

is from Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," under the heading of "The Theologian's Tale" that has the title "Elizabeth."

The Quotation, "I shall pass through this world but once; any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now; let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again," has been credited to several people, one seeker after its authorship claiming that it is over two hundred years old. It is credited by another to Etienne de Grellet, otherwise known as Stephen Grellet, a Quaker. Still another seeker after its authorship credits it to Sir Rowland Hill, who invented the penny post, and who is called "The Father of the Postage Stamp."

Bridal Veils of white tulle are the prettiest of all. Those trimmed with a narrow border of point or duchesse lace are handsome, but not as effective as those of simple, untrimmed tulle. It may be interesting to know that the Roman damsel wore a yellow veil, the Persian and Greek a vivid red, while the veil of a Turkish maid is invariably of brocade, and where the family is wealthy it is usually of brocade heavily threaded with silver and gold, and of almost fabulous value. Yet it cannot possibly be more becoming than the simple veil of white tulle. The veil should be put on so that it will fall over the shoulders. Most of the fullness should be in the back.

For a Flannel Skirt I would advise a gored shape measuring from two to two and a half yards in width. What is known as the French design has an extra piece in the back breadth, a V-shaped section, which gives additional width around the bottom of the skirt without adding to the fullness about the waist. Women who are careful about the fit of their dresses usually have their flannel skirts mounted on yokes that are deep enough to close with three buttons. For summer wear a very dainty skirt made for a bride's trousseau, and given her by one of her girl friends, was of white silk flannel with a white silk yoke, closing with three pearl buttons. The trimming consisted of two rows of Valenciennes insertion in the ribbon pattern, alternating with two rows of white satin ribbon, while the edge finish was a deep frill of lace matching the insertion.

A Festival of Holidays. If you give such an entertainment for the benefit of your church one booth should represent Thanksgiving Day, and have for sale all the rich foods that are offered at that time; another should be the Christmas booth, which may be decorated with evergreens, have a chimney corner with Santa Claus starting out, and at one end toys and fancy articles for sale. Labor Day, in another booth, would show caps, brooms, bags, dusters, and anything that will typify work. The saleswomen here would be dressed in print gowns, white caps and aprons. The Fourth of July booth, properly decorated, would have ice cream and cake for sale, while at the Easter booth flowers, prayer-books, Easter cards and souvenirs would be prominent. For New Year's Day there should be a little reception-room, where ladies in handsome evening dresses would serve tea, coffee, chocolate and rich cake, and sell fancy cups and saucers. A Birthday booth would display many things suitable for babies or to be presented to small people on their birthdays, silver souvenir spoons being especially conspicuous. The April Fool's Day booth should be in tent shape, and in it appropriately dressed fortune-tellers and palmists who will predict as much of the future as any of us know on the first of April. As this idea for a bazaar is a little new it is probable that it will make more money for your cause than the older methods.

Diamond Earrings. It would be decidedly bad form for a lady who is in deep mourning to wear diamond ornaments of any kind.

Amateur Photographers could, when visiting places famous for beautiful scenery, carry their kodaks and gain souvenirs of the spots they admire with perfect propriety.

Meanings of Names. "Edith" signifies happiness; "Annie," graciousness; "Katharine," purity; "Constance," resolute; "Margaret," a pearl; "Dorothy," gift of God.

At a Dinner-Party, after which all present were to attend a dance, it would be in best taste for the hostess to be in evening dress, so that she will not detain her guests while she changes her costume.

Christening Battle-Ships. It is generally believed that the "Constitution" and the "Hartford" were christened with water only. The "Hartford," which was launched at Charleston, in November, 1858, never had an accident.

For Summer Wear with a skirt of cloth, piqué or duck, nothing is so desirable as a white moreen petticoat trimmed with three ruffles of the same material, each ruffle having upon it a row of narrow white braid. Such a skirt as this holds the gown in position without giving it an ultra-stiff look.

Training-School for Domestic. There is one in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association in Philadelphia, as well as in other cities, at which girls over sixteen years of age are taught cooking and sewing, chamber and laundry work, and sewing and mending. The term is three months. Board and tuition are free.

Notes of Condolence or flowers sent at the time of a death should be acknowledged by a note, reading somewhat after this fashion: "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith and family gratefully acknowledge your kind expressions of sympathy and condolence. 5 Gramercy Park." A death notice in the newspapers should not be accompanied by any expression of personal sentiment.

The Seven Wonders of the World are: the Pyramids of Egypt; the mausoleum built for Mausolus, King of Caria, by Artemisia, his Queen; The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Hanging (terraced) Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon; the Colossus at Rhodes; the ivory and gold statue of Jupiter at Athens, and the Pharos, or Watch Tower, built by Ptolemy, King of Egypt, at Alexandria.

House Dresses for widows are again made in princesses' shape, of Eudora cloth and trimmed with milliner's folds of crape. The slight train with these gowns makes them becoming. The wearing of a hat with a crape veil is in extremely bad taste. The bonnet should be small, the heavy veil plaited in place and worn at the back; the thin net veil bordered around with crape and worn over the face.

For a Souvenir to each one of your bridesmaids give the black net hat trimmed with tips that they are to wear at your wedding. Your milliner, having to make so many, would, of course, make a special reduction for you. Indeed, if you went to a little trouble, you might get a milliner to come to the house who would work by the day, and make your picture hats at much less expense than it would cost to give the order to a millinery establishment.

To Clean the Sailor Hat which is still a fashionable shape, but which has lost its perfectly white color, get five cents' worth of oxalic acid; dissolve it in a pint of cold water and apply with an old tooth-brush, scrubbing thoroughly on a flat surface, then rinse carefully, as, unless the oxalic acid is thoroughly washed off, it will rot the straw. Dry on a flat surface in the bright sunshine. Put a band of bright plaid ribbon about the crown, and a stiff quill matching its principal color just at one side.

The Fashionable Purse is made of a bit of hyacinth purple or emerald green brocade mounted with a silver-gilt clasp, and with either a short chain to go over the wrist or a long one to go around the neck. A dainty souvenir suitable for an Easter bride to give her attendant is a purse made of a bit of the brocade like her wedding gown, mounted with silver-gilt, with her initials in silver-gilt on one side and the owner's on the other. The chain suspended to this purse may be a long one of silver.

Dress Waists. Very convenient and pretty hangers for dress waists may be made by padding the wire portions of twenty-five-cent dress hangers very generously with cotton, over which has been sprinkled some violet sachet powder, and then winding taffeta ribbon of a pretty shade over them, joining it in the centre, carrying it up the back and finishing it off with a pretty bow. These hangers will be found most convenient, and will, moreover, give quite an attractive appearance to either a girl's wardrobe or closet.

An All-White Costume that has a silk bodice and sash without a silk skirt, could display a fancy bodice of the silk, a ruffled sash of silk and a skirt of white satin cloth or broadcloth. If you cannot attend the wedding to which you have been invited write, "Miss Caroline Brown presents her compliments to Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, and regrets her inability to be present at the marriage of their daughter, on Wednesday, February second, at Grace Church." Below this write your address and the date of which the note is written.

To Whiten the Neck. Nothing will so quickly whiten the neck and arms as a little diluted lemon juice applied at night. I can quite sympathize with you in the discoloration of your neck by your furs, but I know that lemon juice will, in a short time, restore it to its natural color. Lemon juice is extremely good for the nails also, as it removes all stains and loosens the cuticle. It is said—I do not know with how much truth—that the juice of a lemon taken with a teaspoonful of ordinary cooking-soda after each meal will remove just the proper amount of flesh from the woman who considers herself a little too stout. Lemon juice will also remove ink stains from the fingers.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Prayer. Some time ago I was asked for the prayer which Mr. Stevenson read to his family the evening before his death. This, I believe, is it: "We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favor, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof; weak men and women, subsisting under the covert of Thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet a while longer, with our broken promises of good, with our idle endeavors against evil; suffer us a while longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any wake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us with morning faces, and with morning hearts, eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness be our portion; and if the day be marked to sorrow, strong to endure it. We thank Thee and praise Thee, and in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred close our oblation."

THIS corset perfectly fits more forms than any other one style. It is a short corset, but it has all needed length in the bust and over the hips. Judge for yourself of its beautiful shapeliness. It is the same always—always new in shape—always old in comfort. It is the new R & G 397. Price, \$1. 10,000 dealers sell it. If you don't find it, send the dollar to us.

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in the new pompadour effects. Match any
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inch, 15 cents, or 2 for 25 cents; 12, 15 or 18
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1114 Noble Street, Philadelphia



SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

An Aurilave is a little contrivance for removing wax from the ear; it has a handle of bone or hard rubber, with a tiny sponge at one end.

Cheesecloth should be washed and boiled before using it to cover pads. This removes the dressing, and renders it soft and in a measure antiseptic.

A Bath Mat of Turkish terry, something like heavy Turkish toweling, may be placed in front of the bathtub for the child to step upon. These mats are nearly a yard wide and more than a yard long.

Night Clocks are made with translucent porcelain dials, behind which a lamp may be placed, or they may be affixed to the gas-burner so that the figures will be visible by a faint light. One of these clocks is very convenient in the nursery or the sick-room.

Toeing-In is a defect which can be much improved and sometimes entirely cured by the use of proper boots made especially to correct this deformity. These shoes are not expensive when one considers that they are in a sense a surgical appliance; the small sizes cost two dollars.

A Cuff-Buttoner is one of the novelties in silver. A deep groove in each side permits one side of the cuff link to be firmly grasped and easily drawn through the buttonholes in the stiff linen cuff. It is a useful present for a girl who wears white cuffs, or shirt-waists with wristbands.

Chapped Hands may be rubbed with cocoa butter, which is obtained from cocoa seeds in the process of manufacturing chocolate from them. The hands should be washed in warm water and lightly dried with a soft towel before applying the butter. Loose gloves should be worn at night.

A Lawn Swing gives great pleasure to children who are lucky enough to have a piece of ground where they can play. A strong framework supports two seats facing one another so that it may be used by two at once. The framework folds and occupies but little space when not in use.

Mumps may develop at any time between six days and two weeks after the child has been exposed to infection. The parotid gland immediately below the ear is generally the first attacked, though other glands may be involved. Cold is especially to be guarded against in this disease.

Nauseous Medicine may be administered in gelatine capsules which may be purchased empty from any druggist. If the medicine is in the form of a powder it may be put in a wafer of rice-paper hollowed in the centre to receive it. The edges of the two halves of the wafer are moistened and pressed together and the whole is swallowed.

Victoria Lawn is the best material for ruffles to trim children's underclothing. It may be procured in two widths: forty inches wide at fifteen cents a yard, and finer quality thirty-six inches wide at twenty-five and thirty-seven and a half cents a yard. Plain ruffles are very dainty for children's clothes and wear much better than embroidery.

Short Clothes. The first short dress should measure from twenty-two to twenty-four inches from the neck to the bottom of the hem, and the white petticoat should be an inch shorter. The flannel petticoat has a cambric waist, and the white skirt may be buttoned on this or have a separate waist. Tan shoes and tan-colored stockings are preferred by most mothers to black ones.

Color of an Infant's Hair. The color of a baby's first hair affords little indication of what it may ultimately become. It may be dark brown when the child is born, and the second growth come in golden. It also changes much between childhood and manhood, or womanhood, as a rule. The eyebrows change little, and their color in a young baby is some guide to the shade the hair will be at a later date.

Doris is properly spelled with one r, although the tendency is to double this consonant. It comes from the Latin and means the sea. In the old mythology Doris was the daughter of Oceanus, the god of the outer water or ocean, which was believed to surround the earth. She was also the mother of the Nereids—marine nymphs, who lived in the Mediterranean. Doris would be a very appropriate name for the little daughter of a sailor.

Color-Blindness. A child who cannot easily distinguish colors after he has been taught their names should be suspected of color-blindness and tested for it. To the color-blind green and red look like gray, differing only in intensity of shade. This defect cannot be cured, but the child afflicted with it may be trained to distinguish colors by this difference of shade—the only difference he can perceive between them—and this training should be carried on at home.

Infant's Food. There is no starch in mother's milk, therefore farinaceous food is not indispensable to a child under a year old. At six months old a baby may have three and a half ounces of milk, half an ounce of cream and two ounces of water at each feeding. Add a little sugar and a very little salt. It is wise to sterilize the mixture. Feed every three hours. Some babies may want more food at a feeding, in which case the quantity may be increased if the proportion is observed.

A Tumbler Cover is a dainty gift for an invalid. A circular piece of glass the size of a top of a tumbler, with a hole in the middle, can be cut by any glazier. This is covered with a round piece of linen embroidered with a wreath of tiny forget-me-nots or sprays of maiden-hair fern. A mother-of-pearl button with a shank is passed through the middle of the linen and secured with a button fastener slipped through it on the under side of the glass. The entire edge of the linen is buttonholed.

Child-Study. Members of a Child-Study Club in a Western city have been trying to learn what books children like, and why. Their method of investigation was to ask the children, inquiries being directed to pupils in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades of the public schools. Answers to the first question, made by sixty-six boys and the same number of girls, as to what books had been read in the preceding eleven months, showed that the girls had read five hundred and thirteen books and the boys five hundred and sixteen. Of the total number of books read one hundred and three were by Louisa M. Alcott, her "Old-Fashioned Girl" and "Little Men" figuring in the list of "books liked best." The others on this list included "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "Black Beauty," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "Elsie Dinsmore," the reasons for the choice being almost invariably because "they told of other boys and girls." The books that fell under the ban of childish taste included "Little Dorrit," because "it was too old," "Grimm's Fairy Tales," because "they were too silly," and "Christy's Christmas," because "the boy was too good to be a boy."

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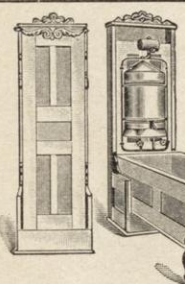
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All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Plants Requiring No Care. I know of no such plants. All plants require care.

Fern Spores. The brown specks on the under side of the leaves are the seed spores of the plant. After they form and ripen, the fronds bearing them turn yellow and die off.

Tender Roses. There are several classes of tender Roses, generally classed as "ever-bloomers"—the Teas, Bourbons, Bengals, Chinese and Noisettes. The Teas are the sweetest of all Roses.

Rudbeckias. These plants are entirely hardy at the North. They are among our best late summer bloomers for cutting from. The finest variety is "Golden Glow." It is as fine as a Dahlia in form and quite as profuse a bloomer.

Fertilizers. Guano is good for most plants, used judiciously, but one is quite likely to use it injudiciously if not accustomed to it. I would advise bonemeal, finely ground, and used in the proportion of a pound to each ten feet square of garden soil.

Ammonia for Watering. Do not water plants regularly with ammonia. A little now and then may be of some benefit, but the regular use of it acts as a stimulant on many plants. Stimulants are not what plants need, but food—something to grow on.

Hydrangeas. Allow several branches to grow to each plant, from the base of the old stalks, each season. The old branches will bear flowers. Then cut them away, leaving only new growth. In this way one can keep these plants strong and vigorous.

Rose for Cemetery Use. Madame Plantier is a pure white Rose, quite hardy, and a very free bloomer. The new Wichuriana—advertised under the name of "Memorial Rose"—is very pretty where it can stand the climate, but in Wisconsin it is almost worthless.

Clematis Supports. The Clematis does not take very kindly to a trellis of wood or to strings. Give it coarse-meshed wire netting to cling to and it will take care of itself, but with either of the other supports named you will have to assist it in getting a hold on them.

Vines for a Northern Exposure. For a shady place I know of nothing better among vines than our native Ampelopsis. Clematis paniculata does not require sunshine. This plant, however, always dies to the ground each season, which is not the case with the Ampelopsis.

The Best Rose for the House is doubtless Agrippina. Next to this I would place Queen's Scarlet, and the third place I would assign to Hermosa. The two first named are dark scarlet, and much alike. Hermosa is a lovely pink, very double and free flowering.

Rose Soil. Roses like a rather heavy soil, one with loam or clay in it. They must have firmness about the roots in order to do well. There is no need of using liquid manure if one-third of the soil in the compost is old manure. Quite frequently plants are killed by overfeeding.

Trouble with Roses. The warty excrescence on the roots of Roses indicates a diseased condition from which the plants will die, sooner or later, in all probability. I know of no positive remedy. About all that can be done is to take up the plants, cut away affected roots and replant in a new place.

Chinese Primroses. Now is the time to grow Primroses for winter use. Either buy young plants or grow them from seed. If you want the fine double white variety the only way to be sure of getting it is by buying your plants from the florist. I consider the single ones almost as beautiful and considerably more floriferous.

The Othonna. This plant is sometimes called "Pickle Plant," because of the peculiar shape and texture of its foliage. It is a most satisfactory plant for hanging-baskets, as it grows rapidly, is always bright and attractive, and requires only the most ordinary treatment. Every little branch broken from it and placed in contact with soil will take root and grow rapidly.

Hyacinths and Clematises. Both these plants may be grown from seed—in this way florists secure new varieties—but the process is a slow one, and the chance of getting a variety worth growing is so slight that I would not advise any amateur to undertake to raise plants in this way. Better buy desirable varieties, which will come into bloom the first season, and avoid the probabilities of disappointment.

Bignonia. This vine is not hardy enough to stand a Northern winter. The only way to bring it through is by laying it down and covering the branches with leaves or litter. If the old branches can be saved it will bloom profusely in summer and make itself most attractive. But if none of the old growth can be saved it is useless to expect flowers, as they are never produced on the new shoots which spring from the roots each season.

A New Sword Fern. *Nephrolepis Bostoniensis* is an improved form of the old Sword Fern, *N. exaltata*. It has longer fronds, and on this account is somewhat more graceful in its habit of growth. We have no finer plants for bracket or basket use than these Ferns. They are of rapid growth, require only ordinary care, and are always beautiful. If scale attacks them, as it frequently does, apply Fir-Tree oil soapsuds.

Ardisia. This plant is a very pretty one to grow for table decoration, as its beautiful, dark green foliage with pendent scarlet berries below makes it always pleasing and attractive. It is catalogued as *A. crenulata*, the latter term referring to the fluted appearance of the edge of the leaf. Be always on the lookout for scale, which is pretty sure to attack most hard-wooded plants. Keep it clean by frequent washings with an infusion of Fir-Tree oil soap. Scrub the branches well.

House Plants in Summer. Do not turn them out of their pots. You gain nothing by so doing in the end, as lifting and repotting them in fall involves more labor than taking care of them in their pots during the entire season. Of course they will grow more freely when planted in the open ground, but you will be obliged to sacrifice the season's growth in the fall when the plants are taken up. Repotting them obliges you to remove many of the roots, and this gives them a severe check at the very season when they should be strongest.

Repotting Ferns. If you have old plants of Ferns report them in July or August, using almost pure leaf-mould. Drain the pots well. Remove all decaying roots and cut away the old fronds. Keep in a shady place. Water just enough to keep the soil moist while the plants are getting established in their new quarters. Later, when they begin to grow strong, more water may be given. If you have choice varieties which you desire more plants of, you can increase them by division of the roots. Cut down through the old mass of roots with a sharp knife.



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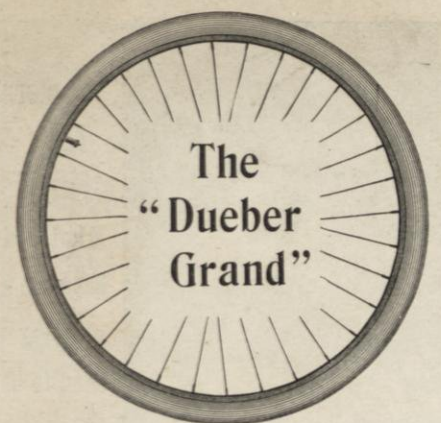
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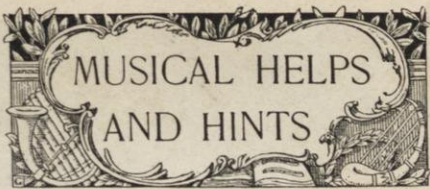
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All inquiries must give full name and address of
the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or ad-
dressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail.
The titles of the answers obviate the need of
initials or pen-names in this column.

"Home Sweet Home" has been arranged for a
piano solo by Thalberg.

"The Last Rose of Summer" has been arranged
as a piano solo by Herz.

Double Basses. Antonius Stradivarius is believed
to have made very few double basses.

Minnesinger is the German name for poets of the
Troubadour order who wrote love songs.

A Piano Tuner should be consulted as to the
cause and prevention of your piano's squeaking.

"See, the Conquering Hero Comes" is a chorus
in the third act of "Joshua," an oratorio by Handel.

Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique" is pro-
nounced "Pah-teh-teek," with the accent slightly on
the first syllable.

Guiseppi Verdi was born at Romole, Italy, on
October 9, 1813. Robert Planquette was born at
Paris on July 31, 1850.

"The Seasons" was Haydn's last oratorio. The
libretto for it was compiled, in German, from
Thomson's "Seasons."

Ferdinand Hiller, the composer, is the subject of
a biographical sketch on page 739 of Volume 1 of
"Grove's Musical Dictionary."

Scalchi's name is pronounced "Skol-key," the
first syllable slightly accented and the "o" having
the sound of the first "o" in hollow.

Tito Mattei is pronounced "Tee-toe Mah-tay-e,"
the first syllable of the first name and the second
syllable of the last name receiving the accent.

Castle Garden became the home of Grand Opera
in New York City in 1847, with Signor Arditi as con-
ductor, and Signorina Detusco as prima donna.

Stradivarius was born either in 1649 or 1650. It
is not known positively that he was born at Cremona,
but his name is indissolubly linked with that city.

A Strathspey is a Scotch dance in common time.
It receives its name from the strath or valley of the
Spey, where it appears to have first been danced.

Kneisel Quartette. The members of this celebrated
quartette are Franz Kneisel, first violin; Otto Roth,
second violin; Louis Svecenski, viola, and Alwyn
Schroeder, violoncello.

Bohm is pronounced "Boame," and Paderewski,
"Pah-ter-eff-sky," accenting the third syllable.
Beethoven is pronounced "Bay-toe-ven," with the
accent on the first syllable.

The Word "Sonata" means literally a "sound
piece," and was probably first adopted as the
antithesis of "cantata," a "sung piece," to distin-
guish instrumental compositions from vocal.

Ernest Van Dyck, the tenor, is a Belgian. He has
been connected with the Imperial Opera House in
Vienna, and there, and at Baireuth and Paris, where
he sang in Wagner operas, he made his reputation.

Wedding March. The trio in Mendelssohn's
Wedding March is properly played a trifle slower
than the rest of the composition, which, being a
concert march, is not bound by the usual strict rules
of march tempo.

Henri Wieniawski, the violinist, visited America
in 1872 with Rubinstein. It was said of him that he
had trained both his right and left hands to the
highest pitch of perfection, and owed his remarkable
technique to that fact.

Anton Seidl's first connection with Richard
Wagner was in 1872, when he went to Baireuth,
where he was employed by Wagner to make the first
copy of the Nibelungen Tetralogy. He also assisted
at the Baireuth Festival in 1876.

Johann Strauss, the elder, was born at Vienna on
March 14, 1804. His eldest son, Johann, was also
born at Vienna, his birth occurring on October 25,
1825. There were two other sons, Joseph, who died
in 1879, and Eduard, who is still living.

Friedrich Smetana, whose compositions are
receiving so much attention from musicians, is a
Bohemian by birth, and was born on March 2, 1824.
He was a piano pupil of Liszt and the teacher of
Dvorak. He died in 1884, aged sixty years.

Rubinstein, it is said, received his first music
lessons from his mother, at the age of four. His
opera, "Nero," was first produced in Hamburg in
1879, and had its first American production in New
York, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, on
March 14, 1887. Herr Ludwig and Emma Juch were
members of the American cast.

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edge of music or of the piano, average intelligence
and an hour's daily, thoughtful practice, a pupil on
the harp should, under proper instruction, learn to
play accompaniments and solos in a pleasing fashion
after two years' work. To become artists, pupils
must devote several hours a day to practice for sev-
eral years, and always under the best instructors.

"Eroica" Symphony (No. 3), by Beethoven. The
first manuscript copy of this symphony was inscribed
to Napoleon Bonaparte, whom Beethoven greatly
admired. After Napoleon's assumption of the title
of Emperor, Beethoven in disgust tore up the title
sheet and dedicated the symphony to Prince von
Lobkowitz, who purchased it, and at whose house it
had its first production, in December, 1804. The
symphony is of unusual length.

Hallelujah Chorus. The custom of standing
while the Hallelujah Chorus in Handel's "Messiah"
is sung dates back to the first performance of that
oratorio in London on March 23, 1749. The music
made a great impression on the audience, and it is
said that when that part of the Hallelujah Chorus
commencing "For the Lord God Omnipotent
reigneth" began, the audience was so stirred with
enthusiasm that all, including the King, who was
present, started to their feet, and remained standing
until the chorus ended.

Piano Compositions that are moderately easy in
character are as follows:

"Dialogue"	Tschaikowsky
"Troika"	Tschaikowsky
"Air de Ballet"	Chaminade
"Serenade"	Chaminade
"Pierrette"	Chaminade
"The Flatterer"	Chaminade
"Kassandra"	Jensen
"Romance," E flat	Rubinstein
"Serenade," D Minor	Rubinstein
"Tremolo"	Gottschalk
"Menuet," A flat	Sherwood
"The Chase"	Rheinberger
"Romance sans paroles"	Saint Saens
"Minuet à l'Antique"	Paderewski
"Campanello"	Liszt
"Mit Sang und Klang"	Bohm

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DIPLOMA—Alabama Agr'l Society, Montgomery, 1888.

AWARD—Chattahoochee Valley Exposition, Columbus, Ga.,
1888.

HIGHEST AWARDS—St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical
Association, 1889.

GOLD MEDALS and 6 DIPLOMAS—World's Columbian Ex-
position, Chicago, 1893.

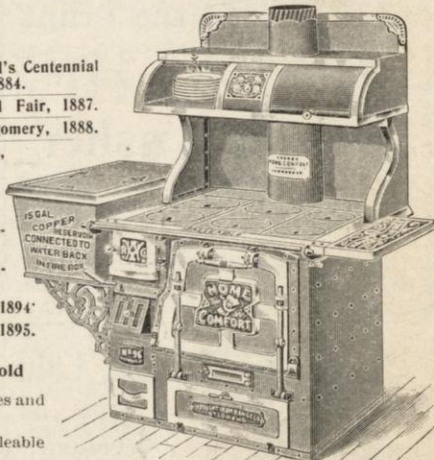
HIGHEST AWARDS—Western Fair Association, London, Can-
ada, 1893.

SIX GOLD MEDALS and DIPLOMAS—California Midw'r Fair, 1894.

SILVER MEDAL—Industrial Exposition, Toronto, Canada, 1895.

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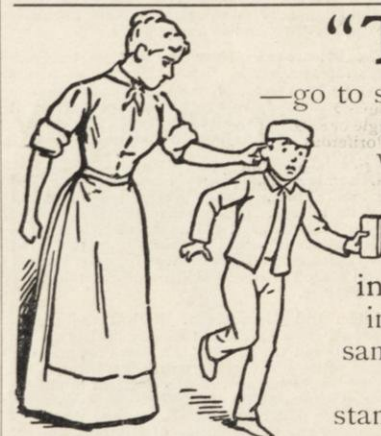
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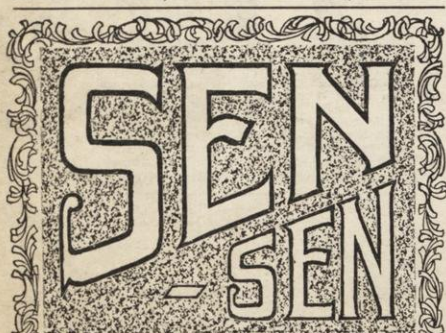
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PROBLEMS OF YOUNG MEN

BY EDWARD W. BOK

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Magazines for Busy Men. There are now in existence several magazines especially designed for busy men in that their editors digest the affairs of the world and present them in a compact form. The best of these magazines are "The Review of Reviews," "Current Literature," "Public Opinion" and "The Literary Digest."

A Good Conversationalist cannot, as I have said in this department before, be made by studying etiquette books or any such kind of books. Mingling among people is the best and only lesson in ease of manner or conversation. The novels of the best authors, in their dialogue, have often proven helpful to easy conversation.

Feeling at Ease with people can only be acquired through constant association with people, and learning to adapt one's self to conditions. No book can teach a young man this qualification. Ease of manner must come from within; it cannot be acquired from a book and adopted. Experience teaches us the graces of life, and from nothing but experience can we learn them.

A Young Man's Reading cannot be laid out for him by rule or course, except where his express tastes are known. If a young man is occupied all day and is desirous of improving himself by reading during the evenings, he must first decide along which particular line he wishes to read. Then any library will advise him as to the best books. Desultory reading amounts to very little: like everything else in this world, a system must be applied to it.

Living Within One's Means is one of the sure roads leading to success. It has two objects: first, the actual value of the money itself and the ready recourse to it in case of need, and second, the habit of saving which it promotes. A young man follows one of the most foolish and fatal rules in life in living either up to or beyond his income. Both are bad. No matter how small may be your income, save some of it, even if it be only five cents per week. Make it a rule, if only for the rule itself, and not for the actual amount you save.

Mining Engineering. The channels open to a young man who takes his degree as a mining engineer are that he may get an appointment as an assayer or chemist for some mining company or some smelting works. If he has executive ability the superintendency of a mine is a possibility. He may take a place as instructor in mining or chemistry in a mining-school. He may open his own office as a mining engineer and do expert work in reporting on mining properties and doing assaying. The demand for mining engineers is good, as is evidenced by the fact that all the graduates of the School of Mines of Colorado, last year, graduating in June, had positions by the middle of August. The pay varies according to the ability of the man and the importance of the position he is to fill.

The Social Aspirations of a young man are, as a rule, apt to be dangerous to his business success. I do not mean by this that a young man desirous of success in the outer world must absolutely avoid social life. The one extreme is as bad as the other. Social life is a tonic to all of us, so long as we are careful that it remains a tonic and does not become a dissipation. There is a good deal of truth in the old maxim that "to gain success, shun delight." Society demands something in return for what it gives, and a young man must decide whether he can give what it demands. In the majority of cases a young man engrossed in affairs all day has not the strength nor the mind for helping in the social machinery. Society is like all things: use it moderately and it is good; abuse it and it is bad.

"I Can Do Anything." I would not let this phrase in your letter become your maxim if I were you. This is distinctly an age of specialties, when a man is not asked to do several things well, but to do some one thing so well that no one else can approach his standard. In that lie success and the qualities of leadership. No man can do everything. He may, perhaps, do anything he turns his hand to after a fashion. But it is generally given to one man to do only one thing well, and if he succeeds in doing that one thing supremely well it is enough. A young man must learn to concentrate his efforts and gifts upon that one thing which he feels he can do. Then he should try to do it better than any one else has ever done it or any one can do it. There is a market only for the very best in everything. The man in the second grade counts for very little nowadays.

Naming a Son for His Father is unwise. If the father achieves fame the son is more often hampered than helped by the distinguished name which he bears. He is rarely accepted for himself, but always as the son of his father, and his work is expected to be on a par with his father's reputation, an expectation seldom realized in any family. If, on the other hand, the father brings disrepute to his name, the son carries the stigma of his father's act. His name always remains reminiscent of his father's misdoings. I believe a boy is better for entering life with a name individual to himself, for which he alone is responsible, and which he can make distinguished by his own acts and ability. He enters the race, then, untrammelled by any preceding fame or disrepute; he is neither an object of comparison nor reminiscence. He stands for himself: to make of himself what he can and is able.

Teaching a Boy Self-Reliance. I believe a father serves his son best by teaching him in every respect the duty of self-reliance. If a boy is quarrelsome he should, of course, be held in check. But he should be taught to rely upon himself in all things and to hold his own ground when he feels that he is right. He should never seek a quarrel, nor precipitate a fight. But I do believe in a boy defending himself. He should be taught never to strike the first blow. But the second blow should be his, and that should be followed by as many more as are necessary to convince the one who struck the first blow of the error of his ways. I would far rather see my son defeated in self-defense than to know that he avoided a return blow by running away. A cowardly boy never amounts to anything. Bravery is learned by defending one's self at all times. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" are pleasant enough to read about in story books, but in real life I prefer boys with a little more stamina, a little more backbone.

A Country-Bred Boy has the distinct advantage over a city-bred fellow in business in two things: his strength is greater by reason of his country birth, and he has a clearer idea of hard work. The country-bred boy, as a general rule, has to struggle for his existence: he has to help on the farm, and generally it is at hard work. This gives him strength and power of endurance, while all the time he is breathing an atmosphere of pure air into his lungs. Experience prepares such a boy for hard work, and when he meets it as a young man he cannot endure it. It is true that the country boy approaches city problems with a lesser knowledge of them than does the city-bred boy. But often, as has been said, the two fundamental essentials in carving out one's way to a successful career are good health and hard work. With these a young man can accomplish almost anything he desires; without them he can do nothing.

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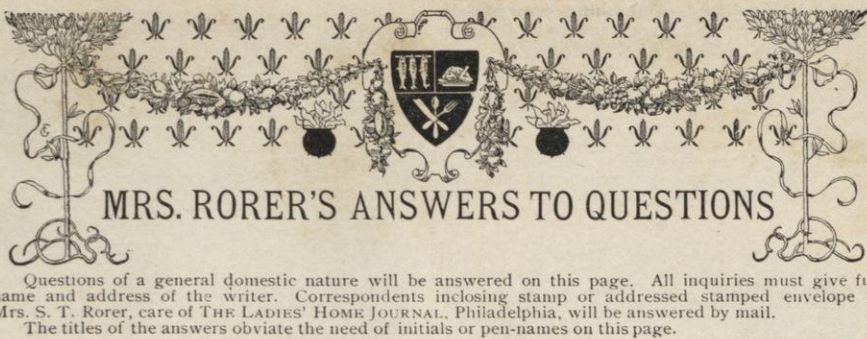
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MRS. RORER'S ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Questions of a general domestic nature will be answered on this page. All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope to Mrs. S. T. Rorer, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers obviate the need of initials or pen-names on this page.

Oyster Patties. Patty cases are made from puff paste. Fill with the ordinary creamed oysters.

Discoloration of Oyster Plant. Wash the roots well. Scrape them under water and throw each root, as fast as it is ready, into clean cold water.

To Protect Dining-Table. Use a thick padding under the table-cloth—heavy Canton flannel or the material made for the purpose. Rub the spots on the table with furniture polish.

Salted Almonds and olives, celery and radishes may all be served in dainty small dishes and placed when the table is being laid for dinner. The almonds and olives may remain throughout the meal.

Lace Curtains should be washed before they are put away. Shake them thoroughly; put them to soak in warm soapsuds, wash them lightly, rinse through two clear waters, dry and fold neatly.

Maple Icing. For maple icing boil together half a cup of cream, one cup scraped maple sugar and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Cook until it forms a soft mass when dropped into cold water.

Whipped Cream. Cream to whip should be very cold and at least forty-eight hours old. You may then use an egg-beater, or an ordinary syllabub churn, or a little tin churn; all are sold at the various house-furnishing stores.

Buckwheat Cakes are served, as a rule, for breakfast, but this does not make them hygienic. All griddle-cakes are dangerous from the fact that they are cooked only two or three minutes, which is not sufficient time to rupture the starch cells.

Hard Sauce. Beat one-fourth of a pound of butter to a cream, adding gradually one cup of powdered sugar. When white and light add the unbeaten white of one egg, beat for five minutes. Sprinkle over it a little nutmeg and stand away to harden.

Ices After Soup. It certainly is not proper to serve ices after soup. From a hygienic standpoint ice cream at the end of a meal, eaten slowly, is not so injurious as a heavy pudding would be. If it is swallowed rapidly it chills the stomach below the point for digestion.

Candy-Making. To prevent the sugar from granulating during boiling, add to the sugar when you first put it in the pan about a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar to each pound of sugar. The jelly used in the centre of bonbons may be any homemade jelly, or a gelatine jelly.

Vanilla Caramels without Glucose. Put a cup of New Orleans molasses, two ounces of butter, a cup of sugar and half a cup of milk on to boil. Boil slowly until when dropped into cold water it will crack; add a teaspoonful of vanilla or vanilla sugar. Turn out into a shallow pan and when partly cold cut into blocks.

Lemon Filling for Layer Cake. Put a quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar and the yolks of four eggs into a double boiler. Stir constantly until rather thick, smooth and hot. Take from the fire; add the grated yellow rind of one lemon and the juice of two; stand aside until cool. Use this as a filling for your lemon layer cake.

Gluten Bread. Beat the whites of two eggs and add to them one pint of lukewarm water and half a yeast cake, dissolved. Stir in sufficient gluten flour to make a stiff batter, which beat for five minutes. Turn at once into a square greased bread-pan, stand in a warm place, 75° Fahrenheit, for two hours, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour.

Allowance for a Family in Orange. It has been my experience that marketing is much more expensive in these smaller places than in New York, especially for green vegetables. Ten dollars a week should provide a very nice plain, wholesome table for a family of four and one maid. This sum should cover all food materials, as butter, milk, ice, groceries and perishable marketing.

Cottage Cheese Balls. Press half a pint of cottage cheese through a sieve; add half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of white or a dash of red pepper, and a drop of green coloring; add a tablespoonful of carefully melted butter and mix thoroughly. Form into balls about the size of English walnuts and stand away until perfectly cool. This may be placed in a lettuce and French dressing.

Gelatine. All boxes of gelatine have a given weight. The size of the box depends upon the manner of cutting and drying the gelatine. Naturally, the powdered gelatine will only half fill the box, while that cut in long shreds will take a box twice the size, the weight, however, being exactly the same, so that a quarter of a box of gelatine means a quarter of an ounce of gelatine, regardless of the size of the box.

Cleaning Tea-Kettle. The inside of a tea-kettle may be kept in fairly good condition by the use of an oyster shell. Clean the oyster shell, put it in the kettle and keep it there. The lining of the kettle itself to the shell and leave the sides of the kettle comparatively clean. Each night, however, the kettle should be washed, the oyster shell cleaned, the kettle turned upside down and the shell dried, to be used again in the morning.

Cereal Coffee. Most cereal coffees, I think, are free from the adulteration of true coffee. They are entirely different in chemical composition and stimulating properties from true coffee. Cereal coffee is an admirable food. Coffee from the coffee-bean is a stimulant. The nerve tonic you are taking is deadly and will bring about the most serious nervous conditions in the end. People who are well fed and know how to live do not depend upon stimulants.

Packing Away Rugs. Have the rugs thoroughly cleaned. Examine them carefully to see that they are not already stung by the moth miller; fold neatly, and put a little gum camphor between each fold. Roll compactly. Take perfectly clean muslin—either an old sheet or muslin purchased for the purpose—cover the rugs thoroughly and sew them up. Wrap them in burlap and put away in a light place. Remember that dark, warm places are apt to increase the tendency of moth-eating.

New Dishes for Dinner. Cream of spinach soup is exceedingly nice. Follow this with deviled fish cooked in individual dishes, served with grated cucumber sauce. Then the meat dish, which may be green goose or duckling, stuffed with potatoes and English walnuts. Season with salt, pepper and celery seed. Serve with this peas only. Follow with a spring salad, lettuce with a few chives sprinkled over it, and French dressing, cottage cheese balls and toasted walnuts. Then strawberries and whipped cream or strawberry charlotte, lady fingers and coffee. This dinner might be carried out in green and red by using the spring flowers.

Oatmeal is not easily digested when cooked only thirty minutes. It should be cooked an hour at least, and better longer.

Omelet-Pan. An omelet-pan is just the ordinary sauté-pan which many people call a frying-pan. It is made from sheet iron, usually oblong, and has a long handle.

Pea Meal may be used in soup or made into a purée. Moisten two teaspoonfuls of the dry meal in cold water; add gradually one pint of boiling water. Cook and stir for five minutes.

Potted Meats. Any cooked meats left over may be chopped very fine, nicely seasoned, packed down into small pots and covered with melted butter or suet. They will keep for three, four or five weeks.

Lime-Water. To make lime-water for home use secure a piece of fresh lime the size of an egg; put it into an ordinary fruit jar, cover with a quart of water; allow it to stand over night, drain off the water and bottle for use.

Adding Fruit to Cake. Currants, raisins and citron will not settle to the bottom of either cake or pudding if they are thoroughly floured and the batters are of proper consistency. When the batters are too thin, of course they will settle.

Chafing-Dish. A chafing-dish with a chop or meat dish is expensive. If you simply want such a dish to keep meat warm why not use a hot-water dish? This may be purchased at any house-furnishing store for one dollar and a half.

A Nursing Mother. A nursing mother should at all times eat sufficient, but not overeat, good, wholesome food. Purée of beans, peas and lentils are said to be milk-producing foods. They must, however, be thoroughly cooked and slowly eaten.

Gluten Gems. Put a pint of ice-water in a boiler. Hold the gluten high in the air, dropping it slowly into the ice-water, beating rapidly. Have ready cast-iron gem-pans slightly greased and very hot. Fill half full with the mixture and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

Salted Almonds cannot be called an entrée as we use the word. Almonds in small quantities aid digestion, and may be passed throughout the meal. No other nuts will take their place. One may use pecans or pignolias at luncheon or dinner; they are not, however, aids to digestion.

Cleaning Gilt Frames. Moisten the fly specks with a little white of egg. Allow it to remain about fifteen minutes, and then with a soft silk cloth wipe them off. You may regild old frames with the ordinary liquid gilding, which may be purchased at any art material store. Apply with a brush.

Whole Cranberries. Cranberries will retain their shape if cooked slowly in the oven. Make a syrup from one pint of water and one pint of sugar. Boil for five minutes and skim. Allow this to cool. Put one quart of cranberries into a baking-dish, cover with the syrup, put into a moderate oven and cook slowly until transparent.

Blankets. When blankets are put away they should be wrapped up as carefully as carpets. Comfortables, as a rule, are cotton, and moths will not enter nor destroy them. All draperies that are silk and wool should be thoroughly shaken, each one wrapped separately in a piece of paper and then securely in muslin before being put away.

Color Effects. In a room where the furniture is white and gold the carpet should be some light color without any distinct figures; an old rose carpet, with wall-paper to match, would be exceedingly pretty. In the room where the furniture is blue and gold have the carpet a darker blue with a mixture of tan or yellow, and the paper dark blue and gold.

Use of Finger-Bowls. Finger-bowls used at dinner or luncheon are brought in on the dessert-plate, which should be about the size of a breakfast-plate and covered with a dainty doily about five inches square. At breakfast they are on the table when breakfast is announced, as they are used with the fruit course only, and removed with the fruit.

Sugar. Chemically there is food value in sugar. The concentrated cane sugar which we use on the table is, however, prone to fermentation, and few people can use it to their advantage on that account. The acid of sour fruits is not in any way changed by the addition of sugar. It takes an alkali to neutralize an acid. Consequently, rational individuals do not eat over-acid fruits.

Loin of Beef. A loin of beef takes in the short ribs, beginning at the last standing rib running down toward the hip joint. Any butcher can tell you just where the piece is located. The loin weighs, as a rule, about twenty-five to twenty-eight pounds, and you may buy any portion of it, ten pounds or twelve pounds, or sufficient for your family. You need only ask for a loin. There is no other name for it.

Cold Cream. The cause of failure in making the cold cream was no doubt due to your lack of knowledge regarding the heating of the mutton tallow. The mutton tallow should be melted, then allowed to partly solidify, then with an egg-beater or fork begin to beat, adding a drop at a time the glycerine, using sufficient to keep the mixture in a soft condition. Personally, I prefer olive oil to glycerine. Then you may simply scent with rose or violet.

Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy. First secure old-fashioned New Orleans molasses. This is far the most important and most difficult part of the receipt. Then boil, allowing half an ounce of butter to each pint of molasses, until it becomes brittle when dropped into cold water; add at the last about ten grains of soda, and turn out to cool. When partly cool it may be "pulled," if so desired, or it may have hickory-nuts or black walnuts stirred in.

Rice Croquettes with Jelly Sauce. Put one cup of rice into a double boiler with one quart of milk. Cook slowly until the rice is soft and has absorbed all the milk; add half a teaspoonful of salt, the yolks of four eggs and four tablespoonfuls of sugar; mix and turn out to cool. When cool form into croquettes, dip in egg, roll in crumbs and fry in hot fat. Melt half a glass of quince or guava jelly with half a glass of water; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and pour it over the croquettes.

Cream Cheese may be made at home, providing you follow carefully the rules. Take four quarts of good, thick milk, pour into it two quarts of boiling water; turn into a bag and drain over night. Next morning rub this cheese to a smooth pulp and press through a fine sieve; add gradually a tablespoonful of melted butter or two tablespoonfuls of thick cream. Pack this into small cups and stand in a cool place for about two or three weeks; at the end of that time the top may be removed and the cheese turned from the cups for use.

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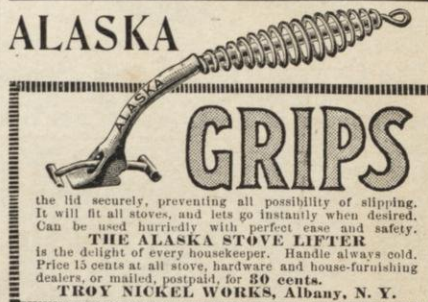
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