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THE MAGAZINE WITH A MILLION

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



FROM MR. GIBSON'S NEW BOOK "THE SOCIAL LADDER" PUBLISHED BY R.H. RUSSELL: COPYRIGHTED, 1902, BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL

MR. GIBSON'S AMERICAN GIRL

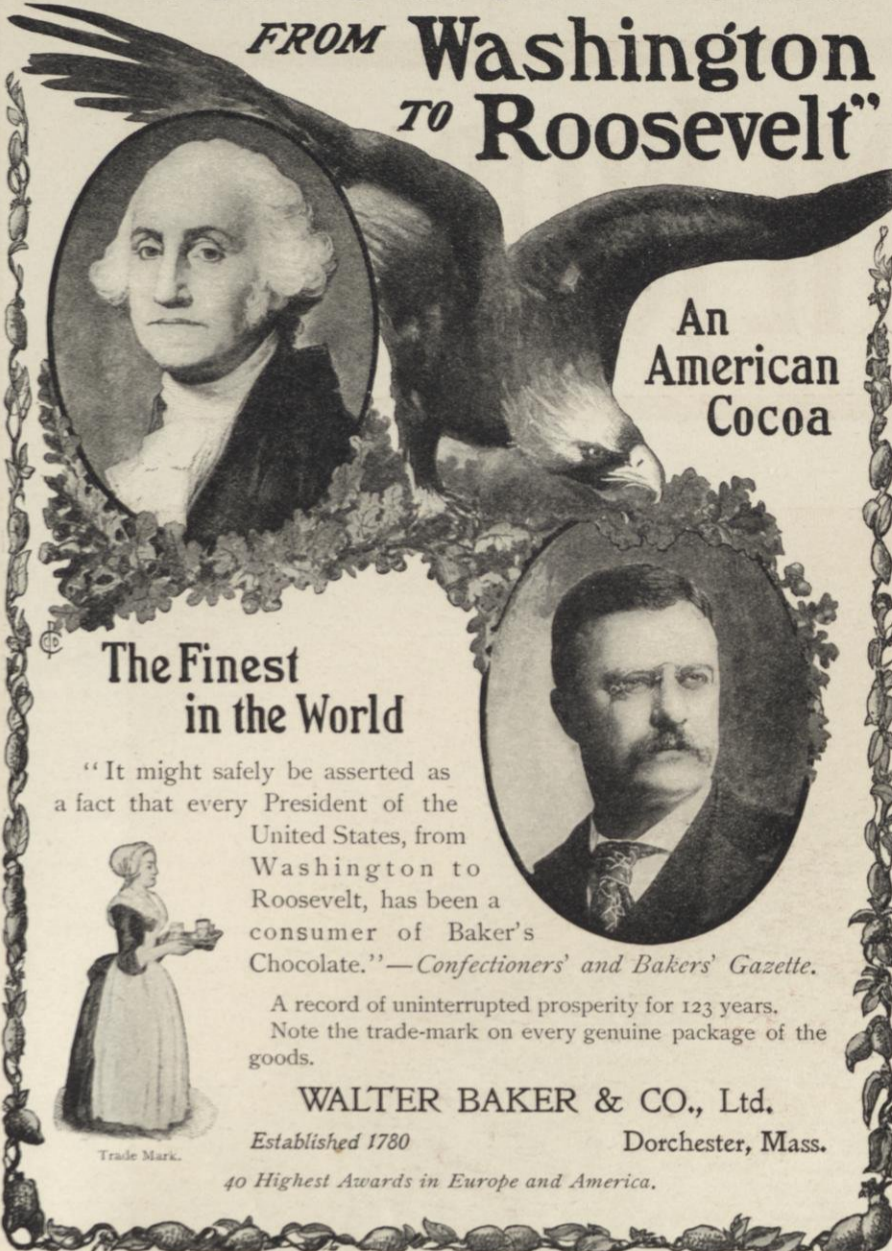
FEBRUARY 1903

TEN CENTS

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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No article should exceed 1000 words in length: it should be shorter if possible. But be sure to make it perfectly explicit, giving exactly the things done, how they were done, and with figures if possible. But, most important is it that it should be made perfectly clear just how far the money earned paid for all, or part, of the girl's college expenses. The names of authors of articles will be withheld from publication if desired. All articles must be sent by February 10 to THE COLLEGE EDITOR, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

This Month's Cover

WHAT is considered to be the most successful and beautiful girl's "head" ever drawn by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson is on this JOURNAL'S cover. It represents Mr. Gibson perhaps at his best in his conception of the American girl. As a piece of drawing it is unexcelled for simplicity and firmness of line. The same "head" was shown in smaller size in the last October JOURNAL in the article "How Charles Dana Gibson Started." It is given now in larger size on the cover because of its singular beauty and refinement, and in response to a general demand. The original of the drawing was recently sold in New York City for \$80. The reproduction on the cover is practically the exact size of the original as drawn by Mr. Gibson.

Dr. Walker's Good Health Talks

ARE omitted from this issue, with the exception of the article on page 40, merely to allow Doctor Walker to give her undivided time to the planning of a notable expansion of her successful department, which we will announce in the next (March) number.

December Question-Box Awards

FOR answers to the question, "How do you like the Christmas issue of THE JOURNAL, and what particular phase of Christmas, not treated, would you like to have had included?"
 FIRST PRIZE (\$10) — Mrs. Charles Elliot, California.
 SECOND PRIZE (\$5) — Margaret Hubner Smith, Canada.
 THIRD PRIZE (\$5) — Della E. Cabot, Massachusetts.
 FOURTH PRIZE (\$5) — Harriet Pearl Skinner, Illinois.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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EDITED BY EDWARD BOK

\$50 for Five Ideas

MR. BOK WANTS SOME IDEAS FOR THE JOURNAL'S PUZZLE SCHOOL. HAVE YOU ONE THAT WE CAN PUZZLEIZE, SO TO SPEAK? THE JOURNAL WILL PAY

\$25 for the Best Idea for the Puzzles

- 10 " " Next Best Idea for the Puzzles
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ANY idea of which we can make 10 puzzles as we do each month in THE JOURNAL. Or any idea that will change the puzzles for the better, put new life in them, freshen them up a bit or change them entirely, but for the better. Give us any suggestion or idea. But do not use more than 100 words. If we can use any ideas beyond the prize-winners we will buy them at \$5 each.

Write before February 10 to

Mr. Bok's Question Box

Did You See Anything New Last Christmas?

IF SO, tell THE JOURNAL about it, and it may be worth money to you. We want new ideas for the next Christmas JOURNAL, and are ready to buy them now. For the next thirty days we will gladly read all Christmas manuscripts with a new idea in them. But tell us something new and original. Be sure that the subject or idea was not touched upon in the last Christmas JOURNAL. We want new Christmas ideas of any kind:

- A New Way of Celebrating Christmas
- How to Entertain Christmas Guests
- How Boys Can Make Presents
- Some New, Home-Made Presents
- A New Way of Dressing a Christmas Tree
- A New Christmas Party or Frolic
- A New Way of Doing Up Christmas Parcels
- A New Idea for a Christmas Wedding
- A New Way to Decorate a Room
- A New School or Sunday-School Exercise
- A New Way to Decorate a Church
- A Novel Present for an Invalid
- Any New Christmas Kindergarten Ideas
- A New Way to Decorate the Christmas Table
- A Merry Christmas Eve Frolic

A new Christmas exercise, cantata, play, song, hymn — or a story. Anything of a Christmas nature, but it *must be new*.

THE JOURNAL will be particularly glad to read short stories, of 2500 words, with a Christmas flavor.

We will pay good prices for anything we like. But write *briefly*. Send a photograph whenever possible. And send before *February 25* to THE CHRISTMAS EDITOR OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Mr. Seton's Prize Awards

IN NOVEMBER Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton offered ten pairs of moccasins to ten boys who would send him the best suggestions for his page. The following are the winners:

CLARENCE G. POTTER (aged 10), San Francisco, California; GEORGE H. FOLEY, JR., Fall River, Massachusetts; ALBERT DICKINSON, Chicago, Illinois; EDWIN S. FORD, Morristown, New Jersey; RALPH ANDERSON, Bay City, Michigan; EDWARD IRVING RUSK (aged 12), Newport News, Virginia; TED CORBOULD (aged 12), Orillia, Ontario, Canada; JOHN PEALE BISHOP (aged 11), Charlestown, West Virginia; ALBERT P. TAYLOR, Chester, Pennsylvania; and RAYMOND FITZ, Natick, Massachusetts.

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DRAWN BY KATHARINE N. RICHARDSON

"SHE LEANED ACROSS TO SPEAK TO HER MOTHER AND HER HAIR BLEW AGAINST MY FACE"

The Land of Joy

A LOVE STORY OF TWO HARVARD STUDENTS

By Ralph Henry Barbour, Author of "Behind the Line," "The Captain of the Crew," etc.

"Youth, with swift feet, walks onward in the way;
The land of joy lies all before his eyes."—Butler.

CHAPTER I

JOHN NORTH unlocked the door and threw it open. The study was in semi-darkness and filled with the accumulated heat and fust of summer. He crossed the room impatiently and sent the front windows crashing upward, letting in a rush of fresh air. Laying aside coat and vest he stretched his arms luxuriously, and, thrusting his big brown hands into his trousers' pockets, looked disconsolately out of the window. College would begin on the morrow.

John's thoughts went back to a day three years before, when from this very window he had watched, as now, the busy scene beneath. Then he had been filled with the keenest interest, even excitement; had been impatient for the commencement of his college life. His mind had been charged with thoughts of the great things he was going to do. Well, that had been three years ago, he reflected; to-day his thoughts were somewhat soberer. It must not be thought, however, that disillusionment had soured him. At twenty-four, given a sane mind and a healthy body, one can bear with equanimity more disenchantment than had fallen to the lot of John North. He shrugged his very broad shoulders and looked about for a pipe. With the smoke curling past his nose he returned to the front window.

"I wish Davy would come," he muttered.

He stretched his arms again, turned and surveyed the room. As he did so he caught sight of several letters lying behind the door. Two were circulars, one was a bill, a third was a note from the head football coach asking John to call, and the fourth bore the inscription: "Return after five days to Corliss & Groom, Washington, D. C."

John's face betrayed interest as he read this last letter. Interest gave place to surprise, surprise to alarm, alarm to consternation. He sucked hard at his pipe, stared blankly into the empty street and reread the letter. The writer was an old friend of the family, a Harvard graduate of some twenty years ago and now a successful lawyer. The portions of the letter responsible for John's changes of expression were these:

"... And so I felt certain that in promising your services I was not overstepping the bounds of friendship. The family were deeply grateful; in fact, I am not sure that at the last Mrs. Ryerson would have consented to allow Philip to go to Cambridge had it not been for the promise I made in your behalf. Naturally enough she hated to have him leave her for so long just at present; the father died in January last. Philip does not, I think, err on the side of timidity; in fact, such troubles as have molested him thus far have been due to an inherited love of daring.

"But I will write no more of the boy's character. You will see for yourself. It was a great surprise to the family when the condition of affairs was revealed after Ryerson's death.

"Mrs. Ryerson has been in poor health for many years and is naturally averse to selling any of the estate. Margaret, however, who possesses far more practicality, has taken the conduct of affairs into her own hands and I have instructions

to sell Elaine at the first opportunity, the home farm of about one hundred acres exempted. The fact that the estate is to be disposed of is being kept from Phil, so you had best not mention the fact. He knows only enough of the real state of affairs to prevent him from running into extravagances; it is the wish of his mother and sister that he shall not be hampered by monetary troubles.

"Let me hear from you in answer to this tiresome letter, and meanwhile accept my thanks for what I have pledged you to do.

Gratefully yours,
"GEORGE HERMAN CORLISS."

After he had read the letter a second time John let it fall and stared perplexedly out across the Square. Gradually a smile crept over his face, and finally he chuckled ruefully.

"Great Scott!" he muttered. "Here am I saddled with an absolute stranger, a chap whose name I never heard before! And, Margaret—I wonder now what Margaret's like. George says she's practical. That's not promising. Nothing's more irritating than a practical woman. But maybe she isn't. Anyhow, I'd be sorry to displease Margaret. And so I suppose I'll have to take over the commission."

He rescued the letter from the floor and folded it slowly and thoughtfully. As he did so the sound of heavy footsteps in the corridor brought a grin to his face. Rushing to the door he threw himself violently into the arms of a large, good-natured looking and perspiring man of twenty-six. A suit-case crashed to the floor.

"Oh, Davy!" he sobbed, "I'm so glad you've come! I've wanted you so, Davy! Hold me tighter, Davy! They've gone and made me a foster-mother!"

CHAPTER II

JOHN NORTH was one of the busiest men in college. He was taking all the studies he could manage, was a member of various clubs and held office in several; as head of a club table was responsible for the dietary welfare of ten gluttonous seniors, and had now undertaken the duties of a football coach.

What with one duty and another, it was Sunday afternoon, three days after the beginning of the term, before he found opportunity to look up his unwelcome charge. The maid who answered John's ring thought that Mr. Ryerson was in and directed the caller to the second-story front suite on the left.

When he obeyed a loud request to enter he opened the door upon a scene of suspended animation. In the centre of the room stood a tall, slim youth of nineteen. His eyes, at the moment wide open in surprise, and his hair, worn somewhat long about the ears and at the back of the neck, were darkly brown. His face was oval, lean, with cheekbones well in sight; his complexion was rather sallow. The nose was straight, the mouth full-lipped, the general expression of the face ardent, fearless and a trifle arrogant.

"That," John told himself, "is little Phil." The freshman was coatless, disheveled and panting. At one end of the long study a black and white setter dropped the glove it had held in its mouth and observed the newcomer with merry and inquiring eye. Philip, guessing the identity of his caller, colored during a moment of hesitation

and then advanced to meet him. Amenities over, John seated himself in a comfortable Morris chair and examined the room with interest and some surprise. Plainly his new acquaintance did not intend to deny himself comforts. The apartment was filled with new and expensive furnishings, and John, trying to reconcile this with what Corliss had written in regard to the family's financial condition, was puzzled. He felt something cold against his hand and looked down to find the setter beside him. "Hello, what's your name?"

"Her name's Tudor Maid; she's one of the finest bird dogs in Virginia; but she's getting old now; she's eleven. I just couldn't bear to give her up, so I brought her along. But I reckon she's having a mighty dull time of it; aren't you, girl? I take her out whenever I can, but somehow I don't seem to find much time for walking."

"What do you say to a tramp now?" asked John.

"It's a fine day, and it'll give the dog a run."

"I should like it very much," answered Philip eagerly.

"That is, if—if you weren't going with some one else?"

"No, I was counting on you. Get your cap." John arose, and while the other was putting on his coat and finding his hat and gloves strolled over to the mantel. Above it was an arrangement of whips, crops, spurs and bridles centering about a really good hunting picture. But John was not looking for such things. Instead, he examined attentively the long row of photographs beneath. There were two portraits of a middle-aged gentleman whom John surmised to be Philip's father; a portrait of a sweet-faced and rather delicate woman of about fifty; an assortment of photographs of more or less uninteresting-looking persons of both sexes; and finally one which John took from its place and observed intently, while a little smile curled his lips. He was still looking at it when Philip returned from the bedroom.

"Who's this, Ryerson?" he asked.

"That's my sister, Margey; but it's not very good of her."

"You all look a good deal alike," said John, returning the portrait slowly. "And you're a good-looking lot, you Ryersons. Are you all ready?"

It was an ideal autumn day, with a clear sky and just enough breeze to bring the golden and bronze leaves fluttering from the trees that lined Mt. Auburn Street. John was a veritable bureau of information and Philip had all a boy's healthy curiosity regarding everything that hinted of interest. The setter raced alongside, making occasional excursions after enticing cats.

"I'll have a good deal to write Margey about from this walk," said Philip as they neared John's room on the return.

John wondered how, if he were going to write to Margey, he would describe the walk, and whether his name would be mentioned; and, if it were, what sort of a person Margey would imagine him to be. He recalled the features in the photograph on the mantel and hoped that Philip's account of him would be the least bit flattering. Finally, he turned to his companion with:

"I say, come over to my room and meet Davy. He's probably asleep, but we can wake him up. His real

name's Meadowcamp, by-the-way, and I think you'll like him. And then, if you don't mind, I'll take you over to dinner at the Inn and you can see how you like the place."

CHAPTER III

PHILIP joined the Union, rented a locker at the Newell Boat Club—promising himself a place in the crew some day—and bought an H. A. A. ticket. Meanwhile he had, introduced by John, gained admission to a freshman club-table at the Inn and was living satisfactorily, if expensively, at six dollars a week. There were nine others at the table, one a fellow named Everett Kingsford. Philip and Everett got to know each other very well.

Philip's Sunday evenings were regularly spent with John and his roommate, David Meadowcamp, in the comfortable corner study in Little's, and he had come to look forward to them with real pleasure. He saw John frequently during the week, but their meetings, usually on Soldiers' Field, about the Square or at the Inn, were brief and hurried. But another custom which Philip formed was destined to result in less good. On Saturday nights he and Chester Baker visited a freshman, Guy Bassett by name, and smoked more than was healthful for him, drank beer from mugs with music-boxes secreted in them, and played cards. True, the beer was limited, the stakes played for were small, and the smoking material was of a mild order. But there came a time when the small stakes at cards did not satisfy, and one Saturday night Philip went back to his room leaving in Bassett's hands an I O U for nearly sixty dollars, and did a deal of hard thinking before sleep came to him.

John North was on the football field every day save Sunday and had little opportunity for the further cultivation of Philip's acquaintance, and told himself daily that he was derelict in his duty as guardian of youth. On Sunday evenings he found that Philip, since the previous "family gathering," as Davy called it, had undergone experiences and made acquaintances quite on his own hook, and was managing his affairs generally without recourse to the maturer advice of himself or Davy. So far, he was certain, Philip had got into no difficulties, but, as he owned with compunction, this was due to no help of his. He had promised Corliss to look after the boy, and he hadn't kept his promise, or, at least, not fully. And then there was Margey! What would Margey think of him if she knew? For some reason it was always the latter thought that troubled most.

One blustery, cheerless November afternoon he found a letter with the postmark "Melville C. H., Va." His forehead became a maze of creases. Slitting the envelope, he drew forth the single sheet of paper and looked perplexedly at the signature. He read it twice. There was no mistake; the signature was "Margaret Ryerson" and nothing else. John settled himself in the armchair and began eagerly to read the small and angular writing. It ran as follows:

"My dear Mr. North:
Your kind reply to Mr. Corliss, which he very thoughtfully forwarded to us, is the only excuse I can offer for troubling you further with our difficulties. I am writing this in behalf of my mother, whose present health forbids letter-writing. And she asks me to try and tell you how deeply grateful she is for your kindness to Philip. I fear, though, I can't do that in a letter. I can only beg you to believe that both my mother and myself feel that nothing we can say or do will requite you for your services to Philip and to us.

"But there is another matter in which I want your help, and with this I have thought best not to worry my mother. Philip has written us that he has lost some money at cards, not a great deal, but a considerable sum to us 'poor Virginians.' Perhaps Mr. Corliss wrote you that our circumstances are greatly altered since my father's death? We really have very little money now, but thought it unfair to spoil Philip's enjoyment of his first college year by acquainting him with the real state of things. And so he does not know how hard it is for us to find the money for his expenses. And we had rather he didn't know. And so if there is any way of keeping him from playing cards for money won't you please try it? I'm sure you will find some manner of doing so without letting him know that I have written to you; I fear he would never forgive me if he learned it.

"We have no right to ask you to give your time to looking after Philip, and you must think us very selfish and exacting. But please believe that, at least, we are also very grateful. Thanking you again on my mother's behalf and for myself,
Sincerely yours,
"MARGARET RYERSON."

When David came in a few minutes later he found John puffing hard at an empty pipe, his hands—one of them holding a letter—clapsed behind his head, and his countenance expressing great contentment.

What John did the following morning was entirely characteristic of him. He went to Bassett's room, introduced himself and explained his mission in less than two dozen words. If Bassett experienced either surprise or amusement he was too courteous to show it. Instead, he expressed pleasure at meeting John, listened politely to what he had to say, and the two settled it that Philip was not to be inveigled into any more "Saturday evenings."

In the afternoon John went to the Union, and, establishing himself at a corner desk in the writing-room, picked holes in the nice clean crimson blotter for fully twenty minutes before he put pen to paper. When he did he filled a page with his small writing and subscribed himself "Faithfully, John North." He addressed the envelope to "Miss Ryerson, Elaine, Melville Court House, Virginia," and dropped it into the letter-box.

One evening after dinner Everett Kingsford asked Philip if he were not going to make application for a ticket for the Yale-Harvard football game.

"I reckon not; I hadn't thought about it," said Philip.

"Well, will you put in your application with mine? I've got one fellow who is going to. That'll give us six seats together, you see. Of course I'll pay for your second seat. And if you don't want to be bothered talking to women-folks you can sit at the end. But I want you to meet the mater; I think you'll like her."

When they received their tickets they found that their seats were located half-way up the South Stand and just back of the ten-yard line. Kingsford said that as far as he was concerned he didn't care where they were; he wasn't going to watch a lot of idiots wrestle about in the mud; he had other things to attend to.

"That's well enough for you," complained Philip; "you have your friend. But how about me?"

"Why, you ingrate, haven't I agreed to put you between the mater and my sister? The mater will tell you all about the strange ailments that visited me when I was a babe in arms, and how from the very earliest moment I gave indications of the intellect that is now making me famous. And Betty will recite Thoreau or Emerson to you dreamily, and ask you whether you think you're what you could have been had you been other than what you are—or words to that effect."

Philip looked alarmed.
"I reckon you'd better let me have that end seat," he said dejectedly.

CHAPTER IV

UNDER a leaden sky, buffeted by an icy wind, thirty-four thousand persons huddled upon the towering stands that completely inclosed the field, shivering under coats, rugs and furs, and stamping their chilled feet. The scene was brightly tinted. The upward-sloping backgrounds were dull and sad enough, to be sure; gray and brown and black; but against them everywhere, from corner to corner, from top to bottom, trembled specks of crimson and blue like roses and gentians fluttering in the wind. The throngs at the entrances thinned out and numbed fingers drew watches from pockets hidden under many thicknesses of coats and mufflers. And then on to the rectangle of faded turf trotted a little squad of men in nice new black sweaters adorned with crimson H's; a whistle blew shrilly, and Harvard and Yale were again at battle.

It is safe to say that of that host of onlookers there was only one who did not see the Yale left guard send the ball corkscrewing to Harvard's captain on the fifteen-yard line. That one was Philip.

He was gazing at Betty.
Philip had spent the morning in a condition of funk. He wished that he had not agreed to Kingsford's request; the prospect of sitting for two hours between an elderly lady who would tell him of Everett's infantile adventures and a girl who would talk to him about Thoreau and Emerson was appalling. The idea of being taken suddenly ill with some strange and serious malady occurred to him, but had to be relinquished since it would necessitate his remaining away from the game. So in the end he donned a stunning new rain-coat and hurried to Soldiers' Field. There he soon found himself beside Mrs. Kingsford, and after a first moment of bewilderment realized that his picture of a garrulous, white-haired lady was all wrong. Everett's mother looked to be not more than twenty-five, and was so beautiful and gracious that Philip would have forgiven her had she launched at once into a catalogue of the diseases of children and their remedies. But she did nothing of the sort. Instead, her conversation was such that when they had fought their way to their seats Philip's one desire in life was to sit beside her for the rest of the afternoon.

Then he experienced his second surprise. Betty Kingsford was small, rather slight, with a good deal of rebellious hair of a light brown shade which Philip couldn't remember ever having seen before and which was continually being blown across her face and continually drawn away again. Her eyes were deeply brown. Her cheeks were—well, to use Philip's own simile—a simile which he honestly believed he had invented—they were like wild pink roses. When she laughed, which was frequently, she showed a number of small and very even teeth of marvelous whiteness; when she smiled, which was pretty much all the time, she caused a dimple to appear in each cheek. After that day the tune of "Up the Street" was always associated in Philip's mind with pink cheeks and dimples, laughing brown eyes and wind-loosened tresses. Philip's chronology of the game would, if written, run something like this:

- 2 P. M.: First spoke to Miss Kingsford.
2:15: Discovered that her eyes were dark brown and that her hair was the color of beech leaves in autumn.
2:25: The left-hand dimple is a trifle deeper than the right-hand dimple.
2:30: She has the nicest, rippling sort of a laugh you ever heard.
2:45: Our hands touched under the rug; I don't think she knew it.
2:55: She likes Virginia and has been in our part of it.
3:05: She dropped her score-card. It went under the seat and she accepted mine.
3:15: She is going to make Everett give a tea in his room some evening. I am to be there.
3:30: She leaned across to speak to her mother and her hair blew against my face. It smelled awfully sweet, like violets or—or something.
3:40: We all stood up and shouted and waved our arms. When we sat down again she let me tuck the rug about her. She laughed.
3:50: I am going to call some evening. And I am to go in for dinner some night; her mother asked me.
3:55: When we got up I found her score-card and she said I might keep it. I kept it. Harvard won. I don't know the score.

Between the halves, when the day was already won, Everett leaned over and addressed Philip. "How do you and Betty agree on Emerson?" he asked gravely.

"Emerson?" Philip stared blankly.

"Emerson?" Betty looked perplexed.

Then Philip explained. Betty frowned charmingly.

"Everett's always making fun of me," she declared. "I'm afraid you've already discovered how ignorant I am, Mr. Ryerson. I—I don't know a thing, really and truly! Do you care much for Emerson and Thoreau?"

"Hate them both!" answered Philip heartily.

"Oh, but you mustn't hate them!"

"Mustn't I?"

"No, you must just not care a great deal for them."

"Very well, I don't care a great deal for them, Miss Kingsford."

"That's nice," answered Betty, apparently vastly relieved. "I respect them both, of course, and think they were really very great men, but I don't think people have any right to talk about them the way they do now that they're dead."

"I know; it—it's mighty mean."

"Then you're not—not disappointed?" asked Betty. "You don't mind if I don't talk to you about Emerson and the other man?"

"Disappointed!" cried Philip. "I'm mightily pleased!"

"Honest? And you don't think I'm frightfully ignorant?"

"I think—I think——!"

"Yes?"

Philip was looking at her very ardently and Betty was studying her score-card.

"I think you're——" But there he stopped again. He didn't dare.

"Aren't you going to tell me?" asked Betty in apparent surprise. She darted a glance at him and straightway decided not to press the subject. There are more fitting places than a crowded grandstand for hearing certain things.

"I'll—I'll tell you—some day," Philip faltered.

"O-oh!" murmured Betty. "I suppose then I shall have to wait, sha'n't I?" she asked cheerfully. Philip wished she had exhibited a less philosophic spirit.

"Oh, I dare say you don't care what I think," he answered aggrievedly. Betty shook her head and for the hundredth time pushed a lock of pale brown hair from her face.

"But I do, of course," she answered gravely. "I like people to think well of me—and especially Everett's friends."

"Oh," said Philip; and then, with elaborate carelessness, "I suppose he has lots of friends, hasn't he?"

"M-m, yes; a good many, I guess."

"And—er—do they all—that is——"

"Like me?" asked Betty without embarrassment. "I don't know, I'm sure. And—and I don't care whether some do, after all. I guess it's only the ones I like that—I like to have like me." She laughed merrily. "Can you understand that rigmarole?"

"You said you cared what I thought," said Philip rashly.

"Did I?"

"Didn't you?"

"I may have. Why?"

"Oh—why, because if you care what I think, and you only care what people that you like think, why—why——"

"Oh, dear," cried Betty, "that's worse than Emerson! And you know I don't care a great deal for Emerson."

"Nor for me, I reckon," muttered Philip. Betty turned a look of surprise upon him.

"But I've only known you half an hour!" she objected.

"It's nearly an hour," corrected Philip.

"Really? It doesn't seem that long, does it?"

"No!" he answered fervently, and was comforted.

Yes, dear reader, that is a very fair example of their discourse; not startlingly interesting to you or to me, but to Philip one of the most brilliant, absorbing conversations ever held since Adam and Eve first exchanged views on the weather. When the game was over Philip piloted Betty down the steps as carefully as though she had been a piece of fragile glass instead of a very healthy and able young lady.

"Wasn't it glorious!" she cried.

And Philip, looking straight into her eyes, and having in mind something entirely apart from the victory, answered simply and sincerely:

"Great!"

CHAPTER V

PHILIP made his call on the Kingsfords on Wednesday afternoon, taking good care not to apprise Everett of his intention, since the latter had solicitedly offered to accompany him and by his presence remove some of the embarrassment. The Kingsfords' residence on Marlborough Street was very aristocratic of aspect.

Philip was ushered into the drawing-room and was presently joined by Mrs. Kingsford. During the succeeding five minutes he watched the door anxiously until his hostess remarked:

"I'm sorry that Elizabeth is not at home this afternoon. She is taking her painting lesson. She studies with Warrenton, the flower painter, and really does excellently, we think."

After the first moment of dismay Philip set out to make himself agreeable to Betty's mother and succeeded admirably. When he arose to go and took the hand she offered him he bent over it, as he had seen his father bend over his mother's hand all his life, almost as though he were going to touch his lips to it. Mrs. Kingsford smiled. "Nice boy," she said to herself; and aloud:

"You mustn't forget that you're to come in to dinner soon. I want you to meet Mr. Kingsford. He likes young men; I believe he thinks he's one himself. And if it's not much out of your way, Mr. Ryerson, you might walk toward the Public Garden. It's just possible that you'll meet Elizabeth. It's about time for her to come, and I'm sure she'd be sorry to miss you altogether."

Philip gave her a glance eloquent of gratitude.

Fortune favors the persevering. At the end of Philip's third trip between the house and the equestrian statue of Washington he espied Betty, a captivating figure in walking-skirt and Norfolk jacket, swinging toward him across the bridge. She greeted him quite without embarrassment and gave him a small hand encased in a gray glove of undressed kid that was so soft and snugly-feeling that it was an effort to release it. Her cheeks were glowing, and the light brown hair, escaping from under a jaunty felt hat, was frisking about just as he remembered it at the football game.

"I've been to call," he announced.

"Have you? I'm sorry I was out. You saw my mother?"

"Yes." Then, in a burst of admiration: "She's mighty kind, isn't she?"

"Why, of course! But——"

"You see, she told me where to find you."

"Oh," said Betty, "did she?" They were walking toward the house, Philip dawdling disgracefully.

"Yes, and so I came this way—three times." He looked to see how she would accept this proof of devotion and was rewarded with the sight of a little demure smile.

"You were very kind to waste your time on me," she replied gravely.

"Betty!"

Philip was certain afterward that he didn't really say it; that it just escaped in the manner and with all the unexpectedness of a Jack-in-the-box when the latch is loosed. Betty shot a sudden glance at him and then looked across the street. Philip took a long breath.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said earnestly. "I didn't mean—it came out, you know!"

Betty laughed nervously, her face still averted.

"Yes, it did 'come out,' didn't it?" Then, severely, "Is it the custom in Virginia, Mr. Ryerson," she asked, "to address girls by their first names the second time you meet them?"

"No," answered Philip miserably. "And I'm very sorry. Won't you forgive me?"

"Perhaps; if——" Betty observed him frowningly—"if it doesn't happen again."

"Ever?"

"Why," she faltered, "why—of course—— Aren't we silly? Won't you come in?"

They had reached the house and Betty placed one small foot in its patent-leather Oxford on the lowest step.

"Wouldn't your mother think I was—cheeky?" he asked.

"She'd think you were cheekier if you kept me on the steps," answered Betty. "Good-by."

She held out her hand and Philip seized it as though it were the only thing between him and death by drowning.

"Well, but—I may come again?"

"If you like."

"When?"

"Some afternoon when I'm at home," said Betty innocently.

"Of course! Only—only when are you at home?"

Betty creased her forehead charmingly and thought deeply.

"I'm—I'm usually at home Thursday."

"Thursday!" he cried. "But to-morrow's Thursday, and the next one's a week off! More than a week!"

"Why, so it is!" she laughed. "What shall we do about it?"

"Oh, of course, you don't care," he grumbled.

"I do if you do," she said contritely. "We'll alter the calendar."

"How?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, we'll have a week from to-morrow come on—let me see—on Monday. Will that do?"

"Really? And you'll be at home?"

Betty nodded. Philip put forth his hand again.

"But we've said good-by once," Betty demurred.

"Let's say it again!"

He watched her until the door had closed, and then swung gayly toward Cambridge. He would walk back, he told himself, because the car had yet to be built that was large enough to hold him.



AUTOMOBILING IS ONE OF HER FAVORITE PASTIMES

The Actress We Know as Julia Marlowe

By *Gustav Kobbé*

Author of "The Child of the Opera House," etc.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE JOURNAL BY SANDS & BRADY



READY FOR A WALK



"NOW, BEG FOR IT"

THE popular actress we know today as Julia Marlowe is, in reality, not Julia Marlowe at all. That is to say, Julia Marlowe is purely an assumed name and one of four different names which its owner has borne.

As a matter of fact her real name is Sarah Frances Frost, and as such she started in the world. Her parents are English people who came to America from Caldbeck, in Cumberlandshire, England, settled in Kansas, and then moved to Canton, Ohio. Her birthplace usually is given as Caldbeck. But in the little Ohio city, famed throughout the world as the home of William McKinley, she was born in 1868—thirty-five years ago. Her father died when she was a child, and her mother married the proprietor of a small hotel in Cincinnati which was frequented by stage people. In this way the little girl came into her first touch with the theatre, and when she was twelve years old she appeared on the stage for the first time in a juvenile "Pinafore" company. And with this appearance Sarah Frances Frost became "Fanny Brough," her mother's family name.

"I had practically no childhood," the actress says of herself. "As a child I went to no child's party; as a girl I had no girl friends. The experiences which come to growing children as part of their girl-life came to me only as part of my stage experience. The first long dress I wore was not as a girl, but on the stage as 'Myrene' in 'Pygmalion and Galatea.'" And so the girl grew up, practically on the stage.

SHE had the usual experience of all actresses in going from one part to another, but wherein she differs, perhaps, is in the unusual and persistent attention which she has always given to the training of her voice. She believes that the voice is the principal tool of the actor, and it was because of her clearness of utterance and the projective quality of her voice that, in her early career, she received promotions that were withheld from others. And this care of her voice has brought her what is universally conceded to be one of the most beautifully modulated voices on the stage to-day. Whatever else she may neglect in her daily routine, vocal exercise is an



SHE ENJOYS GOLFING, AND PLAYS WELL, TOO

inexorable part which is never overlooked. To have a piano ready for her in her apartments is one of her strictest instructions to her personal *avant courier*. It must be there on her arrival at her hotel; for by half an hour's brisk vocal exercise she counteracts the ill effects upon her voice of hours in overheated sleepers and of the change from cars to the sharp air of a winter morning.

WHEN she was sixteen years of age "Fanny Brough" disappeared from the stage. She moved to Bayonne, New Jersey, and there, under the direction of an actress who had adopted her as a niece, she lived for three years, devoting each day to study and the development of the powers which she felt were within her. At this time she was a saucer-eyed, yellow-skinned girl of a melancholic temperament, high-strung, eager, restless, and unbearable to herself when unoccupied. Her mouth was drooping and pensive, indicative of her chief joy in life, which was to revel in the woes of tragedy queens. Her training was so severe and uninterrupted that a detailed narrative of it would half suggest an extract from a labor report on the padrone system. Miss Marlowe herself says that the training for the stage in those days was "splendid in its results, if the victim lived through it." But she went eagerly at her task. She never needed the spur, and, if anything, the aim of her instructor possibly should have been to keep her from working too hard. No one deluded her with the assurance that she was a genius. Her tasks included lessons in voice development, musical notation, gymnastics, dancing, the history and literature of the drama, stage deportment, and the meaning and essence of many classic rôles. She was taught how to walk properly by passing to and fro before a pier-glass, watching herself and being watched by her teacher.

Fencing was an important feature of her training. It developed the muscles of the arms and shoulders, made the wrists and hands strong and flexible, and gave the girl a keen eye for distances. Standing about eight feet from the wall, with a rapier in her hand, she would lunge a hundred times at a wafer half an inch

in diameter, becoming so expert that she could pierce it nine times out of ten.

In her training, lessons in elocution practically were avoided. Her voice development always was purely musical, and this is the only kind of vocal culture she herself considers appropriate either to actor or singer.

In the rehearsing of plays her instructor served both as audience and prompter, reading all the parts save the heroine's, which the pupil took. Scenery and the positions of the other characters were indicated by tables and chairs. The first rehearsal of "Romeo and Juliet" was held in a cottage at Bayonne; and the back of a venerable haircloth sofa was the balcony rail.

For three years this unremitting training continued, and when she emerged from her retirement it was as "Julia Marlowe." Her desire was now to be launched as a star at the head of her own company. A weary round of the managers' offices followed, but in no instance did she receive even more than scant attention to her request to be "starred." Several positions were offered her in the best stock companies, but these she consistently declined. "I must be an independent player: I must be able to follow out my own ideas," she said, and to this determination she adhered.

One of her old Ohio acquaintances, a theatrical manager, finally came to the girl's rescue, organized a company, and the name of Julia Marlowe first appeared as a "star." She made a brief tour of some towns in Connecticut, playing in "Parthenia," and on October 20, 1887, she played for the first time at a New York theatre. She hired the theatre herself for one matinee, and it is a curious commentary upon the difficulty which confronted the actress in securing an opening in New York that part of the money necessary for the expense of the performance was furnished by the keeper of an oyster saloon on Third Avenue—an acquaintance of Miss Marlowe's "aunt by adoption."

The matinee was a success and the performance won much praise for the new actress. Lester Wallack, Richard Mansfield and William Gillette all offered her prominent places in their companies. But she declined them all. Independent she would remain, she said. The next autumn she played in Boston, and there, in 1888, she made the success which firmly established her as a "star." From this point she went on.

She Used to Make All Her Clothes

BUT illness, experiences and disappointments were in store for the promising young actress. She had no sooner opened her third season when, while playing in Philadelphia, she was stricken with typhoid fever. Her company was disbanded and for more than six months she was not able to play. When she did make her reappearance it was practically under her own management. Her aunt had up to this time been her manager, and so closely had she been shielded from all business matters that she knew nothing about the business or financial side of her life. Her earnings thus far had about paid for the mere cost of her living and the material for her clothes. She made all her own clothes both for the stage and for private life. She knew nothing about the handling of money, and while she knows more to-day than she did, few actresses on the stage have so little conception of the purchasing power of money. When she is on tour, funds placed at her disposal invariably are in the form of checks, never in cash. For there is a tradition in the profession that you can find "Marlowe money" stuffed under mattresses and between wainscots in half the hotels of America, the bills being placed there for safe-keeping by Miss Marlowe and her maid, who then straightway forget all about it and send to the treasurer of the company for more when the time comes for departure.

In 1894 the actress changed her name for the third time by marrying Mr. Robert Taber, her leading man. But the marriage did not prove the sympathetic, artistic union which their friends hoped for, and it was dissolved. She resumed the name of Julia Marlowe, and has not since married.

Miss Marlowe's method of studying a new rôle is singularly individual. She does not memorize the lines in the ordinary sense. Suppose it to be a classical play. She first studies the life of the author in its bearings on his literary and ethical intentions. Then she takes up the heroine and endeavors from history to absorb the spirit, the manners of the period. Having thus recreated its "atmosphere" she reads the play about fifty times. She never deliberately memorizes a line. While she is saturating her mind with the narrative and absorbing its spirit, lines and cues take care of themselves and become fixed in her memory.

The question often is mooted whether stage people while preparing for a production feel themselves to be, for the time being, and while going about other affairs, the characters they are studying. Miss Marlowe says no. It is true that when she was studying "Prince Hal" she wore armor in her apartments and even at meals—but not because she imagined herself "Prince Hal," as some have thought. The fact is the armor pinched her unmercifully unless she walked with a particular stride, and it was to master it that she wore the metal costume when moving about her rooms. Finally the distress from wearing the armor became so great that she put on several suits of thick jerseys under it. "Even then," she says, "when I fell in this armor, as I sometimes did on reaching the wings after a hurried exit, it took two men to put me on my feet again."

Her Special Hobby is Collecting Books

MISS MARLOWE'S likes and dislikes outside of her profession are those of an active, healthy-minded woman, interested in everything possessing more than ephemeral significance. In literature she loves best the books of those men who wrote truth straightforwardly, come what might. Hence you find on the most accessible shelf of her library worn and marked copies of Thoreau, Whitman, Stevenson—more especially his essays—Balzac and Meredith. Balzac's "Lily of the Valley" and Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways" she considers the greatest novels ever written. Her favorite poets are Shakespeare, Keats and Swinburne. The Bible she reads much for both its moral and literary influence, and hopes for the day when some playwright will submit to her a really great and reverent drama on a Biblical

theme. Last winter she was deep in the plays and essays of Maeterlinck and the Nature books of Grant Allen, and in the study of philosophy and French literature.

Her special hobby, if you can dignify it by no better term, is book collecting, and last summer at Bad Nauheim this love for books led her to take lessons in bookbinding from a venerable German craftsman in whose workshop she spent many busy and happy hours between whiles. In painting she has a rapturous appreciation of the painters of the Barbizon School. For good music she has a genuine love, and an equally genuine loathing of so-called "popular airs," the playing of which is never permitted in any theatre where she is appearing. The three things she hates most are "popular music, being photographed, and the dummy outlines of the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island."

Is a Great Lover of Nature

MISS MARLOWE'S outdoor diversions are golf, driving and, recently, automobiling. She does a prodigious amount of walking all the year 'round. Her love of Nature is almost primitive in its intensity. Asked once what was her greatest ambition she said it was to "lead such a normal life that I can get up every morning in time to see the sun rise." Often she will dismiss her carriage and revel in facing wind and weather on foot. An acquaintance of mine accompanied her from her hotel to the theatre one March night in the teeth of a driving storm. The sidewalk was like the bed of a mountain stream, and the wind made umbrellas a sarcasm. She enjoyed every step of the walk and reached the theatre in a gale of laughter and high spirits. It is this abundant vitality, this capacity for getting fun out of things which annoy or bore most people that give a compelling charm to her art, and a rare, sweet vivacity to her personality.

For a time Miss Marlowe had a house of her own in New York City, but this she has now given up. Her only home is her country place in the western part of the Catskill Mountains. This she calls "Highmount," and from the windows of the house there is a glorious view of a dozen mountain peaks. The house is a large one of Colonial architecture, a part of which, the brick terrace, the theatre-going public saw reproduced on the stage without knowing the fact. For the first tentative rehearsal of "When Knighthood was in Flower" was given on the brick terrace on to which the main living-room of her house opens. This terrace was so effective for grouping and for exits and entrances that the architecture of it was copied in the reproduction of a Tudor brick terrace which forms a part of the stage setting in the first act of the play.

Her estate consists of four hundred acres, and only the smaller part of the large estate is laid out in lawn, garden and driveways. That portion of her possessions which she has, with admirable taste, allowed to remain wholly "unimproved," is by far the greater part of the estate. Still in its original wildness, it is crisscrossed by mountain streams, cleft by deep ravines, and overgrown with a network of vines and forest trees that have never known the woodman's ax. Here the happiest hours of Julia Marlowe's life are spent, and thither she goes immediately her professional work ends for the season, which is usually toward the end of May, and there she remains until early September. During the months she spends there she practically lives out-of-doors and returns to her work in the autumn strong in body, burned and tanned as to face, and physically and intellectually refreshed for the long season of traveling and acting.

Her Home Life is Free and Happy

IT IS at "Highmount" that she finds most opportunity for the outdoor diversions she loves—her golf, trout fishing, walks to interesting points all along the mountainside, and a daily horseback ride. Hours for reading and for consultation with playwrights who come up to "Highmount" from New York are reserved for the evening and for stormy days. With the minor domestic details of household routine she has nothing to do. She never knows in advance what will be served on her table, and, indeed, does not wish to know. Her only preference in these matters is for French cooking and the dishes made famous by the Creole cooks of Louisiana. Of these she is very fond, and she has provided her cook with an extensive library of Creole recipes collected from her friends in the South and from famous chefs in that region who happen to know of her liking for their dishes.

It is a very simple existence, this home life of the real Julia Marlowe. Whoever has studied her in her country home realizes how thoroughly unspoiled she is and how free from affectation she has kept herself. She never poses, never idles. Hers is a busy, cheerful, sensible round of exercise, reading, visiting, modest hospitality and unaffected good cheer. Every guest within the gates of "Highmount" is there because he can contribute something of intellectual or spiritual value. Invariably the company drifts time and again during the day to the library, and each one is permitted to seek a comfortable corner and busy himself with his own book or to engage in general conversation if that is his mood.

With the pseudo-Bohemianism affected by some theatrical and literary notables Miss Marlowe has absolutely no sympathy. Her home is "Liberty Hall" in the fine, high sense of the phrase. The social atmosphere in which she lives is based upon intimate and affectionate companionship and there is no suggestion of ostentatious hospitality in it.

You will not see many famous people in her circle of guests. Humble folk with brains are the recipients of her most generous hospitality. Often they are people who have known the bite of real poverty and to whom the comfort and even luxury of a fortnight's visit with her come as a real benison in their hard, pinched lives. Teachers of high attainments but with slight knowledge of the world's ways, who are eking out a precarious existence in New York by giving lessons; musicians upon whom fortune has not smiled; struggling authors who can find no publishers; brave, earnest men and women engaged in philanthropic work—these are the honored guests during the weeks of her summer leisure.

It is a free, happy life that Miss Marlowe spends here. I remember a visitor telling me that on going into the

house unexpectedly one afternoon he found the entire household guests seated in a circle on the floor, the centre of attraction being Miss Marlowe's pet spaniel, and one of those toy animals which street fakirs sell and which jump about in a most lifelike manner. The victim of its pranks was the dog, and the group on the floor was in gales of laughter at his bewilderment over the gyrations of the toy. The merriest of the group was Miss Marlowe herself, at that moment what she always is at "Highmount"—the woman, not the actress.

In Explanation of this Series:

This is the second of a series of articles which will describe, with entirely new and authentic information, and entirely new photographs, especially taken for the series, the lives of the popular actors and actresses as they are lived off the stage—the men and women who stand for clean, honest work in their profession, each in his and her own line. The series, as it progresses, will show "Francis Wilson in His Bookish Home," "Maude Adams and Her Long Island Home," "Annie Russell as She Lives Out-of-Doors," "William Gillette on His House-Boat," "The Social Side of John Drew," "Edward Sothorn and His Home Life."

A Visit I Paid Myself

By E. M. Whitney



EARS ago I decided to pay myself a visit. The boys had all made separate engagements for summer outings, each thinking the others would be at home when he was away, and suddenly they awoke to the fact that they had planned to leave "Mag" alone.

"Sister, that will never do," they said; but I told them I had long been meaning to pay a visit and now would do so.

"Who will you visit, dear?" said Jack, the eldest.

"Myself," I replied. And so it came about. The boys scarcely believed in my scheme, but I carried the day and made my plans accordingly. My maid-of-all-work had been very tired a week before (we are all human) and she said: "Miss Marjory, I think you have found a deal of fault this week."

"Yes, Mary, I have," I replied; "one cannot find what is not in existence, and the faults must have existed else I could not find them."

It does servants and children a heap of good to put them on their own resources, and in planning for my visit I had a talk with Mary. She knew our general order of living, and I asked her if she were willing to take full charge of house and table if I left all in her hands. One lady would be in the house, I told her—one visitor. Could she do this if I paid her a certain extra sum for the two weeks' work without any help from me.

She was not only willing, but delighted as well, to try it. A sense of responsibility quickened her sense of ability, but when I told her I was to be the visitor myself she felt a little doubtful of success.

I assured her I would act well my part. I would arrive a certain day and behave just as I did when visiting my friends, and Mary, who had no end of Irish wit, soon entered into all my arrangements.

My pretty summer dresses were washed and made ready, and I set the date for my arrival.

"Good-night, Mary," I said on the eve of arriving. "You know Miss Homes comes to visit here to-morrow. She will be here to breakfast."

"Do you think she will like her breakfast on a tray in her room, Miss?"

Mary had caught her cue admirably.

"No; she is fond of wild-flowers. I think she may go out for a stroll early. What time do you breakfast?"

"At eight, Miss, the first morning, though if the visitor wishes the hour may be changed."

"Very good—I am sure she will enjoy her visit."

AND so I woke next morning with a charming sense of irresponsibility. Plenty of work was waiting to be done by me: work I could do so well while the boys were away—but I would not even see anything to do. As the days went by and some need would present itself, I resolutely thrust it out of sight, or rather I took myself out of its sight. I read charming books, I walked or sat still as my hostess invited me.

I made no comments on anything which went wrong: was I not visiting? I could not be guilty of such a breach of etiquette. From time to time I took myself off for a whole day, having the same consideration for Mary that I have had for other persons' maids.

I was blind to Mary's forgetfulness. If I went into any part of my own home except such as a visitor uses I passed through quickly, felt bound not to see any dust, nor to wonder my hostess had this or that thus.

For two weeks I visited myself and a charming and restful time I had of it. Mary improved the cooking; she discovered how much I did when at home; she missed my presence even more than if I had been away, I believe, but a kind word now and then cheered her.

The *dramatis personæ* were never changed, but I tried to keep her sense of the wit and fun of the thing, and altogether it was a gain to Mary's character quite beyond my expectations. I sought rest for myself and meanwhile Mary discovered herself.

When my visit ended I gave her a simple gift.

"I hope you have had a pleasant visit, Miss," she said the night before I was leaving.

"Charming, Mary. I am ready for work now."

"Well, it is I that will be glad to see you back, Miss. I would rather have the smaller wages and your help, Miss—and it's more fault I found with myself these weeks than ever you could believe."

I have had other Marys or Bridgets as the years have gone by, but having learned the charm of visiting one's self I still take these—not outings, but innings.

To the modern housekeeper of whom so much is required, and whose Puritan conscience analyzes and magnifies all shortcomings, I send this bit of advice:

Pay yourself visits from time to time and enjoy the fruits of your labors.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON

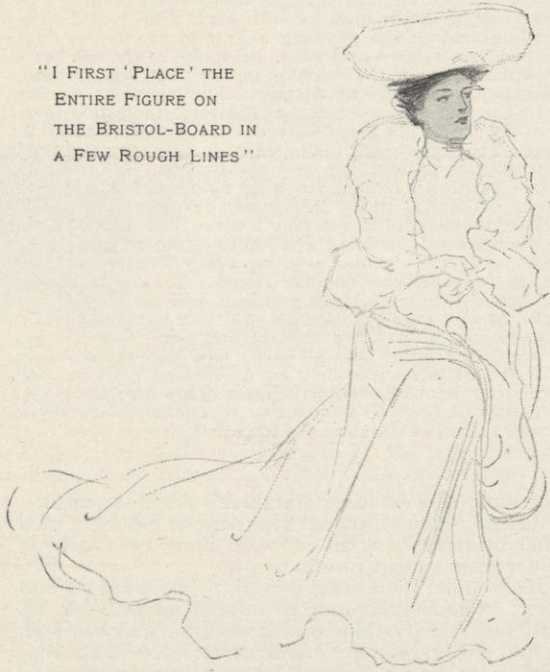
MR. PEIRCE STARTING ON THE PICTURE SHOWN BELOW. THE LAST PICTURE ON THIS PAGE SHOWS HOW CLOSELY HE FOLLOWS HIS MODEL



How I Draw the American Girl

By Thomas Mitchell Peirce

"I FIRST 'PLACE' THE ENTIRE FIGURE ON THE BRISTOL-BOARD IN A FEW ROUGH LINES"



idiot who ever grabbed a pencil. Then? Well, then the artist tears the drawing into forty pieces and starts all over again.

Assuming, however, that better luck has crowned my efforts I first assure myself that sufficient character has been worked in the face. When that is accomplished the drawing of the figure simply carries out the expression the face has suggested. To get this result I have redrawn figures completely, in every detail, at least ten times. For instance, the bride cover for the June LADIES' HOME JOURNAL was drawn nine times before I was satisfied with it. The majority of my drawings, however, are successful with the first attempt, and they are usually the best ones. Of course, I try to vary my types—all artists naturally do—but in spite of all we can do a

would charm one across the street, and I have seen feet that made one wonder if all women were Cinderellas—but on the same beautiful girl would be a pair of hands that made one wish she were carrying a muff.

If the head and hands are well drawn the rest should follow without much difficulty. The chief thing then is to get plenty of life and action. This is the point reached in the picture in the second column on this page.

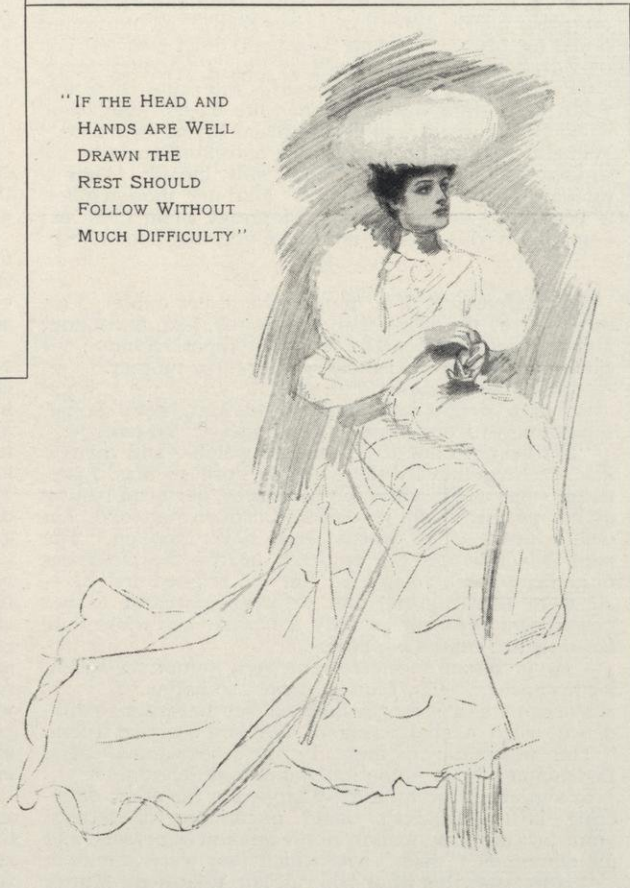
When that is on your canvas you can be reasonably sure of a successful picture.

The drawing of the beautiful folds in the draperies is the next thing. This, too, is fascinating work, but one that is very liable to be overdone. One should here look only for the leading folds—those that determine the lines of the figure. If one draws all he sees the drawing becomes cut up—photographic—and all the charm of feeling is lost.

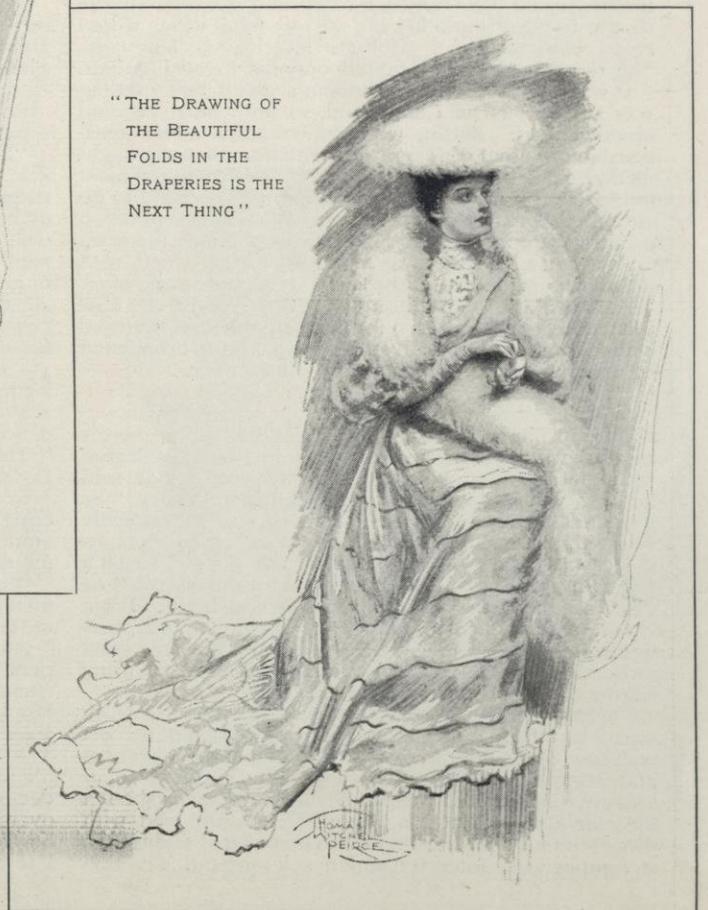
I make the drawings the full size of the bristol-board—about twenty-four by thirty inches—for the reason that it gives space enough to work in all the detail in a free, bold manner, thus keeping the drawing from looking cramped, and I can then step away from the work and get a better idea of color and drawing.

I seldom draw any accessories to my figures of women: this simply from a feeling that the American girl, to my mind, is sufficiently attractive in face and character to stand alone, and is in no need of Turkish rugs, gilt chairs, or poodle dogs to set her off. I prefer that the American girl, at least as I draw her, should stand by herself.

"IF THE HEAD AND HANDS ARE WELL DRAWN THE REST SHOULD FOLLOW WITHOUT MUCH DIFFICULTY"



"THE DRAWING OF THE BEAUTIFUL FOLDS IN THE DRAPERIES IS THE NEXT THING"



HOW do I draw the American girl? I hardly know myself. Drawing is, after all, so much a matter of feeling—a mental process rather than a mechanical one—that it is hard to put the method, if there is one, in words. The way to draw is, in brief, to draw.

So far as my own work is concerned, the first thing I do in transferring the mental picture to a permanent place on bristol-board or canvas is to secure a model of sufficient intelligence—one who not only comprehends my ideas, but also the mood I happen to be in. This directs and influences the character of the drawing to a very large extent. After the model has assumed the pose required I first "place" the entire figure—blocking it in—on the bristol-board in a few rough lines, as I try to show in the picture given above. Then I begin drawing the head, which is to me the most fascinating part of the work.

No one but an artist can fully understand the pleasure that is felt as he sees growing slowly but surely the apparently living counterpart of the model before him, idealized, of course, by the mental conception his mind has suggested. The expression and character take form and he sees his creation becoming an apparently beautiful woman. His elation assures him that the spirit of one of the old masters has found reincarnation in his shoes, when suddenly something seems to go wrong! It may be that an eyebrow is too high, the nose too short, or the mouth will not do what he wishes. Then the old master steps rapidly from the artist's shoes, and after repeated struggles that old master has left the studio entirely, and in his place stands the most misguided

certain resemblance will be found in all the work of every artist. This comes from each one's having an ideal which will assert itself.

The next important thing after the head is finished is the drawing of the hands. Character is shown in the shape and pose of the hands quite as much as in the face, and this is particularly true when one draws a woman, since one of her chief attractions is her hands. Now, a graceful hand is not an unusual thing to see, but for some reason it seems a very hard thing to draw. I have seen faces in drawings that



DRAWN BY CORNELIA GREENOUGH

"THE LETTER SLIPPED FROM MARGARET'S NERVELESS FINGERS"

THE BERLIN UNIVERSITY

What Answer?

A LOVE CRISIS IN THE LIFE OF A GIRL

By Helen Hamilton



AS the Gnädiges Fräulein forgotten me?"

Margaret Listemann turned quickly, as the crowd of students thronged from the lecture-room of the Berlin University, and somewhat desperately Wilhelm repeated audibly what had at first been a mental question. A swift upward glance at the tall fellow beside her, whose brown eyes were looking down into hers—then Margaret, blushing, answered laughingly, as she cordially offered her hand, "Indeed I have not. Mother, let me present Herr Sternberg, to whose patience three years ago, in giving form and coherency to my Deutsch sentences, I owe my rapid progress."

Mrs. Listemann's frank, unaffected greeting instantly proclaimed them Americans, though one glance at Margaret's intelligent, animated face and indescribably distinctive style would have made known her nationality. "How natural the room looks," Margaret said—glancing around at the time-worn desks and benches.

Her voice was steady, and really admirably controlled considering the unusual rate at which her heart was beating. The consciousness of the extreme absurdity of its accelerated throbs only increased their speed and deepened the flush upon her cheeks. All this was very unusual for Margaret; blushing was not her habit, and so seldom had she felt the beating of her own heart that she had almost concurred in the dictum of many friends of both sexes, "Margaret Listemann has no heart." Impressionable she certainly was not; all her power and depth of loving were reserved, held sacred for one. "Perhaps we may never meet," was her subconscious thought, "but if he comes I shall feel—I shall know I am his alone for all eternity."

The one absorbing occupation of her twenty-three years of life had been study—natural inclination made her turn to books, necessity made her specialize.

Her father had been a genius whose inventive power lacked practical force, so others reaped where he had sown. Leaving the Fatherland when but a lad, in America he found wife, child and home. Imaginative, high-souled, in one word, a dreamer, he could ill cope with poverty and life.

At seventeen Margaret realized that soon she and her mother would have but each other, and passionately she sought to absorb into her life the one thing which would recall constantly her idolized father—his language. She thought, dreamed, talked only his loved German.

It was found at Mr. Listemann's death that nothing was left for his wife and child, so both must become breadwinners. Berlin, with its countless advantages, became the goal of Margaret's ambition, that she might qualify herself to teach, and friends leaving almost immediately for the German capital, she decided to go with them for three years' study. What this separation meant to mother and child none realized but themselves.

At twenty Margaret was equipped for her work, with the born teacher's enthusiasm for her profession. Teaching almost unremittingly for three years, she now felt the necessity for fresh inspiration, and had returned with her mother to her loved Berlin, her mind broadened by experience and eager for more knowledge.

The morning of the day following Wilhelm Sternberg's meeting with Margaret every nerve in his body tingled with the anticipation of again seeing her. "She said nothing would keep her from Schmitt's lecture," he kept reiterating to reassure himself, as he critically selected his necktie, casting now and then dubious glances at the dull sky. "She is not the girl to let a few rain clouds house her. How glorious she is," he murmured; "every grace of mind and body. What would a man not do to win her!" As though in sympathy with him, and ready to lend his aid, the sun burst forth radiantly, and lightly humming "Morgens bring ich dir die veichen," Wilhelm hurried forth.

There are two magnets—books and music—which are all-powerful in attracting men and women of earnest purpose and high ideals. In Wilhelm Sternberg Margaret met a man who thoroughly satisfied every artistic desire and whose intellectual supremacy she felt the world would later acknowledge. Combined with these gifts he possessed a nature of unusual strength, a straightforward integrity and a self-forgetful devotion

to high principles which could but make a powerful impression on a girl of Margaret's marked individuality.

Days and weeks flew by, and it was August, the last day of the summer semester. What is there that hastens time—like love? What is there that makes the world so fair—as love?

Wilhelm, as usual, was at the door as Margaret left the lecture-room, and slowly they walked toward the Tiergarten, drawing in deep breaths of the morning air.

"I know there are hundreds of people here," said Margaret, as they sat beneath a spreading linden, "and each feels as I, a personal ownership, and yet I never come but what this peacefulness seems for me alone."

Margaret talked almost at random, glancing now and then at her silent companion, knowing intuitively what his tense expression foreboded, yet, womanlike, trembling and fearful, while rejoicing in the knowledge.

"Fräulein, may I tell you something of myself—my home?" questioned Wilhelm abruptly. Scarcely waiting for the low assent he exclaimed passionately: "There has not been a day since I saw you three years ago that you have not filled my every thought. Tomorrow you will leave Berlin—I cannot let you go and not tell you what you are to me—life, love, everything."

As he leaned toward her, trying to read her blushing, half-averted face, she faltered, "Your father—what will he think, what will he say?"

"My father—how I long to have you meet him; you would win him forever." Wilhelm added smiling, "If he once heard you express your fervid admiration for our great men—Ach! how I envy them," he murmured under his breath. "And Elizabeth, did I ever tell you of Elizabeth, my cousin, who is like a daughter to my father? She is alone in the world and came to us five years ago. She has given her life to us—she came when all the world was dark—when my mother died." Wilhelm rose as he spoke, and Margaret knew by his sudden pallor what that loss still meant. After a moment's pause he continued: "Marburg, though quiet, is beautiful; and—and—oh, Margaret, mein Liebchen—my beloved—could I not make your happiness?"

All the passion of a man's strong, yet tender, love throbbled in the low-whispered words, and, trembling, Margaret laid her hand in his as she replied faintly: "I cannot answer now; I must see her—my mother."

"She shall be mine!" he said.

As in a dream they walked to Margaret's home, separating with one thought, one hope—"To-morrow." "To bear, to nurse, to rear, to watch—and then to lose." Involuntarily these words rose to Mrs. Listemann's lips as Margaret, on her knees, her head resting in her mother's lap, revealed in broken sentences her whole heart. The words were never spoken. The pang which wrung the mother's heart—the bitterness of abdicating where so long she had reigned first, all—were thrust aside, and drawing Margaret to her bosom she rejoiced as only a mother can whose one desire is her child's happiness.

"He is coming to-morrow, mother, to-morrow at ten, for his answer. Oh, I am so happy, so happy."

Margaret had scarcely finished her tremulous confidence when a sharp ring of the bell startled them. "The postman; it must be he," exclaimed Mrs. Listemann; "our home letters are long overdue."

In a moment the little maid tapped at the door, delivering into Margaret's hand a number of letters, unmistakably American from the amount of postage and the numerous "dues" with which they were stamped.

"Now, isn't this what you call fair treatment, Mutter mein," cried Margaret gayly; "six for you and five for me? But there's luck in odd numbers, you remember."

An hour later, Margaret, in dressing-gown and slippers, her hair hanging in long, loose braids, was in her chamber reading with absorbed interest the home news, her frequent low laugh proving how interesting it all was. Finally, she reached for the last one of the letters. The handwriting was unfamiliar, the postmark almost illegible. Holding it closely to the lamp she slowly deciphered "Marburg." Margaret read the postmark over and over, a faint flush tinged her face. "Can it be from his father? How foolish of me: we did not know ourselves until to-day."

With an odd, strange sinking of her heart she broke the seal and began to read:

"It is with fear and trembling that I write you, and an overwhelming dread that you may not understand me, and yet something within tells me you are noble and good, and will comprehend and not misjudge me.

"Oh, Liebes Fräulein, I am Elizabeth. May I not bare my heart to you as to my God—may my soul speak to yours? I am but a simple German maiden. I have not studied books; I do not even know the names of problems and philosophies which puzzle and perplex Wilhelm, but I can love, and since we were little children I have loved him. His wants, his comforts have been the daily study of my life. He never told me that he loved me, and yet—sometimes a look, a word that he has spoken, made me hope. Ah, Fräulein, will you think me bold and shameless if I tell you that night after night these many months I've prayed that he might love me with such a love as I have given him, and he was growing nearer to me day by day? But then you came—and when he spoke of you my heart died within me. It was not what he said, but oh, his tone, his manner, filled me with despair. The few short months that he has known you—can they outweigh the whole devotion of my life? The great wide world is yours in which to choose. You are so beautiful, so learned, and yet so womanly a woman, that all men long and sue for you. I know that this is so from what he said, and what am I that I should dare to try to balance all these things with my poor little heart. To balance—nay, it is not that I mean, but of the abundance which the Lord has given you I beg the blessed gift of Wilhelm's love. I cannot live my life without him. You have your home, your many friends. I have but him. When you are gone I know my love will so enfold him that by its very strength he shall be drawn to me again.

"Sometimes a torturing thought has come to me—that you may love him too, as well as I. God pity me if this is so. I can write no more. I have revealed my very self, and in your hand you hold the issue of my life; but whatever comes I know you are too true, too noble, to do aught but hold as sacred the secret of Elizabeth."

The letter slipped from Margaret's nerveless fingers. Bewildered, stunned, she sat incapable of thought; then the full meaning of it all crowded upon her, and her whole woman's heart rose in revolt.

"He is mine," she cried fiercely; "he loves me and not her. I understand him, I comprehend his work, his ambitions. To give him up means misery for us both—untold misery, for he would never know what separated us. I cannot, will not, wreck his life and mine.

"It was cruel, unwomanly to write me such a letter. No, no," she moaned, "I did not mean that; the poor child did not know that he had told his love to me; he had been hers from boyhood; it was but her woman's instinct to clutch, to save her dearest treasure. She turned to me as to her one earthly refuge; she bared her heart to me as to her God. O Heavenly Father!" Margaret groaned, "what shall I do—enter my paradise and hear a starving soul forever knocking at the gate, or blight his life and mine?"

By sheer strength of will she stilled her clamoring heart, and forced herself to weigh and balance justly Elizabeth's appeal. As Jacob of old wrestled with the angel for his blessing, so in spirit Margaret sought for guidance. "Searcher of hearts," was her unspoken prayer, "Thou knowest it is not my own happiness I seek—but his, Wilhelm's. Give me to know which—which in the end will make for his best, his highest good. If it is Elizabeth I will give way without a murmur. If it is I my life shall be one long devotion. Hear me, Eternal Goodness, and answer."

The first faint ray of daybreak stole through the window as slowly, with clasped hands, and eyes which seemed to look into the unknown years, Margaret rose from her knees and paced back and forth; then with a low, fervent "I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou hast shown me what is right to do," she threw herself upon the bed and sank into a dreamless sleep.

The sunlight flooded the little sitting-room with its golden glory as Margaret, in spotless white, awaited her lover's coming. The consecration of love shone in her face. As her mother kissed her she whispered lovingly, "You look, my child, as a bride adorned."

There was a quick, springing step upon the stairs. "Wilhelm!" was her low cry as he bent over her, his arms outstretched, his voice breaking with love's yearning as he breathed, "Heart's dearest, what answer?"

(THE END)



"THERE IN HIS DEAR CABIN WERE THREE TRAMPS PLAYING CARDS"

Two Little Savages

THE STORY OF TWO BOYS WHO LIVED AS INDIANS DO

By Ernest Thompson Seton

Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," "The Trail of the Sand Hill Stag," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII: BEGINNINGS OF WOOD LORE



DURING the time that Yan had concentrated all his powers on building the shanty at Glenyan he had scarcely noticed the birds and wild things. Such was his temperament—one idea only, and that with all his strength.

His heart was more and more in his kingdom now; he longed to go and live there. But he only dared to dream that some day he might be allowed to pass a night in the shanty. This was where he would lead his ideal life—the life of an Indian with all that is bad and cruel left out. Here he would show men how to live without cutting down all the trees, spoiling all the streams and killing every living thing. He would learn how to get the fullest pleasure out of the woods himself and then teach others how to do the same. Though the Birds and Fourfoots fascinated him he would not have hesitated to shoot one had he been able; but to see a tree cut down always caused him great distress.

To carry out his plan he must work hard at school, for books had much that he needed. Perhaps some day he might get a chance to see Audubon's drawings, and so have all his bird worries settled by a single book.

He made himself a bow and arrows. They were badly made and he could hit nothing with them, but he felt so like an Indian when he drew the arrow to its head that it was another pleasure.

He made a number of arrows with hoop-iron heads: these he could file at home in the woodshed. The heads were jagged and barbed and double-barbed. These arrows were frightful-looking things. They seemed positively devilish in their ferocity, and were proportionately gratifying. These he called his "war arrows," and he would send one into a tree and watch it shiver, then he would grunt "Ugh, heap good."

He found a piece of sheepskin and made of it a pair of very poor moccasins. He ground an old castaway putty knife into a scalping knife; the notch in it for breaking glass was an annoying defect until he remembered that some Indians decorate their weapon with a notch for each enemy it has killed, and this, therefore, might do duty as a kill-tally. He made a sheath for the knife out of scraps of leather left off the moccasins. Some water-colors, acquired by a school "swop," and a bit of broken mirror held in a split stick were necessary parts of his Indian toilet. Then with painted face and a feather in his hair he would proudly range the woods in his little kingdom and store up every scrap of wood lore he could find, invent or learn from his schoolmates.

Odd things that he found in the woods he would bring to his shanty: curled sticks, feathers, bones, skulls, fungus, shells, an old cowhorn—things that interested him, he did not know why. He made Indian necklaces of the shells, strung together alternately with the backbone of a fish.

He tried to do everything as an Indian would do it, striking Indian poses, walking carefully with his toes turned in, breaking off twigs to mark a place, guessing at the time by the sun, and grunting "Ugh" or "Wagh" when anything surprised him. Disparaging remarks about white men, delivered in supposed Indian dialect, were part of his pastime. "Ugh, white man heap no good," and "Wagh, paleface—palefool in woods," were among his favorites.

He made a number of vessels out of birch bark, stitching the edges with root fibres, filling the bottom with a round piece of wood and cementing the joints with pine gum so that they would hold water.

In the distant river he caught some Catfish and brought them home—that is, to his shanty. There he made a fire and broiled them, very badly; but he ate them as a great delicacy. The sharp bone in each of their side fins he saved, bored a hole through its thick end, smoothed it, and so had a needle to stitch his birch bark. He kept them in a bark box with some lumps of rosin, along with some bark fibre, an Indian flint arrowhead given him by a schoolmate, and the claws of a large Owl, found in the garbage heap back of the taxidermist's shop.

One day, under the bushes not far from his shanty, he found a small Hawk lying dead. He clutched it as a wonderful prize, spent an hour in looking at its toes, its beak, its wings, its every feather; then he set to work to make a drawing of it. A very bad drawing it proved, although it was the labor of days, and the bird was crawling with maggots before he had finished. But every feather and every spot was faithfully copied, was duly set down on paper. One of his friends said it was a Chicken-hawk. That name stuck in Yan's memory. Thenceforth, the Chicken-hawk and its every marking were familiar to him. Even in after years,

when he had learned that this must have been a young "Sharpshin," the name "Chicken-hawk" was always readier on his lips.

But he met with another and a different Hawk soon afterward. This one was alive and flitting about in the branches of a tree over his head. It was very small—less than a foot in length. Its beak was very short; its legs, wings and tail were long; its head was bluish, and its back coppery red; on the tail was a broad, black crossbar. As the bird flew about and balanced on the boughs it pumped its tail. This told Yan it was a Hawk, and the colors he remembered were those of the male Sparrow-hawk, for here his bird book helped with its rude travesty of "Wilson's" drawing of this bird.

Yet two other birds he saw close at hand and drew partly from memory. The drawings were like those shown above on the right, and from the picture on a calendar he learned that one was a Rail, and from a drawing in the bird book that the other was a Bobolink. And these names he never forgot. He had his doubts about the sketching at first—it seemed an un-Indian thing to do, until he remembered that the



SORA RAIL



BOBOLINK



"HE FOUND SOME CURIOUS MARKINGS—EVIDENTLY TRACKS"



"THERE WAS NO LONGER ANY QUESTION THAT IT WAS A LYNX"

Indians painted pictures on their shields and on their teepees. It was really the best of all ways for him to make reliable observation.

CHAPTER IX: TRACKS

IN THE wet sand down by the edge of the brook Yan one day found some curious markings—evidently tracks. He pored over them, then made a life-size drawing of one. He shrewdly suspected it to be the track of a 'Coon—nothing was too good or wild or rare for his valley. As soon as he could he showed the track to the stableman whose Dog was said to have killed a 'Coon once, and hence the man must be an authority on the subject.

"Is that a 'Coon track?" said Yan timidly.
"How do I know?" said the man roughly, and went on with his work. But a stranger standing near, a curious person with shabby clothes, and a new silk hat on the back of his head, said: "Let me see it."

Yan showed it.
"Is it nat'ral size?"
"Yes, sir."
"Yep, that's a 'Coon track, all right. You look at all the big trees near about whar you saw that; then when you find one with a hole in it you look on the bark and you will find some 'Coon hars. Then you will know you've got a 'Coon tree."

Yan took the earliest chance. He sought, and found, a great basswood with some gray hairs caught in the bark. He took them home with him, not sure what kind they were. He sought the stranger, but the man was gone, and no one knew him.

How to identify the hairs was a question; but he remembered a friend who had a 'Coonskin carriage robe. A few hairs of these were compared with those from the tree and left no doubt that the climber was a 'Coon.

Thus Yan got the beginning of the idea that the very hairs of each, as well as its tracks, are different. He learned, also, how wise it is to draw everything that he wished to observe or describe.

One day he chewed the leaves of a strange plant because he had heard that that was the first test applied by the Indians. He soon began to have awful pains in his stomach. He hurried home in agony. His mother gave him mustard and water till he vomited, then she gave him a beating. His father came in during the process and ably supplemented the punishment. Yan was then and there ordered to abstain forever from the woods. Of course, he did not. He merely became more sly about it all, and enjoyed his shanty with the added zest of secret sin.

CHAPTER X: BIDDY'S CONTRIBUTION

The Sanger Witch dwelt at the bend of the Creek,
And neither could read nor write;
But she knew the tongue that the woodlands speak
And hers was the Second Sight.

"Read!" said she; "I am double read;
You fools of the ink and pen
Count never the eggs, but the sticks of the nest,
See the clothes, not the Souls of men."

AN IRISH-CANADIAN servant girl from Sanger now became a member of Yan's household. Her grandmother was an herb-doctor in great local repute. This girl had thus picked up some herbal and wood lore, and one day, finding the boy was interested, she chattered no little of Granny's herb and wood lore. To Yan all this was the very breath of life, and he treasured it all in his memory. Biddy's information was not unmixed with error and superstition:

"Hold Daddy Longlegs by one leg and say, 'tell me where the Cows are,' and he will point just right under another leg, and onct he told me where to find my necklace when I lost it.

"Shoot the Swallows and the Cows give bloody milk. That's the way old Sam White ruined his milk business—shooting Swallows.

"Lightning never strikes a barn where Swallows nest. Paw never rested easy after the new barn was built till the Swallows nested in it. He had it insured for a hundred dollars till the Swallows got round to look after it.

"Toads gives warts. You see them McKenna twins—their hands is a sight with warts. Well, I seen them two boys playing with Toads like they was marbles. So! An' they might a-knowned what was comin'! Ain't every Toad just covered with warts as thick as he can stick?"

"Split a Crow's tongue and he will talk like a girl. Granny knowed a man that had a brother back of Mara that got a young Crow and split his tongue, an' he told Granny it was just like a girl talking—an' Granny told me!

"Kill a Spider an' it will rain to-morrow. Now that's worth knowin'.

"When a Measuring-worm crawls on you you are going to get a new suit of clothes. My brother-in-law says they walk over him every year in summer, and sure enough he gets a new suit. But they never does it in winter 'cause he don't get new clothes then.

"A Witch-hazel wand will bob over a hidden spring and show where to dig. Denny Scully is awful good at it. He gets a dollar for showing where to sink a well, an' if they don't strike water it's because they didn't dig where he said, or spiled the charm some way or nuther, and hez to try over.

"There's Slippery-elm. It's awfully good for loosening up a cold if you drink the juice the bark's bin biled in. One spring Granny made a bucketful. She set it outside to cool, an' the pig, he drunk it all up an' he must 'a' had a cold, for it loosened him up so he dropped his back teeth. I seen them myself lying out there in the yard. Yes, I did!

"That's Wintergreen. Lots of boys I know chew that to make the girls like them. Lots of them gits a beau that way, too. I done it myself many's a time."

These were her superstitions, most of them more or less obviously absurd to Yan; but there was a smattering of backwoods lore and Yan gleaned all he could.

CHAPTER XI: LUNG BALM

ONE day by the bank of the river Yan noticed a pile of empty shells of the fresh-water Mussel, or Clam. The shells were common enough, but why all together

and chipped in the same way? Around the pile on the mud were curious tracks and marks. There were so many that it was hard to find a perfect one, but when he did, remembering the 'Coon track, he drew a picture of it. It was too small to be the mark of his old acquaintance. He did not find any one to tell him what it was, but one day he saw a round, brown animal hunched up on the bank eating a Clam. It dived into the water at his approach, but it reappeared swimming farther on. Then when it dived again Yan saw by its long, thin tail that it was a Muskrat, like the stuffed one he had seen in the taxidermist's window.

The stream in Glenyan was too small for the Muskrats to haunt, but Yan was now learning the value of mud studies. He sought out all the muddy places along the banks of his brook. He studied over the tracks and the marks in them. He cleaned out these places, removing the sticks, leaves and stones, so that only smooth mud like a clean sheet of paper should be there for the animals to make the tracks on. He learned that the 'Coons were really common in his kingdom, and nearly every night he found fresh tracks were made. He also learned that the more he studied these tracks the more different kinds he found.

Yan soon found out that he was not the only resident of the shanty. One day as he sat inside wondering why he had not made a fireplace, so that he could sit at an indoor fire, he saw a silent little creature flit along between two logs in the back wall. He remained still. A beautiful little Woodmouse, for such it was, soon came out in plain view and sat up to look at Yan and wash its face. Yan reached out for his bow and arrow, but the Mouse was gone in a flash. He fitted a blunt arrow to the string, then waited, and when the Mouse returned he shot the arrow. It missed the Mouse, struck the log and bounded back into Yan's face, giving him a stinging blow on the cheek. And as Yan rolled around grunting and rubbing his cheek, he thought, "This is what I tried to do to the Woodmouse." Thenceforth, Yan made no attempt to harm the Mouse: indeed he was willing to share his meals with it. In time they became well acquainted, and Yan found that not one Mouse, but a whole family were enjoying with him his shanty in the woods.

Thus he spent the bright Saturdays, hiding his accoutrements each time in his shanty, washing the paint from his face in the brook, and replacing the hated paper collar that the pride and poverty of his family made a daily necessity, before returning home. He was a little dreamer, but oh! what happy dreams. Whatever childish sorrow he found at home he knew he could always come out here and be happy as a king—be a real King in a Kingdom wholly after his heart and all his very own.

CHAPTER XII: A CRISIS

YAN was in disgrace. He had caricatured the head teacher and had therefore been mercilessly flogged both at school and at home. The following day was Saturday and he set out alone as usual for the one happy spot he knew. He was already forming a plan for adding a fireplace and chimney to his house. He followed the secret path he had made with aim to magnify its secrets. He crossed the open glade, was nearly at the shanty, when he heard voices—loud, coarse voices—coming from his shanty! He crawled up close. The door was open. There in his dear cabin were three tramps playing cards and drinking out of a bottle. On the ground beside them were his shell necklaces broken up. In a smouldering fire outside were the remains of his bow and arrows.

Poor Yan! This was too much. He fled to a far and quiet corner and there flung himself down and sobbed in grief and rage—he would have killed them if he could. After an hour or two he came trembling back to see the tramps finish their game and their liquor; then they defiled the shanty and left it in ruins.

The brightest thing in his life was gone—a King dethroned, dethroned; feeling now every weal on his back and legs he sullenly went home.

This was late in the summer. Autumn followed fast with shortening days and chilly winds. Yan had no chance to see his glen, even had he greatly wished it. He became more studious; books were his pleasure now. He worked harder than ever, winning honors at school, but attracting no notice at the home.

The teachers and some of the boys remarked that Yan was getting very thin and pale. Never robust, he now looked like an invalid; but at home no note was taken of the change. His mother's thoughts were all concentrated on his scapegrace younger brother. For two years she had never spoken peaceably to Yan. There was a hungry place in his heart as he left the house unnoticed each morning and saw his graceless brother kissed and dandled. He grew thinner and more heart-hungry till near Christmas, when the breakdown came.

"He is far gone in consumption," said the physician. "He cannot live more than a month or two."

"He must live," sobbed the conscience-stricken mother. "He must live—O God, he must live."

All that suddenly-awakened mother's love could do was done. The skilled physician did his best, but it was the mother that saved him. She watched over him night and day; she studied his wishes and comfort in every way. She prayed by his bedside and often asked God to forgive her for her long neglect. It was Yan's first taste of mother-love. Why she had ignored him so long was unknown. She was simply erratic, or perhaps his slovenliness repelled her, but now she awoke to his brilliant gifts, his steady, earnest life, already purposeful.

CHAPTER XIII: THE LYNX

AS WINTER waned Yan's strength returned. He was wise enough to use his new ascendancy to get books. The public librarian, a man of broad culture who had fought his own fight, became interested in him, and helped him to many works that otherwise he would have missed. Wilson's Ornithology and Schoolcraft's Indians were the most important. And they were food and drink for the starving.

In March he was fast recovering. He could now take long walks; and one bright day of snow he set off with his brother's Dog. His steps bent hillwards. The air was bright and bracing, he stepped with unexpected vigor, and he made for far Glenyan, without at first meaning to go there. But drawn by the ancient attraction he kept on. The secret path looked not so secret, now the leaves were off, but the Glen looked dearly familiar as he reached the wider stretch.

His eye fell on a large, peculiar track quite fresh in the snow. It was five inches across, big enough for a Bear track, but there were no signs of claws or toe pads. The steps were short and the tracks had not sunken as they would for an animal as heavy as a Bear.

As one end of each showed the indications of toes he could see what way it went, and followed up the Glen. The Dog sniffed

at it uneasily, but showed no disposition to go ahead. Yan tramped up past the ruins of his shanty, now painfully visible since the leaves had fallen, and his heart ached at the sight. The trail led up the valley, it crossed the brook on a log, and Yan became convinced that he was on the track of a large Lynx. Though a splendid barker, Grip, the Dog, was known to be a coward, and now he slunk behind the boy, sniffing at the great track and absolutely refusing to go ahead.

Yan was fascinated by the long rows of footprints, and when he came to a place where the creature had leaped ten or twelve feet without visible cause he felt satisfied that he had found a Lynx, and the love of adventure prompted him to go on, although he had not even a stick in his hand, or a knife in his pocket. He picked up the best club he could find—a dry branch—and followed. The Dog was now unwilling to go at all; he hung back and had to be called at each hundred yards. They were at last in the dense hemlock woods at the upper end of the valley, when a peculiar sound like the call of a deep-voiced Cat was heard.

"Yow! Yow! Yow!"
Yan stood still. The Dog, although a large and powerful retriever, whimpered, trembled and crawled up close.

The sound increased in volume. The yowling meow came louder, louder and nearer, then suddenly clear and close as though the creature had rounded a point and entered an opening. It was positively blood-curdling now. The Dog could stand it no more; he turned and went as fast as he could for home, leaving Yan to his fate. There was no longer any question that it was a Lynx. Yan had felt nervous before and the abject flight of the Dog reacted on him. He realized how defenseless he was, still weak from his illness, and he turned and went after the Dog. At first he walked. But having given in to his fears they increased; and as the yowling continued he finally ran his fastest. The yowling was left behind, and Yan never stopped until he had left the Glen and was once more in the open valley of the river. Here he found the "valiant" retriever trembling all over. Boylike, Yan received him with a contemptuous kick, and as soon as he could find some stones he used them till Grip was driven home.

Most lads have some sporting instinct, and Yan's elder brother, though not of Yan's tastes, was not averse to going gunning when there was a prospect of sport.

Yan decided to reveal to Rad the secret of his Glen. He had never been allowed to use a gun, but Rad had one, and Yan's vivid account of his adventure had the desired effect. His method was quite characteristic.

"Rad, would you go huntin' if there was lots to hunt?"

"Course I would."

"Well, I know a place not ten miles away where there are all kinds of wild animals—hundreds of them."

"Yes, you do, I don't think. Humph!"

"Yes, I do, and I'll tell you if you will promise never to tell a soul."

"Ba-ah!"

"Well, I just had an adventure with a Lynx up there now, and if you will come with your gun we can get him."

Then Yan related all that had passed, and it lost nothing in his telling. His brother was impressed enough to set out under Yan's guidance on the following Saturday.

Yan hated to reveal to his sneering, earthy-minded brother all the joys and sorrows he had found in the Glen, but now that it seemed compulsory he found keen pleasure in playing the part of the crafty guide. With unnecessary caution he first led in a wrong direction, then trying, but failing, to extort another promise of secrecy, he turned at an angle, pointed to a distant tree, saying with all the meaning he could put into it: "Ten paces beyond that tree is a trail that will lead us into the secret valley." After sundry other ceremonies of the sort they were near the inway, when a man came walking through the bushes. On his shoulders he carried something. When he came close Yan saw, to his deep disgust, that that something was the Lynx—yes, it surely was his Lynx.

They eagerly plied the man with questions. He told them that he had "killed it the day before, really. It had been prowling for the last week or more about Cudmore's bush; probably it was a straggler from up North."

This was all intensely fascinating to Yan, but in it was a jarring note. Evidently this man considered the Glen—his Glen—as an ordinary, well-known bit of bush, possibly part of his farm—not by any means the profound mystery that Yan would have had it. The Lynx was a fine large one. The stripes on its face and the wide-open yellow eyes gave a peculiarly wild, tigerlike expression that was deeply gratifying to Yan's romantic soul.

It was not so much of an adventure as a might-have-been adventure; but it left a deep impress on the boy, and it also illustrated the accuracy of his instincts in identifying creatures that he never had seen before, but knew only through the slight descriptions of very unsatisfactory books.

CHAPTER XIV: FROTH

FROM now on to the spring Yan was daily gaining in strength, and he and his mother came closer together. She tried to take an interest in the pursuits that were his whole nature. But she also strove hard to make him take an interest in her world. She was a morbidly religious woman. Her conversation was bristling with Scripture texts. She had a vast store of them—indeed, she had them all, and she used them on every occasion possible and impossible, with bewildering dexterity. She was perfectly sincere in all this, but she never ceased, except during the time of her son's illness, when under orders from the doctor she avoided the painful topic of eternal happiness and tried to simulate an interest in his pursuits. This was the blessed truce that brought them together.

One day they were out walking in the early spring morning. A Shore-lark on a clod whistled prettily as it felt the growing sunshine. Yan strained his eyes and attention to take it in. He crept up near it. It took wing, and as it went he threw after it a short stick he was carrying. The stick whirled over and struck the bird. It fell fluttering. Yan rushed wildly after it and caught it in spite of his mother's calling him back.

He came with the bird in his hand, but it did not live many minutes. His mother was grieved and disgusted. She said: "So this is the great love you have for the wild things; the very first spring bird to sing you must club to death. I do not understand your affections. Are not two sparrows sold for one farthing, and yet not one of them falls to the ground without the knowledge of your Heavenly Father?"

Yan was crushed. He held the dead bird in his hand and said, contradictorily, as the tears stood in his eyes: "I wish I hadn't; but oh, it was so beautiful."

He could not explain because he did not understand. Yet he was no hypocrite.

Weeks later a cheap trip gave him the chance for the first time in his life to see Niagara. As he stood with his mother watching the racing flood, in the gorge below the cataract, he noticed straws, bubbles and froth that seemed to be actually moving up stream. He said:

"Mother, you see the froth, how it seems to go up stream?"

"Well?"

"Yet we know it is a trifle and means nothing. We know that just below the froth is the deep, wide, terrible, irresistible, arrowy flood, surging all the other way."

"Yes, my son."

"Well, mother, when I killed the Shore-lark, that was froth going the wrong way. I did love the little bird. I know now why I killed it. Because it was going away from me. If I could have seen it near and could have touched it or even have heard it every day, I should never have wished to harm it. I didn't mean to kill it, only to get it. You gather flowers because you love to keep them near you, not because you want to destroy them. They die and you are sorry. I only tried to gather the Shore-lark as you would a flower. It died and I was very, very sorry."

(CONTINUED IN MARCH JOURNAL)

A PARLOR LOVE PLAY

Honor—and the Girl

By Grace S. Richmond, Author of "The Indifference of Juliet," etc.

CHARACTERS

JERROLD FULLERTON, a young literary man who has achieved noteworthy distinction, but who has been invalided during the past year from overwork, and is now at home in a seemingly vain attempt to get well.

MISS NANETTE EASTMAN, a charming young woman, the guest of FULLERTON's sister, and an acquaintance of his family since her early girlhood. Her visit is to come to an end on the morrow.

SCENE: A cozily furnished bachelor's sitting-room, with wood fire burning in fireplace at L. Large reclining chair with crimson pillows drawn up in front of fireplace, with back toward door at R. The only light in the room, except that of the fire, comes from a ruby-shaded lamp on a table near the chair.

At rise of curtain FULLERTON is seen lying in big chair, tablet and pen in lap. He is listening to sounds from below stairs, indicating departure of a merry party of young people.

[Knock at door.

FULLERTON (wearily): Come in.

[Enter NANETTE, R. She is in full evening dress, without gloves, and has slipped on a loose, thin, silken garment over her bare arms and shoulders. She crosses the floor softly. FULLERTON tries to see who it is. She leans over the back of his chair, laughing.

FULLERTON (delighted): You? Why, Nan! [Reaches up one hand and draws her in front of him. She is laughing still.

NANETTE (willfully): Don't ask me why. I didn't want to go. But I dressed. I felt I could argue with them better after I got this gown on. I think I have rather a regal air in it, don't you? FULLERTON (regarding her critically): I could tell better if you were not wearing that thing over it.

NANETTE (shrugging): But I've taken off my gloves, and I can't stand bare arms here at home.

FULLERTON: And you're not going to the Van Antwerp dance at all?

NANETTE: Certainly not.

FULLERTON: Why?

NANETTE: I told you not to ask me why. But I suppose I may as well tell you.

[Sits down before the fire, looking into it, then at FULLERTON. He watches her absently.

NANETTE (demurely): I wanted to spend my last evening here with you.

FULLERTON (smiling): Three people looked in here and told me you thought you ought.

NANETTE (indignantly): I didn't say I ought. I didn't think it. I wanted to. And I didn't want them to stay. That was why I let them array themselves before I refused to go.

FULLERTON (still smiling): Delicate flattery, adapted to an invalid. Never let an invalid think you pity him.

NANETTE (looking full at him with eloquent eyes): Jerry, do you think all the hours I've spent with you since I've been visiting Hester were spent from pity?

FULLERTON (lightly): I hope not.

[She turns from him without speaking, sits watching the fire for a moment, then rises and stands looking down at him.

NANETTE: Jerry, I'll tell you why I stayed to-night. I wanted to talk with you about something. I want your help. (His eyes suggest that he is entirely willing to help her.) Do you mind if I sit on one of your pillows here before the fire? (Brings pillow from couch.) I believe every girl you ever knew has sent you a fresh one since you came home. (FULLERTON nods, with a whimsical look.) Somehow I can talk better down here. (Settles herself on pillow before fire.)

FULLERTON: Please let me see something more than the back of your head.

NANETTE (changing position slightly): I always go straight to the point. I never know how to lead artfully up to a thing—Jerry, you know I go to Paris next month, to do some special work in my illustrating?

FULLERTON: Yes.

NANETTE: I go with Aunt Elizabeth, and we shall live very quietly. My work will keep me busy and, I think, happy. I mean it shall. But, Jerry—I want something. You know you have always known me, because I was Hester's friend.

FULLERTON: Is this straight to the point?

NANETTE: Very straight. But we have never been special friends—you and I.

FULLERTON: Haven't you? I congratulated myself he had.

NANETTE: Not what I mean by that word.

[Sits looking thoughtfully into fire for a little; FULLERTON motionless, watching her closely, his eyes shaded by his hand.

NANETTE (earnestly and rather shyly): I want to feel I have one friend—a real one, whom I leave behind me, who will understand me, and write to me, and whom I can count on—differently from the way I count on other friends.

FULLERTON (slowly): Then you haven't that sort of a friend among the men you know at home?

NANETTE: Not one.

FULLERTON (very quietly): You are offering me a great deal, Nan. Do you realize just how much? Friendship—such friendship—means more to me now than it ever did before.

NANETTE (with equal quietness): Does it? I'm glad of that.

FULLERTON (gravely): Because I realize that it is the only thing I can ever have, and it must take the place of all I once—hoped for.

NANETTE (impetuously): Why do you say that?



DRAWN BY ETHEL FRANKLIN BETTS

"YOU ARE OFFERING ME A GREAT DEAL, NAN"

FULLERTON: Since you are to be my friend now—my special friend—I can tell you what Doctor McDonough told me just two days ago. May I? I have told and shall tell no one else.

NANETTE (looking up anxiously): Tell me. FULLERTON: He said I might be better—much better—but I could never hope to be—my old self again.

NANETTE (with almost a sob): Oh, Jerry! [She turns about and reaches up both hands, clasping his warmly.

FULLERTON (holding her hands closely and bending a little to look down into her eyes): Is this what your friendship means? If it does—it is going to be something a man might give up a good deal for.

NANETTE (slowly drawing away her hands and turning to stare into the fire): Oh, how can you take such a cruel disappointment so? I've said all along that you were just the bravest thing I ever knew. But now—Jerry, I'm not worthy to be your friend.

FULLERTON (eagerly): Ah, I'll not let you take back what you offered me. If you know how I've wanted to ask it—

NANETTE (looking quickly up over her shoulder, her eyes full of delight): Have you really? [FULLERTON turns his head away a moment as if to get control of himself. Remains silent for a little, watching NANETTE, who studies fire.

FULLERTON (softly): So you will seal the compact? Think it over carefully. I can never give you the strong arm a well man could.

NANETTE (with a hint of much feeling in her voice): If you will teach me to acquire the sort of strength you have learned yourself you will have given me something worth while. (Short silence, then with change of tone): Jerry, you don't know how suddenly rich I feel. All the while you were doing such wonderful things with your pen, and being made much of, I was thinking, "What an inspiration Jerrold Fullerton would be as a friend." But all the girls were— (Makes gesture suggestive of affect worship.)

FULLERTON (laughing): They won't trouble you now.

NANETTE: But your friendship is worth more now than then.

[He shakes his head.

NANETTE (positively): It is—because you are more than you were then.

FULLERTON (sadly): I'm a mere wreck of what I was, Nan.

[Throws back his head and remains staring absently at wall toward front of stage. NANETTE watches him during brief silence.

NANETTE (softly): I'm glad a share in the wreckage falls to me.

FULLERTON (looking quickly down at her, smiling in spite of himself): Nan, I believe you are deliberately trying to burn a sweet incense before me to-night. Just how fragrant it is to a fellow in my shape I can't tell you. You would never do it if I were on my feet, I appreciate that; but I'm very grateful just the same.

NANETTE (with drooping head): I'd like to have you remember this evening—as I shall.

FULLERTON (emphatically): Remember it? NANETTE: Shall you?

FULLERTON (fervently): Shall I! (Lying back among pillows, with a long breath): So you go to-morrow morning?

NANETTE: At six o'clock. You will not see me. And I must go now. See, it is after eleven. [She rises and stands looking down at him.

FULLERTON: Would you mind slipping off that—domino? I'd like to see you just as all the others would have seen you at the party.

[Smiling, she reluctantly draws off outer garment and stands for a moment, half turned away, looking down into fire.

NANETTE: I must go now, Jerry. [Takes step toward him, smiling and holding out both hands.

FULLERTON (wistfully, and studying her face intently): I don't know how I can spare my friend when I've just found her. I suppose I ought not to ask it, but—will you give me one more thing to remember, Nan?

[She bends impulsively and kisses him lightly on forehead. He catches her hands.

FULLERTON (pleadingly): Is that the proper degree for friendship, and you feel that more would be too much?

[She hesitates, showing agitation. He steadily draws her down. She yields and stoops to kiss his lips, he contriving to turn her slight caress into a fervent one.

NANETTE (turning away in confusion and going toward door): Good-night.

FULLERTON (eagerly): Oh, come back. (Tries to turn and see her. She keeps behind him, near door.) Tell me—you will write often?

NANETTE: Oh, yes, every—month.

FULLERTON: Month? Won't you write every mail?

NANETTE: Oh, Jerry!

FULLERTON: Every week, then?

NANETTE: Will you?

FULLERTON: I will—whether you do or not.

[She approaches him slowly, carefully defeating his efforts to see her. Her hands are clasped. She shows hesitation and nervousness.

FULLERTON (beseechingly): Please come here. [She maintains silence, trying to obtain her self-possession.

FULLERTON (anxiously): Please!

NANETTE (in a smothered way): What good will it do? I—I shall have to go, and—and—you—won't—

FULLERTON: Won't what?

[She creeps up close behind his chair.

NANETTE (almost whispering): Say it.

FULLERTON: Say—what?

NANETTE (bending over back of his chair and laying a shy hand on either side of his face): Please—say—it.

FULLERTON (seizing her hands and drawing them to his lips): Nan, you are tempting me almost beyond my power. Do you mean to tempt me? Are you trying to?

NANETTE (leaning lower): Yes.

FULLERTON (desperately): Oh!—Nan, are you insane? What if I say it—then how much worse will it be! I can bear it better as it is now—and you—can't mean it.

NANETTE (beseechingly): Say it.

[FULLERTON is silent, breathing heavily. He holds her hands but forces himself to quietness.

FULLERTON (in a controlled tone, but full of feeling): Nan, this friendship you give me is the dearest thing I ever knew. It is worth everything to me. Let me keep it while you go away for your year of work. Be the warmest friend to me you know how, and write me everything about yourself. Meanwhile—keep your heart free for—the man who will surely come to claim it some day—a man who will be worthy of you in every way—soul, mind and—body. [She lays her hand upon his mouth.

NANETTE (softly): Jerry, that's enough—dear. I understand. That had to be said. It's what you think you ought to say, of course. But it's said now. You needn't repeat it. For it's not the thing I'm—waiting for you to say.

FULLERTON: Nan—

NANETTE (half laughing, half crying): Would you make a poor girl do it all?

FULLERTON: But, Nan—

NANETTE: I'm not used to it. It's very embarrassing. And I ought to be asleep this minute, getting ready for my early start. I'm not quite sure that I shall sleep if you say it, but I'm very sure I shall not if—you—don't.

FULLERTON: My dear girl—

NANETTE: That's hardly warm enough—is it?—when you won't see me for a year?

FULLERTON (eagerly): Nan—for the love of Heaven come around here!

NANETTE: Not so much for the love of Heaven as—

FULLERTON (with intense ardor): No—for the love of you—you—you!

[She comes slowly and shyly around his chair and drops upon her knees by his side. He leans forward and takes her in his arms.

FULLERTON (tenderly): You've made me say it, love, when for your sake I would have kept it back. But you know nothing can come of it.

NANETTE (faintly): Why?

FULLERTON: You know why.

NANETTE: I don't.

[FULLERTON draws a deep breath.

NANETTE (speaking into his shoulder): Don't you—want me?

FULLERTON: Want you!

NANETTE: You've everything to offer me.

FULLERTON: Nan—

NANETTE: Everything I want. Jerry (looking up into his eyes), I shall die of heartache if you won't offer it.

FULLERTON (bitterly): A wreck of a life—

NANETTE (indignantly): I won't let you call it that again. You—Jerrold Fullerton—whose merest scrawl—Do you think you can't do still better work—with me?

FULLERTON: But you wouldn't be marrying Jerrold Fullerton's mind alone.

NANETTE (earnestly): No, his soul—all there is of him—his personality—himself.

FULLERTON: Nan, darling—

NANETTE: Yes—

FULLERTON: Go to Paris for your year, but don't bind yourself to me. Then, when you come back, if—

NANETTE (with a gleeful laugh): If I'm still of the same mind!

FULLERTON (with emphasis): If I'm no worse—if I'm a little better—This is great medicine, Nan. I feel like a new man now. If then—

NANETTE (leaning back, her arms around his neck and looking into his face): Jerry—

FULLERTON: Yes—

NANETTE: I shall not go at all unless I am bound tight—tight—to you.

FULLERTON: There's no use resisting you. It's the sorriest bargain a woman ever made, but—

NANETTE (a little hysterical, and with her face still hidden): If she will make it—

FULLERTON (joyfully): Look at me, Nan. (Tries to turn her face into view.)

NANETTE (resisting): I can't—long. Somehow you—blind me.

FULLERTON (laughing softly): I realize that. You are blind—blind. But I can't open your eyes. I seem to be losing the strength to try.

NANETTE (attempting to rise): I must go, Jerry—really I must. Please, Jerry, let me go. Yes, yes—you must. . . . Please!

[With extreme difficulty she releases herself and runs a few steps away, out of his reach.

NANETTE (very tenderly, and smiling happily as she brushes away a tear): But I can go now. I couldn't—when I said good-night before. Think, Jerry—you might have let me go when I said good-night before. . . . Oh, Jerry—

FULLERTON (stretching out his arms eagerly): Nan!

NANETTE (going a step farther): No. I can't come back again. Good-night—dear.

[FULLERTON manages to turn and watch her nearly to the door. She opens door, hesitates, closes it, and runs to the back of his chair.

NANETTE (bending over chair, but not allowing him to reach her): Jerry?

FULLERTON (laughing happily): Yes!

NANETTE: Am I really—engaged—to you?

FULLERTON (fervently): Darling—bless you—I'm afraid you are.

NANETTE (in playful reproach): Afraid?

FULLERTON (throwing his head back and drawing a long breath): Nan, I'm the happiest cripple on earth!

[Unperceived she drops a kiss upon his hair and goes slowly and softly back to the door.

CURTAIN

So pleasing was found Mrs. Richmond's story of "Their Christmas Eve," published in the last Christmas JOURNAL, that she was induced to make a little parlor play of it with the above result.

The right to perform this little play is granted to the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, the only condition being that upon each program there shall be printed: "This play is produced by courtesy of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL." Copyright, 1903, by The Curtis Publishing Company.

Another play by Arlo Bates, this time a play of a distinctly humorous, satirical vein, will be given in next month's JOURNAL.

The World and His Wife

A POPULAR EXPLANATION OF THE AFFAIRS OF TO-DAY



IT WAS an unparalleled act in the whole history of employment when the great railroad companies that control most of the roads in the United States recently increased the salaries of their employees by about ten per cent., making an aggregate increase of more than forty million dollars a year. But it was regarded as both a fair and far-sighted act, for the earnings of the railroads are larger than they ever were before.

The layman soon gets lost in the colossal statistics of the great business of the railroads—they carried in 1902, 607,000,000 passengers, but freight charges, of course, bring a far greater income; and they paid in dividends about \$150,000,000.

It is an interesting law which holds good throughout the world that as railroad rates have become cheaper in any country wages have become higher. This means that wherever there is a good transportation service men reach their best social and economic development. In the United States transportation rates are lower and wages are higher than they are in any other country. This increase in wages, therefore, is in keeping with a great economic principle. But it is more than that—it is in keeping with the long tendency of the best American railroad management to have as employees the best-drilled, the soberest, the most efficient, and the most courteous army of men that ever served the public. To keep this standard and to raise it, it is necessary to pay them well, to insure permanent employment, to have a fair system of promotion, and (as some of the great roads do) to provide for pensions on disability after long service. The one grave defect yet is the danger to life and limb that the railroad service has.

In these times of grave labor problems it is instructive to reflect on the comparatively infrequent troubles that railroad companies and their employees have lately had.

A New Chapter in Telegraphing Around the World

THE recent enormous extension of electric communication makes a new chapter in the closer knitting together of the distant parts of the world. Wireless telegraphy, which was so recently regarded as a scientific toy, is now an almost commonplace part of the equipment of ocean steamers. It is installed on most warships and it will play an important part in the navies of the future. Marconi has sent signals across the Atlantic and he expects soon to transmit consecutive messages with ease.

While this development of wireless telegraphy has been going on, the great British Pacific cable has been laid. It extends from British Columbia to Australia under seas and over distances that were not long ago regarded as insuperable. A British cable, therefore, now girdles the earth. From England eastward it runs around Africa, thence to India, thence to Australia. Westward from England it goes to Canada, across North America, and from Vancouver to Australia by the Fiji Islands. Every landing-place of these globe-binding wires is on British soil except the two stations on Portuguese islands off West Africa.

And now the American Pacific Cable Company is laying a cable from San Francisco to Honolulu and Manila, and thence to China. In a few months, therefore, the deep places of the Pacific will be a sounding gallery for commerce and international politics. The direct connection of the United States by wire with Asia will give a great stimulus to trade; and the day will come when this cable will have an importance to farmers and manufacturers that only the most far-sighted men now dream of.

At the same time the invention of Professor Pupin, of Columbia University, in New York City, will be put into practical application in Europe. It makes long-distance telephoning so audible that a thousand miles become as one. Taking a view of the whole world, we may easily believe that the telegraph and the telephone have only fairly begun the service that they will ultimately do.

The Army and the Navy in Peace

OUR army and our navy are in a better state of equipment and readiness than they have ever been before in a time of peace. The army has been reduced to a peace basis and it contains less than sixty thousand men and officers—a smaller number than some great industrial companies employ. There must be small detachments to guard our Legation in Peking, to do police service in the Philippine Islands, to keep our coast defenses in repair, and at the several army posts. Thanks partly to the revelations of unreadiness shown by the war with Spain, and still more to the alertness and pride of the President, who is Commander-in-Chief, the work of training done at the several army posts (as at Fort Riley, Kansas) is admirable. Officers also now receive advanced instruction in military subjects. It is a peace-army and a mere skeleton in comparison with the armies of other important countries—very properly. But it keeps men in good training.

The navy, as soon as all the warships are finished that have already been authorized, will be practically four times as strong in fighting strength as it was during the Spanish war. We then had only four first-class battleships. We shall soon have nineteen in addition to the cruisers and other craft. England has forty-seven first-class battleships, France twenty-four, and Russia twenty-two. Relatively our navy will be small at its greatest strength. Unlike the army, it cannot be greatly enlarged efficiently in an emergency. Its peace strength is also very nearly its fighting strength. In fact, there is now a great lack of officers. We are building ships faster than we are training men at the Naval Academy to command them. When all our new ships are finished we shall lack, at the present rate, more than a thousand officers. At present there are about twenty-two thousand enlisted men.

The navy, too, is kept in admirable discipline and practice by extensive manœuvres and feigned battles

and constant target practice. President Roosevelt, having been Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as well as a Colonel of Volunteers in the army, has an unusual knowledge of both. Neither men nor guns rust under his command. The purpose that both branches of the service has is not to encourage a love of war but to keep a picked body of men in perfect training.

The Restored White House

THE birth-month of Washington and Lincoln is an apt time to express hearty appreciation of the restoration of the White House. It is a noble residence, admirably planned in one of the best styles of the time in which it was built. The front of it looks toward the Potomac and the Washington Monument, and the long terrace at each side made an imposing appearance from the front. I say "made," because strangely enough these terraces were obscured and practically forgotten. One of them was partly occupied and even covered over with the conservatory. The other, which was meant to be used as one of the main entrances to the White House, has been used for utilitarian purposes, and its aim was forgotten. The back door of the house has been used as the front door; rooms that were meant for residence have been used as offices; and in almost every way the house has been neglected and its real nobility of architecture and of use forgotten.

Instead of being rebuilt it has simply been restored. Its interior has been made new and it is furnished in keeping with the period when it was built. Offices for the President have been erected at the end of one of the terraces, so that the politicians and the reporters no longer invade his private residence.

In this restoration the whole nation takes a proper pride, and it is pleasant to think that this historic house will remain both in its architecture and in its furnishing as a link to bind us to the Fathers of the Republic. Thanks are due to the President, too, for again calling it the White House instead of the "Executive Mansion," by which it was so long known.

President Roosevelt's Methods of Work

IT SO happens, too, that the restored White House is the scene of a more generous and frequent hospitality than the "Executive Mansion" had been for many an Administration. It is characteristic of President Roosevelt to entertain very graciously; but he is wisely and properly going further in his hospitality than most of his recent predecessors went. For instance, he invites to dine with him groups of Senators and Representatives with whom he wishes a friendly and informal conference about important subjects—reciprocity with Cuba or the regulation of trusts, for examples. He wishes to make his own ideas plain and he wishes to learn from these men. Formal conferences are likely to be exchanges of only cut-and-dried programs or opinions. A friendly conversation is much more helpful.

President Roosevelt's frank manner and spontaneous conduct enable him to do many things that a man of a different temperament could not do without being misunderstood. He has broken over most of the old prohibitions that were applied to Presidents. It was once thought that a President who "swung the circle" lost dignity and popularity. He has swung the arc of several circles and he seems to have gained by it. It was thought by many that his taking the coal strike in hand was a dangerous thing. He succeeded in having mining begun again, and he won the country's gratitude. He was once taunted by his party opponents with fear of the tariff. He straightway talked tariff and proposed a permanent commission. He was thought to have driven away from his party the support of the great financial interests by his earnestness about the regulation of trusts. Many managers of trusts have accepted his plan of regulation as a wholesome plan alike for the honest trusts and the public welfare. Members of his Cabinet have gone on Administration errands to Europe; and the President himself has gone on long journeys to address locomotive firemen as readily as he has gone to great meetings of Chambers of Commerce.

Men Who Hold the Eye and Ear of the World

WHATEVER may be the effect of trusts, and however widely men's opinions may differ about the organizers and managers of them, everybody agrees that the colossal organization of industry, which is the most characteristic fact of our time, has developed a number of most unusual personalities. To go no further, take four such men as Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Mr. J. B. Duke. Judgments of them differ pole-wide. But it is probable that at no previous period in history have men of such grasp and capacity applied themselves to the practical tasks of industrial production and management.

With Mr. Rockefeller's and Mr. Carnegie's careers everybody is familiar. One is perhaps the richest man in the world, and the other the next richest. Both began in poverty, and it has been by successful organization that they have built their fortunes. Mr. Abram S. Hewitt has called Mr. Carnegie the ablest manufacturer that ever lived; and Mr. Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company is often called the most original and the most effective commercial organization ever constructed. It has not been many years ago since Mr. Duke was a small manufacturer of tobacco. By combining first one factory with another he made the American Tobacco Company, and he is now at the head of organizations that aim to control practically the world's markets.

The amazing thing is that every oil refinery, every steel mill and every tobacco factory that these men have controlled have been successful; and everybody that has been identified with them in their work has been successful. These facts indicate a quality of generalship that not even the great war-captains of the world have shown with such unvarying precision of judgment.

As for Mr. Morgan, he is not a manager of industry, but a banker, an organizer by financial methods. He "underwrites" (guarantees to pay for) railroads or steamship lines or what not. He supplies the money, whether his own, or his own and his friends', to conclude the purchase and to enable the purchasers or the organizers or the new managers to get the consolidated enterprise going. But he himself conducts neither railroad nor steamship lines. He simply charges enormous commissions for his financial and organizing services. Yet he has this in common with the great industrial managers—he selects the men to conduct these great enterprises. The wonderful fact again asserts itself that he always succeeds (so far as the public knows), and the executives and managers that he chooses prove equal to their tasks and become great leaders of industry. Perhaps the great secret of commercial and financial as well as of military generalship is the right choice of lieutenants.

WHAT A TRUST REALLY IS

TWO years or more ago there were a number of steel mills in the United States that made the same product—steel rails, for example. When a railroad company wished to buy rails it could have prices quoted by all these mills and it could buy from the one that quoted the lowest price. In other words, there was competition between these mills. But a large number of them were organized or "merged" into one big company, the United States Steel Corporation. This great company, which is the largest industrial organization in the world, by consolidating these mills under one financial management has greatly lessened the number of persons from whom a railroad company may buy rails, and it has, therefore, greatly lessened competition. There are as many mills as ever; but, since most of them are under one management, there has been a decided "tendency toward monopoly."

The United States Steel Corporation, therefore, is a trust, and it is usually called the Steel Trust. By a trust we mean an organization, generally of smaller concerns into one larger one, that lessens competition and "tends toward monopoly." These concerns may be mills, factories, railroads, steamship lines—any sort of competing corporations whatever. There is, perhaps, not a single trust that has an absolute monopoly of its product; but many of them are so much stronger than all their competitors that they can to a certain extent set the prices of their products and limit production.

Besides the Steel Trust, some of the largest are the Standard Oil Company, the United States Sugar Refining Company, the great railroad "mergers" as they are called, the Steamship Trust (controlling several lines of trans-Atlantic steamships), and the American Tobacco Company. Little and big, there are several thousands of them.

The coming of trusts is one of the inevitable results of modern conditions, especially of cheap transportation and of the concentration of capital. They have grown up naturally in every country where there is commercial freedom and activity, but their organization has been easier in the United States than elsewhere. American organizers have formed at least two international trusts—the Steamship Trust and the International Tobacco Trust. This Tobacco Trust, by an agreement between the American Tobacco Company and the largest English tobacco company, aims to control the tobacco trade in all countries except those where the Government itself controls it, as in France.

We have already reached that stage of trust-development where a single group of men are trying practically to control the markets of the world for their product. Such is the trust and such are its ambitions and more or less natural development even into world-wide activity—with "a tendency toward monopoly."

The main objection to trusts is that they tend toward monopoly and that they put too much power over industry into the hands of small groups of men. They do, or may, make prices higher. They do, or may, restrict production. They do, or may, drive small competitors out of business by underselling them for a time, and thus lessen the chances for men to work out independent careers. They do, or may, pay the producers of their raw material what they please and thus have them at their mercy. They do, or may, control railroad rates to the disadvantage and ruin of small competitors; and they do, or may, even control legislation and government. The gist of the whole matter is that they do, or may, lessen competition and procure a practical monopoly in their products or service.

On the other hand, it is claimed for trusts that they cheapen production by lessening the expense of management and of selling and of distribution, by buying raw material more cheaply, by saving and utilizing waste products, and by making large quantities of their products instead of small quantities; that they produce better products because they have better facilities and larger means than small concerns; and that they bring steadiness to industrial conditions by their wider knowledge of the whole market.

Whatever the truth be about trusts, they mark a new era in industrial history. They indicate that our time and our country are the most remarkable in the annals of mankind. It is a new conception—to control a world-wide trade in anything. It appeals to strong men's imaginations. It has drawn into industry and organization some of the foremost personalities of the world. It has made a game at which giants play; and it has given practical affairs the fascination for great minds that adventure and military power and the rule over nations once had. This new era brings also new tasks for society and government, and it is with these that our social philosophers and economists and statesmen are now wrestling.

Hamilton W. Mabie's Literary Talks



MR. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS is one of the small group of American writers who have made original contributions to our literature; who have produced work which could not have been produced in any other part of the world—such work, for instance, as Lowell's "Bigelow Papers," Whittier's "Snow-Bound," Longfellow's "Hiawatha," Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and Mr. Page's "Marse Chan." In this class of stories or poems which have the quality of the soil in them, and which are distinctively American, the Uncle Remus stories have their place. It is safe to predict that centuries hence they will be read by lovers of our literature and students of our history. They preserve the negro folk-lore, they bring out the negro character and humor, and they are interesting simply as stories. But Mr. Harris has described another side of Southern life in several volumes of tales, long and short. To "On the Wing of Occasion," "Mingo and Other Sketches in Black and White," and "Sister Jane, Her Friends and Acquaintances," he has now added "Gabriel Tolliver," a picture of life and character in a quiet village in Georgia, chiefly after the close of the war.

Mr. Harris writes with the utmost simplicity and with a delightfully fresh and unforced humor. His art disguises itself behind a manner so familiar and easy, so free from literary consciousness, that it seems like every-day village talk. Thackeray had, in some of his best novels, the same familiar and apparently off-hand manner; but if any reader thinks it is easy let him try to reproduce it. It is, in fact, very difficult, and there are few who attain it. This homely, every-day atmosphere hangs over Shady Dale, but things of great interest happen there, and the reader soon finds himself well acquainted with all the people and interested in their affairs. If he happens to be in the North or West he meets types of character with which he is not familiar, a kind of humor which is as indigenous in the South as is Yankee humor in New England. Moreover, the reading of the story will add to such a reader's knowledge of the reconstruction period and give a new appreciation of the sufferings of both classes of the population after the war. Mr. Harris's novel belongs with Mr. Page's "Red Rock," among the real reports of one of the most disastrous and trying periods in our history. The other side of the story may be found in Judge Tourgée's "A Fool's Errand."

"Little Women" in a New Dress

THE republication of Miss Alcott's "Little Women" and "The Old-Fashioned Girl" recalls one of the freshest and most wholesome writers for children we have produced in this country. The daughter of one of the most unpractical of philosophers and schooled by straightened circumstances to get the largest amount of pleasure out of small things, to make what she could not afford to buy, and to go without what she could not make; with a great fund of uncommon sense, an ample capital of humor and a most loyal and devoted spirit, Miss Alcott was educated by circumstances to write the story of children denied the luxuries of life but rich in that imagination which is the wealth of childhood, and full of invention, high spirits and capacity for unselfishness. The two stories which have been mentioned are not only very interesting, as all stories for children and for their elders ought to be, but they are also full of good impulses, of sound and sweet ideas of life, of the spirit of helpfulness. Other stories from the same hand—"Little Men," "Jack and Jill," "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag," "Rose in Bloom"—are capital reading for children of all conditions, but



MR. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS
AT HIS HOME IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA

especially for those children who are in danger of thinking that happiness and fun are to be found in things rather than in themselves.

John Fiske's Last Historical Work

THE publication of "New France and New England" completes the historical work of Mr. John Fiske and brings his account of the early life of the American people down to the adoption of the Constitution. This

book is valuable as an aid toward self-education because its aims are high and its methods practicable.

There is a group of books of great importance from another point of view to young men and young women whose aspirations need to be stirred or who need encouragement by reason of the obstacles in their path and the difficulties which hedge them about. Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help," an English book, has been a source of strength to many struggling young men and women, is still a good book, although a much fresher book, written from an American point of view and drawing its illustrations largely from American life, is Mr. Orison S. Marden's "Pushing to the Front, or Success Under Difficulties"—a record of the achievements of those who have begun life with the smallest possible opportunities, and, by integrity, force of will and self-education, have steadily pushed on to the best places, the broadest influence and the most substantial prosperity. Such books are invaluable.

A Few of the New Books

AMONG the many stories of the season which brings a breath of fresh life with it Miss Eleanor Gates's "Biography of a Prairie Girl" must find a place. It is a sincere and straightforward description of the life of a girl on a great Dakota farm, and brings before the mind a very clear picture of the occupations, pleasures, habits and privations of the last surviving form of frontier life. The story has an air of reality and is told with delightful simplicity of manner.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's name appears on a long list of novels; practically all of them good, old-fashioned love stories. She understands the art of telling a story for its own sake without reference to purely literary ends, and she rarely fails to be interesting whether she is telling stories of Scotch, English or old American life. In "Jan Vedder's Wife" and "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," for instance, she sketched graphically two widely diverse types of people and two radically different backgrounds. Her latest novel, "A Song of a Single Note," is a story of Old New York and quite in her most interesting vein.

Mr. Thomas A. Janvier has a charming gift of humor, an intimate knowledge of Southern France, and a delightful style. In "The Christmas Kalends of Provence" he describes with fervor and humor the old-time observances and festivities of Christmas time in Provence, with two chapters graphically portraying Provencal temperament and scenery in descriptions of two very interesting and thoroughly characteristic fêtes. This is a book of rare quality.

The second series of "Home Thoughts" is not less wise and practical in its setting forth of the duties and pleasures of home and family life than was the first series; the two volumes are valuable textbooks in the greatest of schools for the education of men and women—the home.

The group of short stories from the pen of Mr. Frank Stockton, "John Gaythorne's Garden," make us feel afresh the originality of his invention

and of his humor; their charm lies in treating the most droll and impossible situations with perfect gravity and in the most realistic manner.

Mrs. Morse has written delightfully of the life and habits of our Colonial ancestors, but she has never come nearer one of the popular interests of the time than in her beautifully illustrated book on "The Furniture of the Old Time," which not only describes but also reproduces for the eye those quaint and elegant old forms of tables, chairs, mantels and furnishings of all kinds which gave old American homes dignity and distinction.

Later and Younger American Poets

THE following list supplements that published last month and completes the record of American poetry registered in its best work. The reader must remember that these lists do not pretend to include all writers of verse of this country. Of late years there has been such an extension of activity in this field that a complete list of writers would occupy far too much space. Many names must be omitted, but the effort has been made to make the selection thoroughly representative of the different types of American imagination and the different qualities of American work in verse.

BRET HARTE: At the Hacienda The Aged Stranger The Society Upon the Stanislaus	HELEN HUNT JACKSON: The Spinner Emigravit Habeas Corpus A Last Prayer Poppies in the Wheat	BLISS CARMAN: The Wind-Flower Hack and Hew In the Heart of the Hills The Sleepers
BAYARD TAYLOR: Bedouin Song The Song of the Camp The Quaker Widow	HENRY TIMROD: The Cotton Boll At Magnolia Cemetery	WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY: An Ode in Time of Hesitation Gloucester Moors Road Hymn for the Start
PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE: Aspects of the Pines In Harbor A Storm in the Distance	EDWARD ROWLAND SILL: The Fool's Prayer Tempted The Coup de Grace	EDWIN MARKHAM: The Man with the Hoe Lincoln, the Man of the People The Builders
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD: The Flight of Youth The Lover Oriental Songs	EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN: The Hand of Lincoln The Discoverer The World Well Lost Morgan Falstaff's Song	RICHARD WATSON GILDER: The Celestial Passion The Sonnet The Birds of Bethlehem Of One Who Neither Sees Nor Hears
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH: Baby Bell Identity Prescience The Undiscovered Country Tennyson When the Sultan Goes to Ispahan Nocturne	JOAQUIN MILLER: Dead in the Sierras By the Pacific Ocean Juanita	GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY: The Child The Secret The Rose of Stars Seaweed The North Shore Watch
HENRY VAN DYKE: An Angler's Wish Tennyson The Veery The Whip-poor-will The Toiling of Felix	JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY: The Old Man and Jim Little Orphant Annie Knee-Deep in June The Used-to-Be At "The Literary" Nothin' to Say	CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS: The Flight of the Geese Afoot The Heal-All Resurrection A Nocturne of Consecration
JOHN HAY: The Stirrup-cup Pike County Ballads	MADISON CAWEIN: To a Wind-Flower Flight Dirge	ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON: A September Violet Italian Rhapsody The Hour of Awe

volume goes over much of the ground covered by Mr. Parkman's brilliant histories, but the story is condensed without sacrifice of interest. The earliest intercourse of France with Canada is described with feeling for its intrepidity, its audacity, its romance of adventure. The great names of the first explorers and organizers of society in the wilderness penetrated by the St. Lawrence—Cartier, Champlain, La Salle, Frontenac—are associated with the men who bear them by rapid and effective characterizations. The tragic episode of the witchcraft delusion in Salem, and the widespread religious movement in New England known as "The Great Awakening," are graphically recalled; and the story of the bloody conflict, full of heroism and cruelty, which gave the English the primacy in the New World, is told with Mr. Fiske's characteristic skill.

This last book from the hand of one of the most interesting writers who has dealt with history did not receive his final revision; but no one can read it without a fresh sense of the loss to American literature which his death involved, nor without a desire to read or reread all the other volumes in this fascinating record of Colonial America.

A Group of Helpful Books

MEN and women, young or old, who suffer from lack of early educational opportunities and are eager to make up their deficiencies will find great assistance in a book published a number of years ago, but still one of the best in the field, the late James Freeman Clarke's "Self-Culture," a book planned by a man of scholarly instincts, of wide culture, and of genuine and generous sympathies with men and women in all stations. This



THE HOME OF DR. HENRY VAN DYKE
AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY



WHERE MR. EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN LIVES
AT BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK



The Magazine With a Million

By Edward Bok



THIS number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL there are printed and sold one million copies. As a matter of fact, this was practically true of the previous issue or two, but we wanted to be surer of the circulation of a million before we announced it here. We feel now that the achievement is an assured fact. We speak of the matter thus editorially because it is unprecedented—not only in this country, but also, so far as we know, throughout the world, and we have taken what we feel to be careful means of inquiry to substantiate this statement.

NOT that an edition of one million copies has never been reached by any American periodical. It has. But no single edition of any other publication, of daily, weekly or monthly issue, has, we believe, ever reached a million copies where each copy has actually been sold and paid for at its full price. Every one of the million copies printed of this number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL represents a subscriber at one dollar or a buyer at ten cents. Some of the city newspapers have enormous circulations, but no single edition consists of a million copies printed and actually sold to readers. England has several weeklies of very large circulation, like "Tid-Bits" and "Lloyd's Weekly," but of neither of these nor of any others, so far as careful inquiry can ascertain, is there a paid edition of one million copies sold. In Paris there is "Le Petit Journal," with its immense circulation, but of no single edition thereof is there, as we are credibly informed, one million paid copies sold. There is in Peking, China, a newspaper of immense circulation, but it does not reach the million mark.

THIS edition of one million copies is also without a single free or complimentary copy, since the actual printing this month, to be precise, is several thousand beyond the million, the excess over the million copies taking care of the small proportion of complimentary copies. These free copies are sent to our advertisers so that they may see the advertisements which they pay for; to a small list personal to the publisher and the editor of the magazine; to our agents soliciting subscriptions who receive an occasional "sample" copy to work with; and then there is a special list of small and needy libraries, hospitals, prison reading-rooms, and charitable institutions to which the magazine is sent with the Company's compliments. Of the million paid edition, about three-fifths or nearly 600,000 copies, go to regular subscribers, while a trifle over two-fifths, or some 400,000 copies, are sold to the Central News Company, which, through its various branches in all the large cities, supplies the book and periodical stores and the news-stands where the magazine is sold. These copies sold to the news company are what are called "non-returnable"—that is, every dealer who has THE JOURNAL for sale must sell what he orders: he cannot return them and receive credit for unsold copies. This is true of but a very few publications.

Of course, a magazine's circulation fluctuates. During the winter people naturally buy more magazines than in the summer months. The magazine's circulation month by month will vary as it always has done. Some months it will probably go many thousands beyond the million, as it does this month, for example: other months it will probably touch the million mark, while there may come months when the circulation will slightly go under the million. Hard times may come, and naturally they affect a magazine's sale. But the prospects as we see them warrant us in believing that, provided the contents of the magazine are strengthened with each issue, THE JOURNAL, month in and month out, averaging the months by the year, will be entitled to its classification of "the magazine with a million."

THE extent of such a circulation is interesting. The last census tells us that we have in the United States a population of seventy-six millions of people. Careful Government statisticians have figured it out that deducting from this total all children, all the poor, all the illiterate and the irresponsible, there remain about twenty-five millions of people to whom such a periodical as THE JOURNAL can appeal, or who can afford to buy it. Each copy of THE JOURNAL is, on the average, read by seven persons during its life. We found this out by picking at random the names of one hundred subscribers on our list and asking them to tell us how many different persons read their particular copy of the magazine. The answers showed an average of seven. Allowing for mistakes we have always figured on five as a safely conservative estimate. Thus, with twenty-five millions of people possible of becoming interested in the magazine, we reach the figure that one out of every five persons met with in every part of the United States is either a subscriber or a reader of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL—not an uninteresting fact. The accuracy of this figuring has been proven by selecting at random

five women in different cities, and inquiring of them if they were buyers or readers of THE JOURNAL, and the lowest was two of every five women approached. In some instances it was five out of five! The average was three, so that of every five women met anywhere in the United States it would seem as if three were either JOURNAL subscribers, buyers or readers.

THE distribution of such a circulation is astonishingly equal, so far as the different parts of the United States are concerned. No section can fairly be said to be stronger than another. In proportion to its population, California has now the largest number of subscribers and readers of any State in the Union. The city showing the largest circulation, proportionate to its population, is Wichita, Kansas. Of the larger cities, San Francisco takes the lead. The largest number of copies sold in any single place is at the Boston Terminal Station, where 5200 copies are disposed of each month. When we cross the seas THE JOURNAL has regular readers and subscribers in almost every known clime. Of the fifty-four civilized nations on the globe THE JOURNAL goes monthly into forty-eight. In England and in some of the other large European countries the magazine circulates by the hundreds of copies. The only ruling Queen is a subscriber to this magazine. In the far-off countries and principalities the circulation of the magazine generally represents the American missionaries, who want some home-reading link, or the magazine is introduced by them to English-speaking families there. World-travelers have found THE JOURNAL in homes on the Steppes of Siberia and in Franz Josef Land. To the Congo Free State, in Western Central Africa, and to the farthest points in South Africa, the magazine goes, not in ones or twos, but in numbers. The list of subscribers in Africa is, alone, astounding. To Brazil go scores of copies: likewise to Burma and Bulgaria. To China and Japan the copies mount far into the three figures. To such countries as France, Italy and Germany the magazine goes in bulk. To the Fiji Islands, to Finland, to Russian Poland, to the far-away islands in the Indian Ocean, to the New Hebrides, to Persia—to each THE JOURNAL goes regularly. To the Soudan, to the Society Islands, to Siam, to Sicily, it goes in numbers. To Norway and Sweden go a small army of copies. To the Straits Settlements, to Tasmania, to Turkey in Asia, into the Holy Land, copies go every month. To every part of the West Indies, whether Dutch, British, Portuguese or Spanish, it goes in bundles. And so the magazine goes round the world.

THAT we are proud of such an achievement, and the wide-reaching influence which it signifies, is perfectly natural. We are proud of the confidence which has been given to us by the public which has made this wonderful achievement possible. Whether THE JOURNAL has exactly deserved this remarkable confidence on the part of the people is difficult to say for one so closely identified with its interests. Taking simply the contents of each number as a basis of merit I should unhesitatingly say "No." If, as editor of THE JOURNAL, I were satisfied with this latest issue of the magazine as it stands, it would be time for me to pass the reins into other hands. I can honestly say that I have never yet seen or read an issue of THE JOURNAL which has satisfied me. And this is true of all the editors on the staff. Some issues have come nearer our ideal than others, but not one has reached it. I am neither ashamed nor proud of any number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL produced under my editorship. The effort toward making a thoroughly satisfactory issue has always been the best and the most conscientious one possible at the moment. Everything is always done to make the issue in hand the best ever produced. But the result, when the result has gone beyond the point of remaking or repair, has always been disappointing. And that feeling of disappointment should remain. For the disappointment that is felt over the last issue always acts as a stimulant to excel with the issue in hand.

WHAT has gone into each issue of THE JOURNAL in a perfect shape, however, is that one element which, to my mind at least, has done more, and has been a greater factor in the success of the magazine, than any other single element, and that is: honesty of purpose. Whatever have been the literary and artistic shortcomings of THE JOURNAL, and they have been many, the purpose behind it has always been honest. We have expressed opinions with which some have disagreed; there have been actions on our part which have displeased our best friends, but each opinion and each action has ever been sincere: always honest. I would not for a moment be understood as saying that we have always been right even if we have been honest. We have not. It would be strange if a magazine could be published twelve times each year for nineteen years and at the end of that time be able to say that it had always been

right in its actions and opinions. It might say that it always strove to be right; that it honestly meant to be right at the time. All this I can, without a single reservation, say for THE JOURNAL. And I believe that this honesty of purpose has, unconsciously in many cases no doubt, been felt in a subtle but none the less sure way by those who have given the magazine support.

I MAY be all wrong in the conviction that the great mass of the American public invariably recognize and are always ready to support any enterprise worthy of support that has behind it a fixed honesty of purpose. I am conscious of the fact that there are instances in modern life which to some—and sometimes to many—are proof positive to the contrary. Enterprises of unstable purpose do undoubtedly succeed, or, perhaps to be more strictly accurate, seem to succeed. But I have yet to have pointed out to me one single instance where success has been gained, and where success has been maintained for any given time, by any enterprise behind which there was other than a fixed policy of honest dealing. It seems to me to be a matter quite beyond the possibility of doubt that upon a dishonest purpose no true success can ever be built. Of course, honesty of purpose is not sufficient to win success. At its best it is only a basis, a groundwork. Success must be built, and can only be accomplished by well-directed energy and hard work along intelligent and fixed lines.

HARD work has been put into this magazine. There is no doubt of that. It has been hard work from the first issue, nineteen years ago, and it is hard work today. The work accomplished has been that of many—not a few nor of one. The conception of the magazine itself was that of one man, Mr. Curtis, who to-day is the principal owner of it. He has lived to see the acorn of his mind become the oak of reality. Beyond that point the success of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL cannot be attributed to any single hand. In all enterprises it is only natural that one or two personalities should come forward as responsible heads. But behind those heads have been a legion of willing hands and loyal hearts, all unitedly bending to and working for one single aim—the making of the best magazine possible within its chosen field. Waking hours, and hours that should perhaps have been spent in sleep, have been gladly given over to the work. It has been work for work's sake by a body of women and men which cannot be excelled anywhere in the business world for single-minded purpose and loyal work. Naturally, a line of women and men of that calibre make a front before which every obstacle fades. That has been our part.

THEN the public came in with its wonderful support and confidence. And during the nineteen years of the existence of this magazine only once did that support halt. That was in the one and only panic through which the magazine has passed. There was an enforced halt, but it was slight, even then. With that single exception THE JOURNAL's public has not only stood by it, but has also increased that support each year. Is it to be wondered, then, that each year the magazine was made better? As the readers increased in numbers, so did the advertisers, and thus each year THE JOURNAL had more to do with, more to spend on the magazine. And thanks to a liberal and sagacious business management the profits, when profits came, were not taken out, but left in the business toward strengthening the magazine. The money that was given by subscribers to the magazine was, therefore, in large part, some years in all, given back to them in the shape of a better magazine than they subscribed for. The result was, and is, that the number of subscribers who regularly renew their subscriptions to THE JOURNAL is generally acknowledged to be far and away larger in percentage than is the experience of any other periodical of general circulation in this or any other country.

NATURALLY this is the only course that a magazine can wisely pursue. It must constantly improve. If it doesn't do that it naturally retrogrades, and there are too many good magazines published to-day for the public to continue its support of a magazine of losing interest or strength. Success is not a thing to lay back upon, no matter how strong nor how close may be the interest or affection of the public. Dotted as thickly as THE JOURNAL's past is with untiring effort and hard work, it is now that even harder work faces those in whose hands lies its future. The confidence of a public it has: it must now make good that confidence. And to that task we cheerfully bend with the deepest gratitude for the past and with strong hopes for the future. As in the past we have worked to win, so now we work to hold THE JOURNAL to the position of "the magazine with a million"—a million, and as many more as the effort and the result deserve.

Edward Howard Griggs's Talks

The Moral Training of a Child

FOURTH PAPER—THE INFLUENCE OF THE PERSONAL WORLD



WE HAVE seen that the laws of Nature and the organic world of institutions are constantly stamping themselves upon the developing character of children. Every one knows, however, that there is a still higher world constantly influencing the growth of character—that of persons. In a very true sense the moral world is a world of persons, and thus the action and reaction of these upon each other is the crowning force in the development of the deeper life. Many of us can look back to some one individual as having exercised the supreme influence over our life and determined whatever of worth there is in our character.

The Child's World is a Personal World

IF THE influence of persons is powerful over grown-up people it is much more so with children, and for two reasons. Children are imitative in a high degree, tending to echo whatever is the character of the persons about them. But beyond this the child's world is made up of persons. He is unconscious of natural law and of institutions: these are both interpreted to him only through the medium of persons. When he awakens in the morning and finds the frost on the window-pane he does not argue that this is due to the condensation of vapor owing to differences of temperature within and without the room; it is Jack Frost who mischievously or whimsically has done this. Thus all activities of Nature are seen as the expression of such will and desire as the child recognizes in himself.

Similarly with the institutional world: lost children, it is true, may come into direct contact with the state, but even they are conscious rather of the policeman who arrests them, the judge who sentences them, or the officer in the reform school who controls them, than of the impersonal institution and its laws. And for normal children all the principles of the organizations of which they are parts find expression only through the medium of a group of individuals with whom the child's consciousness is apt to stop. Thus it is always to the world of persons we must turn to find the supreme influence moulding the character of children.

The Playmates of a Child

THIS world of persons is made up of many aspects, and if we could determine some of the simplest of these we might leave many an educational question unconsidered. For instance, if we could determine the playmates of our children how simplified the problem of moral education would be. For children learn from their comrades, directly and indirectly, much that it seems impossible to teach them in any other way. However, we cannot determine our children's playmates except in some very restricted and chiefly negative way. We can, it is true, limit the comrades of our children, refusing to allow them to associate with certain individuals. But this, if often necessary, is always undemocratic and dangerous. For children are to go out into a world where it is impossible for them to be protected from evil influences, and they cannot learn too soon that it is their business not to let "evil communications corrupt good manners," but to see to it that all the good influence they have received is shown in helping less fortunate children.

I do not mean that children should be moral prigs, thanking God they are not as other children—that is the most unlovely form of moral deterioration. Moral priggery may be no worse than viciousness, but certainly it is no better. I do mean that children should feel the duty of being active ethically and not merely passive, living up to every helpful influence they have received. Still, it is often necessary to limit the child's playmates. Wealthy parents may of course move to a different neighborhood, but that does not assure better comrades. I have seen highly intellectual and segregated communities where, perhaps because of the very abnormal precocious development, the influence of many of the children on their comrades was, I believe, worse than in the slums. Thus the world of the child's youthful comrades is more or less a world of chance and accident which we can partly accept or reject, but which we cannot mould as we would.

Spoiling Children Through Carelessness

MUCH the same must be said of the world of the child's adult friends. We will omit for the present parents and teachers, assuming that they are always consecrated—though I will not ask you to hold that assumption long. Other friends of children usually behave to them not with reference to the child's welfare, but solely in relation to the adult's pleasure. We pet and neglect children in obedience to our own whim when often both the petting and the neglect are injurious to the child. Not only do we give

play to alternating moods, but over whole periods of a child's development we give him just the wrong treatment because that happens to be pleasing to us. I pointed out last year how young children, in whom we see the mystery of the dawning life, attract us so that we incline to overstimulate them, demanding all possible response just when Nature would have the quiet establishing of the physical life; while children in the awkward age, because they are offensive to a superficial observer, are turned aside with a sharp or sarcastic rebuke just at the time when they need most of all sympathetic appreciation and companionship with older friends.

Teachers Better Trained than Parents

AND alas! we must give up our assumption: all parents and teachers are not consecrated. Many times they sin as much or even more than less intimate friends of children. Moreover, a striking difference is to be noted between parents and teachers. We complain justly of the inadequacy and imperfect training of many of our teaching body. Yet it remains true that teachers are a picked group of people in the community. We demand a considerable degree of both liberal and special culture of our teachers, and may I add, there is no other class, not excepting the ministry, where there is more consecration. On the other hand, shocking as the fact is if we appreciate it, almost any kind of a human being, even a physically and morally diseased one, feels he has a perfect right to be a parent if he wishes. Mothers, it is true, are awakening to the fact that motherhood is a profession demanding a high degree of special and liberal culture for its right fulfillment, but the profession of fatherhood (even the words sound strange) is almost undiscovered. Most fathers feel that they have done quite well by their children if they have won for them food, clothing and shelter, failing to see that the very heart of the parent's duty to the child is the moral influence that can come only through daily companionship. One-half the burden that is upon the school to-day is unfinished work that should have been done in the home.

Little Things that Influence Children

SINCE so large a part of the personal influences about children is inadequate, unworthy, or a matter of chance and accident, it is the more necessary that those of us who are awake should devote ourselves to the task. It is not enough that we should do our work; we must do what we can in completing the unfinished work of others. And how large is the possible influence of any parent or teacher! In the state we carefully separate the different functions of government and make one a check upon the other (at least in theory). But in the home or school all these functions are united in a single person. It is true there are limits to this: the parent is subject to the law of the land and somewhat to the public opinion of his community; over the individual teacher is a series of authorities; but in the little details of daily life the parent or the teacher lays down the law, decides when it is obeyed, and executes it over the child. And it is little things of daily life that count in moulding moral character. Beyond these functions of the state every parent and every teacher must instruct the child and give each child loving, personal care. Five important functions fulfilled by a single individual! Must not then the personal influence of parent and teacher be of crowning importance in moral education?

Our Personal Influence on a Child

THIS helpful influence is exercised in the organic relation the parent or teacher sustains to the child, and the elements of character which are necessary to it are just those which are important in any leader in the state. What were the elements of character that made a Lincoln so powerful in raising the quality of American citizenship? Sincerity, intense, even sombre sincerity, uncompromising justice, and humanity, or a loving and seeking of the best for all. It is these same qualities we want in the parent and the teacher. I do not mean that we should pretend that we have these qualities and attempt to stand as moral models to children. Nothing is more ruinous than that; for, as few of us are worthy to stand as moral models, to pretend that we are is to pay attention more and more to seeming and less to being, and so to end as hypocrites. I do mean that we should look up toward those great qualities of character and seek to realize them increasingly in our lives and in our organic relation to children.

The First of All Essentials

FIRST of all, *sincerity*. Sincerity is the basis of character: a sincere man has a character, or rather *is* character; an insincere man is not. This is expressed in one of those pearls of truth that come from the lips of the Buddha in the Orient: "Earnestness is the

path of immortality, thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already." Goethe says in his *Autobiography* that he had lived but a little while before discovering that there was just one sort of people whom he could afford to neglect—the insincere. All others, however mistaken, could teach him something, but insincere people meant nothing.

But if sincerity is important in all our dealings it is most important with children, as they are more keenly sensitive than we are to sincerity or insincerity. In our adult lives there is a certain measure of habitual lying in our business and social relations. This is not a very bad kind of lying: we know we are lying when we say what is slightly false to people, and they know we are lying; so no one is deceived. But the result is that the edge of our instinct is dulled. Children, however, have not yet been spoiled, and thus their reaction on truth and falsity is much keener than ours. They may not know why they dislike an insincere person, but they turn instinctively away. They may not understand why they are drawn to this other teacher, but sincerity surely attracts them.

The Value of Acknowledging an Error

I SUPPOSE we all recognize the need of perfect sincerity in our intellectual relations to children. It is hard for a teacher to acknowledge an intellectual mistake, to say: "Children, the date I gave in the history lesson yesterday was wrong," or, "In my answer to the arithmetic problem I was mistaken." Yet if a mistake has been made, is not frank acknowledgment of it the only safe course? To be sure, if a teacher has not the basis of knowledge necessary to his work, and goes on confessing intellectual errors, in the end he loses his position: which is the best thing that could happen to the teacher as well as to the children. For nothing is more ruinous than to attempt to keep on in a position one is totally unfitted to fill. For one can succeed then only by using something else besides character and intelligence; and when it comes to a question of losing one's place or losing one's soul no sensible person would hesitate long at the choice. Thus we generally recognize the need of entire intellectual sincerity in our dealings with children.

The Frank Apology of the Parent

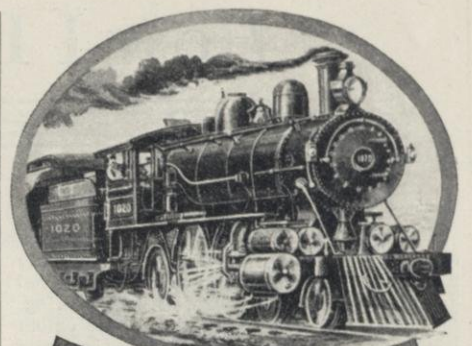
UNFORTUNATELY we do not recognize that the same principle applies unreservedly to the moral world. If you have punished a child unjustly it is hard to acknowledge your mistake and apologize for it to the child; but if the fault has been committed, is there any other safe way? When one of my children was five years old I remember correcting her for some fault at the table and she answered me in a very impudent way. I said: "Mary, what did you mean?" and she replied, "Oh, I only wanted to show you the tone of voice you used!" What would you do? The child was impudent and impudence must be suppressed. It is no kindness to a child to let him grow up impudent, for the world will take him by the throat and choke the impudence out of him: and it is our business to save our children from such experiences. Still, I had done wrong and the child knew it.

It is said, however: If we apologize to our children they will lose their respect for us. Is it so? Why did you continue to respect your father or mother or teacher, as the case may have been? Was it because you continued to believe in the moral infallibility of the older person, or because you saw increasingly that he sought not his ease or pleasure, but your welfare? We are none of us infallible, and to teach our children that we are is to put them in the way of a dangerous experience. Children sometimes grow up to the period of transition without discovering that their parents can do wrong; and I have known instances where the shock of the discovery when it was made lasted for years in its evil effects.

It is our business to save our children from such experiences; and after all, it is not our poor, imperfect personalities we should wish our children to respect, but rather "the unwritten laws of God that know no change." The earlier the child's reverence can pass from us to those laws we are trying to interpret to him the better for his moral growth; and we shall keep a far deeper and more lasting respect from him than would be possible otherwise.

In the next JOURNAL Professor Griggs will tell "What Parents and Teachers Can Do"

outlining a practical course of action which will commend itself to all for its clear wisdom.



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How I Live Without Cooking

By W. T. Larned

SINCE April, 1901, I—presumably a type of the race—have lived without cooks, without cooking. I have rejoiced to some extent in fire for illumination and heat, and I have recognized its service in manufactures and the fine arts. According to Mr. Kipling, Mowgli found it useful when he would lord it over the wolf-pack; and despite the scandalous stories spread by Shelley and some of the later vegetarians as to Prometheus's true motive for grand larceny, it seems altogether possible that fire will for a long time to come be indispensable to flesh-eaters. Yet I, who do not call myself a vegetarian—chiefly because I am not, however much I would like to be—have come to find fire somewhat superfluous in the preparation of food.

It must be acknowledged that the experiment was not entered upon without considerable misgiving and inward debate. To delete from one's daily fare the hereditary rights of the stomach is an appalling prospect for the stoutest heart. The Navajo Indian at a pinch will take up two holes in his belt and call it supper. But that is necessity. He does not do it as long as there are lizards and the like to be had. For a full-grown man with a fair appetite and a good digestion deliberately to fling away the flesh-pots, to rebel against the accepted experience of ages, and to kick away a prop of civilization—Oh, Ajax, smiter of men, would you have had the courage?

No More Steak nor Rare Roast Beef

WHAT does raw food suggest but such unconsidered trifles as nuts and fruits and milk? When it comes to a menu, what properly ordered imagination does not shrink from the suggestion of uncooked vegetables, wheat in the grain, and—but here the fancy halts. Enjoy such stuff as that, with all the abundance of the market to draw upon! Live on it week in and week out! No more porterhouse steak, nor rare roast beef, nor turkey with cranberry sauce, nor game, nor steaming vegetables, nor soups, to say nothing of *entrées*! Shades of Lucullus, what Barmecide's feast awaits me! There was an Irishman who protested against the "animal food" prescribed by his physician, because, as he explained after he had tried it for a few days, the bran wasn't so bad, but he couldn't manage the hay and oats.

However, after some preliminary investigation I fortified myself with the example of several persons who had been living for a year or more on raw food with apparently excellent results, and who had come to take it all as a matter of course. Such a stimulant was all the more welcome because my "will to believe," as Professor James would put it, had been sorely strained by a patient investigation of several pseudo-scientific follies; and this frame of mind was intensified by a thorough knowledge of the history of medical and kindred delusions.

Menus for My Three Meals

I ADOPTED the following bill-of-fare finally, and all at once, and with trifling variations I have adhered to it daily since:

Breakfast: An orange or grape fruit. An egg beaten up and added to a glass of milk. Half a dozen prunes. Half a dozen English walnuts. A small bowl of ground wheat as it comes from the thresher. Butter.

Luncheon: Half a dozen nuts. Three or four figs. A glass of milk. An apple.

Dinner: A little celery, or lettuce, or watercress. An egg beaten up and added to a glass of milk. A small bowl of wheat. A little fresh cheese. An apple or two. Butter.

Besides this, a quarter of a pound of raw meat, disguised with mustard, has been eaten between meals for a part of the time. During the entire summer and fall practically no meat was eaten. I do not care for it, nor miss it when it is omitted, and probably I could dispense with it altogether. But there has seemed to me no good reason why I should give it up entirely for the present.

A word as to the variations from the bill-of-fare. These have been chiefly in the nature of subtractions. Thus both the butter and eggs have been for some time omitted, and my luncheon has generally been confined to two bananas and a very generous handful of shelled peanuts. The milk—a quart in all—is divided between breakfast and dinner. Though the possessor of a most excellent appetite, these things fully satisfy my hunger.

It Costs Me About Thirty Cents a Day

THE total cost per day of such a menu in the heart of New York City is from thirty to thirty-five cents, including the meat.

It has been amusing to note the mental attitude of the average person, myself included, toward the conception of raw food in the abstract and as it appears upon the disclosure of the actual bill-of-fare. What seemed at first to be little short of fasting was seen to be on a little closer acquaintance a variety of palatable and sustaining food. But I believe that only those persons who

have really adopted the regimen are no longer skeptical as to its agreeable qualities and satisfactory results.

It will be observed that wheat is practically the staple of the diet. Many persons who have not ventured, and who do not mean to venture, upon the experiment of uncooked food in its entirety have nevertheless taken to the wheat as a substitute for bread—using it in the form of compressed cakes or merely grinding the grain in a certain way. In both cases it is eaten hull and all, and, aside from its nourishing qualities, is readily seen to have a therapeutic effect which need not be entered into here. When partaken of dry, or even with butter, it is difficult eating for most persons unaccustomed to it, but when used as any ordinary cereal, with milk and sugar—which is my own mode of preparation—it is quite a different thing.

Uncooked Food Agreed with Me

SUGAR is of course cooked, but the devotees of the raw-food idea are not wholly intolerant of "palate ticklers," nor are they prejudiced against the common fare of mankind further than is implied in their theory that great heat injures certain elements of food. While my personal experience has certainly recommended uncooked food as agreeing with me individually in every way, and while the evidence of the fare's sustaining as well as palatable qualities seems abundant, I myself am not committed to the theories advanced concerning the vitalizing character of organic cells which have not been subjected to the influence of fire. That must be left to scientific inquiry, in which I am not trained.

As an unscientific spectator, however, it is interesting to observe certain accredited testimony which seems to be particularly pertinent to this subject. I refer to the use of raw meat in the hospitals of Europe and this country; to the official tests made in Paris with guinea-pigs, and which have apparently determined the inadvisability of overprotection from bacteria by sterilization; finally, to the discovery that to superheat milk is to injure the proteids therein, and to the consequent substitution of Pasteurization for sterilization. It has even ended in a recent medical outcry against Pasteurization itself, on the ground that micro-organisms must not be tampered with in a food product manifestly meant by Nature to be assimilated in its raw condition. I say I cannot help noting these things, but I lack the unscientific rashness of generalizing therefrom.

My Weight is Above Normal

AS TO the use of wheat in the grain in the singular manner already described, some curious information might be collected on that score. But it serves the present purpose to note in passing what is generally but vaguely recognized—the literal title of honest bread to its designation as "the staff of life." For if wheat does not contain all the elements required by man for food, it is at least essential to his stay upon this planet. Sir William Crookes has pointed out that unless chemistry artificially comes to our relief, the failure in the soil of the properties necessary to wheat production will be a serious menace to the race.

My weight has been above the normal a good deal since taking to what may seem to many a somewhat meagre diet, and is at the present writing considerably above it. My muscular condition—thanks to simple and brief exercises—is admirable, and my health is better than it has been in many years. There have been periods during the last nine months when I have enjoyed a degree of mental activity surpassing anything of the sort I have ever previously known, and I am seldom conscious that I possess a stomach excepting during the cheerful hour of anticipation that precedes a meal. All of which may readily be verified from other sources.

Negative Tests of Which I Have Heard

PERSONS who make successful experiments of this sort are naturally led, through surprise and enthusiasm, to reach sweeping conclusions therefrom, and the temptation is emphasized upon the examination of corroborative evidence which seems thoroughly to fortify their claims. But for my own part I am content to waive even such confirmation of an extreme idea as may seem to be afforded by the assurances of two reputable men who aver that they once lived and flourished for a month on raw wheat alone. For I cannot, even if I would, be unmindful of certain unlike and yet quite parallel demonstrations.

There are the negative tests of fasters like Tanner and others. There are also such vicissitudes as that which befell a Navy surgeon, personally well known to me, who was driven to subsist for a term approximating sixty days on raspberry jam, while stationed off the western coast of Africa in the old days of sailing vessels; who performed his usual duties during that period without serious

physical inconvenience and without ill consequences; and—who still likes raspberry jam. Finally, there are the claims, varying in degree of credibility or the reverse, of a man insisting that one or two baked bananas for a meal is bountiful living for a brain-worker of strenuous habits; of a Chicagoan who avers that raw oatmeal and deep breathing, alternated with apples and full inspirations, met all the requirements of his inner man for a number of weeks; of an Illinois author who flourishes on a single daily repast, with precaution as to chewing which makes the late Mr. Gladstone's thirty mastications per mouthful bear an analogy to a certain slang expression.

Man Cannot Live Without Eating

POSSIBLY there are scores of persons who, like our own Mark Twain, lose their appetite when they indulge in more than two meals from sun to sun. By riotously allowing himself three Mr. Clemens, you may remember, was threatened not merely with emaciation, but found all his senses impaired excepting his sense of humor. The Stoics, indeed, held that an olive was sufficient for a philosopher's daily food; but I believe that our own Thoreau did not go so far. Nor has it yet been announced in this connection that love is enough, but no doubt some one will arrive with the propaganda in the due course of time. For already the apostles of raw food see hoist with his own petard the anti-conubial poet who derisively asked:

"Will the love that you're so rich in
Build a fire in the kitchen,
And the little god of love turn the spit?"

I Still Need Three Meals a Day

BUT, speaking only for myself, I require—as always—three meals a day, and feasting is more to my taste than fasting. So with a catholic appetite for whatever form of good food there happened to be on the table, yet with an idiosyncrasy which rejoiced least of all in cold things, I was encouraged in April, 1901, by the reflection that summer is liberal with natural products that we all like to eat raw, and that warmth even in one's interior might easily be dispensed with in a semi-tropical climate. Winter was another matter. Now, curiously enough, I did not altogether renounce coffee or cocoa during the hot weather—for these stimulants of perhaps a lifetime are not necessarily rejected nor despised by "the cult." But since the cold weather set in I have given up hot drinks entirely—at first because it was less bother to do so, and afterward because they were not missed.

Cold hands and cold feet are no longer known to me, and while I put this largely to the credit of a minute's exercise to promote the circulation, it may not be altogether impertinent to associate the condition with my morning habits: A cold sponge or douche bath with water fresh from the faucet; leisurely exercise in scant attire, with fresh air from an open window; and a cold, grateful breakfast—the milk sometimes frozen in severe weather, and always at least chilled. Heavy underwear has become absolutely unnecessary, and here in New York I did not bother unpacking my winter overcoat till the Christmas holidays.

Another thing: The customary fare of a lifetime was abandoned utterly between my last hot dinner and my first raw-food breakfast, and for a period of six months I did not eat a single cooked meal.

Well Pleased with the Experiment

I THEN dined heartily with some friends, being curious to see whether a return to old customs could be accomplished without indigestion—eating everything, from soup to dessert. It had no bad effect whatever. So now, at will, when the social amenities prompt—which does not happen to be oftener than once in two or three weeks—I dine in the old way. If the food is well prepared I enjoy it, as one enjoys any change, but not to such an extent that I do not very gladly return to my own bill-of-fare. If the meal is not fastidiously prepared, and particularly if it is served by a caterer, the change does not bring me any enjoyment. And this has happened at one of the most expensive restaurants in New York.

So, in all sincerity, I am so well satisfied with my simple plan of living that ever to revert to former ways is far from my present intention. Its advantages are partly obvious, partly inferential, and partly pure theory. Such as they are they appeal to me.

Some of these days, when it seems worth while bothering about, I will not hesitate to try the more elaborate menus affected by the high livers of the raw-food cult. These embrace such feminine devices as the preparing of eggs in six different ways; the luxurious invention of puddings; astonishing soups—heated, not cooked—made variously from rice, cabbage, chestnuts, peas, wheat and sweet potatoes; together with a truly Gargantuan course dinner of which I may not here give a hint beyond its inclusion of nut croquettes.

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By Mrs. Emma P. Ewing

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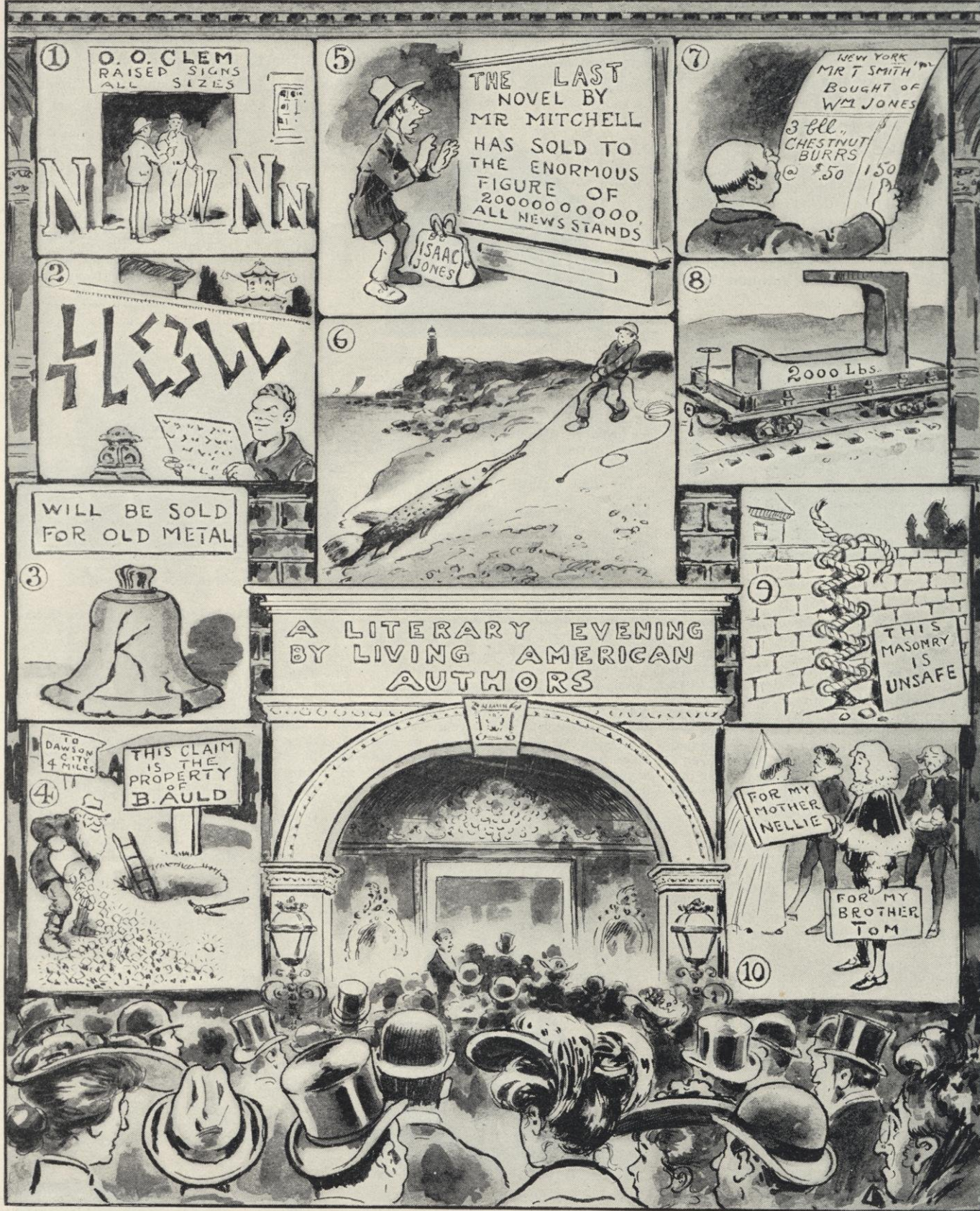


The Journal's New Puzzles

The sign over the archway indicates the nature of these puzzles. Each picture represents the name of an American author who was living when this page was made up—December 15. The first is Samuel L. Clemens. Guess the rest and tell, in not more than 25 words, which one of these authors you like best, and why. For your skill in solving these puzzles and for writing the little article we will give

A Check for \$25.00 to the Person Sending a Correct Solution, and, in the Judgment of the Editor of The Journal, the Best Little Article; a Check for \$10.00 for a Correct List and the Second Best Article; a Check for \$5.00 for a Correct List and the Third Best Article, and \$1.00 Each for the Next Forty-Seven (47): 50 Rewards in All, Amounting to \$87.00.

Special Warning Inclose nothing in your envelope but the slip. That alone. Do not write article on separate slip. Do not send answers sooner than date given. If you violate these conditions your answer will be thrown out. Hundreds are so thrown out every month.



Read These Positive Directions

When you settle on the name you think each picture represents write it on the line after the same number as the picture on the slip on this page, and use only this slip cut out of the magazine. No others will be considered. Then, below the slip, on the white margin of the page, write your 25-word article. Do not write your article on a separate slip.

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

Mail your letter so that it will reach Philadelphia not earlier than February 6, and not later than the morning of February 10.

The correct solution of this month's puzzles will be published in the April JOURNAL. Owing to lack of space the little articles cannot be published. We cannot undertake to answer any questions about the puzzles.

NEXT MONTH: 10 MORE PUZZLES

Use No Other Slip Than This

Put one guess on each line and say no more. Write the 25-word article on the margin below. Then cut this slip out and mail it to

THE PUZZLE EDITOR OF
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA.
P. O. Box 1401

No. 1.....
No. 2.....
No. 3.....
No. 4.....
No. 5.....
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No. 8.....
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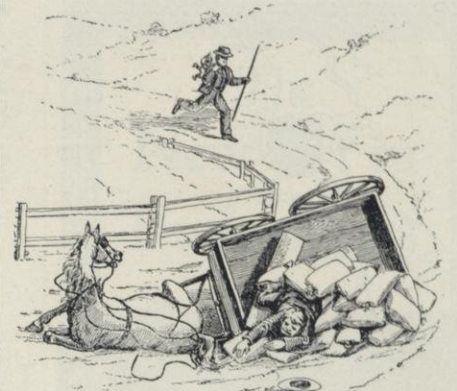
Give full name and address here.
Name.....

Solution of the December Puzzles

- What is Seen on Almost Every Christmas Table
- | | | |
|---------|----------|---------------|
| 1 Meat | 2 Gravy | 3 Preserves |
| 4 Candy | 5 Butter | 6 Turkey |
| 7 Cake | 8 Water | 9 Crumbs |
| 10 Salt | 11 Spots | 12 Light Rays |

These puzzles were purposely made difficult, and no list correct in all particulars was received. Nevertheless, we award, for the most meritorious answers, the full number of prizes as usual, as follows:

- PRIZE WINNERS**
- First Prize—Annie Lewis Harris, Massachusetts.
Second Prize—Jessie Barnes, Indiana.
Third Prize—Nannie Knight, Maryland.
Fourth Prize—Mrs. H. Y. H. Eberts, Arkansas.
Fifth Prize—Edwin E. MacCreedy, New Brunswick.
- Other Prizes**—Mrs. Elizabeth F. Robinson, Maine; S. A. McCausland, Missouri; Nellie Garnier, Kentucky; Mrs. J. E. Jones, Kansas; Katharine Shotwell, New Jersey; Alice Barnard, District of Columbia; Howard S. Fisher, Pennsylvania; Cornelius Blauvelt, New Jersey; Mrs. M. S. Corey, Nebraska; Mrs. E. F. Sheffey, Virginia; Mrs. Nelle O'Brien, Georgia; Mrs. E. Dodge, Pennsylvania; C. J. Richardson, Vermont; Mrs. H. L. Gray, Mexico; C. M. Reeve, Illinois; Mrs. C. L. Miller, Missouri; Florence G. Patton, Indiana; Laura H. Lingo, Ohio; Mrs. J. P. White, Oklahoma; Mrs. R. H. Sommerville, Texas; M. C. Barry, New York; Clara Voelkel, New York; Louise E. Clayton, Missouri; Mrs. D. C. Short, New Jersey; Mrs. F. Coons, New York.



AN UNFORTUNATE PITCH.
A MUSICAL ANECDOTE

Copyright, 1888, by IVERS & POND PIANO CO.

Now it happened one morning, not a very long ago, that a farmer by the name of [musical notation] set out for Boston to sell a load of [musical notation] and to buy a new p. His horse had not been young very recently, and his movement was about *largo tranquillo*; but when he had gone a little more than [musical notation] of the distance, he unexpectedly took fright at a stranger who carried a large [musical notation] in one hand and a [musical notation] of ducks in the other, and rushing down a [musical notation] where the road made a [musical notation], he upset the load, throwing the farmer to the ground on his [musical notation]. At first he seemed a little dazed and somewhat off his [musical notation]. He got a [musical notation] into his head that an earthquake had made his load [musical notation] so that he lost his [musical notation], and that a great ground [musical notation] made the road pitch and roll like a ship in a [musical notation]. However, in a [musical notation] time he recovered his consciousness in a great [musical notation] *poco a poco*. The stranger came up to help on a [musical notation] and said they would have things fixed in [musical notation]. It took them but a [musical notation] to get some [musical notation] from the fence, right up the wagon, put every [musical notation] in place and [musical notation] them on with a [musical notation], making everything *Allegro*. The horse had ceased to [musical notation] with fear, and they started again. Having reached Boston, the farmer sold his grain to a dealer in [musical notation], then bought a new p f at the rooms of Ivers and Pond, who do business on a large [musical notation]. He paid [musical notation] of the price in cash and gave a [musical notation] over his own [musical notation] for the [musical notation]. On the way back he did not [musical notation] his morning experience, but safely reached his journey's [musical notation].

BEN MARCATO.

A PRIZE OFFER. We wish bright, original musical puzzles, not to exceed the above in length. For the three best sent in before May 1, 1903, we offer cash prizes of \$100, \$50, and \$25 respectively. Write for further information and key to above puzzle.

Ivers & Pond Pianos are the best that can be made in the light of to-day. Over 300 American Educational Institutions have purchased them. Where we have no dealer we quote prices direct, ship on approval, and pay freight both ways if the piano fails to please. May we send you our catalogue and a personal letter with complete information of our easy pay plan? Then write us to-day.

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BEST AND MOST HELPFUL POULTRY PAPER
POULTRY KEEPER PUB. CO., Box 223, Quincy, Ill.

HOW SOME YOUNG COUPLES



The Second of the Great Series "How We Saved for a Home"

For obvious reasons, the names and specific addresses of writers cannot be given in print. But the editor of THE JOURNAL will be

Began with Empty Hands

WE BEGAN with empty hands and an empty pocketbook. My husband earned \$1000 a year. The first year of our marriage we boarded, as I continued to teach in the school I had previously taught in. We saved \$650 that year. Then we started housekeeping. I allowed \$7 a week for food, rent and fuel. I succeeded in keeping house upon that and we saved \$435 that year. The next year we had doctor's bills, but we managed to save \$465. We went on in this way and in six years had saved \$2436. A house and lot was for sale and we bought it for \$1450. But there were many improvements to make and we started to make the old house appear new. We did this with the remaining \$1000, furnished part of the house with it, too, and had \$54 left.

Besides paying all I set out to do on that \$7 a week, I had each year saved enough to buy some needed piece of furniture for the



WE STARTED WITH NOTHING

house: a \$25 sewing-machine one year; a good refrigerator another year, a carpet the next; \$20 worth of table linen another, and so on. We gave \$100 each year to our church and to charities. We have also taken a two to three weeks' trip each year, so we have not lived stingily. Yet we have saved enough for our home in six years. Of course the fact that we both came from a farm home and had both been taught to work has always been a great help to us. I must also add that one or two of our trips were taken with money earned by extra work.

Vermont.

Saved \$2 a Week from the First

MY HUSBAND was earning \$15 a week when we were married and we immediately began to save for a home by putting aside \$2 each pay-day as he brought his money home. We put this in the bank right away. In five years our earnings with the interest amounted to \$600. We then bought a house with my father for \$1650, each paying half. We paid our \$600 cash and gave a mortgage for \$225, payable in two years. This we paid off in that time. The next year a chance came to buy a lot for \$175. We had this amount saved and we bought the lot for cash. My husband at that time was earning \$20 a week. The next three years we had sickness and were able to save only \$300.

We then sold my father our half interest in the house for \$800 and decided to build for



\$2 A WEEK STARTED THIS HOUSE

ourselves. The house we built cost us \$1600, and when we moved into it we had a mortgage on it of \$400. This we paid off in two years. We have three children and have brought them up nicely. We could have paid for our home sooner had we not taken trips to New York, to the World's Fair, etc.

It is only with the greatest economy and much self-denial that working-people can save enough to own their homes, but it has been our experience that with economy and self-denial this can be accomplished. It is far better to decide upon a small sum to be set aside for the purpose, and sometimes go beyond the limit, than to plan to save a large sum and fall short of the amount planned.

Massachusetts.

Dividing an Income by Three

WHEN I married my husband he was earning \$60 a month. He had \$600 in bank and five shares in a loan association, on which he was paying \$3.50 a month. Our expenses were light the first year, and we saved \$400. The next year my husband's salary was increased to \$1000 a year. Then we bought a \$750 lot and paid cash for it.



WE LIVED ON A THIRD OF OUR INCOME

We then planned to build, and finally decided on building a \$1700 house, with \$300 extra for furnace. We saved for this heater in a year and then had a \$1400 mortgage on the house at 6 per cent.

We then divided our income of \$83.33 a month in three parts—\$25 we put in the bank; \$25 we laid aside for interest on the mortgage, insurance, repairs and incidentals, and \$33.33 for living expenses. The first year we did it and paid \$300 on the mortgage. A little daughter came to us the next year; still we managed to pay \$600 in the next two years. The loan stock then matured and we cleared off the remaining \$500.

In four years our home was free, and we are beholden to no man.

Illinois.

By Saving \$150 a Year

MY HUSBAND'S income when we were married was \$650 a year. We wanted to own a home just as soon as possible. Meantime we took a six-room house for \$108 a year, and we furnished it with money we had saved for this purpose before our marriage. Thus we were able to begin life free from debt but without any capital but health, strength and courage. I was my own maid, cook and laundress, and, when our babies came, their sole nurse. We had to do without lots of things, but we always had good food for our table and plenty to wear.

In three years and a half we had saved \$500. We then looked at building lots and



\$150 A YEAR SAVED BUILT THIS HOUSE

finally decided on one, for which we paid \$395 cash. This left us \$100 to dig our cellar and lay foundation walls. We purchased the lumber and other materials on time. When the house was nearly completed and we had to pay for the materials we borrowed \$1200 on a mortgage. The cost of our house was \$1700, so when it was furnished we owed \$400 besides the mortgage. Having four sleeping-rooms we rented two of them for \$100 a year.

My husband's income was now about \$950 a year, but owing to the children we could not save much more than we did at first except what we saved on house rent and received for room rent.

We occupied the house for nearly four years, and at that time, being offered \$2500 cash for it, sold it, making a clear profit of \$400, besides having had the use of the house for three years and a half. Then we built another house costing fully as much, which we now own, free and clear from debt or incumbrance of any sort.

This is a true story, but if it seems to any one that a house could not be built for the amount mentioned, I will say that possibly it could not be built now for that amount, but when we built our home building materials and labor were much cheaper than they are at the present time.

Ohio.

Three Children and \$45 a Month

I RECEIVED \$40 a month when we decided to try for a home of our own by keeping a systematic account of all our expenses and by dividing our earnings up in such a way as to put aside \$5 a month. Our rent was \$7 a month. Any money that could be additionally saved should go into the building fund. My wife arranged with several families to bake bread and cakes, and in two years earned \$75. In a small lot attached to the house I planted vegetables; and in addition to raising enough for ourselves sold twenty-four dollars' worth. Early in the spring I covered the whole garden with glass and made a hotbed, sowed lettuce, and sold it, making \$7. We bought our meats and groceries at wholesale, and were able at the end of the first year to increase our monthly savings to \$10 a month, instead of \$5.

I then received \$45 a month and we moved where we had a larger garden, from which in



SAVED FOR ON \$45 A MONTH

one year I made \$50. My wife took in washing and I helped her to wash. We earned \$100 a year in that way. Our Leghorn hens gave us a profit of \$2 a year for each hen.

By thus working and persevering we had at the end of ten years saved \$1600, and had built and paid for an \$1800 house.

How can a man, with a wife and three children, getting but \$45 a month, save so much in ten years? In a few words, by cultivating simple tastes, keeping an account of every penny spent, making use of every moment, and above all, by letting his wife help him think out plans whereby both may save.

Pennsylvania.

Three Houses on a Small Income

WHEN we were married my husband had paid \$500 on an \$1800 house and lot which he had bought. We had five years to pay the \$1300. His wages were \$700 a year. He worked from seven o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night. I allowed myself \$3 a month for meat, \$7 for groceries and \$5.50 for fuel, and I kept a strict account of all our expenses. I bought everything, as far as I could, by the quantity—potatoes by the bag, butter by the crock, etc. I never bought anything at bargain sales nor upon the installment plan, but paid cash for everything. With interest on loan our expenses were about \$300 a year.

We paid the mortgage off in four years and a half, and then furnished our home. Our income had by this time increased to \$900 a



ONE OF OUR THREE HOUSES

year, and we built another \$1800 house and paid for that in five years.

During the next five years we saved so that I might be educated in music and art. I bought a piano and paid for that. Our income by that time had increased to \$1200, but we never spent more than the \$700. We bought a third house and paid for it. Our three houses are now rated at \$10,000.

We succeeded in doing all this by keeping our determination to have a home of our own always before us, by working hard and by doing without many things which we felt would stand in the way of our accomplishing that end, realizing, too, how much more important a thing it was to save and have a home of our own than to gratify our every passing whim.

Ontario.



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HAVE SAVED FOR A HOME

Real Stories of the People as Told by the People Themselves

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Saved for in 10 Years

WE HAD saved \$355 and bought a lot for \$700. Then we built a house for \$1455. We paid our \$355, and borrowed \$1800 on mortgage for ten years at six per cent. Our family consisted of ourselves, my mother and a baby. My salary was \$65 a month. We started out with the idea of paying \$25 and the \$9 interest each month. For the first four years we did this just as nearly as possible. The payment was always made the first thing each month. This we found the only successful way to save. We lived on what was left. Our grocery bill averaged \$12 a month; butcher bill, \$3.50; and milk, \$1.

In four years we had paid off \$900, which reduced the interest to \$4.50 a month. There were always taxes, coal bills, water rent and doctor's bills during this time, all of which we paid. We also laid a stone walk costing



IN TEN YEARS WE PAID FOR THIS HOUSE

\$50. Then we made \$175 worth of improvements and paid for them before paying any more on the mortgage except the interest.

Now at the end of ten years we have five children, making eight in the family. My salary for several years has averaged from \$75 to \$95 a month; our monthly expenses about \$25 for groceries, \$7 for butcher's bill and \$2 for milk.

We found it the best plan never to have any bills. We never bought anything until the way was clear to pay. We kept up this plan all the way through of paying the interest and as much as we could on the principal every month before we spent money on anything else. We had to make a great many sacrifices, but we felt there was much more real satisfaction in saving together in this way than in spending money on things we really could do without. We have our home now and those not interested probably have no idea of the contriving we have done to make one dollar do the work of two.

We have been enjoying a home with all modern improvements all these years that would have cost us in rent from \$15 to \$18 a month for less than \$9 on an average. Pennsylvania.

Two Houses on \$50 a Month

WE STARTED eight years ago with \$20 cash and my salary of \$50 a month. In sixteen months we had saved \$250, which we spent in making the first payment on a \$1300 house and lot. For the balance we



ONE OF OUR HOUSES

gave five yearly notes of \$210 each at seven per cent. interest. The first two years we paid off two notes, the third another, then I received a present of \$400 and with it cleared the balance off.

Then we bought another house, which was not large, but was substantial and well finished. We paid for it much in the same way. For it we received \$12.50 rent every month. Now we are going to buy another lot and build a house or a couple of tenements. We have done this in eight years, and had one child to support. We buy for cash and in quantities. We have raised sixty chickens. We allow \$100 a year for taxes, insurance and clothes. We run the house on \$200 a year and save \$300. Iowa.

They Began with \$15 Cash

I MARRIED the girl of my choice. After paying the expenses connected with our wedding our assets were exactly fifteen dollars. I had given up my employment in an adjoining city that my wife might live at home, as she was an only daughter. At the end of a two weeks' honeymoon I sought and secured work at \$7.50 a week. The pay being very small at the end of a month I gave it up and I obtained a position in a store at \$10.50 a week, which was soon raised to \$12 a week.

Up to this time I had not paid any board, but I then agreed to pay my father-in-law \$5 a week for my board, and he was to board my wife gratis until we could get a start. During the next thirty-six weeks we laid by in the savings-bank an average of about \$6 a week, so we had on hand at the end of that time \$216.

We then rented a tenement of four rooms on a side street at \$12 a month, bought household goods, and were \$14 in debt.

We talked over the matter of expense and decided that we must be as systematic in our expenditures as possible. We agreed to lay aside \$3 a week for rent and to use \$4 a week for the table and fuel; this amount, with careful buying, we found sufficient. The balance of my wages of \$5 a week we saved.

In the following spring I was offered the opportunity to learn the carpet business in the city of my youth at the same wages I was getting—\$12 a week—and, as I thought there was an opportunity to rise, I accepted it and moved there. As there were some expenses we had not foreseen, together with the expense of moving, I was only able at the end of four years and a half from our wedding day to show to my credit in the local savings-bank a balance of \$250. This we decided would not do, and I made up my mind to find work where I could earn more. The opportunity soon came. I got a position as salesman in a carpet house in a near-by town at \$3 a day. We stored our household goods for about a year, hired two furnished rooms, and, by purchasing an oil stove and a few dishes, we got our meals in our rooms.



WE HAD ONLY \$15 WHEN WE BEGAN

At the end of the year we moved our household goods and went housekeeping again in a hired six-room tenement at \$18 a month.

We lived in this way for about five years, living economically and saving all we could. We rented one of our rooms at \$2.25 per week all of the time, and another room at \$1.50 a week part of the time. I estimated the actual cost of our rent at \$7 a month. Below is a schedule of our expenses for a year:

Rent, \$7 a month,	\$ 84.00
Table, 50 weeks, at \$4.50,	225.00
Coal, 6 tons (2 stoves), at \$7,	42.00
Life insurance,	30.00
Pew at church,	16.00
Two weeks' vacation,	50.00
Clothing,	100.00
	\$547.00

When we had saved \$3000 we bought on a corner of two streets a two-tenement, thoroughly modern, fourteen-roomed house in the process of building, with an extra house lot facing on the other street, for which we paid \$4600. We paid down \$3000 and moved in and were able at once to rent the extra tenement at \$200 a year; it has remained occupied ever since. The rent has more than paid the running expenses. We are now free from paying rent and have been able to reduce the mortgage at the rate of about \$500 a year. So at the end of four years from the time we moved into the house, or fourteen years from our wedding day, every dollar on our home was paid and the note and mortgage delivered into my hands; we made a fire of it that did our hearts good to see. We have saved considerable since then, and hope to build another house on our extra lot some time in the near future. I have not done as well as some, perhaps, but my house and home show that I should be fairly satisfied and contented, which I am. Massachusetts.

By Saving \$30 a Month

WHEN I married I owned a lot free and clear, and we decided to try and build a house. We finally agreed on a house costing \$3045. We then applied to a cooperative bank for a loan of \$3000, which was granted, the money to be advanced as the building progressed. The monthly payments on this loan were \$30.75; \$15 was for the shares and formed a sinking fund to repay the loan. The balance of \$15.75 represented the interest at six and three-tenths per cent. a year. For seven years we paid this interest, then the rules of the bank were changed so as to loan money at a minimum rate of five per cent. This reduced our payments to \$27.50 a month. The credit to the sinking fund remained the same (\$15 a month). There were many months when the payment of \$30.75 came very hard, especially when the children began to arrive.



ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF \$30.75

The original contract did not cover papering house or grading the grounds or cementing the cellar. These things we did gradually as we were able financially to do so. About three years ago I had a covered piazza built on the south side of the house, with an octagon corner, which makes a splendid place for the children to play on rainy days. Our house has been painted twice outside, each time the same color as the first, so that it needed only one coat. The first time I painted it myself during one vacation.

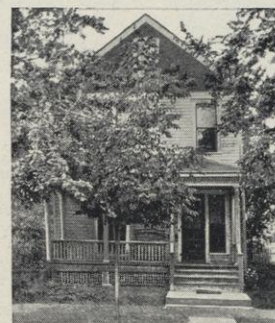
During the eleven years or more since the house was built we have kept it in thorough repair and made improvements. Now it is our own. Massachusetts.

Paid for in Five Years

WHEN we were married my husband had, out of a salary of \$675 yearly, saved \$500.

We were asked to make our home with my parents, doing our share of domestic duties and paying our part of the expenses. We bought some furniture and furnished our own room. Our living cost us \$260 a year.

Hoping to own a home of our own and being very much averse to debt, we planned to save as much as possible each year. The result of our savings exceeded our expectations. During this time our church expenses were met, an occasional good lecture or concert attended; a little daughter came; we lost a tiny baby girl; a long siege of illness brought



BY SAVING FOR FIVE YEARS

heavy expenses of nurse and doctor's bills. Yet after three years of saving we were able to buy a lot for \$500. Then we saved for five years and built a house for \$1450—all of which we had saved in five years out of an income of \$725 a year. By the same method we were, in a year, able to finish furnishing so that our house is now complete—the result of our having saved a few hundred dollars a year, most of which might otherwise have been spent without seeming extravagance. Indiana.

The third article in this series (in the March JOURNAL) will give some more accounts of

"How Some Young Couples Have Saved for a Home"

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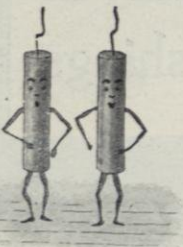
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Church Sociables for February

Picturing the Holidays

By Mrs. J. H. Booth and Edith C. Welch



A VARIETY of subjects and forms of entertainment may be embodied in representations of the holidays of the year by tableaux. The following suggestions show how the different occasions may be arranged so that they will afford

pleasure at an informal church gathering. New Year's Day: A maiden clad in sparkling, frosty white garments, singing a New Year carol.

February abounds in holidays. Two will suffice as examples. A tiny boy with golden curls, dressed in white, with wings attached, and eyes closed, posed in the act of shooting an arrow, tells in tableau the story of Saint Valentine's Day. A postman's bag filled with the love missives may be hung over one of his shoulders.

A room furnished in Colonial style, with George and Martha Washington at tea, may properly represent the birthday of the Father of Our Country.

Saint Patrick's Day may be illustrated in tableau by a man in bishop's robes in the act of driving off snakes and toads. The toy models of these reptiles will serve for this purpose admirably. A reading about Saint Patrick will add to the interest.

Easter Day: A group of young girls in white with arms full of Easter lilies; at the back of the girls a quartette of surpliced boys singing an Easter anthem.

May Day furnishes a contrast. The English holiday may be represented by a graceful dance around the Maypole and the crowning of the May queen; the American day as a moving-day, with the father, mother and children of all ages carrying boxes, bundles and household pets.

The paths of Memorial Day may best be recognized in the recitation of a patriotic selection by a young girl. The Stars and Stripes may be draped about the speaker, and flowers strewn by her in memory of the heroes of our wars.

For the Fourth of July a simple and surprising little drill of living firecrackers recommends itself. Select twelve boys about seven years of age and as near the same height as possible. Procure for a wholesale hat or box maker twelve large-sized hatboxes, which are about the size of three ordinary hatboxes. Take out the bottom of each box; cut near the top small openings to represent eyes, nose and mouth, and at the proper place on each side cut small armholes. Fuses may be made of rope wound about with wire to keep them erect; fasten these fuses through the covers of the boxes. Cover the boxes with red paper. Let the boys don these explosive-looking overcoats, and then put on the covers of the boxes. Cover the boys' hands and arms with black stockings, fitted tightly to their arms, and their legs with long black stockings drawn up as far over their trousers as the boxes necessitate. No shoes should be worn. Then teach the boys a simple drill. These firecracker-costumed boys will make the drill very amusing.

There is only one tableau that adequately represents Thanksgiving Day to an American: the entire family reunited around a well-filled table on which a turkey is the most conspicuous object.

Christmas! What could better be shown than little children hanging their stockings above the fireplace and gleefully creeping into bed, with Santa Claus filling the stockings as the children sleep?

A personification of Old Father Time sweeping over the platform with his scythe may close the program.

A Military Sociable

By R. E. Belding

A LARGE room in the church was divested of its furniture and rearranged with small tents, three on one side and three on the other. The end opposite that entered by the guests was furnished with an officer's tent, some decorative paintings of tents, and a log cabin. A kettle was hung on a cross-bar supported by posts near the centre of the room, with wood and candles underneath for a campfire. A brotherhood in the church had sent word to friends that seats around the campfire would be reserved for them, and inviting them to share their mess. A card was inclosed to be presented to the guard on

entering. The members appeared in uniforms, with guns and swords. A fife and drum corps furnished the music, and a sentry paced his beat. As the drums and bugles sounded the army signals, the soldiers, after various evolutions, dropped around the campfire. Speeches, war stories and accounts of prison life were in order, and patriotic songs were sung. This was followed by mess, consisting of cornbread, hardtack, baked beans and coffee. The sociable ended in a mock court martial of one of the soldiers for some trivial and ludicrous offense.

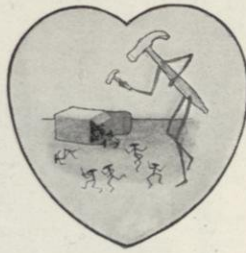
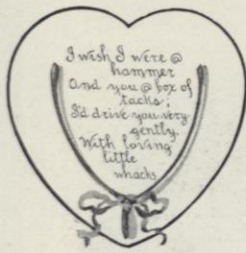
A Valentine Wish Party

By Verna Richardson

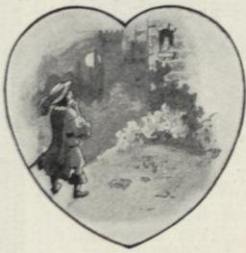
WE GLADLY indite you
This note, and invite you
On Valentine's evening to come
And join in a hearty,
New-fangled Wish Party
With friends who will make you at home.

One must have some important engagement not to accept so cordial an invitation. A valentine for each of the guests should

HERE ARE SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR WISHES



THESE SHOW BOTH SIDES OF THE CARD, WITH THE VERSE WRITTEN IN



I wish I were a gallant knight,
And you my lady fair;
I'd serenade you every night,
Oh, what a happy pair!

I wish that life
But held for me
Some joy that I
Might share with thee.



I wish for you a life of gladness,
Full of joy and free from pain,
Full of mirth and free from
sadness,
Bright as sunshine after rain.

I wish you were an alderman
And I a voter, too;
No matter where nor why you
ran
I'd always vote for you.



If you were a fisher and I were
a fish
I'd swallow the hook on your
line,
Because I should know that this
was your wish,
And your wish, of course,
would be mine.

I wish I were an elephant
And you a bale of hay;
I'd tuck you in my rubber
trunk
And carry you away.

be prepared as a souvenir. To do this decorate for each a heart-shaped card with a wish in the form of a verse, and illustrate the verse in water-colors on the reverse of the card. If wishbones have been saved for the purpose by members of the society giving the sociable, a bone may be tied to each card and the verse arranged to come between the prongs of the bone; otherwise, the bone may be painted on the card. Tie the bones on with colored ribbons, having only two bows of the same color. Half of the verses should be suited to gentlemen, while the rest of the wishes could be appropriate for the ladies. Divide the cards so that when distributed ribbons of the same color will be held by a lady and a gentleman. Partners will be found by matching ribbons. The fun begins when the partners read to each other and then to the whole company the verses on their cards. Then the wishbones must be pulled to see whose wish will first come true.

A Heart Sociable

By Mary Doe Richards and Edith P. Fetterolf

ON SAINT VALENTINE'S evening arrange to have at the door of the room where the sociable is to be given a wee maiden dressed in white, with her gown decorated with tiny hearts of various colors, and as each unmarried person enters let her present a little heart-shaped pocket with a ribbon attached so that it may be worn by the one receiving it. These pockets may be made by pasting two paper hearts together, leaving a little unglued space at the top; they should be of different colors. Slip into each pocket a nonsense couplet foretelling the fate of the recipient. The fate should be of a character to correspond with the color of the heart-pocket containing it, as white for marriage, rose for single blessedness, black for lost hope, and so on. The comparing of these rhymes will start conversation.

After this a heart hunt will break up small cliques and induce all to mingle socially—the real object of such an occasion. Hundreds of little hearts, measuring about one inch across, may be cut from a few sheets of red and of white paper. Hide these in every available place in the room—back of pictures, under cushions, rugs and chairs, and anywhere and everywhere—and in some place conceal one of the red sugar hearts like those the children of long ago used to enjoy. Allow a certain number of minutes for the hearts to be gathered in. Explain that each red heart will count five, and each white heart one. The one who captures the sugar heart will be the first one to marry. To the one who has the most points a pretty valentine may be presented, and humorous valentines to those who have the least.

Every one will enjoy taking part in Cupid's archery contest—a new version of an old game. Set up as a target a heart made of white cardboard, about three feet in height, with concentric inner hearts outlined in red. Supply paper arrows with a pin in each to those who are to join in the game. A player wins by placing an arrow in the innermost heart while blindfolded. Or the heart may be divided into sections marked "matrimonial success," "despair," "five times wedded," and so on, the section upon which the arrow is fixed determining the future destiny of the player.

Fifteen minutes given to the writing of love sonnets will be enjoyed by the sentimental and the quick-witted. Reward the best poet with a bookmark made by cutting a double, heart-shaped piece from a rice-paper envelope. The corner of the envelope will serve as the point of the heart, and cut in this way it will exactly fit over the corner of a page. "A book that is thy heart's best friend," in blue and gold lettering, would be an appropriate quotation to have inscribed upon the bookmark.

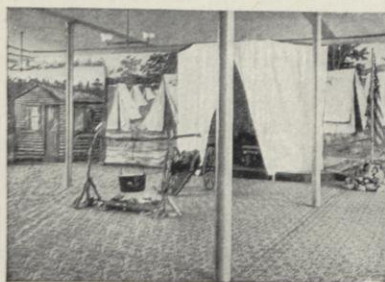
To secure partners for refreshments suspend two large paper hearts from the ceiling, several feet apart. Through a hole in each hang the ends of long strings stretched between. The young men take hold of the strings on one side, the young women on the other. All pull at a given signal and the hearts are riven. Partners find themselves each holding the end of a string.

In decorating the room, strings of evergreen, from which small red and white hearts are hung about a foot apart, will give a pretty effect.

Refreshments may consist of heart-shaped sandwiches, heart-shaped cakes, and coffee.

Pretty aprons for the girls who serve may be made of white crêpe paper, rounded, and finished with a ruffle, with a border of red hearts where the ruffle is added.

This idea may also be used in preparing the napkins. Cut ten-inch squares from sheets of white crêpe paper, and around each square, about one inch from the edge, place a row of the tiniest hearts that can be obtained. Stretch the edge beyond the border to make a slight frill.



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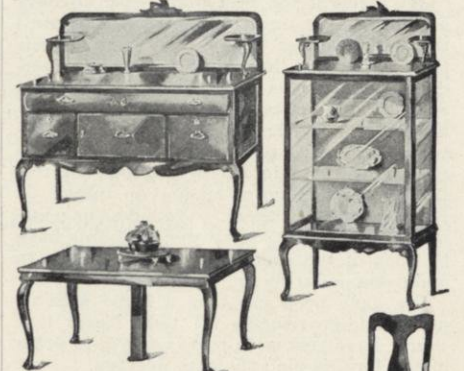
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The Neat-Handed Girl

OFFERS SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FEBRUARY HOLIDAYS

Edited by Jeannette Weir

"Wheel of Fortune"

AT THE prettiest St. Valentine's party of which I know the guests were requested to read the future and learn their fates by turning the "Wheel of Fortune."

They found a wheel two feet in diameter, cut from heavy pasteboard, its surface covered with pink paper roses, lying on the centre-table, so poised on a pivot that a touch set it revolving. A gilt arrow was fastened to one of the spokes.

For the questioners of fate and fortune the hostess dealt in a circle around the wheel cards previously prepared with the blank sides uppermost.

The inquirer set the wheel revolving, and when it stopped the arrow pointed to a card upon which was written the answer.

The first questions, asked by the players in turn, related to their characters or peculiarities. The answers were given in familiar quotations.

One learned that he was "A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day." Another, "A man he is of pleasant yesterdays and confident to-morrows."

A woman read: "Whose words, all ears took captive." Another, "There is a garden in her face."

The next round had to do with the future fate, and one girl read: "Her tongue will not obey her heart." Another, "The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy."

Two men were promised marriage in quotations from Samuel Rogers: "Fireside happiness to hours of ease," and

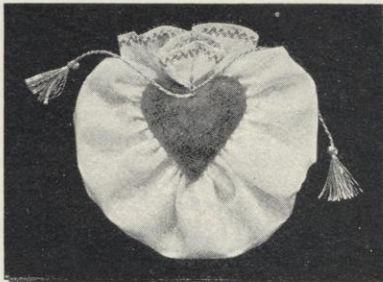
"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing."



A WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY DINNER-TABLE

Half-a-Dozen New Ideas

TWO bands of crêpe paper in the national colors divide the table shown above into three attractive oblong spaces. For the centre-piece line a lace doily with red and place



A NOVEL PARTY FAVOR

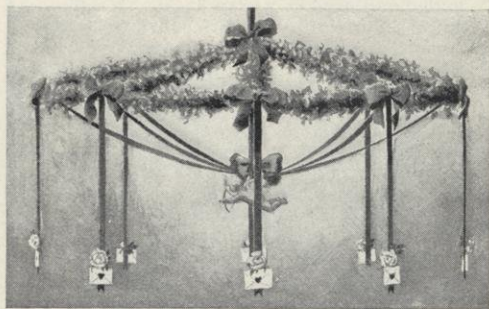
it underneath a blue jardinière holding a plant decorated with red candy cherries. The candle shades are of red crêpe paper decorated with white paper cherry blossoms. The place cards are small hatchets made of bristol-board, painted in water-colors to resemble steel blades and wooden handles. At each cover is a picture of Washington.

—ELEANOR STUART.

THE hostess of an evening party may easily make a number of little bags of white silk trimmed with pink velvet hearts to use as party favors. In each bag is a slip of paper on which is written a verse addressed to "My timid Violet," "Pansy dear," etc., each lady having been given a floral name for the evening. The cord is drawn and tied, only to be undone upon the request of a gentleman who has been presented with a Valentine boutonniere which gives him a clew to his partner.

The Valentine boutonnieres, one of which is illustrated, are made of green cardboard and lettered in gold. On the reverse side of each a floral name is written corresponding individually with those given to the ladies.

The mouchoir-case illustrated is intended for a girl's friendship Valentine. It is made of thin white silk lined with pink and perfumed with rose sachet. The bow and the



WHEN CUPID PRESIDES AT A LUNCHEON

cord are white. Cupids are outlined from a picture which is placed underneath the silk and then sketched in pen and ink.

When Cupid presides make for him a floral bower. Combine pink ribbon bows with the greens, and arrange a strip of ribbon with a Valentine to fall by each place. Seal each envelope with a pink heart.

The heart-shaped cake is cut from a loaf and then iced. Pink roses trim the edge, and the lettering is in pink icing.



NOTHING, IF NOT SWEET

For St. Valentine

THE invitations may be written on ordinary note-paper, placing in the upper left-hand corner of each two tiny white paper hearts edged with gilt paint, one overlapping the other and both attached to the sheet by a tiny bow of pink ribbon. Then provide a cardboard heart about three inches in diameter for each expected guest. Decorate these with forget-me-nots with a rustic branch design in gilt around the edges. Letter the hearts

in gilt, using upon each one some appropriate phrase, such as: "To my Valentine," "Ever true to thee," "Ever constant and true," etc.

On the reverse side of each heart write the date and the words "Valentine Party." In the lower point of each one place a number beginning with one, and then continue to number a sufficient quantity alike for the ladies and the gentlemen. Make tiny slits in the hearts at the top and bottom through which to thread baby ribbon.

For the ladies write rhymes or couplets on separate slips of paper; fold these slips like powder papers, and after numbering them affix one to the reverse side of each heart above the date. Thread these heart cards with blue ribbon, leaving two ends about three inches long hanging below. The upper ends may be tied in a bow at the top. Place all the hearts in separate envelopes, which need not be addressed, trusting to fate to arrange the partners, or the hostess may pair off the couples by addressing to certain ones the envelopes that contain the Valentines of the same number.

When the guests arrive pass the envelopes containing the rhymes to the ladies, the others



A VALENTINE BOUTONNIERE

to the gentlemen. Request each lady in turn to read aloud her Valentine couplet, beginning with number one (which the hostess has reserved for herself), and ask the gentleman who has the corresponding number on his Valentine to claim his partner.

When supper is announced each gentleman escorts his partner to the dining-room, presenting to her his Valentine heart that she may keep it as a souvenir, and then she attaches it to the lower ends of the ribbon on her heart, which she wears pinned to her dress.

The decorations of the dining-room and table should be pink, and the refreshments of the same hue as far as possible.

A few appropriate verses to be read are the following:

Friends one and all, welcome here to-night;
We are sure your presence gives us great delight.

To begin in the evening's program I'll start the fun,
And as I need a partner I'll call for number one.

Roses are red, violets are blue,
Well—you know the rest, I want number two.

I'm too modest to make such assertions, you see,
So I'll be content with just number three.

Life without a partner always was a bore,
So for my Valentine I'll take number four.

A Royal Valentine Place Card is made of a piece of white cardboard folded. Gild the edges and decorate the outside with a crest and the guest's name. On the inside place the picture of a Queen or a King surrounded by a frame of red paper hearts. Provide cards of each kind for the ladies and the gentlemen present.

At a Valentine Dinner a pretty effect was produced by using various-sized hearts made of pink cardboard, which were strung on a thread and carried around the room near the ceiling. From the centre of the ceiling was suspended a large open heart, and from this point to each place at the table pink ribbons and smilax—at the ends of which were the place cards, pink hearts—were drawn. The names of the guests were written upon the cards in gilt lettering.

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(FORGET-ME-NOT)

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The Journal's Trained Nurse

A DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO HOME NURSING

By Maud Banfield

Miss Banfield will answer any letters of inquiry about home nursing, provided return postage is inclosed. But it should be distinctly understood that under no circumstances will she prescribe in cases of illness or give medical advice of any kind whatever. Those matters properly belong to the physician.

AS TO the furnishing of the sick-room it should be remembered that the less furniture and fewer knick-knacks you have in the room the fewer you have to keep clean, and a sick-room must, of course, always be kept immaculately fresh and dusted. But it is not restful to your patient to have you spend half the day dusting and cleaning all around her, even if you are willing to do it.

In rooms which are prepared for serious surgical operations, and in rooms in which any contagious diseases are to be nursed, it is necessary to remove carpets as well as everything else in the way of furniture not actually needed; and in the case of a minor operation to at least cover the carpets with clean sheets, securely fastened to the floor. But in other cases of illness you wish the room to look attractive. Rugs which can be removed and shaken outside the house are the best. The floor should not be swept, but wiped up with a large floor duster slightly dampened. If, however, you do use a broom or a carpet-sweeper be sure you do not knock these against the legs of your patient's bedstead. The patient alone can tell you how unpleasant this is; and I am sure he or she would tell you that it is only a little less unpleasant when you strike other pieces of furniture. People who have no nerves when they are well often seem to have an extra number when they are ill, and little annoyances are by no means little to them.

Flowers and plants help to make a room look fresh and pretty, although those with strong perfumes are not desirable. They do not eat up the good air, as is sometimes supposed, but, on the contrary, absorb carbonic acid gas, which I have already said is so poisonous, and give out oxygen. They should be removed from the room at night, and water in the flower-vases should be changed daily.

Keep the Sick-Room Perfectly Quiet

IF YOU have an open fireplace in the room and use coal, the coal may be wrapped in pieces of paper and placed on the fire by the nurse without soiling her fingers or making a noise, instead of shoveling it up or tumbling it out of a noisy coal-box. The poker may also be of wood. If the fire is allowed to go out during the night it may be lit in the morning before the ashes are removed, and the draught of hot air up the chimney will draw up a good deal of the dust with it, instead of allowing it to fly about the room and settle on your patient and everything else. As soon as the fire is burning the ashes may be quietly and quickly removed.

The less stuffed furniture in the room the better. Heavy curtains should be replaced by those of wash material, and kept clean and fresh. Cheesecloth at six cents a yard makes quite pretty curtains when these are required. Anything with large definite patterns should be avoided, as the sick person often has an irresistible inclination to count patterns and stripes until the brain is weary. If a rocking-chair is allowed in the room visitors should not be permitted to rock themselves violently back and forth.

A Metal Bedstead is the Best

IF YOU are able to choose your patient's bed you will find it wise to select a plain metal bedstead with a wire spring frame about three feet broad, two to two feet and a half high, and six to seven feet long. Such a bedstead can be easily kept clean and sweet. It allows free ventilation and can be easily moved. It should be accessible from either side. It should have no curtains, canopies or valances, for the air beneath should be able to circulate as freely as the air above; and of course you will not allow any boxes or bundles under the bed. Besides looking very untidy they harbor dust. The bed should be placed so that the patient does not directly face the window, and when possible it is better to arrange it so that any artificial light is behind the occupant. In long illnesses a side-view out of the window is cheerful even if there is very little to be seen. Some thought should be given also to the position of the bed in regard to ventilation, so that as much air as possible may be secured without necessitating the patient's being in a draught. If you are obliged to make the best of a large double bed one side may be used for the day and the other side for the night.

The best and most comfortable mattress is one of hair. A feather bed, or any other loosely stuffed arrangement, is almost impossible in a case of sickness, and quickly produces bedsores. A hair mattress is porous and easily aired when opportunity occurs.

Even hair mattresses, however, may be lumpy and uncomfortable if the buttons have been allowed to come out. A cover of unbleached muslin for the mattress is clean and neat. This should in some cases be protected by a length of rubber sheeting, but rubber should not be used unless it is necessary, as it is very hot for the patient to lie upon. The warmth and vapor given off by the body being then unable to circulate make the patient's skin moist and help to produce bedsores.

When the Illness is a Long One

WATER or air beds are sometimes used in cases of tedious illness, especially when the patient is unusually thin or unusually heavy. The object is to prevent pressure and avoid bedsores by presenting a surface which yields evenly to every movement. These mattresses, however, need more than ordinary care. A water bed, which is heavier and more clumsy than an air bed, should be filled with water of a temperature of ninety-five or ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, which temperature, being about that of the human body, will generally be maintained, and therefore the bed need not be frequently refilled. The bed should not be filled full enough to make it hard or unyielding, nor left so empty as to allow the patient to touch the under surface. The nurse must be guided by her own judgment and the feeling of the patient.

The use of the air bed is becoming more general than it used to be, and is even provided in the berths of some of the trans-Atlantic steamship companies. It has much to recommend it, and can be readily filled by a bicycle foot-pump. The same precaution must be taken not to fill it too full. A blanket must be placed under the sheet when a rubber bed is used, for it "strikes cold," as the patients say, in cool weather, and even when the weather is hot it does not, of course, absorb perspiration nor allow ventilation.

The nurse must always remember that to stick a pin of any sort into these beds immediately ruins them, and it is practically impossible to get them mended satisfactorily. They always "leak" more or less afterward. Therefore with these beds sufficiently wide sheets should be used to tuck in well all around to obviate the necessity of pinning to keep them smooth.

Change and Air the Bedding Often

IT IS convenient to have at hand at least three pillows, and in private houses, where pillows are not so scarce as they sometimes are in hospitals, often a larger number may be found of use. It is pleasant to keep a day and a night pillow for a patient, and, when it is possible to change them in this way, air the pillow or pillows which are not in use.

If the patient is many weeks in bed and another mattress is obtainable, it is often very refreshing to be placed thereon. The mattress removed should be aired for at least one whole day in the brightest sunshine obtainable. In contagious cases this is not sufficient.

In all cities where Boards of Health exist the city authorities will, upon request, send for this mattress, sterilize it by means of either steam or dry heat, and return it to the owner. This I have always found them willing to do free of charge. Mattresses may be repaired and made almost as good as new by returning them to a mattress manufacturer, who will have the horsehair cleaned, replenished and freshly padded, and wash or renew the ticking at a very trifling cost.

The patient who has to remain in bed for some time often finds it restful to have a pillow placed under the knees. Bending the knees relaxes the abdominal muscles. For this purpose a piece of ticking filled with excelsior or hay does just as well as a feather pillow, and indeed is often preferred by the patient, as it is cooler and firmer. It should be made in a round bolster shape, about twenty inches long, and should be placed in a pillow-case, so as to look neat and feel pleasant, even although it may not show.

When Making the Invalid's Bed

THE making of a bed for a sick person is a very important matter. It is really remarkable how few people know how to make a bed well. As much of the comfort of the patient depends upon this I will try to describe to you how to do it, although it would be well for you to take the first opportunity which may arise to get a professional nurse to show you how it is done. I regret to say that all nurses are by no means good bed-makers, but nevertheless I think you will find that a great deal more may be learned from a

demonstration than from any written description. In the first place, have your mattresses freshly and evenly padded. Over this some people advocate a blanket, but this is only necessary in colder countries than this, or in houses which are not well heated, or when air or water beds are used. If you use rubber sheeting to protect the mattress a blanket should not be used. Should you find either desirable it should be securely fastened with large safety-pins at the four corners and at the sides, unless it is large enough to tuck in well. The under sheet should be large enough to allow at least twelve inches for tucking in all round.

In many cases of illness a draw sheet is the next article required. This is a long sheet folded in half lengthways, one edge tucked under the mattress sufficiently to hold it in place, and if the patient is very restless, secured also with two safety-pins. It is then tucked in at the other side and the remainder of the sheet neatly rolled and also tucked in. In width, the sheet should reach from a little below the shoulders to just above the knees. When the bed becomes hot and uncomfortable, or perhaps crumbs hide themselves in the way crumbs do, it is very refreshing to the patient to have this sheet drawn through far enough to give her a fresh place to lie upon, and is very easily done if the patient is able to slightly lift the middle part of her body, resting a moment on her head and heels. The section of sheet which is drawn through (taking care to pull it evenly and smoothly) should be rolled up and tucked in neatly.

Air Bed-Linen and Clothing in the Sun

THE upper sheet should be long enough to turn down at least eighteen inches from the top, and tuck in twelve or eighteen inches at the bottom. The blankets should be placed high enough to come well up on the shoulders, but should not be doubled back at the top, as this makes the bed clothing too weighty over the patient's chest. All doubling back or tucking in of blankets or counterpane should be done at the bottom. It is often more desirable to place a clean sheet over the blankets than a counterpane, which is unduly heavy and less porous. This may be folded up at night and a second best one used. A cotton comfort, especially one which has been washed, is by no means an ideal covering, as washing has made it heavy, and in its best days it is impervious to all ventilation. Indeed, the only thing it has to recommend it is its cheapness.

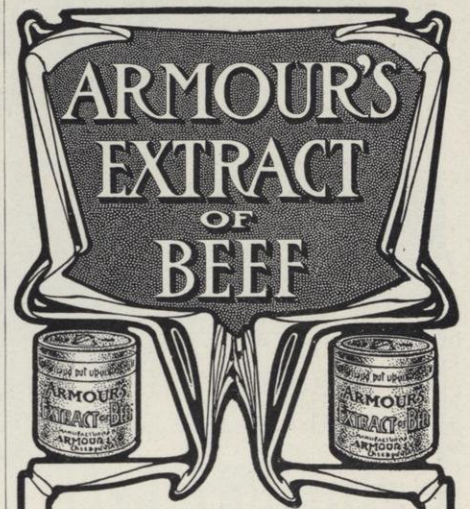
In changing the bed the top sheet may be used, after its freshness has gone, as the under sheet, and the under sheet may in turn be folded and used as a draw sheet. It is pleasant and grateful to the patient to have at least one article of bed clothing changed daily, but when this cannot be done from motives of economy, an extra sheet may be kept, and changed in the morning, the one which is removed from the bed being meanwhile aired. All airing, whether of bedding or personal clothing, should be done outside the sick-room. And do not forget that sunshine is the greatest purifier we have.

Always Make the Bed Twice a Day

WHEN a patient is in bed all day the bed should be made every evening just as carefully and thoroughly as it is every morning. To do this, place two chairs near the foot of the bed. Loosen the bedclothes all around and remove each article separately until the top sheet, or, in cold weather, the blanket only, remains over the patient, laying the discarded bedclothes over the chair in the same order in which you remove them. Draw the under sheet tightly, tucking it in afresh all around, seeing that no wrinkles or creases remain. Pull the draw or cross sheet through until the patient has a fresh, cool portion of the sheet to lie upon, carefully brushing away all crumbs. If a mackintosh is used see that this also is smooth. If you wish to put on a clean upper sheet, place this on the top of the blanket which you have left to cover the patient, asking the patient or an assistant to hold the top of the clean sheet while you withdraw the blanket. This may now be placed on the top of the sheet in its proper order, and you will have remade the bed without chill or exposure to the patient.

To Miss Banfield's Readers

As no back numbers of THE JOURNAL can be supplied, and Miss Banfield's article in January has been found so valuable, we have printed both her article in the January issue and the one on this page—the two together—in a little pamphlet entitled "The Care of the Sick-Room," of which copies can be had for 10 CENTS EACH by sending to The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.



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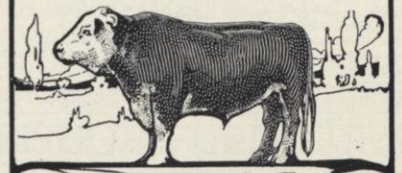
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THE GOOD-TIME GARDEN

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT: BY THE GARDEN MOTHER, FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY



PHOTOGRAPH BY KAUFMANN'S
A GARDEN GIRL

WE HAD a "Fagot Party" in the Sunshine Room one day last week. This isn't a new kind of party; but it was new to the Garden children. As the guests came in Violet and Hazel handed to each child a fagot, tied with colored cord. It wasn't a big party, but we made a wide circle about the hearth when everybody was seated.

Violet was busy passing about neatly folded papers while the children wondered what the queer bundles of sticks were for. "They are to burn," she explained, "while you are telling your stories." Then she hastened to add amid a chorus of dismayed protests that the stories needn't be invented on the spot, since Garden children from all over the country were to be heard from.

AND first of all Clover, who had been in the secret for several days, laid her fagot on the fire, and while it burned merrily read Helen McCaslin's true story of "The Orphan Kittens."

"Listen to the story of five little orphans! One Sunday when my brother and I came home from church we found five Maltese kittens curled up beside their mother. When the kittens were only two weeks old the mother cat died. Alas for the poor little babies who had hardly gotten their eyes open. Such a chorus of cries as came from those five hungry little throats!

"Something must be done at once for we could not let them starve. So mamma sent me to the drug store for the very smallest rubber nipples. These we put on little homeopathic medicine bottles, which were filled with warm milk. We began by squeezing a few drops of the milk into the kittens' mouths, but it didn't take them long to find how to get it themselves.

"After a few days they forgot all about ever having had a cat mamma, and would run to us crying for their bottles of milk whenever they were hungry. They would crawl up our skirts while we were getting the bottles ready.

"At first we fed them every two hours except at night. We had to tie different-colored ribbons on their necks to tell which ones had been fed. But we soon were able to tell them apart by their faces and manners, just as you can tell people apart. After a while they learned to lie on their backs and hold their bottles with their forepaws, as you see in the picture. Long after they ought to have been drinking from a saucer they wanted their bottles.

"As they grew older we gave all but one of them away to our friends. Our kitten liked to have his bottle once in a while even when he was nearly six months old. I used to put him in my doll cradle on his back, cover him with a doll quilt, and give him his bottle just like a real baby. There he would drop off to sleep. I liked this much better than playing with dolls.

"We named our kitten Beauty Bunting and we have him yet. He is now over a year old, and weighs about ten pounds."

WHEN the delighted hand-clapping over this pretty story was over Violet read "How the Humming-Bird Earned Its Color," by Sibyl Croly.

"Long ago, 'when the earth was young,' as story-books say, there lived a humming-bird. It was not a pretty bird; its plumage was an ugly dull brown; but it had a kind heart (in fact, all its little giblets were kind), and was very happy as it buzzed about the bright flowers. Sometimes it would wish that it could be beautiful, with red and purple tints like the blossoms it loved, but it always dismissed such vain longings and kept its mind content.

"'B-r-r-r-z-z-z-m-m-m!' it murmured as it ran its long bill into a flower, 'B-r-r-r-z-z-z-m-m-m! I am happy, happy, happy in the flowers and yellow sunshine. When the sun sets and the silver stars shine in a violet sky I sit on a twig of the rose vine and the night wind rustles the green leaves. A white rose is my canopy; out of its golden heart the rose fairy whispers sweet dreams to me. So I sleep and grow strong that to-morrow I may frolic again in the bright meadow. I am happy, happy—B-r-r-r-z-z-z-m-m-m!'

"But it came to pass that the flowers died, and driving clouds hid the sun and the stars, and darkness and chill fell upon the meadow. The humming-bird grew afraid.

"Now under that meadow, though the bird knew it not, was Fairyland, where cold and darkness are unknown and flowers bloom always. One of the fairies came above ground one day to see what the outer world was like. As he made his way through the grass he came upon a wicked spider. A spider is the only living thing over which fairies have no power and it is feared by the little people above all things else. The poor little fay stood transfixed with terror as the fiendish spider drew nearer—nearer—and there was no help, no rescue! Yes! Suddenly came a whir-r of brown wings, and a long bill pecked the venomous insect until he lay dead. The humming-bird had saved a fairy's life!

"In his gratitude the fay took his preserver back with him to Fairyland where they spent the winter.

And when the good humming-bird returned to his flowery meadow in the spring he wore the suit of silvery purple and crimson which all humming-birds have worn since. Its colors are the rarest in the world, for they were mixed by fairy painters."

"OH, HOW I do love fairy stories!" sighed one little maid when this pretty tale was ended.

"I like *furry* stories, too," laughed Hazel as she laid her fagot on the fire and announced the title of Mildred Riché's story, "A Mother Cat's Sympathy."

"'Old Tabby,' the house cat, had the most comfortable of nests in the wood-house where she was raising in much joy and contentment a family of five pretty, fluffy gray and white kittens. The wood-house door opened toward the east, and the morning sun shone full upon the snug little box that held this happy family, and Tabby was proud and important as a cat well could be.

"Tabby's little mistress brought the choicest tidbits from the kitchen table which the good mother divided with her kittens; and Tabby was even beginning to bring them tender young mice and fat juicy moles from the garden.

"For a few short weeks nothing marred the peace and quiet of this little cat home; then some tragedy



PHOTOGRAPH BY L. A. DEZER
"HELD THEIR BOTTLES WITH THEIR FOREPAWS"

occurred. No one knows what happened, but one morning poor Tabby sat mournfully alone in the sunshine, too grief-stricken to even mew a complaint.

"Toward noon the barn cat, Jetty, came for her usual visit, and soon Tabby had communicated the news of the disaster to her. Jetty seemed very sorrowful also, and after some consultation went back to her cozy nest in the hay where she was raising a brood of six kittens, which she seemed to love very much.

"After purring over them and licking them tenderly, as if contemplating what she was about to do, she finally took one gently in her mouth and carried it up the path and laid it before Tabby. This performance she repeated four times. Then she sat down and watched the other while she licked and caressed the kittens so generously presented to her. For, although they were younger and not so pretty as her own had been, Tabby welcomed them gratefully, and reared them with as much care as if they had been her own, and Jetty never interfered with their bringing up.



"OUR TEDDY"

"Was not this a great act of self-denial? Jetty doubtless loved her kittens as much as Tabby loved hers. It would seem heartless to accuse the little mother of desiring to dispose of a part of her large family. It is a great deal more pleasant to believe that she did it out of pure love and sympathy for her friend in her bereavement."

THE children all agreed with Mildred in admiring the unselfish Jetty.

"I've a nice story about a dog," announced Rosemary, who sat next to Hazel. Her fagot was soon blazing merrily while she read Rosamond Riddle's little story of "Teddy." Rosamond is only eight years old. She very kindly sent us a picture of "the dearest little dog in the world."

"I think I have the dearest little dog in the world. He is a cocker spaniel with the glossiest of black coats. He is named Teddy, after the President, because he is so beautiful. He can play tag with me, and when I take him to the store he begs for candy. One day he was stolen and sold to a man for two dollars and a half. But the man who

bought him was honest and went to the City Hall, where he found out the name of the man who had bought the license that my daddy had fastened to Teddy's collar. We were so happy to get Teddy back that we almost cried, and I heard daddy tell mother that he would not take one hundred dollars for him.

"I had a beautiful party on my eighth birthday. At first I didn't think Teddy could come, because he is a boy and it was going to be a girls' party. But he did come, after all, and he looked just beautiful with his black neck adorned with a splendid bow of orange ribbon. If Teddy should die it would break our hearts, because we all love him so. Anyway, he is the only boy in the family."

"I LIKE that story," announced Baby Rose decidedly. "I like nice, curly little dogs better 'an anyfing."

"So do I!" promptly chorused half a dozen voices.

"Just wait till you hear this bear story," said a Garden boy who was busily poking his fagot between two blazing logs. "This story comes from Nova Scotia, and I tell you it's a hummer! That girl ought to have had a gun, though."

Of course everybody was ready to listen after this spirited introduction, and Billy spread two large neatly written pages on his knee, while his fagots crackled a brisk accompaniment to Hilda Vaughan's story, "How One Bear Met His Match."

"It was on a South Mountain farm we had taken up our abode—my father, mother, Cousin Victor and myself. Our nearest neighbor, a Frenchman with a large family, lived more than a mile distant. When winter came my father went to work in the lumber camp. He visited home every fortnight, bringing supplies from the settlement and occasionally a bear steak and fur rug. However, bears were scarce in the region around our farm, our forest neighbors being mostly foxes, hares and squirrels.

"Victor, nearly sixteen, snared rabbits, shot foxes, cut wood for the fires and tended the stock, while I fed the fowls and helped mother about the house. When spring came we took the cattle and sheep to an open glade in the woods for pasture.

ONE spring day after an unusually cold winter, as I took my charges to pasture, I noticed fresh tracks across the little snow-patches and in the muddy places. Being familiar with fox, hare and squirrel tracks, I wondered a little at the new ones.

"As the nights grew milder the stock was left over night in the pasture. But one day there were signs foretelling colder weather, and mother sent me for our cattle and sheep.

"Arriving at the glade, what was my surprise to see the cattle and sheep running helter-skelter all around the pasture. I looked about and presently came upon five sheepskins neatly rolled up and placed under a large oak tree which faced the thick of the wood.

"Becoming more and more frightened as it grew darker I started for the bars, intending to run home as fast as I could, when suddenly I espied the gaunt form of a huge bear shambling across the middle of the pasture. Paralyzed with fear, I stood fixed to the spot. On came the bear. I grew faint. Just then a young calf, more unfortunate than its mates on account of its youth, was hewn down by the bear. I fled, and had just reached the other side of the bars when Bruin glanced up from his feast. Fortunately Victor had started out with his gun, and scenting danger had come to meet me. Victor found the robber still enjoying his supper. Being a good shot, he hit the bear near the heart, and so ended Bruin's feast."

"I am so sorry for that poor, dear little calf," sighed Clover. "Suppose it had been our darling Cowslip!"

"I'm sorry for the poor old bear, too," said Billy stoutly. "He was probably half starved. I'd like to have been that boy Victor, though," he added. "It must be jolly fun to shoot a bear!"

There wasn't time for another story, for the clock began to strike nine, and rosy-cheeked Kathleen was quietly bringing in trays of big yellow oranges, nuts, and the reddest of shiny red apples. A whole heap of fagots were thrown on the fire, and everybody began to tell stories at once while the oranges and apples went around.

NEXT month the Garden Mother will have a little talk with the young authors who are growing up all over the country, and some of the prize stories which were crowded out this time will be given.

The full list of the September prizes is as follows:

- First Prizes—Sibyl Croly (fourteen), California; Mildred Riché (thirteen), Iowa.
- Second Prizes—Nora Colburn (eleven), Michigan; Mabel Clark (thirteen), Massachusetts; Carsou Langham (twelve), Texas; Mabel Luscomb (fifteen), Canada; Pearl Phillips (fourteen), Ohio; Helen Bogart (eleven), Connecticut; Florence Short (thirteen), New York; Helen McCaslin (nine), Ohio; Grace Berrisford (twelve), Minnesota; Katie May Mitchell (fourteen), Texas.
- Third Prizes—Annie Hull (eleven), California; Daisy Everest (twelve), Michigan; Lillian Armstrong (thirteen), Canada; Rosamond Riddle (eight), Washington; Mildred Griffith (nine), Illinois; Georgianna Study (fourteen), Pennsylvania; Helen Huntington (twelve), Connecticut; Hilda Vaughan (fourteen), Nova Scotia; Josephine Lawrence (thirteen), New Jersey; Hannah Detwiler (eleven), Florida.

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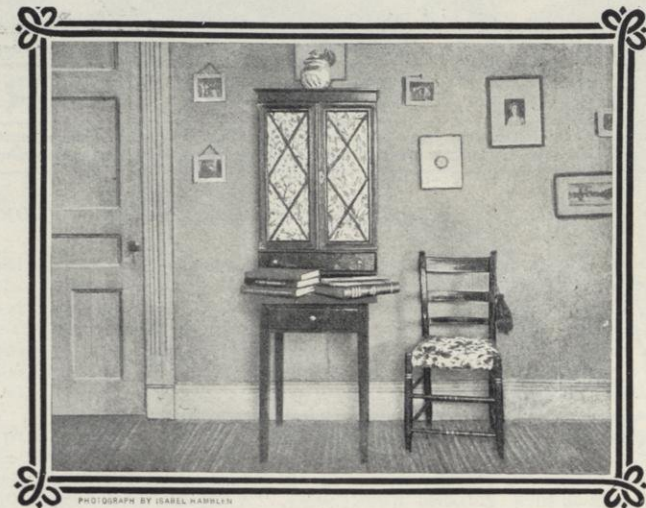
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GLIMPSES IN SOME GIRLS' ROOMS

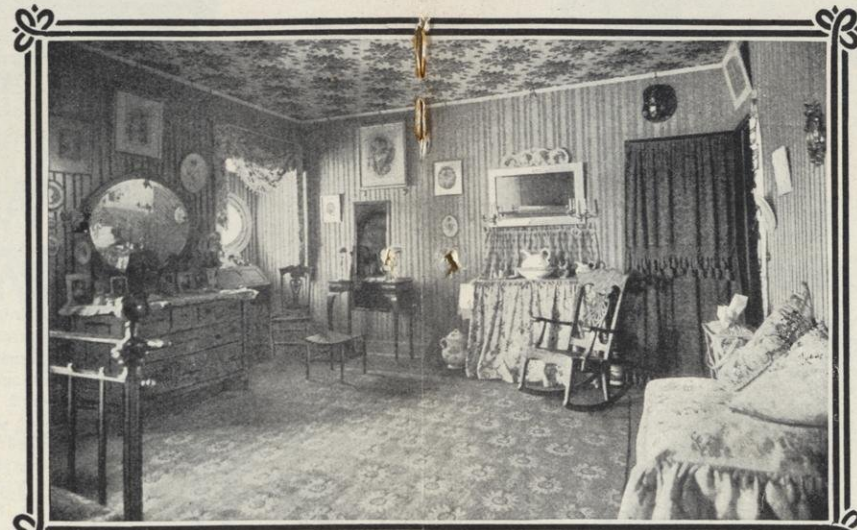
Illustrations from Photographs Submitted
in Prize Competition



The window-seat in this girl's room in a house at Flemington, New Jersey, is a small old-fashioned bedstead upholstered. The walls are silver-green. Large windows make the room cheerful.



Another view of the room shown on the left. The bookcase was made from one that had been used by a child and an old-fashioned table.



The color scheme of this girl's room in a house at St. Joseph, Missouri, is a deep rose. All the draperies are of cretonne with a white ground figured with pink roses.



A corner of a study and chamber combined of an artistic girl in Portland, Maine. Moss-green is the tone of the walls and furnishings.



The draperies used in this room in a Hillsboro, Ohio, house are of figured Swiss. The seine, or fish-net, in the corner is bordered with shells, and is used by the girl to hold photographs.



The note of simplicity in this room of a Virginia girl is highly commendatory. The walls are extremely well handled and pictures tastefully hung.

Awarded First Prize in The Journal's Contest.



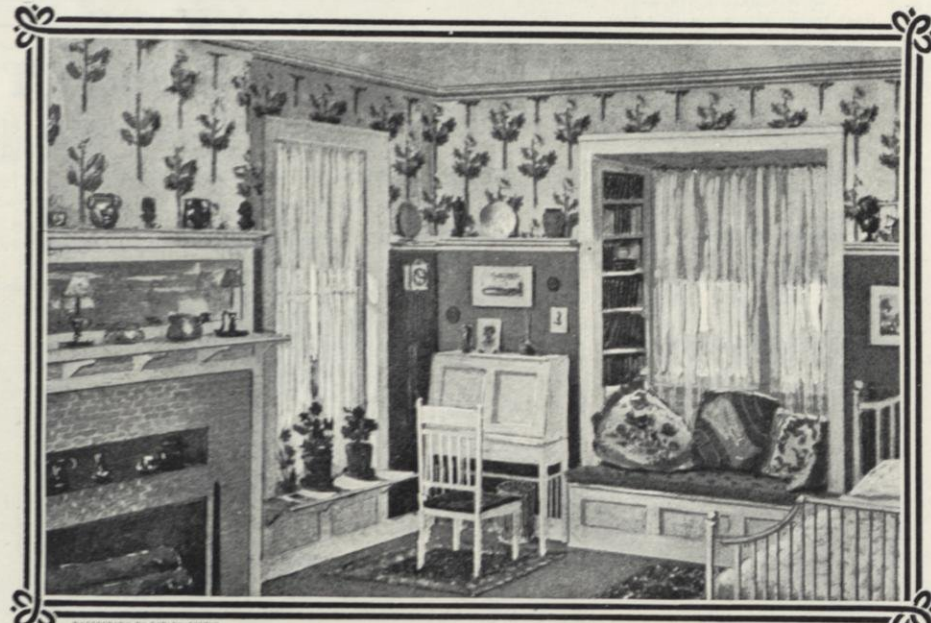
A shelf for pictures and bric-à-brac runs all around this room of a girl in Helena, Montana. The furniture and the woodwork are enameled in white, the wall-paper has a green stripe, and the ceiling and frieze are green, with rose-pink peonies.



Another view of the room illustrated on the left. The large bay-window makes the room especially cheerful. The curtain at the closet door is of a flowered pink cretonne. The couch is covered with the same material.



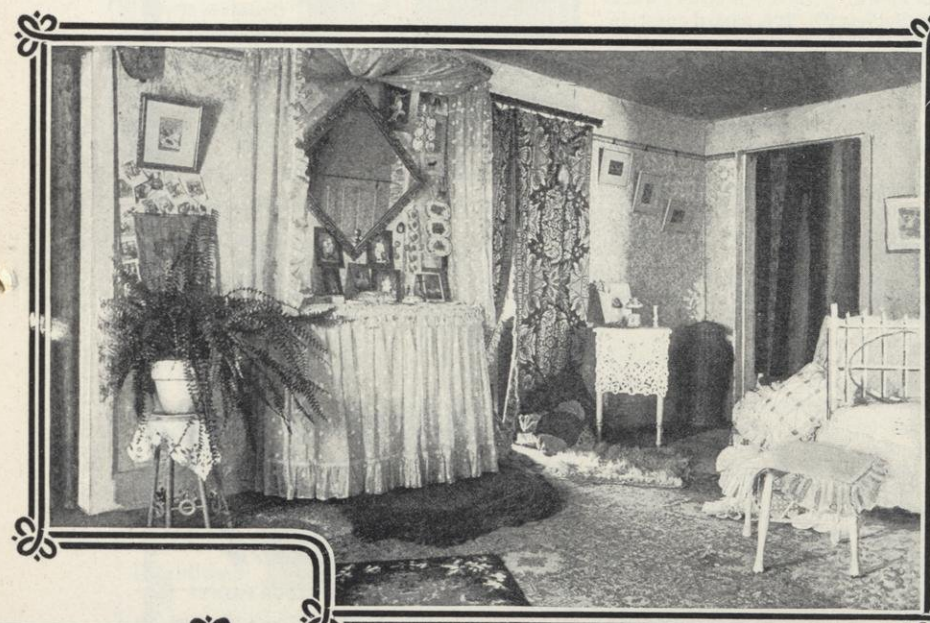
This shows another part of the room of the Virginia girl to whom was awarded the first prize in THE JOURNAL'S contest. The little bookcase, with inviting seat, and the old-style Colonial mantel, are particularly worthy of notice.



The woodwork and the furniture of this room in a house at Des Moines, Iowa, are enameled in white. The paper is turquoise blue, and the frieze is of scarlet poppies on a cream ground. The window-seat and the bookcases lend an air of coziness.



The color scheme of this girl's room in a house at Batavia, New York, is white, green and pink. The floor is covered with sea-green matting.



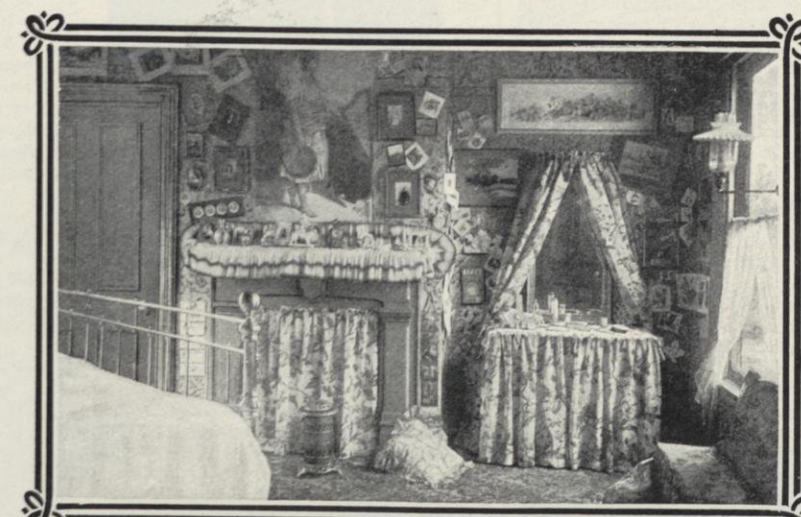
The dressing-table in this Indiana girl's room was copied from a design given in THE JOURNAL. The color scheme of the room is blue and white.



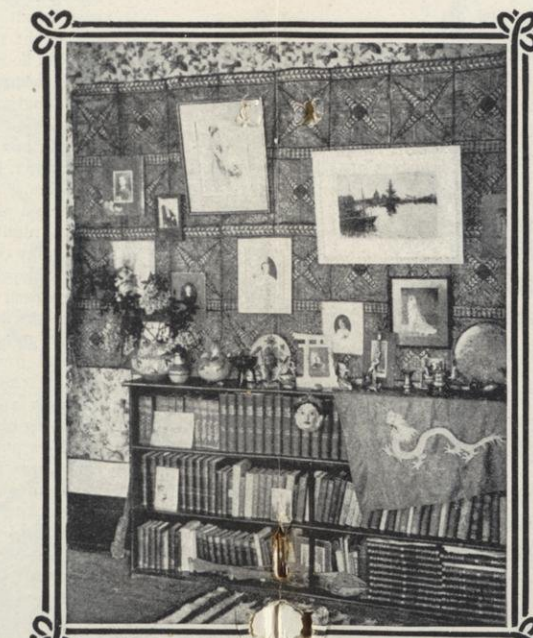
The wall-paper, matting and rugs of this room of a girl in Meriden, Connecticut, all harmonize. The dainty furniture was selected with a complete understanding of the size and shape of the room.



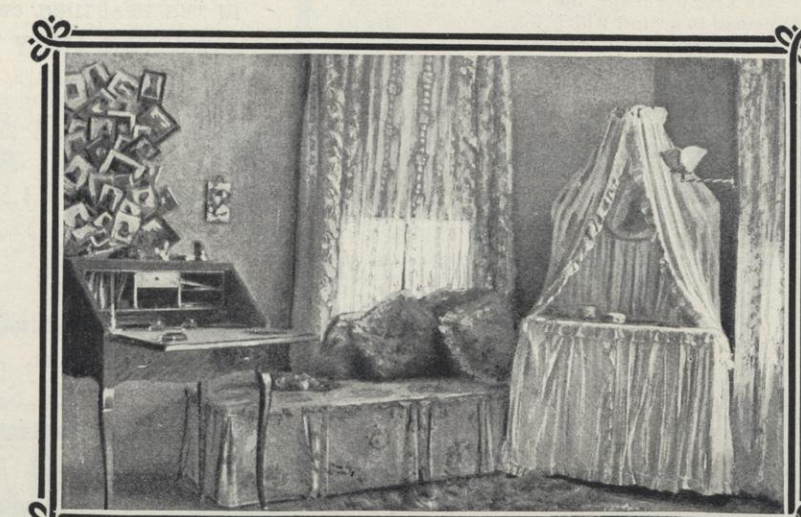
A California girl has divided her room into what she calls "a reading corner" and "a dressing corner." She made a good deal of the furniture herself. The draperies are of cotton crepon.



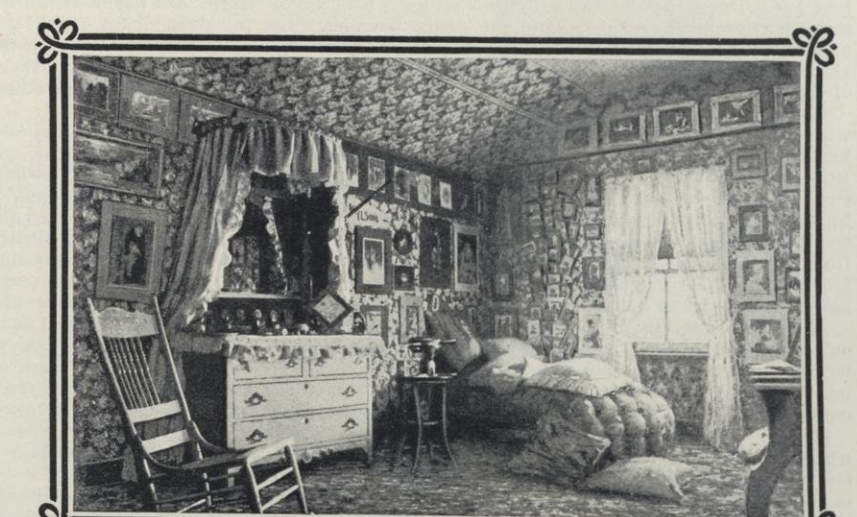
A girl in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, has decorated the walls of her room with inexpensive pictures. In one place she has landscapes; in another, patriotic pictures; in a third, animals.



This California girl's room reflects her personality to a great extent. She is a lover of books and curios.



Pink and white are the colors of this Pennsylvania girl's room. The dressing-table was made from an old washstand. The box couch holds shirtwaists and other articles.



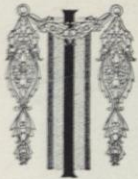
This Illinois girl's room is in green and white. The furniture is enameled in white. College banners and posters are hung on the walls, also wire racks holding the pictures of her friends.



The Council Chamber

"Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men"

By Mrs. James Farley Cox



HAVE been guided to the choice of our subject of consideration at this meeting of the Council by the serious preponderance of earnest requests for advice regarding the living within one's income and the avoidance of debt. Of all the resolutions

tending to a nobler and happier life in the future, determination to accomplish these two vital things seems to form the very large majority.

In one aspect of this question which involves our honor, our self-respect and our happiness, it seems a sordid and painful thing to discuss; but in another it is a noble, vital and all-important part of right living and thinking.

If we are to maintain our high purpose and strive that our meetings shall result in that Peace of heart which means the harmony of our lives with God's will and intention for us, we can never overlook those who, being in debt, are also in slavery, and who, lacking courage to live on what they can pay for, are dishonored. I defy any woman to know what true Peace means while she is afraid of the postman's whistle lest he bring a bill, or the sound of her own door-bell lest it should announce a collector.

Rivalry that is Harmful

IT TAKES immense courage, great self-control, and the unlooked-for discovery of the supreme selfishness of receiving and enjoying other men's goods without payment for the same, as well as a realization that our wealth or poverty is God-appointed, to live within a restricted income; this is true of any people in any place, but doubly so in our country and of our present generation, for the American man and his wife are now generally ashamed of being poorer than their neighbors. There is a great joy and satisfaction for the average American husband in seeing his wife dressed expensively and his children bearing comparison with those of men of large and unrestricted means. There is an ever-living, and alas, increasing rivalry in the adornment of his house. The muslin curtain would be as pretty and tasteful, and better of its kind, but "it looks so cheap!"

I have asked one of the happiest and most successful women whom I have ever known to join us to-day and tell us, as far as she is willing to unveil her experience, something about the causes for her cheerful smiles and unwrinkled brow. She will have to bring her two younger children with her, as she has no nurse. But I must stop talking for our guest is coming: I hear the children's voices.

One Woman's Experience of Debt

AS THEY approach I wish I could read your thoughts! Did you ever see a brighter, cheerier trio? Is not my friend's face a comment on her theory and practice of life? Yet when she sits before you in the strong light of our sunlit room you will see that hers is not the countenance of one who has lived in careless joy. Deep lines of thought are visible about her forehead and eyes, and the peace and serenity which give their charm to her vigorous, energetic expression are not those of untried youth.

As the little ones were directed to a window-seat the elder untied the shawl knotted at the back of her sister's small, sturdy figure, and once seated on the broad cushion removed both their quaint, white knitted caps and other wraps, and cozily settled the cushions without a word of direction from the mother. A smile lightened every face as the maternal instinct of six years helped four years to be comfortable.

As part of my duty is to keep a record of our meetings, as well as to preside, I will write out what is said as if what passes were intended not only for ourselves but also for any outside of our Council who might care to know.

It would be difficult for us to surmise just where, in the varying strata of social life, our visitor belonged. If perfect ease and entire lack of self-consciousness are indications of high breeding she is by birth and breeding a lady: if a gentle voice and beautiful enunciation mark cultivation she has both these qualifications to an unusual degree. But her dress? Yes, that black silk has seen many days and but for its extreme plainness would be old-fashioned. For the same reason

that a Quaker cannot be out of the mode to which she is not subject our friend's gown could not be ridiculous. And the children are just children—they would look as much at home in Holland or France as here. Sweet, clean, wholesome, bewitching, and not of anybody's way of dressing but their mother's. This is her address:

When the Bills Exceed the Income

I AM asked to say what I can this morning about what has helped me to be an honorable and happy head of an economical household, after having suffered the inexpressible trials which belong to those who exceed their incomes and live in the shame of debt.

"I should not have felt that I was particularly well fitted to speak to you—there are so many older and wiser women in your Council—but since your Head thinks that I have found out two or three helpful secrets I could not refuse to come to you. Now I am here, what I know and have to say seems so very simple that I feel timid in telling you what may seem so trifling. But I have suffered so keenly and am now so happy in my freedom that, after all, you may care to hear what I think I have found out.

"We hear a great deal about 'good management,' and when the bills exceed the income we are—or at least I was—ready to think our methods of living and housekeeping are at fault: some one else could do far better. But I am sure—positively sure—that it is not so much management that we are ignorant of as that we lack courage and honesty.

"I do not mean that one clever and thoughtful woman cannot make a dollar go twice as far as her careless, extravagant sister can; that is an indisputable fact, but the best managers too often still exceed their incomes although they have done wonders with what they disbursed. We cannot seem to get it into our heads that every family is responsible for its own ways of living, and that there can be no honorable way for us to live 'as other people do.' We have to gain the courage to shelter ourselves and our children, and dress and eat, and furnish and be hospitable, precisely according to the measure of our resources, without any regard to what 'everybody else does.'

Patches are Often Badges of Honor

WE HAVE to stand firmly on the ground of our own convictions and knowledge and find that there is nothing to be ashamed of in being singular, if we cannot do as richer people do, and to rouse self-esteem enough to have confidence that we can never be lowered in either the eyes of worthy men and women, or of those with whom we are associated, because of the economies which testify to our honesty.

"When a mother feels that she is doing better for her boy to buy a coat for him, rather than send him to school in a shabby or patched garment at which his mates might jeer, and the child wears day after day, and month after month, what is really the merchant's coat, not his, she has done him a great wrong. Let the darn or the patch show—they are badges of honor if they mean that his parents will neither take goods they cannot pay for, nor deprive him of his education for want of new clothes.

"When I was first married I was anxious to be thought thrifty and economical, and, as I thought, tried hard. My husband was eager to put a little in the savings-bank. We thought that we did our best, but each quarter we fell behind a little more and a little more until we owed two hundred and fifty dollars. From that time we began to be unhappy. Dearly as we loved each other we could not make the home joyous and peaceful as it had been at first. We began to make 'payments on account'—are there many more fatal words than these three, when the result to family peace and honor are taken into consideration?"

(The sudden sharp sob of a choked voice startled the meeting.)

"They mean a harassed and overburdened husband, a wife in distress, and unspeakable humiliations, and children living on what does not belong to their parents."

"What else can you do?" It was almost a cry which uttered these words.)

"Stop short! Go on paying off all you can, but if need be go to bed hungry rather than

keep on getting things on credit. Merchants are, as a rule, only too glad to cooperate with debtors who show a genuine determination to retrench and pay cash for what they get. I have known many instances besides my own, and never yet saw any hardness shown to a man or woman who stopped having things 'charged' and paid up every week all they could on past obligations.

"We shrink from 'exposing our poverty'—we do not want 'to be thought mean'—we therefore make subscriptions, give little presents—buy little adornments—hire a piano and give the daughter music lessons. The heart so urgently and painfully craves the fair, sweet things—the comfortable, respectable things—the delightful things for the husband, the home, the child.

Only One Way Out of the Difficulty

I SAID I had so little to say to you that I was afraid to begin, but it all comes back to me!—those last days when we went stumbling on, trying to parcel out the month's salary: a little to the landlord, a little to the butcher, a few dollars to the coal yard, and owing every man twice what we paid him. And it is not, after all, a little thing to say to you, that if any of you know what this trouble is—this grievous, humiliating trouble—there is a way, a noble way, to be rid of it, and when the burden is rolled off and your heart is at rest and your eyes seek gladly to meet those of every man with whom you have any dealings, you will count it a pleasant and proud thing to be honestly poor and not ashamed to say 'I cannot afford.' 'Not ten cents a week to the Dorcas Society?' It is a hard question to answer, but if that ten cents is more than you have to spare your contribution is not giving—it is robbing!

"Sometimes husbands and wives cannot seem to join hands in these issues: often it is individual expenditures that empty the purse—not the cost of family living. Yet it is very seldom that—if some other cause of difference has not arisen—an affectionate couple cannot come to an agreement if both are aiming at the same great result.

"I knew a couple whose good income never had sufficed to keep them out of debt. Neither husband nor wife could be happy thus; they detested boarding, yet they closed their house and determinately brought their expenditures to a fixed weekly sum, over which they would not spend one dollar until they were free again. It was a token of weakness on both their parts; with more courage and less yielding to the temptation to give and live and dress 'as other people did' they could have kept their home and yet been honest. Yet, discerning their own fallibility they put themselves into this bondage to meet a settled amount, which could neither be omitted nor postponed.

I Hope This Talk Has Done You Good

FOR myself, I am more fortunate; my husband is strong even against his ambitions and desires for me and our children. We kept our home, but we narrowed our expenses to a limit which left a wide margin to pay off our debts, and we have adhered to our compact. Now that we are free we are yet living on the old scheme, and we are using our margin to create an emergency fund to call on as the children grow older.

"My husband has not been advanced as we hoped, but I have learned to find the keenest delight in making life so bright that we do not miss and crave what we once felt were necessities. We love a good play, a fine lecture and a daintily furnished house; to my husband a good book is a sore temptation, but we count any infringement of our rule a sin.

"Only this can I add: if you want to try my experiment you have to be patient until you are understood; courageous under the great fear which comes at first; and inflexible as to your rule, even though breaking it would only cost ten cents."

Oh, how I hope some trembling, anxious heart, longing to be brave, has caught some inspiration from our happy friend's frank story of her efforts.

Mrs. Cox asks that her correspondents, desiring replies, will kindly trust her with their names and addresses. Most of the questions involved are too sacred for any form of printed reply, and she would prefer placing herself in personal touch with those who ask for counsel.

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Correct Speaking and Writing

By Elizabeth A. Withey

Questions will be answered every month on this page. Inquirers must give their names and addresses. A correspondent who wishes an answer by mail should inclose a stamp or an addressed stamped envelope.



MANY of my correspondents say to me: "I find great difficulty in expressing myself; can you not give me a few directions for increasing my vocabulary?" For some of these correspondents, the main difficulty lies, I think, in poverty of ideas rather than in poverty of words. Those who have ideas may find the following suggestions helpful in acquiring words.

Read each day, if only for a half-hour, from one of the best authors, and read one author till you know him, even to his turns of phrase. In the course of a reading, mark the page that is most pleasing to you. Read this page again, and then copy it, not word by word, but sentence by sentence; and by this I mean, have each sentence so well in mind before you begin to write it that you will need to refer to the book for an occasional word only. When you have written the page, make a list of those words in it that you do not fully understand; look up each of these words in the best dictionary available, write its meaning, and then make several sentences in which the word is correctly used, varying the sentences as much as possible. This is enough for one exercise.

distinguishes "a picture of Queen Victoria's," which means one that belonged to the Queen, from "a picture of Queen Victoria," which means one representing the Queen; or "a story of Trollope's," which means a story by Trollope, from "a story of Trollope," which means "a story about Trollope."

A Redundant Word

Should we say "In between the lines" or "Between the lines"? C. F.

We should say "Between the lines": "in" adds nothing to the meaning, and is, therefore, redundant.

"She," not "Her"

Kindly tell me which is correct, "Her and Mrs. Smith are coming down town," or "She and Mrs. Smith are coming down town." M. W.

"She and Mrs. Smith are coming down town" is correct. The form of the pronoun is that which would be used if "and Mrs. Smith" were omitted, and surely you would say "She is coming," not "Her is coming."

"Toward" and "Towards"

What is the distinction between "toward" and "towards"? A. G.

Except for the old adjective use of "toward" (as in Shakspeare's "What, a play toward!") there is no distinction between "toward" and "towards" but that which rests on euphony; that form should be chosen which sounds better in the context.

The Vulgarisms "That Much," "That Large," etc.

Is it allowable to say, "Will it cost that much?" "It is that large," as a shortened form of "Will it cost as much as that?" "It is as large as that?" K. B. R.

"That much," "that large," and all similar expressions, are vulgarisms. "That" should never be used as an adverb.

"Arrived Safe" or "Arrived Safely"

Will you kindly tell me which is correct, "I arrived safe" or "I arrived safely." Is it vulgar to say "I arrived safe"? R. C.

Either form is correct: this is one of the few cases in which an adjective or an adverb may be used with little difference in meaning. "I arrived safe" means that I was safe when I arrived; the adjective "safe" qualifies the pronoun "I." "I arrived safely" means that I safely accomplished my arrival; the adverb "safely" qualifies the verb "arrived."

The Adjectives "English," "French," "German"

Please let me know if it is equally proper to begin the adjectives "English," "French," "German," etc., with small letters and with capitals. N. Y.

It is not: in our language these adjectives properly begin with capital letters, though the corresponding adjectives in some other languages begin with small letters.

"An" Before Words Beginning with "H"

Is "an" allowable in the following sentence: "An hypnotist is *en rapport* with his subject"? P. F. P.

"An" is not allowable before "hypnotist," but it is before "hypnotic"; that is to say, "an" is not allowable before an accented syllable beginning with "h," but is allowable before an unaccented syllable beginning with "h."

"In to Dinner," not "Into Dinner"

In reading, I often meet this or a similar sentence: "She went into dinner." I think "into" should be written as two words, not as one word. Which is correct? FREDENE.

"She went in to dinner" is correct; "in" is here an adverb, as it is in "Come in." "She went into dinner" suggests a very unpleasant spectacle.

The Repetition of "One"

Is "one . . . he" or "one . . . his" ever possible, or should one always say "one . . . one" and "one . . . one's"? For example, is it correct to say "When one is ill he wants the best of care," or must one say "When one is ill one wants the best of care"? M. I. S.

I should not go so far as to say that there is absolutely no authority for the use of "he" or "his" when a new nominative or a possessive is required to refer to a preceding "one"; but a change from "one" to "he" or "his" is often awkward, especially when "one" is virtually a substitute for a pronoun of the first person, and a good writer rarely makes this change. If any one doubts that the repetition of "one" can be made easy and natural let him study the use of the word in the earlier writings of Mr. Henry James. If any one feels that the repetition of "one" is awkward on his own lips, let him choose some other expression than "one" at the start,—such as, "a man," "a person," "we," "you," or "any one." With "any one," as with "some one," "every one," and "no one," "he" and "his" are regularly used; for the addition of "any," "some," "every," or "no" changes the character of the pronoun.

Make the second exercise a study of sentences. After reading the first sentence thoughtfully, write the gist of it in as many ways as you can, varying not only the phraseology but the order of clauses. Treat each sentence in the same way.

For the third exercise cull from the selected passage all words that do not form a part of your everyday speech, grouping them under convenient heads, such as "Nouns that denote physical characteristics," "Nouns that denote mental characteristics," "Verbs of motion," "Adverbs that go with verbs of motion"; write against each word as many synonyms as you can find for it; embody each synonym in a sentence.

If these things have been well done, you should now have at command abundant words for the saying of all that is said on the page you selected. For the last exercise, then, write the whole page in your own words; write it again from a different point of view.

The Distinction Between "Bring" and "Fetch"

Now that you have distinguished "bring" and "take," I wish that you would do the same for "bring" and "fetch." H. C.

"To bring" is to bear along in coming; "to fetch" is to go and get and bring. My dog may bring home a neighbor's door-mat; he fetches the thing that I send him for.

An Old Use of "Dissolve"

Is it correct to say that snow *dissolves*? W. S.

"Dissolve" in the sense of "melt with heat" was once, but is no longer, in good use.

A Good Use of the Word "Holidays"

Is it not just as proper to speak of the Christmas intermission of college work as "holidays" as to call it "vacation"? I have been taught to use "holidays" in this sense, but I have recently been corrected for so doing. HONOLULU.

The use of "holidays" in the sense of a time of festivity or recreation, a period of cessation from work, is correct. You will find this meaning in the larger dictionaries.

"Cannot Help" Expresses the Meaning Intended

Which of the following sentences is correct: "He puts up no more barriers than he can help" or "He puts up no more barriers than he cannot help"? C. T. C.

"He puts up no more barriers than he cannot help" is the correct form: "help" here means "avoid"; and the full meaning of the sentence is "He puts up only those barriers that he cannot avoid putting up."

The Number of "Whereabouts"

Will you kindly let me know through your columns whether it is better to say "His whereabouts is unknown" or "His whereabouts are unknown." R. H.

"His whereabouts are unknown" is preferable to "His whereabouts is unknown." Usage is, to some extent, divided in the matter; but the general tendency is to treat "whereabouts" as plural.

A Predicate Nominative

Which of the following sentences is correct, and why: "Tell her that it was me who waved," "Tell her, it was I who waved," or "Tell her that it was I who waved," is correct. A pronoun following "was" should be in the nominative case; for any form of the verb "be" takes the same case after it as before it. SAVANNAH.

"Tell her, it was I who waved," or "Tell her that it was I who waved," is correct. A pronoun following "was" should be in the nominative case; for any form of the verb "be" takes the same case after it as before it.

A Double Genitive

Is it correct to say "A cousin of Della's"? T. P. K.

Yes: the construction exhibited is what is known among grammarians as a "double genitive," and, though it has been stigmatized as "barbarous and unintelligible," it has been used by reputable authors for at least four centuries. The construction is, moreover, not only peculiarly English, but, in some cases, peculiarly useful, in that it

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Mrs. Rorer's Method Lessons

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

SECOND LESSON—HOW TO SELECT MEATS

THE wise housewife will not select the same piece of meat for boiling or stewing that she would for baking or broiling. Dry heat, unless carefully managed, has a tendency to harden the fibre of flesh.

For baking, roasting and broiling, methods of cooking in which dry heat is used, select the choice and tender pieces of meat. The demand for these pieces is far in excess of that for the so-called inferior ones. These latter are not inferior because they contain less nourishment, nor are they less palatable, but the methods of cooking are more difficult, hence the demand for them is less, and the prices asked for them correspondingly low.

The sticking piece of the neck contains more nourishment, weight for weight, than any other part of the animal. This piece is usually selected for beef tea, mince meat and "chopped" dishes in general. The round of beef where the muscles are fully developed is more nutritious than the tenderloin, but the tenderloin is in demand because it is tender and requires less care and time in cooking.

FOR roasting and baking select as first choice the standing ribs, six in number, which can be divided into three or four roasts according to the size of the family; these ribs come from the forequarter. The middle ribs are first to be chosen. Going from the sixth rib toward the shoulder are the chuck ribs, which are easily distinguished from the standing ribs by the piece of cartilage which separates the solid central flesh from the outside strip. This cartilage hardens into bone as it nears the shoulder. The "chucks" are tender and palatable, but the ribs are large and the meat spread over a great space; consequently are not economical unless one has a large family. A thin roast is never palatable; a chuck must be exceedingly heavy to give the proper thickness.

For a small family the first two standing ribs, weighing from four to five pounds, are best. The "middle cut" will weigh from ten to twelve pounds. The fifth and sixth ribs weigh from twelve to fourteen pounds, provided they are taken from a first-class animal.

In Philadelphia and Boston the "pin" or aitch bone, between the rump and the loin, a sort of wedge-shaped piece, is a fine roast for a large family. The weight of the bone is always the same in comparison to the flesh, hence it would be expensive for a small family.

As first choice for broiling select the sirloin steak, known also as porterhouse, or loin steak. Divided, this steak gives the "tenderloin" and a "sirloin" steak.

FOR boiling select the fleshy part of the shoulder as first choice; as second choice, the round.

For corning select the plate or brisket. In these pieces there is a streak of lean and a streak of fat. These pieces are also used for collared beef.

For beef à la mode the round is the best. If in your locality the round is separated choose the tender upper portion if your family is large; if small, the under part.

In purchasing meat be careful not to select pieces heavy in bone. If the bone is removed and the weight and price added to the meat, one frequently finds that the cost of an inferior piece has been quite equal to that of a better cut.

The flank or skirt steak is the choice piece for rolling for mock fillet. This piece usually sells at from thirty to forty cents a pound and weighs from two to three pounds. Stuffed, rolled and served with tomato sauce it makes an exceedingly nice dish, sufficient for eight or nine persons.

The prices I have given are those of the Eastern coast, where sirloin and the best cuts sell from twenty to thirty cents a pound, and the inferior pieces from sixteen to twenty cents.

For chopping and making such dishes as Hamburg steaks, cannelloni and beef loaf, the tops of the sirloin, the ends trimmed from steaks, answer very well and cost only half the price of round steak. Housewives who do their own marketing and select rather than order their meat, can pick from the butcher's block or counter good pieces for this purpose at about eight cents a pound.

When one has had a fillet or sirloin steak it is wise to serve a cheaper dish the day following to make the expense even. When a fillet is wanted it is wise to purchase a portion of the loin. Have it sent home untrimmed.

Divide it, take out the fillet, removing the back, cutting it into steaks and using the bones and rougher pieces for soup. In this way one may have at moderate cost a fillet with sufficient other meat to last for several days. The loin contains really the entire so-called tender meat of the animal. In an animal dressing at from nine hundred to a thousand pounds the loins would not weigh more than fifty or sixty pounds. For this



THE SIRLOIN AND THE TENDERLOIN

reason a very high price must be charged for tender meat to cover the inferior pieces for which there is very little demand.

Stewed and boiled meats, to be palatable and juicy, must be cooked with care, always below the boiling point. When boiling meat it should be covered with boiling water, boiled rapidly for five minutes to seal or cement the juices, then put back to simmer, where it cannot possibly boil, allowing twenty minutes to each pound. A piece of well-boiled meat is tender, juicy and rare. The



WHEN A FILLET IS WANTED

usual method of careless or hard boiling produces a stringy, dry, tough and unsightly mass. Add salt at the last half-hour. Salt added at first draws out the juices and hardens the fibre.

In all methods of cooking the object is to make meat tender, to increase its flavor and to retain the natural juices. To do this the outside of each piece must be quickly seared to form a coat or covering which will prevent the entrance of water or the escape of the natural juices.



WHEN THE LOIN IS DIVIDED

THE term stewing does not in any way apply to vegetables, or foods rich in starch. These must be cooked at the boiling point. They need not be allowed to boil hard, neither should they be allowed to simmer. Simmered rice, for example, would be most unpalatable and unsightly. This is the reason why rice cannot be well cooked in a double boiler. Heavy, pasty, water-soaked, starchy foods provoke indigestion.

Roots of plants, such as turnips and beets, not containing starch, but a goodly quantity

when cooked below the boiling point. We bake beans slowly for hours to soften the fibre and make them more digestible.

Foods cooked in the oven are truly "boiled" in their own juices. A potato, for instance, contains seventy-five per cent. water; when baked it is really boiled in its own jacket, without additional water. It loses in weight by the evaporation of the water about two ounces to each eight; it is therefore more concentrated and rather more easy of digestion. A potato, even when it is carefully boiled, takes up a little water, about one ounce to each ten, and loses a large percentage of its mineral matter.

METHODS of cooking make quite a difference in food values, therefore I trust that these lessons will induce wives and mothers to make a careful study of the different methods of cookery, which are quite as important as the proper selection of foods. It is not the number of calories, derived from a test-tube experience, that will benefit and save mankind, but careful observations of man as he is, not as we fancy him, on his present diet. All beneficial reform must begin at this point, and go gradually upward. Select the food by its adaptation to your locality, age and occupation. Then from close observations of methods of cookery make your dietary. The "Cooking School" arranged for you the first. The "Method Lessons" will guide you in the second. The two together will enable you to live well, economically and correctly. A perfect dietary is so well balanced that one is in perfect health from the beginning to the end of the year, even at hard labor. Those who have reached their threescore and ten years without fatigue may be said to have solved the diet problem.

How to Stew Meats

ONE recipe will answer for all sorts of meats. Cut two pounds of meat into cubes of one inch. Put them in a hot pan, and shake the pan over a hot fire until each piece of meat is thoroughly seared. Put two tablespoonfuls of either butter, oil or suet into a saucepan and add two tablespoonfuls of flour and mix thoroughly. Add one pint of stock or water and stir until boiling. Add a level teaspoonful of salt, a bay leaf, a slice of onion and one teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet. Add the meat, cover the saucepan and cook slowly, just below the boiling point, for two hours. Garnish the dish with squares of toasted bread or with dumplings.

To make dumplings, sift one pint of flour with one teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt, two or three times. Then add sufficient milk to just moisten the flour. Mix quickly. Drop the dough by teaspoonfuls all over the top of the meat, fifteen minutes before it is done. Cover the pan. Push it over a moderate fire, and cook the dumplings slowly for fifteen minutes. Do not lift the lid during this time. Dish the dumplings around the edge of a platter and put the meat in the centre. Garnish with finely chopped parsley.

Irish stew is a light stew garnished with potatoes. The neck of mutton cut in even-sized pieces is the best for this purpose.

Brown fricassees and ragouts are made according to the first recipe, browning the meats first. Garnish a fricassée with sweet potatoes or corn fritters, or squares of toasted bread and guava jelly.

IN MAKING soups use cold water to draw out the flavoring and juices. The object here is directly opposite from boiling or stewing.

In soup-making the object is to soften the meat and get as much nourishment as possible from it into the water. In both cases the cooking must be done below the boiling point.

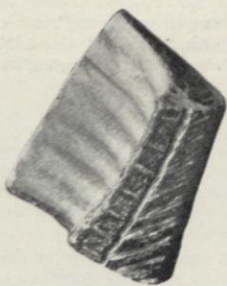
Stewing and boiling are both economical methods of cooking meats. The juices and flavoring lost to the meat are held in the soup or sauce. A six-pound piece of meat loses in boiling about one pound.

An eight-pound rib roast loses in the butcher's trimming three-quarters of a pound; in removing the bones one pound and a quarter is lost. In cooking (baking) it will lose one pound—it now weighs five pounds. The first cost was twenty cents a pound, which makes \$1.60; consequently a rib roast when served costs thirty-two cents a pound.

Mrs. Rorer's next Method Lesson, which will appear in the March issue of THE JOURNAL, will treat of the "Broiling and Roasting of Meats"



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SIX STANDING RIBS FOR ROASTING



HINDQUARTER OF BEEF

of vegetable fibre, may be cooked just at the boiling point; 210° Fahrenheit is, however, better. The great difficulty is that few thermometers are used in the kitchen, and 210° may, without the knowledge of the cook, run down to 200°. In appearance the water is the same, but the results would be disastrous. Potatoes, being starchy, must be boiled quickly. An excellent rule to remember is that all foods rich in albumen—meats, egg, milk, old peas, beans and lentils—are best

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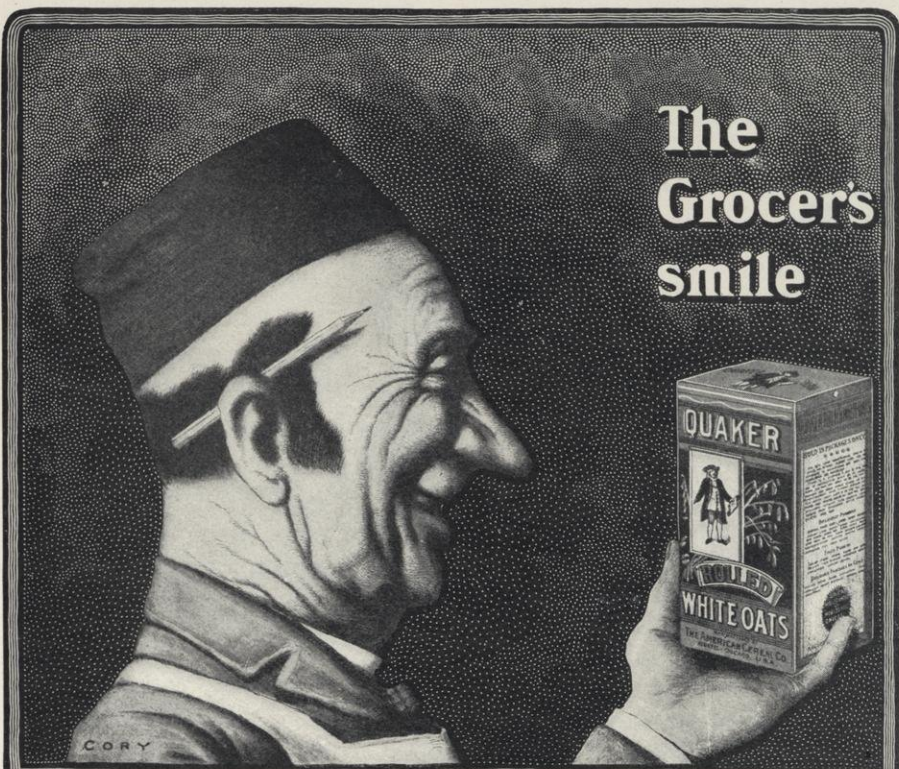


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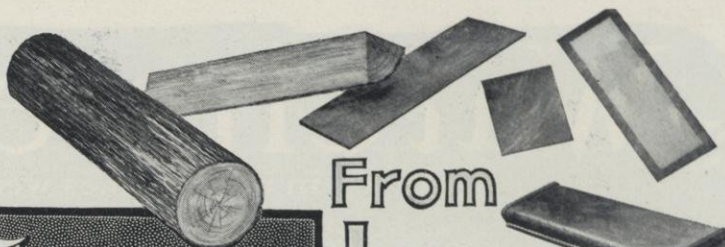
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WICKLESS, BLUE FLAME OILSTOVES

THE SAFE, RELIABLE, HONEST KIND

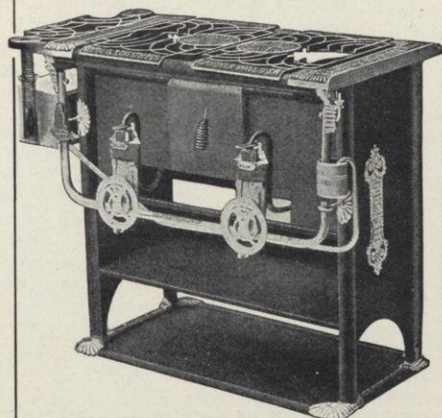


Some statements are self-evident, others can be proven, still others must be accepted on the faith of another. As the following facts will have to be accepted upon the faith of another, Mr. Wm. H. Wilder, president of this Company, we present his photo at the right, with that of his little daughters, remembering what Benjamin Franklin said of the time when he was an apprentice boy in Philadelphia, that his mother had given him an honest face or he would have starved. Mr. Wilder's utterances in regard to oilstove matters must be accepted as coming from one eminently qualified to speak with authority, for he has been acquainted with their details since 1876, being treasurer and general manager of the American Oilstove Company in the late '80's; in 1890 president of the Monitor Oilstove Company and Florence Machine Company; vice-president of the Grand Oilstove Company, and a director of the Union Gas and Oilstove Company. These companies were later succeeded by this Company, of which Mr. Wilder is president. **THIS COMPANY HAS REVOLUTIONIZED THE OILSTOVE BUSINESS TWICE.** Previous to 1890 only white flame wick oilstoves were made. We brought out the Wickless, Blue Flame oilstove in 1891 and sold thousands each year for five years before any other manufacturer even began selling them. This class, now known as the "drip" stove, has a vapor, or broad and shallow burner bowl, an elevated tank, and depends entirely upon a valve for control. Now, a valve is like a broncho. It will "buck" when it clogs from the sediment in the oil and refuse to work, or on the other hand it will kick and overflow like the Johnstown flood when the obstruction clears.

You Should Avoid All Oilstoves with the Reservoir Above the Stove Top

We believe that the dealer who offers them for sale as the best, or even as safe, is either imposing upon you or has been imposed upon. In 1897 we brought out a stove with what is now known as the *oil bowl*, or a burner that is narrow and deep, the stove top, known as the Automatic or free level oilstove. A year or two later one other manufacturer undertook to make it, but he has quit, and he knows why. Mr. Wilder's patent of Dec. 7, '97, describes that "burner and reservoir may be brought into the right relations for normal burning and fixed, and a valve used for control." This class is on the market generally, and if properly made is a good stove. We call it AutoValvo. It has some of the woes of the valve stove in that it can clog, but cannot flood and overflow. We make four different kinds of Wickless, Blue Flame Oilstoves—the AutoValvo, above described; the Automatic Cabinet, which is free level at all points, the burner being simply raised and lowered for control of flame, hence does away with a valve of any description, and consequent woes, for if the valve is not necessary at high flame, why use it at all? Next, the AutoValvoMoto—i. e., "Auto"matic or free level at full flame; "Valvo," valve only when one of the burners needs to be used separately; "Moto," with our new moving, spring reservoir with oil storage **BELOW THE FREE LEVEL.** Lastly, the AutoSypnoMoto—(see cut)—free level and no valve; burners raise and lower; no joints; oil siphoned into the burners; moto reservoir.

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Size of top, 16 x 31 in.; height, 25 1/2 in.; weight, crated for shipment, 73 lbs. This size, \$12.50; others more, others less—depends on size and style. Large sizes for the largest families, and smaller ones for light cooking. Cook a dinner in a hurry and bake to perfection. Burns kerosene (coal-oil) without a wick—a hot, quick, blue flame and noiseless (others roar).

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AVOID removable burners with extra joints and small vertical ducts and pumps. Coal hod burners (with a hood around them) are bungling, dirty and clumsy when they need replacing or cleaning, and besides, the flame will jump out and blow out easily. Common-sense and experience dictate a simple cabinet for a free flame burner if protection is needed.

YOU SHOULD REFUSE all high reservoir stoves, and require that low ones should have this Company's name upon it, or the tag "licensed under the Wilder patents."

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The Lady from Philadelphia

"Suppose we ask The Lady from Philadelphia what is best to be done"

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



THE month which contains the day of the patron saint of lovers may not be an inappropriate time to consider the etiquette of engagements. We will assume the preliminaries as settled. The fateful question has been asked and answered. The sanction of the young woman's parents has been secured, and they have been offered every facility for learning all about the antecedents, financial position and future prospects of the aspirant for their daughter's hand — as well as for the more important investigation of his character and reputation, as far as they may be learned. A manly man, who has nothing to hide, will not resent the most searching acquaintance with his affairs, so the inquiry be made in a proper and friendly manner.

THE engagement ring is not openly worn until the engagement is acknowledged. There is no rule for its selection. A girl's preference is usually asked by her lover, and she is sometimes requested to select her own ring, but at a sacrifice to sentiment. She values most the gift that is wholly one of impulse, expressive of the personal taste and devotion of her betrothed. Only a girl who is quite unprepared to undertake the duties of married life is willing to accept a ring that is more costly than the finances of her betrothed would warrant. It lays both the giver and recipient open to invidious comment and criticism. The engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand.

A DUTIFUL son will acquaint his parents with his hopes and intentions, and as soon as his family learn of their happy fruition they should hasten to call upon the young woman and her mother to assure them of their welcome of the news, and, if possible, express self-congratulation. If distance does not allow of a personal call a cordial letter should be written by the young man's mother, who includes all the other members of her household in expressions of affectionate welcome to her son's fiancée as a future member of their family.

DURING the engagement the betrothed couple are seen much in each other's society. They are not supposed to care for gayety apart. It is decided by individual taste whether or not they shall dance with others.

THEN follows an interchange of hospitality to further the mutual acquaintance of the families concerned. It is unimportant which takes the initiative. A dinner is the usual form of entertainment, and the time of announcing the engagement is then discussed and decided upon.

FROM time to time a man sends, according to the state of his finances, flowers, bonbons, etc., to his fiancée, but a sensible girl will not approve gifts beyond his power to afford, and besides these usual offerings she should accept nothing that might not be returned unchanged should the engagement be broken.

IF THE families do not live in the same place the mother of the young man often invites her son's fiancée to visit her for a week or so. Such an invitation should be written with cordial warmth, that no thought of being sent for to undergo inspection intrude itself. One such note which I saw began:

In their intercourse they should be mindful of the fact that circumstances sometimes occur to break such compacts, and their mutual relations may be loving, tender and confidential, but neither over-intimate, familiar, nor such as would be regretted should the proverbial slip betwixt the cup and the lip befall.

"My dear new Daughter:
Will you ask your parents to graciously spare you to us for a few days, that we, too, may know and love the girl who has won the heart of our Jack. We are all eager to welcome you."

Let a girl remember, too, that few things enhance zest and pleasure as not having all that one wants.

It is something of an ordeal, but such acquaintance is most desirable.

IT IS easy for a girl to win a lover, but it is only by becoming his good friend and companion, as well as sweetheart, that she can keep him. A continuous expression of love cheapens it and makes it less appreciated.

OCCASIONALLY a girl finds such different standards and ideals in the family of the man she expects to marry that she feels sure that she could never be happy in that environment.

MADAM GRUNDY still demands that a chaperon shall accompany an engaged couple when traveling, at the theatre in the evening, and at large dances, but at matinees or when driving in an open carriage she condescends to approve of their being unattended. Her voice is one of authority, because her followers are those whose observance of a fashion establishes it.

Sometimes a man is quite disillusioned when he sees the girl whom he thought he loved among his own people and acquaintances.

HOWEVER regrettable, the fact remains that a betrothed pair are the subjects of much scrutiny. They must therefore guard their behavior in public as far as possible from unflattering comment that is justified. They should not make themselves conspicuous by their mutual devotion, but, on the other hand, neglect or indifference exhibited in their relations is the unpardonable sin which is justly and universally condemned.

It is well for each to see the other in the midst of the domestic and social setting that belongs to him or her. Every possible test should be applied, lest the recognition come too late that their union has been a mistake. Much as one may deprecate a broken engagement it is better than broken hearts and lives.

SHORT engagements are undoubtedly the fashion — but, also, never were divorces of so frequent occurrence. Everything that gives opportunity for the fullest knowledge of each other should, I think, be welcomed before the final words are spoken — "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

IT IS because of these possibilities that it is important not to be too precipitate in making an engagement public. Until the proposed relationship is sanctioned by both families it should be kept secret.

Time, and the familiar, habitual association day by day of the lovers in the intimacy of both family circles, will reveal them to each other as they really are, and not what they unconsciously try to appear.

IF AN engagement be suspected it is extremely bad taste for any outsider to ask questions. Confidences should be demanded of no one. Engagements need not be announced unless there is every prospect of the marriage within the year.

I AM assuming that mutual love is the reason for the relation. Nothing less promises happiness. If a man show himself innately selfish, intemperate, unclean, indolent, and reveal low ideals, the girl had best unlearn to love where she has ceased to respect, for the love will later die a natural death, when it will mean the wreck of her life and happiness.

THE method that is regarded as in the best taste for making a projected marriage known to the world is for the young couple and their parents to write personal notes to their respective relatives and intimate friends, who pass on the pleasant news.

IT IS harder for the man to withdraw from a bond that has become a bondage, but he owes it to himself and to the young woman. Through courtesy he permits the world to think that the engagement has been broken by her.

The notes sometimes mention one or more afternoons when the young woman will be at home with her mother. They wear becoming high-necked gowns. Tea, sandwiches and cake are served, and the little function is usually very informal.

THE friends and relatives of the bridegroom-elect take this opportunity of making the acquaintance of his fiancée, but where no reception day is set they should call upon her promptly to express their felicitations.

THE betrothal of a year or two is not only a valuable time of test, but where financial conditions impose delay the planning and working for their future home together deepen and develop their noblest, most unselfish qualities. The self-denying effort it entails on the man, the practical interest in housewifely arts and thrifty economies aroused in the girl, fit them for the life before them as no short engagement, filled with the excitement of new relations and pleasures, can possibly do, until with a half-knowledge of each other and possibly of themselves they rush into the irrevocable. With the most superficial training or none at all, the girl's entire preparation for marriage sometimes resolves itself into the elaboration of a trousseau!

It is a graceful compliment for a male member of the man's family to send her a large bunch of violets or box of roses when the engagement is announced.

OCCASIONALLY the young woman announces her new relations to her girl friends at a luncheon, or her parents give a dinner to their intimates, at which the girl's father presents his future son-in-law to his guests just before the ladies withdraw from the room. All rise, and for the young man congratulations and handshakings follow, and to the girl kind wishes are cordially extended.

A GIRL should put forth every effort to please the family and friends of her future husband, showing them the same consideration that she expects for hers from him. I am a great believer in the "small, sweet courtesies" as barriers to quarrels and misunderstandings, and that none should marry who are not prepared to bear and forbear for love's sake, as well as to drink its brimming cup of joy.

AT NEWS of a betrothal the present custom is for intimate friends to send to the bride-elect gifts in the form of teacups — her afternoon teatable being in some sort representative of the new social position of matron which she is about to assume. Friends also hasten to extend hospitable invitations to the happy pair.




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Mrs. Sangster's Girls' Problems

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



A Talk with the Romantic Girl

I WISH you could know how very dear you are to me, and how perfectly I understand your point of view. It is natural for a girl to be romantic, and it is far better for one to have too much romance in her mental make-up than too little. We all have to face hard facts, grim realities, in this life of ours, and she is happy who has the enviable power to see them through a golden glamour of romance. The chivalry, the poetry, the exquisite loveliness of home and social life are flavored with the sentiment of romance; there is in it nothing essentially sordid or false. Only, like other good things, it is often warped from its first fine symmetry, or counterfeited, so that it becomes a mere debased coin, of no value in the market. True romance helps one over many hard places. Spurious romance gets one into many unfortunate ones.

IN THIS bit of confidential talk I am going to speak plainly of some of the mishaps which may befall an over-romantic young woman, one who trusts too readily to her own honesty of impulse, or refuses to be guided by the advice of more experienced people than herself. For instance, some years ago I had among my acquaintances a girl who was extravagantly fond of music. Her parents were giving her a thorough musical education and they afforded her every possible opportunity to hear the best vocalists and pianists who came to their town. Bertha, with her peach-bloom face, blue eyes, and golden crinkled hair, and her rapt look of enthusiasm, was as charming a figure as any in the audience before which the singers sang and the players played. Foolish little thing, she fell in love, or thought she did, with a handsome tenor, made herself conspicuous by her applause at his concerts and spent her allowance for flowers to cast at his feet. Then she began to send him notes craving the honor of an interview. It was accorded, but the man presented the little girl to his plump motherly wife, who in her sweet broken English gave the poor child some excellent counsel. Bertha's intense mortification was a severe lesson; it was the penalty she paid for giving romance the reins and letting go of good common-sense.

ROMANTIC girls sometimes waste an undue amount of time, thought and vitality upon their girlish friendships. A friendship, entirely innocent and proper when formed, may become so absorbing that it is unwholesome, taking precedence of duty; growing jealously exclusive, and keeping a girl from the enjoyments which are her rightful due in her school and college days. One's particular chum may be one's favorite companion and comrade. To this nobody objects. It is only when the friendship takes on the form of tyranny, when the entrance of a third person is resented, and life is shorn of interest if the dear one is temporarily absent, that romance in this form is a thing to be dreaded and avoided, a veritable poison-ivy upon character.

I have seen a girl lose flesh and color, grow irritable and nervous, become indifferent to the little daily pleasures and duties of her home, and unable to pursue her studies, under the baleful influence of a too engrossing affection for a schoolmate. Teachers are sometimes much embarrassed and at a loss how to check this overweening admiration for themselves, a sort of worship which is smothering to ambition instead of stimulating to conscience. Guard, then, against the despotism of romance. A little later you will smile at the very bonds which now enthrall you. Girlhood has its crises, its secret phases; you are not always willing to reveal to any one the agitations and fluctuations of feeling that are part of your young life, but choose for a mentor your mother or a gentle older woman, and guard against being over-romantic in your teens.

BY-AND-BY another gate swings open and you enter the enchanted land of love. Here the young girl, pure-hearted, sweet-natured and strong, should be invincible against every trap and snare. Romance may properly invest the most ordinary suitor with ideal grace; it is one of the happiest experiences of the human soul, that love, to the very end, can make a man, quite ordinary to the outside world, a hero in the sight of his wife. But I plead with every reader not to throw this mantle of cloth of gold around the lover who brings with him a record of dishonesty, profanity or intemperance. No man who needs reformation will become reformed because a girl plights him her troth. The weakness of will which degraded him will, more than likely, assert itself again after he has won the girl who fancies that her love will be his redemption.

SOME girls who are aware of a tendency to be unwisely romantic may cure it by taking hold of practical work for the poor and friendless, joining a sewing-class and making garments for those in hospitals and asylums. Go to a "Settlement" and teach arithmetic or physical culture to hard-working girls who toil all day and study at night. Eliminate highly-flown and exaggerated novels from your reading, and choose books which compel thought and demand close attention. Occupy yourselves with outdoor pursuits befitting the season—walking, skating, golfing or rowing. A tussle with a keen and bracing wind in the open is a splendid tonic and an antidote against the enervating influence of an unwholesome tendency to romance.

Some Questions Answered

MARY. Your position as you outline it is certainly a disagreeable one, and I do not wonder that you are weary of what seems a thankless task. You ask, "What shall I do?" I have played the part of mother-sister since I was sixteen. Now, after fourteen years of constant work my younger sisters are both married and my father has brought home a new wife. I am needed nowhere. I had no chance to complete my education; it is too late for me to learn a trade. I know nothing but housework, and I don't want to be a servant. You have a golden talent in your hand if you are a good houseworker and a capable manager. Look for a place in some public institution as matron, in a hotel as keeper of the household linen, or in a nurses' home as superintendent. You may find your independence much pleasanter than you would any parasitical position of tolerance in the home of a relative.

LOUISE. If your suitor has accepted your twice-repeated no in good faith, and has now transferred his attentions to your friend, you cannot call him back. You should earlier have known your own mind.

CATHERINE B. A girl of fifteen, studying in the high school and assisting her mother at home, must wait to earn money until she has more leisure. When she has finished school she may begin wage-earning, not before.

ELSIE W. In the peculiar circumstances of your home, your widowed mother an invalid and your little brothers still at school, you should not go to college. The money you are earning in your business position brings comfort and cheer to the home. It would be greatly missed were it withdrawn. Besides, the home needs you. It is out of the question for you to forsake it at this time, and stay away four years. You are on the right and womanly road now. Continue to be brave and unselfish, and don't forget that there is culture outside of college doors.

MARGUERITE. A city girl, whom marriage has transplanted to an out-of-the-way place where her home has no modern conveniences and she cannot obtain a maid, has some excuse for finding the contrast unwelcome. But is there not a very bright side to be thankful for? A devoted husband, whose fortunes are building up, does his share of helping, and you may have fun together over the hardships. Simplify matters all you can. Live in two or three rooms. Take as few steps as possible. Don't do unnecessary work, and refuse to be doleful, even when the range draws badly.

FANNY M. How shall you cultivate a taste for good reading? Why, by reading good books. Read with a pencil and pad beside you, and make notes of what impresses you as you go on. Try biography. You will find almost any life that has been bravely lived, an inspiration.

WINNIE. In a strange place one must wait a little before becoming well known. Your inquiry as to what steps to take is easily answered. Attend the nearest church. Give your name to the pastor. Join the young people's society. If you meet advances even half-way you will soon have as many acquaintances as are desirable.

ELEANOR. How may you make evident to a young man who simply likes you your very great interest in him? This is your problem. My dear, don't make this evident. A girl may not offer homage to a man, or give him the priceless gift of her love, unasked. At present receive your friend graciously, but be on your guard against showing him that you are, as you call it, in love with him. If I were your mother I should think you altogether too young for the absorptions of love, and should keep you busy with other things.

CARRIE K. Certainly one may devote herself to millinery and manifest real artistic talent in that avocation.

JENNIE S. You ask me when is the right time to send an angry letter. I answer, there is no right time. Never write a letter in anger or vexation. Wait until you are calm and collected, and forgiving. Never send anybody a letter that you may be sorry for at some future time.

LOTTIE. Why, no, you cannot make a visit if your mother forbids it. What are you thinking about?

WINNIFRED. Until your dislike of church work is overcome you are excusable for leaving it to others. Perhaps this dislike is less deeply rooted than you suppose. There are different departments of such work. Among them are calling upon strangers, helping the aged, relieving the poor, getting up entertainments for charity, and teaching little children to sew. A good deal of church work of the best kind is altruistic and consists in lending a hand to those who need a lift.

MARIE L. If, in your girls' club, you wish a variety of reading, mingle a little fiction with your more serious books. A good novel now and then will make a pleasant interlude.

LUCILLE P. I will not vex you by pretending that the size and shape of one's hands are matters of indifference. I am sorry you dislike yours. Hands indicate character, and large ones are often as pleasing as those that are small. A beautiful hand, in my opinion, is not only soft and white and well kept; it is also a hand that is helping the world along and making the home more homelike.

FLORENCE J. You are old enough to know your own mind about your marriage, but you may have parents who should be consulted. I think no one should become engaged who is not willing, if there are no reasons to the contrary, to be married soon after. In your circumstances, two months would not be too short a time to intervene before the wedding.

Circle ① Silk

THE HOME CIRCLE SILK COMPANY presents its new system of Silk Selling, which will save you money, insure standard quality without repeated examination and secure selection and delivery without annoying delay.

We place the entire product of one of New York's greatest silk mills at your door, cutting out three-fourths of the profits usually taken by brokers and "middlemen." So that the purchaser located hundreds of miles from the large cities can be assured the same quality and price as the goods are offered *over the counter* to those who are able to make a choice in person.

"CIRCLE ONE SILK" is a soft, lustrous, beautiful, all-silk fabric, honest in every detail, and the assortment of 50 different shades, including black, makes it possible to match any gown. IT IS EVERY THREAD SILK. It is 19 inches wide and is stamped on the selvage of every yard with the trademark "CIRCLE ONE SILK."

Its Uniform Price is 58 Cents Per Yard

To tell you that these goods are worth \$1.00 a yard would be an exaggeration, but when we say that the goods are far better than *any silk ever sold at anything like the price* we fear no contradiction. It can't be contradicted honestly — as every silk salesman *knows*, no matter what he *says*. Your dealer will guarantee the wear of every yard you buy.

CIRCLE ONE SILK is suitable for every purpose of street and indoor wear to which silk goods can be applied, such as street gowns, graduation, reception and house gowns; teagowns, linings, waists, undershirts, lingerie and misses' party frocks. It wears well.

OUR NOVEL PLAN

A Limited Number of the Greatest Merchants Only Sell "CIRCLE ONE SILK." Buy of the Nearest Firm in Person or by Mail. One Cent a Yard Additional Pays the Postage.

We have selected from thousands of applicants a limited number of Great Merchants to sell "CIRCLE ONE SILK." These we have distributed to every section in proportion to its population. Ladies will please select the nearest establishment to them from the list below. This means an immense saving of time; it multiplies a hundred-fold our ability to serve you, because every depot keeps a *complete stock* of "CIRCLE ONE SILK" in black, white and all the *fifty shades*, and from each you may have immediate reply to your requests for samples and prompt delivery of orders, securing a standard article at a standard price. There will be no attempt to force upon you a different quality or another color than that you have set your mind upon. You will run no risk of a disappointing reply. The whole plan resolves itself into the argument of a slender margin of profit between maker and retail buyer.

How to Order or Secure Free Samples

If you cannot call, send a clipping of any color to be matched to your *nearest merchant*. Enclose remittance for the number of yards you desire and they will be forwarded immediately. Perfect match guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded. Samples will be sent providing you send the clipping to be matched or state colors desired.

Order a waist length from the nearest merchant today (4 to 5 yards make a waist), then you can judge of the goods and the price.

The following Merchants (and these *only*) can supply you with "CIRCLE ONE SILK."

THE HOME CIRCLE SILK CO

of New York City

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Younker Bros., Des Moines	"	Watt & Shand, Lancaster	"
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We make any size desired, but the following are

STANDARD SIZES AND PRICES:		
2 ft. 6 in. wide, 25 lbs.	- - -	\$ 8.35
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All 6 ft. 3 in. long

Made in two parts, 50 cents extra. Special sizes, special prices.

At these prices we deliver, express charges prepaid, to any point in the United States, and will pay return charges also if after

30 Nights' Free Trial

you do not find the Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress even all you have hoped for, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any \$50 hair mattress ever made.

OUR BOOK FREE

Advertising space does not permit of our whole story or complete illustrations. We have prepared a handsome 96-page book "The Test of Time," which is probably the handsomest book for advertising purposes ever issued. We mail this free - your name on a postal will do. It illustrates mattresses, cosy corners, window seats, pillows, cushions for boats and carriages, etc. It reproduces the letters of men and women of international reputation who find perfect rest on the Ostermoor mattress.

The hand-laid (not stuffed) filling of Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt remains intact, sweet, pure and clean. Needs nothing but an occasional sun bath to keep in perfect order for an ordinary lifetime. Dust, moth and vermin proof.

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Everybody likes JELL-O, including the Little Folks. It tastes good, is nourishing and healthful. It is quickly prepared, being sweetened and flavored all ready for use by adding boiling water.

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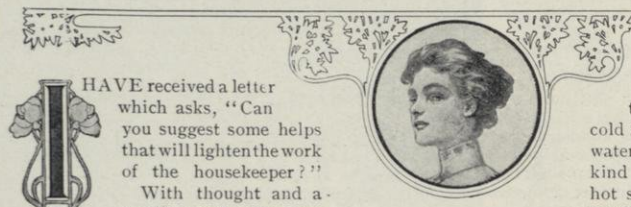
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The Woman with No Servant

By Maria Parloa

Household questions will be answered each month, but inquirers must give their names and addresses. Correspondents wishing replies by mail should inclose stamps or addressed stamped envelopes.



I HAVE received a letter which asks, "Can you suggest some helps that will lighten the work of the housekeeper?" With thought and a small sum of money you can shorten the hours and lighten the work in almost any home. Here are a few suggestions, and doubtless many others will occur to you. The essential thing is to save time, steps and strength. To begin with yourself: Let your working clothes be light, loose and easily laundered. The best material for working dresses is seersucker, as it does not require ironing. A large gingham apron, on which are stitched two large pockets, if worn when doing the work about the house will save time and steps. In one pocket can be carried the duster and other small articles needed in the work. The second pocket will answer as a receptacle for the odd bits of refuse found about the rooms, and when you return to the kitchen you can empty the contents into the fire.

To save trips over the stairs have two sets of brushes, brooms, dustpans, etc. Keep one set upstairs and one downstairs. Keep a duster in every room. If you have bare floors or borders use a yacht mop for wiping them. You will be able in five minutes to dust the floor of a large room with one of these mops. A carpenter's or a common fire-bellows will save you hours of work and much heavy lifting. Before beginning to sweep, open the windows; then with the bellows blow all the dust from the backs of pictures, from the shelves full of books, from behind and under large pieces of furniture that cannot be moved, and from all carvings, grooves, tuftings, etc. Let the dust settle, then sweep and dust in the usual manner.

In the kitchen, where the heaviest work comes, arrange all the appliances so that they may be where they are most frequently employed; as, for example, have hooks over the sink for dishcloths, dishmop, wire dishcloth, soap-shaker, wire basket for vegetable and other small brushes. At one side of the sink have hooks for hand-towel and floor-cloth. Near the sink have towel arms or line for dish-towels. Over the work-table have curtained shelves on which to keep the bowls, cups, plates, seasonings, etc. Here, also, or in the drawers, keep spoons, beaters, knives, forks, etc. That you may sit while doing a good part of your work, have a comfortable high chair for the regular work-table, which should be near the sink. You can sit here while washing dishes, making bread and cake, and when ironing the small pieces. I should advise a low table and a low chair where you may sit when preparing vegetables, fruits and other foods. Of late years there have come into use pretty brown earthen dishes called in this country casseroles (the French call all stewpans *casseroles*, and the earthen dish a *terrine*), which if properly employed will save work, as the food is cooked and served in the same dish. I use them for meats, poultry, game, stews, fresh and dried fruits, rice, tapioca and other puddings. The food comes to the table hot and remains so during the service.

A strong table with three shelves, placed near the housekeeper, enables her to change the courses at a meal without rising from the table. This table (which the French call *servante*) can be pushed into the kitchen, where the food and soiled dishes are removed.

Dish-Washing Made Interesting

Is there any method of dish-washing that is not irksome and hard on the hands?

A CONSTANT READER.

The washing of dishes need not be a disagreeable task. All depends upon your method and mental attitude. Everything that is done reluctantly or badly is hard and disagreeable. Have you ever stood upon the beach, dreading the first plunge into the surf? And do you remember the shrinking chill when the water first went over you, and the next moment the delight and exhilaration of buffeting with the waves? Or were you one of the timid ones that never got beyond wading, and so lost all the pleasure and benefit of the surf? Now, in your dish-washing be like the bold bather: prepare yourself for it, and then plunge in and enjoy it.

Think of all the brains and skill that are represented in the tableware and utensils that you are handling. Have you ever thought of the history of your pieces of pottery, porcelain, glass, silver, iron, steel, aluminum, etc.? And if so do you think that you are demeaning yourself by treating each piece with the respect and care that it deserves? I wish I could make you see how interesting and satisfactory is dish-washing when done lovingly and well. And here are a few rules: Have plenty of hot water, soap, towels, two dishpans, draining-board or large tray, dishmop, linen dishcloths, wire pot-cleaner, sink-cloth and soap-shaker.

When cooking, put all the utensils you have used to soak in cold water as soon as you are through using them. If mush, rice, potatoes, etc., have stuck to a stewpan, fill the pan with cold water and put it on the back of the range. Flour, dough, milk and cream should be removed with cold water before either hot water or cloth touches the utensil. Wipe all the greasy dishes off with paper, and burn the paper. Do this before putting them in the dishpan. Wash all cooking utensils in hot suds, using the wire dishcloth to remove any substance that sticks. Never scrape with knife or spoon. Wash the outside, bottom and all, with as much care as the inside. Rinse all cooking dishes in clear hot water, and dry with a clean, dry towel.

Collect the tableware, putting the silver in a pitcher of cold water. Rinse the china in cold water and group dishes of the same kind together. Make a moderately hot suds; wash the glass in this, a few pieces at a time, and immediately wipe dry. Wash the silver in the same water, and rinse in very hot suds. Rub dry with a soft towel. As the silver and glass are dried place them on a tray covered with a cloth. Then wash the china, rinse it in clear, hot water and wipe dry. Do not put many dishes in the pan at one time. If you can have a wire basket in the rinsing-pan put the dishes in this, and pour the hot water over them, then lift out the basket and wipe the dishes. The basket saves one handling and the necessity for putting the hands in the hot rinsing water. Occasionally put a little dissolved borax in the water in which the silver is washed.

The Good Housekeeper's Secret

Why is it that some women can do their housework without seeming fatigue or friction, and also have ample time for outside interests? It takes all my time and strength to do the work for two. Please tell me the secret of successful housekeeping.

A YOUNG WIFE.

I fancy that nearly all the successful housekeepers would tell you that their present success comes from much thought, many experiments, and many failures as well as triumphs. The royal road to a knowledge of housekeeping has not yet been found. Still you have a great advantage over the young wives of thirty years ago, for now there are schools and literature of the most helpful kind.

A course of instruction at a school of domestic science, a few good books on subjects relating to the management of the home, would be most helpful to you. Even if the course of instruction at a school is not available you certainly can have a few books that you can rely upon. Several years ago a young married woman wrote to me that she had always taught school, and had no knowledge of housework when she was married. She purchased a book that was written for young housekeepers, studied it as she would a textbook on any other subject, and had no difficulty with her housekeeping. That is the way every inexperienced woman should begin.

In selecting your housekeeping library do not confine yourself to one author or one topic. Do not try to do too many things at one time. Put thought into your work, learning to do it in the best, easiest and quickest manner. Do not worry or fret. Learn to see the poetical and humorous side of your work. Read some good literature, and take exercise in the open air every day. Have some outside interests that will keep you in touch with your friends and the world's progress. If you follow my advice, in a few years other housekeepers will be asking you for your secret for successful housekeeping.

Why I Advise Washing on Tuesday

It has surprised me that you advise washing on Tuesday. Why not wash on Monday and be free by the middle of the week? Please tell me how to remove stains before washing.

INQUIRER.

I suggest that you do your washing on Tuesday so that Monday shall be left free for putting the house in order, mending soiled clothes, except the stockings (these stitches in time will often save ninety-nine), removing stains from clothing, sorting the garments and putting them to soak. I like the plan of washing and ironing the colored and woolen garments on Monday; they are then sure to get the proper attention, and there is no temptation to wash them in suds where white articles have been rinsed, and which often contain a trace of some washing preparation, thus fading the colors.

To remove stains, there are several agents the use of which depends entirely upon the kinds of stains to be removed. Boiling water will take out the stains made by fresh or cooked fruit, tea, coffee and cocoa. Spread the stained part of the article over a bowl and pour the boiling water through it. If such stains are of long standing you may have to resort to a hot solution of oxalic acid. This is particularly true of the stains made by tea, coffee and cocoa. Fresh cocoa stains may be removed with soap and warm water. Stains from blood, meat juice, cream, milk, salad oil, salad dressings and gravies must be first wet with cold water, then soaped and rubbed between the hands, then washed in warm water, rubbing on plenty of soap. The article may then be washed in the usual manner. All the foregoing stains are liable to be on table linen - many of them at the same time - so it is important that this part of the wash be examined very carefully before being put into water. Green stains from grass or other vegetable substances may be removed with molasses, kerosene or alcohol. Soak the stained article in any one of these three substances; wash in clear cold water and then in soap and water. It may be that in some cases a trace of brown color may remain, but the sun and air will remove that. For paint stains soak the article in turpentine, wipe off with a piece of cloth, then wash with soap and hot water. Varnish stains may be removed with alcohol; stains of wheel grease, pitch or tar, by rubbing lard into the stain, and after an hour waiting with turpentine and then scraping it off; stains from machine oil, by rubbing a little lard into the stains, then washing with cold water and soap. Leather stains may be removed by soaking the article in a solution of oxalic acid and then rinsing in several clear waters.

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A Smart Dinner Table

always - if it is set with the unusually beautiful patterns of

"1835 R. WALLACE"

Silver Plated Ware. Every piece is modelled after solid silver patterns and has all its wear at half the cost. This illustration is reduced from a page of our delightful book by a well-known authority, "How to Set the Table," which shows exactly the correct adornment of the table for every occasion. Sent free for 4c. postage. Address Dept. E.

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Has withstood every test for ten years. Does not rot, peel, or crack; is always flexible, and can be cleaned with soap and water.

Unlike other leather substitutes, it contains no cellulose or other dangerous substances, is entirely odorless and fireproof. Made in plain leather grains or richly embossed patterns; all standard colors.



Piece 18 x 18 in. for 25 cents in stamps

Free Sample, 15 x 6 inches, for 2c. stamp and your upholsterer's name.

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It Isn't Heavy
Weights but 4 Pounds
Only \$2 Delivered

It gives that chic finish and dress to the bed in daytime. It is a cylinder of corrugated multi-ply paper, easy to handle, wonderfully strong, never wears out. Cover with lace or other material to match the spread.

Almost every good dealer from Maine to California has them; if your local dealer cannot supply you, write us, stating width of your bed, enclose express or money order for \$2; we will ship an Acme Roll and pay charges to any express point on or east of the Mississippi River. Money back if you want it. Our handsome book "Dainty Bedrooms" tells all about it. Mailed free on request.

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The nubs stand for art in towel making—newly discovered. Millions of little sponges that serve a double purpose: absorption and friction—making the Rubdry a comforting tonic

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Wonderfully Absorbent With Exhilarating Friction

This feature is such a departure from usual methods of manufacture that—you hesitate? Seeing is believing—the storekeeper will show you the three styles. Or, send for illustrated booklet A, free.

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THE EZYBED IS THE BEST BED

because it is the only perfectly hygienic mattress. Made of Kapok, a vegetable fibre which simply cannot retain moisture nor pack down. We'll send you an Ezybed on

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WILL YOU TRY IT?

A LITTLE SONG-WONDER

is the St. Andreasberg Roller. This famous, so-much-talked-about canary is the most wonderful songster in existence. Trained day and night Singers, direct imported from Germany, with long hollow "rolls," trills, nightingale notes, etc. \$5

Elegant Brass Cage \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed or C. O. D. on approval, anywhere in U. S. A. Litchfield, Ill., 8-25-02.

The Roller is a "Master of Song" and the household is in love with him, etc. MRS. EMMA AMENT.

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Largest mail order house of this kind in U. S. A. Ill. Cat. free.



Good Books for the Young

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovill



ALL children love a good book. For children from six to ten the following is an excellent list:

"Friends and Helpers," a book of pictures and stories inculcating kindness to animals. "Foxy the Faithful," a little fox-terrier who had many friends, children, a horse and talking dolls. "The Reign of King Oberon," a delightful volume of old-fashioned fairy tales. "A Pocketful of Posies," a book of charming verses with many quaint conceits to please a child. "Three Little Marys," little Irish girls of whom Nora Archibald Smith writes with her own inimitable pathos and humor. "Old Indian Legends" and "Wigwam Stories," two fascinating books about Indians. "King Arthur and His Court," stories of the great hero of chivalry. "Gipsy," the talking dog, is a friend of "Gallopoff," the talking horse, whom we met last year. "The Seven Little Sisters Who Live on the Round Ball that Floats in the Air," an illustrated edition of Jane Andrews's stories of the children of different nationalities incidentally teaching something of geography. "What Gladys Saw," a Nature story of farm and forest. "A Child's Story of the Life of Christ," sweetly and simply told.

For Girls of Twelve and Over

MISS ALCOTT'S well-beloved stories, "Little Women," "Little Men," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," etc., have appeared in a new and beautiful dress. "The Fortunes of a Loyal Lass" are bound up with the Niagara campaign of 1812, and are well told. "Eight Girls and a Dog" is one of Carolyn Wells's charming stories. "Little Polly Prentiss," by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, is a dainty portrait of a delightful little girl. "Sweet P's" relates how another Polly awakened an interest in life in her rich girl friend. "The Walcott Twins" is a story of surprises in which a boy and girl change places. "Polly's Secret" tells how a New England girl kept a secret. "Nathalie's Chum" is a charming story of life in New York. "Brenda's Cousin at Radcliffe" is a college story. "A Girl of This Century," another Radcliffe story, ends in a romance. "Concerning Polly" is a story of a little Boston waif who grows up in a New England home. "The Wyndham Girls" struggle bravely with misfortune and conquer it triumphantly, leaving at last their little apartment for homes of their own. "Madge, a Girl in Earnest," is so much so that she prefers doughnut making to teaching because her talents lie in that direction. "Mr. Pat's Little Girl" has many charming friends and their good times are good to read about. In "Sweetbriar and Thistle-down" James Newton Baskett tells us of many pleasant people who live close to Nature. "The Madness of Philip" is a book of Josephine Dodge Daskam's inimitable stories about children.

Books that Will Please Boys

"CRUISING on the St. Lawrence" is a story of the vacation of four college chums on this magnificent river. "Indian Boyhood," by Dr. Charles A. Eastman, himself a full-blooded Indian, is thrilling in its reality. "School of the Woods" is a book of studies of animals from life with most attractive pictures. "Pickett's Gap," in which a boy bridges the gap between his father and grandfather and heals a long-standing difference, is interesting. "Incaland" is a tale of adventure in Peru. "The Balaster Boys" is a story of three boys who were almost unacquainted with the word "don't." "The Boys of the Rincon Ranch" tells of the adventures of two New York schoolboys on a Texan ranch. "The Cruise of the Dazzler" has a hero who runs away to sea, and after exciting adventures on the Pacific Coast comes safely home. "The Boy and the Baron" is a tale of the times of the robber-barons of Germany, and "Sir Marrok" is a fairy story of the days of King Arthur and the Round-Table Knights. "Tommy Remington's Battle" is a story of a boy's fight for an education.

Fact with Fiction

BOOKS founded on fact, in which interesting and important historical events are interwoven with the story, are: "Aguinaldo's Hostage," a stirring tale of the early part of the Filipino campaign. "Between Boer and Briton," a story of the war in South Africa, rather sympathizing with the Boers. "The Cruise of the Enterprise" tells of a tiny American schooner that waged war against the French a century ago. "Under Colonial Colors" gives true incidents of Arnold's expedition against Quebec in 1775. "On the Frontier With St. Clair" is a story of the early settlement of Ohio and the struggle with the Indians. "In the Camp of Cornwallis" tells of the experiences of a boy in the New Jersey campaign under Washington in 1777. "A Boy of a Thousand Years Ago" is a child's story of Alfred the Great of England. "The Young Volcano Explorers," after visiting several of the West Indian islands, were at Martinique at the time of the eruption of Mont Pelée.

For Boys and Girls Alike

"THE Story of Joan of Arc," as told to a party of nephews and nieces, none older than eleven years, is fascinating. "In the Days of Queen Elizabeth" is a charmingly written account of the times of the great Queen. "Camps and Firesides of the Revolution," containing extracts from documents written at the time described, gives many interesting details of the lives of our ancestors. "Ancient History for Beginners," intended for High School pupils who have not studied history before, is written in a most interesting manner and filled with pictures. "A Little Captive" is a graphic story of the times of Cromwell. "The Other Boy" came into a family of boys and girls to their mutual satisfaction. "Topseys and Turveys" is a book of comic pictures by Peter Newell, which when turned upside down presents a set of entirely different pictures. "Bird Portraits" of twenty birds with much interesting information about them, by Ernest Thompson Seton. "The Bible for Children" is the text of our familiar version arranged in a continuous narrative. The book is fittingly illustrated with choice reproductions of famous paintings.

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Modern Paper Patterns

Non-Nettle Flannels are the softest, smoothest flannels made. We are selling them direct to mothers in every State, Canada, Alaska, Mexico, Cuba and Porto Rico. They cost no more than other flannels.

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The new band that fastens without buttons or pins; cloak; kimono; shirts without shoulder or armhole seams and every wanted garment, with illustrated instructions telling quantity of material needed, etc.

Send 25 cents mention this magazine and we will send our non-nettle case containing modern pattern outfit; sample book of Non-Nettle Flannel; Antiseptic Diaper; 90 bargains in fine white goods; large illustrated catalogue showing 76 bargains in embroidered flannels and everything needed for baby's outfit. What we send costs us more than 25 cts., but we do it to better introduce Non-Nettle Flannels.

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\$50 For You

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The Mother sending us the best name will receive \$50 in gold. Coupon on which to write your selection goes with each Diaper. Ask your dealer.

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The Young Mother's Calendar

WHAT TO DO FOR A BABY MONTH BY MONTH

By Emelyn Lincoln Coolidge, M. D.

Of the Babies' Hospital, New York City

Inquirers must give their names and addresses. Correspondents inclosing stamps or addressed stamped envelopes will be answered by mail.



The Second Month

DURING the second month the baby evidences signs of awakening intelligence; he begins to show pleasure by smiling and will turn his head in the direction of a sound. It is now undoubtedly a great temptation for the mother and admiring relatives to talk to the baby pretty constantly, shake rattles and other toys before him and pass him about from one to the other. But be careful and moderate in the indulgence of these pleasures or you will have a nervous, irritable child. The nervous system of an infant is extremely delicate and must not be forced to develop too rapidly. The brain grows as much during the first year as during all the rest of life; hence it requires quiet and rest, and should never be forced into undue activity. The poor little infant (especially if he be the first one) is often so tired and bewildered by the well-meant but misguided attentions of older people that if he could speak he would beg for a quiet hour and be perfectly happy if left alone with his own little hands and toes for his sole amusement.

A FEW words about the baby's crib may be helpful here; an iron or brass crib without rockers is to be preferred; it is also much better not to have draperies, or if any are

used they should be of some simple wash material which may be frequently laundered, for draperies are apt to collect dust, which the baby breathes into his delicate lungs. There should be a good woven-wire mattress, and on top of this a pair of heavy army blankets folded to fit the crib; next a rubber sheet, then a cotton sheet, a quilted pad, a second sheet, a pair of small woolen blankets and a counterpane. The pillow should be about one inch high and made of hair, never of feathers or down. Great care should be taken to thoroughly air the baby's bedclothes, and the heavy army blanket should be washed occasionally. On bright, sunny days let the blanket hang on the line for an hour or two in the sun. An army blanket can be kept much cleaner than a mattress and will be quite comfortable for a child until the third year at least.

Never put the baby in a cold bed; warm the sheets by the fire just before he is put into the crib, or place a hot-water bag between the sheets.

IT IS a well-known fact that babies of the very poor are less nervous than those of the wealthy, and this is largely due to the fact that their mothers are too busy to constantly entertain them.

Babies enjoy the companionship of children far more than that of adults, for children a little older than the baby are nearer his level and look at life more from the baby's own standpoint. Unless there is some disease of the nervous system babies are not "born nervous," and although they may inherit a tendency to nervousness it can be corrected easily during the early months of life, if the child is fed regularly, allowed to sleep enough and left to develop quietly by himself, instead of being urged and forced by adults.

IN WINTER a baby may commence his airings in the house when four or five weeks old; in summer he may go out-of-doors as early as the second or third week if the weather is warm. When baby is to take his airing in the house dress him as if he were to go out in the street, then place him in his crib, or in a large clothes-basket on the bed, but not on the floor; open the windows from the top; of course, the child should not lie in a direct draught, and this is much easier to avoid if the windows are opened at the top instead of at the bottom. He should at first be aired this way for twenty minutes, gradually increasing the length of time to one hour or even two hours. A hot-water bag may be placed at his feet and his hands protected with woolen mittens. This airing should be given in the warmest hours of the day and in the sun if possible, but turn the baby's back to the light so that the full glare of the sun shall not shine in his face. Wait at least one hour after his bath before beginning the airing. A child early accustomed to fresh air will take cold much less frequently than one who has been kept in hot, close rooms.

THE nursery should be thoroughly aired at least twice each day—in the morning after baby's bath and before he is put to bed at night. During the winter while baby is so young the sleeping-room may be ventilated at night by leaving a window open in an adjoining room, or if the weather is not very severe a window board may be used, or a frame on which is tacked rather heavy muslin; this may be from one to two feet high and shut into the window at night like an ordinary mosquito screen. In summer the window may be left open; it is wise, however, to have a screen around the crib.

What to do When the Baby is Sick

THRUSH or sprue is often seen in the mouths of young babies. It is usually caused by uncleanness or carelessness in the care of bottles and nipples. In very delicate, marasmus babies it may develop independently of these causes. Babies who are allowed to suck a "pacifier" or a rag with sugar in it are especially apt to have this disease. The appearance of thrush is like that of little white curds of milk scattered over the tongue, inside of the cheek, the roof of the mouth or the lips, but unlike milk it cannot be rubbed off easily. It may cause so much discomfort that the baby will not nurse; it will then be necessary to feed him with a dropper or spoon until his mouth is healed. Twist a piece of absorbent cotton around the little finger, dip it in a solution of boric acid (one teaspoonful to a pint of water) and very gently wash out the baby's mouth four or five times daily. After each meal wash the mouth out with a solution of bicarbonate of soda (one teaspoonful to a cupful of water). Never use honey and borax or any other sweetened preparation, as they aggravate the disease. Be sure the bottles and nipples are properly cared for. Burn the "pacifier" if one has been used.

IN WINTER the young baby should sleep in a shirt, band, diaper, socks, flannel skirt and flannel nightdress; in summer a cotton nightdress may be used. A "cold-feet nightdress," having a long flap in the back which may be buttoned on to the front, is excellent. The underclothing worn at night should not be the same as that worn during the day. By the time the baby enters his second month he may wear simple little bishop dresses, instead of the plain slips used during the first few weeks of life. All his dresses should be very simple and plain, however, and not be longer than thirty or thirty-two inches at the most.

THE baby is now old enough to be taught to use his chair and not to soil his napkin. A small chamber should be placed in the mother's lap and the child held on it, care being taken to support his head and back. This should be done at exactly the same hours every day in the morning and afternoon directly after a meal. The position alone is often enough to prevent constipation and the training should be persevered in. I have known many babies trained in this way who never soiled a napkin after the eighth week. Of course, they cannot be taught not to wet the napkin until some months later.

Do not forget that the baby needs water quite as much as the adult; a fresh supply should be boiled and cooled every day and kept in a covered dish or bottle. It should be offered to the baby between each meal and may be given from a spoon, medicine-dropper or taken from the nursing-bottle.

DURING his second month the baby should be fed every two hours and a half during the day, having eight meals in twenty-four hours of three ounces to four and a half for each meal. At night he should be fed at ten o'clock, and at two A. M. His food should be Pasteurized and cooled as for the first month. The following formula is often used at this age: From the top of a quart bottle of milk skim off six ounces of cream, now pour off three ounces of milk and mix with the cream, making nine ounces in all; add to this twenty-four ounces of boiled water in which have been dissolved four teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar or six of milk sugar; add a small pinch of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda or two ounces of lime-water.

CHAFING in young babies is often caused by allowing the child to lie in a wet diaper, not drying the folds of the flesh properly, or by too strong or too much soap in the bath or on the diapers when they are washed, or by a failure to properly wash the child after he has been on his chair. Remove any of these causes if present. Do not use soap on the affected parts, but wash them with water in which a bran bag has been squeezed; or if the child is very sore do not use water at all, but olive oil instead. Dust the parts with a powder composed of equal parts of starch and talcum with one-fourth as much of boric acid, all thoroughly mixed together; or use a powder composed of pure stearate of zinc compound. If this does not heal the parts sop on a one per cent. solution of ichthyol and then use the powder.

IF THE abdominal band has not been put on properly or the cord has not been well treated there is often a slight rupture at the navel. Crying seldom causes this trouble if the band is put on correctly. It should be snug but not tight, long enough to go once and a half around the child's abdomen and neatly sewed on the left side. It should never be pinned as there is danger of the pins becoming unfastened, and it is also easier for the band to become wrinkled if pins are used. If a rupture occurs a ring at the navel may be felt through which a mass protrudes. As soon as this is noticed it should receive prompt treatment, as it will be much more difficult to cure if allowed to go on.

The first doctor called in said:
He cannot live through the summer.

The next doctor called in said:
The case looks hopeless but put him on

ESKAY'S

FOOD

The result of this experiment is seen in the above picture of the son of Mrs. John Harrold, Winchester, Mass., who weighed 40 pounds at the time this picture was taken, when 19 months old. The doctor says: "For the first two weeks he came under my charge I thought he could not live from day to day. I had him on an Eskay's Food diet for nine months, and he certainly is an exceptionally well-nourished child." Generous samples and our book "How to Care for the Baby" sent free upon application to SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO., PHILADELPHIA.

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Hot Water Bottle

Trade Mark and Pat.

A "Doll's Bottle" given with every mail order

Soft as a pillow. Every inch of its surface relieves and soothes. Largest in heating surface and comforting power. For Earache, Toothache or Neuralgia steam by placing moist cloth in the hollow disk.

Unequaled for the Sick

A perfect foot-warmer when the ends are buttoned together. Don't run any risk. It will be wanted quick some time.

5-in. diam. (face size), \$1.00
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try a glass of milk instantly prepared by mixing three-fourths of a glass of water with one-fourth of a glass of

Highland Brand Evaporated Cream

Added to coffee, undiluted, it gives it a richness and elegant flavor never attained by dairy cream.

As a Baby Food

It has no equal. Produced "Where Model Dairy Farms Abound" under the most cleanly conditions, it is free from life-taking bacteria so common in city milk.

Highland Brand Makes Weak Babies Strong

Ask your dealer. If he doesn't sell it, send us his name and we will send you a sample can FREE.

HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING COMPANY
Dept. A, Highland, Ill.

"Where Model Dairy Farms Abound."

SHADE WON'T WORK

Because it isn't mounted on THE IMPROVED

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER

A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.

BABY'S HEALTH WARDROBE

Complete outfit, 30 cut patterns infant's long, or 25 first short clothes, full directions, sealed, 25 cts. Hints to Expectant Mothers and description New Maternity Nightgown free with patterns.

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HAPPY HOURS FOR OLD LADIES



How to Brighten an Old Lady's Journey

CLEVER little scheme for the entertainment of an elderly woman during the lonely hours of a very long journey among strangers was successfully carried out in the following manner: Each one of a number of her relatives and friends sent sealed letters to her, to be read at intervals as the journey progressed. Some were marked to be read at certain stopping-places; one was to be read just before she retired, and still another before breakfast. Some of the letters from her immediate family containing home news were illustrated.

—HELEN B. MORA.

Brightening the Days of an Invalid

A GOOD suggestion for brightening up a depressed invalid, and one that will strike a cheerful keynote for the day, is to place each morning upon her breakfast tray a humorous little anecdote, a poem, or an amusing advertisement or picture cut from an old magazine or newspaper. A hearty laugh often proves the best of medicines.—H. A. PLUM.

An Old Lady's Birthday Party

MY MOTHER was going to have a birthday party and how to entertain her friends was quite a problem. I wanted everything to remind her of old times, for she was eighty-one years old. I put a white spread on the bed in the room where the guests were to remove their wraps which was woven in 1790. It is a most beautiful piece of work and her friends spent some time admiring it. Then over a couch in the same room I laid a blue and white woolen counterpane which my mother had made herself when she was fifteen years old. She had picked the wool and washed it, carded it into rolls, spun it into thread, colored the thread, and selected a pattern which was called the thirteen wonders. She had put the cotton into the handloom and woven the counterpane herself. That counterpane was duly admired.

I had gathered together all the old dishes I could find. Among them were a plate and bowl made in 1755, blue in color and old-fashioned in shape, and several old plates such as our grandmothers had. To a bottle, which is one hundred and thirty years old, I gave the place of honor on the table, where I also placed some old spoons and knives and some two-tined forks. I hung bunches of sage, red peppers and dried onions from the dining-room ceiling as they used to do in olden times.

For the amusement of the guests I had a guessing contest. They were asked to guess the names of a number of old implements that were in common use in those early days when there were no sewing-machines, no labor-savers for man or woman, nothing but toil from early dawn to dark; when everything one wore was made at home, even to the thread and buttons; when two and three year old children learned to pick the seed out of the cotton, and the girls learned to knit while very young. I had gathered together thirty-two articles which had been used in those days. My grandmother had the only darning-needle in a radius of twenty miles. The prize, which was given to the one who had made the most correct guesses, was a picture of a lady spinning, and another knitting, beside a fireplace.

The menu, which was served on the old-fashioned dishes, consisted of fried chicken, fried mush, corn-bread, soda biscuits, coffee with cream and sugar, honey, butter, doughnuts and raised sweet loaf called "Election Cake." In the centre of the table a board with eighty-one holes bored in it and a candle in each hole was placed. The board was hidden under ferns and carnations, and when the candles were lighted the table looked very pretty.

—EVA C. GRAVES.

A Twelve-o'Clock Dinner Party

A NICE way to entertain old ladies is to give a twelve-o'clock dinner with an old-fashioned menu, and to ask each guest to bring her oldest souvenir and give an account of the same. This furnishes the guests with conversation and makes the occasion interesting.—MRS. W. T. HENSON.

For a Fiftieth Birthday

SEVERAL days before my mother's fiftieth birthday I sent notes to her oldest friends in all parts of the country, to the number of fifty, asking them each for a candle (giving the dimensions to insure uniformity), and a line of greeting for the occasion. When the day arrived we had a small party of guests who were served with light refreshments, after which they were ushered into a room brightened only by the candles on the cake, at each side of which were piled the birthday greetings which had been sent in response to my letters. There were several from celebrities, one from a dear old servant of the family, and many from friends whom she had not heard from in years. The kind expressions were read while the candles burned, and my mother's absolute pleasure attested to the success of my plan.

—MRS. J. C. ASHTON.

An Old-Fashioned Tea Party

KNOWING my mother's fondness for patchwork I invited some of her friends to an old-fashioned tea party, asking them to come early and to bring their workbags, not their work. When they arrived and had removed their wraps I took them into the sitting-room, where I had arranged some comfortable seats and several cutting tables, upon each of which were several boxes of bright patches, and also some new designs for patchwork, and invited them to cut out and sew patches.

At six o'clock I invited them into the dining-room, where I had prepared a real old-fashioned tea. I made my mother take the head of the table and pour the tea. We had plenty of thick cream and cut sugar, thin slices of bread and butter, buttered toast, hot biscuits, sliced ham, tongue and chicken; preserves, cup custard, cookies and pound cake.

After tea they sorted and discussed their patches, and as I knew they were tired I made no attempt to keep them from going home early when I saw they wanted to go. Each old lady carried off some of the patches, as well as lots of new ideas on the subject of patchwork, and they all thanked me cordially for the "real good time they had had."

—JANE BENSON.

Stuyler's COCOA & CHOCOLATE

are **THE BEST**

- B**est beans only are used.
 - E**xtra care exercised in blending.
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 - U**se of most improved machinery.
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- Cost no more than others.

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Hasn't scratched yet!!!

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The Finest Cleaner Made

CLEANS		CLEANS and POLISHES	POLISHES	
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Ask your grocer for a cake. Read the directions inside the wrapper.

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SPECIAL PELICAN OUTFIT No. 90 at \$2.25
Regular value \$3.00. Outfit consists of Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double Ball, Metal Union Cork Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, Two Pieces Stamped Practice Wood, and full instructions, all contained in fine Leatherette Box, and sent C. O. D. for examination, if desired.

40-p. Catalogue No. L 39—FREE. Illustrates hundreds of useful and ornamental articles stamped, ready for burning, as well as all kinds of Pyrography Outfits.

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Largest Mfrs. of Pyrography goods in the world.

The Ball Does it All

THE BALL CHECK

a simple device, 1 1/2 inches long, replaces the long mixing tube on any style of mantle burner. A slight twist to right or left spreads and reduces the gas supply and lights up the mantle to highest efficiency.

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When Bathing is Good for Girls

By Emma E. Walker, M.D.

THERE is nothing, I feel sure, which requires the exercise of more common-sense than bathing. The physician can give general directions which will greatly assist a girl in choosing the bath best suited to her special constitution. After that she must do the rest by the use of her own intelligence. I am so often asked by girls, "Shall I take a cold or a warm bath?" This must depend entirely upon your constitution. No one questions the necessity of some kind of daily bath, unless there is a decided indication that it is injurious.

The distinction between hot and cold baths can only be arbitrary, but a convenient way of classifying them is as follows: A hot bath means over 98° Fahrenheit; warm is between 90° and 98°; tepid is anywhere between 80° and 90°; cool varies between 65° and 80°; and a cold bath is any temperature below 65°. The chief effects of a bath are cleansing, stimulating and soothing. Of these the power of cleansing seems the most important. To obtain this effect in its highest degree the use of tepid or warm water and soap is necessary. This kind of bath should be taken at least once a week. The necessity for soap will depend upon the quality of the skin and its exposure. For example, if the skin is oily, and if it is brought into daily contact with much dust and dirt, soap will have to be used oftener and more vigorously than in cases of the opposite character. If the skin is harsh and dry—lacking in oil—then soap should be used sparingly.

The proof of the effect of a bath is the reaction which follows. If this is not quick and good the kind of bath should be changed. The effect of the cold or cool bath is stimulating. When the water comes in contact with the skin the superficial blood-vessels contract and the blood is driven to the internal organs and the temperature there is elevated, while the temperature of the surface is lowered. Then, when the reaction takes place, the skin vessels dilate, the blood rushes back to them, and the bather experiences a pleasant glow all over the surface. Good rubbing helps to bring on the reaction. But if the bather feels chilly and languid, and if the finger-tips and lips are blue, then the bath has been too cold or too long, or the bather is not robust enough for a cold bath. In such a case a tepid bath is much better. A tepid or warm salt bath is very stimulating.

Tub baths should be avoided by the neuralgic, thin-blooded and very nervous girl, and especially if she has a weak heart. A handful of salt briskly rubbed over the skin is invigorating.

The best time for a cold bath is before breakfast. The cold bath should be avoided by the aged and by very young children, by the debilitated and the weak, and by those who are fatigued.

A bath should not be prolonged. Ten minutes ought to be long enough for any bath, and you can learn to make them shorter. A cold tub bath can be taken within two or three minutes, for you need only to jump into the water and out again and rub yourself dry. It is well before a cold bath to drink a glass of hot milk or hot water, for you should be moderately warm before taking this bath.

If you are not strong enough for a cold tub bath—for it is only the very vigorous who are, and many girls do themselves lasting injury by this kind of bathing—you may be able to take a cold or cool sponge. You may do this by standing in a tub with a little warm or tepid water in it and rubbing the cold water over your body. The hand is always a most excellent washcloth.

Cold baths use up superfluous energy and you should decide before taking them if you have any to spare. The effects of the tepid and cool baths are the same as those of the cold, only in a less degree. The effect of the warm bath is soothing. The blood flows into the relaxed superficial vessels of the skin and its functions are increased. When the temperature of the water is raised there is profuse perspiration, and a very hot bath is a powerful stimulant both of the nervous and of the vascular systems. It cannot be borne long and should be taken only with the advice of a physician. If the bath is only moderately warm it acts as a sedative to the nervous system and is only moderately stimulating to the circulation. After a warm or hot bath care should be taken to avoid a chill, for the skin capillaries contract and the temperature of the body surface is lowered, and the blood-vessels lose their tone for a time. Heat facilitates the body functions, and a warm bath will often do more to refresh a fatigued person than a longer time spent in sleep.

You must remember the various excellent authorities have waged bitter controversy over these different points that I have suggested, and there seems to be only one on which nearly all modern writers now agree—that is, the fact of the necessity of individual discretion.

There are several other kinds of baths—namely, the Russian, the Turkish, the needle, the electric, the sun bath, and the mud or peat bath. The latter is medicinal and its effects are often quite wonderful.

The Russian is a hot-air bath while the Turkish is a hot-air bath. There is more perspiration produced in the latter than in the former. Both are followed by the cold douche. The object of these baths is to cause profuse perspiration for the removal of impurities through the skin and to stimulate it afterward by the cold water. The Russian bath should never be taken by a girl with heart trouble or by one who suffers with a full sensation in the head. Neither should the Turkish bath be taken by these girls, and it should not be indulged in often by those who are not very strong. An oil rub afterward is very refreshing and nutritious to the skin, but it needs massage to knead it in.

The needle bath is taken in a circular cabinet where there are myriads of tiny pipes, both vertical and horizontal, from which the water is thrown against the body in fine sprays with considerable force. It is first warm and then gradually cooled.

The electric bath is medicinal and is so arranged that the electric-light rays are thrown either on to the whole surface of the body, or a part. Heat and light are produced when the current is turned on.

Doctor Walker's Good Health Talks

Are omitted from this issue merely to allow her to give her undivided time to the planning of a notable expansion of her successful department which we hope to announce in the next (March) number.



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are the finest roses grown. Over 1000 distinct varieties. Sold by mail on their own roots. D. & C. Flower and Vegetable Seeds, like the Roses, are planted by all who choose only the best. Send for the 1903

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in the poultry business just as we have if you follow the same plans. We tell all about what we have done and how we did it, in our new book,

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Maplecane Syrup
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Your grocer sells our goods. If not, ask him why. **Our Free Offer**—Sample bottle and new recipe book—let free for your grocer's name. If a larger sample is desired for cooking experiments, send 10 cents to cover expressage, with the name of your grocer, and we will send you a one-pound can, charges paid.

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Send for the **Wooden Hen Book**; mailed free, together with a book containing 14 colored views and telling all about the **EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR**, if you name this magazine.

GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Illinois

VICK'S GARDEN AND FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1903
IT IS FREE

Valuable to every one who plants seeds—whether it's only a flower bed or an immense farm. It is not a mere catalogue but a work of reference, full of profitable information about Flowers, Plants, Fruits and Vegetables. Helps you to cultivate your ground for greater profit or greater pleasure. Handsomely illustrated in colors and half-tones.

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My "Surprise Packet" is a Flower Garden in itself and will delight you! It contains 20 CHOICE ANNUALS (guaranteed 400 seeds). Sent with my pretty Catalog and Certificate admitting to my **Third Annual Prize Contest** (first prize \$50) for flowers grown from it, to all enclosing 6c. for postage and addresses of two others growing flowers. I want to know you.

324 prizes awarded in 1902. See 1903 catalog for list.

MISS EMMA V. WHITE, Seedswoman
 818 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Girl Who Invented the First American Valentine

By Arthur W. Brayley



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1880 BY G. W. FREEMAN
 MISS HOWLAND

MOST people who buy the elaborate and artistic valentines that fill the shops early in February, although intent on honoring a quaint old custom, probably do not realize that the manufacture of valentines to-day is the result of a woman's cleverness and ingenuity in the early part of the last century. It may interest them to know, therefore, that the first fancy valentine ever made in America was the work of Miss Esther A. Howland, who in making it not only achieved her fortune, but also established an entirely new industry in this country.

OF COURSE the old custom of observing the name-day of the Saint is much older than Miss Howland—is even older than America, if we may believe the encyclopædias. The kind of valentine sent, however, has varied, like other fashions, with the years. A century or two ago it was the custom to greet the favored one with gifts of the most practical character. Nowadays, even more frequent than the decorated cards or lace paper valentines, is the gift of flowers or sweets, gloves or jewelry. But in the early part of the last century lovers sent tokens prepared by their own hands, usually consisting of amatory messages printed or written on ornamental paper, and garnished with pictures of loves and doves, languishing damsels and adoring swains. Probably the oldest valentine in the country is of this kind and belongs to a private collection in Cleveland, Ohio. Its counterpart, directed in the same hand to another woman, is in the British Museum.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARK'S GALLERY
 WHERE THE FIRST FANCY VALENTINE WAS MADE IN THIS COUNTRY

This valentine is in the form of an ordinary sheet of paper about a foot square, folded for the post into squares of four inches. The seal with which it was closed is a badly drawn heart of red ink, now faded, as are the verses, to a pale pink. There are five sets of verses, each to be read by a further unfolding of the paper; the last is written around a gilt heart in the centre of the sheet.

The popularity of missives of this sort led to the manufacture of lace and embossed paper in England in 1825, and later to the making of fancy valentines. One of the earliest of these now exists, and displays a gayly painted little house, with a green paper door aswing on its hinges to disclose a youth and maiden seated close together within, while Cupids disport themselves outside and bear the sentiment appropriate to the occasion.

IT WAS at this stage of progress in the manufacture of valentines that the earliest one to appear in America was sent to Miss Howland in 1849. It had an elaborate border of fine lace paper and was decorated with colored flowers cut out and pasted on. In the centre was a small pocket faced with green paper, within which was placed a small red-edged note containing the fervent sentiments appropriate to the season and the day.

Miss Howland lived at this time in Worcester, Massachusetts, where her father and three brothers conducted a large stationery business. She was graduated from Mount Holyoke Seminary the same year she received the valentine. It was the first of the kind she ever had seen, and she and her friends were so pleased with it that Mr. Howland determined to import a few of them from England. When they arrived Miss Howland became convinced that she could improve upon them. Procuring lace paper, colored paper, and paper flowers, she made two valentines, the first of which is illustrated on this page. Pleased with the result she made a dozen or more designs, and asked her brother, who traveled for the firm, to take the samples with him on his next trip and see if he could obtain orders for them. He consented, and upon his return surprised his sister by handing her orders amounting to five thousand dollars.

She had hoped to receive orders for one hundred or two hundred dollars, but five thousand dollars represented work enough to keep her busy several years, and she hesitated before undertaking the task. Her father and brothers talked the matter over with her, and soon a plan of work was decided upon.

Embossed paper was ordered from England; and Mr. Howland went to New York to buy colored pictures from the only lithographer in this country. When the material arrived Miss Howland invited several of her friends to assist her. One cut out pictures and kept them assorted in boxes. Another, with models before her, made the background of the valentines, passing them to another who further worked upon them. So they went from one hand to another until finally the last valentine called for in the orders was complete.

THE next year Miss Howland looked about for novelties, and was able to provide her brother with a large assortment of samples when he started on his usual trip. Many of these valentines were quite elaborate and costly, and among them was the first message of Dan Cupid of which satin or silk formed a part. One of the kind still exists as a reminder of a sad tragedy, probably the first that occurred in connection with this business. The young woman employed by Miss Howland to paint satin valentines formed the habit of moistening her brush with her lips, by which act she absorbed so much of the paint that she died from its effects.

The second year the number of orders was more than doubled, and so was the working force in the factory. In time quantities of enameled colored pictures and other ornaments were imported from Germany; but as these had to be cut out with scissors the enterprising woman had a set of dies made for that purpose. She then conceived the idea of embossing the little lithographic ornaments, and wrote to the members of the firm in Germany telling them of her plan, and that she would have the cutting and embossing dies made and sent to them at their expense. The idea was a new one, and they desired the credit of originating it, so they declined Miss Howland's offer, and had dies made in their own country. A few months later embossed and cut pictures were on the market, but the only advantage the originator of the plan received was in being able to buy them in the more convenient form.

THE fame of the Worcester valentines spread rapidly over the country, and the business increased so rapidly that in a few years Miss Howland was sending out more than one hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods. One firm in New York, which was using more than twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of her valentines annually, made her a liberal offer to control the output. Failing in this, the firm tried to buy the business, but this offer was also refused.

While still engaged actively in the manufacture of valentines Miss Howland met with an accident which would have compelled a woman of less courage and enterprise to retire from business. She fell on an icy sidewalk and injured herself so that for years she was obliged to superintend her business while seated in a wheel-chair. She continued her work, however, until her father became ill and required constant attention. Then, considering that her place was by his side, she gave up her occupation for the purpose of caring for him. The business was purchased by several of her employees, one of whom conducts it to-day in Worcester, the place where it originated and grew from its small beginning to the proportions of a valuable manufacturing industry.



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California is easily reached if you take the Rock Island and Southern Pacific systems by way of El Paso. At El Paso you can stop off and visit quaint and picturesque Mexico, which is within sight. The train to take is the

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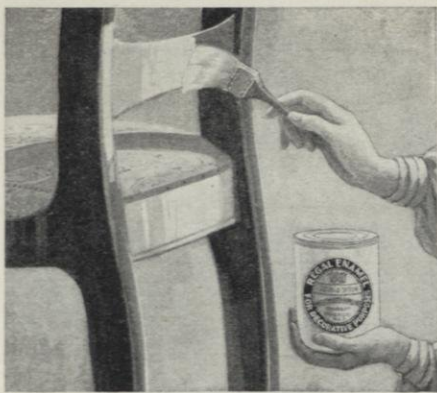
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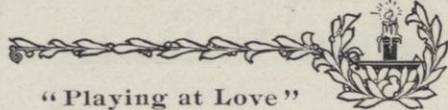
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"Playing at Love"

IT IS legitimate on the holiday devoted to St. Valentine to "play at love," and one of the most amusing ways is the form of entertainment known as a "Proposal Party." The young men and maidens select from separate baskets cards upon which are the names of the famous lovers of the world—Romeo and Juliet, Petrarch and Laura, Dante and Beatrice, Ivanhoe and Rowena, etc. When the holder of the card marked "Romeo" finds the girl upon whose card is written "Juliet" he knows that he has met his fate, and during the evening he must seize the occasion to make her a formal offer of his hand and heart, which the girl must use all her wit and ingenuity to evade.

Heart-shaped photograph frames or dainty volumes containing some famous love story are given only to the men who have succeeded in making a declaration and to the women who have eluded all efforts to make them hear such an avowal.

Another method of playing the game is called "Progressive Love-making." Every man must propose to every girl in the room before the evening is over, the girls using all their arts to prevent their "coming to the point." The man who makes the most numerous offers and the girl most watchful to prevent avowals should receive prizes. The tinkle of a bell may be the signal for a change of place and partner.—MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND.

The Game of A, B, C

THIS game was invented by a party of young people who were visiting in the country. In preparation the girls painted upon each one of sixty blank cards some letter of the alphabet. The letters V, X and Z were not used. To each card they fastened a loop of narrow ribbon with a pin attached.

On the appointed evening the game was ready for a trial. A card was attached to each player by means of its ribbon, and an announcement was made that no one must answer any question addressed to him except by a sentence beginning with the letter on the card which he wore, and that the answer must be given before the questioner could count ten slowly and distinctly.

No two persons could attack a player at the same moment, and no one could make the same answer twice. If any person should start his response with a wrong letter or should fail to reply in time, his interrogator might take his letter from him, or one of his letters, and add it to his own list.

Any one could answer from any one of the letters displayed by him at any one time. Any person left without a card was twice supplied with another, but any player losing his remaining card three times would be left out of the game.

One of the first prizes was a pretty portfolio of birch bark and ribbon decorated with funny little figures of letters flying and frisking around in a fantastic fashion. A game of anagrams was set aside as its mate, and a child's primer was chosen as the reward for the one who had made the most blunders.—ELIZABETH GOFF.

A Dictionary Game

WE CALL it our Dictionary Game, and so far as we know it is original with us. The requisites are pencils, paper and a dictionary. Number one takes the dictionary, opens at any page and gives out a word for definition. The others are to write their definition of the word given on slips of paper in ten or fifteen words. At a given signal these are put into a box or hat and each player draws one and reads it aloud. The holder of the dictionary decides on the one which approaches nearest in accuracy and conciseness to the definition given in the dictionary. The author thereupon announces himself. Score may be kept in any way desirable. The dictionary then is passed to the winner and the game proceeds.

The amusement and interest can hardly be estimated without a trial. One can alternate common words with words of unknown meaning. It is surprising how difficult it is to define briefly even the most ordinary objects. If prizes are given it will add to the interest of the game.—G. P. B.

"I'm a Genteel Lady"

THIS game is much more interesting and difficult if both men and women take part.

The leader begins by saying, "I'm a genteel lady (or gentleman, as the case may be), always genteel." After each one has made this statement correctly, and I shall take it for granted that no one has made a mistake thus early, through having called himself a lady, or vice versa, the game proceeds as follows, each one repeating one statement at a time, as it is given by the leader.

1. "I'm a genteel lady (or gentleman), always genteel."
2. Repeat the above statement and add, "Come from this" (bows to person on the right hand) "genteel lady (or gentleman), always genteel."
3. Repeat the first two statements and add, "To tell this" (bows to person on the left hand) "genteel lady (or gentleman), always genteel."
4. Repeat the first three statements and add, "That this" (bows to person on the right hand) "genteel lady (or gentleman), always genteel, had an eagle."
5. Repeat the first four statements and add, "With silver claws, golden beak and purple wings."
6. Repeat the first five statements and add, "Which flew away to the banks of the Yang-tze-Kiang."

To each one who makes a mistake a piece of paper rolled in the shape of a taper is given. This he must put behind his ear, and henceforth, instead of being called a genteel gentleman, he is addressed, whenever his neighbor has occasion to refer to him, as a "one-horned gentleman." Every time he makes a mistake a taper is given him and his name is determined by the number of horns on his head. For instance, if the one speaking has for his right-hand neighbor a two-horned gentleman, and for his left-hand neighbor a five-horned lady, he says, if he has no horns himself: "I'm a genteel gentleman, always genteel, come from this two-horned gentleman, always two-horned, to tell this five-horned lady, always five-horned," etc.

This game sounds complicated, but it is very simple and amusing.

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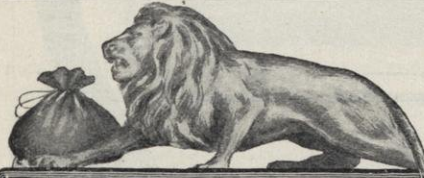


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Sunshine

The Department of the International Sunshine Society

Edited by Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, President-General



AS I SIT down to write you for the first time in 1903 my heart is still all aglow with the Sunshine it got at School No. 115 in Greater New York. Fifteen hundred little boys and girls greeted me there, all wearing the Sunshine colors. I had gone there expecting to tell about Sunshine and to organize a band of "good cheer" workers, and was quite prepared to find hundreds that had never heard of what we as a Society are trying to do. But, dear me! they played a great joke on me. Every child belonged to our Society and was prepared with a Sunshine recitation, a song or a quotation. So it made no difference what boy or girl was called upon, no one failed to show me that the pupils of No. 115 knew quite as much as I did about Sunshine.

One little fellow got up and said:
"Whenever you are feeling blue
Something for some one else go do."

A very little girl with a very old face proclaimed her views as follows:

"To do the duty nearest thee, and try to do it well,
Is the only key to the mystery of life that I can tell."

There are, at this writing, more than fourteen thousand school children in Greater New York wearing the Sunshine colors, each trying every day to do something to make somebody happy. But the children are not doing it all. The parents are forming Parents' Sunshine Meetings, and once a month they gather in the assembly-rooms to talk over the needs in the different rooms and to plan for decorating the walls with pictures that will best illustrate the studies of the particular classes that meet there. Teachers are guests of honor. Billy's peculiarities are talked over, and Jenny's shortcomings explained, and Molly's mother is cautioned about allowing her daughter to use her eyes at night.

Teaching Sunshine to the Little Ones

"HOW did you all happen to know about Sunshine?" I asked one of the girls.
Before she could reply a boy said: "We read about it in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. It tells us just what to do."

"So it does," I replied, "and I am going home to write you another letter this very afternoon."
No wonder this school is called the "Sunshine School," for everybody from the principal, Miss Elizabeth Ball, to the janitor is cheeriness and good nature.

When I visit a band of workers I am supposed to give ideas to help along. I try to, but invariably come away with a stock of information that no amount of money could buy. I must get it by going and talking with the little people myself.

In one school in the very worst part of the city I noticed the little ones were taught the meaning of a word by having a picture to illustrate it. The lesson the day before was "This is a horse." A picture of a horse was pinned by the word "Horse."

The lesson for this day was "This is a cow," and a picture of a cow was the object-lesson. I asked who could read the first line. Every hand went up and every little voice said "A horse."

"Now read the next line."
"This is a— " Nobody could tell what c-o-w stood for. To help them I finally pointed to the picture. Still they hesitated. Surely, thought I, they know the picture of a cow. I drew their attention to the horns and explained that the animal talked by saying "Moo! Moo!" Everybody was silent.

"Well, I'll help you more. Where does the milk come from? Who can tell?"

One thin and much-soiled hand was raised. The name of its owner was Angelina Frachelli. Her father owns one of the pushcarts where fruit is sold on the street corner. I nodded to her.

Her tiny shrill voice fairly ringing with the excitement of her great discovery proclaimed:
"From the milk-can."

One Boy's Idea of Sunshine

THIS was the first school year for these little ones and many of them appeared to be not over four years old, though their parents insisted they were six or over. There were sixty children in this one room, and when I asked how many had ever seen a real live cow, one that could toss up its horns, swish its tail and say "Moo" at you, not a hand was raised.

Finally one boy created an excitement by saying: "Oncet I saw one what was in a butcher shop, but it was awful dead."

The teacher's bell brought them to order. The result of the day's visit was that two Sunshine branches, made up of women in well-to-do circumstances, did not rest until every child had been with them on a Sunshine outing trip some Saturday afternoon and seen all the animals in the park. No doubt these excursions were the first these tots had ever taken out of the street they live in.

Another day—it was Sunday—I was talking to two hundred and fifty children in a Sunday-school made up mostly of Germans. After I had talked for some time it occurred to me that perhaps they were not understanding one word I said.

Turning to the boys I asked: "Now I have been telling you what Sunshine is; who will tell me what he thinks it means?"

A boy of perhaps twelve stood up. He was very much frightened, but between swallows he gave this definition: "If you've got two sleds, and they are both new sleds, and you find a little boy what's got no sled, you'll give him one of the new sleds."

"I have wonderful luck," I thought to myself, "in talking to children. Everybody can't do it."
Filled with vanity, I asked the girls how many of them could tell me what Sunshine is. Not a hand.

"Dear me, this won't do! Now suppose you had six dollies. One with real yellow curls. One with black hair that you can comb. One with big blue eyes that open and shut. One that cries 'Ma-ma,' and two that can stand alone and have clothes for every day and for Sunday."

My, how their eyes danced! "They see the point, all right," I thought with great satisfaction.

"Now suppose you have all these lovely dollies and you find a little girl who has none. What would you do?"

Not a hand raised in reply. All was as still as the grave and every eye was fixed on me.

"Come, come, I must have an answer. What would you do?"

This time a timid hand showed itself. Its owner leaned forward and hoarsely whispered: "Keep 'em."

A sigh of relief came from every little heart on the girls' side of the house, and the little mothers settled back with a contented look that plainly said they were glad the question was settled.

To Children All Over the World

I PUT on my thinking cap. The great rule in Sunshine is not to give away that which you want or have need of, but to pass on the surplus. Six dollies seemed none too many for these little girls.

"How many of you ever had six dollies?" was my next question.

Dead silence.
"How many of you ever had one doll with real hair and eyes that would go to sleep?"

Not one hand even then. So I had a story to tell to the next grown-up branch I visited, and Santa Claus was ordered to take just one hundred and sixty-seven beautiful dolls to that particular Sunday-school. The dolls were dressed by the young ladies of one of the New York churches.

Dear old Santa Claus! How he was ordered about. Every one of the "I-am-talking-in-my-sleep Barrels" were handed over to him. Those made ready in Ohio went to Ohio; those in Montana to that State. Florida barrels were placed in Florida, and New York contributions mostly among the children of the big cities, while children all over the world got packages that just comfortably filled a stocking on Christmas Eve.

It seems we had much more to do with children this year than last, though then we filled over twenty thousand stockings. This year the older branches relieved headquarters greatly by taking charge of certain districts. For example, Brooklyn Branch No. 5 cared for one thousand and over. Not a Sunshine nursery failed to have its Christmas tree. Seven kindergartens in Manhattan were furnished Christmas trees laden with hundreds and hundreds of gifts from barrels sent to headquarters.

Never has Sunshine had such a good time making others happy. "Shut-ins," invalids, the aged and blind were especially provided for, and where presents could not go letters of greeting did.

A Sunshine Offering for the New Year

SOME one asked me the other day what an individual could do to help the Society in the most substantial manner in the quickest time and at least expense. This was my answer: Send in an envelope just as many stamps as you are years old. Give this as your offering to the New Year. Long before Christmas last year the stamps at headquarters gave out and branches in and near New York had to do double duty, not only helping to pack the boxes but provide the expressage as well, or the Sunshine children would have been disappointed. Send, if only one stamp; it will send one letter. Address Sunshine Headquarters, 96 Fifth Avenue, New York City. In writing to headquarters always try to remember and inclose a stamp for reply. There are many things we don't do, perhaps, but there is one thing we do do, and that is answer every letter that comes to us. If you do not get a reply it is because your letter either miscarried or you forgot to give your address. Just bear in mind that if everybody forgot to inclose a stamp—and nearly everybody does—the three or four hundred letters that come to us daily would call for six or eight dollars in stamps for reply, not mentioning the paper and envelopes—so please don't forget the stamp.

A Pretty Sunshine Poem

MANY invalids have asked me for another pretty poem for 1903. They want to cut it out and keep it on their calendar. I have selected "Scatter Sunshine," by Juniata Stafford. May we all be able to do as she says.

Scatter Sunshine

Put a bit of sunshine in the day;
Others need its cheer and so do you—
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn;
Give it, too, a touch of highest noon;
Make the ones about you wonder why
Sunset crimson should appear "so soon."

Sunshine-making is a blessed task;
Cheery hearts, like lovely, wide-blue sky,
Banish weary gloom and give fresh hope,
Check the rising tear or thoughtless sigh.

Put the golden sunshine in each day;
Others need the cheer that comes through you—
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

\$2,000.00 in prizes

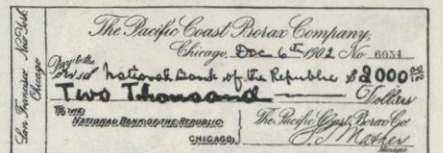
A simple contest with big prizes open to you

\$2000 in prizes will be distributed in our "20 Mule Team Borax" contest, divided as follows: 1 Prize of \$500.00, 2 Prizes of \$100.00, 4 Prizes of \$50.00, 10 Prizes of \$25.00, 10 Prizes of \$10.00, 100 Prizes of \$5.00, 250 Prizes of \$1.00.

We have given each letter, in alphabetical order, a numerical value, commencing with 1 and ending with 26, as follows: A-1, B-2, C-3, D-4, etc.—X-24, Y-25, Z-26. Persons entering the contest are to write out three reasons why Borax should be used in the Toilet and three reasons why it should be used in the Laundry. In no one of the reasons are more than thirty letters to be used. After the six reasons are written out, add up the numerical values of all the letters used. (Some letters will be used a number of times. Add the numerical value every time.) The person who submits the six reasons in which the sum of the numerical values of all the letters used totals highest will receive first prize, and so on down. In case of ties the prizes will be awarded on the merits of the reasons submitted (to be judged by a committee of three disinterested chemists).

When sending in your entry use one side of one sheet of paper. Write your name and address at the bottom of the sheet with your three reasons why BORAX should be used in the Laundry immediately above it. Over them write your three reasons why BORAX should be used in the Toilet, and at the top of the sheet in plain figures mark the sum of the numerical values of all the letters you have used in your six reasons. Each entry must be accompanied by the top of a one pound package of "20 MULE TEAM BORAX," to be had of your druggist or grocer. Please do not write us for any further explanation. There is no catch. The contest is very clear and simple, and the prize winners will get good returns for comparatively little effort. Below is shown the check which we have deposited with the National Bank of the Republic, Chicago, for division among the prize winners. We believe that it is worth trying for.

BORAX PRIZE



The following letter from Edward Gudeman, Ph. D., the food and sanitary expert, will partially explain the value of BORAX.

Chicago, Nov. 26, 1902.
Pacific Coast Borax Company, Chicago.
Gentlemen: Replying to your inquiry, I have the following report to make: Water is said to be "hard" when it contains lime and magnesium salts, which retard the saponification or lathering of soap and interfere with the cleansing action and the solubility of the soap itself. All natural waters contain a certain amount of this "hardness" which is eliminated by strong alkalis (soda, ammonia and other caustic materials) or by borax. The strong alkalis, used directly or as found in strong soaps, will destroy organic tissue and are very harmful in their effects. Borax is harmless and even healing in its effects. A mild or neutral soap used with water softened by borax will cleanse better than strong soap or washing compound (which is generally a mixture of soap and soda) used without borax. For toilet and bathing purposes, I would recommend that only sufficient borax be used to counteract the hardness of the water so that the soap used will become soluble and be readily rinsed from the skin and out of the pores. For laundry purposes, I would recommend that a larger proportion of borax be used with a mild soap, as the borax itself is an excellent and a harmless cleanser besides a water softener. I have examined Lake Michigan water for you and find that it is not so "hard" as the average natural water. It contains only 7 to 9 grains of lime and magnesium salts to the gallon. A quarter teaspoonful of borax will soften two quarts of Lake Michigan water, counteracting all the lime and magnesium salts therein contained. Harder water will require a proportionately larger amount of borax. (Signed) EDWARD GUDEMAN, Chemist and Chemical Engineer.

We recommend that you send a two-cent stamp for our booklet "Borax—Come In," which will greatly aid you in preparing your reasons. All answers must be in our office by MARCH 5, 1903. If neither your druggist nor your grocer can supply you with a one pound package of "20 MULE TEAM BORAX" send us their names with twenty cents in stamps, to cover cost and postage, and we will supply you direct. Address all communications bearing on this contest to Dept. A. X.

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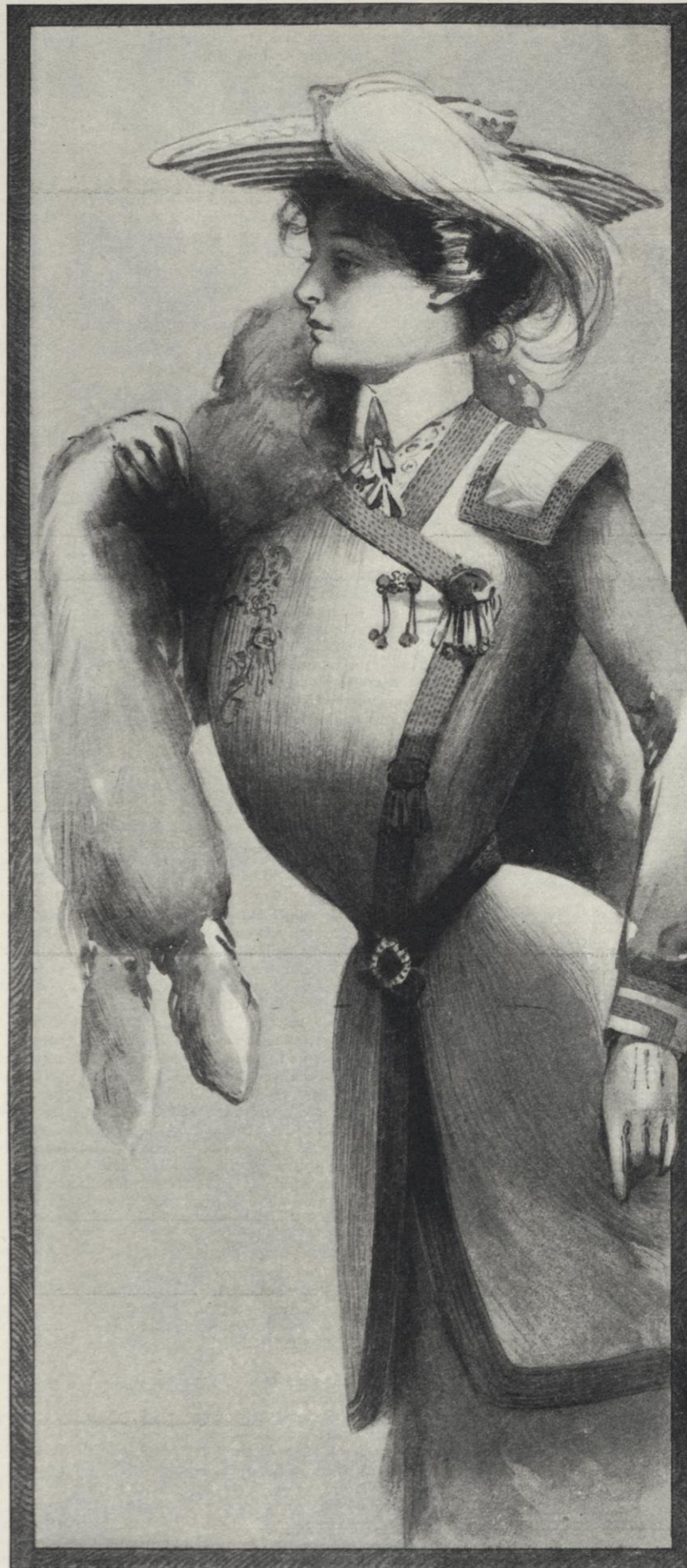
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Mrs. Ralston's Chat

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATHARINE N. RICHARDSON



SKIRTS are, just at present, the most troublesome and difficult part of a woman's costume to make, their cut and style being far more intricate this season than the cut and style of the new bodice. Probably the most pronounced new model for spring will be the "section" skirt, which is cut in three, and in some cases in four, circular "sections," the upper one being more in the form of a yoke made to fit snugly over the hips by several stitched

dart tucks, each of width necessary to give the desired widening, flowing effect which the modern skirt demands, the last section of all being cut in a very decided flare shape. These "section" skirts are set upon a loose drop skirt lining, and are pretty when trimmed at the edge of each section with hemmed tucks or with stitched appliquéd bands or bound with tafeta silk. These trimmings are suited to the heavier woolen grade of materials. In voile, etamine and other soft materials of this kind braid, ribbon and embroidery are used.

THE comfort, to say nothing of the grace, of the kilted skirt has made it practically the one and only model for skirts of walking length. While speaking of the length of skirts let me say that the skirt of walking length has been accepted as the only skirt for general every-day wear. For the woman living in town, and for the woman going out and in to town, nothing else can be worn with any comfort, and except for the gowns for afternoon and church hardly any other length skirt is, or will be, worn. In the plaited walking-length skirts the plaits are stitched very flat and close around the upper part. These skirts are both box-plaited and side-plaited, the plaits often being held to the knee with straps of the material.

STILL other walking-skirts are cut with fitted yokes to which the plaited part is attached. Six box-plaits are used in seven-gore skirts, the lining being made in seven parts and cut in to fit the gores exactly. The lining in most of these skirts is seamed up and inserted separately, being tacked lightly at the gores. The edges of the lining and the material are finished separately, the lining being finished with a narrow kilted or gathered dust ruffle. The two plaits in the back run up very close together, the space between the back plaits being narrower than those at the sides and fronts. In fact in all the box-plaited skirts the plaits widen out toward the lower edge of the skirt.

NO CHANGES in seasons or fashions have power to replace the separate blouse. For the early spring blouse, to wear with the coat and skirt suits, mohair will be much used, preferably in the lighter shades. This is an excellent and durable material, with a sheen in the finish which makes it adaptable for this purpose. Blouses of this material fit in nicely between the plainer flannel blouses and the fancier ones of silk. These mohair blouses are made up mostly with tucks as their principal trimming. Many of them are made in narrow box-plaits all over, the double-stitched edges with narrow plaits being considered sufficient trimming. The sleeves are plaited to match the other part of the blouse, the direction of the plaits depending only on the fancy of the wearer. For those who have long, slender arms the plaits running around the arm instead of lengthwise are becoming, as are the sleeves made with short caps at the top and full balloon-shaped lower parts.

Crêpe de chine is an ideal material for the separate blouse. Only the softest of foundations should be used under crêpe de chine; either a soft-finished tafeta or satin is best suited for this purpose, as neither of them will destroy the effect of the material.

THE age of the wearer apparently has nothing whatever to do with the material to be chosen in the way of separate blouses. The choice lies entirely in the trimming, color and style of making, the softer, paler shades being best for the elderly woman. A pretty color scheme in the way of a blouse for those wearing second mourning, and indeed for any elderly lady, would be one of pale gray chiffon made over a white silk foundation, and trimmed with insertions of a fine black net lace.

The "sun" plait has again been revived in the new lease of life which all plaited clothes have taken on. This is a difficult plait for the inexperienced to manage, but the result when it is successful will pay for the extra trouble that must be taken. On a blouse, for instance, the widest part of the plait should be at the top, narrowing down to the tiniest width toward the waist-line, the skirt being plaited in the same fashion, with the widest part of the plait around the waist.

THE length of the shoulder seams is made more prominent by the form of trimming used in the new blouses. Many deep collars and capes are being used, and in many instances the trimming of the bodice is extended out across the sleeves to give a wide and rather sloping effect. It seems putting the "cart before the horse" to see blouses, and, in fact, entire gowns, made of the thinnest, most transparent materials trimmed with appliquéd bands of silk and even of broadcloth, but the effect is good and gives just the necessary touch of relationship between the skirt and bodice which is so essential.

THE demi-season hats are of tulle and chiffon, these hats depending entirely upon their shape and draping for all their style, the trimmings not amounting even to the proverbial "row of pins." Hats of tafeta silk are nice for the early spring days when the winter ones seem too heavy. These hats of tulle, silk and chiffon are in most cases of the toque shape, with brims of the coronet style covered with many fine folds or quillings or ruchings. The hat of a decided contrasting color continues to be a feature of millinery and is a becoming change, breaking up the one-tone monotony of many suits in the heavier materials, the hat being so totally different in both color and texture.

VERY prudently, and most sensibly, the old-fashioned habit of wearing long cape and nun's veiling veils in deepest mourning has been to a large extent given up, the long veils being confined almost solely at the present time to widows' mourning. The toque of to-day made of crape or of the dull mourning silk, and worn with either a deep face veil or a narrow draped veil reaching to the waist-line, is certainly a vast improvement on the heavy, cumbersome and really unhealthy veils which were formerly worn. The materials for mourning veils are crape and silk nun's veiling, of which formerly the long veils were made. In the case of the face veils they are quite deep, reaching to the shoulders, and are finished with wide hems and arranged upon the hat as the ordinary chiffon veil is.



THE many-gored and the plaited skirts will undoubtedly remain in fashion, as the long straight lines of these skirts are most becoming and give added height to the figure. The combination of the skirt with the gored upper part and the plaited lower part is a successful model in the new skirts, as is also these seven-gored upper part skirt with the circular lower part. In these combined gored and circular skirts there are many possibilities of arrangements which combine trimming and making happily together. These skirts are somewhat difficult to make, and when this is successfully accomplished so much has been gained that further ornamentation is made unnecessary.

In the joining of the upper gored part of the skirt to the lower circular flounce, a pretty method of trimming is the use of flat circular bands, which in effect simulate wide tucks; as the upper part of the skirt overlaps the lower the effect is in the form of a tuck, the other two bands being placed underneath it. This forms a cluster which finishes effectively the joining of the two parts of the skirt.

On skirts where long lines are desired, and rather a princess effect, these flat bands or tucks are made to extend up on each side of the narrow back gore, thus giving a long straight effect in the back of the skirt.

THE coats to be worn with skirts of this description are three-quarter length, made with easy-fitting backs and semi-fitting fronts. The sleeves are plain and coat-shaped. Trimmings there are none, unless bone buttons and stitchings can be called trimmings. Occasionally the extreme severity of this style is varied by a Norfolk jacket, when the plaits and the belt suffice for trimmings. Gowns of this character for the spring will be made in the new flecked and homespun tweeds, and still others will be made with dark blue-and-green plaid materials for the skirts, and plain dark blue cloth for the coats.

For the dressier coats to wear with the longer skirts the Russian blouse Eton will again be worn. These coats are made with seamless backs and wide double shoulder capes. The capes are unlined and the trimming of the capes carries out the trimming on the skirt. Sometimes one wide shoulder cape is used, the second one being of lace or of linen and lace appliqué, something to lighten the trimming of the coat which is often needed to make it becoming to the face. The Russian blouse coats still blouse in the front, all gathers at the waist-line being quite done away with, and the necessary looseness being given by means of short darts. The darts entirely do away with the objectionable bulkiness given by gathers, especially in the case of the heavier-weight materials.

THE wearing of wash cotton blouses throughout all seasons has become so very general that new and suitable materials are constantly appearing for their making. These blouses are worn over slips of India or pongee silk. Embroidery and lace are practically the only trimmings used on the silk and cotton blouses. Among the prettiest materials for these wash blouses are the new mercerized mixtures of cotton and linen and the very dainty little brocaded cottons. All grades and qualities of linens, from the very coarsest bagging linen to the fine handkerchief linen, are used for blouses. Linen is the best material to use where embroidery is to be a feature of the blouse. The moderate-priced linens, ranging in cost from fifty to seventy-five cents a yard, are excellent for the plainer every-day blouses, which gain much individuality when the bands and collars and cuffs are embroidered by hand in a heavy linen thread in the stiffest and most conventional of designs. The fine sheer linens are more suited for the more delicately patterned designs.



Our line of fabrics is larger and better selected than ever before, and while it is particularly replete in Etamines, new Canvas weaves, Mistral and other Spring and Summer materials, we have not neglected the staple fabrics, such as Broadcloths, fine Venetians, Cheviots and Ziblenes. We have also imported a number of fabrics which are confined to us, and which during this Season will be shown by no other house. Our styles and materials are worthy of your attention, if you wish something entirely different from the ready-made garments shown in every shop.

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Little Men and Little Women

A TALK BY ONE MOTHER TO OTHER MOTHERS

By Mrs. Ralston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATHARINE N. RICHARDSON



IT IS a fortunate thing for mothers that the making of children's clothes is a labor of love, as it certainly requires an unusually large amount of both labor and love to accomplish the task in question.

Holland is a material which seems especially adapted for the uses of children, as it is not only stout and strong but attractive withal. Little girls between the ages of six and ten are wearing dresses of Holland made in what we used to call the "Mother Hubbard" style,

though even this style has undergone some slight modifications necessary to conform with the progressive ideas of the day. These little dresses are made upon shallow yokes in the back and front, the skirts being gathered on to the yokes, but not with that superabundance of fullness formerly known. The breadths, in many cases, are slightly gored toward the upper part. This gives a pretty spring, and sufficient fullness to the skirt at the same time.

On these dresses made of Holland the gathering of the goods on to the yokes is made quite a feature, the gathering often being done with thread of a pretty shade of scarlet or blue, and the yokes embroidered in conventional designs, or done in French knots of corresponding shades. Other little dresses of this material have the skirts smocked on to the yokes, and the sleeves at the wrists are gathered into bands which are finished to carry out the same idea.

Belts of the material of the dresses, or of patent leather, are worn to give a long-waisted effect.

WITH the dresses which are not embroidered plain white linen collars are worn. These collars are not the same as the Eton ones worn by the little brothers, but are deeper and are very often cut in a three to five pointed shape. Others are tucked and round, on the cape idea, and open in the back. Others again are in the triple cape fashion, opening both in the front and back, the edges being finished with insertion or a narrow edge of embroidery or lace.

Still another pretty idea for children's clothes in connection with this question of embroidery is the trimming of the plain linen or chambray dresses with wide insertions of Hamburg embroidery, or any of the finer nainsook insertions, the embroidery being done upon the insertion. To get this effect it is necessary to choose a decided and rather bold pattern in the insertion, and then to do it over either in an outline or in a solid over-and-over stitch, not, of course, the entire pattern, but just sufficient to make the embroidery effective.

THERE are new ideas which immediately present themselves to the mother's mind from this idea which may be utilized for coats as well as dresses. For instance, a coat of serge or tweed would be exceedingly pretty if trimmed with heavily embroidered bands of insertion on the collar and cuffs. It would give a little touch of novelty and yet be of practical utility.

It is just these simple little inexpensive things which make children appear really stylish. Nothing that is not eminently practical and serviceable ever looks well on a child.

SPEAKING of children's coats reminds me to tell you of the lovely new coats of all-over embroidered muslin which will be worn over silk slips by the very little ones this spring and summer. These little coats are made with circular skirts and also in the double-breasted box-coat fashion. The latter style is not as pretty as the former for these softer flaring coats. The silk slips to be worn beneath them are usually made of India or pongee. The coats themselves require little or no trimming, as there is quite sufficient decoration in the material from which they are made. With these coats, hats and bonnet-caps to match are worn.

THE fleece-lined Jersey jackets for the little children from two to five years old are wonderfully snug and warm for cold days, and also come in well to wear under the lighter spring coats. These little jackets may be bought ready made or be made at home. They are simple short little affairs bound at the edges with silk ribbon and come just below the waist-line. They are made sometimes with and sometimes without sleeves, and either tie or button down the front.

As most mothers prefer to do sewing for their children at home perhaps a few hints as to the finishing of tailored garments for their children may help them, as, for instance, in the strapping the seams of cloth coats for spring wear. As these coats have no interlining it is wisest when strapping the seams to tack a narrow strip of coarse linen down each seam—this, of course, being done on the inside of the coat or skirt. This strip of linen keeps the seam straight and prevents the puckered look which is so noticeable on many home-made tailored garments; it also makes the machine stitching show to better advantage.

IN THE case of a "lapped" seam the turned edges should be on the right side of the garment, and one of the edges should be left slightly wider than the other. After stitching the seam together the widest turning should be turned in and tacked down to the garment so that it will cover the narrower edge; the stitching should extend as near the edge as possible, the wider turning of the seam being finished before the stitching is done, as in a run or felled seam. The wider edge should always be placed on the upper side in the machine in order that the right side of the stitch may be on the outside of the seam.



LEGGINGS seem an indispensable part of a little child's outdoor costume. They are nowadays made to look so well that it repays one for the laborious trouble of putting them on and taking them off each time the child takes his outing. Leggings for the younger children are, of course, the knitted ones, which come in a variety of colors. For the older children, who are beyond the age of the carriage, leggings are of Jersey cloth and also of leather, the leather being especially and, in fact, entirely used for boys.

When the leggings are made of cloth or velvet they should match the shade of the coat with which they are worn.

BABIES, during the first three months of their lives, wear the little knitted socks or booties, which come in several heights from the low sock to the high bootie with tops, quite in the fashion of little boots. As soon, however, as the long dresses are taken off these booties are replaced with moccasins or shoes and long stockings of white. The moccasins are soft, comfortable little affairs, usually in the pale pink or blue or tan shades. When, however, moccasins are not worn, often for the reason that it is found difficult to keep them on the baby's feet, little half-shoes or slippers are worn, or the high booties in pale pink, blue or tan, these paler shades being preferred when the baby is dressed up. But black is used for every-day wear.

White stockings or socks are worn by small children, unless those matching the shade of the leather of the shoes or slippers are preferred.

THE styles for the little men's clothes continue to be rather monotonously conventional, and the fewer liberties taken in the matter of their dresses and suits the better. When a change is made it should always be a slight one. A new style suit for boys between the ages of three and five is the box-plaited one, the style of which originated from the Norfolk jacket suit, which has been adapted in a skirt suit suitable for the little men of younger years. These suits are made with three wide box-plaits in both the front and back, the plaits being attached to a square yoke, which extends across the front and back and is three inches in depth over the shoulders. The plaits are stitched on both edges and fastened tightly at the waist-line, where they spring out loosely. The sleeves are full bishop ones finished with band cuffs. A belt of patent leather or one matching the material of the suit is worn with it, and the bloomer trousers allowed to show about two inches below the tunic. With these little suits linen Eton collars in exactly the same style as those used by the older boys, and soft silk ties are worn, and sometimes linen turn-over cuffs. This style of suit may be reproduced in materials ranging from broadcloth to the finer grades of nainsook and muslin, but is really more appropriate for goods of heavier grade, such as madras, chevot and butcher's linen.



RATHER a pretty way of departing a little from the conventional Russian blouse suit so much worn by the little men between the ages of three and six is a suit made of a light-colored broadcloth, the trousers being of the full bloomer style, and the Russian tunic reaching to within two to three inches of the trousers' edge. The tunic is cut with the box back and fastens in the regulation way down the left side, where there is no band trimming as in the other suits, but simply a finishing border of stitching. The sleeves are full bishop ones finished with narrow stitched bands and cuffs of the broadcloth. The buttons are invisible and the buttonholes on a "fly" fastening. The collar is the new point in these suits. It is of linen and an enlarged Eton in shape, and edged with a narrow ruffle of hemstitched linen of a finer, sheer quality. The ruffle is goffered. Collars of the plain Eton shape, in the larger sizes, are also worn.

This same idea may be copied in the wash materials for summer, in which case the collars would be pretty in a color in the case of a white suit, and white in the case of a colored one. Patent-leather belts are worn with these suits.

When used for best, socks and patent-leather pumps are worn with these suits.

FOR girls from ten years upward the loose double-breasted sacque paletot coat and the Norfolk jacket are practically the two styles worn, as the length and lines of these coats are even more becoming to girls of this age than the short Eton jackets. Such a coat may be used separately, or as a coat to a skirt suit. The coat requires two yards of double-width material. If the goods are sufficiently heavy, the paletot coat is nicer for spring and summer wear if made up without lining. Finish the inside by binding the seams, using strips of silk for the facing of the fronts and for the facings of the sleeves.

The backs of girls' coats are this season cut in several fashions. Some are quite straight and loose in the box-coat style, and others are semi-fitting in style, the choice depending entirely upon the size of the girl. Many of the coats have openings at the side seams like the longer coats, the stitching around the lower edge being carried all around and up the seams at the openings, this being the only finish required. The sleeves of some of the coats are plain coat-shaped ones, others are bell-shaped and finished with wide, rolling turn-over cuffs.

The Mourning Bodice

Original Designs by Mrs. Ralston

Drawings by Thomas Mitchell Peirce



EMBROIDERED WITH RIBBON
BODICE of black mourning silk laid in clusters of small side-plaits. The embroidering is done with narrow white ribbon appliqué, outlining the yoke and the upper and lower parts of the sleeves, which are made full and bishop shape.

AN ELABORATE BODICE
MADE of black mourning silk and trimmed with appliquéd bands of white broadcloth, cut out in an openwork design. The edges of the design are worked all around in a buttonhole stitch.

FOR STREET WEAR
BODICE for deep mourning made of henrietta cloth with double round collar capes of black crape. These collars are cut circular in shape and seamed in the centre of the front. The sleeves are full and bishop shape.



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On Dressing the Hair

By Annie Kellet, and Arnold

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. M. GILBERT



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POMPADOUR WITH UNDULATIONS



COIFFURE FOR ELDERLY LADY



PARTED, WITH A LOW COIL



BRAIDED, WITH BOWS OF RIBBON



THE LATEST STYLE OF COIL



THE "ENGLISH BUN"

THE tendency to wear the hair low is quite marked. And as is not always the case in all things pertaining to women, there is a good reason for this, as the low coiffure is in harmony with the hats and gowns which are worn this season. There is a downward droop to the new hats both in the shape and the style of trimming which makes the style of dressing the hair low the one best adapted to use with them. The coils of the hair are arranged to appear large and loose; the effect, therefore, is much softer than it was last year. The illustrations on this page are the newest and most approved styles in hair-dressing.

Sometimes it is necessary to slightly roughen the inside of a Pompadour to give it sufficient fullness. This, when done carefully, is not at all injurious to the hair and saves the wearing of a pad or roll.

This style of dressing the hair is very becoming to tall women with long, thin necks, and a particularly attractive one when low-necked evening dresses are worn.

For the Pompadour with undulations, divide the hair from ear to ear and put the Pompadour up, allowing it to droop slightly over the forehead on one side.

To make a Pompadour, divide the hair in the centre of the head back of each ear; divide the front hair into three parts, front and sides; then put it up in three separate parts, the front first and then the sides. To make the Pompadour firm, either use a roll, or a crepee, or rough the hair underneath.

The very large Pompadour is going out of style, or rather it is still worn large at the sides, but not so large over the face.

For the three-quarter arrangement of the hair the Pompadour should have more breadth than height, and the hair be arranged to form a double bowknot in the back.

A VERY becoming way for an elderly woman to wear her hair is to part it in the centre, after waving the front portion. Carry it back over the ears, and then divide and plait it in two braids. Make a chain knot of the braids and arrange them so as to give a good shape to the head.

The correct way for a young girl to dress her hair, when she is wearing a short walking-skirt, is to have it arranged in a braid with ribbon bows. This arrangement, though quite simple, is one in which many errors are made. The hair when arranged in this way should lie closely to the head and not show a division between the Pompadour and the back hair. In order to get this style the Pompadour should be parted from the crown of the head an inch back of the ears, giving a slanting appearance to the side of the head. The Pompadour is then carried to the top of the head and fastened with three combs; then it is braided until it reaches the under hair, where the two parts are braided together. The plait when finished, instead of being turned over as is generally done, is slipped through from underneath and carried to the top, where a ribbon bow is tied. A second bow is tied at the nape of the neck.

A pretty way for a young girl débutante to wear her hair is to divide it across the head, make the front half into a Pompadour and put combs in it to hold it up. The hair should then all be taken together and arranged low to form a figure eight, which should be allowed to fall down low, entirely covering the nape of the neck.

FOR the style known as the "English Bun," the hair is made into a Pompadour, divided behind the ears and taken up in three sections. In this a large roll is worn around the head to meet in the back. The other hair is then twisted to form a figure eight at the base of the head. The centre of the twist is then pulled out quite loosely, making the coil stand out from the head. The roll makes the hair stand out. The hair when arranged in this way must be worn full back of the ears and show underneath the "bun," which should not come down to the neck.

To arrange the hair high on the head, divide it in two parts from the crown of the head, and make the Pompadour in front by taking the hair up in three separate divisions, the middle first and then the sides; this gives the Pompadour a good shape. Then bring the back hair up slightly above the crown of the head; make a knot with the back hair forming the puff, and put the ends of the Pompadour around the puff. The hair should not be all taken up at once when it is dressed in this way.

To keep the hair in good condition the scalp should be manipulated at least once a week in a rotary motion—never up and down. It should also be brushed every night thoroughly, and shampooed once a month; if the hair is very oily it needs shampooing once every two weeks. Light hair, to be kept light, should be rinsed three or four times after being shampooed.

Hair that is well brushed and undulated once a week should remain in its undulations from one week to another.



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THREE-QUARTER STYLE



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PRACTICAL HIGH HAIR DRESSING

The Between-Seasons Gown

Designed and Drawn
Especially for The Journal

By
Katherine Vaughan Holden



A SIMPLE AFTERNOON GOWN

THIS simple model may be reproduced in voile, etamine or mohair, with trimmings of bias bands of taffeta, and yoke and sleeves of coarse lace. Seven yards of forty-four-inch goods will cut the gown.

DRESSY HOUSE GOWN

THIS model may be reproduced in gray voile or crêpe de chine, and trimmed with cream lace, French knots, and tiny silk buttons to simulate large knots. Fifteen yards of material twenty inches wide will be required.

FOR INDOOR WEAR

THIS model for a house gown is adapted to many materials, though the soft, thinner goods are preferable. If one of the gray shades in a soft goods is used colored embroidered bands might be used for the trimming. Eight yards of wide material will suffice.

OF CLOTH, SILK AND LACE

A SOFT mode cloth would be good for the development of the model shown above. The blouse may be of lace or soft silk. Eight yards of wide cloth will be needed, and three yards and a half of lace or silk.

A VISITING COSTUME

THIS calling costume with its long coat would be becoming to a tall, slender woman. The model is very simple, the effect being gained entirely by its cut. Eight yards of extra wide material will be required.

SMART STREET GOWN

A LIGHT-WEIGHT smooth cloth should be selected for this model, with coarse scrim lace dyed to match the cloth for the trimming. Six yards of very wide cloth and four yards and a half of eight-inch lace will be required.

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Fitting and Finishing a Gown

By Emma M. Hooper

IT WOULD be difficult to say which is the more important part of dressmaking—the fitting or the finishing—in these days when exactitude and nicety in all the small details relating to dressmaking are so universal. Certain it is that care both in the fitting and finishing is absolutely necessary to produce a satisfactory gown.

Remember always that perfectly fitting gowns do not come from imperfect measurements. Have some one to measure you even if you use a paper pattern, and also if you draft a pattern from some one of the dressmaking systems. After the measurements have been taken apply them to the pattern, make the necessary alterations and then cut your gown out of thin unbleached muslin; baste all the seams, fit it to your form, alter where necessary, and then rip it up and keep it for a pattern foundation. By doing this you will save yourself from either making a misfit or spoiling your goods.

Select a Correct Tape-Measure, using a tailor's measurements, as they are more correct; measure the collar both at the top and bottom on the inside; across the front from one armsize to the other just above the fullest part of the bust; entirely around the figure over the fullest part and close up under the arms—take this measure snug; around the waist-line measure tightly; the hips take loosely five inches below the waist-line; across the back from one armsize to the other; from the centre of the back of the collar down to the waist-line for the back length; measure the shoulder seam from the lower edge of the collar to the end of the shoulder; from centre of neck in front straight down to waist-line; let the arm hang loosely for the under-arm measure, which is taken from close up to the arm to the waist-line; measure sleeves down the inside and the outside of the arm from close to the armsize to the wrist, and mark the elbow; measure the wrist, elbow and muscular part of the arm; measure the skirt in the front and back from the lower edge of the belt to the floor, around the hips and waist-line, and down each hip, as they often differ in size.

Apply These Measurements to the paper pattern and see how they agree; patterns are cut for the average, not the individual, figure. Place the lining on a smooth table, pin the paper pattern to it, allowing an inch for seams at the under-arm and shoulder seams and three-quarters of an inch elsewhere; see that each piece is laid exactly even over the lining with the grain or woof of the material. Never twist a piece of the pattern around "in order to get it out" or a crooked seam will be the result. The warp threads should run straight from the armsize to the elbow on top of the sleeves. Lay the front edge of the fronts to the selvage of the lining; mark the waist-line and a line two inches above. Between these the lining must be pulled to the outside material so as to prevent any strain.

Some Dressmakers Baste and Fit a lining and then rip it and cut the outside by it, which is not necessary if careful cutting and correct measuring have been done. Place the material right side down on the table; lay the pieces of lining over it with the two warps even and baste through the waist-line first, using a medium thread and a long needle; then move the lining down from the top about half an inch and run a line across two inches above the waist-line.

Linings of Poor Quality Pull Askew and cannot be made to fit well. If the dress-goods is easily raveled overcast the edges as soon as the pieces are cut. Careful basting results in straight seams; never pin seams for sewing. Baste the seams from the waist-line up, and from the waist-line down. In basting a skirt commence at the top. Hold the gored edge toward you when basting.

Cloth, Velvet and Velveteen must be cut with all the pieces running one way or they will shade differently. Baste the lining and outside together an inch from the traced line. In basting the shoulder seams stretch the front a trifle.

The Pieces of the Sleeve should be laid flatly together, the elbow pinned to fit and then the inside seam be basted from the top down; then the elbow fullness gathered to fit between the notches on the outside seam, and that basted up and down from the gathering. In fitting the sleeve either one seam or both may be altered; keep the inside seam under the arm, or if it comes up at the hand cut the under narrower from the elbow to the wrist; setting the sleeve lower at the top is sometimes necessary.

Commence at the Waist-Line of a gown to pin, hook or button it, and smooth it up, not down. Fit a waist while the person is sitting as well as standing; pin the fronts on by putting the selvages together and putting the pins back; the pin holes will answer as a guide for the front edge. Baste the darts, but do not cut them out until after the first fitting; the top of the darts should come just below the fullness of the bust. Unless very slender the front edges will curve out over the bust, in at the waist-line and out over the abdomen. When stitched, the darts, the turning back of the front facing, the shoulders and side seams should be notched at the waist, and the sleeve seams at the elbow.

It is Always a Good Plan to fit a waist first with the seams on the right side, and when the alterations are made to put it on again with seams on the inner side. The side and shoulder seams should

be turned toward the front and the darts to the back and the back seams opened. Make the principal alterations in the side and shoulder seams and before pinning them up pin the two pieces together at the centre of the seam. If the waist is pulled up too much on the shoulder the garment will be short-waisted and the right curve lost. The armsize at the back should be straight from the edge of the shoulder seam to the side seam in front and underneath the arm; the armsize should be cut out on the wearer according to the figure, having the curve close, yet easy. Never allow the armsize to bind.

If the Back Wrinkles just below the collar the centre back needs cutting out there. If the wrinkles are across the back and lower down the back is too long or the shoulder seams too tight. Wrinkles under the arm prove that the side form was not held sufficiently full; wrinkles all around the neck may be removed by using a larger-sized collar. Make a waist as long as it is easy and becoming to wear; keep the darts near together at the waist-line, as this gives the greatly desired tapering appearance. Cut the armises and neck out correctly after the rest of the fitting has been done.

If Thin Around the Neck lay a piece of thin sheet wadding between the lining and the outside, tacking it to the lining. If a waist "breaks" in front of the arm it can be remedied by sewing to the lining from the shoulder to the under-arm seam a piece of fine haircloth, rounding it to fit the curve and narrowing it to the lower seam; above, it should nearly reach the collar. When of a very full form take up a tiny diagonal dart from the armsize toward the top of the second dart, having it almost straight across the lining.

If a Waist Has Been Carefully Basted it will be easy to stitch the seams straight. The stitching, except on a wash gown, should be done with silk and an easy tension on the machine. The stitching should be done just outside the bastings to allow for the boning. Finish the edges of seams with overcasting, or seam-binding, or turn them in and run them together. Use a small iron for pressing seams, and open all seams except those mentioned before. Velvet or cloth seams are finished by standing an iron with the small end up and running the seam over it quickly, using a bit of thin crinoline between the goods and the iron.

If a Belt is Worn inside of the waist have it feather-stitched to the back and side seams straight across and a third of an inch above the waist-line for the bottom edge. This is eased between the seams and fastens in front with two hooks and eyes. A waist is not faced around the lower edge now, for the outside belt does away with that finish; the belt of material is interlined with canvas, lined if thin, and stitched several times. Two large hooks and eyes on waist and skirt belt keep the back of the waist down and the skirt and waist together.

The Sleeves Should be Pinned in place on the wearer before they are stitched in. Sleeve seams are overcast. Sew dress shields in toward the front, not straight down, and put the needle only through the binding; tack the under part twice to the lining of the waist. Sew the hooks and eyes three-fourths of an inch apart on the front of a tight-fitting waist and back from the edge so as to prevent any gaping; run a whalebone up each front edge to the top of the darts to keep the edges of the waist firm. Cover all but the extreme edges of the hooks and eyes with a strip of seam binding hemmed down.

The Boning of a Waist is very important; it may be done with whalebone in a binding, covered stays, or feather-bone, which may be stitched to the centre of each seam on the machine. All the bones in a waist should end a third of an inch above the lower edge to allow for turning or binding the edge. At the top the bones should not reach the end of the casings. An inch of the binding if used is folded down at the top and run on down the seam a little full; this allows the bones to give or spring when put in tight. Bones should be fastened three times in their length and placed so as to extend to within two inches of the armsize, to the top of the darts, to five inches above the waist-line for the curved seams and six for the centre back. Covered bones are herring-boned to the centre of the waist seams with twist, the bones being cut at the top and bottom to allow the covering to fold over.

Skirt Seams Should be Opened and pressed, the raw edges of the lining and the outside material put together and tacked if a separate drop skirt is to be used. The edges are overcast in an unlined woolen skirt, the seams pressed open, and the silk lining bound with bias strips. The lower part is hemmed invisibly, turned up, pressed and bound as the material demands. The velveteen binding is run on after the hem is turned and then hemmed down, or the new binding that requires one sewing is used, but in either case the binding should project an eighth of an inch below the edge.

A Heavy Narrow Ribbon Belt is a handsome finish for a skirt after the top has been bound. The placket opening should be cut two inches toward the right of the centre back, and the back fullness arranged in the prevailing fashion. The back edges should lap well and have the regular fastenings for keeping them securely closed. When the skirt is complete sew two short loops for hangers on the inside of the belt, one on each side just in front of the side back seam.



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THE LAY & WAY CO., 54 Bleecker Street, N. Y.

Lessons in Buttonhole Making and Fancy Stitching

ACTION OF STITCH

By M. Louise Walter

THE SECOND OF TWO NEEDLEWORK ARTICLES

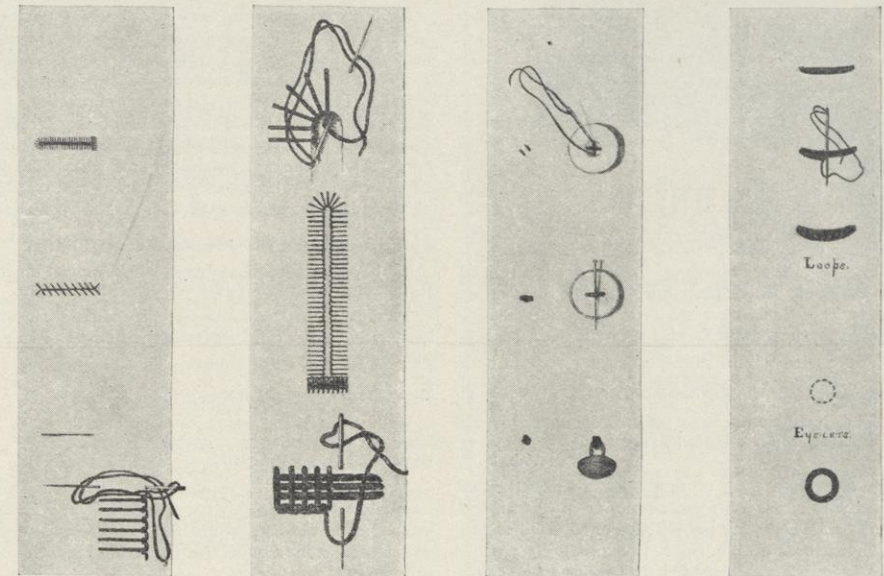
A BUTTONHOLE stitch is a loop stitch worked over or on an edge of material to insure strength where the strain comes.

A buttonhole is always made on double material. To make the stitch draw a threaded needle through from the under side of a folded piece of material, an eighth of an inch from the

folded edge. Put the needle in the same place again, half-way through, in a horizontal position; take thread from the eye of the needle, put it under the point and draw through toward the right, pulling the thread up firmly as the loop forms on the edge. The stitches should only be a thread apart and an eighth of an inch deep.



SLIT CUT



MAKING BUTTONHOLES

To make the barred end, hold distended buttonhole toward the left, work across the width, directing the purl toward the right; fasten on wrong

BUTTONHOLE ENLARGED

side. It is well to take a thread long enough to finish a buttonhole without joining—a loop is sometimes preferred instead of the barred end.

SEWING ON BUTTONS

A four-holed button is sewed on diagonally. A two-holed button is sewed on from hole to hole. A button with shank is sewed down firmly.

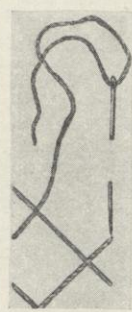
LOOPS AND EYELETS

A loop is a group of stitches made of several threads, and buttonholed. An eyelet is a pierced hole which is either buttonholed or overhanded.



FOR BLANKET

Sometimes called flat buttonhole stitch. Used instead of overcasting to finish raw edges of blankets or woolen articles.



CROSS STITCH

Used to finish flannel seams, or for marking. One stitch crosses another in a slanting direction. Quite a useful stitch.



OUTLINE

Used for decoration. This stitch is worked on a line, from the right than the wrong side.



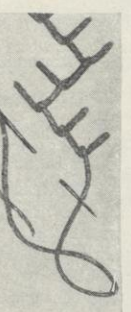
CHAIN STITCH

A loop stitch, chainlike in appearance. Used in place of outlining. The needle is always inserted in the loop.



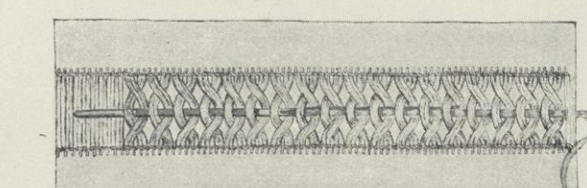
CORAL STITCH

A pretty stitch taken alternately with the needle held in a straight position. This is a form of feather-stitching.



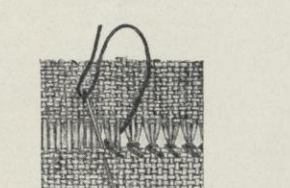
FEATHER STITCH

The stitches are taken in a slanting direction, giving a vinelike effect. Feather-stitching is used for ornamentation.



DRAW-WORK

A process of drawing threads through which a needle is passed over and under a number of threads, to form a design.



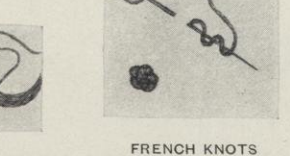
HEMSTITCHING

A decorative stitch used instead of hemming. Any number of threads can be drawn and hem basted. Hemstitching can be done from right to left.



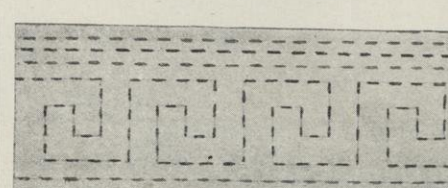
SCALLOPING

Applied to embroidery. Used to decorate borders. A double row of semicircles filled in and blanket-stitched to form an edge.



FRENCH KNOTS

An embroidery stitch used for decoration. It consists of several threads wound around the needle, which is inserted close to where it was brought through.



BORDER DESIGN IN RUNNING STITCH

Parallel lines of running stitches are used on both edges, the Greek border in the centre. A color scheme could be worked out in a rainbow pattern, enhancing the design, with cotton, silk or worsted. This form of decoration is quite effective.



CONVENTIONALIZED MORNING-GLORY DESIGN

A bit of decorative art, suitable for doily or centrepiece, outlined in silk. Color should always be carefully considered in all forms of decoration. An accurate knowledge of color is important for artistic purposes. Colors that harmonize will always be improved by their association. This design might also be used for blouses and dresses, book or magazine covers, or for a sofa-pillow.

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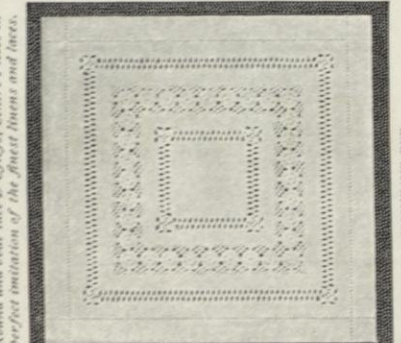
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Mrs. Ralston's Answers

Questions of general interest about dress will be answered every month. Correspondents should use their full names and addresses. Mrs. Ralston will reply to inquiries by mail if stamps are inclosed.

IN THIS midwinter month, when the weather is apt to be changeable, every woman should possess a coat that may be worn in stormy weather. Once upon a time these storm coats were not at all becoming, but nowadays this accusation cannot be brought against them. Indeed the storm coat of to-day is often a most becoming garment, and may be utilized for traveling purposes as well as for rainy days. A tweed in the herring-bone pattern is a good material to use for this purpose, as it withstands both dust and rain.* The backs of these coats are usually on the Russian style—full and belted at the waist-line; the fronts are semi-fitting and double-breasted, fastening closely, with a standing collar band. Some of these coats are made with hoods, others with narrow shoulder capes. The sleeves are wide and flowing. Such coats are made long enough to cover the entire gown.

Linen Blouses for a Warm Climate

How shall I make some linen blouses to wear in the South, that will also be suitable to wear next summer?

Make them with a series of clusters of tiny stitched tucks, the tucks in the clusters facing away from each other, and separated by bands of hem-stitched or openwork strips of linen. Make the sleeves with close-fitting upper parts, or caps, tucked in clusters, to match the blouse, and the full sleeves set on at the edges of the caps and gathered into deep cuffs, tucked or trimmed with the bands, carrying out the idea of the bodice.

Dressing-Sacque for an Invalid

What is a nice material for a dressing-sacque for an invalid, and how should it be made?

A dressing-sacque of fine French flannel combined with bands of plain flannel or cashmere, the plain bands being feather-stitched or embroidered in a conventional design, would be exceedingly pretty. The jacket should be made with under-arm and side back seams, and the fullness of the back breadths be plaited into a cluster of fine plaits at the waist-line. The upper part of the front breadths may be plaited in the same way. This will give comfortable fullness across the bust-line. The sleeves should be of the wide pagoda pattern. Finish the immediate front of the sacque with one wide double box-plait and the neck with a wide rolling collar. Wear with it a girdle of ribbon tied loosely in front. If you wish something lighter in weight than French flannel, use challie or albatross.

An All-Around Coat for Mourning

What would be a nice, all-around coat that could be used during the spring by a middle-aged woman who is in mourning?

I should advise a coat of Venetian or broadcloth made with a tight-fitting back and double-breasted semi-fitting fronts. Have the seams made in the slot fashion with the front seams extending over the shoulder to the edge of the garment. The best sleeve for such a coat is the two-seam close-fitting one finished with a rolling turn-over cuff. Finish the cuffs, turn-over collar and small revers with stitched bands of moiré, or face them with silk.

An Outdoor Suit for Calling

Will you advise me as to a suit for calling, and outdoor wear generally?

A dark brown or a gray tweed would be the nicest material to choose for such a suit. Have it made with a skirt of walking length and a three-quarter-length Norfolk jacket. The skirt would be pretty if made in wide shallow side-plaits stitched to the knees, and finished around the lower edge with many rows of stitching. Have the jacket semi-fitting, with side back, side front, and under-arm seams. A belt extending beneath the plaits and fastening in front should be worn with the jacket, and the sleeves be finished with turn-over cuffs.

Coat for a Girl of Fourteen

For a girl of fourteen, what style of coat and material would you advise?

A three-quarter-length coat of speckled tweed, made with a box back and double-breasted fronts.

Pretty Gown for a Young Widow

For a young widow what would be a pretty and suitable house gown?

An entire gown of black chiffon would be lovely for a young widow. The skirt would be pretty if made with a finely shirred yoke and trimmed around the lower edge with two wide Spanish founces, closely shirred at the top. Make the bodice with a deep round yoke in front formed entirely of shirring, and have the tops of the sleeves shirred in cap fashion, the lower part very full and bishop shape, finished with shirred gauntlet cuffs. With it wear a girdle of dull silk, and narrow collar and cuffs of fine white footing.

A Good Style Walking-Skirt

Will you tell me how to make a walking-skirt that will be good style throughout the summer?

For material use the white-flecked tweed or the loosely woven homespun. Have the skirt cut in a circular fashion with the upper part quite shallow, somewhat suggesting a deep yoke, and the circular ruffle attached to this. The top of the ruffle should not measure more than one yard and a half; its width around the lower edge should be four yards and a half. Of course if your material is heavy this width could be lessened. This style of skirt is usually seamed at the centre of the front and back, but

this seam may be omitted if desired, and the skirt cut with a seam on either side of the front and a sloping seam in the back, and the upper part cut in one piece with small pieces joined on toward the back. If these seams are well pressed they will not be conspicuous as they will be hidden in the folds of the back of the skirt. The fastening must be perfectly flat and plain, extending over one side of the placket, and the edge be stitched down. The left side is often faced and left quite flat; the back is then lapped and made to fasten with closed hooks and eyelets.

Russian Blouse Coats

Should a Russian blouse coat be made single or double breasted?

Such coats are prettiest when made double-breasted, with the smallest of openings left at the neck, and the sleeves cut on the balloon type, having closely fitted tops and swelling out full above the wrists. The cuffs and the collar are pretty when finished with velvet. With a coat of this kind a large collar of lace, or of linen, lace trimmed, is very effective when the coat is used for dressy occasions in the afternoon. Without such a collar the coat is sufficiently plain for street wear with a skirt to match.

Length of Skirt for Fifteen-Year-Old Girl

Will you please tell me what length a girl of fifteen should wear her dresses?

The length depends upon the size of the girl, but as a rule girls of fifteen wear their skirts to come just above their shootops.

Best Dress for a Little Girl

Will you tell me how to make a best dress for a little girl of ten, to wear to church and at home—something in a serviceable color?

A plaid bodice with a plain skirt trimmed with the plaid would be pretty for a child of ten. Make the bodice in the handkerchief blouse style to wear with a guimpe, and undersleeves of white piqué or of nainsook; if the bodice is made over a lining the finer material would be prettier. Trim the skirt with one wide band of plaid and two narrower ones above and below it. To wear with this dress her hair ribbons should be of the brightest predominant shade in the plaid.

Evening Gown for a College Girl

For an informal evening gown for a girl of eighteen, that could be worn to the theatre and to college entertainments, what would you advise?

A gown of white point d'esprit trimmed with narrow ruchings or quillings of pale blue, worn with a girde or sash of pale blue taffeta and chiffon, would, I think, be becoming to you. The gown could be made up over either a white or pale blue slip.

Costume for a Fancy-Dress Party

Will you suggest a suitable costume for a little girl to wear to a fancy-dress party, and how it should be made?

The character of "Bopeep" is a pretty one for a small girl to take. The dress is in the shepherdess style, made with a petticoat of a pale shade of silk or satin quilted, with a bodice and panniers of a pale striped or flowered brocaded silk. If you desire something cheaper satine or cretonne does nicely. "Bopeep's" hat has a tall narrow crown with a straight brim, and is trimmed with bands of black velvet ribbon. The costume is completed with cream lace mittens, white stockings, and black shoes with large buckles; in many instances shoes with red heels are worn. A white crook tied with a bunch of flowers and ribbon should be carried. The hair is worn high and powdered, and bands of ribbon are worn around the neck and wrists.

Traveling Suit for a Bride

Will you suggest a traveling suit for a spring bride, also tell me what material to use and how to have the suit made?

A suit of mohair in a dark navy blue made with a skirt of walking length, and either a Norfolk jacket or a blouse Eton, would be pretty, although probably a three-quarter, semi-fitting Norfolk, if the gown is to be strictly for traveling, would be the best. Make the skirt with a plain front gore and a narrow fitted yoke around the hips. From the yoke down have the skirt laid in flat side-plaits, stitching the plaits along the outer edge and fastening them to the knee-line in front and a little shorter in the back. The yoke should be slightly deeper in the front than in the back of the skirt.

A Bride's Traveling Gown for Spring

What color, material and style would you suggest for a bride's traveling gown in the early spring?

A gown of a dark blue and green plaid made with a kilted walking-skirt and a flatly stitched bodice trimmed with appliquéd bands of a plain blue silk. With it wear a short covert coat in a dark tan, and a dark blue toque trimmed with green wings. This will make you a very pretty and stylish costume for traveling.

To Wear to Her Son's Wedding

Will you tell a mother what to wear to her son's wedding, when she desires to look her very best?

Black and white is the best combination. A black silk skirt trimmed with jet or embroidered with jet, worn with a soft white satin bodice embroidered in jet to match the skirt, or covered with jet lace, would make you a very pretty gown. With it wear a tulle and jet toque, or a bonnet of tulle and jet.

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Eighth Prize Recipe.

Steamed Pillsbury's Vitos Pudding:—Scald two cups of milk and stir constantly, while gradually adding one cup Pillsbury's Vitos. As soon as mixture thickens remove from fire, and add one-half cup molasses, two eggs well beaten, two tablespoons melted butter, one teaspoon each of soda and salt, and one cup seeded raisins. Turn into a buttered mold and steam three hours. Serve with lemon sauce, made thus: Mix one-fourth cup butter, one cup sugar, the yolks of two eggs, the grated rind of one, and the juice of two, lemons. Cook in top of double boiler until mixture thickens, stirring occasionally. Dates may be used in place of raisins. This furnishes an inexpensive, delicious dessert for eight.

Above recipe gained Eighth Prize in a contest participated in by more than a thousand amateurs, \$680.00 being divided among the twelve prize winners.

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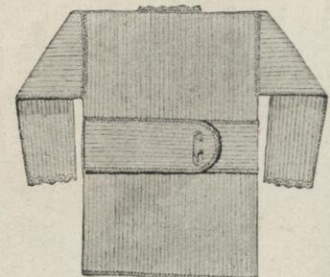
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BACK VIEW.

A Word to Mothers

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