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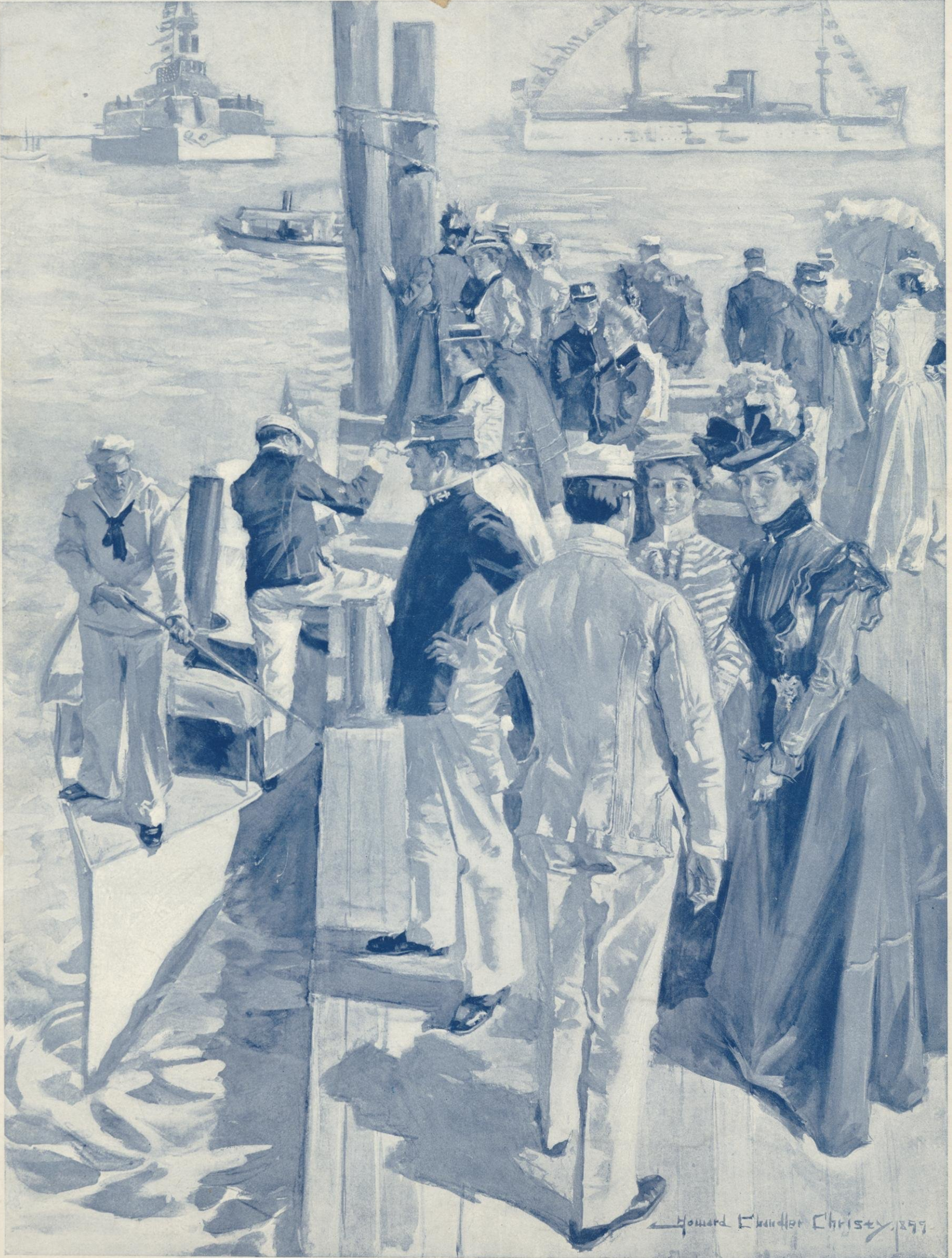


# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JULY 1899

TEN CENTS

123 Wells Letter M  
#98  
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Laramie Wyo



Howard Chandler Christy, 1899

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

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# SAPOLIO

*The strong right arm  
that holds for peace  
Shall with our nation's  
emblem go  
To darker lands beyond  
the seas,  
And light them with  
SAPOLIO*

An American product that has won the patronage of the civilized world. The use of Sapolio is a distinguishing mark of enlightened people. Darkness, dirt and disease are driven before it. No nation is stronger than its homes. Sapolio makes bright, clean and happy homes, and a powerful, progressive, peaceful nation is the result. Sapolio must clean, that the flag may civilize.

**A clean nation has ever  
been a strong nation**



Most girls have some dainty belongings that they delight in caring for themselves, and by this careful attention they preserve the beauty of their pretty things and avoid the destructive tendencies of a careless laundress.

The main thing needed in washing delicate fabrics is a perfectly safe soap. Ivory Soap has been shown, by the most critical tests, to be made of only pure materials. Ivory Soap is effective, yet so mild that it is safe to use on anything that water will not injure.

IVORY SOAP IS 99 <sup>11</sup>/<sub>100</sub> PER CENT. PURE

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# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Vol. XVI, No. 8

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1899

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## The Most Famous Little Town in America



Bronze statue of the Minuteman, facing the "Battle Bridge."



Concord River, a favorite haunt of Thoreau and Hawthorne.

No town in our country is so rich in historic incidents and interesting associations as Concord, Massachusetts. It was, with Lexington, the scene of the first battle for Independence. It was also the home of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and the Alcotts, and there they rest.



In this library Emerson did most of his writing from the time he went to the house to live, in 1835, until his death, in 1882.



"The Wayside" still has much of the appearance that gave it character when it was Nathaniel Hawthorne's home. The novelist's library was the front room on the right; his study was in the tower.



Hawthorne's "Tower Study," where he wrote some of his later works. On the walls are mottoes inscribed by the novelist himself.



Oldest room in "The Wayside." The crane was taken from a house in which many of the early town meetings were held.



For nearly half a century this conventional, old-fashioned New England house was the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It was partly burned in July, 1872, but was restored by friends.



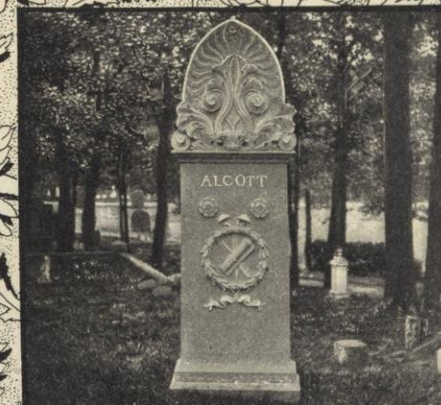
This huge quartz boulder marks the grave of Emerson, beneath a pine tree in the beautiful Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.



Hawthorne's grave in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. It is thickly covered with myrtle, and is marked only by a simple stone.



"Orchard House," the home of the Alcotts, is more than two centuries old. Here Mr. Alcott gave many lectures, Louisa wrote her best-known books, and May displayed her artistic talent.



Monument marking the resting place of the Alcotts: A. Bronson Alcott, Mrs. Alcott, Louisa May Alcott and two of her three sisters.



The grave of Thoreau on The Ridge in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery is not far from that of his lifelong friend, Hawthorne.



In this house Henry David Thoreau spent the last part of his life, and here he died. Here A. Bronson Alcott also spent his declining days and died. It was then the home of his eldest daughter.



Ephraim Bull, who originated the Concord grape by crossing the wild grape with the Isabella. The parent vine is still productive.





## WHEN WASHINGTON WAS MARRIED

By William Perrine



GEORGE WASHINGTON was early an admirer of fine young women. But even when a youth his deportment had been modeled upon the most decorous rules of conduct. Hardly a gallant, as Virginia gallants went in those days, his manners were, perhaps, a little too severe to enable him easily to gain favor in the eyes of the beauties whose society he enjoyed. He had laid siege to the hearts of at least two maidens while he was an officer in the Virginia line, and had also written poetry to other agreeable damsels. It is not on record that he wrote any rhymes to or about Martha Custis after he was introduced to her while on his way to one of the campaigns of the war with the French and Indians. But his progress into her affections was remarkably rapid. It has been said that their first interview was a case of love at sight, although it is not certain that they may not have seen each other at some time while her husband was still alive. But within three months after their meeting, in the spring of 1758, he was writing love letters in which he assured her that "her life had become inseparable from his," and that his "thoughts were continually going out" to her.

### The Bride, Her Family and Her Fortune

THE young widow was one of the richest matrons in Virginia. She was only seventeen years of age when, as Martha Dandridge, she had been married to Daniel Parke Custis, a prosperous planter, who was some years her senior and whose home was known as the "White House." The girl-wife had received little education, although quite as much, perhaps, as most Virginia brides in their teens. She was a prudent little creature for her years, and also amiable and tactful. She bore her husband four children before he died, and two of these were living at the ages of four and six respectively when Washington offered her his hand. Indeed, it was within less than a year after the death of her husband that she accepted young Colonel Washington, and their engagement was doubtless hastened by her need of dependence on some one who could not only act as guardian of her children, but also manage her estate. The Custis lands and forty-five thousand pounds sterling in money had been left to her and her children, and it is probable that the value of the one-third part which she held in her own right—the other two-thirds being divided between the two little Custises—was equivalent to about one hundred thousand dollars. Washington, who, in addition to the Mount Vernon estate, owned several other plantations, might have been "land poor," but his property was sufficient to justify his reputed as the possessor of a "considerable fortune."

The day of the wedding was bright with winter sunshine. In the Virginia capital, at Williamsburg, and in the homestead of every plantation for miles around the preparation for the nuptials of Colonel Washington and Martha Custis had been the theme of many a tongue during the Christmas holidays at the close of 1758. The bride in her girlhood had been one of the belles of the official society at Williamsburg, and there was no country gentleman along the Potomac who was not familiar with the Colonel's prowess as a horseman, a hunter and a soldier. The bridegroom was only three months older than the bride, and neither of them was yet twenty-seven—one was the bravest of all Virginia's men, and the other the most charming of its simple-hearted women.

### The Wedding Day at the "White House"

THE road to the "White House," in Kent County, that mid-winter morning was bright with the gayety and glitter of little squads of festive planters with their gorgeously appareled dames. Few men had more pleasure in the elegant observances of ceremony or in rich and fitting attire than Washington, and no Colonial bridegroom had probably ever graced a wedding with more stately dignity. It is doubtful whether among all the stalwart Virginians in the goodly company at the "White House" there was one who was a finer specimen of athletic manhood. In height he stood six feet two inches, with a somewhat slender, tapering frame, as compared with his heavier figure in later years. He was straight as an Indian; his shoulders and his hips broad; he was neat-waisted, but not deep-chested; his legs and arms were long, and he weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His feet and hands were large, and Captain George Mercer, in describing him shortly after the wedding, spoke of his well-shaped head "gracefully joined on a superb neck," his "large and straight rather than prominent nose," his blue-gray, penetrating eyes, his round cheekbones, his regular features under perfect control, his pleasing and yet commanding countenance, and his dark brown hair done up in a queue. It would seem, however, that the voice of the bridegroom was agreeable rather than strong, that he had a clear but colorless skin, that his mouth "was large, but generally firmly closed," and that when it was opened it revealed some defective teeth.

With all his seriousness of temperament he was almost as punctilious and fashionable as a young beau in both ordering and wearing his clothes. He had traveled to Philadelphia, New York and Boston in the finest trappings of his military rank, and the English tailor from whom he imported his ordinary apparel had no more precise customer in describing the details and the fashion of his garb as ordered. The clothes in which he was married undoubtedly came from London. Thus, while he was a bachelor he had recently ordered from abroad "as much of the best superfine blue cotton velvet as will make a coat, a waistcoat and breeches for a tall man, with a fine silk button to suit it," "six pairs of the very neatest shoes," and other articles of a gentleman's outfit.



### Was it a Church or a Home Wedding?

ALTHOUGH one of the most interesting events in Washington's private life, his wedding has been comparatively neglected by the majority of his biographers. It is generally agreed that the ceremony took place on the 6th of January (or 17th of January, new style), 1759. But as to whether it was performed in St. Peter's Church, in New Kent County, or at the home of the bride, known as the "White House," there is a wide variance of opinion. The weight of local authority is against the belief that it occurred in the church; nor is there any record in the church indicating that the couple were married there, although its rector, the Rev. Mr. Mossom, who had been in the pulpit for forty years, solemnized the contract. On the other hand, those who insist that the clergyman officiated in the church point to accounts that Washington rode on horseback on the day of the wedding, and that the pair were attended by a bridal cavalcade, as evidence that there was a journey between the church and the home of the bride. This, however, is offset by the conjecture that the cavalcade was escorting the couple immediately after their marriage to Mrs. Custis' house in the town of Williamsburg, or to Mount Vernon, and that they were repairing thither to spend the honeymoon.

### The Couple as They Stood Up Before the Parson

IN A SUIT of blue and silver with scarlet trimmings, and a waistcoat of white satin embroidered with buckles of gold on his knee garters and on his shoes, his hair powdered, and by his side a straight dress sword, the stalwart bridegroom towered above most of his companions. His bride did not reach higher than his shoulders when she stood with him before the old Episcopal clergyman in his full canonicals. It was before him, too, that she had stood when he performed the ceremony which united her nine years before to Colonel Custis. The mistress of the "White House" wore a costume which had also come from London. There is still in existence a piece of the heavy white silk, shot with silver, which was part of her gown worn over a white satin quilted petticoat. In her hair and ears were ornaments of pearl; she wore white satin slippers, and on the buckle of each was a diamond. The ring which the bridegroom had ordered for her in Philadelphia at the time of their engagement cost him two pounds ten shillings (about twelve dollars and fifty cents).

The sprightly little matron, with light brown hair and hazel eyes, had a plump and pleasing figure, an easy and graceful carriage, a comely face and fine shoulders; and with her three bridesmaids, and with the fine women of the families of the neighboring domains in attendance, there was a splendid display of the charms and graces of Virginia womanhood. Nor were the men less distinguished. The country gentlemen in their gayest raiment, and the provincial officers from Williamsburg in their uniforms, were headed by the gallant Lieutenant-Governor Fauquier, whose convivial spirit was easily in sympathy with the festivities of a Virginia wedding. He was brilliant in a uniform of scarlet cloth that was embroidered with gold, and he wore a bag-wig, and a dress sword. Around him stood a group of English officers, hardly less showy in their trappings, together with members of the Legislature and other civilians.

### The Bridal Party with the Groom on Horseback

WHEN the bride entered the coach, which was bright with the Washington colors of red and white, and drawn by six horses guided by black postillions in livery, the bridegroom did not enter with her. There was his favorite horse with his tall body-servant holding the reins and waiting for him to mount. When Washington mounted the richly caparisoned charger he rode by the side of the bridal coach, closely followed by a cortège of gentlemen on horseback.

Those were not the days of brief or formal weddings; and this wedding, with the London liveries and London gowns, was doubtless a social occasion marked with even more than the customary Virginia hospitality and merriment and good cheer. Every kinsman, friend and neighbor was expected to have a share in the festivity. Thus, a man on horseback would be sent ahead of the wedding party to proclaim their coming, and the house would be filled with kinspeople to enjoy the feast, while high revelry prevailed among the servants and slaves.

The rest of the winter after the wedding was spent at one or the other of the homes which had been occupied by Mrs. Washington, and it was not until the spring that the young couple settled down in the husband's house at Mount Vernon. "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat," he wrote, "with an agreeable partner for life." The quiet domestic tastes of the bridegroom enabled him easily to adapt himself to the life of a married country gentleman. In his new happiness he gave up the thought he had entertained while a bachelor of crossing the Atlantic on a European journey, although he was somewhat anxious to see England. The love which he felt to the end of his life for Mount Vernon took root at this time. He thought that there was no estate in America more pleasantly situated. It became his ambition at once to enlarge and improve the plantation and to surpass any other planter in the cultivation of the land with better methods of agriculture.

### The Couple's First Year of Married Life

IF WASHINGTON had married a rich wife her fortune did not cause him to become inactive or dependent, but rather it stimulated him to increasing it in union with his own. He early wrote to his agent in London:

"The enclosed is the Minister's certificate of my marriage with Mrs. Martha Custis, properly, as I am told, authenticated. You will, therefore, for the future please to address all your letters, which relate to the affairs of the late Daniel Parke Custis, Esq., to me, as by marriage I am entitled to a third part of that estate, and invested likewise with the care of the other two-thirds by a decree of our General Court, which I obtained in order to strengthen the power I before had in consequence of my wife's administration."

Washington took upon himself the guardianship of the "little progeny" of his wife, as he called the two young Custises, and cared for them with much prudence as well as affection. The girl, Martha, lived until she was seventeen, and matured sufficiently to be known as the "dark lady," but she was carried off by consumption; the boy, John Parke Custis, grew to manhood and transmitted his father's name to the family which throughout the present century has been conspicuous in the social life of Virginia.

Mrs. Washington soon showed her husband that if she was a gentlewoman she was also one of the most practical and industrious housewives in the province. She had not a little of his habit of methodical routine, and both understood well how to work about the household or the plantation and at the same time maintain their social prestige among their neighbors. He had even then formed his lifelong habit of rising at 4 A. M., and the young wife was generally busy in giving orders before he had eaten his early breakfast of Indian cakes, honey and tea or coffee. When the meal was over he would start out to ride over the plantation while she retired to her chamber to read a chapter of the Bible, to pray and to meditate before beginning her daily round in the garden, in her sewing-room, among the slaves and in the kitchen. But she was not a household drudge. Washington kept a chariot and four with postillions in livery for her and the ladies who visited her, and sometimes she might be seen in a scarlet riding-habit on the back of a pony. Although she dressed plainly, for the most part with a bunch of keys by her side, she knew when and how to wear gay and elegant clothes as a visitor to the near-by towns on festive or ceremonial occasions. The couple attended balls and parties at Alexandria and theatrical performances at Williamsburg and Annapolis, and Washington is known to have had no little relish for dancing. His wife also accompanied him to the sessions of the Legislature at Williamsburg, where there was much entertaining.

### Settling Down to Every-Day Married Life

IT IS curious, too, how busily or minutely he addressed himself to his new duties as the head of a family, and how he not infrequently took upon himself the ordering of supplies for the household. The honeymoon was hardly more than over before he was engaged in tabulating and mailing to London such lists as these:

- A Light Summer Suit, made of duroy by the measure.
- 4 pieces Best India Nankeen.
- 2 best plain Beaver Hats at 21s.
- 1 piece Black Satin Ribbon.
- 1 Sword Belt, red morocco or buff, no buckles or rings.
- A Salmon-Colored Tabby of the enclosed pattern, to be made in a sack and coat.
- A Cap, Handkerchief, Tucker and Ruffles, to be made of Brussels lace or point proper, to be worn with the above negligee, to cost £20.
- 2 Fine Flowered Aprons.
- 1 pair Woman's White Silk Hose.
- 6 pairs Woman's Fine Cotton Hose.
- 4 pairs Woman's Fine Thread Hose.
- 1 pair Black Satin, 1 pair White Satin Shoes of smallest 5s.
- 4 pair Calamanco Shoes.
- 1 fashionable Hat or Bonnet.
- 6 pairs Women's best Kid Gloves.
- 8 pairs Women's best Kid Mitts.
- ½ dozen Knots and Breastknobs.
- 1 dozen Round Silk Laces.
- 1 Black Mask
- 1 dozen most fashionable Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs.

Nor did Washington transmit these orders in a perfunctory fashion as a correspondent for his wife. He was sharp and exact in taking care that the London shopkeepers should not impose upon him with either inferior goods or excessive prices. "Instead of getting things good and fashionable in their several kinds," he wrote to a correspondent, "we often have articles sent to us that could have only been used in days of yore." It was also a cause of complaint that his London tailor could not make him a suit of clothes that would fit him satisfactorily.

After their marriage the Washingtons attended the Episcopal Church at Pohick, the husband becoming a vestryman of both Truro and Fairfax parishes.

### A Marriage that was Not a Failure

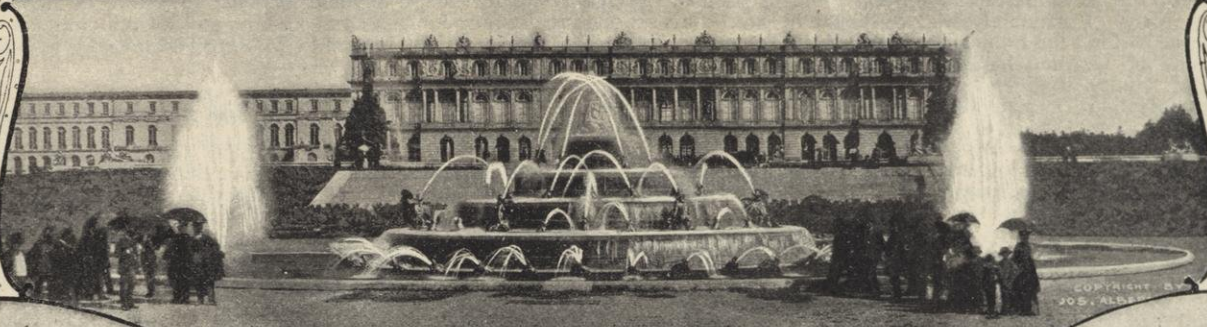
LONG afterward Washington wrote: "I have always considered marriage the most interesting event of one's life, the foundation of happiness or misery." There was no doubt that his marriage realized his fond dreams of love, except that it was not blessed with children. To his "Dearest Patsy," as he came in time to call his wife, it brought no less contentment. The seventeen years which followed it were mostly years of joy and peace and prosperity at Mount Vernon, and they came to an end only with the Revolution. The most persistent attempts have been made, but without success, to find in it some justification of the text of latter-day pessimists that marriage is not, or can not be, a success. Every effort which has been made in this direction has been a signal failure. The faith and love which each had in and for the other are apparent in all that we now know of their forty years of married life. The only unhappiness which he thought could come to him when he was summoned to the command of the Army of the Revolution was over the uneasiness she would feel in being left alone. And only a true wife of a husband whom she not alone respected, but also loved, could write when he rode away to the Continental camp: "Yes, I foresee consequences; dark days and darker nights; social enjoyments abandoned; property of every kind put in jeopardy by war, perhaps; neighbors and friends at variance, and eternal separations on earth possible. But my mind is made up; my heart is in the cause. George is right; he is always right."



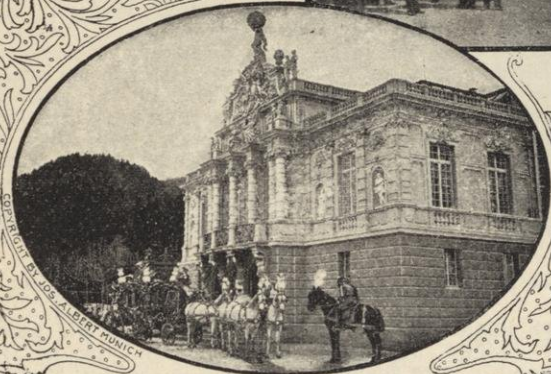
# The Moonlight King

Some Remarkable Vagaries of Ludwig II, the Mad Ruler of Bavaria

By Professor J. H. Gore



HERRENCHIEMSEE  
PARTLY FINISHED—MOST GORGEOUSLY FURNISHED CASTLE IN THE WORLD



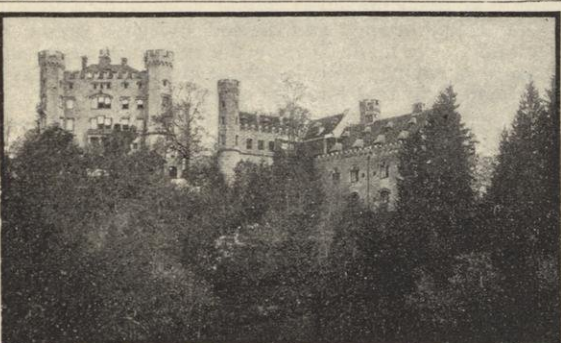
LINDERHOF  
SHOWING ALSO LUDWIG'S GILDED COACH



NEUSCHWANSTEIN  
THE FINEST CASTLE IN EUROPE



KING LUDWIG II, OF BAVARIA



HOHENSCHWANGAU  
WHERE LUDWIG SPENT HIS BOYHOOD DAYS



MOUNTAIN RETREAT  
CASTLE IN THE WOOD WHERE LUDWIG FOUND SECLUSION



A CORRIDOR IN THE CASTLE  
HERRENCHIEMSEE



DINING-ROOM AND VANISHING TABLE  
HERRENCHIEMSEE



MILLION-DOLLAR BEDROOM  
HERRENCHIEMSEE



ROYAL BED AND ARTIFICIAL MOON  
HERRENCHIEMSEE

### Three Hundred Roses Embroidered in Two Days

HE WISHED to present to Empress Elizabeth a portfolio, and commanded Miss Jorres to embroider three hundred roses for its cover. They must be done within two days. He heard of Ille's painting while at dinner, and had it brought to him at once, even though the artist and his cook were the carriers. He wished to present to Oberammergau a souvenir of his visit, and gave orders that a mammoth crucifixion in stone be erected on the heights. But the skillful embroiderer was duly rewarded for her labor; Ille received more than one commission, and as one walks out of the field or forest at Oberammergau and sees the Saviour on the Cross, and at His feet John and Mary, there comes over one a feeling of gratitude to this artist, Prince and patron.

### The Source of His Mania for Building

AS A BOY his greatest treasure was a box of building-blocks, and his grandfather, who had a passion for building, encouraged him in his juvenile attempts at architecture. Later in life, when his mother, following out her theory that every one should know how to do something useful, required him to select a trade, he chose masonry. For several weeks he worked patiently, when he declared that he had finished his apprenticeship. "Can you earn your living as a bricklayer?" his mother asked. "Yes, I could make my fortune at it." So it happened, most unfortunately, that the mania for building was cultivated, and his coming into power so early made it possible for him to pass quickly to the building for which the world first blamed, then praised, him.

### Linderhof Castle and its Unrivalled Gardens

OF THE three castles that make Bavaria famous the first the sightseer usually visits is Linderhof, to the south of Munich. It occupied Ludwig's attention at the time when he first began to shun people and seek a deeper seclusion even than falls naturally to the lot of a reigning sovereign. In these quiet hours he dreamed of Louis XIV and Louis XV, of the magnificence of their palaces and the splendors by which they were surrounded. These he must have, and at once gave orders to convert the Royal hunting-lodge into a Trianon. There is a lack of originality in the ornamentation, but every inch of wall and ceiling glows with a beauty of color that startles the most critical. In this castle there is but a single bedroom, from which it may be seen that the hermit King was making it impossible for him to break through his resolution to be alone.

In the gardens are fountains that surpass those of Versailles, and the "blue grotto" which is unrivalled in the world. It is entirely artificial, and in its construction several million dollars was expended. No flimsy imitations were permitted here. Natural forces were so directed as to produce natural effects. When a rainbow was wanted water was thrown into a spray and a powerful light directed upon it. The causes were not in sight, but the effect was palpably real. In the principal grotto was a lake, and a waterfall which was heard in the distance

**L**ENDLESS intermarriages between the Wittelsbachs and Hapsburgs, the two families that have occupied the throne of Bavaria for hundreds of years, have caused disease to reappear at irregular intervals. Both the maternal grandfather and uncle of King Ludwig II were insane. Nor was the early education of Ludwig II, of whose strange vagaries this article will treat, of a character to correct any abnormal predisposition which may have been his by the laws of heredity.

### How the Young King was Educated

HIS father, Maximilian II, though student and author, was mystic in his character and fond of the theatrical and allegorical. Worse than all, he was a doctrinaire in matters of education. In order to make his boys manly he deprived them of their playthings at an age when children take most delight in them and receive the greatest benefit from them. The only toy that escaped confiscation was a mud-turtle. Maximilian II allowed his boys only a few cents for spending-money, and this was what they earned by performing tasks to his satisfaction after being diminished by the fines arbitrarily imposed for imperfect lessons or neglect of trivial duties.

Ludwig II, willful from birth, was a lad over-governed, educated along distasteful lines, drilled like a raw recruit, kept aloof from all companions, and then suddenly, without a day's notice, released to find himself King, with very extensive power. And he found himself with more than the usual loneliness of Kings. For as a boy he had had no intimates nor companions. As a man he disliked his relatives. He had kept aloof from every one. So when he became King he stood alone. He had not a single friend: not even a confidential counselor.

### The First Dinner of His Own Choice

HIS food had been coarser than that of a farmer's son. On his eighteenth birthday he sat down to his usual dinner—one dish of meat and some cheese.

"Am I now my own master?" he asked his servant.

"Yes, sire!"

"Then bring me some chicken and a pudding."

When he went out driving that afternoon he found a filled purse in his pocket, not put there by his father, but by the State. In the readiness with which his servant obeyed his first order as a free man, and the ease with which money sprang into his pocket, may be found the explanation of many of his subsequent acts.

### Handed His Purse to the Tradesman

WHEN he made his first purchase—a locket for his mother—he did not ask the price, but handed his purse to the jeweler, saying, "Take what it costs." How could he know the value of gold when he had never felt it? Then when he wished to make a Versailles out of a hunting-lodge, or convert the sleepy Munich into a world-city, was it not natural that he should say to one, "Do what I bid," and to another, "Pay what it costs"?



before the water was finally seen coming out of the darkness as a rain of color. It was upon this lake that the King, dressed as Lohengrin, would sail in a swan-shaped boat while listening to the music of a concealed orchestra.

#### The Most Perfect of All Ludwig's Creations

TWENTY miles away, resting on a crag of the Lower Tyrol, stands Neuschwanstein, the most perfect of all the creations of the building King. Fortunately he did not begin this castle until after he had felt the influence of Wagner and the legendary side of German history. Here is seen a noble example of "unity in diversity." In each of the numberless apartments there is a definite scheme of color and arrangement in the tapestries, decorations and furnishings, and as one passes from one to another one sees the ages flitting by—Teutonic legends writ in form and color, and the songs of the minstrels caught up and preserved by sister arts.

#### A Million-Dollar Bedchamber

HALF way between Munich and Salzburg is the third castle—Herrenchiemsee. The King had now been to Versailles and saw that he had as yet failed to make use of those effects that made the French palace so beautiful. In a desire to preserve from devastation the famous forest of Chiemsee he had bought the island with its devastated abbey, and now wished to reproduce the beauties of Versailles. But his buildings thus far had been on such gigantic scale that each room here must be many times larger than its counterpart in the palace of the rival Louis. This great structure is incomplete, fortunately for the already overtaxed kingdom, for no one could surmise what its cost would have been. One room alone—the renowned bedchamber—could not be duplicated for less than a million dollars. The vaulted ceiling is one great allegorical painting, the rounded cornice is covered with a score of richly framed mural paintings, the walls are panels of hammered gold of intricate designs, and even the floor is of a marvelous pattern. The only suggestion of the purpose of this wonderful room is the sixty-thousand-dollar bed with its canopy more magnificent than any that covers a regal throne. In the gorgeous dining-room he had erected a disappearing table, which dropped through the floor when a course was finished, and in its place came up another, set and served. He desired this so that servants would be unnecessary in the room, and the most secret State matters could be discussed in safety.

#### Hangings that Required 210 Years of Work

ONE of the features of his bedroom was its hangings. They required thirty women working for seven years to complete them. Yet this apparently mad freak gave a great impetus to art work of many forms, and Bavaria is still reaping the natural reward. Many people sought in vain to see this famous room. Once an actress pleased Ludwig so much by her recitation that she thought it an opportune moment to request permission to see his "most poetic bedchamber." She was coolly dismissed for her effrontery, and the servants were ordered to fumigate the room in which she had been received.

#### Why He Would Not Play Games

ONCE when he fell from his horse his tutor laughed, whereupon Ludwig said: "Pray, Colonel, teach me to fall in a way that shall not be comical." He liked to laugh, but not to be laughed at, and was deeply mortified when he met with any mishap that exposed him to ridicule. He did not care for games for the peculiar reason which only a monarch could give; namely, that in their varying chances he might be beaten, and then for the time some one would be greater than the King.

#### For the First Time at the Opera

BECAUSE of a natural predisposition, the early surroundings of legendary portraits and scenes and a distaste for the enforced practicalities of life, the mythopoetic side of Ludwig became unduly developed. On his sixteenth birthday he heard for the first time an opera. It happened to be "Lohengrin." As he watched the hero's varying fortunes there came to his mind the paintings on which his eyes had feasted in the home palace. The swans were now something more than graceful birds, and the placid lake was a mirror in which were reflected scenes from the long ago. It was not music alone that impressed him; it was the march of events out from the cave of mysteries, out from the nebulous past, seen undefined as through a veil of uncertainty, and all keeping step to harmonies that accentuated their mythical past.

#### The Coming and Going of Wagner

ONE of Ludwig's very first acts upon coming to the throne was to send for Wagner and give him the means that would enable him to continue his work as a composer, and the world owes to Ludwig "The Master Singer," "The Ring of the Nibelung" and "Parsifal." In May, 1864, the people let it be known that in their opinion Wagner's influence over Ludwig was hurtful, so Ludwig dismissed his "teacher and guide." "The decision is hard for me," he said, "but the confidence of my country transcends all, and I will live in peace with my people." These fine words were evidently forgotten when he failed to attend the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of his house, but celebrated on that same day Wagner's birthday and sent him a present.

#### He Would Hear an Opera All Alone

IF HE heard that an opera was good he must hear it then and there, after midnight, sitting alone, parterre, gallery and orchestra chairs empty and silent. It did not concern him that actors were tired; it made no difference if the cost were great, the "I want" of a small child must be gratified. Charles III, of Spain, could not endure a partly filled theatre, and, if need be, compelled people to come in from the street. But Ludwig wished to be alone even when seeking amusement.

#### Wanted "The Walküre" Sung in the Open Air

ONCE near Linderhof he arranged to have the first act of "The Walküre" sung in the open air. But when the newspapers made so many adverse comments upon his project he gave it up, saying: "Why is it that people object to my simple enjoyment when it in nowise affects them?" In later years we have frequently had outdoor performances of Shakespearean plays without looking upon them as foolish. In his desire to escape adverse comment he caused his scholars to look up for him some island in the Ionian or Aegean Sea that he might buy and there reign supreme and secure.

#### His Last Meeting with Wagner

LUDWIG and Wagner were together for the last time in June, 1868, to attend the first performance of "The Master Singer of Nuremberg." It was a great event. The culture of the capital was present, the best artists were to sing, and Von Bülow directed the orchestra. Ludwig had Wagner with him in the Royal box, a fact that none would have known had it not been for an unfortunate accident. At the end of the first act Wagner was called for. He started to go to the stage to bow his acknowledgments, but lost his way and was obliged to return. When the opera was over there was a still greater call for the composer, and Ludwig, fearing that Wagner would again fail to find his way, ordered him to come to the front of the Royal box and bow to the audience. This was too much for the punctilious Bavarians—to see any one stand up and with his back to the King receive homage when he alone should be acclaimed.

#### Planned a Magnificent Theatre but it was Not Built

LUDWIG loved the theatre, for there he could see a dramatic incident in its inception, progress and consummation; it was the nearest attainable to "Presto! Change!" He realized the influence that music could exert over people as imaginative as the Bavarians are, so he had plans made for a magnificent theatre to be built in Munich. Unfortunately for that shortsighted city the Government refused to grant the funds, and by so doing provoked from the King the vow not to contribute in any way to the ornamentation of the capital. When Bayreuth offered to give the ground for Wagner's theatre, and to exempt the structure from taxation, Ludwig contributed from his private means, but he had lost interest in his plans for a national theatre. This explains why he was satisfied with the unpretentious building at Bayreuth.

#### Drove, Dreamed and Planned by Moonlight

THE moon was his star, and in her silvery light Nature seemed so mysterious to him, best suited for dreaming and meditating, a peculiarity that gained him the sobriquet of "The Moonlight King." Most of his drives were by night; galloping drives there were, in his coach of four, with out-riders racing ahead waving lanterns to warn the other wanderers to clear the way. It was at night, too, that he gazed upon his towering castles and played hide-and-seek with the moon.

#### An Artificial Moon Built in His Bedroom

IN HIS bedroom an artificial moon shone upon his bed—a device that almost cost the life of its maker, so difficult was it to construct the glass globe from which the light emanated. The artisan experimented for nearly two years before he succeeded in so adjusting the thickness of the glass in its different parts as to have exactly the same shade throughout. When a task was finished the maker simply left his work where the Royal master could see it and then awaited the verdict. If it were not satisfactory a note would be forthcoming—not a personal communication, but merely a statement that such and such changes should be made. It was because of this roundabout method of procedure that so much time was consumed in carrying out his plans. When he visited any part of a building under construction he was first assured that there was no one there. If this chanced to be not so, the surprised workmen must remain perfectly quiet, and the King would show his displeasure by immediately leaving.

#### His Gorgeous Palm Garden Retreat

WHEN it was reported that the Palm Garden of Frankfort would be sold because of its failure to meet expenses Ludwig realized how great a misfortune it would be if this fine collection should be scattered, so he bought it in its entirety and had it removed to Munich. He had the plants arranged geographically, beginning with those found in the warmer regions and passing backward to those of higher latitude or greater altitude. The background of all was a panorama of the Himalaya Mountains, so skillfully united to the living plants that it was almost impossible to mark the union of Art and Nature. Here, seated under an Oriental canopy, the King could listen to the music of the many little cascades falling from the painted mountains and of the fountains that gushed from hidden sources.

#### Amused the King, but was Death to His Horses

AT ANOTHER time Ludwig gave orders that thirty of his finest horses should be put in the best condition possible for a race. When the report came that no further improvements could be made he had them brought into an open field where every conceivable form of noise-making device had been stationed. The horses were tied to posts, and the King from an elevated stand gave the signal that started the flare of trumpets, the booming of cannon, the firing of bombs, and other outlandish noises. The horses reared, plunged, struggled to get free, and finally breaking loose started in the wildest of gallops from this bedlam. But toward whatever corner of the field they fled they were stopped by noises just as terrifying and sent to another quarter to be frightened again and again. When the horses became too tired to run well the King found the spectacle uninteresting and ordered the orgy to cease. By this cruel freak the Royal stables lost a number of their most valuable animals.

#### The Strange Guests He Entertained

ONCE he had a pet chamois brought into the gallery of mirrors, the floor of which had been covered with ostrich feathers to simulate Alpine pasture. The graceful animal greatly pleased Ludwig with his antics, until, seeing his reflection in a mirror, he showed his envy that another should share this honor by giving battle to his visionary rival—this to the detriment of a costly mirror. On two occasions he invited sentinels to dinner in Royal state, and he appointed a valet to be premier, the same as Nero had raised a horse to a consulate.

#### Built a Greek Parthenon and an Italian Pantheon

AFTER a few years of reigning most sovereigns turn to architecture. Of all the arts it is the one which in the greatest degree engrosses the attention of contemporaries and delivers a message to future ages. Ludwig built near Ratisbon the Walhalla, an exact copy of the Parthenon at Athens; near Kelheim he erected the Befreiungshalle, a modified reproduction of the Pantheon at Rome; and he planned to so beautify his capital as to make it the most magnificent city of Europe. In this he was thwarted, and in his anger he turned his energies in other directions, and Bavaria now rejoices in the possession of the most magnificent palaces on the continent. Three of these were old structures enlarged and beautified, but the other—Herrenchiemsee—was a folly, like the Pyramids, or the swamp city, St. Petersburg. It was in building that his mania developed. When he gave a command to an architect results were soon apparent, and he enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing his orders obeyed.

#### "I Would Not Swear that I am Not Crazy"

HE HEARD uncanny footsteps behind him and turned around frightened. Nobody! He saw on the ground a great spider, but noticed in the next moment that the servant, who obediently stooped to pick it up, had nothing. He had anger and scorn for those who sought to correct him, and distrusted all who cleverly remained silent. At other times he looked upon the whole world as a farce, and hopped and danced and gave presents to everybody. He made faces in the mirror, at first laughing over it, saying, "Really, there are moments when I would not swear that I am not crazy."

#### Once He Thought He Would Marry

ONLY once did a gentler passion take possession of him, and the day for his marriage to Duchess Sophie was set. Dies for the commemorating medals were cut, and a forty-thousand-dollar wedding coach purchased. But the groom, instead of becoming impatient for the coming of the wedding day, grew colder and at last indifferent. When asked for an explanation of his conduct he said: "I have no reproaches to make against my cousin, who is very charming, but I have changed my mind." Then he took the marble bust which she had given him of herself and threw it out of the window. The Duchess, who afterward married the Duke Alençon, was burned to death in Paris at the Bazaar fire in 1897.

#### Few Knew the Mad Monarch

IT IS almost impossible to learn even now which stories are true and which are false. Trustworthy witnesses are few; his relations and ministers knew him least; high court officials were discreet; while those who did speak—subordinates and discharged servants—exaggerated, and their fables assumed ludicrous proportions in passing from mouth to mouth. During his life no newspaper in Germany or Austria dared to report his freaks, and only six months before his death the Ministry caused it to be denied in the press that the King was in the least degree mentally incapacitated to reign. But during the few days while it was being officially demonstrated as a State necessity that a regency must be established, every man who could adduce evidence as to the King's unfitnes to reign had his say. Perhaps the real necessity came from the reported efforts of Ludwig to borrow money of other Princes, and the political concessions he was ready to make for the accommodations—concessions that were not in harmony with Germany's plans.

#### Tragic End of His Eccentric Career

LUDWIG fell ill. His illness became the mother of suspicion, and the world was filled with spectres. Born on his grandfather's birthday, the feast day of Saint Louis, prosperity and happiness were prophesied for him; he grew up tall, handsome like Saul, and richly gifted; he seemed to be called by Providence to his exalted position. His life was as dramatic as anything conceived by his beloved Schiller. But a drama always has a pleasing ending; not so his life. On June 11, 1886, he was declared insane, and a regency established. In order to secure his person for commitment it was necessary to let him think that a way was open for him to throw himself from the highest tower of his castle. Then three days later his lifeless body and that of his physician were found in the Starnberg Lake. He had been deposed. "The crown sank into the sea, and like a homeless Prince I throw my life after it." Was it suicide? Who can say?

#### The Hopeless Malady of Prince Otto

EVERY few months we read that Otto is improving, and that in a short time he will be well enough to assume the duties which on Ludwig's death he swore, as in mockery, faithfully to discharge. But such rumors are served up simply to irritate or embarrass the noble Luitpold, who, as Prince Regent, is ruling wisely and well, and is honored and beloved by all. If Otto came to the throne he would come as a stranger, almost as a foreigner, with nothing but the traditions of his family relationship to bind him to his people, and without any knowledge of his country's past or present to aid him. No, poor Otto will never sit on the throne of his fathers. He is still gathering about him twigs, leaves and grass with which to build his nest, for in his gloomy imagination he is the black eagle of Prussia.



# GIRL LIFE IN GERMANY

BY CHARLOTTE BIRD

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE JOURNAL

**W**HEN the little German girl makes her advent into this world she is received with wide-open arms, for in every woman of Germany the maternal instinct is deeply implanted. All German children of Christian parents are christened. If the child is well and strong the ceremony generally takes place within a few weeks after its birth; otherwise it may be deferred for a year or two. The sponsors are supposed to exercise some spiritual care over the child, the presumed responsibility extending to the period of its confirmation; but in reality the sponsors limit their duty to giving the child presents at Christmas, on its birthdays, and on the occasion of its confirmation. In the wealthier families the mother is relieved somewhat of her maternal duties by a hired nurse, but rarely does she completely surrender her care and responsibility to another.



Nurse-Girl

The latter's taste depend the girl's privilege of exercising her individuality in dress. As a rule the German girl dresses very simply. The fashions do not change rapidly, and a gown is worn for several seasons before it is remade. The daughter of well-to-do parents spends on an average seventy-five dollars or less a year for clothing. This provides her with a good and complete wardrobe—as the Germans estimate it. Indeed, it is surprising how well dressed a young lady in Germany can appear who has only four gowns, or perhaps five, including one for balls and parties.

**T**HE German girl of the upper classes travels alone when it is unavoidable, though as a rule she has a chaperon; and some boarding-schools for girls even send a teacher out to collect and bring the pupils back after vacations. When she is about seventeen years old the girl in Germany enters society. She gets her knowledge of social usages at balls and parties, where simple games form the entertainment, and at coffee parties, where the guests all belong to the gentler sex. She attends theatres, operas and concerts, also. The wealthier girl is taken by her parents in hot weather to a watering-place or to some other summer resort. But the great social event of her girl-

hood is the ball, where under the loving and watchful guardianship of her mother, or some other chaperon, she is introduced to society. She never goes into society without a chaperon, even if she is twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. On these social occasions she may appear in a simple white frock or she may wear an elaborate costume. Here, if she is not "left sitting," as she would express it, she spends hours gliding in the mazy waltz.

Among refined Germans there can scarcely be said to be such a thing as courtship until after the betrothal. The marriage is generally under the control of the parents, and, unfortunately, love does not always play the chief part. Except at social gatherings the German girl sees very little of young men. Custom does not permit her to receive calls from them.

**W**HEN the German girl is four or five years old she may be sent to a kindergarten, but there is no serious attempt at education before she has completed her sixth year. Parents are compelled by law to send their children to school while they are between the ages of six and fourteen. The girls in German schools are taught reading, writing, spelling, geography and the simplest arithmetic. In the higher schools French, English, history and German literature are included in the course, while history, literature and art are taught in schools of the highest grade. Twice a week there are gymnastics.

An important part of a girl's education is her instruction in domestic science. She is taught how to knit and darn stockings, and how to repair towels, and bed and table linen, skillfully. She crochets lace and other things, and makes all kinds of cross-stitch work. Most German girls of the upper classes have some musical education. As a rule, they play better on the piano than they sing. Until lately there has never been any attempt in German schools to teach girls either Latin or Greek.



Social Leader



Saleswoman



Student

**A**FTER the girl has finished her school course she goes to a *pension*, or boarding-house, of the better class to learn how to cook and keep house, and to acquire the ways of refined society outside of her own home. Here she remains for several months, and watches the process of the cooking and other work, often lending a hand herself.

A great many books especially for girls are published in Germany. The judicious mother anxiously keeps from her daughter all books whose moral tone is not entirely proper. Throughout the whole school course religious instruction is daily imparted. At first this consists in the simple narration of Bible stories, but is adapted to her capacity as she grows older. Well along in her course the study of the catechism is taken up and continued until her confirmation. Then her skirts are lengthened, and people begin to address her as *sie*, instead of *du*—as a grown person. The confirmation takes place at about the time she leaves school, generally at Easter, though there is no set time in the year.

The young lady in Germany has an allowance of pocket-money, not a large sum as a rule. Whether she is held to a strict account in its expenditure depends mainly upon the mother. Some mothers utilize this as a means of teaching their daughters how money ought to be used. Upon the mother's disposition to indulge her daughter and the development of



Housemaid



Country Girl

modern ideas and the necessity of some girls to earn their living in offices and other public places, is forcing its way into the upper classes, so that in large cities a girl sometimes goes walking alone with a young man. But it is not considered good form.

The education of the daughter of the Fatherland presupposes that she will marry some time in her life, and it is in a measure a preparation for that event. Consequently, when she has been confirmed she begins to

prepare her *trousseau*. She crochets lace, makes table-covers, works long ties in cross-stitch, and by degrees collects a large supply of towels and bed and table linen. Everything that is available is put away from time to time in the chest holding her treasures—a fashion which many American girls also follow. This custom tends to develop and foster a domestic spirit.

**W**HEN a girl has arrived at what is considered a marriageable age her parents invite young men to the house. Two or three are invited at the same time so that the attention may not seem too pointed. But no young man is ever invited to the house until after he has called at least once, and thus signified his wish to have social intercourse with the family. If he call several times in too close succession it is taken for granted that he has "intentions," and he may be questioned concerning them.



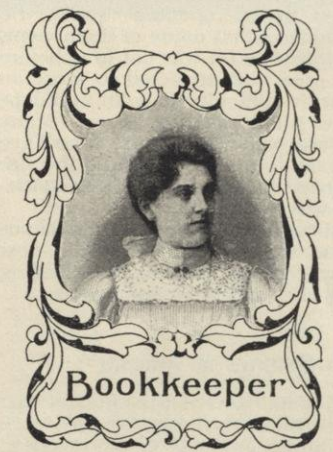
Flower Girl

The girl in Germany is likely to marry young, though there is no rule. In a few cases there are wives as young as seventeen, while, on the other hand, there are brides of forty. For special reasons an engagement of marriage may be kept secret for a while. But generally it is made public as soon as the arrangements can be made. This is done by means of the newspapers and formal announcements on cards. These cards, verified

by the happy man, are issued by the girl's family. At the same time the man supplies a plain gold band ring for each. This is worn during the engagement on the ring finger of the left hand. From this time the contracting parties are bride and bridegroom; at marriage this relation ceases and they become a married couple, or husband and wife. Some time after the announcements have been sent the couple makes calls together in person on the near relatives and friends. It is very rare that such an engagement is broken. Among conservative people even the affianced couple is scarcely allowed to be alone, a chaperon being provided whenever the young people go out.

**T**HE betrothal may last several years, until the bridegroom can become settled in life, but in most cases the marriage soon takes place. Just before the marriage the banns are published in the church, either on two successive Sundays or, if the time be short, twice on the same day. In the latter case a notice is posted in a public place notifying all concerned of the wish of the couple to marry.

The wedding festivities begin the evening before the marriage with what is known as *Polter evening*. The friends and relatives of the bride meet at her home to congratulate her. On this occasion she receives her presents. The company entertains itself with dancing, recitations or private theatricals. The children and housemaids throw broken dishes in front of the bride's door and then run away; this is intended to secure her happiness and good luck.



Bookkeeper

Among Germans of the upper classes there are two ceremonies: one before the civil authorities and the other in the church. The civil marriage alone is legal and binding. The other is observed for the sake of form, but is by far the more interesting. The bridal pair drives together to the church and meets the rest of the party there. The bride is dressed in white and wears a long veil and a wreath of myrtle leaves and blossoms. The bridegroom has on black broadcloth coat and trousers, and white vest and gloves. The spectators wait until they are almost impatient, for, as elsewhere, it takes a long time to arrange everything.

**A**T LAST the strains of the wedding march are heard; then the door opens softly, and the procession, with the happy pair at the head, appears, and the contracting parties take their position in front of the clergyman, while the rest of the company separates, with the men on one side and the women on the other. Then the ceremony proceeds. The bride has come in wearing the bridegroom's engagement ring on her thumb, he wearing hers on his little finger. In the ceremony these find their proper places on the ring fingers of the bride and groom. Then the pair kneels and receives the wedding blessing. After the ceremony the company goes to the bride's home or a hotel, where a feast is served. While the company is at the table, or just as it is leaving, the bridal pair unobtrusively withdraws. The rest stay and dance, and amuse themselves in other ways till dawn of the next day.

Editor's Note—The articles of this series that have been published in previous issues are:

- "The Life of a Japanese Girl," . . . . . April
- "A Girl's Life on the Prairie," . . . . . May
- "The Creole Girl of New Orleans," . . . . . June

The series will be continued in subsequent issues of the Journal.





PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES COTTRELL

THE OLD CAMP-MEETING GROUND ON MUDDY RIVER, NEAR RUSSELLVILLE, KENTUCKY



SUMMER'S day in the year 1799 was drawing to a close when two young men, after a wearisome tramp of many miles through a sparsely settled section of the country, reached a small settlement on the banks of the Red River in Kentucky. They were brothers, John and William McGee, both of them clergymen, journeying together on a missionary tour among the frontier towns and settlements of the West. John, the elder, was a Methodist minister, having become a convert and an ardent supporter of Methodism after a rather wild and adventurous life as a youth, and by his eloquence and great natural abilities had already won for himself a widespread reputation as a preacher. His brother William was a minister of the Presbyterian church; but notwithstanding that they happened to belong to different denominations, these brothers were bound together by the closest ties of affection and harmony of purpose.

Their aim and determination was to spread the Gospel; to awaken men's hearts to the truths of Christianity; to carry the light of salvation into the wilderness. Spurred by this noble purpose they had set forth from their home in Eastern Tennessee, and, braving the hardships and the dangers of their toilsome undertaking, were now making their way by slow stages toward the Ohio River, stopping at every town and every cabin on the way with their message of spiritual comfort and hope.

#### McGee Brothers at a Presbyterian Quarterly Meeting

THE time was one of deep concern to all true Christians, particularly in the wild and newly settled West. The vices and the lawlessness engendered by the recent war (the Revolution) had not yet abated, while the writings of Paine and Voltaire had sown the seed of skepticism, which was now rapidly growing, and threatening in many localities to supplant the teachings of the church. It was this unhappy condition that stirred the hearts of such men as John and William McGee, and fired them with a determination to rescue their fellow-mortals from the indifference and the unbelief which were casting their darkening shadows upon the land.

In the place at which they had now arrived a Presbyterian congregation was holding a sacramental meeting. This was somewhat in the nature of a quarterly meeting, in which the members of the church from the surrounding parts of the country met together for the transaction of church affairs and for a revival of religious thought and instruction. The meeting lasted several days and was in charge of a number of ministers, who took turns in preaching and conducting the daily services.

The McGee brothers were gladly welcomed, and they at once took an active part in the preaching. The discourses of John were particularly fervent and attracted unusual attention. He was especially earnest in his exhortations, appealing to his listeners with all the force of his rugged eloquence to renounce their sins and accept the salvation which the Gospel offered to all repentant souls. So deeply did he affect his audience that many of them wept, overcome with their emotions; and it was not long before the report of his powerful preaching attracted so large an attendance that it was with difficulty that all could be accommodated within the small meeting-house. Many were thus drawn to the scene who would otherwise have taken no interest in the affair, so that not only did the size of the church building prove inadequate, but the settlement itself soon became overcrowded.

Accordingly, some of those who came from a distance were obliged to camp in the woods. This they did near the church, using their wagons for shelter, or building themselves tents with lap-ropes and other light covers.

#### Origin of Camp-Meetings in America

THROUGH the efforts of John McGee the interest and enthusiasm of the congregation increased with each succeeding service, until, on the final day of the meeting, many of those in attendance became so powerfully affected through the excitement aroused by the stirring words of the preacher that they burst forth into uncontrollable shouts and screams. McGee himself, overwrought with religious fervor, left the pulpit and came down among the audience, and exhorted the men and women with a vehemence and a power that none could withstand. Cries arose on every side. The meeting became an ungoverned babel of voices. A frantic excitement seized upon every one. Prayers and invocations interspersed with hysterical sobs filled the room, while many of the congregation fell upon the floor, exhausted and overcome.

The effect was so startling, and seemed so clearly to indicate that it was the result of Divine agency or some mysterious force possessed by the preacher, that the news of the occurrence spread rapidly in all directions throughout that part of the State, and attracted unbounded interest. If it did not at once awaken a responsive religious feeling it at least excited curiosity, and when it was learned that the McGee brothers were to hold a meeting at Russellville, a newly settled town in Logan County, near the Muddy River, persons from all parts of the adjoining country, irrespective of their religious beliefs or church allegiance, prepared to attend.



## THE FIRST CAMP-MEETING IN AMERICA

By Clifford Howard

It soon became evident that the four walls of a country meeting-house would not suffice to hold the large numbers that were making ready to go to Russellville. The problem thus presented was solved by determining to hold the meeting in the open air. Those coming from a distance were prepared to camp; it would be no hardship to them to remain out-of-doors. The recent experience at Red River had proved this. It was not expected by those who were coming that the lodging accommodations at the village of Russellville would be sufficient by any means. Why, therefore, attempt to house the people? Prepare a camping-ground, and let the meeting be a "camp"-meeting.

This, then, was the origin of camp-meetings; and the first one held in America was on the banks of the Muddy River, near Russellville, Kentucky, in the month of August, 1799—one hundred years ago. Not that religious worship had never before been held in the open air, but the special feature of camping out and the nature of the services made the camp-meeting a distinctive institution, and characterized this particular gathering on Muddy River as the first of its kind. On foot, on horseback and in wagons, men, women and children made their way toward the site selected for the meeting.

#### Tents and Cabins Were Used by the Worshipers

THE spot chosen for the meeting was in a woods not far from the stream; and in a small clearing a rude platform was built for the use of the ministers as a pulpit. This formed the centre of the camping-ground, and the lodgings of the people were grouped about it. Many put up tents, and not a few built themselves temporary cabins of poles and leafy boughs, while others were content with the shelter of their covered wagons. Provisions and a few necessary cooking utensils formed a part of the outfit of every family or party.

When the meeting opened several hundred persons were in attendance, and as the days went by the number increased. The services were conducted by several prominent and able clergymen, chief among whom was John McGee, who was mainly responsible for the large gathering and for the interest in religious matters so suddenly awakened throughout that section of the country. No more auspicious means for effective revival preaching could have been devised than this camp-meeting. The surroundings lent an inspiration to the words of the preachers and the services of song and prayer that was well nigh magical in its effects. Even the most thoughtless instinctively felt his nearness to the Creator in the midst of the solemn wilderness, with the great forest and its heaven-lighted dome for a sanctuary, in which the music of rippling waters, and of birds, and the soft-voiced whisperings of the wind breathed a never-ending Te Deum.

#### How the Day was Passed at this Camp-Meeting

THE words of the Gospel took on new meanings, new power, under the exalting influence of these impressive environments, and the exhortations of the preachers stirred the hearts of their listeners with emotions such as many of them had never before experienced. Many who had renounced the Bible and its teachings, or had become indifferent to their spiritual welfare, yielded to the wondrous influence exerted upon them by the meeting, and openly acknowledged their repentance and conversion.

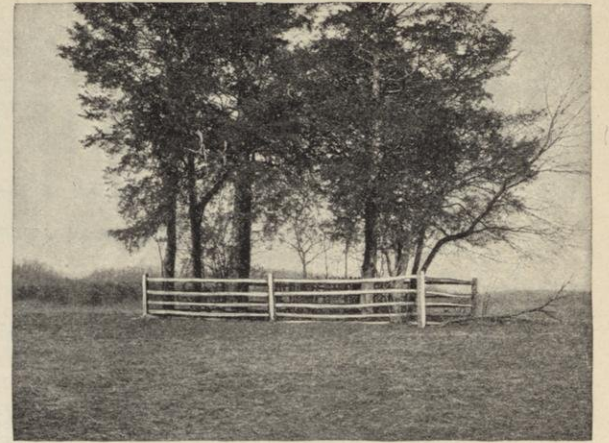
After the first day or two the daily program of the services assumed a definite order, and general rules for the regulation of the meeting were adopted. At daylight a trumpet sounded as a signal for the people to rise and prepare for worship. At the second call of the trumpet prayers were held in each of the tents or lodgings, and at the third signal the congregation gathered for prayer. Then came breakfast, and after that followed services at intervals of three or four hours during the day. Singing formed an important feature of the worship and added much to its effectiveness. Those who were specially gifted with vocal powers were selected to lead in song, while the others joined in the chorus.

At each of the services one of the ministers delivered a sermon or discourse, and was followed by a brother clergyman whose office it was to exhort the congregation, calling upon all to repent of their sins. It was through these exhortations that the greatest results were accomplished. The earnestness of the exhorter, his solemn words of warning, his vivid descriptions of the awful fate that awaited the unregenerate, and his impassioned appeals to his auditors exercised a powerful effect and were the means of reclaiming many from lives of sin.

#### A Weird, Fascinating Picture by Night

UNDER the influence of these exhortations, and particularly those of John McGee, whose power over an audience was remarkable, it was not long before the strange scenes that marked the conclusion of the meeting at Red River were again enacted. A nervous exaltation took possession of the audience, affecting many in a most curious and unaccountable manner. These manifestations were present to a greater or less degree on the occasion of each of the gatherings during the day, but were most pronounced at the night service, when the excitement at times became so great as to resemble a panic.

Illumined with lanterns and candles and blazing pine knots, the scene at night was a weird and fascinating picture. Gathered about the pulpit, either standing or seated upon rudely made benches, the congregation listened in reverent silence to the sermon. Then came the exhortation. It was the clarion call to action, the arousing force, the electric thrill that awoke the slumbering soul to active response. It followed the sermon as a storm follows the silent though portentous clouds. Inspired by an intense



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES COTTRELL

GRAVE OF VALENTINE COOK, ONE OF THE FOUNDERS, NEAR THE SITE OF THE FIRST CAMP-MEETING

earnestness the exhorter called upon his listeners to come to God. The hour of deliverance was at hand! The doom of eternal death, with all its horrors and its agonies, was before them!

His voice grew shrill and piercing in its utterance of awful warnings. His whole body trembled with emotion. Now raising his arms to Heaven and invoking the mercy of the Almighty, and now extending them to the people with imploring cries, he became ever more earnest and more vehement. His voice thrilled with ecstatic fervency. Now dying away to a whisper and then bursting forth with thundering and tempestuous energy, he smote the hearts of his listeners, and like reeds before a storm they bent beneath the fury of his impassioned eloquence.

Suddenly a piercing scream broke in upon the voice of the preacher. A woman, with hair disheveled, sprang up from the congregation, shrieking and throwing her arms about in a wild delirium of emotion, and in a moment or two sank to the earth amid tumultuous sobs. Others quickly followed with similar outbursts of overwrought feelings. The excitement became infectious. An overpowering force took possession of the gathering.

#### Scenes of Frenzy Among the Worshipers

UNDER this condition a great number became suddenly unconscious and threw themselves violently to the ground, where they lay as if dead. Others, after falling, tossed about upon the earth with agonizing moans, unable to rise. Not a few made their way toward the pulpit, shouting, screaming and weeping, and calling upon God for salvation, while their friends gathered around and added to the tumult with songs and prayers. In a few moments the gathering became disorganized. A confusion of voices filled the air. The singing of hymns and vociferous appeals to Heaven mingled with frenzied cries and groans and hysterical laughter, while above the confusion rose the impelling voice of the exhorter until, himself overcome with the ecstasy of his emotions, he fell senseless upon the platform.

In a moment, however, another took his place. A fresh impetus was given to the turbulence and excitement. Even those who at the time experienced no feelings of repentance or were unmoved by the words of the exhorter were affected by the prevailing delirium. Persons felt themselves impelled to cry out, to shout, to sing. They lost all self-control. Many were jerked violently backward and forward by an ungovernable muscular action, while others, unable to remain quiet, gave way to frantic gesticulations, accompanied at times with furious dancing. Not a few dashed off into the darkness of the forest. They were seized with a mad desire to run. They were unable to check themselves, but with frantic shouts pushed their way through the crowd and were soon lost to sight in the surrounding wilderness. Such demonstrations as these became daily occurrences at the meeting, and had a potent effect upon many to whom no other means of conversion would have appealed. At the same time they increased the popular interest and drew many to the scene.

#### Great Work of the First Camp-Meeting

THE first camp-meeting lasted for little more than a week. The novelty of it and the success which attended it were so marked that there arose an immediate demand for a continuance of this form of worship. Accordingly, the meeting on Muddy River was speedily followed by a large number of camp-meetings throughout the West. So great was the interest they excited that in some instances a single meeting was attended by two or three thousand persons, resulting in the complete desertion of the neighboring towns and settlements for the time being.

The curious phenomena which characterized the revival services at Russellville were repeated at each of the meetings, and whatever may be the true cause of these remarkable manifestations of religious emotion it cannot be denied that they proved a powerful factor in the good accomplished. Such features were unquestionably of the greatest importance at camp-meetings, and under the guidance of powerful exhorters were the cause of arousing many hundreds from the stupor of spiritual and moral indifference into which they had fallen.

This first camp-meeting marked the beginning of a revival of religion which assumed such proportions and wrought such widespread good that it has passed into history as the "Great Revival." It was the reaction following the period of doubt and unbelief, and swept through the country in a glorious wave of triumph.

The earlier camp-meetings were not held under the auspices of any particular denomination. People of all churches and all phases of belief attended them and took an interest in their management. Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and other ministers conducted the services. Denominational differences were cast aside. All churches were merged into one in the tide of revivalism. But after the first excitement aroused by the "Great Revival" died away this particular form of worship became a Methodist institution. Other denominations gradually abandoned it and left it to the Methodists, who have maintained it to this day, and continue to find in it a source of good and a no less worthy means of salvation than on the occasion of its establishment one hundred years ago.



## CAPTAIN DIEPPE

By Anthony Hope

(Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Rupert of Hentzau," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.)

## \* Chapter V—The Rendezvous by the Cross

BENEATH the reserved and somewhat melancholy front which he generally presented to the world, the Count of Fieramondi was of an ardent and affectionate disposition. Rather lacking, perhaps, in resolution and strength of character, he was the more dependent on the regard and help of others, and his fortitude was often unequal to the sacrifices which his dignity and his pride demanded. Yet the very pride which led him into positions that he could not endure made it well nigh impossible for him to retreat. This disposition serves to explain both the uncompromising attitude which he had assumed in his dispute with his wife and the misery of heart which had betrayed itself in the poem he read to Captain Dieppe.

Now his resolve was growing weaker as the state of hostilities, his loneliness, the sight of that detestable barricade became more and more odious to him. He began to make excuses for the Countess—not, indeed, for all that she had done, for her graver offenses were unknown to him—but for what he knew of; for the broken promise and the renewal of acquaintance with Paul de Roustache. He

so disconcerting as the proposal which the Count actually laid before him when he unwillingly entered his presence.

"Go to her—go to her on your behalf!" he exclaimed, in a consternation which luckily passed for a modest distrust of his qualifications for the task. "But, my dear friend, what am I to say?"

"Say that I love her," said the Count in his low, musical tones. "Say that beneath all differences, all estrangements, lies my deep, abiding, unchanging love. Say that I know I have been hard to her, that I recede from my demand, that I will be content with her simple word that she will not without my knowledge hold any communication with the person she knows of. Tell her," pursued the Count, laying his hand on Dieppe's shoulder and speaking almost as ardently as though he were addressing his wife herself, "that I never suspected her of more than a little levity, and that I never will nor could."

Dieppe found himself speculating how much the Count's love and trust might induce him to include in the phrase, "a little levity."

"That she should listen—I will not say to love-making—to gallantry, to a hint of admiration, to an attempt at flirtation, has never entered my head about my Emilia."

The Count felt in his waistcoat pocket. Dieppe sat looking down toward the floor with a frown on his face. He raised his eyes to find the Count holding out his hand toward him; in the open palm of it lay a wedding ring.

"Take it back to her," said the Count.

"Really, hadn't you better do that yourself?" expostulated the Captain, who felt himself hard driven by fate.

"No," said the Count firmly. "I leave it all to you. Put it on her finger and say, 'This is the pledge of love—of love renewed—of Andrea's undying love for you.'" And he thrust the symbol of bliss into Captain Dieppe's most reluctant hand. The Captain sat and looked at it in a horrified fascination.

"You will do it for me?" urged the Count. "You can't refuse! Ah, my friend, if my sorrow doesn't move you, think of hers. She is alone there in that wing of the house—even her cousin, who was with her, was obliged to leave her three days ago. There she sits, thinking of her faults, in solitude! Alas! it is only too likely in tears! I can't bear to think of her in tears."

The Captain quite understood that feeling; he had seen her in them.

"You will help us? Your noble nature will force you to it!"

After a moment's hesitation, pardonable surely in weak humanity, Dieppe put the Countess' wedding ring in his pocket, rose to his feet, and with a firm, unflinching face held out his hand to his friend and host.

"I can refuse you nothing," he said in most genuine emotion. "I will do what you ask. May it bring happiness to—to all of us!" He wrung the Count's hand with a grip that spoke of settled purpose. "You shall hear how I fare very soon," he said as he made for the door.



" THEN HE PUT HIS HAND IN HIS WAISTCOAT POCKET, DREW FORTH A SMALL OBJECT AND HELD IT OUT TOWARD HIS COMPANION "

imputed to her a picturesque penitence, and imagined her, on her side of the barricade, longing for a pardon she dared not ask and a reconciliation for which she could hardly venture to hope. He went so far as to embody these supposed feelings of hers in a graceful little poem addressed to himself and entitled: "To My Cruel Andrea."

In fine, the Count was ready to go on his knees if he received proper encouragement. Here his pride had its turn: that encouragement he must have; he would not risk an interview, a second rebuff, and another slamming of the door in his face such as had offended him so justly and so grievously in those involuntary interviews which had caused him to change his apartments. But now he need expose himself to none of these humiliations. Fortune had provided a better way. Shunning direct approaches with all their dangers, he would use an intermediary. The ideal ambassador was ready to his hand—a man of affairs, accustomed to delicate negotiations, yet (the Count added) honorable, true, faithful and tender-hearted. "My friend Dieppe will rejoice to serve me," he said to himself with cheerfulness. He sent his servant to beg the favor of Dieppe's company.

At the moment—which, to be precise, was four o'clock in the afternoon—no invitation could have been more unwelcome to Captain Dieppe. He had received his note from Paul de Roustache from a ragged urchin as he strolled by the river an hour before: its purport rather excited than alarmed him, but the rendezvous mentioned was so ill chosen, from his point of view, that it caused him dismay. And he had in vain tried to catch sight of the Countess or find means of communicating with her without arousing suspicion. He had other motives, too, for shrinking from such expressions of friendliness as he had reason to anticipate from his host. But he did not expect anything

The Captain, amid all his distress, marked the name. "I trust her, I trust her," cried the Count, raising his hands in an obvious stress of emotion, "as I trust myself, as I would trust my brother, my bosom friend. Yes, my dear friend, as now I trust you yourself. Go to her and say, 'I am Andrea's friend, his trusted friend. I am the messenger of love—give me your love.'"

"What?" cried the Captain. The words sounded wonderfully attractive.

"Give me your love to carry back to him."

"Oh, exactly!" murmured the Captain, relapsing into altruistic gloom.

"Then all will be forgiven between us. Only our love will be remembered. And you, my friend, will have the happiness of seeing us reunited and of knowing that two grateful hearts thank you. I can imagine no greater joy."

"It would certainly be—er—intensely gratifying," murmured Dieppe.

"You would remember it all your life. It is not a thing a man gets a chance of doing often."

"No, that's quite true," agreed the Captain.

"My friend, you look sad; you don't seem—"

"Oh, yes, I do—yes, I am," interrupted the Captain, hastily assuming, or trying to assume, a cheerful expression. "But—"

"I understand, I understand. You doubt yourself?"

"That's it," assented the Captain very truthfully.

"Your tact, your discretion, your knowledge of women?" (Dieppe had never in his life doubted any of these things, but he let the accusation pass.) "Don't be afraid. Emilia will like you; I know that Emilia will like you. And you will like her; I know it."

"You think so?" No intonation could have expressed greater doubt.

"I am certain of it; and when two people like one another all goes easily."

"Well, not always," objected the Captain, whose position made him less optimistic.

The Count nodded hopefully, and, when he was left alone, set to work on a little lyric of joy with which to welcome the return of his forgiven and forgiving spouse.

But it was hard on Captain Dieppe; the strictest moralist may admit that without endangering his principles. Say the Captain had been blameworthy; still his punishment was heavy—heavy and most woefully prompt. His better nature, his finer feelings, his instincts of honor and loyalty, might indeed respond to the demand made on them by the mission with which his friend intrusted him. But the demand was heavy, the call grievous. Where he had pictured joy there remained now only renunciation; he had dreamed of conquest; there could be none, save the hardest and least grateful—the conquest of himself. Firm the Captain might be, but sad he must be. He could still serve the Countess (was not Paul de Roustache still dangerous?), but he could look for no reward. Small wonder that the meeting, whose risks and difficulty had made it seem before only the sweeter, now lost all its delight and became the hardest of ordeals, the most severe and grim of duties!

If this were the Captain's mood, that of the lady whom he was to meet could be hardly more cheerful. If conscience seemed to trouble her less, and unhappy love not to occupy her mind as it governed his, the external difficulties of her position occasioned her greater distress and brought her near despair. Paul de Roustache's letter had been handed to her by her servant; with a smile half reproachful, half mocking she had seized it, torn it open and read it. She understood its meaning; she saw that the dreaded crisis had indeed come, and she was powerless to deal with it or to avert the catastrophe it threatened. She sat before it now, very near to doing just what Count Andrea hated to think of and Captain Dieppe could not endure to see, and as she read and reread the hateful thing she moaned softly to herself: "Oh, how could I be

\*"Captain Dieppe" was begun in the May issue of the Journal.



so silly? How could I put myself in such a position? How could I consent to anything of the sort? I don't know what'll happen. I haven't got fifty thousand francs! I don't know what to do! And I'm all alone—alone to face this fearful trouble!"

She glanced up at the clock; it was nearly five. The smile that came on her face was sad and timid, yet it was a smile of hope. "Perhaps he'll be able to help me," she thought. "He has no money, no—only fifty francs, poor man! But he seems to be brave—oh, yes, he's brave. And I think he's clever. I'll go to the meeting-place and take the note. He's the only chance."

She rose and walked to a mirror. She certainly looked a little less woebegone now, and she examined her appearance with an earnest criticism. The smile grew more hopeful, a little more assured, as she murmured to herself, "I think he'll help me, if he can, because—well, because—" For an instant she even laughed. "And I rather like him, too, you know," she ended by confiding to the mirror. These latter actions and words were not in such complete harmony with Count Andrea's mental picture of the lady on the other side of the barricade.

Betaking herself to the room from which she had first beheld Captain Dieppe's face she arrayed herself in a short skirt and thick boots and wrapped a cloak around her, for a close, misty rain was already falling, and the moaning of the wind in the trees promised a stormy evening. Then she stole out and made for the gate in the right wall of the gardens. The same old servant who had brought the note was there to let her out.

"You will be gone long, Countessa?" she asked.

"No, Maria, not long. If I am asked for say I am lying down."

"Who should ask for you—the Count?"

"Not very likely," she replied with a laugh in which the servant joined. "But if he does I am absolutely not to be seen, Maria." And with another little laugh she began to skirt the back of the gardens so as to reach the main road and thus make her way by the village to the cross on the hill and the little hut in the hollow behind it.

Almost at the same moment Captain Dieppe, bemoaning his fortune, his folly and the weather, with the collar of his coat turned up, his hat crushed close on his head and—just in case of accidents—his revolver in his pocket, came out into the garden and began to descend the hill toward where the stepping-stones gave him passage across the river. Thus he also would reach the village, pass through it and mount the hill to the cross. His way was shorter and his pace quicker. To be there before the lady would be only polite; it would also give him a few minutes in which to arrange his thoughts and settle what might be the best way to open to her the new—the very new—things that he had to say. In the preoccupation of these matters he thought little of his later appointment at seven o'clock, although it was in view of this that he had slipped the revolver into his pocket.

Finally, just about the same time also, Guillaume was rehearsing to Paul de Roustache exactly what they were to do and where their respective parts began and terminated. And Paul was listening with deep attention. Moreover—also just in case of accidents—both of these gentlemen had slipped revolvers into their pockets. Such things may be useful when one carries large sums of money to a rendezvous; equally so in case one hopes to carry them back. The former was M. Guillaume's condition, the latter that of Paul de Roustache.

What recked the Count of Fieramondi of that? He was busy composing his lyric in honor of the return of his forgiven and forgiving Countess; of what was happening he had no thought.

And not less ignorant of these possible incidents was a lady, who this same evening stood in the courtyard of the only inn of the little town of Sasellano, where the railway ended, and whence the traveler to the Count of Fieramondi's castle must take a carriage and post-horses. The lady demanded horses, protested, raged; most urgent business called her to pursue her journey, she said. But the landlord hesitated and shook his head.

"It's good twelve miles, and against collar almost all the way," he urged.

"I will pay what you like," she cried.

"But see, the rain falls—it has fallen for two hours. The water will be down from the hills and the stream will be in flood before you reach the ford. Your Excellency had best sleep here to-night. Indeed, Your Excellency must!"

"I won't," said Her Excellency flatly.

And at that point—which may be called the direct issue—the dispute must now be left.

### Chapter VI—The Hut in the Hollow

CAPTAIN DIEPPE'S first act on reaching the cross on the hillside was a careful scrutiny, through the increasing darkness, of the topographical features of the place.

Standing with his back to the cross, he had on his right hand the slope down to the village, which he had just ascended; on his left the road fell still more precipitately in zigzag curves. He could not see it where it reached the valley and came to the river; had he been able he would have perceived that it ran down to and crossed the ford to which the landlord of the inn at Sasellano had referred. But immediately facing him he could discern the river in its bottom, and could look down over the steep, grassy declivity which descended to it from the point at which he stood; there was no more than room for the road, and on the road hardly room for a vehicle to pass another, or itself to turn.

On all three sides the ground fell, and he would have seemed to stand on a watch-tower had it not been that behind him, at the back of the cross, the upward slope of grass showed that the road did not surmount the hill, but hung on to and skirted its side some fifty paces from the top. Yet even where he was he found himself exposed to the full stress of the weather, which had now increased to a storm of wind and rain.

The time of his earlier appointment was not quite due, but the lady knew her way. With a shiver the Captain turned and began to scramble up toward the summit; the sooner he found the shepherd's hut the better. If it were open he would enter; if not, he could at least get some shelter under the lee of it. But he trusted that the Countess would keep her tryst punctually; she must be come and gone before seven o'clock or she would risk an encounter with her enemy, Paul de Roustache. "However, I could probably smuggle her away, and at least he

shouldn't speak to her," he reflected, and was comforted. At the top of the hill the formation was rather peculiar. The crown once reached, the ground dipped very suddenly from all sides, forming a round depression in shape like a basin, and at the lowest point some twenty feet beneath the top of its inclosing walls. In this circular hollow, not in the centre, but no more than six feet from the base of the slope by which the Captain approached, stood the shepherd's hut. Its door was open, swinging to and fro as the gusts of wind rose and fell. The Captain ran down and entered. There was nothing inside but a rough stool, a large and heavy block something like those one may see in butchers' shops (probably it had served the shepherds for seat or table as need arose), and five or six large trusses of dry maize-straw flung down in a corner. The place was small, rude and comfortless enough, but if the hanging door, past which the rain drove it fiercely, could be closed, the four walls of sawed logs would afford shelter from the storm during the brief period of the conference which the Captain awaited.

Dieppe looked at his watch; he could just see the figures—it was ten minutes to six. Mounting again to the summit he looked around. Yes, there she was, making her way up the hill, painfully struggling with refractory cloak and skirt. A moment later she joined him and gave him her hand, panting out: "Oh, I'm so glad you're here! There's the most fearful trouble."

There was, of more than one kind; none knew it better than Dieppe.

"One need not, all the same, get any wetter," he remarked. "Come into the hut, madame."

She paid no heed to his words, but stood there looking forlornly around. But the next instant the Captain enforced his invitation by catching hold of her arm and dragging her a pace or two down the hill, while he threw himself on the ground, his head just over the top of the eminence. "Hush!" he whispered. His keen ear had caught a footstep on the road, although darkness and mist prevented him from seeing who approached. It was barely six. Was Paul de Roustache an hour too early?

"What is it?" she asked in a low, anxious voice. "Is anybody coming? Oh, if it should be Andrea!"

"It's not the Count, but— Come down into the hut, madame. You mustn't be seen."

Now she obeyed his request. Dieppe stood in the doorway a moment, listening. Then he pushed the door shut—it opened inward—and with some effort set the wooden block against it.

"That will keep out the rain," said he, "and—and anything else, you know."

They were in dense darkness. The Captain took a candle and a box of matches from an inner pocket. Striking a match after one or two efforts (for matches and box were both damp), he melted the wax end of the candle and pressed it on the block till it adhered. Then he lit the wick. The lady watched him admiringly.

"You seem ready for anything," she said.

"We have no time to lose—," he began.

"No," she agreed, and, opening her cloak, she searched for something. Finding the object she sought she held it out to him. "I got that this afternoon. Read it," she said. "It's from the man you met last night, Paul de Roustache. The 'other quarter' means Andrea. And that means ruin."

Captain Dieppe gently waved the letter aside.

"No, you must read it," she urged.

He took it, and, bending down to the candle, read it. "Just what it would be," he said.

"I can't explain anything, you know," she added hastily with a smile half rueful, half amused.

"To me, at least, there's no need you should." He paused a moment in hesitation. Then he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, drew forth a small object and held it out toward his companion between his finger and thumb. In the dim light she did not perceive its nature.

"This," said the Captain, conscientiously, and even textually, delivering the message with which he was charged, "is the pledge of love."

"Captain Dieppe!" she cried, leaping back and blushing vividly. "Really I—! At such a time—under the circ—! And what is it? I can't see."

"The pledge of love renewed," the Captain went on in a loyal hastiness, but not without the sharpest pang.

"Of Andrea's undying love for you."

"Of Andrea's—!" She stopped, presumably from excess of emotion. Her lips were parted in a wondering smile, her eyes danced merrily even while they questioned. "What in the world is it?" she asked again.

"Your wedding ring," said the Captain with sad and impressive solemnity.

"Wedding ring!" she murmured.

"He sends it back to you," explained the Captain.

A long-drawn "O—oh!" came from her lips, its lengthened intonation seeming to express the dawning of comprehension. "Yes, of course," she added hastily.

"He loves you," said the Captain, facing her—and his task—again. "He can't bear his own sorrow, nor to think of yours. He withdraws his demand; your word to hold no communication with the person you know of, without his knowledge, contents him. I am his messenger. Give me your love to—carry back to him."

"Did he tell you to say all that?" she asked.

"Ah, madame, should I say it otherwise? Should I, who—" With a mighty effort he checked himself, and resumed in constrained tones: "My dear friend, the Count bade me put this ring on your finger, madame, in token of your—your reunion with him."

"Pray do it, then," she said, and drawing off the stout little gauntlet she wore she presented her hand to the Captain. Bowing low, he took it lightly and placed the holy symbol on the appropriate finger. But he could not make up his mind to part from the hand without one lingering look; and he observed with some surprise that the ring was considerably too large for the finger. "It's very loose," he murmured. In truth, the ring fitted so ill as to be in great danger of dropping off.

"Yes—er—it is loose. I—I hate tight rings, don't you?" She smiled with vigor (if the expression is allowable) and added, "I've grown thinner, too, I suppose."

"From grief?" asked he, and he could not keep a touch of bitterness out of his voice.

"Well, anxiety," she assented. "I think I'd better carry the ring in my pocket. It would be a pity to lose it." And she took off the symbol and dropped it, somewhat carelessly, it must be confessed, into a side pocket of

her coat. Then she seated herself on the stool and looked up at the Captain. Her smile became rather mocking, and she observed to Captain Dieppe:

"Andrea has charged you with this commission since—since last night, I suppose?"

The words acted—whether by the intention of their utterer or not—as a spark to the Captain's ardor.

"Ah," he said, seizing her ungloved hand again, "since last night indeed! Last night it was my dream! Ah, don't be angry! Don't draw your hand away."

The lady's conduct indicated that she proposed to assent to both these requests; she smiled still, and she did not withdraw her hand from Dieppe's eager grasp.

"My honor is pledged," he went on, "but suffer me once to kiss this hand, now that it wears no ring, to dream that it need wear none, that you are free. Ah, Countess, ah, Emilia—for once let me call you Emilia?"

"For once, if you like. Don't get into the habit of it," she advised.

"No. I'll only think of you by that name."

"I shouldn't even do as much as that. It would be a— I mean you might forget and call me it, you know."

"Never was man so unhappy as I am," he cried in a low but intense voice. "But I am wrong. I must remember my trust. And you—you love the Count?"

"I'm very fond of Andrea," said she almost in a whisper. She seemed to suffer sorely from embarrassment, for she added hastily: "Don't—don't press me about that any more." Yet she was smiling.

The Captain knelt on one knee and kissed her hand very respectfully, and she said in a voice that for a moment was grave and tender: "Thank you. I shall like to remember that, because I think you're a brave man and a true friend, Captain Dieppe."

"I thank God for helping me to remain a gentleman," said he, and although his manner was (according to his custom) a little pronounced and theatrical, he spoke with a very genuine feeling. She pressed her hand on his before she drew it away.

"You'll be my friend?" he asked.

She paused before she replied, looking at him intently; then she answered in a low voice: "I will be all to you that I can and that you ask me to be."

"I have your word, dear friend?"

"You have my word. If you ask me I will redeem it." And she looked at him as though she had said a great thing, as though a pledge had passed between them, and a solemn promise from her to him.

What seemed her feeling found an answer in Dieppe. He pressed her for no more promises. But their eyes met, their glances conquered the dimness of the candle's light and spoke to one another. Rain beat and wind howled outside; Dieppe heard nothing but an unspoken confession that left honor safe and inviolate, and yet told him the sweetest thing that he could hear—a thing so sweet that for the instant its sadness was forgotten. He had triumphed, though he could have no reward of victory; he was loved, though he might hear no words of love. But he could serve her still—serve her and save her from the danger and humiliation which, notwithstanding Count Andrea's softened mood, still threatened her. That he even owed her; for he did not doubt that the danger and the solitude in which but for him it had to be faced had done much to ripen her regard for him.

As for himself, with such a woman as the Countess in the case he was not prepared to own the need of any external or accidental stimulus. Still, beauty distressed is beauty doubled; that is true all the world over, and no doubt it held good even for Captain Dieppe. He had been loyal—wonderfully loyal—to the Count; but he felt quite justified, if he proved equal to the task, in robbing his friend of the privilege of forgiveness—aye, and of the pleasure of paying fifty thousand francs. He resolved that the Count of Fieramondi should never know of Paul de Roustache's threats against the Countess or of his demand for that exorbitant sum of money.

With most people in moments of exaltation, with the Captain usually, and under the influence of beauty inevitably, to resolve that a result is desirable is but a preliminary to undertaking its realization. Dieppe bent down toward his new and dear friend and said confidently: "Don't distress yourself about this fellow; I'll manage the whole affair without trouble or publicity." Yet he had no notion how his words were to be made good.

"You will?" she asked, with a confidence in the Captain apparently as great as his own.

"Certainly!" said he with a twirl of his mustache.

"Then I'd better leave it to you and go home at once." The inference was not quite what the Captain had desired. But he accepted it with a tolerably good grace.

"I suppose so," said he; "I'll escort you as far as the village. But what's the time?"

He took out his watch and held it down to the flame of the candle; the lady rose and looked, not over his shoulder, but just over his elbow.

"Ah, that's curious!" observed the Captain, looking at his watch. "How quickly the time has gone!"

"Very! But why is it curious?" she asked.

"Well, it's not curious," he admitted; "but it is awkward."

"It's only just seven."

"Precisely the hour of my appointment with Paul de Roustache."

"With Paul de Roustache?"

"Don't trouble yourself. All will be well."

"What appointment? Where are you to meet him?"

"By the cross, on the road outside here."

"And if I were to meet him! He mustn't see me!"

"Certainly not!" agreed the Captain.

"But how are we to avoid—?"

"Ah, you put no real trust in me," murmured he in gentle reproach, and—it must be added—purely for the sake of gaining a moment's reflection.

"Couldn't we walk by him?" she suggested.

"He would recognize you, even if he didn't me."

"Recognize me? Oh, perhaps not. He doesn't know me very well."

"What?" said the Captain, really a little astonished this time.

"And there's the rain and—the night and—and all that," she murmured in some confusion.

"No man who has ever seen you—" began the Captain.





# THE VALOR OF BRINLEY

By John Kendrick Bangs

(Author of "Coffee and Repartee," "A House-Boat on the Styx," "Ghosts I Have Met," etc.)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY L. BROWN

"TO AND FROM THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICES"

HOWEVER differentiated from other suburban places Dumfries Corners may be in most instances, in the matter of obtaining and retaining efficient domestics the citizens of that charming town find it much like all other communities of its class. Civilization brings with it everywhere, it would seem, problems difficult of solution, and conspicuous among them may be mentioned the servant problem. It is probable that the only really happy young couple that ever escaped the annoyance of this particular problem was Adam and Eve, and as one recalls their case it was the interference of a third party, in the matter of their diet, that brought all their troubles upon them, so that even they may not be said to have enjoyed complete immunity from domestic trials. What quality it is in human nature that leads a competent housemaid or a truly talented culinary artist to abhor the countryside, and to prefer the dark, cellar-like kitchens of the city houses it is difficult to surmise; why the suburban housekeeper finds her choice limited every autumn to the maid that the city folks have chosen to reject is not clear. That these are the conditions which confront suburban residents only the exceptionally favored rustic can deny.

In Dumfries Corners, even were there no rich red upon the trees, no calendar upon the walls, no invigorating tonic in the air to indicate the season, all would know when autumn had arrived by the anxious, hunted look upon the faces of the good women of that place as they ride on the trains to and from the intelligence offices of the city looking for additions to their ménage. Of course in Dumfries Corners, as elsewhere, it is possible to employ home talent, but to do this requires larger means than most suburbanites possess, for the very simple reason that the home talent is always plentifully endowed with dependents. These latter, to the number of eight or ten—which observation would lead one to believe is the average of the successful local cook, for instance— increase materially the butcher's and grocer's bills, and one not infrequently suspects the coal man's as well.

Years ago, when he was young and inexperienced, the writer of this narrative, his suspicions having been aroused by the seeming social popularity of his cook, took occasion one Sunday afternoon to count the number of mysterious packages, of about a pound in weight each, which set forth from his kitchen and were carried along his walk in various stages of ineffectual concealment by the lady's visitors. The result was by no means appalling, seven being the total. But granting that seven was a fair estimate of the whole week's output, and that the stream flowed on Sundays only, and not steadily through the other six days, the annual output, on a basis of fifty weeks—giving the cook's generosity a two weeks' vacation—three hundred and fifty pounds of something were diverted from his pantry into channels for which they were not originally designed, and on a valuation of twenty-five cents apiece his minimum contribution to his cook's dependents became thereby very nearly one hundred dollars. Add to this the probable gifts to similarly fortunate relatives of a competent local waitress, of an equally generously disposed laundress with cousins, not to mention the genial, open-handed generosity of a hired man in the matter of kindling-wood and edibles, and living becomes expensive with local talent to help.

It is in recognition of this seemingly cast-iron rule that local service is too expensive for persons of modest income, that the modern economical housewife prefers to fill her ménage with maids from the metropolis, even though it happen that she must take those who for one reason or another have failed to please her city sisters. It may be, too, that this is one of the reasons for the constant changes in most suburban houses, for it is equally

axiomatic that once an alien becomes acclimated she takes on a clientele of adopted relatives, who in the course of time become as much of a drain upon the treasury of the household as the Simon-Pure article.

The Brinleys had been through the domestic mill in its every phase. They had had cooks, and cooks, and cooks, and maids, and maids, and maids, plus other maids; they had been face to face with arson and murder; Mrs. Brinley had parted a laundress armed with a flat-iron from a belligerent cook armed with an ice-pick, and twice the ministers of the law had carried certain irate women bodily forth with the direst of threats lest they should return later and remove the Brinley family from the list of the living.

All of which contributed to Mrs. Brinley's unhappiness and rather increased than diminished her natural timidity. Brinley, on the other hand, professed to know no fear, but according to his theory that ways and means were his care, and that the domestic affairs of his household were his wife's, and beyond his jurisdiction, held himself aloof and said never a word to the recalcitrant servant, confining what upbraiding he did exclusively to Mrs. Brinley.

"Why don't you scold Bridget?" cried Mrs. Brinley one morning, after Brinley had made a few remarks to his wife which were not to her taste, inasmuch as she felt that she had done nothing to deserve them. "I didn't burn the steak."

"That is very true, my dear," said Brinley, "but you are responsible for the cook. It would never do for me to interfere. I have troubles enough with my office-boys. This is your bailiwick, not mine, and until I ask you to scold my clerks you mustn't ask me to scold your servants." With this sage remark the valiant Brinley at once took his departure.

Time passed, and it so happened one autumn that the once happy household found itself in the throes of a particularly aggravated case of cook. She was a sixteen-dollar cook, and had been recommended as being "splendid." In just what respect she showed her splendor, save in her regal lack of manners and the marvelous coloring of her costumes on her Sundays out, was never perceptible, but one thing that was clear at the end of a three-weeks' service was her independence of manner.

Meals were never ready on time, and the dinner hour, instead of being a fixed time beneath her sway, seemed to become a variable point, according to the lady's whim. In the observance of the breakfast hour she was equally erratic, and on several trying occasions Brinley was on the verge of the dilemma of either failing to keep an appointment in town or going without his morning meal. Sometimes the coffee would come to the table a thin, amber fluid that tasted like particularly bad consommé. Again it would be served with all the thickness of a purée. Her bread was similarly variable in its undesirability. There were biscuits that held all the flaky charm of a snowball. There were loaves of bread that reminded one of the stories of hardtack in Cuba. There were English muffins that rested upon poor Brinley's digestion as the world may fairly be presumed to rest upon the shoulders of Atlas, and, indeed, it is a tradition in the Brinley family that one of this cook's piecrusts rivaled Harveyized steel in its impenetrability.

Indeed, Brinley, usually a silent sufferer, commented upon this cohesive quality of Ellen's pastry on two different occasions. On the first he advised Mrs. Brinley to learn the secret of Ellen's manipulation of the ingredients of a piecrust, and have herself capitalized to rival the corporations which provide the Government with armor plate. On the second he made the sage though disagreeable remark that the "next apple pie we have should be served with individual steam-drills." And he one day accompanied Mrs. Brinley to a quiet golf links, and, when he had teed up, that good lady observed one of Ellen's doughnuts upon the little mound of sand before him instead of his favorite ball.

"I cut up the Silvertown ball so," he said as he addressed the tee, "that I'm ashamed of myself. I may not play any better with this doughnut, but it will never show the marks of the irons as a bit of mere gutta-percha would."

"If you feel that way about Ellen," she said, just as Brinley was about to drive off with a real ball, "I don't see why you don't discharge her."

Brinley took his eye off the ball to look indignantly upon his wife, and consequently fozzled.

"Discharge her? Why should I discharge her?" he demanded, his temper growing as he observed where he

had landed his ball. "I'm not running the house, my dear. You are. I didn't ask you to tell Miss Flossie Fairfax that, as she couldn't spell, she was no longer useful as a stenographer in the office of Brinley & Rutherford. Why should you ask me to tell a cook that her services are no longer required in the establishment of Brinley & Brinley, of which you are the manager?"

"It isn't easy to discharge a girl," Mrs. Brinley began. "Particularly a quarrelsome woman like Ellen."

"Oh, that's it," said Brinley. "You are afraid of her."

"Not exactly," said Mrs. Brinley. "But—"

"Of course if you are afraid of her I'll get rid of her," persisted Brinley valiantly. "Just wait until we get home. I'll show you a thing or two when it comes to ridding one's self of an unfaithful servant. The steak this morning looked like a stake that martyrs had been burned at, and I am not afraid to say so."

And so it was decided that Brinley, on his return home, should interview Ellen and inform her that her services would not be required after the first of the month.

"Now let's play golf," he said. "I'll settle Ellen in a minute. Fore!"



"THE COFFEE TASTED LIKE BAD CONSOMMÉ"

How Brinley fulfilled his promise is best shown by his talk with Mrs. Brinley the next morning when, somewhat red of face, he rejoined her in the dining-room after his interview with Ellen.

"Well?" said Mrs. Brinley.

"It's all right," Brinley replied with an uneasy glance at his wife. "She's going to stay."

"Going to stay?" echoed Mrs. Brinley, her eyes opening wide in a very natural astonishment. "Why, I thought you were going to discharge her?"

"Well—I was," he said haltingly. "I was, of course. That's what I went down for—but—er—you know, my dear, that there are two sides to every question."

"Even to Ellen's biscuits?" Mrs. Brinley laughed.

"Never mind that. She's going to do better," said Brinley. "You'll find that hereafter we've got a cook, and not an incendiary nor a forger of armor plate."

"And may I ask how this wonderful reform has been worked in the brief space of ten minutes?" asked Mrs. Brinley. "Have you hypnotized her?"

"No," said Brinley. "Then he looked rather sheepishly out of the window. 'I've given her an incentive to do better. I've increased her wages.'"



"SHE TOOK THE WIND OUT OF MY SAILS"

Mrs. Brinley gazed at him silently in open-mouthed wonder for a full half minute.

"You did what?" asked Mrs. Brinley.

"I told her we'd give her twenty dollars a month instead of sixteen," said Brinley. "You needn't laugh," he added. "I began very severely. Asked her what she meant by ignoring our wishes as to hours. I dilated forcefully upon her apparent fondness for burning steaks to a crisp, and sending broiled chicken to the table looking as if somebody had dropped a flat-iron on it."

"Good!" exclaimed Mrs. Brinley. "And what did she say? Was she impertinent?"

"Not a bit of it," said Brinley. "She took it very nicely until I spoke of the muffins, after which I had intended to give her notice to quit."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Brinley. "That was a point I had not considered at all. After all, she was right. What can you expect for sixteen dollars?"

"Well, what next?" asked Mrs. Brinley, her eyes a-wink.

"I asked her if she thought she could do better on twenty dollars," he answered. "She thought she could, and that's the way it stands now."

"I see," said Mrs. Brinley, and then she burst into a perfect explosion of laughter, which she soon curbed, however, as she noticed the expression on poor Brinley's face. "I've no doubt you have acted with perfect justice in this matter, my dear George," she said. "But I think hereafter I'll do my own discharging. Your way is rather extravagant—er—don't you really think so?"

"Perhaps," said Brinley, and departed for town.

"The madam is right about that," he said to himself later in the day, as he thought over the incident. "But extravagant or not, I couldn't have discharged that woman if somebody paid me a clear hundred. Mrs. B. doesn't know it, but I was scared!"

In which surmise Brinley was wrong. Mrs. B. did know it, and when two weeks later Ellen became absolutely impossible, and demanded a kitchen maid as the perquisite of a twenty-dollar cook, Mrs. Brinley didn't think of calling upon her husband to perform the function of the executioner, but like a brave woman actually summoned the cook into her presence and did it herself. A less courageous woman would have gone downstairs into the kitchen to do it.



"THE SOCIAL POPULARITY OF HIS COOK"



"COOKS, AND COOKS, AND COOKS"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in the series of humorous stories about suburban life written by Mr. Bangs for the Journal. Those which have been published are:

"The Adventures of an Organ," August, 1898  
 "The Base Ingratitude of Barkis, M. D.," March, 1899  
 "The Booming of Acre Hill," April, "

Other stories will appear in subsequent issues.





"THE FISHERMAN CROSSED HIS OARS RESTFULLY"

## OL PECKHAM'S OPINIONS

By Anna Farquhar

DRAWN BY HARPER PENNINGTON

(Author of "The Professor's Daughter," "The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife," etc.)

### \* Number II



WE SAT rowing through the breakers at the mouth of the Breach. The golden rays were yet streaming from the west as we moved on out into the wind-chopped sea, swelling and rolling our small boat up and down. The sea made no moan: it sighed with plaintive pleasure, and the wind, rising, sang of the dead below.

We dropped our oars and sat waiting for the approaching night. A small fishing-boat, similar to our own, passed us by, and Ol Peckham's voice called out, "Pleasant evenin', folks! Be you enjoyin' the moonshine?" but his companion spoke no word.

"Been setting the net?" asked Saint Nick.

"Yes," came the reply; "fur faith fishin', I shouldn't wonder. Mack'el ought to be in the wake o' them bony fish, but we ain't seen none."

"Stay out a while with us, Ol, won't you?" I urged.

"Then take my oars and help row in; I'm tired."

"Be you tired, Mrs. Nick, certain sure? O' course I'll do the rowin' fur both o' you if needs be."

The boat came closer to us as we floated, and Ol stepped across our gunwale in his careful way, calling back as he took my oars: "See you in the mornin', Ben! So long!" But the man in the boat still made no reply.

"Who was that with you, Ol?" asked Nick.

"Ben! Ben Glaven!" replied the fisherman in a tone of surprise. "You ain't forgot Ben, surely. But come to think o' it, folks might easy forget his looks, he's so mighty changed the las' years. Him an' me wus laddy boys together, an' a han'somer one never breathed on earth than Ben. Wa'n't he han'somer, Nick, when yaw'uns used to tadpole 'round after him an' me? But Ben he's los' his good looks an' speerits together."

"What has changed him so, Ol?" I asked; "years, or bad health, or what?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Nick," replied the fisherman slowly, as he crossed his oars restfully and took out Mary Ann (his pipe), "you'll al'ays notice that when a fellar's growed ole all o' a sudden, or ac's 's though 'twa'n't wuth while gittin' out o' bed in the mornin', in my opinion there be a bottle or a woman behind his actions. 'Twa'n't no bottle the matter 'ith Ben, but 'twus a woman. An' when I tell you 'bout him you'll 'low I'm in the right to keep married women folks without no husbands 'long out o' my boat an' out o' my company."

"Folks calls me foolish fur some things I does, but folks don't al'ays know the hul o' creation, an' Ol Peckham knows his own principles when he sees 'em, which some folks don't know theirs. The folks 's riz me, Mrs. Nick, wus jus' 's kind as anybody could be to a fellar, better'n some folks be to their own yaw'uns, but as wus right to be I wus turned out early, same 's a turkey chicken, to find my vittles. Ben an' me we early took up 'long o' one another, an' when we wus 'long 'bout twenty three or four I set up this camp here an' took him 's my fishin' partner. Ben he never wus the same way o' thinkin' two minutes runnin'. He were oncertain in temper. The gurls wus al'ays after him, an' he come near bein' spiled 'long o' their foolishness. By gum! how he'd swear when things wa'n't jus' to suit him. I wus 'bout the only one as could hold him down then, same 's now. When his temper'd git a move on I'd say, 'Benny, my boy, shut yure winkers! The devil's risin' behind 'em,' an' if Ben'd jus' shut up them black eyes o' his'n, an' hold 'em tight fur a minute or two, he'd git a string tied to his tongue an' hold on to it—till nex' time. Me an' him had great times 'long 'ith the gurls in them days, goin' to huskin' bees, dances up to the hall, an' other sich things, but I wa'n't in it when Ben wus. He wus a reg'lar honey-pot to gurls. Then come the time when I stopped him doin' somethin' awful. I wa'n't goin' to let my partner go wrong—not if I knowed it." Ol paused and sighed; then, looking up, continued:

"That second or third year we fished it together there wus two gurls as come to Charles Crawford's house, same 's you see it now on the other side o' the Breach. They come from back up beyant Shannock, an' they come to help do house chores durin' mowin' time. They wus real likely gurls. Gracie Wilson wus real han'some, an' 'twa'n't long before Ben an' me wus goin' 'ith her an' Ellen. I never were so hasty 'bout keepin' company 's Ben were. I could al'ays keep company 'ith gurls an' know which end I wus standin' on at the same time—head or feet—but Ben he wus al'ays hasty, 's I wus tellin' o' you, an' Gracie Wilson made him ac' 's though he set on a hornet's nest. He got so 's he couldn't tend to bizness nor sleep o' nights. Sure 's night'd come, off he'd be 'cross the Breach keepin' company 'ith Gracie. Somehow or other I smelt a rat in the hul bizness. Couldn't 'count to you why 'twus so, but I 'lowed there be reefs

ahead fur Ben somehow. There wus a look 'bout Gracie I never did set store by, but in the end I cal'late the gurl were never 's bad 's she wus made out to be.

"There's al'ays two sides to a story, I've heard folks say, same 's a fence. Well, one night in the young o' the moon I were settin' alone 'ith Mary Ann ('twa'n't this pipe) jus' outside o' the camp, an' 'way down the beach I see Ben a-walkin' in the moonshine 'ith his arm 'round Gracie Wilson. Says I to Mary Ann there an' then, 'There be reefs ahead fur Ben, I'm thinkin'. Don't like the looks o' things, Mary Ann. Somethin' squally in it.' Well, by the las' quarter o' the moon nobody could a kep' Ben level 'bout Gracie. He were gittin' looney. I seen that, an' says I to him, 'Say, Ben, you'll be cruisin' to the lunatic 'sylum if you keep up a-mootchin' stedly 'long o' Gracie Wilson. If you're goin' to fish any more this season you'll have to stop tadpolin' 'round an' 'tend to bizness. I can't have no partner 's don't know if the sun be up or down. Now shut yure winkers till the devil's had his say 'bout my meddlin', then come to yure senses, providin' you've got any senses lef'."

"Ben he did some swearin' to let off his feelin's, but he 'lowed he'd work fas' 'nough if I'd keep him on. That very night I set a-smokin' an' talkin' 'long o' some fellars in the camp till beyant the aidge o' the evenin'. When they lef' to go 'cross I kep' a-standin' in the doorway lookin' at the weather, which wa'n't hopeful.

"'Twere one o' them nights, Nick, when you see the sand risin' to the tops o' the water at sundown, 's if a oil-can had been upset on the ocean, an' the phosphorus were spikin' 'long near the shore, an' the eels wus snappin' their jaws loud. 'Twus a night fur evil speerits. I stood there a-lookin' at it all an' wonderin' if Ben were fool 'nough to put to sea 'ith Gracie Wilson in the teeth o' sich weather. Jus' then a vi'lent flash o' lightnin' come 'long, an' the thunder it grumbled way off. While that flash were lightnin' up things I see somethin' surprisin' on the beach. Two folks it were, walkin' 'long in the face o' the storm, way down close to the sand hills. I al'ays feels queer an' oncertain alone on such a night. At furst thought I 'lowed to Mary Ann either they wus durned fools or sea spooks. I kep' on a-smokin' an' a-lookin', but I didn't see 'em no more, an' wus 'bout to shet the door an' turn in when I heard a noise a fellar never likes to hear in the dead o' night. 'Twus somebody hollerin', an' I knowed to once 'twus a woman's voice. 'Mary Ann,' says I, 'you keep house while I 'tend to this bizness. If it be a real woman there be somethin' wrong goin' on, an' I'm here to stop it; if it be one o' them women 'ith fish tails hollerin' before the storm she'll find one fisherman she can't git by the neck.' So I ups an' takes a short cut 'cross the sand hills through the ma'sh grass higher'n my knees, hearin' that woman holler again while I wus a-runnin' fit to kill, an' the lightnin' flashed.

"Before I seen figgers I heard a man talkin' loud, an' then 's I come down the side o' the hill he ketched holt o' a woman without mindin' the scream she give. 'Ben! Ben!' I heard Gracie Wilson's voice a-callin', 's if scared to death; 'I didn't mean to fool you. 'Twus done in fun at furst, then I loved you, so I wus afear'd to lose you if the truth wus knowed. He's a-comin' fur me to-morrow, an' I had to speak out—' Hang him, I heard Ben say, same 's a mad dog. 'He'll never have you again. If you ain't to belong to me nobody can't have you. You've fooled me, an' I hate you, but he'll never have you. Come here! I'll give you a home in the bottom o' the sea where no man can't have you.'"

"The wind brung me them exact words, an' I broke all out in a sweat, knowin' him so well. I run like a horse racin' fur that gurl's life, an' the lightnin' an' thunder kep' a-goin'. I seen him grab holt o' Gracie an' hold her high above in his arms, same 's playin' 'ith a yaw'un, an' he wus a-carryin' her straight into the surf, an' she were hollerin' an' beggin' to be let go, beggin' him not to kill her—an' I kep' on runnin'. He never minded a word she spoke, but jus' swung her from right to lef' up in the air, an' then, before I could reach 'em, I heard him a-talkin' loud to the breakers same 's the crazy loon he were. He were a-callin' out in a voice mos' like singin', 'Now take her! She be a bad un, but no man can't have her but me. One fur the money—kiss me, it's your las' chance; two fur the show—I've loved you good, now I'll love you bad; three to make ready—dyin' fur love o' me, Gracie, you be; an' four—kiss me—an' four to go.'"

"I wus dead beat, but I kep' on. Ben wus a-throwin' that gurl into the sea same 's an armful o' wood in a box, an' I 'lowed I were too late, but jus' 's he let go o' her I fell 'ith my hul weight 'gainst the two o' 'em an' we all o' us went down in a heap. The gurl hollered once more, but Ben he wus mad 's a young bull, an' not knowin' me from Adam he turned on me, an' back we goes up the beach, fightin' fur all we wus wuth in the thunder an' lightnin'. 'Gracie!' I hollered, when his fist wa'n't in

my mouth, 'git out o' that or the tide'll carry you out.' I see her draggin' 'long an' knowed she wa'n't dead any-ways. Ben an' me fell down in a heap again together, but he knowed me now, an' Ben he never could wrastle along o' me, somethin' he knowed beforehand.

"Gracie she wus a-hollerin' at us to stop. 'It be Ol, Ben,' says she, layin' there in the dry sand without no strength to carry her 'long. 'Don't hurt him, Ol. He didn't mean to do it. I done him a great harm. Stop fightin', please stop fightin', an' I'll go home never to come back troublin' no more.'"

"But the gurl had los' her power over Ben—jus' the same I hadn't, an' shortly I had him down 'ith my knee on him. 'Ain't you 'shamed o' yureself, Ben Glaven?' says I. 'There ain't no man or woman livin' wuth actin' so 'bout. If you be a man, ac' same 's a man, not same 's a mad dog. No matter what she done to you she be a pore, weak gurl, not fit to fight you, 's I be.'"

"'She be a wuthless married woman as come down here a-foolin' o' us, sayin' she were a gurl,' says Ben, settin' up on the sand. 'She ain't wuth nothin' but fur feedin' the fishes.'"

"'Be she married?' says I. 'That's bad 's it could be, Ben, but jus' the same she be women folks, an' men folks' bizness be to look after 'em even if they ain't no good. You jus' set quiet a minute or two, an' I lef' him a-settin' there while I went after the gurl.'"

"Gracie were layin' full length out on the sand cryin' to break a fellar's heart. 'Ol,' says she, 'you didn't hurt him, did you? I ain't wuth nobody's bein' hurted 'bout. I loved him better'n anybody, Ol. Jus' carry me over 'cross an' I'll leave the beach in the mornin'. Help me up, Ol, I be so tired. Tell Ben to come an' say good-by. I won't never see him no more; my man's a-comin' fur me to-morrow. I've got to leave Ben—I've jus' got to leave him.'"

"Well, I called to Ben to come an' speak 'ith her before I carried her 'cross, but he acted ugly, sayin', 'No, I don't want to speak 'ith her no more, 's long 's I live.'"

"I wus helpin' her to walk 'long, an' when he said them words she moved 'long fas' in his direction, holdin' out her han's beggin' like, an' says she, 'ith the tears a-rollin' down her cheeks, 'Ben, won't you jus' say good-by to me? It's fur all our lives—fur al'ays. Jus' remember 's how we've got to live all them years apart—growin' ole apart, Ben! Oh, it be hard, Ben!' 'No, I don't want you,' he says, real rough. 'If you'd trick me one way you'd trick me another. I'd never put no trust in you. I've had 'nough o' you. Go 'long 'ith Ol to yure real man. I'll never see you again 's long 's we're both livin'. 'Twas Ol saved yure life, an' me from bein' a murderer. He'll learn you better ways.' Gracie were a-bitin' her lips an' clinchin' her han's hard to keep from cryin'. 'Take me home, Ol,' says she. 'He won't say good-by.' An' I took her jus' 's the storm broke heavy on us."

The memory of the scene overcame Ol momentarily. He ceased to speak, and we all sat in silent reverence of those deep human emotions the fisherman was calling out of the past. After a while Ol went on: "Gracie's man come fur her an' she lef' the beach nex' day. I never see her from that day to this. Fur weeks Ben wa'n't no good on earth; he jus' lopped 'round, not doin' nothin' but starin' at the breakers, same 's a man seein' a ghost, but Ben he al'ays were easy comforted. We never had no talk 'bout Gracie, an' I 'lowed, same 's usual, some other gurl had took her place, till one day late 'n September I come up 'long o' Ben staggerin' 'long the beach same 's a drunken man, lookin' 's white 's a sheet, an' walkin' in the water same 's if he were sea-weedin' 'ith rubber boots on. I 'lowed Ben he were drunk, an' I wus mad. 'What's the meanin' o' this?' says I.

"'She's done fur herself,' says he, through his teeth. 'I kep' on cal'latin' he were in liquor. 'Who has?' says I, takin' him by the shoulder.

"'Gracie,' says he, thicker'n ever. 'She drowned herself in the pond by their house.'"

"He looked 'bout to fall, but I ketched a-holt o' him an' set him right down on the sand. 'Ol,' says he, comin' to, 'I'm to blame fur it. I didn't treat her white. That man o' hers wus very cruel to Gracie—made her work when she wa'n't in no shape to do it. When she come down here the doctor tole her she'd die if she didn't have a change o' air. Her man said she could have it if she'd work her way—he'd never pay fur it. So she come down here to work an' to git strong, an' she see me an' I see her—an' you know the res'. She didn't have no folks, an' married an' ole fellar jus' to have a home, an' I wouldn't even say good-by to her—do you rec'lect, Ol? I wouldn't say good-by. I've done fur her myself, an' I cal'late to be ha'nted fur it all my days.'"

"There wa'n't no reasonin' 'ith Ben after that. He never were the same man afterward. Nobody could argy him out o' the idea he'd killed Gracie—not even me—an' his speerit were broke there an' then. He stopped whistlin' an' talkin' to gurls, which were a bad sign 'ith Ben, an' as the years kep' a-goin' by his chest fell in an' he los' flesh an' he wa'n't han'some Ben no more. Fur years he wouldn't have nothin' to say to no women folks; then the time come when the farm come to him from his folks, an' a woman mus' be had on the place, so Ben he made a bizness o' marryin' the bes' cook to be found, 's many a fellar's done afore him. When a fellar can't find the gurl his heart's a-callin' fur he's mighty apt to git the kind his stomic hollers after.

"But I tell you, folks, Ben be still ha'nted by Gracie Wilson, fur only las' week me 'n him wus pullin' in from sea before heavy breakers cobblin' up, an' the wind were a-lashin' us. All o' a sudden Ben he dropped his oars, his face wus 's white 's a sheet an' his two eyes wus a-poppin'. The wind broke off my words, I guess, 's I hollered to know what wus up anyways. He only took a look back over his shoulder shudderin'-like, an' rowed ahead. Once on lan', jokin' him, I says, 'Wus it a ghost you see out there, Ben?' 'No,' says Ben, shiverin' all over, 'I 'low 'twus Gracie's voice I heard callin' to me in the wind.' An' Ben he ain't spoke to a livin' soul sense but me. Sometimes I 'low Ben ain't long fur this world. Gracie's been a-waitin' fur him where nobody don't know about these fifteen years or more, an' I guess she be callin' Ben fur the las' times in the wind. An' it all come o' married folks an' single folks keepin' company together, which wa'n't never no good, in my opinion."

Ol sighed deeply, and put Mary Ann into his pocket for safe keeping as we reached the shore.

\* The first of "Ol Peckham's Opinions" was published in the June Journal. The third will appear in the next (the August) issue.





DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA

## A COLLEGE COURTSHIP

By Mrs. Charles Terry Collins

The Story of a Student's Grandmother Who Watches Over Him During His College Course

### \* Chapter X



"I'M A WICKED, sinful old woman. I've been mistrusting it this long while, and now I'm sure of it. The root of the matter isn't in me. It wouldn't be any comfort going to Heaven, for I shouldn't enjoy it. I love the world and nothing but the world, and I'd better make it my portion and done with it."

William came to my room last night and told me that he'd consecrated himself to the work of missions down in the most abandoned slums of New York City. Here I've been all these years, feeding on the thoughts of him as pastor of a pleasant, civilized church. I'd thought I should take a real, sanctified pleasure, when I went to visit him, in being invited out to tea among his cultured flock, and listening to their praises of him. I declare, I don't know how I'm going to stand it to have him bury himself among such folks as he's going to, spending and being spent for the scum of the earth, that wouldn't know the difference if you sent a converted tin peddler to labor among them. I know, of course, the Lord has got a right to William, but that isn't saying the scum of the earth have. If we're going to give the Lord credit for any sort of sense of fitness I don't believe He likes to see all the money we've spent on William's dead languages going for nothing down there in those slums. There wasn't the least particle of need, so far as I have been able to see, of his having come to college at all.

The worst of it all is, and what makes me feel wickeder than anything else, Amos and Anne are going around to-day with a look of solemn joy on their countenances that just makes me want—I might just as well say it out plain and done with it—to pinch them. When I was little I used to think if I died young, and got put down on a bench with a nice little angel that wouldn't stop singing, I'd just pinch her and see whether she was holy. I've been feeling just that way to Amos and Anne all day.

There's one thing certain, I must flax around and get a wife for William now. It's all very well to entertain the idea of his being a bachelor in a nice respectable church, where every which way he turned he'd have a sister ready to jump and wait on him. But down in those slums? Mercy me! I hope the kind of sisters he'll find down there won't touch him with a ten-foot pole. I suppose I'll have to look lower down, though, now. I don't suppose any of those superior girls I've been planning for would want to throw away their education that way. I'll just have to try now for a smart, good, consecrated woman that can keep him mended up and make a dollar do considerably more than it was meant to.

William's friend's father asked us all to go down to the boat races with him on his yacht. William and Anne are going, but I don't feel in any kind of mood for it. Amos and I and Libby Hanks are going home across lots the very quickest way. I wouldn't go to those races anyhow, no matter if I wasn't in a hurry to get home. One of

William's friends was asking him, so it appears, if his grandmother had any money up on that commencement ball game, she seemed to take it so hard that our college got beaten. I'm not going to have anybody thinking I've got money up on those races, just because I couldn't help showing out just what I felt if I should have to sit by again the way I did out at that ball game, and see folks potting upon us. I couldn't run the risk anyhow of seeing another of our boarder-boys beaten, and there's one of them been on the crew for quite a spell back. Seeing he's got a mother, it's her place to worry through those races with him, and I'm firmly of the opinion that I'm going to let her. I've undergone all I'm able for.

It was a terribly wearing sort of a game, though, that ball game was. It was first one side tearing its hair and then the other. William was sitting beside me, and I heard him plainly gnashing his teeth. When I came to see that we were most probably going to get beaten I asked William wouldn't he please be so kind as to take me home. It gave me such a queer feeling at the pit of my stomach. He said he was sorry, but it wouldn't be practicable, so I just shut my eyes and tried not to listen to the exclamations of the other folks. They're a dreadfully noisy set, so it appears to me—that other crowd.

It was dreadfully childish, what's more, the way they gave way to their feelings after it was all over. They ought to have more self-control.

I hurried to the kitchen the minute I got home, and I told Libby Hanks to stir up that shortcake, quick, that our boarder-boy that's on the team likes best of anything. She might split it, I told her, and butter it thick, and put plenty of raspberries in. I told her it might comfort him. Libby was almost in tears, she felt so badly for that boy. But he didn't feel badly for himself. He was as cheerful as they make them. "Just you wait till next time, Gram," was all there was to be had out of him.

That Professor came in to bid Anne good-by. He stayed so long I was worried. "Amos," said I, "do you think William is in a scrape at this late day?" Amos said he thought more likely the Professor was in one. He'd seen it coming, he said, for some time. He went off in a great hurry when he did go, without so much as saying good-by to Amos and me. Anne went right to her room, and she didn't come down to supper. I was pretty sure once I heard her crying. She was all worn out talking to that Professor. Anne's nerves never were strong. If a man, when he gets to that age, doesn't know enough to go home when it's time, I don't know who's going to tell him to. I suppose I should have to if we were going to stay. As it is, maybe I'll have to, for Amos met him on the street this morning and he told him he was coming up to call on us in a week or ten days. There doesn't seem to be any such thing as losing that Professor.

### Chapter XI

I'M THANKFUL that I am a better woman than I was before. The Lord has had His heel on me, and I've come out improved in shape—though somewhat flattened. We're at home again. I'm beginning to enjoy it now. Just at first I was so upset in my mind I didn't really take

"WHEN WILLIAM COMES HANGING AROUND US AND SAYING IT'S HIS TURN TO BE ADMIRER, SHE JUST THROWS HIM A KISS AND SENDS HIM OFF"

it in that we'd got here. William came into my room the very first evening after he got here. I declare, I've got so I dread the very sight of him after dark. I was sitting by the window in the moonlight, thinking to myself how it always did turn out in this world that if you got what you wanted you got something else along with it that spoiled it all, just the way the Israelites got the plague on top of the meat they'd been wanting.

Here I'd been looking forward for four long years to getting home, and sitting down after dark by the open window in my sitting-room, with the dew falling, and the frogs calling, and the moonlight sifting through everything like quicksilver, and there I'd got just what I wanted to a T, and I might as well have been sitting on nettles for all the peace of mind I was experiencing, turning William's future over and over in my mind and not being able to find a satisfactory side to it anywhere.

It was just as I was feeling the worst that William came in and sat down on a chair beside me and took my hand in his. He sat looking out into the garden for a while without saying a word. I knew it wasn't going to last, though—his not saying anything. His face was all lit up. I could see it in the moonshine. I knew he was holding on to my hand to steady me for something that was coming. It passed through my mind that he needn't look so superior; I could remember plenty of times, and those not so long since, when I'd given him my hand to steady him through having his teeth out and the like, and he'd recognized the benefit of it plainly, what was more.

I declare, it takes grace and gumption to know how to behave when folks that you've spanked and lorded it over generally begin to put on airs and be patronizing. William looked real patronizing there in the moonlight.

"Gram," said he, after we had sat in silence a spell longer. "Gram, I'm the happiest fellow in creation."

"Well," said I, for I was just aggravated by that time, "I'm not surprised to hear it. You haven't passed the time of life when your own feelings are the only thing on earth. Maybe when you get a little older," said I (for I thought I'd take him down a peg then and there), "you'll learn to look around and see how other folks are feeling."

"Gram," said he, going straight on without noticing me any more than as though I'd been a puppy biting at his shins, "she's going into it with me. I wouldn't let her, but she says it would kill her not to. We're going—good Heavens!" he said, "I can't believe it yet. We're going into it together. I gave her up, and now I have her back, Gram," he said, smiling with the tears standing in his eyes. "If I die of joy here and now, tell her I wasn't weakly, but it was too much for any man."

"Who on earth, William Stone," said I, "and what on earth are you talking about? If it's your mother, if she is the 'she' you've apparently gone and dragged down into those slums with you, I'll never forgive you. If she hasn't got sense, with her tender health, not to go tagging on down there after you, you ought to have sense not to let her. I'm ashamed of you, William Stone, mauling on here like a crazy creature, calling on God to witness, so to speak, that you've got somebody to darn your stockings and brush your clothes and sacrifice herself for you generally down there."

It wasn't his mother any more than it was me. It was that beautiful, giddy young creature I've alluded to now and again: the one that was up in the front row of the back gallery that time, the one that was at the "Prom.," the one that had her likeness taken with me, the one that

\*"A College Courtship" was begun in the April issue of the Journal.



was so frightened at the football game, the one that fried the crullers and was so afraid of the ghost stories. She's the one. William Stone has been and gone and got engaged to her without saying a word to me about it.

I will say this for William, though: I don't think he meant to do it without asking me. He said he didn't. He said ever since he first clapped eyes on her up there in the front pew at chapel he knew he wasn't ever going to be happy marrying anybody else. He said he'd sort of given up the idea of being happy, though, when he came to decide about going into the slums. He wasn't going to let her know ever, he said, how much he thought of her. He didn't believe he ever should have, he said, if it hadn't been for their telling ghost stories that night in the kitchen. When he came to feel that little girl creeping up against him for protection, being so frightened she didn't know what she was doing, he couldn't any more have helped taking her hand in his than he could have helped falling off a precipice if he'd been pushed. It was Nature, he said, and grace didn't have time to work. He said I was mistaken thinking he was in the habit of holding girls' hands. He said he wasn't, and having once done so, he said he felt there wasn't anything left for him but to speak up and tell her how much he set by her, but that he set too much by her to marry her seeing he was going into the sort of thing he was. He said, though, she just teased to go into it with him, soon as she found out he wasn't leaving her behind for the fun of it.

He was going to talk it over with her father, he said, and if he was willing they were going to be married, and if he wasn't he was afraid they were going to be married all the same. If he didn't give them his blessing it wasn't their fault. They were going to give him a chance.

I sat up by that window all night. I don't know why I didn't take my death. I felt sitting there stock still with the dew dropping in and settling all over me most as I should suppose folks in graveyards must feel—left out over night the way they are.

I shouldn't have dared to close my eyes anyway, even if I'd gone to bed, for fear I'd die in the night, and I not fit for dying, to say nothing of living. It was bad enough having Amos and Anne and William all getting ahead of me in goodness, but when it came to that little, giddy, light-headed, fashionable creature being willing to go into the slums with William, when I wasn't even willing to have him go alone, I felt condemned to the dust. I felt I'd got to get right-minded before morning, let come what would, and with the Lord's help I did. Right there where I was sitting I gave up the stained-glass window behind William, and the tea-parties, and the whole looking forward to a lifetime. William won't ever know what it cost me, or he'd have moderated his convictions, I know he would. Convictions can be moderated without spoiling them, like most everything else. The college would have been more sparing of its influence, too, I know it would, if it had realized what it was going to mean to me, having William so over-consecrated.

Libby Hanks found me sitting there in the morning when she came down to lay the table. She said I looked as though I had been dead a month. I told her I most wished I had. She put me to bed and gave me a cup of herb tea, and first I knew it was sundown. I'd been sleeping off the conflict and the herb tea all day long.

Just as soon as Libby Hanks had brought me something to eat I sent for William and I blessed him. I told him if he would only prevail upon his intended to come up and spend a month with us this summer I would bless her too. I don't know what more there is that I can do. I can't make myself be glad over it. I can just act up to the mark, through thick and thin, and maybe by-and-by the peace of resignation will set in.

## Chapter XII

I HAVE just been to the kitchen door to ask Libby Hanks to set on a couple of flatirons. I'm going to press out the front of my afternoon muslin, the lilac and white one that Anne made for me for hot afternoons. It's open in a "V" at the neck—not a capital "V," but a small letter—and it has a white muslin handkerchief folded across the chest. It is all creases down the front from William's little intended having been in and out of my lap about a dozen times a day ever since she came. I never know when to expect her. She comes and settles herself down in my lap without so much as saying "by your leave," just as though she belonged there, and plays with my hair (she says she can't keep her hands off it, it's so pretty), and pats my cheek and snuggles her head on my shoulder if she happens to be tired. When William comes hanging around us and says it's his turn to be admired, she just throws him a kiss and sends him off. Why! if I was engaged to be married to a minister I wouldn't dare to treat him that way. I should be paralyzed with reverence. He could guide me with his eye. As it was, I always called Amos "Mr. Stone" before folks.

I don't know, but sometimes I think if my little Eliza had lived she'd have been something like William's intended. I'll just have to go to bed and stay there, though, if I let myself get to talking that way.

William's future father-in-law has been up here, too. He appears to be completely reconciled. He says he's been acutely interested in missionaries' wives as a class for a number of years. He's been meaning to single out one of them and make her real comfortable as far as money matters went—endow her, as it were, just the way folks do churches, so it wouldn't make any difference what religious tangent her husband flew off on, she'd always be provided for. He says he wouldn't wonder if it would be best to donate it to his own daughter now she's been so thoughtless as to get engaged to William. He asked me if I thought a missionary's wife could be any way comfortable with fifty thousand dollars just to begin on. I think the man's crazy. Every time Libby Hanks bakes a fresh pie and he eats it he talks wilder and wilder about what he's going to do for Mrs. William—that's what he calls her. I told Libby if she could bake anyways badly I wished she would, or there wouldn't be any self-denial left in William's lot.

The irons are hot now. I sha'n't trouble to take off my dress—I shall just raise up the front breadth and lay it over the ironing-board. After that's done I've got to go out in the garden and pick some raspberries. William's little intended likes raspberries and cream best of anything for her tea. I want she should have them fresh, and

I don't let anybody into my raspberry patch but myself. Raspberry bushes have my feelings, and have got to be humored, just the same as folks, if you are going to get along with them. I'm not going to have anybody, I don't care who, trampling and jerking and twitching and switching through mine.

Amos says that if I'm willing to pick raspberries in my afternoon gown for William's intended, seeing how disappointed I am, he doesn't dare to think what I'd have done if William had married a really superior person. He doesn't doubt if she wanted fresh apple sauce for supper I'd shin up the tree and get it for her. I find it better sometimes not to answer Amos.

Of course, William won't be married till he gets through the seminary. I tell him I shouldn't bother about going to the seminary if I was going into the slums the way he is. He seems to think he ought to, though. It'll give me plenty of time to arrange about going to the wedding. I was writing to my sister Elizabeth that, as William's only surviving great-aunt, she must be real careful of herself and husband her strength so as to live till then. I don't think there's anything lends such an air of respectability to a wedding as the presence of living ancestry. I might as well be honest about it, though. It isn't out of regard for looks I'm going; I'm bent on seeing one angel if I never see any more.

As I was telling Amos the other day, anybody that had ever really seen William's little intended so as to realize what she was likely to look like standing up as our William's bride wouldn't miss seeing her, not if they crawled there on all fours.

That Professor came riding up here the other day on the stage. Hannah Rockwell saw him riding past on the

back seat. And the next morning she said she saw him riding back again on the very same seat, looking for all the world, she said, as though he was pinned fast to where he sat and as if he hadn't got out at all. He had, though. He'd been at our house to tea, and then he'd spent the evening.

I told Amos after he was gone that I wasn't going to have Anne pestered that way. I was going to tell that man that if he'd once seen Anne's husband, our Edward, he'd realize at a glance wherein his difficulty lay, and give up trying to compete with him. Amos said, though, that he wouldn't. It was a real instructive display, he thought. It beat Bruce's spider all hollow. Besides, he said, the stage-driver was dreadfully poor. It would mean considerable to him if he could count on a regular passenger.

Thomas à Kempis doesn't take to that Professor any more than I do. He's instinctive, that cat is. When the Professor sits down he hitches up his trousers. It's so that they won't bag at the knee when he comes to get up again, William says. Sometimes he gets them up higher than he realizes, and higher than what is really graceful. Thomas à Kempis came along the other evening when he'd got them higher than usual, and he sharpened his claws on the Professor's stocking-leg just as though it had been the leg of a chair.

It wasn't either right or respectful of Thomas. I suppose if he'd realized he was sharpening his claws on one of the University faculty he wouldn't have done it. He oughtn't to give way to personal antipathy, anyway, Thomas hadn't. It's underbred.

(THE END)



## PRESENTS THAT HAVE COME TO UNCLE SAM

By Mrs. Hamilton Mott



ON THE seventh day of the month of Schawwâl, in the year 1254 of the Hegira—which is the Arabian way of writing December 25, 1839—the Sultan of Oman, whose name was Seyyid Sáood, Bin Sultan Bin Ahmed, addressed a gracious letter to "His Excellency, Martin Van Buren, President of the United States of North America," in which he informed the President that he had sent him by the Royal ship "Sultanee" a few trifles as a token of friendship and good feeling. These trifles consisted of two Arabian horses and their groom, one bottle of attar of rose, two pieces of gold, five demijohns of rose-water, one Persian carpet, one gold ornament with a silk tassel, four camel's-hair shawls, one gold-mounted sword, two large pearls, a string of one hundred and fifty pearls, one gold plate, one bottle of diamonds, one gold snuff-box studded with precious stones, and one box of mixed pearls and diamonds. The ship with its precious cargo arrived in New York on the second of May, and the President was at once notified. Under the Constitution the President has not the right to accept a personal gift from any foreign State or Power, and consequently Mr. Van Buren was in a dilemma. He referred the matter to the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of State wrote to the agents of the vessel in New York, and they, in turn, informed the commander of the ship that the President was without authority to accept the gifts. But the commander was not willing to carry the presents back to his Royal master, for the Sultan had a way of cutting off the heads of his messengers if they failed to deliver his presents. So he politely but firmly insisted that they should be accepted.

### Gifts that Brought Endless Trouble

FEARING that this might give rise to unpleasant complications, the President finally decided to refer the question to Congress, as a last resort. Accordingly, on the twenty-first of May he addressed a communication to the Senate setting forth the difficulty he was in, and asking that some action be taken. The matter was duly considered by Congress, and at the end of two months' deliberation it passed a resolution authorizing the President to accept the gifts in the name of the United States Government, and to dispose of such as could not conveniently be stored in the State Department. After three months of correspondence, red tape, diplomacy and legislation, the Sultan's Christmas presents were finally accepted; and then the President was put to the trouble of selling the horses, the shawls and the rose-water, while Uncle Sam was given the further trouble of finding a suitable place to store the remaining gifts, and was afterward put to great expense in capturing the thief who carried off the entire collection in a bag and was only caught after a long chase.

This is not the only time Uncle Sam has got himself into trouble on account of his popularity. For many years our Consuls and Ministers in Asia and Africa had a hard time trying to convince Emperors, Sultans and Kings that it was against the law of our country for them to accept the presents which these sovereigns insisted upon offering them to show how much they thought of Uncle Sam. Many of these offerings consisted of animals—horses, elephants, tigers and the like—and our representatives had no end of trouble in finding accommodations for such unwieldy and ferocious gifts, which were oftentimes forced upon them in spite of their protests.

Of course, Uncle Sam has received many presents which he has been very glad to accept as tokens of friendship and good will on the part of foreign governments. These gifts embrace a wide variety of objects, from a plain whale's tooth—presented by the King of the Fiji Islands—to costly ornaments, handsome pieces of furniture and rare paintings. The first gift received by the American Government was two paintings—oil portraits of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, presented by the King and Queen themselves soon after the close of our Revolutionary War.

The most important gift in the shape of furniture is undoubtedly the President's desk. It is a massive oak structure, and is of much historical interest aside from its value as a present from the Queen of England. It is built of timber from Her Majesty's ship "Resolute," which was sent to the Arctic sea in search of Sir John

Franklin. The vessel was abandoned in the ice, but was afterward discovered by an American whaler and restored and sent back to England by this country. As a token of appreciation the desk was made especially for the United States Government for use in the White House, and was given to Uncle Sam in the year 1881, and has been the official desk of each President since that time.

Another article of interest in the White House is the gold-bronze clock in the Green Room. This clock was at one time the property of Napoleon Bonaparte, who gave it to Lafayette, and Lafayette in turn gave it to us.

### Vases Worth a Small Fortune Presented to Uncle Sam

HERE also may be seen a richly decorated music rack, a gift of the Government of Austria, while an evidence of the French Government's regard for Uncle Sam is embodied in some beautiful Sèvres vases, of the highest artistic beauty and very valuable. A pair of these were received at the White House quite recently.

Uncle Sam has been particularly fortunate in the matter of vases. He has received a great many of them. The Chinese Minister added a pair of handsome ones to the Government's collection a few months ago. Among the most noteworthy are the two French Limoges vases in the National Museum. They are each over eight feet in height—one decorated with emblems of war and the other with symbols of peace. Their total cash value (if we may be allowed to place a money valuation on a gift) is \$17,500.

Another vase that should not be overlooked is the one awarded by the Emperor of Germany to this country as first prize at the Berlin Fishery Exposition in 1880. It is made of silver, gold and glass, studded with jewels, and is of exquisite design and workmanship.

On the outside of the National Museum, as though deserving of no better accommodation, is a huge stone sarcophagus, or coffin, which was presented by the admiring people of Syria to President Jackson. "Old Hickory" did not appreciate the gift, and swore that he would not be buried in it. It is, therefore, not looked upon with much favor except by tourists, who have up to this time chipped off more than ten pounds of it as mementoes.

The Emperor of Morocco has given Uncle Sam two or three handsome guns—more handsome than they are useful—their stocks being inlaid with gold, silver and coral. The King of Siam also has been generous in his gifts to this nation, having presented a valuable collection of articles peculiar to his country—costumes, coins, baskets, weapons, elephant trappings, and so on.

### Two Statues Presented by the French

NEXT to vases Uncle Sam is particularly rich in swords—swords of all kinds, most of them handsome and costly—that have been presented by various foreign governments or their representatives.

Medals, too, are a common form of gift. The Sultan of Turkey showed his good will by sending us a medal in commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. It is an exquisite cameo in a case of gold studded with diamonds.

Of course, every one is familiar with the two great statues presented by the people of France to the people of America—the statue of Liberty, which stands at the entrance to the harbor of New York, and the Lafayette statue which adorns the beautiful park in Washington opposite the White House, and has the distinction of being the only official monument to a foreigner in the National Capital.

Mention might be made of many other gifts received by Uncle Sam from his foreign brethren, but those already cited will serve to show by their number and by their variety how great and how widespread is the esteem in which our country is held.

Perhaps the largest, and surely one of the most generous, gifts ever received by Uncle Sam was donated by a woman—a loyal American woman actuated by the highest, truest and most unselfish patriotism. This gift consisted of a check for one hundred thousand dollars, and was presented last May by Miss Helen Gould, of New York, as an offering to her country in time of need—at the outbreak of our war with Spain.



# The Gossip of a New York Girl

By Edith Lawrence



"THIS BATHING CLOAK WAS CUT LIKE A CIRCULAR"

DEAR MILDRED: Here we are at Newport, and oh, my dear, it is so lovely! Every summer I seem to find it more attractive. The bathing has been simply perfect, and although the water is chilly at times I find that it invigorates me.

A great many of the women here, I notice, have adopted the French custom of putting on bathing cloaks when they come out of the water. They either leave them close down to the water's edge with their maids, or with some kind friend who takes charge of them for them. I was sitting right by a girl, the other day, who had had one of these attractive cloaks thrown to her by her sister "to mind" while she took her "dip in the sea," and I examined it well and thought of you, for when you come up to stay with us I want you to have all the latest "wrinkles." It was made of a very fine quality of black mohair, which had a great deal of lustre. There was no lining, and it was cut like a circular, to entirely envelop the figure. There was a large round monk's hood, which came well over the top of the shoulders and was lined with a plaid bandanna of all the most brilliant shades. The cloak was open a little at the neck, and then hanging from where it fastened were two more bright-colored cotton handkerchiefs which were caught up by one corner and let fall, forming a regular jabot down the front. Do you know, Mildred, you could make one of these easily yourself? Get some bandannas from some of your old mummies, and with some mohair and a good pattern there you are!



"A BATHING HAT WHICH WAS MADE OF RUBBER"

HERE is another pretty idea which I got for you on the beach. A girl from Boston was passing me on her way down to the water, and I noticed she had on a hat which would exactly suit you, for you are so careful of your lovely complexion. It was evidently made of rubber. You must have often seen those hideous rubber hats in the shops, which are sold for bathing. But this one was beautified by being entirely covered with bright red washable silk, which was shirred on both crown and brim. There were several large bows and loops of red in front, which were wired to stand up, and it was tied under her chin from the back with red washable ribbon. If you come on to Newport with one of these hats and a cloak you will certainly be a swell!

At one of the morning concerts at the Casino last week I saw a girl with a short jacket on with some odd and original-looking buttons. They were large, and appeared to be of white china or enamel, and were set in a deep blue china rim. Right in the centre her initial was painted in gold. The effect was exceedingly pretty, particularly as they were on a cutaway jacket of white piqué which was scalloped on the edge and had revers, collar and deep cuffs of dark blue linen, which were also scalloped. You, who know how to paint so well, could, I am sure, copy these buttons, and I was thinking how pretty they would be in pale yellow with gold rims, and your initial M painted in the centre, to wear with your pale yellow duck suit. Painted buttons are all the rage.



"PAINTED BUTTONS ARE ALL THE RAGE"

SINCE the days of high stocks and collars there is no end to the variety. Several of the fashionable women here this year have been seen in the morning with dark linen collars and cravats on white shirt-waists, instead of the reverse, as has been so long the fad. These collars and stocks are of dark red, brown or blue linen of the very finest quality, and are made with the little turned-over top, just as the white collars are. They are made with a tie attached of the same material, which is crossed over behind and tied in front in a small bow. These new collars and stocks are the latest thing here, and set off a white morning waist to perfection.



"THE COLLARS AND STOCKS ARE OF DARK RED, BROWN OR BLUE LINEN"

I HAVE some new ideas for veils from London through Gladys' always welcome letters. She writes me that the fashion now is to wear two veils together, and following her suggestion I am only too thankful to do so here, as the winds are at times so high that it is impossible to keep one's hair in order. Gladys says that English women wear a spotted veil and an outside chiffon veil, which are fastened together at the top and are put on the hat with a rosette in front, and one at the back also where they join. The rosettes are sewed on the veils. The under veil is worn closer over the face than the outer one, which hangs quite loose behind. A small rosette fastens the under veil at the back of the head. Another charming idea in the way of veils I have taken from Gladys, and am wearing here out on the piazza on windy days with great effect. It is simply a piece of chiffon or tulle, of any color you choose—mine is white—gathered over the face and caught up on the top of the head. Here comes the pretty part. The ends of the strip of chiffon are spangled and beaded, and a bow and ends made of them, which you pin right on top of the head a little to one side, with a jeweled hatpin of some kind which keeps it in place and acts as an ornament.



"IT IS SIMPLY A PIECE OF CHIFFON"

"THE FASHION NOW IS TO WEAR TWO VEILS"



"A MOST ADORNING AND ADORABLE BOW"

THE Viennese women certainly do wear lovely clothes, and must have exquisite taste. You remember some of the pretty things I told you of in my last letter, which Beatrix had written me about. She is still in Vienna and having a grand time, with no end of music, etc. Some of the fashions she sends me are most attractive. I must tell you of a collarette which she saw worn by some great swell. It was made entirely of white lace, with a high standing collar, a cape and long tabs finished off with two deep lace ruffles. All around the neck and graduated down the front was a most perfect wreath of green leaves of a beautiful shade. The leaves were put on full, and the effect with the white lace coming from under them must have been lovely. Flowers and ribbons have been worn so much, but I never before heard of a collarette trimmed with green leaves. Did you?



"I NEVER BEFORE HEARD OF A COLLARETTE TRIMMED WITH GREEN LEAVES"

I AM sure you, with all your lovely flowers, will be delighted to hear of a headdress and neck ruff which also come from Vienna. Beatrix, it seems, went to a garden fête, and there saw a young girl with a most bewitchingly fresh face and complexion, and she had around her neck and in her hair ornaments made of real carnations. She knew the girl, so she asked her how they were made, and she said she pulled the stems off and strung them on a thin piece of wire and made a regular collarette. To prevent it from soiling her gown she basted a thin piece of white muslin on the inside. She tied it in the back with a bow of narrow red satin ribbon. The ornament for her hair, which was so becoming, was a narrow wreath strung in the same way, on thin wire, and was worn around the chignon. At the right side she had a pretty bunch of carnations which stood up quite high. Do you know what would make you lovely things like these? Plain field clover, either white or red. You have it so large and beautiful in your fields, and I know by experience that clover will keep fresh a whole afternoon or evening.



"ORNAMENTS MADE OF REAL CARNATIONS"

BEATRIX goes on, after telling me of this pretty ornament for the hair, to give a description of a bolero jacket she saw somewhere, which sounds as if it might be easily made. She said it was made of black taffeta ribbon and consisted of two pieces of ribbon, one on each side, which started from the front and passed over the shoulder, around the arm seam and up to the front again. Here they were looped and went down under the belt, with long ends which were trimmed on both sides of the ribbon with narrow lace ruffles. The bands which formed the bolero were also trimmed with lace ruffles, but only on one side, the upper side being left plain. They were fastened to the bodice on each shoulder with a fancy safety-pin. This sort of affair should be most useful and just the thing to set off a plain silk waist.



"IT WAS MADE OF BLACK TAFFETA RIBBON"

I have just had sent me from Porto Rico a most stunning Spanish officer's belt, which is black silk and embroidered in gold leaves and threads—the real gold thread which does not tarnish. A piece of it was left over after making my belt, and I conceived the brilliant idea of putting it on my sailor hat. You cannot imagine how well it looks. You could get a strip of black and gold braid and make one for your hat.

I HAVE a pattern for the most adorning and adorable bow you ever saw. If you like the idea after my description I will send it to you. I have just made myself one to wear over some of my untrimmed skirts, and I feel so dressed up when I put it on that I don't care if I never have another ruffle. In the first place there is a narrow belt of moiré ribbon to go around the waist. Then about three inches from the front on each side is a piece of the moiré ribbon (which should be at least six inches wide) which reaches down to the knees. They are there tied in front in a large full bow. The ends are trimmed with plisséd chiffon ruffles and come quite down to the bottom of the skirt. Go to work and make yourself one.



"YOU CANNOT IMAGINE HOW WELL IT LOOKS"

I MUST not forget to tell you of one really common-sense, practical girl I saw the other day, while we were taking a drive in the country back of Narragansett. She made me think of you and your rose garden. She was standing out in front of a little cottage on the roadside, gathering flowers. She had on a pale blue gingham morning gown, and over it a long apron made of brown Holland. Around her waist she had tied a piece of bright red ribbon, and suspended from it on one side was a large, coarse straw farmer's hat reversed, all decked out with red ribbons, which she was using as a basket. On the other side she had a pruning knife, small scissors, shears and trowel, each hanging from a bit of crimson ribbon. She was a picture. Why can't you get yourself up like this dainty country girl? You would look too sweet for words in just such a costume.



"SHE WAS GATHERING FLOWERS"

Good-by, my dear Mildred. Remember that we expect you just as soon as you can get ready to come.  
Yours always affectionately,  
EDITH.





A WORD FROM THE EDITOR: At this season of the year, when so many young women are struggling with the problem of the readjustment of their lives to home duties and interests after the absent years of college life, it has been thought wise to give place to the following article by Katharine Roich. It is earnestly hoped by the editor that the point of view which Miss Roich so excellently presents may be helpful to these young women in deciding the perplexing questions which must inevitably come to them in their new outlook upon life.

## THE COLLEGE-BRED WOMAN IN HER HOME

By Katharine Roich

THE restlessness or discouragement which so often overtakes young housewives of studious tastes, when they find study crowded out of their days, is worthy of consideration. House-keeping and home-making must go on if families are to be reared in homes, and no one is ready yet, I think, to give up the home. But must the mistress of the house and the mother of the family be so absorbed in the daily care and work that she has to put out of sight her love of study? Are her college training and culture only cruel gifts which will have the effect of making her feel discontented, unsatisfied and restless in her home, and as if the welfare of her family were attained only by the sacrifice of her own intellectual growth? When she is led to believe that in her own married life and in her home her heart will find its most complete satisfaction, and she gives up other plans to enter upon that life, why is it that she so often finds herself restless and discouraged? Is the wrong in herself, in the requirements and constitution of the home, or in her college training? And is the wrong, such as it is, one that may be remedied? Can a woman's life at home be enlarged and enriched beyond a mere housewife's? Can a college woman give the necessary care to her home and her children and not be restless?

SUCH questions certainly imply at the outset that the development of the intellectual life ceases the moment books are closed; that the student may be recognized if her time is spent in seclusion and study, but that she can have no intimate connection with practical affairs. If this be the true idea, then when a woman can read a criticism of poetry at her club, or spend her days in the study of science or art, she can rightly be called intellectual. But if, at home with her children, she tell them the story of the capture of the Spanish fleet at Manila or Santiago, and stir their enthusiasm for heroic action; if she order her home so that its annoyances are not felt, and it becomes a place where body, and soul, and mind are cared for—she is not then intellectual! Can it be so? Would her life be more worthy of her college training if she shut herself away with old high German, or painting? There must be something wrong in such a view—as if study were an end in itself, and not a means to something higher. The work of the scholar is of value only as it adds to the knowledge and happiness of mankind, as it makes the common life more intelligent, more sincere, more hopeful. Intellectual activity shows itself not only in study, but in mastery of practical affairs, in just rulings, in clear judgments, in accuracy, in love of truth and beauty, in system and order, in thoughtfulness and serenity. "Of course," says Emerson, "he who has put forth his total strength in fit actions has the richest return of wisdom." It is possible, then, that a woman in her home, by her wise management of resources, may, in spite of the difficulties of her position, so develop her own intellectual and spiritual life that she shall be a constant stimulus to all around her.

BUT we must set before ourselves plainly some of the difficulties which beset the way of the young college woman in her home. In the first place, the whole manner of the life at home is a complete change from the college life to which she has grown accustomed. It is not easy to adapt one's self at once to a very new kind of life of any sort, and if the young housekeeper find it difficult to go from college tasks and habits to the care of house and home we cannot be surprised. The college life was arranged to give the student uninterrupted time to herself, while the principal object of each day was her own intellectual growth. And although she would say to herself, "This is preparatory to the real life that is to come," yet as year after year went by it came to seem to her that study and a life with books were most important, and as she pictured her home life it was with uninterrupted hours set apart for her favorite art or science. What, then, does she find to be the actual case in housekeeping? The woman who guides a house, who rears children, who makes a happy home, has filled her time with a responsible business. Often the whole day is spent in thinking and doing for others. It can be only by forcing circumstances to her need that she finds quiet, or seclusion, or time for study. Such complete change of habits and occupation would always be difficult to meet. It is the difference between all training and real work in the world. And in this case the difficulty is increased by a certain loneliness and depression which the woman feels at home, without the stimulus of meeting others in active life outside, to which she had become accustomed.

Again, because the work is new the house mistress has much to learn, both in theory and practice, and can learn it only by degrees. She will make mistakes of many sorts, and have seasons of discouragement, as must any one starting in a new business. But when these mistakes are committed under the eye of one whose mother was "a perfect housekeeper," and who wonders why his wife is not the same, the discouragement is increased by mortification. And yet the critic is probably at the same time appealing to his wife to help him out of his own blunders.

The character of her new work is such that there must often be much confinement, much physical weariness, much uninteresting repetition and monotony, and sometimes even drudgery. Under such circumstances, especially, she will wonder if her choice were a wise one, and whether her talents are suitably employed.

The most serious difficulty in this new work is likely to arise from the lack of competent servants who can relieve the young housekeeper of care, or even of drudgery.

THE old-time serving class, with its consciousness of inferiority and dependence, or its devotion to master and mistress, has almost disappeared in America. It is said that Mrs. Carlyle was once left for several days at Craigenputtoch without the help of her one maid-of-all-work. When the girl returned, "having done the impossible" to get back through a heavy snowstorm, she clasped Mrs. Carlyle in her arms, crying and laughing, saying, "Oh, my dear mistress, my dear mistress, I dreamed that ye were dead!" Our young housekeeper will not quickly find such affection and devotion. Nor has this loyal, dependent class yet been replaced by a class of independent, self-respecting work-women who are trained to their work, and who expect a really business relation with their employers. We may not hope to see such a class until housekeepers themselves have acquired business habits, and until schools of training are so common that women must learn the work of cook, or laundress, or housemaid, before they can expect to be employed, or will know that they can receive only the lowest wages until they have a certificate for training and one for good character. When hours of work and hours of recreation are fixed by business rules, and not by the importunity of work-women, nor the mood of their employers; when wages are determined by skill and faithfulness, and the relation of mistress and maid is a really business one, then the greater part of the troubles, worries and cares of house-keeping will vanish. And the women and girls themselves will not look upon their positions as servile or in any sense degrading. They will have a trade or business as truly as saleswoman or seamstress, and promotion will be more sure, while the comforts and protection of their lives, with an employer who is also their friend, will exceed that which they can secure in any other business.

But the emergencies which may arise in any household at the present time are many. It will often come to pass that the young housekeeper, with her cheerful plans for making a happy home, and having hours to herself for study, finds herself overtaxed, and her days made wretched because of the lack, or incompetence, of servants.

ANOTHER difficulty which the young housekeeper must meet is in numberless interruptions, unexpected, unforeseen, often not to be prevented, which continually arise to hinder or push aside entirely, for the time, any plan of private study. Such interruptions come from within and from without. She may find herself living in a neighborhood of women not so ambitious as herself, women who love to visit, who have an aimless way of "running in" at any hour of the day for idle talk. She wishes to know them, she appreciates their good will and neighborliness, but she realizes that she can no longer, as in the old college days, plan her work at the beginning of the week, or even of the day, and expect to carry it out without interruption. When a woman enters her own home she enters also the society of the town where she lives. A part of the work she hopes to do is to make a place for herself and her family in that society; to receive from it the pleasure and cultivation it has to give, and to contribute her share in all sincerity and friendliness. And the social life takes time. Nor can a woman forget that she is a member of a larger community than her social list will show; that the church has claims upon her, and that she must stretch out her hands to the unfortunate and needy about her. She cannot live to herself; she cannot even live to her own home. As she has freely received, she is called freely to give in every direction where her education, her talents, her influence will make for righteousness and peace. How shall she refuse these calls? But if she respond to them, and meet all the claims upon her time from without as well as those at home, there will be seasons when in all the day she cannot find even a stray half hour for private study.

Such are some of the difficulties which beset the way of every woman at home. And this is the place to inquire whether the college training has been the wise preparation for the home life, or whether it has unfitted the student for a task so various in its details, so practical, and of so delicate and responsible a nature.

TO SAY nothing just here of the special studies in domestic science and household economy which a college student may now pursue, the general college training is without question of the first importance. The quickened intellect, the habits of system acquired, the generous views of life which come with acquaintance with many minds and many subjects of interest, the refinement of feeling which all noble training gives, and the justness of view which sees things in their right relations and values—all these are the rich and natural results of a liberal education, and of immediate value to a woman who is to carry on the responsibilities of motherhood and the making of a home, suggesting to her, also, means of relief when the work becomes monotonous.

The special studies of domestic science and practical experiments in cookery will be of immense importance in preparing the young housekeeper for her work. Let her find a place for these if possible. But alone they would not be sufficient. She needs the general culture also, although even a liberal education cannot do everything. The very responsibility of the work at home implies that it is no easy task, and some women are not equal to it. Their talents lie in other directions. But the fact that some women are unsatisfied, who might be happy at home, must not be laid to their college training, but rather to this other fact that they do not realize the care required to make a happy home, or the importance of the work. And because that is so their minds linger over studies they have loved, and miss the real seriousness, and consequently the real interest, of the work they have in hand.

THEREFORE, in order that a woman may be successful and happy in her home life, she must inevitably regard her work as worthy the highest education and enthusiasm. Let her know, before she enters upon it, that it must for years occupy the greater part of her thoughts and time—there will be seasons when it must occupy her whole time—and be content that this is so because of the value of the result to be attained. The home where peace and order reign, and sweet influences of industry and education, of courtesy and religion prevail, is not made by chance. The woman's thought, and study, and ability have entered into it and determined its character. Where the servants are industrious and quiet, where the children are healthy, gentle and obedient, where the conversation shows intellectual life and generous thought, and the spirit of the home in its activities and pleasures is love, and joy, and peace—the praise is due: first, to the woman, who as wife, and mother, and mistress, and housekeeper, and home-maker, has made it her study and pleasure to rule her kingdom diligently, with intelligence and love. The home is her creation, springing from her own ideal of what is good and fair, and speaks to mankind as truly as if her thought had expressed itself in writing. It is a work of the highest art. If a woman thus regarded her work at home she would settle her mind to it without that restlessness and discontent she will always feel if in her heart of hearts she regard history, or art, or higher mathematics as being more worthy her attention.

AND if a woman thus give her mind to her work she will begin to find ways of relieving herself from the drudgery connected with it, and from too close confinement to it. With any such task as hers system will work like magic in disposing of details, and in relieving the mind of care. Her quick intelligence will constantly suggest easier methods, more skillful tools, economy of time, as also economy of strength. And she will not allow what is merely mechanical or monotonous to occupy all her time. She will find great relief by simplifying her manner of life. The ideal home for any woman must be decided by her own circumstances, her means, her strength, the society in which she moves, the size of her family, the cooperation she can have from her husband. Simple food, simple dress, simple furnishings will make her life easier, and leave her strength, and time also, for what will divert the mind from its daily care, and refresh and uplift it. And here the college training is indispensable. It has made her work more intelligent and satisfactory, now that it suggests recreation in the lines of favorite college pursuits—in science, in language, in music, or in painting, or whatever her taste inclines her to. The time that the woman carefully secures to herself may be very short, and often lost altogether, but it serves its purpose.

In the ideal married life the man and the woman are interested in the same studies and occupations. The woman will be obliged to drop an active part in them while her family needs her constant attention, but her mind will always turn to these studies as she can secure time. By their means she will keep up a common outside interest with her husband, and later, when the children are grown, she can begin again an active participation in the work which has interested her so long. The man needs the woman's intelligent sympathy, and the woman needs an interest in affairs outside of home, finding refreshment in them, at the same time being often able to do valuable work even if it progress slowly.

ANOTHER means by which a woman's success and happiness are secured at home is in making herself felt as the mistress of the household. She must be the one to arrange hours of work, and not the servants. She must be the one to regulate the habits of the children, and not they themselves. It is for her to set the standard of the home life. Her position requires firmness, and every member of the family should recognize and yield to her authority in her own domain. Let her assume with courage and dignity the authority which belongs to her, so that every one shall feel she is equal to it, while at the same time she welcomes counsel and suggestion from others. There are women who are too ignorant or indifferent to guide their homes successfully, and women too weak to meet the responsibility, women who are in terror of their servants, or slaves to the whims of children or husbands. It is not so that happy homes are made. Just as a man directs the work of his subordinates and keeps the control of all his business in his own hands, so the woman who has a home to guide must be ready to assume and control the affairs of her household.

Observation and experience go to show that as the years bring added responsibility, and also added comforts to the woman at home, she finds her restlessness growing less, and her satisfaction growing deeper. The college recedes to its proper place as the academy of life, and the wife and mother realizes that heart and mind are filled to the utmost. Her great anxiety becomes rather to use all the opportunities open to her than to wish for others. She finds herself absorbed in her work without the feeling that she has been thwarted in her most serious ambitions.

WE MUST then conclude that the true advice to give a young, restless housekeeper is to put more mind into her work; to find in her daily occupation studies interesting and important, which will surely conduce to her own benefit as well as to the well-being of her household. She may easily fill her mind with the annoyances, the disagreeable and monotonous details, the confinement, the interruptions of the daily life, but by intelligent use of her time, by systematizing her work, by simplifying her manner of life, and by resolutely seizing her opportunities, she will find time for favorite studies and for interests outside of home. Let a woman gird up her intellect and courage—she needs both—to the high office she accepts. Let her not be anxious, but cheerful, striving every day to make her work more complete, more perfect, and to win from the daily care the refreshment which she needs. While she may be often weary she will not then be restless nor discontented, realizing that she has secured in her home some of the things best worth striving for. And her friends will see in her own intellectual life and character a richness and sweetness of which she may be quite unconscious. For in the quiet of her home, with its thinking, and planning, and working, the bearing of many cares, and loving, unselfish ministrations for others, there will spring up in herself sincere, generous sympathies, sound judgments, and cultivation of mind and spirit which will prove her best reward.





## HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR MINISTER

By Ian Maclaren

(Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "Kate Carnegie," "In Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc.)

**B**ETWEEN a minister and his congregation there is an action and a reaction, so that the minister makes the congregation, and the congregation makes the minister. When one speaks of a minister's service to his people one is not thinking of pew rents, and offertories, and statistics, and crowds; nor of schools, and guilds, and classes, and lectures. The master achievement of the minister is to form character and to make men. The chief question, therefore, to consider about a minister's work is: What kind of men has he made?

And one, at least, of the most decisive questions by which the members of a congregation can be judged is: What have they made of their minister? By that one does not mean what salary they may give him, nor how agreeable they may be to him, but how far he has become a man and risen to his height in the atmosphere of his congregation. Some congregations have ruined ministers by harassing them till they lost heart and self-control, and became peevish and ill-tempered. Some congregations, again, have ruined ministers by so humoring and petting them that they could endure no contradiction, and became childish. That congregation has done its duty most effectively which has created an atmosphere so genial, and yet so bracing, that every good in its minister has been fostered, and everything petty killed.

### What the Congregation Must Do

**A** YOUNG minister is a charge committed to a congregation, and its first duty is patience, especially with his preaching. One extremely young, and, what is not the same thing, very immature, minister began life as assistant in a city church famous for its activity and earnestness. His work was to visit sick people, and to attend to details, and, wisely, he was seldom asked to preach. When he did preach, his sermon was a very boyish performance indeed—shallow, rhetorical, unpractical, and he had sense enough to be ashamed. By and by he was appointed, for accidental and personal reasons, to a church of his own in a remote country district. Before he left the big city church, one of the elders called to bid him farewell. He said he felt that it was only right to point out where the assistant had succeeded, and where he had failed.

"You have been very attentive to the invalids and—er—the children, and I may say without flattery that you have been well liked, but you know that God has not given you the power of a preacher. I am afraid you will never be able to preach. Still, you may have much usefulness and blessing as a pastor."

It was not a cheering prospect to wait on old ladies and attend Sunday-school treats, but the lad thanked the candid elder with a sinking heart, and went to his new work.

### What One Man Did for His Minister

**H**IS first experiences in his new parish seemed to confirm the pessimistic prophecy. One day he forgot everything in the middle of his sermon; another day, in expounding an Epistle of Saint Paul, he had got his thoughts into such a tangled skein that he had to begin again and repeat half his exposition. On that occasion the young minister was so utterly disheartened that he formed a hasty resolution in the pulpit to retire, and went into the vestry in the lowest spirits. There an old Highland elder was awaiting him to take him by the hand and to thank him for "an eloquent discourse."

"It is wonderful," he said in his soft, kindly accent, "that you are preaching so well, and you so young, and I am wanting to say that if you ever forget a head of your discourse you are not to be putting yourself about. You will just give out a Psalm and be taking a rest, and maybe it will be coming back to you. We all have plenty of time, and we all will be liking you very much. The people are saying what a good preacher you are going to be soon, and they are already very proud of you."

Next Sunday the minister entered the pulpit with a confident heart, and was sustained by the buoyant atmosphere of friendliness, and as a consequence he did not hesitate nor forget, nor has he required since that day to begin again. It is little wonder that his heart goes back from a city to that Highland parish with affection and gratitude, for it is owing to the charity of his first people that he is in the ministry.

**Editor's Note**—This is the second of a series of popular articles, on different phases of the relation of a congregation to its minister, which "Ian Maclaren" has written for the Journal. The first, "The Art of Listening to a Sermon," was published in May. The third article in the series will appear in a subsequent issue.

### A Congregation Must Stand by its Minister

**T**HE members of a congregation are bound to stand by their minister in the outer world. He is their own, and they ought to be jealous of his good name. If he says or does what is less than right, let them tell him face to face in all tenderness and love; but if strangers criticise him let his people defend and praise. If a man's own household is loyal then he is not cast down by the hostility of the man on the street. When it turns against him he loses heart. Nothing will teach a proper man to judge himself more severely, or to realize his faults more distinctly, than the discovery that his critics in private are his advocates in public.

It happened once that a leading member of a congregation considered it his duty to remonstrate with his minister, to whom he was deeply attached, because the minister's preaching had grown hard and unspiritual. They were personal friends, and the conversation was conducted with perfect taste and temper; but the minister did feel a little sore afterward, which was rather foolish, and he constantly worried himself with the idea that his friends and his congregation were turning against him. A few days afterward a brother minister called upon him, and as they talked of one thing and another his visitor congratulated him on the attachment of his people. "Why last night at a dinner table old Doctor Sardine was carping at your preaching—calling you a rationalist, and so forth—when Mr. Cochrane spoke out at once and told the old gentleman that he did not know what he was talking about. 'I go to his church,' said your man, 'and I know that I can never repay my minister all that he has done for me and mine.' It was straight talk, and produced an immense impression, and one minister envied you such a friend."

### Nothing Helps a Minister Like Confidence

**W**HILE his friend had told him his faults boldly, man to man, and he had taken private offense, like a foolish child, that friend had been guarding his reputation with generous enthusiasm, and at the thought thereof he was moved to repentance. The judgment of his friend received a new weight, being sanctioned by such pledges of sincerity and magnanimity. So it came to pass in the end that the minister reconsidered his position and realized that he had fallen into extremes. Nothing has a more wholesome effect on a high-spirited man than the sense that a number of people trust him and guard him, and are ready to stand or fall with him. This confidence inspires him with humility, tones down his pride, teaches him caution, and lays on him the responsibility of carrying himself well in the conflict of life.

A wise congregation will also respond to the highest which the minister gives, and will discriminate between the second-rate and first-rate product of his brain. There is such a thing as a cheap sermon, which may be very popular and showy, with a shallow cleverness. Bright men are often tempted to preach such sermons because they are easily thrown off, and do not strain the soul. And a congregation is apt to welcome such sermons because they demand little attention.

### Congregations Must Listen with Their Souls

**T**HERE is such a thing as a dear sermon, which has cost a man agony of brain and heart—a sermon charged with thought and passion. Such sermons are not lightly prepared, nor can they be lightly heard. As the preacher has put his soul into his work, so the people must put their souls into the hearing. Of course, a strong man will not cease to put forth his hardest, choicest work, although no one approves, and he will not fall beneath his best in any circumstances, but the desire for cheap and popular preaching puts a heavy strain on the resolution of an ordinary minister until he is sometimes tempted to please the foolish people in his congregation, and to lighten his own burden by giving them less than his best. And it is the saddest of all ironies in church life when a man succeeds, as far as outside appearances go, who has buried his talents, and a congregation is happy, and apparently satisfied, which has wasted its minister.

If a minister is inspired by high ideals and has an iron will he will fulfill himself in spite of the most debilitating circumstances, and although his people clamor for cheap cleverness he will insist on feeding them with the finest and best of the wheat. Many worthy men, however, are neither particularly strong nor spiritual, and if their people have no appetite for strong meat they will satisfy them with the poorest of all claptrap—the claptrap of religion. It may be evangelistic verbiage, or social rant, or rationalistic cant, but it is the by-product of the man's mind, and worthless, less than worthless, to the members of his church.

### The Minister Must Lead His People

**T**HE minister should be given to understand that his congregation expects to share in the ripest knowledge he possesses, and will appreciate his most careful thinking. When he rises to his height on any occasion and preaches a great sermon it does not matter whether every person has understood every word or some of them only about one-half. He ought to be told that all the members of his church are proud of him and thank God for him, and that even if he were beyond them, this was not because of obscurity, but because of elevation, and that they are pleased to have a minister who lives at such a level. He must not come down to them, but they must strive to rise to him. It is a miserable business for a preacher to repeat the commonplace of his people in a showy form so that the man in the street goes home congratulating himself because he has heard his paltry ideas tricked out in a showy dress. It is the function of the prophet to lead his flock onward, even though the march be sometimes through the wilderness, and they ought to follow close behind him and tell him that they are there, and that they will not cease to follow till he has brought them into the fullness of the Land of Promise. Under those conditions a man will feel bound to read the best books and to think out every subject to its very heart; he will grudge no labor of brain, no emotion of soul to meet the expectation of a thoughtful, broad-minded people, and if he come at last to be a leader of thought whose words fly far and wide, then to this congregation will the credit be due who believed in him, and demanded great things of him, and made of him more than he, in his most ambitious moment, could have imagined.

### Ministers Need Constant Encouragement

**I**T IS also the duty of the members of a congregation to encourage their minister, and they would take more trouble to do so if they only knew how much he needed their encouragement, and how much he would thrive upon it. They must have a strong imagination in order to understand the trials of his lot, which are different from those of every other worker, because he has to work by faith and not by sight. As he sits in his study and at midday has not written a line because his thoughts would not flow, or when he burns four hours' work because it is worthless, the minister looks out and envies a workman who, across the street, has completed in the same time so many feet of brickwork which is as good as it could be, and will last for many a year. As he visits the sick of his flock, anxiously looking for some sign that his words of comfort and advice have produced their due effect, he wishes he were a physician who can see the good he does and has his quick reward in lives saved from death—in bodies relieved from pain. It sometimes seems to the minister as if his words from week to week were wasted—so much water poured on the desert. From the very nature of the case he cannot discover the fruit of his ministry, and therefore others should tell him that he has not labored in vain. People are quick enough to criticise a sermon, or to dwell upon the fact that the attendance has been a little scantier of late, but is there nothing else they could mention to the pastor? Has he never thrown light on some difficult passage of Scripture, nor stimulated the conscience to the sense of some new duty, nor sustained the heart in some sorrow of life? Why should he be left in ignorance who waits so wistfully for news which does not come and which would mean so much?

### One Letter Which Inspired a Sermon

**L**ET me take you to the interior of a study where the minister is toiling with laboring oar and desponds of ever reaching land. The forenoon mail arrives and four letters are laid upon his table: one is uninteresting, one is tiresome, one is vexatious, and the disheartened man opens the fourth letter with a sigh. Another complaint from some querulous person; another detail laid on a weary man! What is this?

"My Dear Pastor: For some time I have wished to write and tell you what a help you have been to those who are very dear to me. Again and again my husband has been cheered and encouraged in his fight to do what is right in business by your brave words. He told me one Sunday night that nothing had done so much to keep him straight as your sermons. You know that Jack made us rather anxious for some time because he seemed careless and indifferent to home. Well, he has quite changed of late, and is so attentive to me and nice with his father. And on my birthday he brought me such a lovely present, for which he must have been saving during months. When I told him how grateful I was he only said: 'It was that sermon on sons and mothers did it.' And now last Sunday your sermon on care seemed to be written for me, for I have so little faith and am so anxious. So I must tell you that you have inspired the life of one household, and that we bless God for you."

"Yours most gratefully, MAY HARRISON."

It may not seem a long letter nor one difficult to understand, but the minister was not satisfied till he had read it six times. And although it may not seem a learned letter, it shed such a flood of light on the text that the minister's pen flew. He locked that letter up in his desk, but found that he had forgotten a sentence, so it was more convenient to carry it in his pocket. On Sunday he judged it necessary to read that letter before going to church, and he had a last peep at it in the vestry. And the minister preached that morning with such power and hope that even the grumblers were satisfied, and the congregation went home on wings.

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## HOW TO BE PRETTY THOUGH PLAIN

By Mrs. Humphry

Fourth Article: Diet, Exercise and the Teeth



**P**ROMINENT doctor's advice to women and girls is as follows: "Eat fruit for breakfast. Eat fruit for luncheon. Avoid pastry. Shun muffins, and hot cakes, and buttered toast. Eat whole wheat bread. Decline potatoes if they are served more than once a day. Do not drink tea nor coffee. Walk four miles every day. Take a bath every day. Wash the face every night in warm water, and sleep eight hours." Follow these rules and you will need neither nerve medicines nor tonics.

Nor will cosmetics be needed, unless there happen to be something radically wrong with the constitution. And I would like to add to the above recommendation: "Do something kind at least once a day. Never give way to irritability, but practice perfect control over your temper." Bad temper affects the liver, and the liver affects the complexion. A kind heart brings brightness to the eyes and smoothness to the brow.

### Only Well-Baked Bread Should be Eaten

**T**WO American doctors who collaborated in writing a book on digestion say about bread: "Bread is verily the staff of life if rightly baked; if not, it is a broken reed." Those who desire to avoid indigestion should insist on having all their bread well baked.

"Very little candy should be eaten," the doctors say. "Sugar is pure fuel with no waste matter, and every particle must be burned up in the system." When too much sugar is consumed it prevents the burning up of other food, and this leads to serious and sometimes to irremediable results.

Pickles are the enemy of the human race. There is absolutely nothing that can be said in favor of them. There is something peculiar and abnormal in the craving for them. Many a girl owes her ill health and a miserable complexion to an undue fondness for vinegar. The healthy appetite rarely asks for it. The craving increases by indulgence.

### What to Eat and When to Eat

**B**REAKFAST should be nourishing, but not heavy. The luncheon of brain-workers should be very light. A heavy meal causes the blood to be withdrawn from other parts of the body to the stomach, there to do the work of digestion. If the brain also make a demand upon the blood supply, neither brain nor stomach is properly provided for, and the work of both is most unsatisfactorily accomplished.

Doctors say that apples act directly upon the liver, thus strengthening the digestion, and, as a consequence, improving the texture of the skin and the tints of the complexion. Raw apples are the best, but baked ones may be substituted as a change if the fresh fruit should be found unpalatable or difficult of digestion. The old rule that fruit in the morning is gold, in the afternoon is silver, and in the evening is lead, is quite exploded. Many people find that some light fruit taken directly before going to bed induces comfortable and sound sleep.

Every one should make it a practice to eat an orange or an apple every day. A raw onion is said to have the same beneficial effect upon the health. Prunes are excellent when apples and oranges are unobtainable.

### Bathing, Exercise and Breathing

**T**HE morning bath should not be a lengthy affair in a tubful of water. Such baths are temporarily enervating, tending to loss of flesh, and should be taken only when the bather has ample opportunity to recover from them. The morning bath should be taken standing in a few inches of water, and should be followed by a shower, and a vigorous rubbing with rough towels.

Narrow shoulders depend upon either a small chest or short collar-bone, or upon both. They may be improved by exercises, more especially such as employ the arms and shoulders—namely, rowing, gymnastics, Indian clubs, etc. High shoulders often depend upon some habitual difficulty in breathing, which demands medical attendance. In almost all cases high shoulders will assume a better position if the girl or woman patient will cultivate her breathing by suitable exercises, and if she will, in addition, learn to carry her head properly, firmly and freely.

Editor's Note—Mrs. Humphry's series, "How to be Pretty Though Plain," began in the April issue of the Journal, and is concluded in this issue. Previous articles in the series have been: "The Complexion and its Care," April; "The Care of the Hair," May; "The Figure, the Hands and the Feet," June.

As Mrs. Humphry's mail has to be sent to England, no letter of inquiry will be forwarded to her unless it bears a five-cent stamp, and no answer will be given by her unless the writer incloses a self-addressed envelope containing a five-cent stamp to be exchanged by Mrs. Humphry for its equivalent in English postage.

### Healthy Bodies Make Healthy Brains

**A** PROMINENT physician, in a recent lecture on physical education in girls' schools, said that the evolution of the race has imposed extra brain service upon woman, as well as a new physical strain, and that the body should be educated to meet this. He said that one of the best exercises for girls was to make six deep breathings and expirations each morning before dressing, and that there should also be half an hour's athletic exercise daily. This would expand the chest and increase the area of breathing space, as well as improve the figure.

Well-poised shoulders and an erect carriage go far toward making a girl look pretty. Many a comparatively plain girl creates a much more pleasing impression by these means than do some others who are better endowed as to face. Very often a bad carriage comes of pure laziness. It is "too much trouble" to sit up straight, and it is "such a rest" to stand on one leg, with the other bent and curved into all sorts of unnatural positions. Girls who indulge in these positions, all of which are bad for the health, as well as antagonistic to beauty, should learn swimming, fencing and dancing. All are valuable, fencing more than the other two. Housework is also to be recommended as efficacious, and the least expensive of all remedies. Vigorous exercise with a duster and a broom is excellent in its way, and a little digging in the garden is better still.

### Eat Only When You are Hungry

**E**VEN the prettiest face loses some of its attraction when it is accompanied by a heavy, bulky figure—out of all proportion to the head and face. This very ugly extreme is sometimes occasioned by ill health, sometimes by a too sedentary life, and sometimes by self-indulgence. It is best avoided by abstaining from eating more than is necessary, and never drinking until a full hour after a meal. There are numerous "cures" for over-development of flesh, and thousands of persons have reduced their weight by following one or other of these. But in making haste to be slender, many a woman has sacrificed most unintentionally the prettiness of her face. Loss of good looks is a high price to pay for a slowness of figure, which may, after all, be entirely disproportionate to one's age and general appearance. A word of warning may not be amiss. There is a means of keeping flesh on the face while dieting it away from the body, but it involves the daily use of a quantity of cold cream or other fatty mixture, and this is sure to tell in other ways against good looks. A greasy, shiny skin is not at all desirable, yet this is what too much cold cream produces.

### Keep the Teeth Clean and the Breath Sweet

**A**N EXCELLENT tooth powder may be made from one tablespoonful of prepared borax, one ounce of precipitated chalk, half an ounce of powdered orris root and one drachm of rose pink. Mix well together, by aid of pestle and mortar, and you will have a most fragrant and pleasant preservative for the teeth, as well as a most satisfactory sweetener for the breath.

Another simple and excellent dentifrice is a mixture of myrrh and borax, which, if regularly used, hardens the gums and prevents looseness of the teeth. Orris also makes a pleasant dentifrice. Any druggist will give you the proper proportion. The teeth should be brushed after each meal, and nothing should be allowed to interfere with regular visits to a reliable dentist.

When a lip salve is needed, take half an ounce of alkanet and three ounces of oil of almonds; put these in an earthen vessel in a warm place to melt. In another vessel put an ounce and a half of white wax and half an ounce of spermaceti; melt these also; when liquid, add the oil and put in twelve drops of attar of roses. Stir the mixture until it is thick, pour into a jar, and put it in a cool place to harden.

### Two Most Agreeable Mouth Washes

**A**N EXCELLENT mouth wash may be made by dissolving a tablespoonful of prepared borax in a pint of hot water. Before the water is quite cold add a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor and a teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh. A wineglassful or more of this should be used to rinse the mouth night and morning.

Another good mouth wash may be made by putting a tablespoonful of prepared borax and a drachm of camphor into a decanter containing about a pint and a half of cold or warm water. The clear liquid may be used to rinse the mouth with, and more water added as required, until all the borax and camphor are dissolved. The excess of camphor will float on the top, and the excess of borax fall to the bottom of the decanter, to be taken up as fresh water is supplied.

### Black Spots Which Come on the Face

**T**HE black spots, which are frequently observed on the skin in hot weather, particularly on the face, are formed by the accumulation of the indurated solid matter of the perspiration in its pores. It is a common practice to force them out by pressure of the fingers, but that causes a slight swelling. They may be more successfully removed by the use of vapor baths and friction, assisted by a mild lotion, which prevents their re-forming. For banishing these spots an excellent ointment is made of flowers of sulphur, one teaspoonful; rose-water, one pint; glycerine, one teaspoonful. If the spots are very obstinate and hard to remove, the following preparation should be used: Liquid ammonia, twenty drops; ether, one drachm; soft soap, one ounce. Bathe the place affected with hot water and rub in a little of the ointment. Then wash it off with hot water.

Acne is caused originally by lack of cleanliness, which does more than anything else to ruin the skin and complexion. Persons troubled with it should avoid tea and coffee, and use, instead, cocoa and warm milk. They should not eat pastry, sauces, cheese nor any highly seasoned dishes, but very freely of fruit, tomatoes, and well-cooked, green vegetables. At night the face should be washed in hot water and steamed well. Then a little good eau de cologne should be thoroughly rubbed into the skin.

### How to Keep the Face Free from Blemish

**W**ASH the face with a lather of good soap and warm soft water every night before retiring. Then rinse it with rain water if possible; if not, with warm water; spread toilet oatmeal over the wet face, and massage gently till the skin glows. Then rub in a good cold cream for ten minutes. This advice is only intended for those who possess naturally dry skins.

To make home-made cold cream, take four ounces of oil of almonds, half an ounce of white wax, half an ounce of spermaceti. Stand a jar containing these ingredients in a saucepan of hot water. Stir well, adding two ounces of orange-flower water when the mixture has become smooth. Mix well, and keep in an earthenware jar.

A good cure for sunburn is made by slicing and soaking a cucumber for a few hours in milk, and bathing the face two or three times a day with it. Dry the face carefully afterward, using a soft towel.

To remove freckles, mix one ounce of lemon juice, a quarter of a drachm of powdered borax, half a drachm of pulverized sugar, and let it stand in glass for a few days; then apply it and let it dry on the skin. Or apply with a linen cloth two tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish mixed with a teaspoonful of sour milk. If a girl freckle easily she should keep this lotion and use it frequently, being careful not to allow it to touch her eyes. In using any lotion upon the face care must be taken not to allow it to get into the eyes, and under no circumstances should any attempt be made to brighten the eyes or lengthen the lashes by the application of any preparation whatever.

### Three Good Lotions for the Skin

**T**HE nose is very apt to freckle, even when no other parts of the face are affected. These little brown spots may be removed by putting on the nose a little of this lotion: Lemon juice, three ounces; vinegar, one ounce; rose-water, one ounce; bay rum, one ounce. Apply this with a sponge several times a day. A red nose is the result of an impaired digestion or tight lacing. Diet, exercise and common sense will cure it.

For pimples on the face the following lotion is recommended by an authority: To five ounces of elderflower water add one ounce of spirits of camphor and one drachm of milk of sulphur. Shake thoroughly. Wash the face at night with tepid water and soap, and after drying the face apply the lotion with a soft sponge, allowing it to dry on.

To clear the complexion, rub the face over, just before washing it, with two teaspoonfuls of flowers of sulphur mixed in half a pint of new milk. This mixture should stand a little while before it is used on the face.

### Some Good Rules for Women to Follow

**C**UCUMBER peelings, boiled in water, will be found good for the skin. A slice of cucumber may be rubbed on the face instead of soap. Lemon juice will remove sunburn.

Dill-water is as good for the complexion as rose-water, though it makes the skin paler. Elderflower water is famous for its cooling properties, as is also lavender-water.

Never go out in blustery weather without a veil unless you wish a tanned skin or freckles.

Do not forget, when drying the face after washing, to rub upward toward the nose. This will prevent wrinkles, and will help to smooth out to a great extent the crease alongside the nose.

Use neither hot nor cold water exclusively for bathing. A good rule to follow is a hot bath at night and a cold one in the morning, but be sure to take a bath daily if you wish to keep your skin in good condition.

Do not wear tight shoes if you desire a graceful carriage; no woman can walk comfortably or well in shoes that are too small for her feet. Do not wear too small gloves.

Avoid tight lacing, and all forms of dressing which compress the organs of the body.

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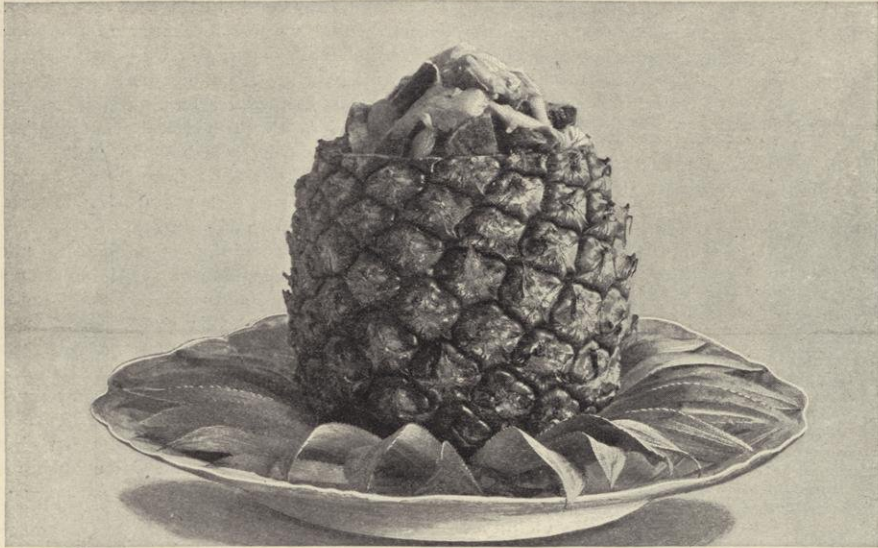
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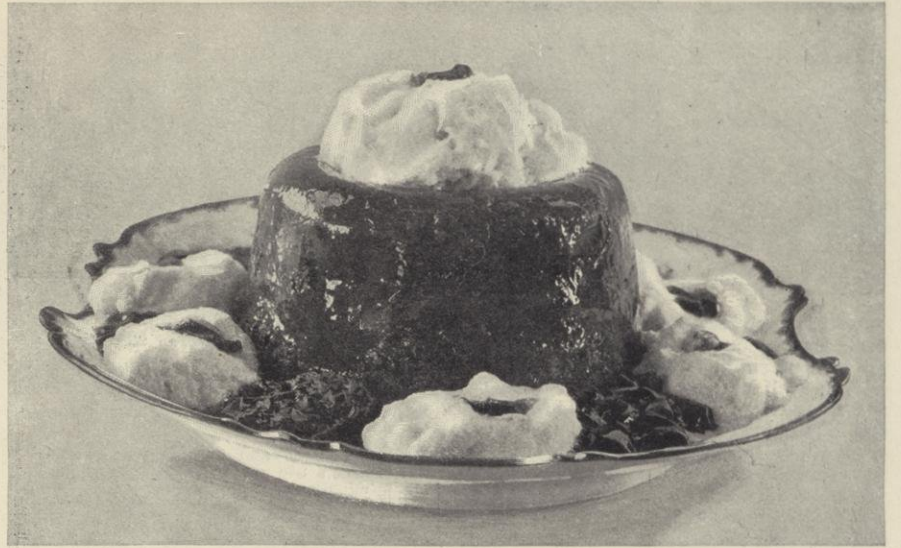


SOME DAINY FRUIT DESSERTS FOR THE SUMMER TABLE

*With Photographs Prepared for the Boston Cooking School Magazine,  
by whose Courtesy this Article is Published in  
The Ladies' Home Journal*



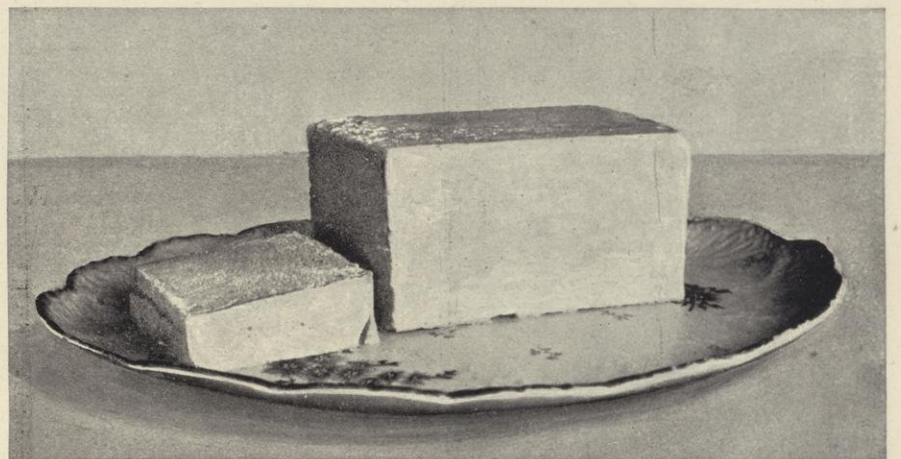
**PINEAPPLES AND ORANGES** half frozen make a delicious dessert. Cut the top off a pineapple. Pare away the bottom, so that it may stand firm. With a knife scoop out the pulp and mix it with the juice of three oranges; sweeten; put in a fruit jar, and pack in ice and salt for two hours. When ready to serve, turn the mixture into the pineapple, and garnish the base.



**DELICIOUS RHUBARB JELLY** may be made by cutting rhubarb into pieces an inch in length, and then placing it in a dish with a cupful of sugar, one of water, a little ginger root and lemon peel, and baking until the rhubarb is tender. Put some pink gelatine to soak; soften over hot water; strain into the rhubarb; add the juice of a lemon. Pour into a mould, and chill. Serve with whipped cream.



**FRESH CHERRY SOUFFLÉ.** Put a cupful of cherry juice and water and a cupful of stoned cherries over the fire. Mix three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch; stir into the cherries; sweeten. Cook for ten minutes. Add the juice of half a lemon and the whites of four eggs. Decorate small moulds with cherries; pour in the mixture, set in a pan of hot water, and bake. Serve with cream and sugar.



**A DAINY PEACH MOUSSE** is made by soaking one teaspoonful of gelatine in cold water, dissolving it over hot water, and straining it into the pulp of a dozen peaches; add the juice of half a lemon. Whip a pint of cream; chill. Stir the peach mixture in a pan of ice water until it begins to thicken, then fold into it the cream. Pour into a mould, cover tightly and pack in ice and salt.



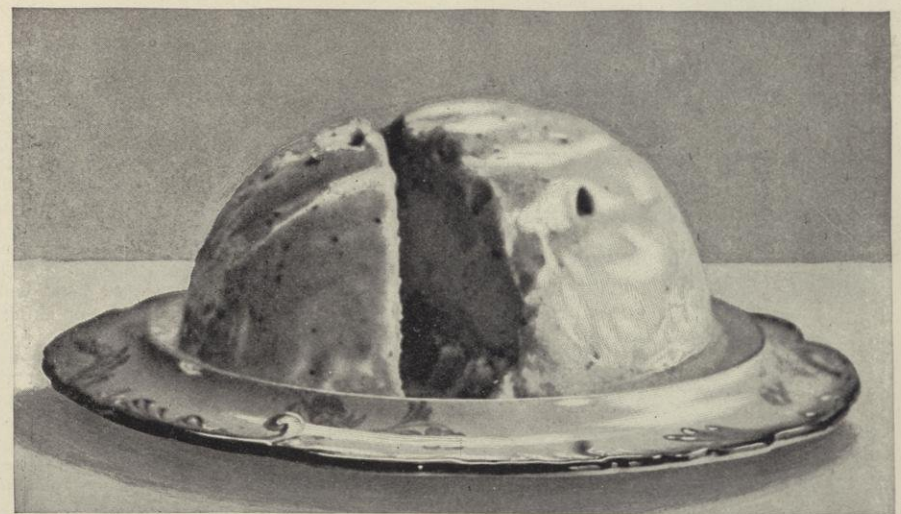
**GATEAU ST. HONORE WITH STRAWBERRIES** is made by placing a circular piece of puff paste upon a baking sheet. Place two rows of chou paste on the edge of the plain paste. Prick the top, then bake. Dip a quantity of selected strawberries into thin frosting, and place them between the rows of chou paste. Back of these arrange other rows, and fill in the centre with whipped cream.



**GRAPE JUICE FRAPPÉ** is made by boiling one quart of water and two cupfuls of sugar for ten minutes. Strain into the can of the freezer, and when cold add a pint and a half of grape juice and the juice of two lemons. Pack the freezer with ice and rock salt. When the mixture is half frozen remove the dasher, and set aside until serving time. Serve in cups.



**A DISH OF BANANA CHARLOTTE.** Scald the pulp of several bananas; sweeten and strain some gelatine into the pulp, adding lemon juice. Set the mixture into a pan of ice water, and before it begins to set fold in the beaten whites of eggs. Line a mould with slices of banana, pour the mixture into it, and, when it has become chilled, turn out and garnish with stars of whipped cream.



**STRAWBERRY BOMBE GLACÉ,** a delicious summer dessert, is made by lining a mould with a strawberry sherbet, and pouring into the centre a mixture made from the whites of eggs, powdered sugar and cream, beaten stiff and flavored with vanilla, and then covering the cream mixture with the sherbet until the mould is full. Pack in ice and salt, and serve after it has stood for three hours.



## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY VILLAGE

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

## Sixth Article—ENTERTAINING IN THE COUNTRY

By Mrs. John B. Sims



HERE is no better way of visiting, and there is no visit that has in it more possibilities for a delightful time, than the old-fashioned all-day visit in the country home, provided the host and hostess are what they should be—happy, whole-souled, proud-of-home, country people. When one goes visiting it is generally to get relaxation from home duties, and to forget, for a time at least, responsibility and care; to receive good gifts as well as to give them; and nothing will so quickly bring to the mind all possible and impossible troubles, which the absent are always heir to, as the time-honored salutation from the host: "How do you do and are you well; how are all of the family; crops look poorly, don't they?" So talk of things as foreign to your daily tasks as can be; never make work of a holiday, and do not take out any work nor speak of work while you are conversing with your guests.

## Give Your Guests a Warm Welcome

BEGIN to enjoy yourself when your guests arrive—in fact, before they arrive. Do not try to serve such an elaborate dinner that the work of getting it ready will draw so upon your physical powers that they will be strained to their utmost endurance.

When your visitors arrive, greet them with a hearty handshake; make them feel that you are ready for their coming; speak of the pleasure that you hope the day may bring; compliment them on their good appearance; notice the neckwear, the dainty handkerchief; be thoroughly interested in each and every one. When the time comes for you to prepare the dinner and place it upon the table, leave your guests as gracefully as possible. If the dinner be not too elaborate, and the mental atmosphere be clear and bright, your friends will come again. "Eat to live," and not "Live to eat," should be the motto of every household.

If hired help be no part of your household economy have a small table (a folding table is very convenient for such purposes) placed near the dining-room table and at your own right hand. On this small table have the dessert, water pitcher, glasses, and whatever extra dishes may be needed. A dinner for eight or ten people may be served without your leaving the table, if it has been well planned beforehand. The dish-washing is by far the hardest thing to be adjusted. This must be governed by circumstances and the social qualities of the guests as to whether the table shall be cleared, or left standing until after the departure of the visitors.

Visitors from town generally like a visit to the orchard, barns and corrals; indulge them all that is possible—in fact, to make the visit a success from every point of view you must efface yourself, and study the tastes and inclinations of your visitors.

## If You Decide to Give an Evening Party

IF YOU wish to give an evening party first make out the list of families to be invited. If you wish to be a little ceremonious the invitations may be written on small cards and inclosed in envelopes; generally a boy or a girl may be found who will enjoy nothing better than a gallop from farm to farm, leaving the little messages behind.

Plan carefully the dainty refreshments and the way in which they will be served. People who live in the country have so much to do all of the time that it is not wise to assume too much extra work even for an evening party.

A nice way in which to avoid it is to serve the refreshments from a previously arranged table in one of the rooms, on the porch, or on the lawn. Have the tray of sandwiches in reserve, but upon the table place two or three smaller plates of them. Hunt up all your pretty dishes, and use them for pickles, olives or cheese, and arrange them on the corners of the table. Cut the cake and mix the different kinds on the cake-tray, or cake-stand, in an inviting manner. Be sure to have a centerpiece of either cut-flowers, or a pot of flowers, or foliage. Seat the guests so that congeniality will pervade the room. If you have neither boys nor girls of your own borrow some from your neighbors, and let them serve the guests from the centre table, handing plates and napkins first, and the refreshments, with water, last.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of papers on "The Twentieth Century Village." The following have been published:

"Good Country Roads,"	August, 1898
"A Practical Farmhouse,"	September, "
"Starting a Village Library,"	October, "
"Manual Training Schools,"	November, "
"Sleeping-Room on the Farm,"	January, 1899

The series will be continued in future issues.

## A Party and a Trip Around the World

THERE are many ways of entertaining. A "Suggestion Party" affords an evening's entertainment. Let each guest wear something that will suggest a poetical or geographical name. Some very bright ideas will be evolved. A small ark whittled out of a new piece of pine may suggest Newark; a cluster of bright balls of yarn hint strongly of Saxony. A warlike individual, armed with a spear shaken often in a very alarming manner, may suggest nothing more formidable than Shakespeare. The fun is in each one guessing what the other represents or suggests.

The invitations for a "Trip Around the World in Ninety Minutes" would read:

Dear Mrs. Andrews:  
Yourself and family are invited to take a trip around the world in ninety minutes, to start from our house August 1, 1899, at 7 o'clock P. M.  
Please bring a lead pencil.  
Tickets furnished. Babies and baggage checked.  
Your friends,  
MR. AND MRS. JOHN THOMSON.

The "trip" must be arranged for first of all. Cut from magazines or papers some pictures that will suggest geographical names; number them from one to forty; pin them on the walls, on the window drapery, etc. On a sheet of paper place corresponding numbers with the names which the pictures are to suggest—for instance, No. 1, an iceberg, would suggest Iceland.

When the guests arrive they should be shown into a room to remove their wraps. Let the conductor be there and give each one a blank card to represent a ticket. The conductor must start the trip and give small bits of information. The guests visit each picture and write upon their blank cards the number and the name suggested to them. The one who guesses the largest number of names correctly may be rewarded in any way which the hostess may decide upon. All stiffness and formality are thus done away with. If some neighbor be a good reader arrange for some readings or recitations, and have music if you can. But do not let your guests know that special effort is being made to entertain them—let it apparently be spontaneous.

## Include Both Young and Old in Your Plans

HAVE both the young people and the "old folks" included in the plans for neighborhood entertaining. Young people acquire dignity and equipoise from the association, and old people renew their youth, and give their experience and knowledge of life to the gay, untried souls around them.

Company in the country is not always the invited guests. We have all had some experience with the uninvited and unexpected visitors. Be just a little more cordial in your greeting to them. If the immediate family be small a little extra trouble must of course ensue, but if the household be managed in a systematic way the extra visitors need cause very little more trouble. Should you be blessed with a large family and plenty of room they need not be any trouble at all. Give your unexpected guests what you have, freely, gladly; break the bread of hospitality with them, and make no excuses; put yourself in the visitors' place and act accordingly.

Show your pleasure at their coming by presenting them with the freedom of your home; if they are deserving of it, and as thoughtful as they should be, they will conform to the regular hour for serving the meals. If one use good judgment in preparing the necessary viands for family consumption there will be no feasts during the guests' stay, nor any famine after their departure.

## Arranging Rooms for Your Guests

THE spare room or guest's room should be made ready for occupancy by extra airing, heating or cooling, according to the season. Perhaps the daughter of the house tends the use of her own room for one of the guests, then it will be sure to be truly home-like and habitable. If the visit be a summer one the particular work to do is to try to keep the rooms clean, airy and cool; have always in them plenty of water and towels, fresh bouquets on the dressers, and well-filled and daily cleaned lamps, or shining candlesticks and smokeless candles. Give the guests the exclusive use of the bureaus and wardrobes. Let them understand that the ringing of a bell will be the signal for rising.

Allow your guests to choose their own way of spending the days for the most part. If the visit be made in a home where hired help is not employed, many happy moments may be spent together over the every-day household tasks. Accept gracefully the help offered by your visitors. Make them feel that you look upon them, while they are under your roof, as members of the family.

## Your Guests Will Entertain Themselves

IF THE guests be fond of reading, the business of entertaining is greatly lessened. If they be young people then the task ceases at once to be at all difficult. The fields, the woods, the creek, fishing, boating, wading, swimming, haying, corn-husking, straw rides, walks, horseback riding—everything in the country will prove interesting to the young visitors. Set up a tent for warm weather in the orchard if no other shade be within reach, and let the young folks camp out; nothing will please them better; give them plenty of bread, and good butter, milk, cream and berries, apples and cold meats, and they will thrive in health and temper.

The art of entertaining in the country is to accustom one's self to enjoy little things, to be ever on the alert for the pleasant things of life, never to see the unpleasant ones, and always to rely upon the resources within reach for entertainment and amusement.

## A Practical Neighborhood Dinner

A FRIENDLY way in which to entertain one's friends and neighbors is to have a neighborhood dinner. If there should be a Grange or Farmers' Club in the vicinity it should take the initiative. Meet in the largest room which can be secured; the schoolhouse will do, though some whole-souled farmer's house would be better. Each family might contribute to the general dinner. Appoint a toastmaster and give appropriate toasts; good music and a readable paper on some subject pertaining to the day will be well received. To make it still more impressive as a milestone on the road of brotherly love make it truly a neighborly affair, and let each family bring a contribution from its own storehouse of plenty. A big wagon will be needed to haul these contributions away to the Orphans' Home, the Charity Hospital, or to some needy family in the neighborhood. This is strictly practical. Within my knowledge it has been done again and again, corn, flour, meat, apples and clothing being among the donations.

A strictly agricultural fair calls out the energy of the men and boys more distinctly. If there be no building suitable for a tent; offer small premiums for the best peck of shelled or threshed grain shown in small, attractive boxes or baskets. Vegetables may be artistically arranged, and many ingenious ideas shown in the arrangement of grasses and grains in the sheaf. The pantry stores may be shown to good advantage, and little boys and girls may compete for the blue ribbon. Let it be free to every one in the village, and take the pay for the trouble in the pleasure and benefit each one will derive from the others' experience.

## A Patriotic and Popular Social

A FLAG social is attractive, easily planned, and calls out the young people in particular. The tables should be trimmed in red, white and blue; tissue paper is just the thing to cover them with; use flags for decorating. Sell candy, popcorn and lemonade from booths trimmed in red, white and blue. A flag drill always holds the attention of the audience. Have patriotic music. How the veterans will enjoy it! Halting feet will mark time to "Marching Thro' Georgia," old eyes will brighten and then grow dim, old voices will quaver and stop, leaving the young men and maidens to carry the tune, as they must the burdens. Let "The Star-Spangled Banner" be sung, all standing, with all of the enthusiasm and reverence which it so justly deserves.

## Work of the Farmers' Institutes

IF THE nearest city be too far away to permit participating in its attractions, bring some of it to the country; make a few sacrifices, if necessary, and secure a lecturer for an evening; sometimes a glee club or a good reader may be induced to penetrate into the wilds of the rural regions. Farmers' Institutes are educating as well as entertaining to a large number of people, wherever held. They are being organized very widely over the country, and from actual experience with them for a number of years I know that they do more to enlighten, broaden and educate the people, where they are held, than any other form of entertainment or amusement. At these meetings one comes in touch with some of the chief educators in the land; listens to the experiences of successful farmers, stock-raisers, dairymen and horticulturists, and gets the experiments made at the experiment stations located at the Agricultural College of the State.

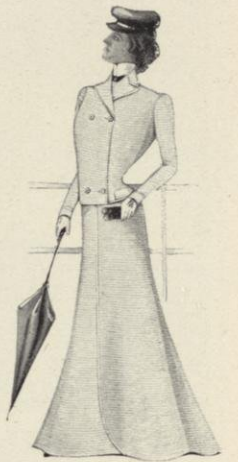
The only drawback to any intelligent community enjoying these privileges is lack of cooperation between the farmers themselves. Whenever a farming community realize that in themselves lie the means of educating their sons and daughters to love the farm and the farm home, and that because one does not have the privileges of the town or large city there is no reason why he should stagnate either mentally or socially, they will have solved the problem of how to live happily and contentedly on a farm.

## Reduced Prices on Suits and Skirts.

WE recently had an opportunity of purchasing several hundred pieces of fine suitings and skirtings at much below their actual value. A chance of this kind does not often occur, and we promptly took advantage of it. It enables us to inaugurate the biggest Reduced Price Sale that we have ever announced. You now have an opportunity of securing a fashionable garment at a reduction of one-third from former prices. We expect to make thousands of new customers and new friends during this sale. It will enable you to judge of the class of garments which we make, and see the difference between our kind and the ready-made goods which you find in every store. Order from this Reduced Price Sale as freely as you wish; send back anything you don't like, and we will take it back and refund your money.

One-third has been cut off the price of nearly every suit and skirt in our line, but the quality of materials and workmanship is right up to our usual standard—just as good as if you paid double the money.

No. 695.—This costume is just the proper thing for your Summer outing. It consists of a double-breasted, loose front jacket, and an attractive skirt, made with a curved centre gore; the jacket is trimmed with pearl buttons, and can be worn either open or closed. Made of thoroughly shrunk piqué, denim, duck or crash. A costume like this is well worth \$7. Our regular price has been \$5.



No. 695.

Special price for this sale, \$3.34.



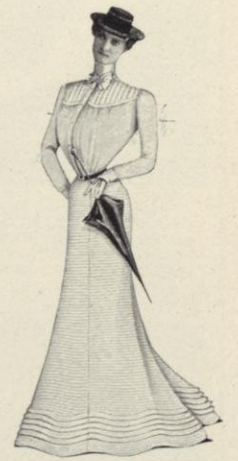
No. 614.

No. 614.—Attractive Summer suit, consisting of a fly-front jacket, which can be worn either open or closed, and a fashionable gored skirt. Both coat and skirt are lined throughout, and the jacket is made with a velvet collar. We make this suit from a selection of fifty all-wool fabrics. Retailers ask \$17 for a suit of this kind. Our price has been \$11.50.

Special price for this sale, \$7.67.

No. 662.—Piqué skirt in the newest cut, indispensable for Summer wear; trimmed around bottom, as illustrated, with several rows of tucks or straps, whichever you prefer. We make this skirt of thoroughly shrunk denim, duck or crash. The stores ask \$6 for a skirt of this kind. Our price has been \$3.50.

Reduced price for this sale, \$2.34.



No. 662.

We are also closing out a few sample garments which were made up for exhibition in our salesroom:

Suits, \$5 to \$10; have been \$10 to \$20.  
Skirts, \$3 to \$8; have been \$6 to \$16.

These illustrations and prices give you only a hint of the bargains which we will offer during the next few weeks. There are hundreds of others, representing even better value in cloth and piqué suits and skirts, bicycle suits, jackets, etc. You will realize what an opportunity it is when you see our Summer Catalogue and Bargain List. They will be sent free, together with a full line of samples of suitings and skirtings, to any lady who wishes them. Write today for Catalogue, Samples and Bargain List; don't delay—the choicest goods will be sold first.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.,  
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.



NATURE'S GARDEN

July's Pageant of Wild Flowers that May be Seen in Field, Wood and by the Roadside

By Nellje Blanchan

(Author of "Bird Neighbors," "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," etc.)

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY TROTH AND A. P. DUGMORE



SUNDROPS

**Sundrops**—(*Kneiffia fructicosa*). Evening Primrose Family.—Floriform sunshine bursts forth from roadsides and fields when this first cousin of the Evening Primrose bears its loose spikes of large yellow flowers, from one to three feet above the dry ground. Sunlight opens the buds rather suddenly, but their fragrance, which is wafted abroad to attract pollen carriers, is not pent up promptly at sunset; it continues to rise from the open corolla until late evening, to give night-flying moths a chance to sip nectar. The short-lived flowers quickly give place to oblong winged seed vessels set at the base of the alternate lance-shaped stem leaves. Season, June—August.

**Harebell, or Blue Bells of Scotland**—(*Campanula rotundifolia*). Bellflower Family.—The crevice of a precipice, moist rocks, shady places by the roadside, or wind-swept upland meadows hold bright bunches of these hardy blue and violet bells, swaying on tremulous, hairlike stems, that are fitted to withstand the fiercest mountain blasts, however frail they appear. To prevent self-fertilization this flower matures its anthers, and sheds pollen on winged visitors before its stigmas open to receive it, so that pollen must be brought from the late bloomers to the earlier ones to insure fertile seed. The Harebell protects its nectar and pollen from rain and from the intrusion of crawling insects by hanging its head, and attracts winged insects by its color. Season, June—September.



HAREBELL

**Monkey-Flower**—(*Mimulus ringens*). Figwort Family.—Moisture it must have, though no wader is the violet Monkey-Flower, whose "grinning corolla" peers at one from grassy tufts in swamps, from the brookside, and the springy soil of low meadows. Only a few blossoms, about an inch long, growing singly on longer stems that rise from the axils of the upper leaves, open at a time. From a five-angled, five-toothed calyx the tubular corolla raises a two-lobed upper lip; the three-lobed lower lip is spreading, and has two swellings and two yellowish patches near the closed throat. Season, June—September.



MONKEY-FLOWER



WILD CARROT, OR QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

**Wild Carrot, or Queen Anne's Lace, or Bird's Nest**—(*Daucus carota*). Carrot Family.—A pest to farmers, a joy to the flower-lover, and a welcome signal for refreshment to hosts of flies, ants, bees and wasps, especially to the paper-nest builders, the Wild Carrot spreads its feathery foliage and exquisite lacelike blossoms over Asia and Europe, whence it came to adorn our waysides and dry fields. Often the tiny central flower of the flat white umbel is dark red; occasionally each umbel has such a centre, and more rarely the entire flower head, that grows gray with age, has a dull pinkish cast. Examine an umbel under a lens to appreciate its delicate structure and perfection of detail. After blossoming the seed stems, curling inward, form a hollow nest. Season, July—September.



TURK'S-CAP LILY

**Turk's-Cap Lily**—(*Lilium superbum*). Lily Family.—Of a richer, more gorgeous orange red or yellow hue than the Field Lily, and with the six purplish-spotted divisions of its nodding perianth curved farther backward, the Turk's-Cap flashes its radiant flowers high above moist meadows and marshes. A single stem bearing from three to forty Lilies in a panicle may grow taller than a man. In perfect development this is our most superb wild flower, and where it towers above the Rhododendrons on finely kept lawns its glory is not less resplendent. The dark pollen of this Lily, which is a favorite diet for the babies of the upholster or leaf-cutter bee, is stored by her in a channel bored in soft wood, along with an egg deposited in a sealed-up, circular, leafy cradle. Season, July—August.



PRINCE'S PINE

**Prince's Pine, or Pipsissewa**—(*Chimaphila umbellata*). Wintergreen Family.—A lover of winter, as Chimaphila tells us, is the Prince's Pine, whose beautiful dark green, saw-edged leaves keep their color and gloss in spite of snow and intense cold. The leafy branches ascend from three inches to a foot high, and as the subterranean or surface-trailing stem may be easily torn from the light, dry soil of its woodland home, a few yards of the plant furnish a charming indoor decoration, especially when its round, brown seed cases remain. The five-part waxy or flesh-colored blossoms, with a bright pink ring around the centre of each, and ten pink or violet stamens surrounding the conical sticky pistil, emit a delicious fragrance. Sterile as well as perfect flowering branches occur in every colony. The Spotted Wintergreen (*Chimaphila maculata*) differs from Prince's Pine chiefly in having whitish mottles on its leaves. Season, June—August.

**Fireweed**—(*Chamaenerion angustifolium*). Evening Primrose Family.—Spikes of brilliant magenta pink flowers, from two to eight feet high, springing up in dry soil, particularly where the axe and forest fires have devastated the landscape, illustrate Nature's abhorrence of ugliness. Bees are its chief benefactors. The Fireweed's long, slender seed pods, bursting open lengthwise, set free disheveled white silk threads, from which the long seeds float away to cover distant charred wastes with beauty. Season, June—September.



BOUNCING BET

**Bouncing Bet, or Soapwort, or Old Maid's or Hedge Pink**—(*Saponaria officinalis*). Pink Family.—A stout, buxom, exuberantly healthy lassie among flowers, Bouncing Bet long ago escaped from gardens, whither it was brought from Europe for its alleged healing virtue, and ran wild beyond colonial farms to roadsides, along which it has traveled with the help of seeds and underground stolons over nearly our entire area. Sometimes double blossoms occur, but usually the pink or whitish flowers, that measure about an inch across, have five long-clawed petals only, set in a deep, five-toothed, yellowish-green calyx, into which the withered flowers withdraw. A delicate, sweet odor rises from the flowers. The bruised leaves form a soapy lather when agitated in water. Season, June—October.



FIREWEED



INDIAN PIPE

**Indian Pipe, or Ghost-Flower**—(*Monotropa uniflora*). Indian Pipe Family.—Colorless, waxy, cold and clammy when growing, and dark after being picked; leafless, for there are bracts only on the fleshy stem; odorless—a negative plant, indeed, rises like a company of wraiths in dark, rich woods. It is a ghoulish parasite—that is, its matted roots prey either on the forces of living plants or on the decaying matter of dead ones. Season, June—August.



# FLORAL PORCHES AND VINE-CLAD COTTAGES



This exterior of a home at San José, California, is a tantalizing one to those who love flowers quite as well as Californians do, but who cannot grow them because of unfavorable climatic conditions. A climbing Rose similar to the one shown in the above picture must be a sight worth going far to see, and one that, once seen, will never be forgotten.



In this vine-covered home at Kidder's, on Cayuga Lake, New York, the beauty of the Wistaria is well illustrated. It is a most pleasing and decorative vine at any season, but especially so when laden with its great, pendent clusters of purple-blue flowers. It would be a close rival of the Ampelopsis if it were as hardy as the latter, which, unfortunately, it is not.

Nothing adds more to the attractiveness of a home than vines upon the outside walls and about the porches. The real value of them seems imperfectly understood as yet; consequently the JOURNAL takes particular pleasure in presenting this series of illustrations to its readers.

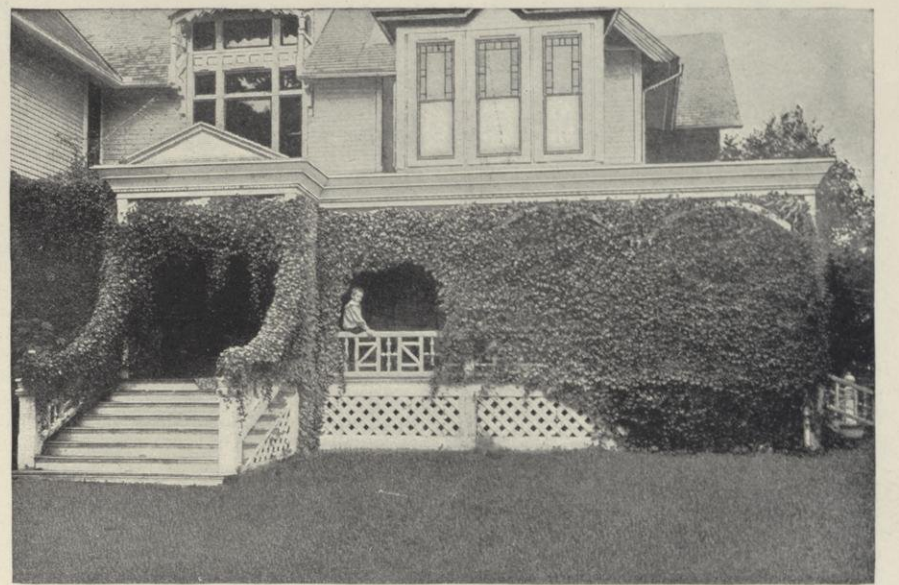


This charming view of a roof-garden and verandas in a New York City home offers many valuable suggestions to those who live in places where a garden on the ground is a luxury quite out of reach. The lavish use of vines and potted plants, in combination with veranda boxes filled with flowering plants, has made a veritable bower of the place. Awarded second prize in the Journal's contest.

These pictures of vine-embowered dwellings and charming porches will serve as a series of most helpful object-lessons to those who are desirous of making the home a thing of beauty. The possibilities for decoration which they suggest cannot fail to be of great value.



About the verandas of this delightful home at Highland Park, Illinois, vines literally run riot. Here, as in the majority of places illustrated, our native Ampelopsis is depended on for general effect. The large-flowered white Clematis is trained over the Ampelopsis in one or two places, thus securing a most charming background for its great blossoms. Awarded first prize in the Journal's contest.



This view of a home at Angola, Indiana, shows how vines may be used to good effect in shading the veranda, and giving it an air of cozy seclusion. The disposition of the vine about the steps and porch is particularly good from a decorative, as well as from a practical, standpoint. Awarded third prize in the Journal's contest.



Could anything be more beautiful in the way of floral decoration than these Roses as they are trained over the walls of this cottage at Redlands, California? Charming as the picture is it fails to give any idea of the wealth of color and fragrance of the place itself. It is not to be wondered at that we envy our California friends their climate and Roses.



The value of Ampelopsis, known in many localities as Virginia Creeper, and sometimes as American Ivy, is brought forcibly to the attention of those who are in search of a hardy vine of rapid and luxuriant growth. This view of a home at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, illustrates its ambitious tendencies.



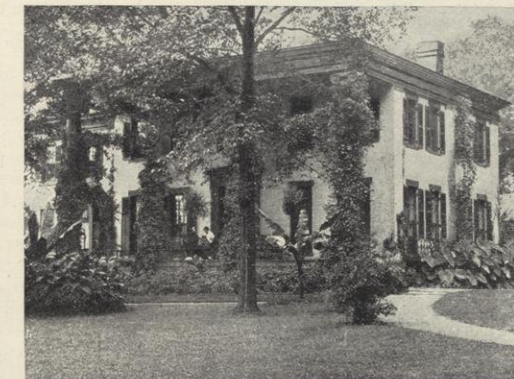
On this veranda of a Monson, Massachusetts, home something of an idea is given of the effectiveness and beauty of the ordinary Grape-vine, when used about the dwelling and allowed to train itself.



The tractableness of vines, if the grower of them is willing to give them necessary attention, is demonstrated in this view of a home at Arlington, Massachusetts. To train a vine as shown in the picture one must give it constant care from the time it is planted until it is fully developed.



This view of a cozy, homelike place in the suburbs of Chattanooga, Tennessee, illustrates effectively the pleasing variety obtained by using vines of different kinds in the ornamentation of the piazza. The large-leaved vine is Aristolochia, of extremely rapid growth, and unexcelled for furnishing dense shade.



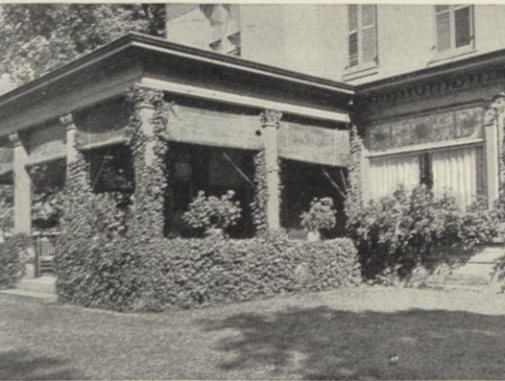
Trees, vines, pleasingly arranged foliage plants, and a broad, unbroken sweep of beautiful lawn, give to this place at Warren, Ohio, an air of delightful dignity and seclusion, suggestive of rest and quiet.



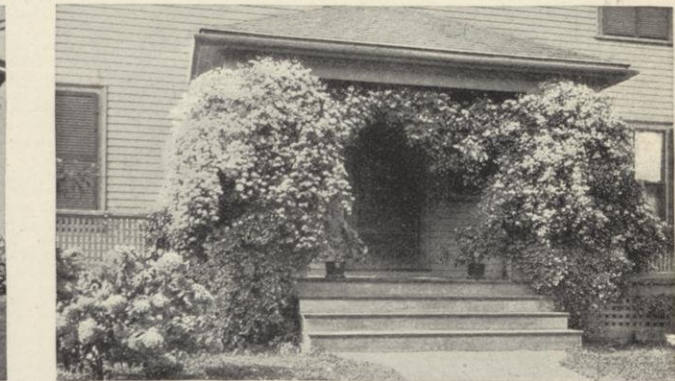
This veranda at Omaha, Nebraska, is calculated to win friends for the Clematis, of which frequent mention is made in describing these pictures. Its profusion of bloom, hardiness, late-flowering habit, and the airy, delicate grace of its flowers make it an ideal vine for porches and verandas.



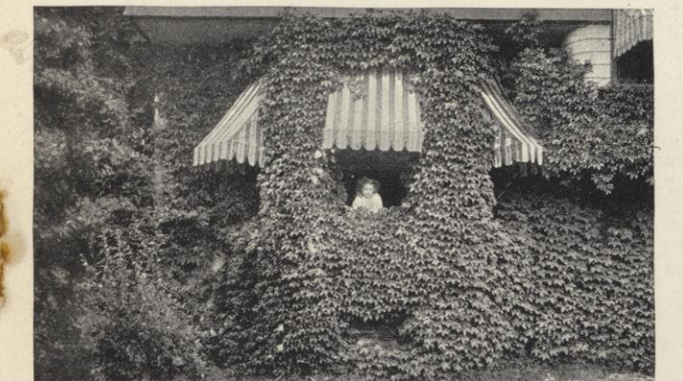
This unpretentious little home at Lake Bluff, Illinois, has more of an appearance of comfort than some dwellings costing many thousands of dollars, and certainly demonstrates that it is not so much the building that counts for beauty as it is the treatment which it receives.



This porch at Springfield, Illinois, shows the native Ampelopsis trained into something of the semblance of a hedge by close pruning. The branches, which have been allowed to climb the pillars, do good work by relieving the rather heavy effect of this system of training.



In this porch view of a house at Hoboken, New Jersey, another illustration of the beauty of the late-flowering white Clematis is shown. It is of extremely rapid and rampant growth, and its late-flowering habit makes it one of the most desirable of all vines. It is also entirely hardy.



The possibility of having almost too much of a good thing is illustrated in this piazza of a Moorestown, New Jersey, house. The vine shown is Ampelopsis, a rampant, luxuriant grower, better, perhaps, for covering the walls of the house than for the purpose represented in this picture.



The delightful possibilities of the climbing Rose, in localities adapted to its culture, is shown on this porch of a house at Greeneville, Tennessee. In this instance it transforms an ordinary Southern entrance into a thing of remarkable beauty.



This tiny porch of a home at Mount Holly, New Jersey, shows good treatment. The massing of the Bignonia vine near the roof is a good idea, because the vine affords shade without giving a clumsy effect, as it would if trained all over a porch of such diminutive size.



This series of illustrations might serve very well as a sort of symposium on the merits of the Ampelopsis, since this vine appears so frequently. This view of a West Superior, Wisconsin, home proves the hardiness of the Ampelopsis in a very severe and trying climate.



This delightful place on the outskirts of Boston, Massachusetts, emphasizes the charm of broad and spacious piazzas, solidly built, with vines weaving their embroideries over the rough gray stone-work, which lends itself most harmoniously to such treatment.



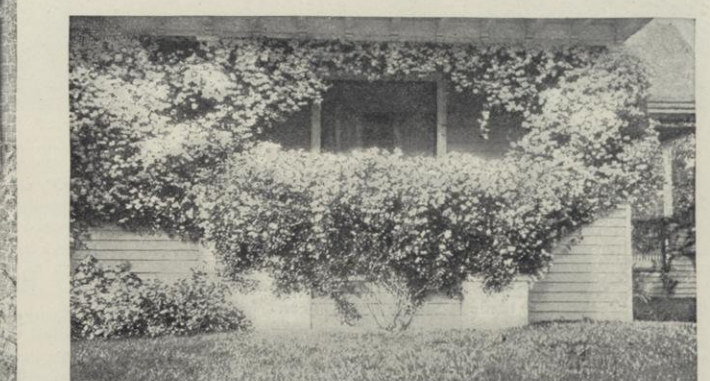
This New Jersey home shows Ampelopsis Vetchii, covering the chimney with as dense a mass of foliage as that furnished the walls of homes in old England by the English Ivy. Perhaps even a more pleasing effect might have been secured by allowing it to spread to the walls.



The treatment of this porch, in a Hoboken, New Jersey, home, is quite artistic. The vine appears to grow without training—in other words, it trains itself, which is what all vines should be allowed to do, as far as possible, in order to secure artistic results.



The delightful possibilities of the climbing Rose, in localities adapted to its culture, is shown on this porch of a house at Greeneville, Tennessee. In this instance it transforms an ordinary Southern entrance into a thing of remarkable beauty.



This veranda at Haverhill Highlands, Massachusetts, shows the new Clematis, Pentalata grandiflora, with fine effect. What the Ampelopsis is among vines with beautiful foliage this Clematis is among flowering vines. In September it is covered with stary white flowers.



# THE HOUSE PRACTICAL

By William Martin Johnson

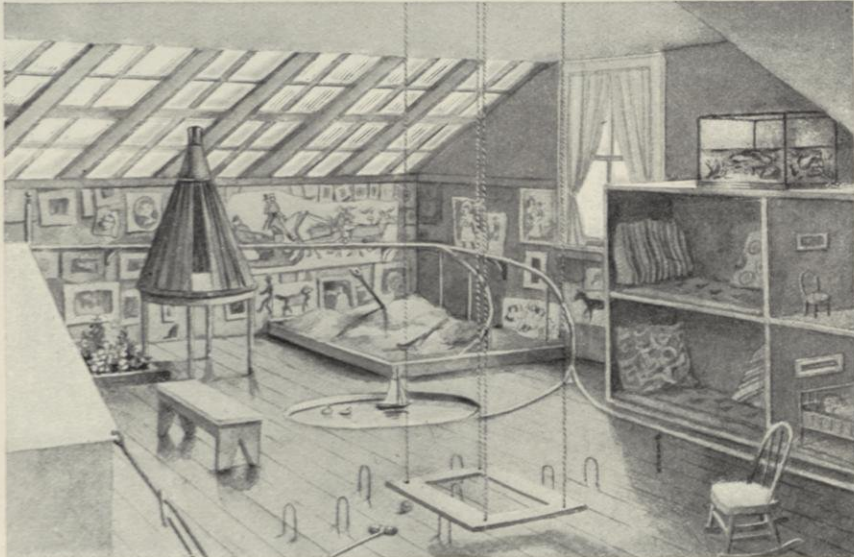
Art Editor of The Ladies' Home Journal, and Author of "Inside of a Hundred Homes"

## VII—A Playroom, Bathrooms and Closets

**R**OOM given over to the children, containing all the paraphernalia intended for their amusement, should, above all else, be sunny. To accomplish this a section of the roof may be taken out and glass inserted, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

The value of a room devoted exclusively to

**T**HE swing shown is perhaps safer than the old-fashioned kind. It is supported by four ropes fastened to stout staples in the ceiling, causing the board to remain perfectly level when in motion. A tent may be pitched with the canvas fastened to staples in the floor. The floor in the illustration is made water-tight by caulking the seams. A shallow pond is sunk in the floor for the sailing of boats. It should be connected with a drain.

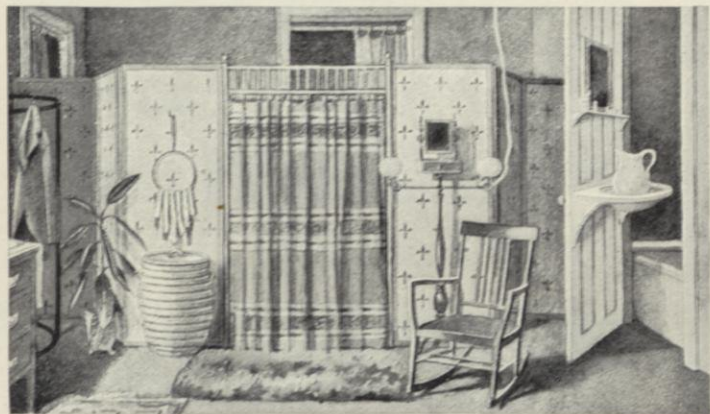


ROOM INTENDED FOR THE CHILDREN

the children is apparent, giving them a place where they may romp and throw things about. The conditions, and the amount of money at one's disposal, must of course govern the number of toys and contrivances which are given the children. Those which are suggested on this page are quite inexpensive.

A pile of clean white sand is shown in one corner of the room. This is kept from spreading by a zinc-lined, shallow box. The sand should be exposed to the sun or baked by artificial heat (so that all unhealthy germs may be killed) before being used in the playroom. This should be done every month or so to keep the sand sweet and clean. The framework over the sand bin is constructed of grooved strips of wood, arranged on an incline, with switches for the rolling of marbles.

**I**N THE illustration a camera obscura is shown. Its lens is thrust through the roof and projects an image upon the circular table below. This apparatus is inexpensive, and may be bought at any toy or optical store. It will afford infinite amusement, reflecting upon the surface of the table the image of the surrounding country, showing moving figures, wagons, etc., to the mystification and enjoy-



PRIVATE BATH IN A CLOSET

ment of the children. Another form of the camera obscura may be made to place in a window and throw an image upon a screen at the rear of a darkened room.

Editor's Note—"The House Practical," which began in the January issue of the Journal, is concluded in this number. The articles which have been published are:

- The Hall and Staircase, . . . . . January
- The Library and Living-Room, . . . . . February
- The Dining-Room, . . . . . March
- The Sleeping-Room, . . . . . April
- Dens and Cozy Corners, . . . . . May
- The Kitchen, . . . . . June

**A** BATHROOM is not always available for private use. Those suggested in the illustrations offer a solution of the problem where space is limited. In the first drawing one end of a large room is curtained off. An archway above, with heavy curtains below, effectually secludes this portion of the



NEW ARRANGEMENT FOR A SHOWER BATH

apartment. The archway is constructed of matched boards covered with figured cretonne and split bamboo tacked over the surface, making a pretty lattice effect. The curtains are of heavy burlap, lined on the side next the tub with rubber cloth. The foot-tub under the medicine-closet closes up when not in use, under the seat or shelf, the front legs folding back, thus economizing space. The triplicate mirror over the washstand is easily constructed. The shower-bath over the bathtub is screened by a rubber cloth hung on a ring about two feet six inches in diameter, supported in the back by a standard or bracket. When not in use this curtain is pushed back and hangs behind the tub. The wainscot of this room is oilcloth, tacked to the wall and painted in white enamel.

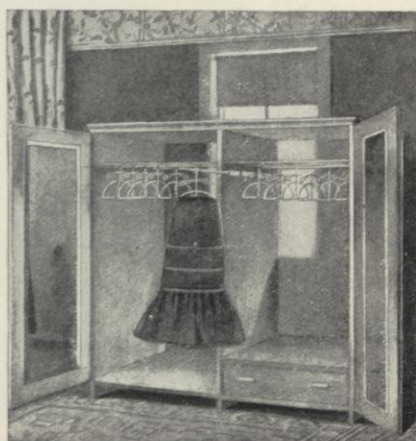
**A** BATHTUB in a closet is also shown. Here a box lined with zinc is used, or a porcelain tub of the proper size may be purchased. The washstand is affixed to the inside of the door. The screen running across this room is about seven feet high and affords a secluded passage through this apartment.



A MAN'S CLOTHES-CLOSET

**T**HE man's clothes-closet has two mirrors fixed to the door—one above, on a level with the eyes, the other below, to show the feet. In the space between, trousers are hung. A very simple contrivance has been devised for this purpose. Upon a brass rod wooden pieces about six inches in length by four in depth run freely. Little knobs are screwed into the ends of these boards, and after the trousers are placed between them the two pieces are brought together tightly by the cords. This is done quickly and affords a most convenient way of hanging up these garments. Ordinary coats are hung inside on wire hangers, and the finer coats and trousers are placed flat upon the shelves below, which slide out in grooves from the closet. The space above the closet is used for hats, and is screened from view by lattice doors lined with an inexpensive fabric. The inside of this closet is painted white. The mirrors fixed on the door reflect the light from the window back into the closet.

**F**OR a woman's clothes-closet two full-length mirrors are on the inside of the doors, to reflect the image of a standing figure from one to the other. The skirts are hung upon wire frames. In the centre of the closet, near the top, is a telescopic rod, which, when required, is pulled out into the room, and upon this a skirt may be hung for brushing or inspection. This closet should be placed before a window so that light and air may enter it from the rear. Dust, moths, etc., are excluded by tacking tightly over the back of the closet netting or cheese-cloth. The window sash may be raised and lowered by means of cords and pulleys so that the garments inside the closet may be thoroughly aired. There is much less likelihood of moths' getting into such a closet than in the ordinary dark recesses. About twelve inches from the top a number of brass rods running from end to end, through the middle partition, are inserted, serving as shelves. This is particularly desirable for hats which are not placed in boxes. The trimmings and the shapes are less likely to be injured, and will adjust themselves to the different spaces. The closet is built low so that it does not take up the entire window, thereby affording ventilation and light to the room. Care should be taken to have an open space below the floor of the closet.



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# Pretty Stuffs For Midsummer Frocks

By Marie Jonreau

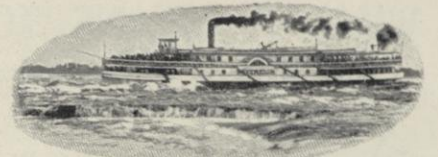
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DESIGNS BY THE AUTHOR

LAWNS, cambrics and prints make the most serviceable and practical of all summer frocks. Some of the prettiest effects may be carried out in these fabrics. The pretty frock shown below is made of plain and figured cambric trimmed with white braid.

A DRESSY frock of lavender lawn is shown in the illustration. The lawn is of a very delicate shade and trimmed with écu insertion. The yoke and stock are of fine white tucked lawn. The waist is drawn in by a folded belt of white satin ribbon.

A SIMPLE and stylish linen frock is shown in the illustration. It is the natural linen color and is trimmed with wide linen embroidery. The skirt is a plain one with two pieces of embroidery extending down each side of the front. The waist, which is a plain gathered affair, is also trimmed with two pieces of the linen embroidery, which cross the shoulders like bretelles and have the appearance of being a continuation of those on the skirt. The folded stock and belt are of pale pink silk. The sleeves are close fitting and trimmed with medallions of the embroidery. The linen embroidery which is used to trim this frock may be purchased in any one of the large dry-goods establishments.

A dainty sheer white muslin frock is shown in the illustration. The skirt has five ruches of the muslin for trimming, which are made



Through the Thousand Islands and Down the St. Lawrence. Shooting the Rapids.

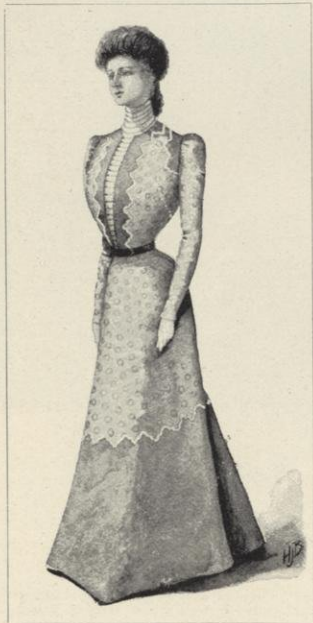
You can start at Denver, Col., go to Niagara Falls via rail, down Niagara Gorge on electric cars, past Whirlpool and Rapids at the water's edge, cross Lake Ontario to Toronto, then through the Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence River Rapids to Montreal, and return by rail, for \$81. If you live east of Denver, it will cost you less; if farther west, a little more.

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OF PLAIN AND FIGURED CAMBRIC



FROCK OF LAVENDER LAWN



OF DAINTY WHITE CAMBRIC



STYLISH LINEN FROCK

The plain material is of a clear electric blue, and the figured is white with rings of blue scattered over it. A crinkled white cotton braid forms the trimming, which is set on in points. The waist is made to fit the figure smoothly. The front opens over a little vest

THE dainty white cambric frock in the illustration is noticeable for its effective trimming of Hamburg embroidery. This frock has the appearance of being rather elaborate and dressy, and yet it is as simple and easy to make as possible. The skirt

of straight pieces of the muslin hemmed finely and gathered full in the centre. The full gathered waist has a yoke of fine white lace. This lace extends over the tops of the sleeves, and a small ruche covers the joining of the lace and muslin. The sleeves have tiny

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Of Love that clings to duty.

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## hump?



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A FINE FRENCH CAMBRIC



PRETTY FLOWERED ORGANDY



OF SHEER WHITE MUSLIN



A PALE PINK ORGANDY

made of white cambric laid in crosswise tucks. The edges of the opening are bordered with the plain cambric, and a jacket effect of the figured is cut in points and edged with the braid.

A graceful frock of fine French cambric, with little colored flowers scattered over it, is shown in the illustration. It is made up over plain, unfigured cambric and trimmed with fine cambric or Hamburg embroidery. The skirt, which is made in simple fashion, has a circular scalloped piece of the cambric set on about eighteen inches from the bottom. This is edged with Hamburg embroidery of a rich pattern.

The waist is fitted to the figure closely with the seams feather-boned. It opens over a sort of vest of fine close Hamburg embroidery, above which is a gathered chemisette of white lawn or cambric. The belt is of green satin ribbon with a rosette-like bow a little to one side.

MUSLINS are selling at low prices and make up into fascinating frocks. The one of flowered organdy shown in the illustration is made up in a simple girlish fashion, and will prove a charming costume for hot July and August days in the country, where floating muslins look so dainty against the background of green fields and flowering meadows. This particular model has a groundwork of pale pink with clusters of old-fashioned flowers in various colors scattered over it. It is made up over plain pale pink lawn, and has a tucked yoke of white muslin trimmed with deep ruffles of the organdy. The skirt is made with three gathered flounces. The wide sash is of pink satin, and the stock is of pink ribbon gathered to lie in folds about the throat.

and waist are quite plain, with wide Hamburg embroidery applied flatly. The sleeves and stock are of the cambric tucked, and finished with lace. The belt is of black velvet.



A GOLDEN-BROWN FOULARD

ruches at intervals their whole length. A pale blue ribbon sash is tied about the waist in a bow with long ends at the back. The collar is also of the pale blue ribbon. A frock of this sort may be worn with ribbon sash and collar of any delicate shade, or of plain white if it is preferred. If in second mourning a frock made after this design, trimmed with black lace and worn with collar and sash of black gros-grain ribbon, or black and white ribbon, would be most effective.

Nothing could be sweeter for a hot summer day than the pink organdy frock shown in the illustration. Both skirt and waist are trimmed with fine cream lace insertion set on in double points meeting to form squares. The high collar, belt and bow are of satin ribbon.

FOULARDS and China silks are among the fabrics that one depends upon each summer. The frock of golden-brown foulard which is shown in the illustration is trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon, écu lace and bows of black velvet. The folded collar is of the foulard.

Now is the time when all the pretty summer stuffs are marked down in the shops, and dainty muslins, cambrics, lawns and summer silks may be purchased at such low figures that the humblest purse can afford to indulge in at least one new frock. The designs which are used for making these summer gowns are so pretty and so varied that it is charming to look these dainty materials over, with a view to reproducing them. There are styles for all figures and for all types, and with a little care in choosing one may be sure of finding something becoming and suitable for any occasion which demands a dainty summer frock.

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# WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A DRESSMAKER

By Emma M. Hooper

THE statement recently made that no girl nor woman who is able to sew neatly need remain out of employment in New York City, seems to be contradictory in view of the poverty which is known to exist there. The statement should, I think, be qualified to read that "during the busy season no woman nor girl who is at all able to sew need lack for work."

I sincerely hope that this statement will not induce any young woman who is able to make her living at home, surrounded by family and friends, to leave there for the uncertain advantages of a strange place. My advice to her would be to remain at home. If, however, she is determined to seek work in the city, she should first learn what it means to be a dressmaker in a general as well as in a special way.

### Absolutely Necessary Things to Know

NEATNESS and speed are necessary qualifications, as is also a knowledge of the various steps, as hemming, felling, gathering, etc. If the knowledge has not already been acquired, there are dressmaking schools where a course of lessons may be taken. For twenty dollars a regular course of instruction, including a system of cutting, fitting and finishing, is given. Ten dollars extra is charged if the sewing course is added. These schools provide boarding places for pupils, averaging for board from four to ten dollars per week. The course of lessons extends from four to twelve weeks.

The high-class fitters do not, as a rule, use a system of any sort. Every waist is cut and fit according to the needs of the individual; in following fashion's lead one cannot be bound by compass and rule. Yet, if not especially gifted with the artistic instincts, the knowledge of a system often bridges over many difficulties.

### The Artistic Dressmaker is Born

THE dressmaking profession, or trade, becomes an art when taste in the combination of colors, intuition of individual needs, a love of the work, and skill in accomplishing it, find lodgment in one woman's brain. On the other hand, a woman cannot become a success as a dressmaker unless she likes and enjoys the practical part of the work.

The girl or woman who wishes to become a dressmaker must first gain a general idea of the various divisions of labor, as in a large establishment each one has her special work. After she has become proficient she is usually able to select the branch that seems the most congenial. In a small place a dressmaker means one capable of making a gown, but not so in a fashionable establishment. One must begin at the bottom of the ladder, but advancement in wages and position soon follows if good work is done. After leaving a dressmaking school a girl usually obtains employment in a store or large dressmakers' establishment, where she gets the run of affairs and gradually works her way up. During the busy seasons, March, April, May, October, November and December, no girls who are at all competent are refused, as the demand for workers far exceeds the supply. Whether they are retained or not at the end of a week depends upon themselves. They are discharged without ceremony if found slow or careless in any part of the work given them.

### Average Wages Paid to Beginners

THE wages paid beginners in the large dressmaking houses are three dollars per week, and the new girl is given such tasks as pulling out bastings, overcasting seams, hemming down velveteen bindings, etc. A week will decide her fate, as the forewoman watches closely for all diamonds in the rough. The rules are the same all over this country, though in the West—Denver, San Francisco and St. Paul—the wages would be a trifle higher, while in Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia fifty cents per week may be taken off, leaving New York and Chicago to keep up the average of three dollars. Out of this, food, clothing and car fare must come. No one need expect any advance in her wages under two months. Then a capable worker may be given four or even five dollars, but she by this time has developed into a specialist, and will not be doing the odds and ends of the workroom. In the mean time she must remember that never more than eight months' work during the year is promised, and that only exceptional workers obtain more; many average six months if the season happen to prove short and dull.

Editor's Note—Of this series of articles there have already appeared:

- What it Means to be a Trained Nurse, May, 1898
  - What it Means to be a Newspaper Woman, January, 1899
  - What it Means to be an Actress, May, 1899
- Others will be published in subsequent issues.

### Manner in Which Work is Arranged

AT A MODISTE'S in New York, where eighty girls work during the season, besides forty who are in the tailoring department, which is entirely separate, the cutter of skirts receives eighteen dollars per week, working from eight A. M. to six P. M., with half an hour at noon. The cutting is done with patterns procured from imported gowns that are ripped, cut from, sewed up again, and finally sold. The cutter must possess experience, judgment, economy, speed, and what are called "good eyes for measures." The linings and outside material are given out to the skirt hands, who receive six dollars per week, each girl completely finishing up the skirt. Two days is the ordinary time allowance for a skirt which is not much trimmed. In spite of time being so valuable, the girls are not pushed for speed, but they are roundly scolded for carelessness in the general finishing details. A forewoman who constantly inspects the work in hand receives from twelve to twenty dollars per week. Some of these inspectors understand but one branch of work, others are able to criticize any portion of a gown.

A first-class waist finisher receives from nine to ten dollars per week. She is obliged to complete three waists each week with the assistance of a helper, who is paid six dollars, the latter doing the overcasting, hemming, sewing on of hooks, belt, etc., while the finisher does the stitching, boning, pinning on of collar and sleeves, fitting on of facings, etc. The finisher understands fitting, and the helper may learn to fit, but like many other points in dressmaking this knowledge must be picked up, as girls are not regularly taught in a busy establishment. If a girl can do nice hand work, or has a light hand, and taste in arranging trimmings, the finisher's position is the one she should strive for.

### Wages Which Good Fitters Receive

IT IS generally considered that French women make the best fitters, their natural talent regarding dress, and their patience in overcoming faults in the customer's figure being of great value. But they should not be allowed to monopolize all of the good positions. Fitters in large establishments usually receive from twenty-five to forty dollars a week. The capable fitter is noted for her ability to make her customer comfortable. She makes her sit down, stand up, and bend over while being fitted. Good fitters use very supple linings and discard all thoughts of a system; the lining is pinned on to the person, and a pinch here, a dart there, a slit elsewhere added until the waist is a correct fit. The fitter must apply the outer goods and prepare the work for the finisher. A taste for designing should be cultivated by both fitter and finisher, as the keynote of artistic dressing to-day is individuality.

### Dressmakers Who Go Out by the Day

A DRESSMAKER going out to sew by the day in families is obliged to understand every branch of the trade, so that she may be able to finish a gown. She sometimes is given a helper, who receives a dollar or a dollar and a half a day, who does the hand work or general finishing. The competent dressmaker receives from two to three dollars a day, a day's work lasting from eight in the morning to six o'clock in the evening. Her luncheon is provided. She must be a good fitter, and up to date in her ideas, to keep family trade, which is chiefly gained by one friend's recommending her to another. When once gained, family sewing keeps one busy whenever one wishes to sew, thus avoiding the dull season, through July and August, which months do not offer much work to the dressmaker; but this is often the time when women avail themselves of her services to assist in the overhauling of children's school frocks, etc. Sewing by the day is a far more independent method of dressmaking than being in a dressmaking establishment, particularly after regular customers have been secured. The family dressmaker who has influential patrons is usually kept busy all the time, through their recommendations to their friends.

### Work Required of the Family Dressmaker

BUT the family dressmaker to keep trade must be competent to sew for ladies and children, to cut, fit and finish gowns, as well as to be able to sew on cotton or any other fabric. Some dressmakers fail lamentably when put to work on cotton dresses. Until acquainted with the general methods of the city modistes it is wise to work in an establishment for a season, and then launch out as a family dressmaker, having a helper, if possible, for fine dressmaking; if not overburdened with work do it all yourself. Some large families engage a dressmaker by the month twice a year, and sometimes require a slight reduction in her price. Regular customers may be favored, but as a rule it is better not to lower one's terms.

### Sewing in the Department Stores

OTHER fields of experience are the work-rooms of the large dry-goods stores where dressmaking is carried on. So profitable have these dressmaking departments been found that even the middle-class retailers are adding them. The hands here are paid similar prices to those paid in the dressmaking houses, if engaged by the week, but they are often paid by the piece—so much for finishing a waist, so much for a skirt, so much for braiding a suit, etc. In this work speed is very necessary in order to get through a certain number of pieces in a given time, yet if the work run out the hands have to wait unpaid until a new supply is given out by the forewoman. The universal verdict of the girls is that a poor worker can get along better in a store than at a dressmaker's, but in both places a good worker keeps her position the longest and secures the best class of the work given out. When a girl applies at a store for work she is asked at once with what dressmakers she has worked, and I very much fear that no matter how apt a pupil she may be no position would be offered if the answer were that she had never worked anywhere. Workers in stores are seldom employed from June to October, and this reduces the average wages. The private dressmakers usually begin work earlier and continue it longer, and often are apt to be kept busy during the entire year, particularly if they have regular customers.

### Workers Who are Really Wanted

KEEP in mind at all times that the demand is for good workers, medium-priced family dressmakers, and extremely artistic designers. Remember there are thousands of unemployed women in New York, Chicago and the Western cities who do not come under these heads; if they did they need not be suffering. To be successful as a designer a woman must not only be a creator, an artist in every sense, but also must be sufficiently practical to understand fully the details of dressmaking. The designer must have been graduated from the workroom, yet here the natural talent must be inborn. A dressmaker may be made with time, care and experience, but a designer cannot be manufactured. Only the most extreme establishments employ designers. The designers submit their ideas either in drawings, or material made up, as cheesecloth; or a model suit of the correct material is made from the drawing under the designer's direction. The designer has, of course, nothing to do with the actual work, such as fitting, stitching, etc.

### Working in the Large Factories

OUTSIDE of the contractors and so-called shops are factories that are models of cleanliness, and employ hundreds of women at least eight months in the year. These women work ten hours a day, and during a month of the busy spring season they often work overtime and are always paid for it, which is not the custom in dressmaking establishments. These factory workers are paid by the dozen pieces, and are chiefly employed on ladies' underwear and cotton shirt-waists. Their earnings run from six to twelve dollars per week, the latter sum being made by exceptional workers who are expert in doing the inserted lacework and puffing now worn. Very few of these workers understand dressmaking, but a knowledge of hand work and fine machine work is absolutely necessary. The work comes all cut, the cutters are invariably men, and when a worker becomes quick and neat she is rarely out of employment. If a woman or a girl is a good sewer without especial talent for dressmaking this kind of work gives her an opportunity to earn at least a living, but it is only a bare living at the best, unless the highest class of work is finally attained. A position may be obtained in a factory without having had any previous experience if sewing-machine and hand work are thoroughly understood. Time will bring speed and perhaps a talent for designing, as there are also regular designers in this business.

### Starting the Dressmaking Business

IF AN experienced dressmaker from a small town wish to enlarge her scope and come to a large city she should enter for a short time as fashionable a dressmaking establishment as possible, to obtain a city experience, even if obliged to go in as an ordinary worker, and she should try to secure work in as select a place as possible, as in obtaining future work it makes a different standing for the dressmaker if she can say that she has been at Mme. La Mode's, rather than at Mrs. Jones', of no special fame. To secure family trade one must be personally recommended. If possessed of ready money a house may be taken in a convenient neighborhood, and circulars be sent to desirable patrons. But one must be prepared to pay the rent for months before any returns come in through work. This, too, is a branch where personal acquaintance with people of wealth who will recommend the work is necessary.

No matter what line is followed the trade of a dressmaker means dealing with the caprices of women, and consequently demands much patience, an even temper, as well as natural taste, experience and skill. Do not treat customers as a whole, but study individual needs, supply what is lacking, and you will become a successful dressmaker.

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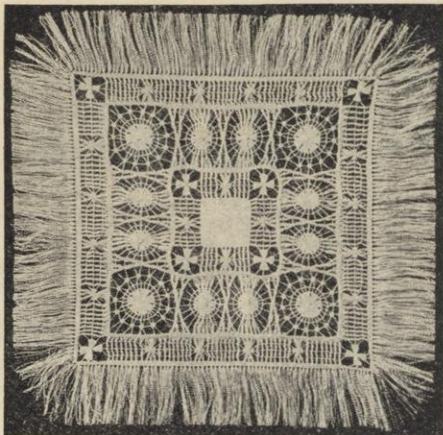


DAINTY DESIGNS IN MEXICAN DRAWN-WORK

For the Summer Luncheon Table

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS

THE designs of drawn-work for doilies and centrepiece given on this page are of the style designated as Mexican, which is always of a lacy character. The work commends itself not only on account of its beauty, but also because of its durability. The material for the foundation of this

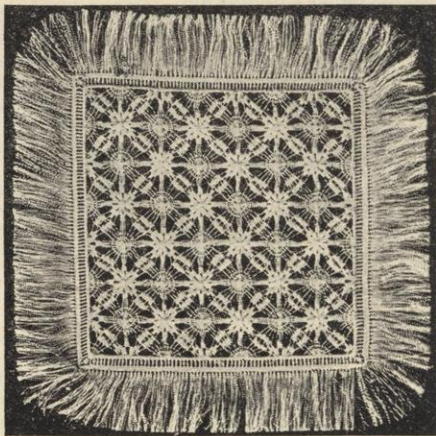


THE centrepiece shown in the illustration is done in block work, each block being cut by measure and the spaces filled in after being buttonholed. The centre is of the very finest linen, and the effect produced is so dainty that it suggests a particularly attractive decoration for a summer luncheon table.



just worked—that is, three threads to the left of the first stitch; take up another three threads and repeat.

It will be seen that there are two movements of the needle to tack the stitch; the first takes up the threads, the second confines them in a cluster, secures the hem and brings the cotton in position for the next stitch. When this principle is mastered the rest is easy. Modern drawn-work includes some lace stitches which may be used

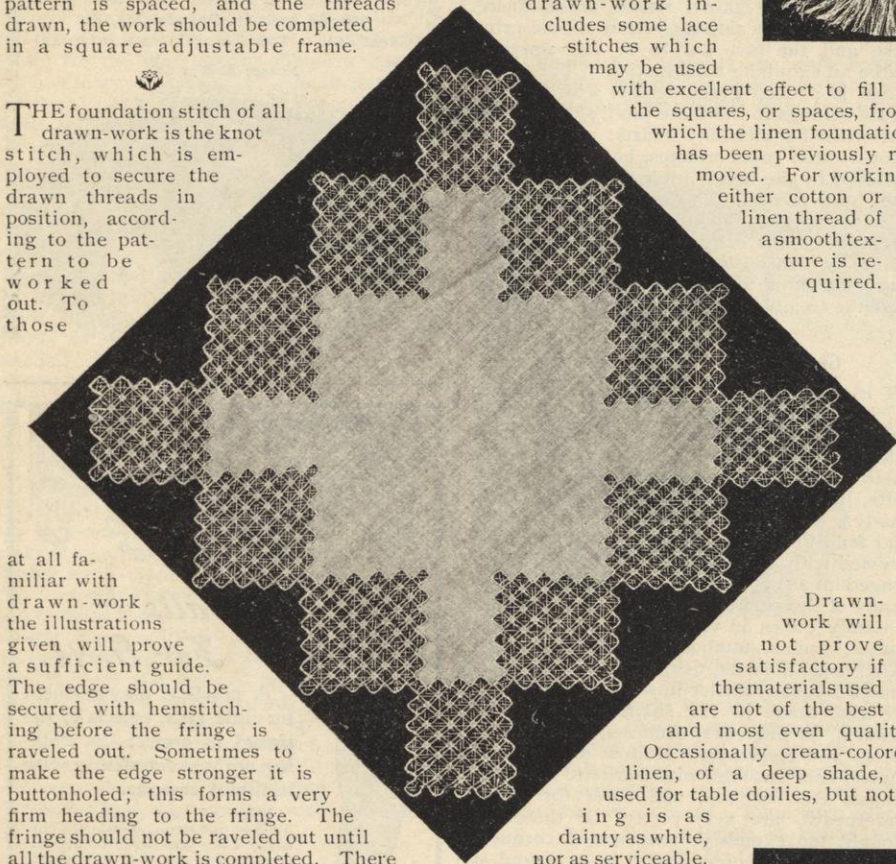


with excellent effect to fill in the squares, or spaces, from which the linen foundation has been previously removed. For working, either cotton or linen thread of a smooth texture is required.

plate doilies may be increased to any size by repeating the pattern of the border. As a rule, plate doilies measure six inches without the fringe, which is usually an inch and a quarter in depth. Some persons object to

work should be round thread linen of the best quality, and without any dressing. Lay out the pattern by spacing it up and drawing the threads. Some people do this by counting, but it is better to space up the squares by measurement. After the pattern is spaced, and the threads drawn, the work should be completed in a square adjustable frame.

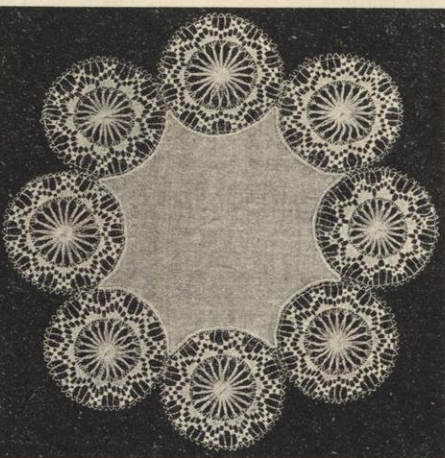
THE foundation stitch of all drawn-work is the knot stitch, which is employed to secure the drawn threads in position, according to the pattern to be worked out. To those



at all familiar with drawn-work the illustrations given will prove a sufficient guide. The edge should be secured with hemstitching before the fringe is raveled out. Sometimes to make the edge stronger it is buttonholed; this forms a very firm heading to the fringe. The fringe should not be raveled out until all the drawn-work is completed. There are two or three slight variations of hemstitching, but the following is perhaps the simplest: If the finished hem is an inch wide draw out four threads of the material two inches and an eighth from the edge on all four sides of a square; this allows for the hem and turning in. By reason of two of the open lines of drawn threads crossing each other at each corner a little square is formed, which is then filled with knot stitches.

THE hem must be folded very exactly against the drawn threads so as to take it up evenly in the process of working. It is optional as to whether the hem is turned on the right or on the wrong side. When ready to start the work, secure the thread under the hem, and work from right to left along the upper edge of the drawn threads, holding the hem over the first finger of the left hand. Bring the needle out two threads above the fold of the hem, insert it between the threads immediately below the point where the needle was drawn through, and passing it from right to left take up three threads on the needle, and draw the cotton through; insert the needle in the same place as before in a slightly upward direction, and bring it out through the hem just over the cotton of the stitch

Drawn-work will not prove satisfactory if the materials used are not of the best and most even quality. Occasionally cream-colored linen, of a deep shade, is used for table doilies, but nothing is as dainty as white, nor as serviceable. Sometimes very fine crochet cotton of the best quality is used instead of thread. A pretty effect may be obtained by using deep cream-colored thread on white linen. An ordi-

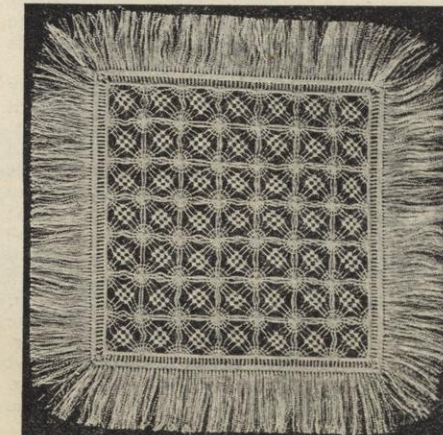


fringe because it is troublesome to keep in order, in which case a plain hemstitched hem about half an inch in depth may be substituted. It will not, however, give as dainty an effect as the fringe.

Drawn-work commends itself not only on account of its fairylike texture, but also because it combines durability with beauty. It launders so well when proper attention is given to it that it looks new after passing through the cleaning process.

nary needle is used for drawn-work. Beginners should practice on something of a looser make than linen, for drawing the threads evenly from fine linen requires both patience and a certain amount of skill.

AMONG the softer materials suitable for drawn-work are scrim and cheesecloth; silk or pongee are also available. Indeed, almost any soft material may be used at the discretion of the worker.



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# Birthday Parties

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil



HERE is nothing to which children look forward with greater delight than the celebration of holidays. More than half the pleasure of a birthday celebration lies in the anticipation, rising higher and higher as the great day approaches. In after life there are few things to which they look back more tenderly than to these holiday celebrations, and especially the birthday festivities, planned and presided over by the dear mother.

These days ought to be made bright for the children, memorable with flowers and music, color and light, so that by-and-by sound and scent, with the subtle force of association, may bring the long-past scenes back again and make the weary man or woman for a moment once more a child.

There should always be a thought of others in the celebration as soon as the child is old enough to understand the pleasure of giving pleasure. Besides the little guests asked to the feast, something should be done for less fortunate children in the neighborhood whose luxuries are few. The number of children remembered might correspond with the years of the child's life. Ice cream and flowers may be sent to the sick, and cake, fruit or candy to those who are well.

## Parties Which May be Held Out-of-Doors

IT IS very easy to give a party in summer if one lives in the country and can turn children out-of-doors to play on the lawn. Tennis, croquet, ring-toss, any of the outdoor games, are sufficient amusement for the elders, and a lawn swing or the joy of racing on the grass playing tag, or hide-and-seek, suffices for the little ones.

Even in towns there are few homes so restricted as not to possess some open-air space that may be utilized—a piazza, or at least a small yard. With a little ingenuity these may be transformed for the occasion. The piazza may be shaded from the street by curtains of Soudan cloth, in green and white, or the birthday colors, extending six or eight feet above the floor. This is merely a kind of colored cheesecloth, costing about five cents a yard. Unbleached cotton, bordered with pink, blue, green or red, makes a very effective and quite a pretty screen.

If only a yard is available it may be swept and garnished, a little arbor arranged with colored draperies, a rug spread, a divan improvised, seats scattered about, and tea served there. A low cot bed, with a thin mattress covered with a striped rug, makes an excellent divan, and furnishes also a comfortable place for the children to sit when they are tired after their romping games.

If it happen to be too warm for active games, blowing bubbles with prepared soap is a good amusement, a trifling prize being given to the child who blows the largest number without bursting one. A magic top or one of the many simple electric toys would also furnish pleasant entertainment.

## Some Indoor Games for the Children

WHEN the party must be altogether indoors the rooms should be prettily decorated, the birthday flower being introduced if possible. Knots of color over the pictures and on the chimney-piece, wreaths on the lighting apparatus, flowering plants in the windows and on brackets give a festive air to the room at a slight cost. If the guests are very young an apartment should be cleared for their amusements, where they can play such games as hide-and-seek, or magic music, and have a good romp playing puss-in-the-corner, blind man's buff, and follow my leader.

An exhibition of shadowgraphy—shadow pictures formed with the hands and thrown on a screen or the wall by a bright light—delights children who are a little older. The art of making them may easily be learned.

A kind of magic lantern may be procured in which ordinary pictures may be exhibited—illustrations from magazines, photographs, etc., so that the supply of views is practically inexhaustible.

The little athletic figures that move by hot air and throw themselves into a variety of ludicrous attitudes are also amusing. It is well to have a nucleus of this kind with which to begin the entertainment.

Charades, dumb crambo, action plays—anything that involves dressing up and acting—are delightful to children who are old enough to enjoy them, and after a time nothing can take the place of dancing as an amusement with children who love to dance the pretty square dances and the Virginia reel.

The secret of success in amusing children is not to continue one thing until they begin to weary of it. The hostess should arrange a little program in her own mind, and when she begins a game know what she means to do after the children have finished playing it.

## Making the Child's Birthday Cake

THE cake, with its colored candles, should hold the place of honor on the supper table. It is usually the most important and most ornamental part of the feast.

The foundation may be a good spice cake with the addition of raisins and currants, or a fine cup cake with a cup of raisins added to the ingredients. It should be baked in a round tin, not less than eight inches in diameter nor less than four inches in height.

It must be frosted with white icing, putting on a thin layer first and then adding another a quarter of an inch thick when the first is firm. Add a little pink coloring and more sugar to what remains of the frosting until it is quite stiff. If a confectioner's tube is not part of the furnishing of the kitchen put a very small tin tube in the end of a stout bag of unbleached cotton. Put the frosting in the bag, twist it tightly and press the frosting through the tube. Guide it so that it will form the child's Christian name on the surface of the white frosting. The year may be added, or the day of the month, or, if the maker is very skillful, "Many happy returns of the day." The crowning glory of the cake are the candles. These must be as many in number as the child is years old, signifying the number of years that have passed since the lamp of life was lighted. These candles are blown out by the little guests, and this part of the birthday feast is always a cause for great merriment.

The wax tapers that are used for Christmas trees are the most suitable, and a color must be chosen that accords with the other decorations. The small straight tin holders, with a little sharp spike underneath, are the best means of fastening them on the cake. They should be stuck around the edge at equal distances, and the holders concealed by a tiny wreath of smilax or of the birthday flower.

## Have the Refreshments Simple and Pretty

SIMPLE refreshments should be provided for children. It is not wise, nor kind either, to them or their parents to give them rich things, which are almost certain to disagree with them. Very few little people have the self-control to refuse delicacies which are pressed upon them when they have already had as much as is good for them.

Sandwiches are the solid most conveniently served. The filling may be varied according to the season. When meat is used it should be minced as fine as possible and then moistened with cream. Thin slices of bananas, lettuce or peaches, finely cut, may be used in summer. Crabapple jelly, or any firm jelly or jam that will not run, is usually liked for sandwiches for children's parties. The little squares should be cut in two diagonally, forming triangles, and the plates upon which they are served be garnished with sprigs of parsley.

Everything should be on a small scale—tiny biscuit, cut with the cover of the kitchen pepper box, individual moulds of jelly or blanc-mange, all to accord with the size of the guests when they are little. Any small cakes which are used may be cut in odd shapes and iced with either pink, white or chocolate icing, or left plain.

Curds and cream in summer, jelly or custard in winter, may be served with the biscuit, and ice cream with the cake. If it can be served in a shape it adds much to the appearance of the table. A yacht is appropriate for a boy, a great water lily or a bouquet of flowers for a girl. Milk, cocoa, and sweetened milk and water are the best beverages, with lemonade in summer. Fancy fruit, as oranges, should be divided into portions on separate plates and eaten with a spoon. Bonbons should be arranged in tiny baskets, one at each place, or in little birds' nests made of moss. The birthday flower should be used to decorate the table and the room, to the exclusion of all others.

## Crowning the Little Host or Hostess

AS MUCH emphasis as possible should be placed upon the fact that the gathering is in honor of a birthday. While the little host or hostess should not be allowed to forget the courtesy due to the guests, he or she holds for the moment the most prominent place.

A crown may be made from the birthday flower by cutting a foundation of pasteboard and sewing or wiring the flowers upon it. When supper is ready this should be placed on the head of the child whose birthday is being celebrated. The other children may be provided with the fantastic paper caps that come in German bonbons, or with grotesque home-made ones of vari-colored paper muslin.

Wearing these the children should march to the supper-room to the music of a lively march, in groups corresponding to the age of the child—that is, six together, or eight together, according to the number of years of the child in whose honor the party is being given. The birthday flower should be pinned on the breast of each child as a *boutonnière*.

## Flowers Appropriate for the Months

IF PLENTY of the flowers can be obtained a floral sceptre may be made for the King or Queen to carry. A light rod may be wound with white and the flowers fastened to it, a thick spray being arranged at the top.

Each month has a flower or plant appropriated to it, and to each a meaning is attached. The list is as follows:

January, Snowdrop	July, Lily
February, Primrose	August, Poppy [glory]
March, Violet	September, Morning-
April, Daisy	October, Hops [mum]
May, Hawthorn	November, Chrysanthe-
June, Wild rose	December, Holly

The snowdrop means consolation; the primrose, the freshness of early youth; the violet, modesty; the daisy, innocence; the hawthorn, hope; the wild rose, simplicity; the lily, purity; the poppy, the consolation of sleep; the morning-glory, contentment; hops, joy; the chrysanthemum, cheerfulness; the holly, foresight and protection.

The morning-glory is such a perishable flower that it is almost useless for the purpose of decoration, consequently it will be wise to substitute goldenrod in its stead.

## Gems Which are Dedicated to the Months

A PRECIOUS stone is dedicated to each month, and as a child grows older this may be remembered in choosing the birthday gift. January has the garnet, signifying constancy; February, the amethyst, sincerity; March, the bloodstone, fortitude; April, the diamond, innocence; May, the emerald, faithfulness; June, the agate, health; July, the ruby, love; August, the sardonyx, wedded felicity; September, the sapphire, peace; October, the opal, hope; November, the topaz, friendship; December, the turquoise, success. Pearls are excluded from the list, perhaps because they mean tears.

In arranging the birthday decorations the colors of the flower and of the gem for the month must be considered. In January, for instance, the white of the snowdrop and the clear red of the garnet should predominate. In February the sulphur yellow of the primrose and the rare purple of the amethyst make an exquisite combination. The bloodstone is a deep green flecked with red; the agate belongs to the same family, both being varieties of chalcedony quartz. In the agate brown often predominates, but this may be relieved by the lovely pink of the wild rose, the June flower. The sardonyx is a pale lilac over pink. The translucent blue of the sapphire blends exquisitely with the yellow of the goldenrod, and chrysanthemums may easily be found to display to the best advantage the trembling amber light of the topaz.

## Give the Little Guests Souvenirs

IT IS always a great pleasure to children to have something to take home with them from a party, and very inexpensive souvenirs will give happiness quite out of proportion to their value. Japanese trifles make pretty gifts, little boxes, bags or baskets filled with candy. Tiny kites are appropriate for boys, and fans for girls. Japanese dolls may be dressed with the lower part of the skirt prolonged into a bag and filled with candy. Only candy of the simplest kind should be used.

Candy boxes in various fanciful forms, as banjos, drums, tambourines, watering-pots, pails, caps, helmets, fish, etc., may be purchased from any dealer in such wares. They are also made in the shape of birds and animals, as peacocks, canaries, turtles, alligators and elephants. Hollow oranges and apples, fruit baskets, with realistic cherries, grapes, etc., on top, and room for candy underneath, are very pretty. If these are thought too expensive ornamented cornucopias to hold bonbons may be procured at various prices, beginning at fifteen cents a dozen. Mottoes containing paper hats and caps may be procured as cheaply as ten cents a dozen, and a package of these, holding as many as the child is years old, tied with the birthday color, makes a dainty souvenir. Little cradles filled with candy and ornamented with bows are appropriate gifts.

## The Best Hours for Birthday Parties

IT IS wisest to ask tiny children—those from two to six years old—in the afternoon rather than in the evening. If they come at three, play until five or half-past, and then have tea and go home, there will be fewer tears shed than if they stay later, when they are sure to be cross, tired and out of sorts.

From four to eight is the best time for children from seven to twelve. This permits tea to come midway, about six, and gives time for play after it. When the boys and girls enter their teens the invitations may be, from six to ten, tea being served as soon as they arrive, and the ice cream and cake before they leave. Late hours are bad for young people, who have to be up betimes.

The invitations to a birthday party are usually given verbally, or friendly notes may be written to the mothers of the children whom it is desired to ask. If the children can write the notes themselves much pleasure will be added. Tiny note-paper and envelopes, in white, and dainty shades of pink and blue, are sold for just this purpose.

If a birthday party is a little trouble to the mother, that trouble will be amply compensated for in the happiness of the child.

Editor's Note—Miss Scovil's answers to correspondents, under the title "Suggestions for Mothers," will be found on page 36 of this issue.



Five Months Old

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# DAN BEARD'S NEW IDEAS FOR BOYS

The Journal's New Department, in Which Mr. Beard Will Give Each Month a Novel Idea for Boys Who Love Fun and Sports

## A BOYS' CLUB HOUSE ON THE WATER

By Dan Beard

(Author of "American Boys' Handy Book," "American Boys' Book of Sports," etc.)



WE CANNOT all be "Robinson Crusoes," and real desert islands are scarce, but with a little work we can build artificial islands, upon which "Robinson Crusoe" cabins of novel designs may be erected, and by forming "Crusoe Clubs," consisting of as many members as the island homes will

when the end of the first piece in hand is reached you must duck your head under water and push the vine to the bottom of the stakes. Beginning where the last piece ended, weave a second piece of vine and push it down to the bottom, and so on until the top of the water is reached. It is great fun to make these cribs, and not at all difficult work,

THROUGH hard sand or stones you cannot possibly force your corner posts into the soil, and you must, therefore, be content to rest their lower ends upon the bottom, in which case make a stand for them by spiking two short boards in the form of a cross on the lower end of the posts; then slip your cribs over the posts (Figure 5). While two boys hold the post and crib in place the others can fill the crib with cobble-stones, which will steady the post until it is made entirely secure by diagonal braces and the four binders, A, B, C, D. No matter how uneven the ends of the posts may be at first, the top of the binders, A, B, C, D, must be exactly level.

The water when calm is always level, and if you measure three feet from its surface, and mark the point on each post, you can make the binders exactly level by nailing them with their top edge exactly even with the three-foot mark on the corner posts. The posts may now be sawed off even with the binders (Figure 4) and the floor laid.

IN A LARGE building four extra binders nailed to the top of the crib (E, F, G, H, Figure 4) will give finish to the structure, especially if they are floored over to the edge of the top floor, thus making a step at the surface or under the water. Stairs may be built as shown in Figure 4. On hard bottoms they are anchored at the lower end by a large stone placed upon a board, which joins the lower ends of the side boards; but on soft bottoms the stairs may be first nailed to two stakes which are afterward driven into the mud. Figure 6 shows the platform finished and a skeleton house erected. To build this house place the two two-inch by four-inch



Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3

accommodate, we shall have plenty of company. The president of such a club may be called "Robinson Crusoe"; the secretary, "Man Friday"; the treasurer, "The Goat," and the captain, "The Parrot." In selecting a site for the club house, choose a bar or shallow place in some small lake or pond.

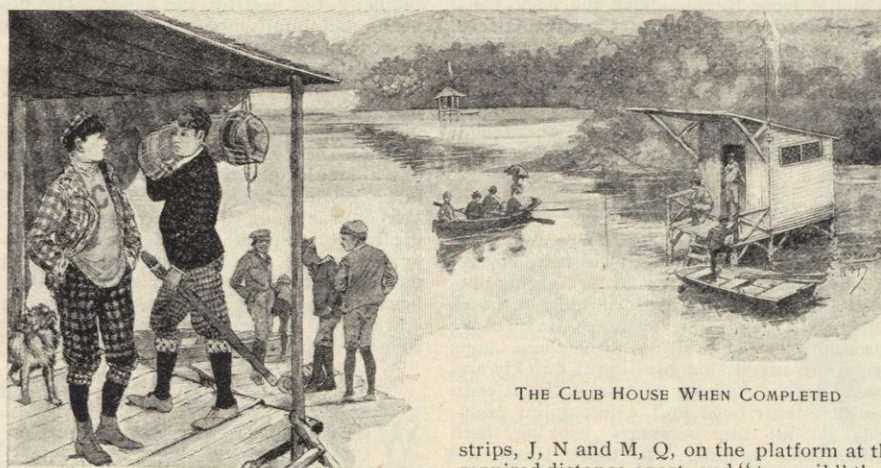
Not only is the foundation of the club house submerged, but it must be built under water, and every foot of water adds to the difficulties. The following plans are made for foundations to be laid in water not much over waist deep; but for the convenience of the draughtsman the bottom in the diagrams is supposed to be level.

The building material necessary is such as the lumber-pile, the farmyard, woodshed or forest will supply, and the necessary tools consist of some mauls, a saw, augur and hatchet. Make your own mauls by sawing off the ends of hardwood posts and fitting handles in holes bored in the pieces of hardwood for that purpose. Figure 1 shows a boy using a home-made maul.

SHOULD you be so fortunate as to be able to locate your house over a soft bottom, make the corner piers by driving a number of stakes in a circle (Figure 1), over which slip a barrel (Figure 2) which has previously had both its heads removed. If you have no barrels a box similarly treated will answer the purpose, and in case you have no boxes, cribs made in the form of boxes open at the top and bottom may be used. Should you be ambitious to build in true "Robinson Crusoe" style, drive a number of long stakes securely in the form of a circle in the bottom of the pond, as in Figure 1, and then with grapevines and other creepers weave a basket

and when they are done and filled with cobblestones they make fine piers for either club house or artificial island.

THE foundation posts of the club house should be four or five inches in diameter and sharpened at their lower ends, but even



THE CLUB HOUSE WHEN COMPLETED

strips, J, N and M, Q, on the platform at the required distance apart, and "toe-nail" them in place—driving the nails slantingly from the sides into the floor (Figure 7).

IN THE last issue of the JOURNAL the use of temporary diagonal braces was explained; and they may be used here until you have your skeleton house far enough advanced to fit in some horizontal cross-pieces between the uprights, and to "toe-nail" them in place. Put in two sets of braces in each side, one above and one below the window openings, and in the front frame, J, K, L, M, one over the proposed doorway, and two more in the rear frame, N, O, P, Q, the latter extending from the upright, N, O, to the upright, P, Q, and parallel to N, Q, as explained by Figure 8. When these braces are in place your frame will be stiff enough to nail on the sidings of slabs, boards or poles, and after they are in position the roof may be put on with no fear of the structure's falling. The roof may be made of boards as described in the underground club house article.

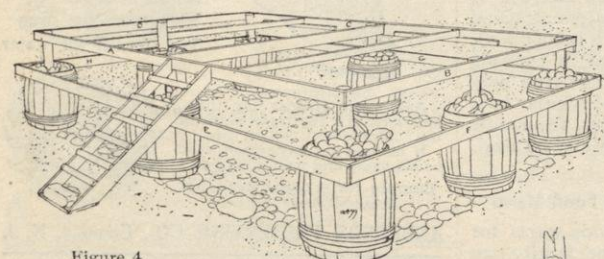


Figure 4

(Figure 3). "Crusoe" should know how to do all these things; "The Parrot" should have charge of the transportation of material, and "The Goat" collect the lumber, cobblestones, stakes and vines. All kinds of vines and creepers are good for basket-work, and almost any sort of stakes will answer, but "The Goat" must see that neither poison sumac nor poison ivy is used. Both of these plants must be avoided in any work of this kind, as they are extremely dangerous.

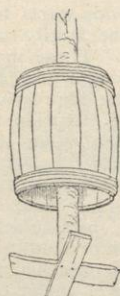


Figure 5

WHERE vines are scarce almost any sort of green branches may be made to answer the purpose, willow being especially adapted for basket-work; but all the larger branches should be split in half to make them pliable enough to bend without breaking. You may now weave a basket by passing the vine alternately inside and outside of the stakes in the circle (Figure 3), and

roof, and to board up the sides to have as snug a cabin as boys need want in summer time. By using more piers you can make a foundation of any size.

When the bottom of the pond is hard sand, or stones, the basket cribs may be built on shore in the same manner as described, but in this case it is neither necessary nor advisable to drive the stakes far into the earth. When finished the crib will hold together and may be removed from the land without dislocating the stakes, as the vines will hold them tightly in the structure.

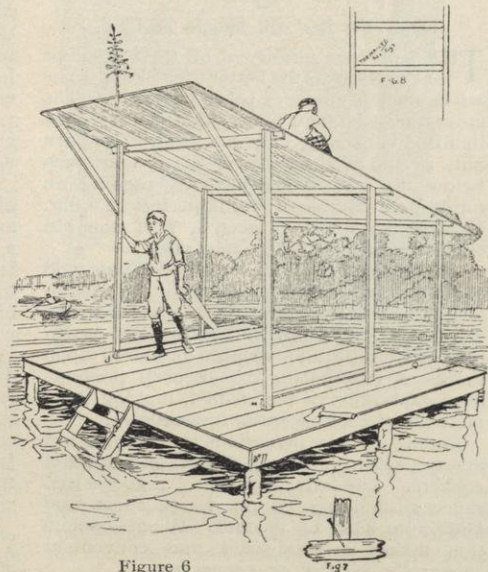
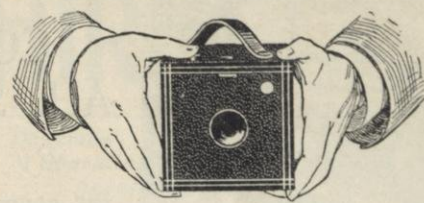


Figure 6

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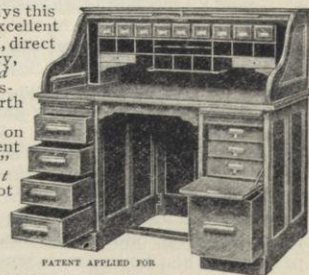
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Editor's Note—Mr. Beard's new department for boys began in the June issue with an illustrated article on "A Boys' Underground Club House." In the next (the August) issue Mr. Beard will describe "A Back-Yard Fish Pond."





## COOKING OVER ALL SORTS OF FUEL

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

THE FOURTH OF THE DOMESTIC LESSONS FOR 1899\*

**T**HE housekeeper who insists upon large fires during the heated term loses much physical capital. On a hot summer day a kitchen containing a large over-heated range brings endless complications and causes much discomfort to the person who is responsible for the cooking. The modern house should have a place for a gas stove; or if out of town, for an ordinary oil stove, or one of the many small stoves which may be used for summer cooking. If the kitchen is small, and the range occupies the only available space, put one of the small charcoal stoves on the top of the range. These stoves come in different sizes, and will fit any range or stove. By opening the draught into the pipe or main flue—building the fire upside down, as it were—the downward current draws the blaze through the charcoal, lighting it quickly, and at the same time carrying up the chimney all objectionable gases and odors. A small quantity of charcoal will cook three meals a day, and heat sufficient water for dish-washing. Ten cents' worth will do the laundry work of a good-sized family. Charcoal is sold usually by the peck, in bags, at from eight to ten cents. Even in the winter, where a coal fire is constantly used, a small charcoal stove of this kind enables one to have the best of broiled meats.

### Cooking by Gas and by Charcoal

**I**N LARGE cities the question of a cool kitchen is not a complicated one; gas attachments are easily made, and all forms and varieties of stoves may be used, the larger ones having hot-water attachments. The expense of gas, or in fact any fuel, is increased by the carelessness of the person using it. If it is lighted at the last moment, and turned off as soon as the cooking is over, it will prove a much more economical fuel than coal, and certainly a much easier one to look after. Cooking is more evenly done by gas, and all dust and heat are avoided. In the ordinary gas stove the burners are so arranged underneath the oven that baking and broiling may be done at the same time, thus saving the use of the top burners. It is wise therefore, in planning bills-of-fare, when a gas stove is being used, to select vegetables which may be cooked in the oven, while broiling or baking is going on underneath.

For long, slow and continuous cooking, such as the canning of vegetables, soup-making or stewing, the old-fashioned charcoal furnace is perhaps the best in out-of-town places. The wind or draught having no detrimental effect upon its burning, allows of its use out-of-doors, under a tree where it is cool and shady, or in a shed, where an ordinary oil stove could not be used. With the latter a draught must always be avoided.

### Stoves Which May be Used in the Country

**T**O THE farmer's wife, who, during the hot weather, must do a large amount of cooking, I should recommend the portable boilers and ovens. A pipe ten feet high will create the necessary draught, and need not be connected with the chimney. This allows of the selection of a place for working, in a shed or out-of-doors. The ovens, however, bake best and quickest when out of a draught.

The folding wood stoves are most economical and convenient for camping out or overland excursions. A light set of cooking utensils, serving dishes and pipe are graded to "nest" and fit in the stove, making a small, compact bundle of not over two feet square. There is space also for sufficient aluminum tumblers, cups, knives, forks and spoons for five or six persons.

In country homes, where gas is not available, oil stoves may be used. A few years ago the four-burner wick stoves were considered great luxuries. They were not as convenient for laundry purposes as are the newer stoves, but they did excellent baking, and were entirely free from odor in the hands of a careful person. This, however, is true of all stoves; odor and soot come only where the apparatus is not kept in a perfectly clean condition. If one turns down an ordinary coal-oil lamp there is instantly an odor through the house. The wick is feeding or carrying to the flame just as much oil as before it was turned down, but the flame is not now sufficiently large to burn it; hence the escape of the unburned gas. This rule applies equally well to all broad-wick oil stoves or lamps, used either for cooking or lighting.

\* This is the fourth of a series of Domestic Lessons which Mrs. Rorer will contribute to the Journal during 1899. Previous articles in the series have been:

Carving and Serving Meats and Game, January  
Little Dinners by Eighteen of My Girls, May  
The A B C of Ice-Cream Making, June

The subject of Mrs. Rorer's Cooking Lesson for August will be "Cold Dishes for Hot Weather."

### Managing and Arranging the Wicks

**K**EEP the wicks constantly at full blaze. Turn down the wick below the holder when not in use, for, if the wick be left above the wick-holder, and find no flame for its consumption, it will still feed, the unburned oil will ooze over the surface of the stove, and at the next lighting become heated, evaporating and giving off an unpleasant odor. If an old-fashioned wick stove is chosen, see that each wick has its own chimney, and that the oil tank is covered with a perforated cap, allowing the escape of gas generated by the heat of the wicks. A tank of this kind cannot explode. A well-lined adjustable oven with a free circulation of air is necessary with such a stove. The cold-air portable ovens may now be purchased separately; they will fit gas or oil stoves equally well.

### Care and Common Sense Must be Used

**T**HE newest and most approved of these small oil stoves burns with a blue flame; a perforated cylinder covering the flame is so arranged as to allow the admission of air at each perforation; air mingling with the gas, which is constantly fed by the burning wicks, burns over the inside of the cylinder, thus producing a gas burner giving a double amount of heat with the same amount of oil. Such a stove requires only care and common sense in its management. Each morning when the stove is filled—and it should be filled each morning—the wicks must be wiped off, the wick burner rubbed until dry, the cylinders brushed and adjusted. The little screw or cleaning arrangement usually furnished with the stoves, if twisted over the wicks, trims them more evenly than scissors. A single loose thread above the wick, causing a jet or projection from the wick surface, will produce soot and odor. A stove properly adjusted will not smoke nor deposit soot that can be noticed, even on the whitest of the grinitware. The frequent changing of the wicks insures good cooking. Stoves burning without wicks require equal care.

### Lamp Stoves Which Burn for Six Hours

**B**ESIDES these oil stoves there are in the market several varieties of lamp stoves, or lamps, which may be used for lighting purposes in the evening and cooking purposes during the day. The ordinary small stove does not allow of broiling, while these lamps are so arranged that broiling is quickly and easily done. A family of two, with an ordinary fresh-air oven and a five-dollar lamp, may do all the necessary cooking, both winter and summer. In these lamps the heat is supplied by a one-inch wick, giving a three-inch flame by means of a constant air current produced by a fan in the central part of the lamp; the result is that no chimney of any kind is required. The motion of the fan is kept up by a clockwork apparatus wound with a key. When completely wound it will run for six hours.

Small stoves allow of the slow cooking of meat; consequently there is less waste, the food being almost the same weight when taken from the pan as when put in; while by the ordinary hot-air methods a quarter to a third of the weight of the meat is lost.

Large and small steamers are convenient, and may be used successfully over the small stoves. The lamp stove, for instance, with a neck fitting firmly around the burner, will heat a cooker, into which one may place two vegetables for the dinner, a meat and a pudding, and with two cents' worth of oil cook a meal for a family of ten. For a family of this size, however, I would advise the use of two lamps, one for boiling and broiling, and the other for general cooking.

### Only the Best Oil Should be Used

**T**HE better the quality of oil used in lamps or small stoves the better the results. The wicks must fit the wick tubes perfectly. The stoves must be kept filled—that is, they must be filled each day, and not allowed to burn out, or the wicks will be charred an inch below the top of the burners, causing an unpleasant odor, soot and imperfect cooking. If such an accident occurs, pull the old wicks out and substitute new ones.

The alcohol egg-cookers, coffee-pots and chafing-dishes appeal strongly to room-keepers or those doing light housekeeping who take dinner out. Breakfasts and luncheons are easily and quickly prepared upon them. A close-fitting cap or cork prevents any evaporation of the alcohol, making these methods of cooking quite inexpensive.

Among the new inventions for camping out are the folding chafing-dishes and alcohol cookers. The latter consists of a good-sized saucpan holding tripod, lamp, spoon and aluminum flask of alcohol. When opened this makes a good-sized and convenient cooker for picnics or excursions.

### New and Satisfactory Cooking Methods

**O**NE of the most novel methods of cooking has recently been invented by a Western housekeeper—one who from necessity has had to do her own work. The upstairs portion of her house had to be put in order during the morning, and at the same time her presence was needed in the kitchen. This thoughtful housekeeper transformed an ordinary box into a "heat holder." Knowing that feathers were used for keeping warm the bodies of birds, whose bodily temperature is higher than that of animals, she thought a box covered with feathers would hold in the heat that had been given by the fire, so she lined a box neatly with Canton flannel, and covered the outside all over with thick pillows of chicken feathers. The lid of the box was made to fit closely, and was covered also with feathers. In the morning this housekeeper would place a kettle of mush over the fire to boil, while the dishes were being washed, and transfer it to the box, covering it closely. The boiling heat was retained for at least two hours, and the cooking thus continued without care for a longer time. The fire was at once cooled off, making the house quite comfortable. Meats were treated in the same way, and a chicken cooked in this box was most delicious, tender and juicy, it having been brought to boiling point over the fire, boiled rapidly for five minutes, and then put at once into the box, where it finished cooking in an hour and a half.

### Another Western Housekeeper's Invention

**A**NOTHER housekeeper in the West told me that she had for years used a box lined with firebrick, the outside of which was covered with asbestos and mineral wool, keeping it out of the draught. It has answered the same purpose as the feather-covered box.

The Aladdin oven was copied from a Swedish stove made much after this fashion, and the Chinese tea-cozy is but the same idea put into the cover for a teapot, which produces, as we all know, the best infusion that can be made from tea leaves.

The thoughtful, intelligent housekeeper soon learns that a slow fire produces the best results, the hot, scorching fire driving in, or destroying, the flavor. The object of cooking is to make the food more palatable, and to intensify, not destroy, the flavor. Old peas, beans and lentils become exceedingly palatable, very nutritious, and have a higher food value when baked slowly in a cool oven over night. When cooked rapidly over a hot fire they become hard and indigestible.

These heat-holding boxes might always be used for the breakfast oatmeal. During the day a double quantity could be placed in a large kettle, cooked while the work in the kitchen was being done, and then placed in the box to continue cooking for at least four or five hours. It might then be reheated and put back into the box for another four or five hours, thus being converted, without any extra work or fire, into a palatable, wholesome and nutritious article of diet.

### The Hot Plate and Portable Oven

**W**HERE space will not permit of a cabinet stove, the "hot plate" of three burners, with a good portable oven, may be placed on the top of the ordinary stove or range. Such a stove may be connected by a rubber tube from an extra cock arranged near the wall or ceiling on the ordinary burners. Personal experience makes me quite sure that such an arrangement will suffice for all necessary cooking in a family of six, at an average cost of not more than twelve cents per day. Where this must, as it did for me, serve as the only laundry stove, the cost will be increased to an average of fifteen cents per day. Iron heaters attached direct to the iron are much more economical, and save the time usually spent in running from stove to ironing-table. The iron may thus be kept at a continuous and regular heat from first to last. An iron-holder, adjustable to any small gas or oil stove, may also be used.

### When it is Necessary to Keep Food Warm

**S**MALL ovens for keeping foods warm for the belated members of the family are both practical and convenient. These may be placed over a lamp or a single gas jet. Many persons seem to have the impression that all these attachments are luxuries in which the rich only may indulge. But the fact is that the rich grow richer by such economies. It has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that oil or gas is far cheaper, at regular prices, than coal, particularly when to the coal is added the cost of kindling.

The atmospheric burners now attached to all gas-burning stoves (by this I mean oil and gasoline as well as common gas) enable a perfect mixing of gas and air, which materially lessens the cost of fuel. It is this combination that produces the blue flame, with feeble illuminating power but intense heat, which is utilized directly on the cooking vessel. This arrangement prevents waste by dissipation of the gas as formed in the surrounding air, and gives perfect combustion, so that no taste whatever is imparted to the cooking of foods, as was the case in the old-fashioned stoves which were furnished with red or illuminating burners.

Editor's Note—Mrs. Rorer's answers to her correspondents, under the title "Mrs. Rorer's Answers," will be found on page 38 of this issue of the Journal.

## TWO SCUTTLES

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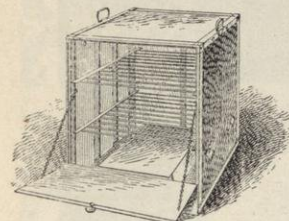
for summer homes—what they are and what they cost—told about in "Vantine's Monthly," Summer Housefurnishings Edition. A copy free on request.

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Miss Maria Parloa's New Department  
**HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND NEW IDEAS**

**I**N THESE days, when the shops are full of all kinds of attractive household appliances, the housekeeper should keep in mind, when examining them, the conditions under which her own household is conducted, because something which would be of great value in one case might be utterly useless in another. The housekeeper should consider whether or not the saving in time and labor would compensate for the expenditure, and should ask herself if the adjustment and care of the article in question might not take almost as much time as would be required to do the work in the ordinary way. Then, too, there are several things to take into account: whether the article is simple in construction and may be easily kept clean and in order; also its adaptability to more than one use, and, what is also an important matter, the space it will occupy. It is a waste of time and money to have closets so packed with all sorts of things that it is difficult to find a particular article when it is needed.



AN ASBESTOS OVEN

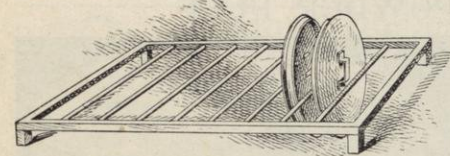
**A**N EXCELLENT article for summer use, when so many people resort to gas plates or oil stoves for cooking, is an asbestos oven, which may be set over any sort of burner. As asbestos is not a good conductor, the heat is held in the oven and not distributed through the kitchen. These ovens are made in various sizes, beginning with one fourteen inches in length, eighteen inches in height and thirteen and a half inches in width. The price of the cheapest kind is three dollars. This, of course, may be a drawback in all households where the family purse is so limited that every proposed expenditure has to be carefully weighed. At the same time, the great satisfaction which comes from the possession of any appliance which will reduce in a marked degree the discomfort of summer work in the kitchen is well worth considering.

**W**HEN cooking is done on an oil or gas stove the problem of keeping the contents of several saucepans simmering at the same time is often difficult to solve. Saucepans like those shown in the illustration, however, make it possible to have the contents of two or three cooking over the same burner, thus economizing space and fuel. Such pans may be purchased in tin or enamel ware, and in various sizes.



TRIPLE SAUCEPAN

**A** CONVENIENT method of keeping saucepan covers in place is to have a rack in one corner of the closet or dresser, with the covers so arranged between the bars that they may be taken out and returned to their places with the greatest ease. A common iron meat-rack will answer. If this is not available, make one of wood in the following manner: Use four blocks which measure two inches long, two and a half inches high and three-fourths of an inch wide, and some strips of wood measuring about one-fourth of an inch in diameter. Let two of the strips be fourteen inches long, and twelve strips nine inches long. Nail the two long strips on the four blocks; then nail the short pieces across



RACK FOR SAUCEPAN COVERS

the others, as shown above. This will allow for nearly an inch between the bars. The rack may be stained or not, as you choose.

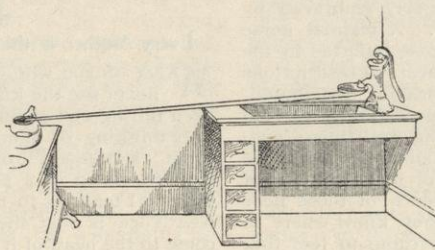
**Editor's Note**—This is the second article of a series on "Household Helps and New Ideas" which Miss Parloa will contribute to the Journal. The first was published in May.

**A** THREE-CORNERED wire basket, which may be placed in one corner of the sink, is an aid in keeping the sink and pipes clean, as well as a great saver of time. Into this basket there may be thrown all water containing kitchen refuse, and when it is well drained the solid matter may either be burned or thrown into the garbage pail. Such a basket may be bought for thirty-five cents.



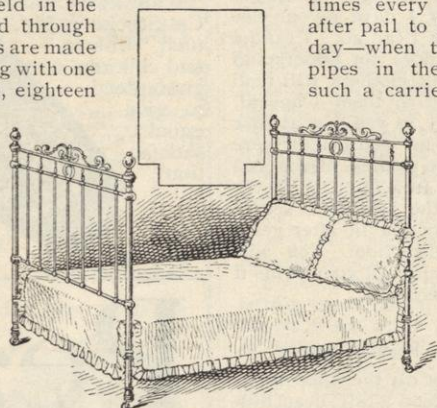
SINK BASKET

**A** KITCHEN device sent from Kent's Hill, Maine, in response to the JOURNAL's invitation and promise of reward, would save much lifting in a country house. It is a long pipe of galvanized iron, with an enlargement at one end, to carry the water from the pump to the stove or any other point desired. Have the pipe made an inch in diameter, and have it in sections that fit snugly into one another, so that it may be shortened or lengthened to reach the various points desired. This pipe may be used to fill tanks, boilers, kettles, washtubs, etc. Have two or three hooks fastened over the sink, on which it may rest when not in use. When one considers what it means to a woman to carry a kettle of water from sink to stove several times every day, or to carry pail after pail to fill a boiler on washing day—when there are no hot-water pipes in the house—the value of such a carrier will be apparent.



A CONVENIENT WATER CARRIER

**H**ERE is a simple method of making a chintz or dimity bedspread: Measure the width of the bed, and cut the material long enough to cover it completely and to come quite near the floor at the foot; cut the side pieces as wide as is the depth of the centre piece at the foot, from the mattress to the floor, and its own width shorter than the middle length. In a word, if the bedspread had consisted of one large piece at the beginning it would be as if a perfect square had been taken from the two corners at the foot. This insures exactly the same fall at the sides and foot. The measurements and cutting must be very accurate, so that the spread shall lie smooth on the bed and hang exactly true at the sides. Ruffle the sides and foot. The bedspread, if intended for an ordinary bed, should be made long enough and wide enough to tuck in at the sides and foot, and to cover the bolster or pillows. If for a brass or enamel bedstead, with a valance, it should be made just long and wide enough for the ruffled edge to lap over the valance.



A NEW KIND OF BEDSPREAD

**S**OLIDIFIED alcohol is a new invention which will be found most valuable in the sick-room or nursery, or when one is traveling or camping, or indeed in any situation where a quick and safe method of heating small quantities of liquids or foods may be required. It comes in small cans and looks like white wax. When it is touched with a lighted match it ignites like ordinary alcohol. A little tripod fits over the can. This is drawn up before lighting the lamp.



SOLIDIFIED ALCOHOL

A small saucepan containing the article to be heated is placed on this tripod, as shown in the illustration. When the article has been heated the flame is extinguished by placing an inverted tumbler or cup over the can. In about a minute the alcohol returns to the solid form and the cover of the can may then be screwed on. The weight of this apparatus is about three ounces, making it easily possible to carry the little lamp in the pocket. The cost is twenty-five cents. There is enough alcohol in the can to burn for one hour. It is to be hoped that this invention may be carried still further. If this substance could be made in the form of small tablets, to be used under the chafing-dish, the little brass teakettle, the coffee-urn, etc., it would be very convenient. I have used the little can of solidified alcohol quite successfully under the old-fashioned blazer.

**H**OUSEKEEPERS know from experience how difficult it is to remove the wooden skewers which provision dealers use in meats and poultry. There is, however, a little device which draws out the skewers with the greatest ease. It is nickel-plated, and costs twenty-five cents. It seems to me that it should be sold at a lower price; still, one would probably last a lifetime.



SKEWER PULLER

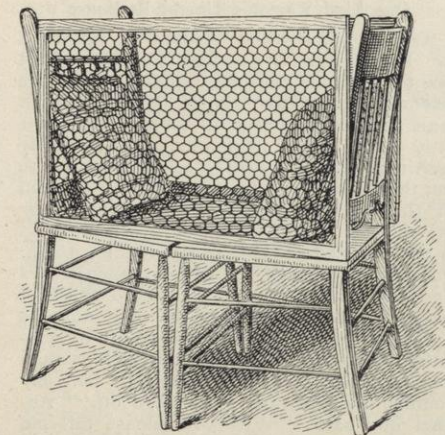
**F**ROM Lena Jeffries, of Des Moines, Iowa, comes the following description of a new kind of woodwork duster: The material needed is five yards of soft cotton goods of ordinary width, old calico or cotton flannel being best. Cut out two pieces sixteen inches wide by twenty inches long. Sew them together, inclosing a three-inch double ruffle in the seam on three sides, as you would for a chair cushion. Hem the open end with an inch hem, and run through it a strong drawing-string—a selvedge from muslin is good. Now sew on each side of this bag three ruffles three inches wide, letting each ruffle just touch the preceding one, and letting the hem of the ruffle extend toward the inclosed end of the bag. Draw the bag over the end of the broom and tie securely around the handle. You now have a woodwork duster for doors, casings, baseboards, head and foot boards of beds, dressers, commodes, tables, etc.—in fact, any article where one has to reach up or bend down to dust. It will surprise you to see how the ruffles insert themselves into corners. The long handle does away with the step-ladder or chair to stand on when dusting.

**F**OR beating upholstered furniture there is an ingenious little device to protect the fabric, which is often injured when the bare rattan is used. A thick pad is made to fit smoothly over a small rattan beater. This is sewed on securely. An old beater may be utilized for this purpose. To do this, cut several thicknesses of strong cloth in the shape of the beater, but much larger. Baste thick layers of cotton batting between these; then sew them together at the lower end, slip this pad over the beater and sew the edges firmly together. Once tried, such a beater will be prized.



FURNITURE BEATER

**A**MONG the readers of the JOURNAL who, in response to the recent offer of prizes for ideas designed to lighten women's work in the household, sent suggestions which received awards, was Mrs. Elbert Clark Rockwood, of Iowa City, Iowa. Mrs. Clark described a way to keep the baby safe while doing the ordinary duties of the day. "The essentials," she wrote, "seemed to be that the child should be kept from the floor, and be given freedom without danger of falling. This is the plan I adopted and which I called a 'cage': Two high-backed dining-room chairs were utilized, being set with the fronts of the seats together. This left the backs at each end. Then the sides of the two chairs were measured and a light frame made of that size, to which was fastened small-mesh wire fencing. These frames were tightly tied at the top and bottom of the chair posts, and thus the 'cage' was



A SAFE PLACE FOR THE BABY

completed and could be easily put together and taken apart at pleasure. Into it was put the baby, with playthings and cushions. The conditions were fulfilled, for the baby was off the floor and could stand or sit, or even walk a little, as the fancy seized him. The baby was delighted, and so was the mother."

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# The King's Daughters

Edited by Margaret Bottome

## HEART TO HEART TALKS



**HIS** month I want to tell the readers of the JOURNAL of some of the work which is being done in the city of New York, in what is called the "tenement-house district." It would take much more space than that which this page affords to tell you of all the good that is being done there, but perhaps I can awaken an interest in the subject sufficient for many of you to determine to have a hand in this very excellent work by forming cooperative Circles.

Letters are coming to me constantly from Circles that are forming, saying, "Can you tell us of any work we can do? There are no needy people in our village." I wish that these Circles could help us in our Settlement work. I would like to send each one of them a copy of our last annual report, but as that is impossible the next best thing for me to do is to give an idea of the work which has been accomplished. I hardly know where to begin. Perhaps the kindergarten will interest the young girls, and some of "my children," as I begin to call them, who have written such nice letters to me, and who will expect me to have something special to say to them on this page.



### Work Among Children and Mothers

**I** WISH I could show them the two large, bright rooms on the first floor of The King's Daughters' House, and introduce them to Miss Townsend, who is in charge. They would see forty-six little girls all so well dressed that it is not easy to realize that they come from homes of poverty. And yet they do. And if you could see them a short time after they reach their homes, when the kindergarten clothes have been carefully laid away till the next day and others put on, you would not be in any doubt as to their poverty. A luncheon of bread and milk is given the children, and they are taught, and taken care of, and encouraged in every way.

There is also a club called "The Home-Makers' Club," which meets every Thursday afternoon in the pleasant room which the members have taken pride in furnishing. The third meeting in every month is reserved for the discussion of some special subject, either practical or spiritual. Well-known women give talks on different subjects, on housekeeping, and on sanitary matters touching the home and the bringing up of children. The intervening meetings are spent in sewing while some one reads aloud. The garments which are made are not given away, but sold for a trifling sum. The money received, with the ten-cent dues paid by the members each month, makes the club entirely self-supporting. At the close of each meeting refreshments are served to the members of the club. Just think what these meetings must be to these poor mothers.



### Helping the "Little Mothers" to be Happy

**T**HEN there is "The Little Housekeepers' Club." As the name implies, the girls are children who are obliged to take care of their little brothers and sisters while their mothers are at work. The little housekeepers have a teacher, and meet on Wednesday and Friday afternoons. Prizes are given to those who come neatly and cleanly dressed. The prizes consist of the most practical things, such as combs, hairbrushes and toothbrushes. A part of each afternoon is spent in calisthenics. On Friday afternoons they go to the New York Cooking School for lessons. Before going home all have a frolic, and also a cup of chocolate or milk, with bread and butter, or bread and jam. Does it not make you happy just to be told of the interest which is being taken in these children?



### A Club for the Little Girls

**T**HE Junior Girls' Club meets on Monday afternoons. They play games, guess charades and sing. The object of the club was primarily to entertain the girls in order to encourage them to undertake some useful work. So a cake of soap was offered to every girl who would learn to knit a washcloth. They knitted washcloths for themselves, and then began to knit extra ones for sale. Then they were taught how to knit babies' shirts and workbags, which were also sold for them. Almost every Monday time is found to read them a short story. The third Monday in each month is devoted to entertainment, music, or an informal talk on some subject which interests the children. The children are unusually well behaved, and rarely miss a meeting of their club. They are all happy little girls, because they feel that they are doing something in return for all the kind things which are being done for them by their good teacher.

## Summer Nursing in the Settlement

**A**NOTHER part of the work that has been so interesting to me is summer nursing in connection with the Settlement. This work grew out of a call from Mr. Jacob A. Riis to The King's Daughters to help him in the distribution of flowers among the tenement-house population. The Order promptly responded to his appeal, and a committee was appointed to aid him. About the same time the summer corps of inspectors was organized by the Board of Health, and the young doctors found their work limited because they had no one to help them. They needed nurses to see that their patients got the medicines that they prescribed, and also proper care and nursing. This new opportunity of service was eagerly embraced by Mr. Riis and the Order. A trained nurse was engaged, and every case reported by the doctor was visited at once. Prescriptions were filled, food and delicacies distributed, and the doctor's directions carefully carried out. The need of clothing, bed linen, food, ice and fresh air led to an appeal for these things, and the opening of new branches of work, and so the confidence of these poor people was gained and they knew where to go when in need, and so came to feel that they really belonged to The King's Daughters. This work has gone on for nearly nine years. Ah, this is what is needed; this is living Christianity, doing the Master's work. Let us do all the good we can while we have the opportunity. Let us remember the words of Mrs. Rundle Charles' beautiful poem:

"Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another,  
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother.

"Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful shall renew;  
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

"For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain;  
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain."



### Work in Which Volunteers are Needed

**I**N LOOKING over the report of this work I see that there is a meeting at the Settlement every Saturday afternoon when "Kindness to all living things" is the general subject. The teacher who is in charge is in need of some one to help her by playing for the children while they sing. Volunteers are also greatly needed to help on library days, especially during the summer months, but probably the most permanent help could come from forming cooperative Circles. I know of one group of young girls who gather once a week with a determination to learn all they can about the work and to help in every possible way. Although not able to come to the house, nor to give any personal service, they correspond with the Secretary, who lets them know of any special needs that they can fill. Does not all this suggest how other Settlements in other cities may be formed?

A few days ago one of the teachers in this Settlement work called on me and asked me if I could not get some lady of my acquaintance to open her house for a meeting similar to one which was held two years ago when Mr. Theodore Roosevelt did such good service by so highly recommending the work. So many who were invited to that meeting have been real friends of the work ever since! This is one way of greatly helping the people who are doing such good work in connection with the Settlement. People are invited who do not know of the work which is being done in the Settlement, and in this way new avenues of help are opened.



### One Kind Woman's Liberal Response

**L**AST summer while visiting at Norwood Park I asked my hostess if she would not like to send for the poor mothers from the tenement-house districts in New York to come and see the beautiful country with their little ones. She responded by cordially inviting them. I wish I could describe to you the joy of those mothers as they stepped off the boat at Branchport, and how they enjoyed the beautiful day and all the good things which had been provided for them. If I could I am sure that other women would "go and do likewise." I love to think of the poor women coming to the Settlement as a place of refuge where they are sure of sympathy and advice. As one poor little woman said recently: "When I come here with my troubles they always get rolled off." Another one said: "Will you please tell me why you ladies do all these things for us when you are not a church?" And then there is the opportunity to tell them what the name of our Order means and why we are among them.

Now, if you want to help the helpless, and find no one near at hand who seems to need what you can give, remember the work of The King's Daughters' Settlement in New York, and form cooperative Circles.

## Carry the Settlement Idea into Your Life

**T**HEN, again, why should not this Settlement idea be carried into all of life, into business, into social life, for, after all, it is only the simple idea of helpfulness and strength, and strength to those less favored than ourselves? Oh, what opportunities we are losing of service for God in the humanity which surrounds us. We read the story of the miracle of Christ breaking the bread, but we do not see what miracles we might perform every day of our lives just by sharing with others what we have. I never see a huge bunch of violets, when violets are scarce, without thinking that if that bunch of violets were divided into three and given away its owner would have a joy that the large bunch could never have given her. He broke bread "and gave." We are apt to keep the loaf. The disciple said: "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many? And Jesus said, Make the men sit down. . . . And Jesus took the loaves; and when He had given thanks, He distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down." Oh, this hungry, starving world, crying for one kind of bread or another. Shall we help to feed it?



### Every Mother is the Head of a Settlement

**M**ANY of you who will read this page will never see the kind of Settlement I have been telling you about; but without, perhaps, ever thinking of using the name, you are in some "settlement" or other. Every mother is at the head of a settlement. One of the beautiful features to me at the Settlement in New York is that the mothers and children come to the head of it with their troubles and find her a refuge. How is it in your settlement? Do your children, and even the servants in your house, come to you for advice and comfort? Do you devote a portion of time, formally or informally, to instruct them on any line? Do you come into such close contact with your children that they turn to you first and most naturally for sympathy? Alas, many of you do not, or I should not receive so many letters saying: "I come to you with my trouble, for I have no one else in all the world to whom I can go. I cannot go to my mother; she does not understand me." Now, many young mothers will read what I am writing, and to them I appeal. Commence in time. Say, as you look at your little family: "This is my settlement; here is my work. I have the bodies, minds and souls of my children to look after." Never forget that you are at the head of a settlement. Nothing will pay you in after years like devotion in this direction. You will have a harvest of ashes for all your pains if you sow in the other direction.



### One Mother Who was Reaping Sorrow

**I** WAS sitting in a street car the other morning, and before me stood a tall, beautiful-looking girl; her mother was by her side. They looked alike. When the car gave a sudden start the mother stretched her hand toward her daughter, and I was startled to hear her say, "Don't lean on me." The mother stepped back and felt for the strap, but there was no smile on the face of the daughter. The words might have been spoken playfully and with a sort of "Don't lean on me, mother, dear; I shall prove a poor support," but it was not that at all. The cold look as the words were uttered, "Don't lean on me," showed an utter absence of love. Maybe the mother had said to that girl when she was a child, "Don't lean on me," and if so the mother was reaping precisely what she had sowed. "Don't bother me!" "Go away!" is seed, and the harvest from it will be bitter. Do not forget that the tables may be turned.



### Keep the Children Inside the Home

**A**S I THINK of the growth in character and usefulness—for they are inseparable—the old words come back, "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." But there will be no full corn without the blade. "You must sow a habit to reap a character," and you must commence while you are young. The soil is so fruitful if we commence with the children and train them in the right way. A few years ago I tried to train a vine of German ivy to edge some curtains in my room, and one day I was startled to find that my ivy had made its way out of a tear in the curtain, and was growing up outside of my window, instead of inside, and growing, too, without any support. I stood and looked at it and thought of my little boys—they were small boys then—and I said to myself: "I must be careful. I do not want my boys to grow away from the influence of home. I must make my home attractive; I must train my boys inside the home." I can see that German ivy, and the hole in the curtain through which it crept out so plainly, at this moment, and I feel that I must say to all the mothers who read this page: "Train your children in the way you will want them to go in future years. Do not let them grow up outside of, or away from, the home."

Margaret Bottome

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[Mr. Warman has for thirty years studied and taught the easy rules of physical health and exercise in every State and Territory in the Union and in Canada, and Mrs. Warman has assisted him. They have familiarized themselves with every system or form of exercise extant, with or without apparatus. Both, therefore, write from a ripe experience, not from theory. Their work for the JOURNAL during the coming months will be of a joint character: Mrs. Warman writing for women, Mr. Warman writing for men. Both will be glad to answer questions in the magazine, or reply to letters addressed to them in care of the JOURNAL. But postage must positively be inclosed where replies by mail are desired.—The Editor.]

### Sitting Out on Summer Evenings

THIS is a custom not to be condemned, but to be encouraged under favorable circumstances. From a social, as well as a health, point of view it is desirable when the necessary precautions are taken, viz.: First, protect yourself, if in a malarial district, by keeping the system well toned up through proper exercise and nutritious food, thus fortifying yourself outwardly and inwardly. Disease is not an attack, but a summing up. Keep all of the vital organs up to the proper standard of activity, and they will do excellent sentinel duty and will not allow the enemy to encroach upon you. Mal-aria (bad air) is more or less prevalent everywhere, but all bad air is not miasmatic. All things considered, outdoor air is preferable to indoor air on hot summer nights.

Second: Avoid a draught, if overheated.

Third: Sit under cover, if possible, if there is much dampness in the air. Remember that electricity is life, and that we do not get it from the earth, but the earth takes it from us; therefore keep your feet from the wet boards or the wet grass in order that the vitality of your body be not reduced by the dampness' conducting the electricity from your body. Even the dampness of the clothing is not desirable, and should by all means be avoided, as it also reduces the vital force. Sitting under cover, unless the dampness is very penetrating, will not affect unpleasantly one who is in fairly good health.

Fourth: Protect the back of the neck when sitting out-of-doors. It is the most vulnerable point for colds in the whole body—that is, if there are no diseased organs. I am now talking of prevention, not the removal of disease. The word "cold" is a misnomer. It is more akin to a fever; the system becomes clogged as the pores become closed, and the circulation is impeded, and what is commonly called a cold is the result. Whatever may be your manner of dress during the day, when night comes make preparation for the atmospheric change. True, it may still be warm, but it is less warm than during the day; hence more protection is needed for the body. Men, for some reason, are likely to be more cautious than women. A man may have been comfortable during the day by wearing a very thin coat, but when night comes he dons a heavier one, while the woman often sacrifices comfort for looks, and makes no addition to her day attire.

### Ventilating a Bedroom in Summer

AIR and sun the room, air and sun the bedding, air and sun yourself. Toss the bedding over chairs and expose it to the sunlight. Allow the sunlight to stream into the window sufficiently long to perform its office of purification. Then, if you think best, close the shutters and darken the room, but open them again ere the sun goes down, and, if possible, allow the air to circulate freely.

When you retire do not unduly expose yourself to a draught. Remember that your vitality is always lower during sleep, that the temperature of your body is greatly reduced, that the breathing depends wholly upon involuntary muscles, and that the weather may suddenly change during the night.

If your bedroom is so situated, open opposite windows, or door and window, but do not place the bed where the current of air will strike you directly. If you have but one window to open, lower it at the top, and raise it at the bottom. This is better than to raise it to the fullest extent, as you should allow the foul and heated air that rises to pass out of the upper opening, caused by the lowering of the window, and the purer and less warm air to enter the lower opening, thus creating its own current.

Whatever else you do, do not shut out the night air. No matter how well ventilated your room may be during the day you cannot well get along without the outside air to replenish the air that becomes poisoned with the exhalations of the body, as well as from the exhalations of the lungs. Consider the fact that two thousand cubic feet of fresh air are required every hour in order to keep the system in proper condition. If you wish to awaken refreshed see to it that your room is aired by day and ventilated by night.

### Ventilating a House on a Hot Day

WHAT has been said, in a general way, of the bedroom may also be said of the house—that is, as regards sunlight. Admit it at least a part of the day in as many of the rooms as is possible, especially in the sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen. Every room should be aired daily and given the benefit of the sunlight, if not of the sunshine directly. Should you close the house or a part of it during the day do not do it so completely as to shut out the moving air, but invite it in through the open windows at the bottom, and after its mission of purification is accomplished give it free egress through the windows opened at the top. The dust may find its way in also, but better some dust and some air, than no dust and no air.

Bear in mind that a cool room in summer is not desirable nor healthful if the coolness has been purchased at the expense of fresh air and sunshine. Do not fail to have every window of every living-room lowered from the top, if only a few inches. The difference in the temperature of the rooms will soon be appreciable by heeding this advice; more especially so when the lights are turned on.

Electric light makes but little heat; lamp light quite a little; gas light very much. The difference is in favor of the electric light in consequence of its not being fed by the oxygen of the room. The electric light uses no oxygen for its support; lamp light and gas light do, each ordinary gas jet consuming, when burning full, as much oxygen as would be used ordinarily by sixteen persons.

### A Substitute for Ice Water

IT WAS my custom when traveling through the South to squeeze the juice of two or three lemons in a pitcher of fresh cold water, and when thirsty to take merely a sip. The benefits to be derived from this potion were twofold: not only was the system kept in excellent condition, but the thirst was allayed.

The way to prevent a bilious condition of the system, without resorting to blue pills or quinine, is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons (as appetite craves and judgment dictates) in as much water as makes it pleasant to drink, without sugar. Drink this freely just before retiring. In the morning, about half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water, without any sugar.

Do not endeavor to quench your thirst, and thereby irritate your throat and stomach, by taking the lemons clear. The powerful acid of the juice, when taken alone, is always most corrosive, and invariably produces inflammation, if long continued; but when properly diluted so that it does not draw the throat it does its work without harm, and when the stomach is clear of food it has abundant opportunity to work through the system thoroughly. When taken in this manner, night and morning, the lemon juice need be used only until the biliousness disappears, or as an occasional preventive.

If the business man would fill a quart bottle with pure water, put into it the juice of two or more lemons, then place the bottle in ice water, he would have a beverage that would slake his thirst, do him no harm, and send him home in the evening with his blood cool, his brain clear and his liver active.

### Drinking Ice Water in Summer

ICED water is preferable to ice water—iced water being cooled by the ice without being brought in direct contact with it. If the ice that is placed in the water were of the same water as that in which it is used the results of drinking ice water would not be so detrimental to the system, but the mixture of the two kinds of water forms one of the objectionable features.

The less ice water one drinks the better. Ice water increases one's thirst—that is, there is a greater tendency to desire drink, inasmuch as ice water slakes the thirst for a moment, but does not quench it.

Avoid cold drinks with meals unless the stomach is sufficiently strong to react quickly; if not, digestion is retarded, for no food can be digested unless the temperature of the stomach is at ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit. Also avoid eating those things which create an undue thirst.

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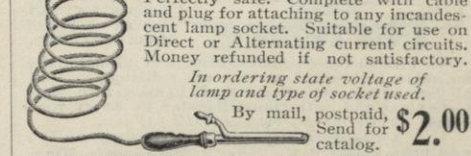
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Metal parts of Aluminum—will not tarnish. Size of ordinary curling-iron. Perfectly safe. Complete with cable and plug for attaching to any incandescent lamp socket. Suitable for use on Direct or Alternating current circuits. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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By mail, postpaid, Send for catalog, **\$2.00**  
ONOTA MANUFACTURING CO., Pittsfield, Mass.

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Kill the jar of walking, are good for nervous and elderly people, give delightful rest to all, and cost—all put on—but fifty cents. They out-last leather.

Imitation is sincere flattery. Do you like imitations? No? Then get the original O'Sullivan's at your dealer's, or send to

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LOWELL, MASS.  
Free Booklet.



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A New Pair Hose for 10c. Cut off ragged feet, attach "Racine Feet" to legs of hosiery by our new Stockinette Stitch, and you have a pair of hose as good as new. Cost only 10c. and a few moments' time.

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A Double-Rubbing Machine Does Work no other can do

Because two wash-board-like surfaces, self-regulating, moving in opposite directions at the same time, subject the clothes to a gentle and effective rubbing. This wonderful effect is produced by pivoting the machine so that the rubbing device oscillates or



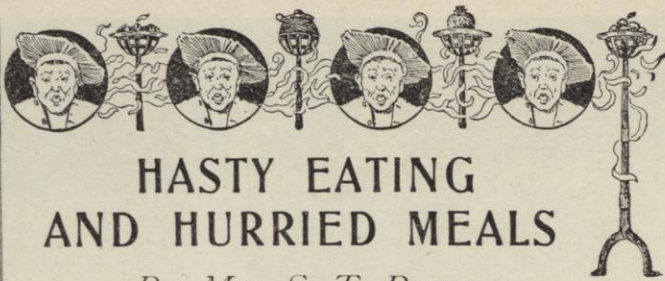
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rocks in a direction opposite to the oscillation of the Washer. Operated while standing; avoids backache. Washes blankets, comforts, or adjusts automatically for a single shirt; for that reason it is the best Washer in the world for dainty linens, which it will not tear nor injure in the least. Simplicity itself—can't get out of order—no wheels, levers, shafts or castings to break, oil, or wear out. Easily cleaned—everything removable. Top closes tightly, keeping in sickening odors of steam, soap and soiled clothes, and keeps water from splashing out.

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The "CHICAGO" (unlike washers sold by agents) really washes. Booklet with "Washing Secrets" for the up-to-date housekeeper, FREE.

Address FAMOUS MFG. CO., 32 W. Randolph St., Chicago. Largest manufacturers of this class of goods in the world.



## HASTY EATING AND HURRIED MEALS

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF HEALTH AND DIET TALKS

**H**ASTY eating, without proper mastication, is a violation of Nature's laws, the penalty of which is indigestion, and disordered liver and bowels. Food hastily swallowed has one of two endings: either in an unprepared condition it enters the stomach as a stranger, is rushed along into the intestines, and so out of the body, or it may be retained in an undigested condition, fulfilling in no part its natural functions of nutrition, thus causing many diseases. It is a habit not easy to cure, especially in the American business man who patronizes the noonday stand-up lunch counters. The fact remains, however, that unless he does correct it before he reaches middle life he will suffer from maladies of a serious nature. Far better is it for him to fast at noontime, or sip a liquid food in small quantities, than to swallow hastily even the most nutritive materials.

### A Lesson We May Learn from the Laborer

**T**HE outdoor laborer may bolt his meals with far less injury than his closely confined brother. But generally the opposite method is the rule. The laborer sits down and quietly takes the hour allotted him for his dinner, enjoying it, masticating it well, and giving time for a good beginning to stomach digestion before returning to his work. The indoor man, on the other hand, rushes up to a lunch counter, picks up that which is nearest—perhaps a quarter of a pie—swallows it almost whole, washes it down quickly with a cup of tea or coffee, saturated with sugar and cream, goes back to his warm, ily ventilated office, and takes a stooping position, which necessarily retards digestion.

### How Easy Digestion May be Aided

**D**IGESTION is aided, even where mastication is slowly and thoroughly done, by the wise selection of foods put together in the mouth, and by proper methods of cooking. For instance, starchy foods are digested under the influence of an alkaline medium. The secretions of the mouth are, or should be, alkaline. If, then, you take a bite of bread, and at the same time a spoonful of acid fruit, you spoil or retard the digestion of the bread by mingling with the alkaline secretions of the mouth an acid, which must and will neutralize the needed material. Masticate and swallow the bread, and then eat the fruit. Again, fatty foods are useful, flour of wheat nutritious, natural sugars in small quantities advantageous, and many fruits appetizing and wholesome. Mix these in a pie and all is changed. The fat surrounds the starch grains, preventing the free action of both saliva, stomach and intestinal secretions. The sugar is chemically changed into two new sugars—by effect of heat with the fruit acids, which are more prone to fermentation than the first sugar.

### The Foods Best Suited to the Indoor Worker

**T**HE easily digested meats, milk and eggs are the nitrogenous foods best suited to the indoor laborer. These are also the muscle or flesh forming foods, and only one at a time should be used. For instance, the person who eats chops or steaks and boiled eggs at the same meal is most unwise; gout poisons are the avenging fates. A better way is to spread out these few nitrogenous principles, if only for the sake of variety. On the other hand, too much fat or starch, these foods producing heat, force and fat, increase the weight of the body, overtax the intestinal digestion, clog the liver, and create constipation. The latter group, to be at all valuable, must be eaten slowly, as their digestion depends upon thorough mastication. This makes it obvious that the piece of pie, or cake, or sandwich, or any other article composed largely of starchy food, is by far more liable to create unnatural conditions at the hurried meal than would a glass of milk, a bowl of bread and milk, eggs, steak, or a chop. To be still more explicit, bread, potatoes, porridge, mush, rice and all vegetables must be slowly eaten and well masticated, while meats, milk, cheese and eggs should be torn apart for easy stomach digestion, as they are chemically unchanged by mouth secretions—that is, the first step to their digestion is in the stomach. The smaller the particles, however, the more quickly and easily will the stomach secretions act.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of Health and Diet Talks which Mrs. Rorer will contribute to the Journal during 1899. The following have been published:  
Food for Men and Women Over Fifty, February  
Sanitation and Ventilation of the Home, April  
Milk: Its Use and Abuse, May  
The subject of the next article in the series (for August) will be "The First Meal of the Day."

### Where the Noonday Meal is Rushed

**W**HERE it seems necessary to rush the noonday meal I would recommend a rather satisfying breakfast, and a very good dinner at the close, or what should be the close, of the day's work. The noonday luncheon, then, may be composed of a cream soup, a couple of slices of whole wheat bread buttered, or two soft-boiled eggs, or a small steak, or a glass of buttermilk, or a bowl of perfectly clear soup, followed by a couple of chops for the indoor laborer.

The suburban dweller will find his life very much more comfortable if he take a simple breakfast composed of a cup of coffee, a soft-boiled egg and a bit of toast. The coffee should be made by percolation, not boiling; the coffee itself should be of the best, and the cup should be half filled with gently scalded milk; I mean by this, milk not boiled, but simply heated. The coffee should be taken without sugar. It is a very common thing for the man who lives in a constant rush to find that his brain is not active, and that he is working under a strain. Then in a little while he breaks down with nervous prostration, which almost invariably comes from lack of observation of Nature's laws.

### Men and Women at Lunch Counters

**M**EN, as a class, make better selections of food at a lunch counter than do women. I have observed, during the warm months, that women who are in town shopping usually begin their luncheon with a plate of ice cream to chill the stomach, then a cup of coffee, or more frequently tea and rolls, to warm it back to comfort again, or a cinnamon bun and a plate of ice cream. They rarely ever select a dainty salad or a thin slice of cold meat, with bread and butter, or fruits, or an aspic dish, all of which are cooling and appetizing. A slice of cold roast beef, neatly garnished with a few blocks of aspic, and a plate of lettuce, makes an exceedingly nice luncheon on a warm day. Where, however, time is short, ice cream, if very slowly eaten, will not prove injurious, if unmixed with other foods. The following menus may serve as a guide to those who must of necessity eat the midday meal away from home:

### Breakfast Menus for Suburbanites

Berries	Brown Bread	Farina, Cream
Omelet		Cereal Coffee
Sliced Peaches	Broiled Calf's Liver	Oatmeal, Milk
		Toast Coffee
Beauregard Eggs	Cantaloupe	Coffee
	Toast	
Broiled Chops	Sliced Tomatoes	
Whole Wheat Bread	Cocoa	

### Hasty Luncheons at the Counter

Cream of Celery Soup	Toast
Tomato Stuffed with Chopped Cold Beef	
Brown Bread	French Dressing
	Coffee
Sliced Peaches	Mutton Sandwich
	Cinnamon Bun
Cream Hashed Chicken	Toast
	Berries

### Menus for Women Who are Shopping

Cold Bouillon	Rice Cake	Berries	Wafers
Cold Rice Pudding	Gingerbread	Fruit	
Cold Moulded Farina, Whipped Cream	Sliced Peaches		
Chicken Salad	Rolls, Butter	Lettuce	
Ice Cream	Berries	Buns	
Chicken Sandwich	Cold Cocoa	Dill Pickles	
Tongue Sandwich	Cantaloupe	Mayonnaise of Tomato	Coffee

# The Famous English Yorkshire Ham Flavor

Is only to be found in

"Iowa's Pride" Ham and Bacon

Made only by John Morrell & Co., by a special process of curing, the result of nearly seventy years' experience. It gives that delicious flavor when applied to the best hog's meat that can be purchased in the best hog-raising State in the Union. It's also a "meat juice retaining" process. When you eat "Iowa's Pride" Ham or Bacon you wish for the next meal to come.

### "Morrell's Iowa's Pride"

Is burnt in on the skin of every piece of meat to prevent unscrupulous dealers' attempt to substitute, when there can be no substitute for this unique production. We are the only packers that produce it.

If you can't get it at your dealer's write us; we will tell you how to get it in your town.

John Morrell & Co., Ltd., Ottumwa, Ia.

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always have Wool Soap in your soap-tray. It's the skin's chaperon—it takes care of your skin, because it is positively pure—just clean, white, unadulterated soap—safe soap for the whole family, for baby and all the folks.

Swift and Company, Makers Chicago

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## Van Camp's Concentrated Soups

—the kind that is quickly prepared, inexpensive and delicious. Sample can sent for six cents in stamps. Booklet free.

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302 Kentucky Ave., - Indianapolis, Ind.  
"Instantly and deliciously at your service"

### "Frozen Dainties" FREE

A dainty book that will help you make the most delicious desserts. By Mrs. Lincoln, author of the "Boston Cook Book." Sent free because it commends the IMPROVED TRIPLE-MOTION WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZERS.

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO., Dept. F, Nashua, N. H.

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Is Furnished by the

## VICTOR INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATER

Which occupies but little room; is ready for use night or day; furnishes hot water instantly for bathing, shaving, sickness, and all domestic purposes when hot water is required. Uses Gas or Gasoline. Ask your dealers for it, or send for free catalogue.

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A COMPLETE Pocket Stove (note cuts) ready for instant use. May be re-lighted from time to time, and will burn continuously for one hour—is non-explosive.

The stove will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of metal cap from a bottle of Vigoral, or the stove and Vigoral will be sent on receipt of 35c. for 2-oz., or 50c. for 4-oz. bottle.

Makes Weak People Strong.

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An Excellent Appetizer.

—Concentrated Beef

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Liberal terms and exclusive agency to dealers.

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We furnish the very latest ideas, and all materials, including high-grade heater, best radiation, and all piping and connections, cut ready to erect, with complete plans and instructions therefor to warm your home. Write for Booklet. It will pay you.

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Catalogue of Cots, Chairs, etc., in great variety, sent free.

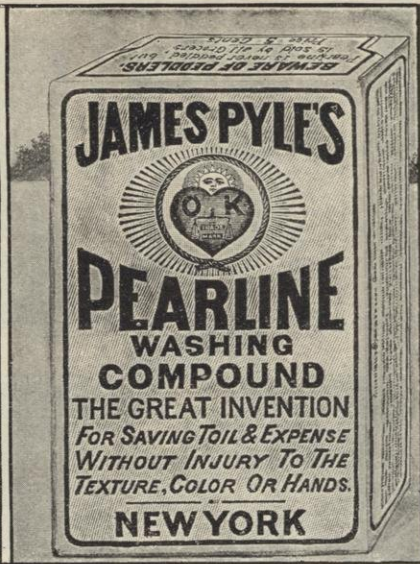
GOLD MEDAL CAMP FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO.  
Racine, Wisconsin





AUTOMOBILE, WITH GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB IN THE BACKGROUND.

Goes easily, quickly, safely without horses.



Washes and cleans easily, quickly, safely without elbow-grease.

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Pearline gives you easier, quicker and more economical washing and cleaning than any other medium that's safe to use.

Soap makers warn you against soap powders—so do we. Get the good one—there are both sorts. Same thing is true of soap.

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The brightest women use it most.  
The daintiest things need it most.

Put it to the severest trial or comparison; you'll always find

## Pearline Best by Test



### Beauty Smiles from the Glass

With complexion pure, clear and healthful, at the woman who uses

## LABLACHE FACE POWDER

"THE QUEEN OF TOILET POWDERS"

Most refreshing to use; allays irritations caused by wind or heat; relieves and prevents sunburn. Without an equal. *Beware of substitutes.*

*Flesh, White, Pink and Cream Tints. Price, 50 cents per box. Of all druggists, or by mail.*

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Sold by ROBERTS & CO., 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris; 76 New Bond Street, London, and KINGSFORD & CO., 54 Piccadilly, W., London.

## CRESCENT



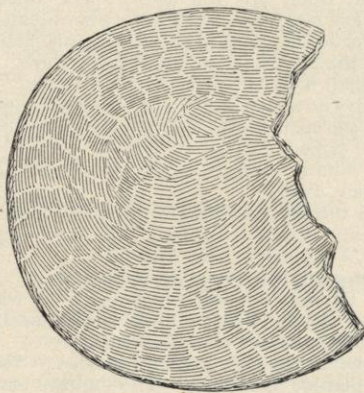
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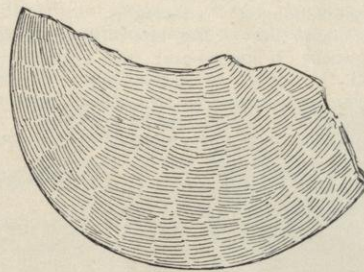
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The first bite  
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There is a peculiarity about **Uneeda Jinjer Wayfer**. The more you eat the more you want, but you can eat to your satisfaction without eating too many. It's the delicacy of a **Uneeda Jinjer Wayfer** that makes it appetizing; it's the goodness of a **Uneeda Jinjer Wayfer** that makes it wholesome. Every

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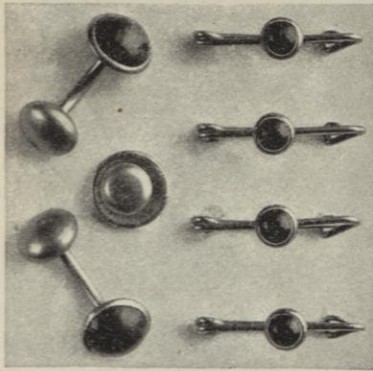
is just right. It contains a touch of ginger to make it delicious; it contains the best of everything to make it good. It reminds you of the old-fashioned Ginger Snap—it's so different. Have them on the table; give them to the children; never let your supply run short. Sold everywhere in air-tight, moisture-proof boxes, just like the famous **Uneeda Biscuit**. Made only by

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Proprietors of the registered trade-mark, "Uneeda"



### Ladies' Blouse Set

Price \$1.00



EXACT SIZE

There are seven pieces in this blouse set—four gold-filled fashion pins, a pair of gold-filled link cuff buttons and a plain gold-filled collar button. The fashion pins and cuff buttons are set with imitations of Emeralds, Amethysts, Turquoise or Rubies, and are made of gold-filled stock which we warrant for five years' wear.

Blouse sets are handsome, fashionable and useful—they are one of the fads of the season for women's wear. They can be bought only of the better-class jewelers or of us.

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On receipt of \$1.00 we will send you the set, postpaid. If not entirely satisfactory, return, and we will refund your money.

In ordering specify whether you want Emeralds, Amethysts, Turquoise or Rubies.

THE LINWOOD COMPANY, Providence, R. I.

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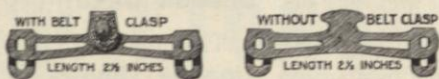


Stylish, convenient, economical; made of fine cloth, and exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. The turn-down collars are reversible, and give double service.

#### NO LAUNDRY WORK

When soiled on both sides, discard. Ten collars, or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail, 30c. Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar and pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

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### The Triplex Skirt, Waist and Belt Lock

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No pins, hooks and eyes, clasps, iron rust nor ragged skirt-bands. An entirely new idea. As practical as a button and button-hole. By a twist of the wrist the skirt and waist are locked together. One lock is sufficient for all your skirts and waists.



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## CAPTAIN DIEPPE

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 8)

"Hush! What's that?" whispered she, grasping his arm nervously. The Captain, recalled to the needs of the situation, abandoned his compliment—or argument, whichever it was—and listened intently.

There were voices outside the hut, some little way off, seeming to come from above, as though the speakers were on the crest of the hill; they were audible intermittently, but connectedly enough, as though their owners waited from time to time for a lull in the gusty wind before they spoke.

"Hold the lantern here; why, it's past seven! He ought to be here by now."

"We've searched everywhere."

"That's Paul de Roustache," whispered the Captain.

"Perhaps he's lying down out of the storm somewhere. Shall we shout?"

"Oh, if you like; but you risk being overheard. I'm tired of the job."

"The ground dips here. Come, we must search the hollow. You must earn your reward, M. de Roustache."

The lady pressed Dieppe's arm. "I can't go now," she whispered.

"I'm willing to earn it, but I'd like to see it," assented Paul.

"What's that down there?"

"You don't attend to my suggestion, M. Sévier!"

"Sévier!" muttered Captain Dieppe.

"Call me Guillaume!" came sharply from the voice he had first heard.

"Exactly," murmured Dieppe. "Call him anything except his name. Oh, exactly!"

"It looks like—a like a building—a shed or something. Come, he may be in there."

"Oh!" murmured the lady. "You won't let them in?"

"They sha'n't see you," Dieppe reassured her. "But listen, my dear friend, listen."

"Who's the other? Sévier?"

"A gentleman who takes an interest in me. But silence, pray, silence, if you—if you'll be guided by me."

"Let's go down and try the door. If he's not there, anyhow we can shelter ourselves, till he turns up."

There was a pause. Footsteps could be heard climbing down the grassy slope.

"What if you find it locked?"

"Then I shall think some one is inside—and some one who has discovered reasons for not wishing to be met!"

"And what will you do?" The voices were very near now, and Paul's discontented sneer made the Captain smile; but his hand sought the pocket where his revolver lay.

"I shall break it open—with your help."

"I give no more help, Sévier—or Guillaume—till I see my money. Hang it all, the fellow may be armed."

"I didn't engage you for a picnic, Monsieur Paul."

"It's the pay, not the work, that's in dispute, my friend. Come, you have the money, I suppose? Out with it!"

"Not a sou till I have the papers!"

The Captain nodded his head. "I was right, as usual," he was thinking to himself, as he felt his breast pocket caressingly.

The wind rose to a gust and howled. The voices became inaudible. The Captain bent down and whispered, "If they force the door open," he said, "or if I have to open it and go out, you'd do well to get behind that straw there till you see what happens. They expect nobody but me, and when they've seen me they won't search any more."

He saw with approval and admiration that she was calm and cool.

"Is there danger?" she asked.

"No," said he. "But one of them wants some papers I have—and has apparently engaged the other to assist him. M. de Roustache feels equal to two jobs, it seems. I wonder if he knows whom he's after!"

"Would they take the papers by force?"

Her voice was anxious, but not terrified.

"Very likely—if I won't part with them! Don't be uneasy. I sha'n't forget you."

She pressed his arm gratefully, and drew back till she stood close to the trusses of straw, ready to seek a hiding-place in case of need. She was not much too soon. A man hurled himself violently against the door. The upper part gave and gapped an inch or two; the lower stood firm, thanks to the block of wood that barred its opening. Even as the assault was delivered against the door Dieppe had blown out the candle. In darkness he and she stood waiting and listening.

"Lend a hand; we shall do it together," cried the voice of M. Guillaume.

"No, I won't," they heard Paul say. "I won't move without five thousand francs!"

Dieppe put up both hands and leaned with all his weight against the upper part of the door. He smiled at his prescience when Guillaume flung himself against it once more; now there was no yielding, no opening. Guillaume was convinced.

"Well, you shall have the money," they heard him say. "Hold the lantern here."

(CONTINUATION IN AUGUST JOURNAL)



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**BELL**  
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**WYANDOTTE**  
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**Wyandotte Washing Soda** will make your clothes and table linen whiter and daintier with less work than any other washing compound.

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STYLE 606

## ULTRA Shoe For Women

A light and stylish boot, cool and easy to the foot. A perfect fitter, made from finest material in the most approved manner. Light turn sole, fairly narrow toe, opera heel. A thoroughly reliable boot that becomes any foot.

**\$3.50** per pair. Made in all styles; one price.

Our Free Catalogue is the handsomest ever issued. Shows you latest styles and fancies in spring and summer footwear—magnificently illustrated. Free for a postal.

Buy of your dealer; if he will not supply you with the "Ultra," send us his name with your order direct, and \$3.50 (money-order, draft or personal check), and we will send you the shoes at once, delivery charges prepaid. State plainly size and width wanted.

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200 Main Street, Brockport, N. Y.



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Distilled Water—100% Pure from the Sanitary Still

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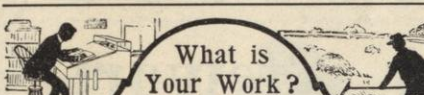
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## THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: One Dollar per Year; Single Copies, Ten Cents [For the transaction of advertising business only]  
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 Per issue, 6 pence; per year, 6 shillings, post-free Chicago: 508 Home Insurance Building

EDITED BY EDWARD BOK

## IDEAL ROOMS FOR SUMMER LIVING

If You Know of Any, Send Us Views of Them

KEEP YOUR eyes open for pretty summer rooms. If you do this you may get a liberal reward. The JOURNAL wishes to know about such rooms: wishes to get pictures of them to show to all its readers. The views may be of bed-chambers, sitting-rooms, dining-rooms, libraries, or any other apartments, but the central idea to be kept in mind is this: that they must be of rooms which are furnished in the daintiest and coolest ways imaginable.

A room which will immediately appeal to people in the heated season by reason of its tasteful and restful appearance; a room which suggests quiet and comfort: that is the sort of room to photograph. Naturally, simplicity in furnishing will be an important element. The room may be one in a summer cottage or in a city home. That makes no difference, so long as it looks cool and inviting. Photographs may be sent to the Art Bureau of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL any time before September 1. Each one should bear upon its back the name and address of the sender, with a brief description of the room, its location, etc. Return postage must be sent in all cases to make the pictures eligible.

For the pictures which are adjudged as deserving of awards the JOURNAL will give the following prizes in cash:

- First Prize, \$25.00
- Second Prizes, five, of \$10.00 each, 50.00
- Third Prizes, five, of \$5.00 each, 25.00

Eleven Prizes in All, Amounting to \$100.00

## GOOD STORIES FOR SUMMER READING

What the Midsummer Story Number Will Contain



THERE was such an enormous demand for the story number of the JOURNAL last August that special pains have been taken to make the corresponding issue this year even better. Sixteen pages have been allotted to the stories, of which there will be eleven—more than ever before.

Clara Morris, the famous actress, who has shown such remarkable cleverness in literary fields, contributes a sweet little summer idyl entitled "The Princess Porcelain." John Kendrick Bangs is represented by another of his droll tales of suburban life, "The Book Sales of Mr. Peters," which carries out an idea that could have been conceived only by this delightful humorist, and there is all the freshness of a Western breeze in the story of "The Man at the Gate of the Mountain," by Hamlin Garland. "Her Butterflies" is a well-told love story by Kate Whiting Patch, and the amusing account of the waiter who was "A Gentleman for Twelve Hours" is something that will entertain club men especially. Anthony Hope's romance, "Captain Dieppe," reaches an exciting stage, and for those to whom descriptions of New England life appeal there is the continuation of "Ol Peckham's Opinions," as well as the opening of a bright piece of fiction under the name of "My Stylish Cousin's Daughter," by "Josiah Allen's Wife." The other stories are of various kinds, all tastes having been considered in their selection.

The illustrations for these stories are exceptionally good, the services of the JOURNAL'S best artists having been put forth in their preparation. Of course, there will be the usual good features in other parts of the magazine, but the strong point will be the fiction.

In This Respect the August Journal Will Eclipse All Previous Attempts

### MONEY FOR CHURCH WORK

THOUSANDS of women who would like to give generous sums of money to assist in all sorts of church work cannot afford to do so. The various church organizations need money to carry on the work, and all women would be glad to help if it could be done without drawing too greatly on the family purse. The JOURNAL has a plan by which any woman can, with a little effort, earn a considerable sum of money which may be devoted to such objects. The plan is open to any one, and will surely result in some financial return, the amount being dependent only upon the effort given to the work. Full details will be sent to anybody by the JOURNAL'S Circulation Bureau.

### A GIRL'S CHANCES THIS SUMMER

JUST a little effort this summer will make it possible for any girl to obtain a free education next autumn at any musical conservatory, seminary, college or university which she may desire to attend. Of the five hundred and thirty scholarships awarded by the JOURNAL the greater number have been earned during the summer months. Girls should remember that there is absolutely no competitive element in these free educational offers. Every girl has a chance: the very humblest as well as the most fortunately placed. A free education of any sort whatever belongs to any girl for the asking. The Educational Bureau of the JOURNAL will gladly give information about this matter.

## WINNERS OF JOURNAL PRIZES

Awards in Photographic Competitions

SOME months ago the JOURNAL announced several photographic competitions for prizes amounting to \$100.00, naming April 1 as the closing date. Briefly stated, the conditions under which the pictures were submitted were as follows: For photographs of tables set for social occasions, six prizes, aggregating \$50.00, were offered: pictures to show new and tasteful ideas for the setting of the table, and the occasions on which they were taken to be stated. For pictures of home-made conservatories a prize of \$25.00 was promised for the best two views, exterior and interior, with a brief description. For pictures of window gardens a prize of \$25.00 was offered for the best photograph, with a short article telling how the garden was made and how to take care of it. From the hundreds of competitors for these eight prizes the following persons have been chosen as most deserving of the awards:

- PICTURES OF TABLES SET FOR SOCIAL OCCASIONS
- \$20.00 FIRST PRIZE To Mrs. Linn White, Chattanooga, Tennessee.
  - \$10.00 SECOND PRIZE To Mrs. Francis W. Stedman, Albany, New York.
  - \$5.00 THIRD PRIZES To Mrs. Ella Grant Wilson, Cleveland, Ohio. To Mrs. Hugh Harrison, Minneapolis, Minn. To Mrs. M. A. Prewitt, Farmington, N. M. To J. G. Hathaway, Chillicothe, Ohio.
- PICTURES OF HOME-MADE CONSERVATORIES
- \$25.00 PRIZE To Mrs. C. S. Munson, East Hamilton, N. Y.
- PICTURES OF WINDOW GARDENS
- \$25.00 PRIZE To Miss Ella Kueeland, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin.

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**SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS**

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

All inquirers must give their full names and addresses. Correspondents inclosing stamps or addressed stamped envelopes will be answered by mail.

**Flannel Bands for a Baby** may be finished by pinking the edges with a pinking iron, or by over-casting them in a long buttonhole stitch.

**Hemstitched Frilling** three-quarters of an inch wide may be purchased for about a dollar for a piece of twelve yards. It makes a serviceable and a pretty trimming for baby clothes.

**A Braided Leather Belt** looks well with a shirt-waist for a girl of sixteen. The strands are cunningly woven together, and it seems very strong. These belts come in red, brown, green and black.

**Underwear for Kilt Suits.** Short drawers are more suitable than skirts for boys to wear under kilt suits. They may be bought ready-made in green, brown, blue, white or gray flannel for boys from two and a half to six years old, and cost eighty-five cents.

**Go-Carts** are used for young children who have outgrown the baby carriage but are not old enough to walk far. They are made of wicker-work, are fitted with rubber-tired wheels, have brakes, and are easily pushed from behind. If desired, a rod may be attached to support a parasol.

**A Baby's Toilet Basket**, untrimmed, costs sixty-five cents. A simple one, covered with plain Swiss muslin over pink or blue silesia, may be obtained for three dollars and seventy-five cents. A lace-edged ruffle is gathered around the edge, and there are pin-cushions and pockets in the corners.

**A Hammock on a Stand** is a convenience when there is a young child to be taken care of. The stand is portable and easily taken apart so that it may be quickly moved from the piazza to the sitting-room or nursery. These hammocks are nineteen inches wide by thirty-eight inches long, pink or blue in color, and cost about two dollars.

**Dresses for Little Girls**, when made of percale or gingham, are pretty with yokes of white tucked lawn or of plain lawn matching the material in color, with bands of insertion about two inches apart. Ruffles over the shoulders are still worn, and are full enough to stand out straight, instead of falling over the sleeves as they did last year.

**A Baby Pillow.** An embroidered pillow is a pretty ornament for the bassinet when it is not in use. A dainty design would be sprays of wild roses embroidered in each corner, with the word "Baby" in pink in the middle. The under slip should be of pink sateen, which shows through the sheer nainsook. If blue is preferred the flowers may be forget-me-nots.

**To Save Washing.** Make little flannelette dresses for your baby instead of the nainsook ones he is now wearing. Flannelette comes in narrow pink or blue stripes. As the weather grows colder substitute Scotch flannel for the flannelette. The dresses may be daintily made with square yokes and ruffles over the shoulders, feather-stitched with washing embroidery silk.

**A Bathing-Suit** for a girl of sixteen may be made of blue alpaca, with a sailor collar of white alpaca trimmed with blue braid. The vest may be of white, barred with blue braid, and a fold of white with three rows of braid run on it looks well around the bottom of the skirt. The belt, and the frills of the elbow sleeves, may be finished in the same way, and a white sailor tie complete the costume.

**Lap-Robes for Baby Carriages.** A good summer lap-robe is made of white, blue or pink piqué, lined with silesia and trimmed with a ruffle of Hamburg embroidery, which is put on in a point at the top to simulate a turned-over flap. White Bedford cord, trimmed with three rows of blue, red or pink baby ribbon, also looks well. Or one may be crocheted in strips, alternating with rows of ribbon.

**A Bruise** may be treated either with heat or cold, since both act in much the same way, causing the blood vessels to close, and preventing the blood from escaping under the skin, which makes the black and blue discoloration. Apply flannels wrung out of boiling water, or pieces of ice wrapped in cotton, as soon as possible after the injury, and continue the application for half an hour, repeating it if necessary.

**Bias Tucks** are much used to ornament the yokes of children's dresses. The material is tucked first, and the yoke cut from it. A band of insertion between groups of tucks looks well, and the yoke is finished with an embroidered ruffle over the shoulders. Bias tucks are also used with the full waist extending to the waist-line. A strip of embroidery is put down the centre of the front, and groups of bias tucks on each side of it.

**Using a Paint Box.** Help your little girl to find out the possibilities of amusement in her paint box. Show her that by mixing blue with yellow she can produce green, and by adding red to the yellow she can obtain a shade of orange varying in intensity with the proportion of red employed to make it. Children love experiments of any kind, and they should be taught to watch for and record results to cultivate their faculty of observation and expression.

**Nauseous Medicines.** Little can be done to disguise the taste of cod-liver oil if one or other of the various emulsions cannot be taken with comfort. Both it and castor oil, however, are put up in gelatine capsules which are swallowed whole. Being rather large there is not the same difficulty in getting them down as in the case of a small pill, which is so tiny the muscles of the throat cannot get a firm grasp of it to push it down, and often it obstinately refuses to be disposed of. Increasing the bulk by putting it in a teaspoonful of jam, or pressing it into a small piece of toast, is sometimes effectual.

**Bonnets for Little Girls.** The newest bonnets for little girls, from one to three years old, have square crowns with three rows of insertion through the middle, and very full, high-standing frills in front, also embroidered. There is a cape which protects the neck from the sun, and the trimming is loops of pink or blue ribbon. Hats and bonnets are made of lawn, China silk, organdy, piqué, mousseline de soie and point d'esprit net. Sometimes there is a straw crown and an organdy brim, finished with lace-edged ruffles. Baby blue and pink are used as much as white, but the latter has the advantage of not fading.

**Hats for Baby Boys** are pretty and dainty this season. Those in fine white Milan straw come in different shapes, as the "Continental," a turned-up brim indented in three places, trimmed in front with a bow, pearl buckle and white aigrette; the "Admiral," drooping in front and behind, and turned up at each side, with rosette and stiff brush on the right side. Turbans in the same straw are turned up all around, and trimmed on the left side with rosettes or bows of white ribbon. The square-crowned college cap looks very cunning on the baby's head, and there are sailor hats with straight brims, and Tam-o'-Shanters in every variety of color and material. These are very pretty, when made to match the kilt suit, for boys between two and three.



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# FLORAL HELPS AND AINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

All inquirers must give their full names and addresses. Correspondents inclosing stamps or addressed stamped envelopes to Eben E. Rexford, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, will be answered by mail.

**Ants in Gardens.** Sprinkle powdered borax freely about the plants.

**Caladiums.** To secure the best results from these plants give them a very rich soil and plenty of water.

**Heliotropes** seldom do well in rooms where gas is used. They require a great deal of water, plenty of sunshine and fresh air.

**Ferns** should always be kept in a soil so light and spongy that it will never be necessary to stir it in order to keep the roots loose.

**Pampas Grass** is not hardy at the North without the very best of protection. Even then it cannot always be depended upon to come through the winter in good condition.

**Poinsettias.** It is a good plan to start young plants from cuttings, which root rapidly in moist soil if kept warm. The old plants are not adapted to renewal by being cut back.

**Lice on Pansies.** Try weak Paris green solution, or an infusion of Fir-Tree oil soap. It is important that whatever is used should get to the under side of the foliage. No good is done by showering the upper surface of the leaves only.

**"Best" Varieties.** Among the Honeysuckles I would name Halleana as most desirable, all things considered. Among Begonias, Rubra, I would advise Primula Obconica for the use of the amateur in preference to the Chinese Primrose.

**Water Lilies.** Seeds of these flowers germinate in a short time. The young plants will not bloom the first season. The roots survive the winter. Plants grown in tubs may be placed in the cellar in winter. Water two and three feet deep is sufficient.

**Fertilizers.** There are several good fertilizers on the market. The basis of them is bonemeal or guano, both of which are good. Some prefer one kind, some another. Try both, and watch results, and later you can decide which seems best suited to the need of your plants.

**Asparagus Sprengerii.** This plant seems to grow all the year round if it is given all the room it likes. Mine have never shown any disposition to rest. I divide them once a year—generally in the spring. If the plants were to be repotted every time they filled the old pots with roots one would soon have to put them in a washtub.

**Training Roses on House Walls.** It is a good plan to insert screw hooks in the walls, over which stout strings fastened to the canes of the Roses may be slipped. These may be removed easily in the fall and the canes be laid down and covered with very little trouble. This is much better than fastening the branches to the walls by tacks or staples.

**Mealy Bugs** may be destroyed by washing or showering the plants they infest with a decoction of Fir-Tree oil soap. There is no way of keeping them away except by acting on the offensive and taking it for granted that they will come unless something is done to head them off. Therefore do not wait for them to put in an appearance, but treat your plants to a soap bath as a preventive.

**Hollyhock Rust.** What is called "rust" because of the peculiar appearance of the leaves is really a sort of fungoid disease. It may be checked by the application of what is called Bordeaux mixture. Be careful to see that the application thoroughly reaches the under side of the foliage. If the blossoms are removed as soon as they begin to fade Hollyhocks will often send up new flower stalks.

**Pink and Blue in the Garden.** These two colors do not harmonize well when used in the same bed. A white flower may be used to separate them. The use of several colors in the same bed, unless they are perfectly harmonious, will always be unsatisfactory. Even if harmonious the effect is never as pleasing as when a mass of the same color is shown. Heliotropes and purple Pansies would combine well with yellow Pansies. Give the Heliotrope a position in the centre, and edge the bed with the yellow flowers.

**Carnations** are not very well adapted to house culture. They like a cooler, moister atmosphere than the ordinary living-room can give them. However, by frequent showering, and the regular admission of fresh air on all pleasant days, one may succeed in growing them quite well under unfavorable conditions. Keep the young plants in pots, out-of-doors, during the summer. Use a rather heavy garden loam. Do not overwater. Pinch the plants back from time to time to make them bushy and compact. Six-inch pots are large enough for the young plants.

**Growing Plants from Seed.** There seems to be an idea prevalent that different kinds of seed require special treatment. This is not the case. All seeds germinate according to a similar process. They must be placed in soil and kept moist. That is all one has to do with them, except in the case of hard-shelled seeds like the Canna. These require soaking in warm water before sowing in order to soften the shell. The soil for all seeds should be fine and mellow. Fine seeds require very light covering. Large seeds require more. But none should be covered deeply.

**Chrysanthemums.** Do not wait until the buds have become large before lifting plants which have been kept in the open ground during the summer. Pot them by the first of September. Shade and water well, also shower them freely every day, until they have got over wilting, which will be in about a week from the time they are moved. Chrysanthemums like a good deal of sunshine. They must have all the water they need and a rich soil to grow in. Weekly applications of a liquid fertilizer are very beneficial when they are setting buds. No fear need be entertained that different varieties of the Chrysanthemum will "mix" when planted in the same bed. New varieties are produced from seed. If several varieties are planted together and allowed to ripen seed they will produce plants which may be like or unlike the old ones, but the roots of the old varieties will not be affected by close planting.

**Oleanders** are very tractable. If a plant has outgrown the room for it or is not of satisfactory shape cut it back until it has the foundation of the shape desired. New branches will soon start, and by giving it careful attention while these are growing it may be made to take almost any form desired. I would advise putting old Oleanders, which have become too large to be grown in the house, out on the lawn in the open ground. There they will make a vigorous growth and bloom profusely during the latter part of the season. There is no shrub which equals this plant in beauty. In the fall it may be taken up, its roots crowded into a box and stored away in the cellar where it will be kept quite dry during the winter. In the spring a little water and light will start it into new growth, and when warm weather comes it may be used on the lawn again, after cutting it back well. In this manner Oleanders may be made to do duty for a long time.

**Otaheite Oranges** do much better in a sandy loam than they will in muck or leaf-mould.

**Nicotianas.** These plants are evening bloomers. Their flowers generally close in the daytime.

**Lysimachia.** This plant is sometimes called "Coliseum Ivy," but you will not find it catalogued under that name.

**Flowers for Shady Places.** Myosotis, Dicentra, Lily-of-the-Valley, Violets, Phlox *subulata*, and Clematis, *Paniculata grandiflora*.

**Lemon Failing to Branch.** Any plant showing a tendency to grow tall without producing branches may be made to do so by cutting off its top.

**Insects on Roses.** Try Fir-Tree oil soap in solution. See that it reaches all parts of the plants, especially the under side of the leaves. Apply thoroughly and daily for a time.

**Cyclamens.** Barnyard manure is not the proper soil for these plants. Use loam, with sufficient sand in it to make it friable. Set the corn on the surface instead of covering it.

**Wire Netting for Sweet Peas.** If the vines make a strong and healthy growth they will so completely cover the wire that it cannot become hot enough to injure them.

**Rex Begonias** are not well adapted to sitting-room culture. The atmosphere is too dry for them. The flowering Begonias are much more satisfactory under the conditions which prevail there.

**Window-Boxes.** A zinc lining for a window-box is not a necessity where it is to be used outside the room. A common wooden box, with holes in it for drainage, is just as good as the most expensive terra cotta or tile box.

**Ivy Geraniums.** The single sorts are not more profuse in flowering habit than the double, and their flowers are not as fine and do not last as long as those of the double varieties. Galilee is a soft, bright pink sort that gives general satisfaction.

**Fall Planting of Shrubs.** Shrubs may be planted at any time after their leaves fall—but the earlier the better. I prefer spring planting, but many very successful gardeners say that fall planting is quite as satisfactory. On no account put off the work any later in the season.

**Rose Mildew.** This disease often comes from too damp a soil, and sometimes from exposure to strong draughts. It also indicates at times, I am inclined to think, a lowered vitality in the plant. I would feed the plant well, dust it with flour of sulphur, and see that it has a free circulation of air about it.

**Violets from Seed.** I would never attempt to grow Violets from seed. It is much more satisfactory to get young plants. They like a cool temperature, and considerable moisture in the air. The Violet is not adapted to house culture. It seldom lives long in the living-room because the air is too dry and hot for it.

**Callas** should be put out-of-doors to rest in June. Turn the pots down on their sides and let the plant entirely alone until September. It will not be necessary to remove any of the roots at repotting time as they will all have died off. Persistent refusal on the part of Callas to fully open their so-called "blossoms" must be due to an unhealthy condition of the plants.

**"Made-Up Palms."** Florists often plant three or four young plants in the same pot, making them appear to be one plant with as many crowns as there are plants. This is done to secure a larger amount of foliage than one plant can furnish. Such specimens cost more than single plants, but they are really worth more, because of the finer effect produced by them. They are invaluable for decorative purposes.

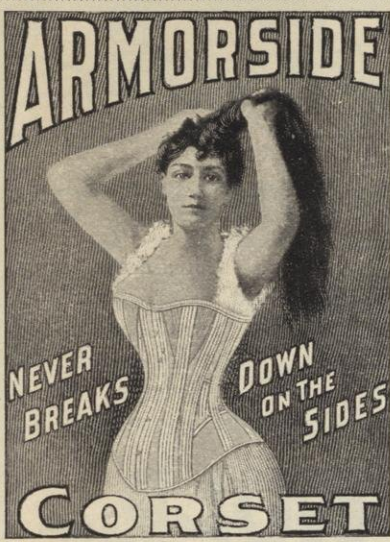
**Rambler Roses.** Young plants seldom bloom the first season. They must be covered in the fall. They are not really climbers; no Rose is, in the strict sense of the word. They are of slender growth, and may be trained against walls and over trellises by fastening the canes to the support. They should be planted in the spring. They do not grow very rapidly, but they are most decorative and satisfactory under proper conditions.

**Aspidistra.** This plant does bloom, notwithstanding the fact that some florists claim it never produces a flower. I have two plants of it, and each year they have a good many flowers on them. The flowers are a greenish purple in color, and are produced in the soil close to the roots. They come to the surface of the soil to open, but seldom throw themselves above it. This plant is one of the few adapted to cultivation in rooms heated with furnace or steam.

**Unhealthy Ferns.** When the new fronds of Ferns turn brown and dry up it indicates defective root action or too dry a temperature in the room where the plants are kept. Generally, insufficient drainage is provided, the soil retains too much water, and in consequence becomes sour and sodden. The remedy is repotting, taking pains to provide the best of drainage. In cases where the trouble is traceable to too dry an atmosphere the only thing that can be done is to use water liberally enough by showering, or evaporation, to keep the air moist.

**Care of Palms.** I would not advise the stirring of the soil on the surface of the pot about the roots of Palms. No alarm need be felt because the upper roots of these plants appear above the soil. Most pots are too shallow to suit the deep-rooting proclivities of the Palm, and they gradually elevate themselves above the soil by filling the bottoms of the pots with closely packed roots. Plants with seven and eight leaves ought to have seven or eight inch pots. Probably the browning of the tips of the leaves comes from the cramped condition of the roots.

**Flowering Vine.** If I were obliged to confine my choice to one I think I would select the new Clematis, *Paniculata grandiflora*. For the last three seasons this vine has given me better satisfaction than any other. The dry weather has not affected it and no insects have ever attacked it. Its foliage is much more pleasing than that of any other Clematis. Its great sprays of pure white flowers are extremely beautiful, as they show against the dark green of the leaves. So freely are they produced that the upper part of the plant is completely covered with them, and they are so light and airy in appearance that they put one in mind of a fall of snowflakes. They are excellent for cutting, as they last well, and their graceful habit of growth makes it easy to arrange them satisfactorily for room decoration either alone or in combination with flowers of brighter color. One of the great merits of the plant is its late-flowering habit. It comes into bloom after nearly all other vines are past their prime, and it lasts until frost puts an end to its beauty. It is of the easiest culture. So far I have seen no indication of its being subject to the disease which is making sad havoc among the hybrid varieties of the Clematis.



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## MRS. RORER'S ANSWERS

Questions relating to cooking, receipts and food generally will be answered on this page. All inquirers must give their full names and addresses. Correspondents inclosing stamps or addressed stamped envelopes to Mrs. S. T. Rorer, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, will be answered by mail.

**Sandwiches.** Any delicate sandwich, or plain bread and butter, may be served with cocoa.

**Canned Vegetables.** Do not use salicylic acid in the canning of vegetables. If the vegetables are in good condition, and thoroughly sterilized before they are put in the cans, they will keep without any difficulty.

**Honey** is a manufactured sweet. I mean by that, that it is manufactured by the bee from the nectar of flowers, and may contain mixtures that are not always easily digested. It contains just about the same amount of nourishment as sugar.

**Confectioners' Glucose.** I should not recommend the use of glucose in place of sugar; it is more liable to fermentation and may be considered an adulteration. Candies made from glucose and advertised as pure candies are considered fraudulent.

**Mustard** is not a good article of diet. It is an irritant to the stomach, and for that reason is used frequently as an emetic in cases of poisoning. Persons with whom salads, as a rule, disagree may eat those which are made without mustard.

**Stock-Making.** Stock made from bones and bits of meat should be allowed to cool, and all the fat be taken from the top, before it is used for soup. The gelatinous substance underneath, to which you refer, is the stock. The fat which is taken from the top may be used for frying purposes.

**To Make Marguerites.** Cover the ordinary long thin wafers, or wafers, with a mixture of chopped nuts, over the top of which put a thin layer of meringue; dust with sugar and brown in the oven. Chopped fruit may be substituted for the nuts, and covered with meringue in the same way.

**Pineapple Marmalade.** Pare and grate the pineapple, measure the pulp, and to each pint allow three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar. Put the pineapple in a porcelain-lined kettle, cook slowly for twenty minutes; add the sugar, and cook for twenty minutes longer. Put at once into jars, and seal.

**Gold Cake.** Beat a quarter of a cupful of butter to a cream; add the yolks of four eggs well beaten, and then add gradually one cupful of sugar; add a teaspoonful of baking powder to a cupful and a half of pastry flour, and sift; add half a cupful of milk to the mixture, then add the flour. Beat thoroughly for five minutes; add a teaspoonful of vanilla, and bake.

**Fruit Salads or Compotes.** Compotes are frequently called salads. They are usually made from a mixture of fruits with blending flavors, slightly sweetened, and the juice congealed with a little gelatine. For instance, pineapple and orange may be mixed together, then strained, and enough gelatine dissolved and mingled with the juice to make it of a creamy consistency. Pour this over the fruit and serve cold.

**Plain Frosting.** Put the white of one egg into a bowl; add a tablespoonful of ice water, beat slowly with a wooden paddle; add as much cream of tartar as you can hold on the point of a knife, a teaspoonful of lemon juice or half a teaspoonful of vanilla, and then begin to add gradually three-quarters of a cupful of confectioners' sugar. This must be beaten thoroughly. If it runs, and seems too soft, add a little more of the sugar.

**Irish Stew.** Cut a neck of mutton into convenient slices; cover with two quarts of cold water; add four onions cut into slices; cook slowly for two hours, then add one quart of potato dice, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. When ready to serve dish the meat and potatoes with a skimmer; add to the liquor remaining the yolk of one egg and pour it over the stew. Serve very hot.

**To Make Vanilla Soufflés.** Put half a pint of milk over the fire; moisten one tablespoonful of corn-starch and two of flour in four tablespoonfuls of cold milk; add to the hot milk, cook for a moment; add the yolks of four eggs, take from the fire, and stir in the well-beaten whites. Bake in greased cups, placed in a pan of water, in a quick oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. Soufflés must be sent to the table as soon as they are cooked or they will fall.

**Oyster Pie.** The under crust of an oyster pie is apt to be soggy unless there is a strong under heat in the oven while it is being baked. The best way to make an oyster pie is to put two or three strips of paste across the bottom of the plate, and turn in the oysters that have been washed and drained; add a tablespoonful of butter, a dusting of salt and pepper; put on the top crust and brush it with beaten egg. A pie made in this way should be baked in a quick oven for from twenty to thirty minutes.

**Chocolate Icing.** Put two ounces of chocolate in a saucepan and stand it over the teakettle. When melted add four tablespoonfuls of thick cream that has been beaten with the white of an egg; take from the fire and add gradually sufficient confectioners' sugar to make it just the consistency to spread; add a teaspoonful of vanilla and it is ready to use. Another way is to melt four ounces of chocolate with four tablespoonfuls of water, then add sufficient confectioners' sugar to make it the proper consistency.

**Philadelphia Biscuits.** Rub a tablespoonful of butter into one quart of flour; add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and mix thoroughly; add a teaspoonful of salt; mix again, and then add sufficient milk (about a cupful and a half) to make a moist dough. Take out on the board, knead lightly, roll out half an inch in thickness, cut into rounds with a small cake-cutter and place in a baking-pan so that they cannot touch each other; brush the tops with milk, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

**Fruit Soups** are made from fruit juices and water, slightly thickened with arrowroot, and sweetened or not, as one pleases. To make an orange soup, add to one pint of orange juice one pint of water, bring just to the boiling point; add a tablespoonful of arrowroot moistened with a little cold water; cook for a moment, and strain; add four tablespoonfuls of sugar and stand aside to cool. When ready to serve put a tablespoonful of finely cracked ice in the bottom of a lemonade glass, and over it the orange soup. Currant, raspberry, blackberry and cherry soups are all made in the same way. Fruit soup is served as first course at a luncheon.

**Candied Cherries.** Stone the cherries without bruising; drain, weigh, and to each pound allow a pound of sugar; add just enough water to allow the sugar to melt; bring to boiling point and skim. Throw in the cherries and push to one side of the range where they may remain hot, but not boiling, for at least an hour; then draw the kettle over the fire and cook slowly until the cherries are transparent; skim, drain, sprinkle sugar over them, and place on a sieve in the sun, or in the oven to dry. This syrup will answer for the boiling of several pounds of cherries. The plump round ones are dried and packed in tin boxes, while the sugared ones are placed in layers between sheets of waxed paper.

The "Pure Food Laws" established in the various States are intended to protect the consumer.

**After-Dinner Coffee Spoons** are very small spoons which are used with after-dinner coffee cups at the close of dinner.

**Pistachio Nuts** are exceedingly nice when chopped and placed over the top of whipped cream; they may also be added to a charlotte russe, or they may be used for ice cream.

**Popcorn Fritters.** Pour over hot popped corn a little thick syrup. Dip your hands in cold water, and form the popcorn into small balls or cakes; place on a heated dish and pour a liquid pudding sauce over them. Serve hot.

**Warmth After Meals.** A person is frequently warm after eating, on account of the effort necessary to digest the food. Eat less, especially of such foods as pork, veal, old beans, peas, pies or cakes, and use neither sugar nor milk with your tea or coffee.

**Rice** is the most easily digested of all vegetable foods, requiring only one hour for perfect digestion. While it contains a great deal of heat and force giving food, it does not contain nitrogen, muscle or flesh forming food, consequently it should be eaten with eggs, beef, mutton or chicken.

**Bananas** contain a great deal of nourishment. Strip off the skins and take off every particle of the fibre underneath. Put them in a granite dish, and sprinkle over them two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of water, and bake in a quick oven for about twenty minutes, basting frequently. Serve warm.

**Nut Salads.** Nuts may be used with a green vegetable, such as celery, lettuce or cress, or they may be mixed with parboiled sweetbreads or chicken. A particularly nice salad may be made from a combination of pine nuts and sweetbreads. English walnuts may be used with chicken, and toasted almonds with duck, mixed with mayonnaise dressing.

**Sauce Béchamel.** Rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour; add half a pint of stock and half a pint of milk; stir carefully until the boiling point is reached; add a level teaspoonful of salt and a dash of white pepper. Take from the fire, and add the yolks of two eggs; strain through a fine sieve, and serve. This sauce should not be reheated after the eggs are added.

**Breakfast for Brain-Workers.** A man who is doing brain work cannot draw the blood to his stomach to digest a heavy breakfast and at the same time draw it to his brain for mental work. A cereal, with fruit, bread, butter and coffee; or a soft-boiled egg, toast and coffee, I should consider quite sufficient breakfast for a brain-worker. Hot cakes should be avoided, especially by people of sedentary habits.

**Invalid Food.** You should not eat canned fruits, nor such sweets as cakes and preserves. Your diet should consist of carefully broiled beef or mutton, soft-boiled eggs, whole wheat bread which has been carefully toasted or made into zwieback, fresh sub-acid fruits, carefully cooked green vegetables, lettuce salad, and daintily cooked fish. Avoid pork, veal, all hot breads, lobsters, crabs, oysters and underground vegetables.

**Aspic Jelly.** Slice one small onion, one carrot; add a bay leaf, four cloves, a quarter of a teaspoonful of celery seed, a dozen whole pepper corns; cover with one pint of cold water, bring slowly to boiling point and boil five minutes; add half a teaspoonful of beef extract, half a box of gelatine that has been soaked in half a cupful of cold water for half an hour. Stir, strain; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of red pepper. Turn out to cool.

**To Make Cookies.** Beat a quarter of a cupful of butter to a cream; add gradually a cupful of granulated sugar; then add two eggs beaten without separating, one cup of water, part of a grated nutmeg, and one cup of flour into which has been sifted a teaspoonful of baking powder; add sufficient flour to make a soft dough that will roll out. Cut, and press into the centre of each one a piece of citron, and bake in a moderate oven. Cookies will have a sugary appearance if you dust the board with granulated sugar instead of flour.

**Canned Fruits** will not mould if they are carefully prepared. Small yeast plants are constantly floating in the air, and if they fall on top of the fruit, or if the lids which are placed on the cans are not sufficiently hot to kill them, they will begin to live upon the fruit in the jar, causing fermentation or mould, and spoiling the fruit from the top to the bottom of the jar. A person cannot be said to be particular or clean in her method of canning when these things occur. Always boil the lids thoroughly, heat the jars, and use new rubbers each year. Never wipe the tops or the rubbers after they have been scalded.

**Milk and Sugar Icing.** Mix together half a cupful of milk and a cupful and a half of granulated sugar. Put a level tablespoonful of butter into a small saucepan, and stand it over the teakettle to melt; carefully skim and allow it to settle. Take a teaspoonful of this clear butter oil and add it to the sugar and water; stir until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, then wipe down the sides of the pan, and boil continuously without stirring until the mixture spins a thread; this will be in about ten minutes. Take from the fire and beat rapidly until it is creamy and the proper consistency to run easily over the cake. Add flavoring, and use at once.

**Japanese Eggs.** Hard-boil six eggs, remove the shells, cut them into halves lengthwise; take out the yolks and mash them; add a tablespoonful of melted butter and three sardines rubbed to a paste, a dash of red pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt; mix; form into balls, and fill into the space in each white. Have ready one cup of carefully boiled rice, form it into a mould in the centre of a platter, sink the eggs down into the rice, and stand the platter over hot water while you rub together two rounding tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour. Add half a pint of stock and half a pint of milk; stir until boiling; add a level teaspoonful of salt and a dash of red pepper. Strain this over the eggs and rice, dust with chopped parsley, and serve very hot.

**Garnishings.** There are very many things besides parsley that may be used for the garnishing of dishes. For instance, meat may be covered with a sauce and the edge of the platter be garnished with small triangles of toasted bread. Deviled fish served on a large plate, and browned in the oven, may be garnished with dainty little crackers. Fried halibut looks good garnished with lemon and parsley, and served with some form of yellow sauce capped with anchovies. A dish of Maryland chicken may be garnished with small balls of sweet potato croquette mixture, fried. Cress, celery, even young shoots of dandelion or sorrel may be used for the garnishing of meats. A planked shad or any planked fish may be garnished with mashed potato made just a little soft, and put through a forcing bag.



## AFTERNOONS OFF

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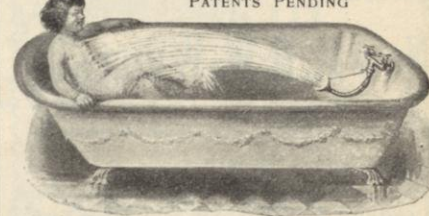
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