

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

No. 406.

APRIL, 1897.

Vol. 33, No. 6.

NEW YORK'S NEWEST ART-SCHOOL.

THE idea has prevailed among young art-students that the best training in painting and sculpture cannot be obtained elsewhere than in Europe. Everyone concedes, of course, that there are good art-schools in America, but the one great aspiration of all young students is to go abroad,—to Paris, especially, where the

A notable happening, however, which is changing all this, is the opening this season in New York, by the eminent artist Wm. M. Chase, of a school following exactly the methods of the famous Académie Julien. Mr. Chase, both as an instructor and a painter, has been for fifteen years one of the most forceful exponents of that progress



WOMEN'S LIFE-CLASS.

fabled atmosphere of the Latin Quarter is attractive to men students, and where the various *ateliers* open enchanting opportunities for young women. Naturally, one question arises: Why is this? Simply, heretofore, there have been no schools in America like those famous in Paris, and the art atmosphere, so to speak, was wanting.

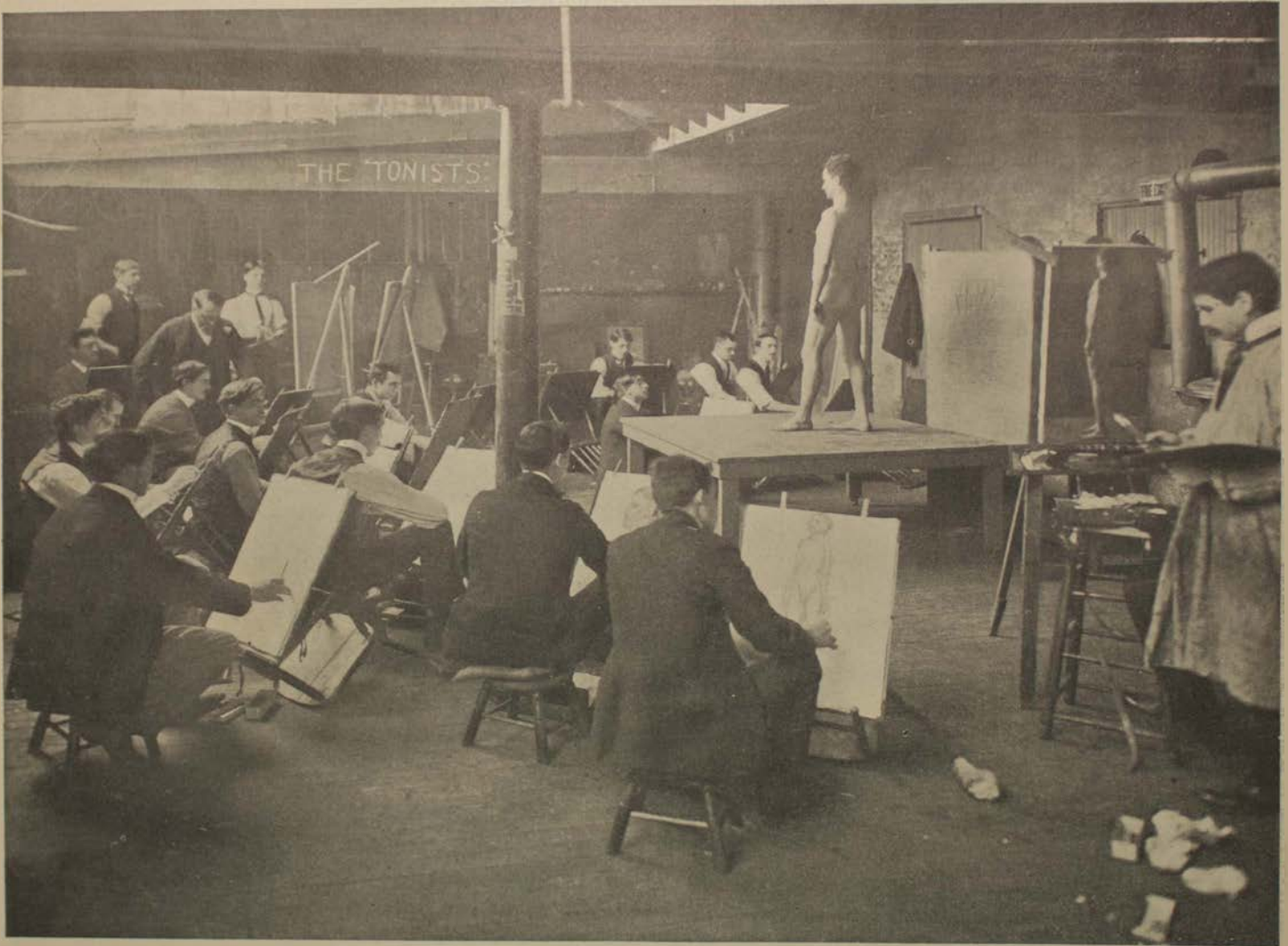
which has raised art in this country from an embryonic state of uncertainty, claiming no school, in which everyone struggled blindly for self-expression of the art within him, to its present robust and honorable position; and the success of the new school proves that it was established at the right time, when conditions were ripe for the fullest

understanding and eager acceptance of its advantages. A school without the narrow restrictions found in most art leagues was the crying need; and although the enterprise is still young, it gives better promise than anything else of its kind ever started.

The inducements which Mr. Chase has to offer to every young student who comes his way are most encouraging. In the first place, applicants do not have to submit drawings to be criticized before entering the school; in the second, there are no advanced or retarded classes, as all study on the same basis and each has an equal chance to compete with the others. The beginners are never a drawback to more experienced students, and observation of better work is a stimulus to them. This, alone, is one of the greatest attractions of the school. When joining it, one must first know what branch of art

their big checked-gingham or linen aprons,* they are perched on high stools behind big easels, busily working on large squares of white paper. The studio has a good, north light falling down upon their work.

Some readers have an idea that these working studios are very elegant affairs. The pictures of New York studios one sees in the magazines are for the most part the private workshops of the artists, and they are generally fitted up in the most luxurious style; but class-rooms are quite different. When one hears of Julien's great art-school in Paris, one might get the idea that it is some large building erected especially for that purpose. On the contrary, Julien puts his classes wherever he can find a place for them, whether in a stable or loft, just so there is a good north light. One of his classes is held in a laundry. Mr. Chase, however, makes a much better provision for his students. He gives



MEN'S LIFE-CLASS.

he wishes to follow; but there is no restriction whatever from attending every class,—the life class, the head, still life, and portrait classes, and the class in illustrating. In all these the same advantages are open to women as to men.

Nothing could be more interesting than a visit to the girls' life-class. After climbing three flights of stairs to the top of one of the old New York studio buildings, one steps into a big room where about fifty young women are drawing in black and white from a model. It is a place where the most timid new-comer will have no hesitancy to enter. The very atmosphere is welcoming and inviting, for, while the girls are here strictly for work, there is never absent the general air of *bonhomie* and good-fellowship which opens the way so charmingly. Sheathed in

them large, well-heated rooms, and provides the best professional models to be had in New York.

The models change every week, and positions are assigned for that time; consequently on Monday morning there is always a scramble for places in the studios. The first choice is awarded according to the excellence of the composition work handed in the Saturday before. This composition is a sketch or outline of some subject given out by Mr. Chase, or one selected by the class,—for instance, "Ophelia,"—which the students lay in after their own conception. It is not necessarily a painting, merely an outline or suggestion of the subject. Whoever has the best is given first place, and the others follow alphabetically; then they mark off the positions with chalk, and write their names on the floor.



INTERIOR OF MR. CHASE'S HOME AT SHINNECOCK.

Mr. Chase visits the life-classes every Wednesday and Saturday morning; and during his absence from the city, to instruct his numerous out-of-town classes, his place is taken by Mr. Louis F. Mora, a young man who excels in the art of "construction." Every student's work is

examined while the class is working, and receives personal criticism. Mr. Chase has no fixed rules or methods. Nothing pleases him better than the discovery of some originality in a pupil, which he does not try to destroy because he is Mr. Chase, and because the pupil has come



"TIRED." PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.



WM. M. CHASE, N. A.



MR. CHASE'S HOUSE AT SHINNECOCK.

there to copy his methods. The girls do just about as they please, yet they understand what it means to work. The great delight of their work is that it is never drudgery. How many promising pupils have turned away from the art leagues because of the weary months during which they had only casts and antiques to work from! Dozens of them; for nothing is more cheerless or tiring than cold plaster. There is none of this at Mr. Chase's school; from the very first the student draws from life. The worst beginners often develop talent and originality; others who do not succeed are never wounded by discouragement, but when they realize they are not fitted for artistic work they drop out of their own accord.

The men's life-class is held in the old Art League Building, on Twenty-third Street; and though all the men's classes are conducted in the same manner as those for the women, there is more

day for a week, male and female models alternating, the same as before the girls' classes.



MR. CHASE'S STUDIO AT SHINNECOCK.

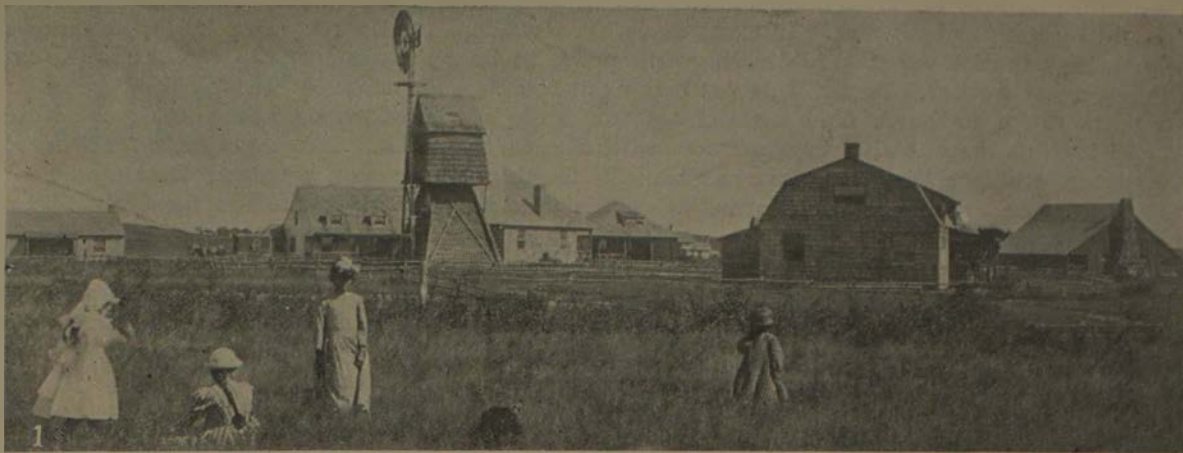
The term "professional model" applies to the model who has been accepted as a fine life-subject and who has posed at the art-schools and private studios for a year or more, though good models have been discovered and accepted as such in even less time than this. Amateur models must grasp for an opportunity wherever they can get it. It is a hard life. While good models are always in demand, the directors of the school discourage rather than encourage the profession, as it is a wearing one to begin with, and requires a tremendous physique in either man or woman to endure the strain. They must stand in one position for twenty-five minutes, when they are allowed five minutes to rest. When "Time!" is called, they resume their places on the pedestal or platform and fall into the same pose again. By posing all day a good model may make perhaps thirty dollars



A COTTAGE AT SHINNECOCK

a week; but the greater number average about sixteen dollars, and novices are glad to make a livelihood.

A word in regard to the expense of Mr. Chase's school will not fall amiss. Many young men and women who have an allowance from home of but fifty dollars a month, or even less, can come here and get the benefits of the school. Good boarding-places can be found in New York for eight or ten dollars a week, or less, and Mr.



THE ART VILLAGE.

bray, Augustus St. Gaudens, John La Farge, J. Carrol Beckwith, Robert Blum, Kenneth Frazier, and George R. Barse, Jr.

The school has also the valuable services of Mr. C. W. Hawthorne and Mr. Douglass Connah, both young men whose good work is known all over the country. The proof of success is always the privilege of using the talent which has won it, so it might be interesting to know that the work of the following pupils of Mr. Chase has been accepted in many of the best magazines and illustrative channels in the East: Melvin Nichols, Kenneth Miller, Amy Mali Hicks, Alice M. Simson, Louise L. Heustis, Seymour Thompson, of Paris; Jay Hambridge, and W. A. Clark. Mr. Lawton Parker very recently carried off the John Armstrong Chanler prize, and has left the school for a scholarship in Paris.

In one of his talks before the school, which are held monthly, Mr. Chase said: "It is time this country had such a school,—a school modeled on the Julien, of Paris. I find that men learn to draw here, and then go to Paris for their painting, or, worse, turn all their efforts to illustrating. America is not turning out painters enough. I have



"THE OLD SAND ROAD"

Chase's tuition is so reasonable that the actual requirements can be kept down very low indeed. Naturally, if a pupil takes an all-day course the tuition is higher.

Some of the outside advantages to students, an effort to create in a measure an art atmosphere, are the visits to private studios and galleries, which Mr. Chase personally conducts. At the end of every month *concours* are held, at which the best drawings of the month are exhibited. Arrangements have been made so that the drawings of Julien's Académie are to be sent from Paris and exhibited in this school. Mr. Chase has invited the following well-known artists to pass judgment and make the awards at these *concours*: II. Siddons Mow-



SKETCHING AT SHINNECOCK

found that nothing could be more unfair than to judge a student by one piece of work. In many cases, the student who brings in the worst trial-drawing will prove to be the strongest worker. Again, I do not believe in holding students down to hard, cold casts from the antique. Why! it chills them to the very marrow and makes them lose interest before they have time to gain it." On those few words are based the whole principle of Mr. Chase's new enterprise.

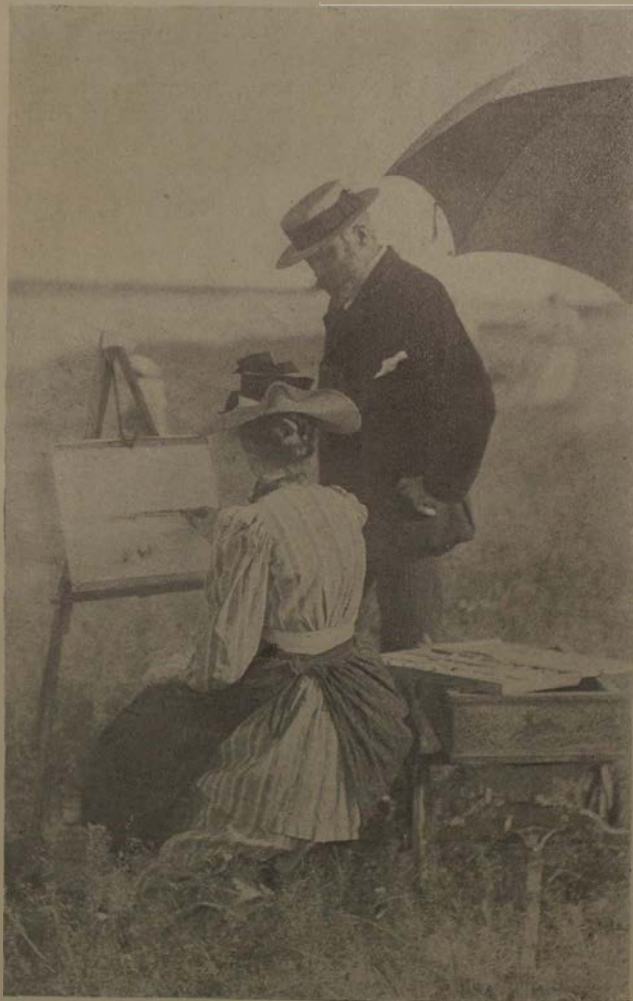
Additional to the day-school there is a night-school started for men and women which is intended to develop originality and artistic treatment in a student if he must illustrate. In this class the models pose in drapery and fancy dress. By a perfect arrangement of electric light the students are able to work in oil and water colors, pastel, charcoal, gouache, and pen-and-ink, with great success. The term of all the New York classes lasts from October till June, when Mr. Chase takes all who may care to join him in a summer outing off to the Shinnecock Hills.

Of all the pleasant summer art-schools dotted up and down the Atlantic coast and in the mountains none exercises a greater charm than that which has made the Shinnecock Hills of Long Island famous. These "dreary sand-dunes," as the farmers have been wont to call them for generations, have been recognized by artistic eyes as possessing those inherent qualities of color and atmosphere calculated to develop whatever latent talent the tyro may be gifted with, and to encourage to the fullest expression the brush of the trained artist.

With singular felicity architects have adapted the houses dotted over these hills to their surroundings, and the "art village" deserves its name in appearance as well as purpose. The art village, proper, as its name implies, harbors none but artists and students, and they form a delightfully congenial summer colony. Though quite sufficient unto themselves they are within easy walking distance of the old village of Southampton,—now become one of the smartest and most attractive of Long Island's summer resorts,—whence gay folk in gay equipages drive over daily to visit the studios. At Shinnecock Hills the classes are conducted by Mr. Chase personally, much in the same manner as those in the city; but it is all an outdoor life, and while the student has the advantage of instruction, there is also the charm of the summer in the country, and the close contact with nature which lends

enchantment to this delightful study. There is a large studio for rainy days, and the classes can work from models just the same as in the city; but there is the absence of dust, noise, and turmoil, and some of the very best work of the whole year is accomplished at Shinnecock. There has been an idea that these summer classes are open to young women only; but this is a mistake, as the opportunities for both men and women are equal. Plans for work this coming summer are based on new lines, broader than heretofore, and Mr. Chase will have as his assistants Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Connah.

Mr. Chase began the study of art in Indianapolis, not far from his native town, Franklin, Indiana, where he was born on November 5, 1849.



PERSONAL CRITICISM.

He came to New York when twenty years of age and entered the schools of the National Academy of Design; then, in 1872, went to Europe and studied in Munich, under Piloty and Wagner, winning four medals at the Royal Academy there. Among his noted pictures at this time a portrait of the children of his instructor, Piloty, was received with special favor. The years 1883 and 1885 brought him the distinction of honorable mention at the Paris Salon and a gold medal from Munich, both for portrait work. On his return to America Mr. Chase established himself in New York, where he has made for himself a distinguished position and won a wide reputation by the excellence of his portrait painting, though his *genre* pictures and landscapes are always very popular and greatly admired. Through the latter he has made the general public happily familiar with the irresistible charm of the Shinnecock Hills region. Though success has come in full measure to Mr. Chase he has won it by indefatigable, untiring work, and he has fully earned the honors which recent years have brought him; among these are medals from Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. The Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia purchased his "Lady in a White Shawl," and awarded him a medal for it.

Among his latest pictures are the portrait of a Western lady; "Ring Toss," showing three dainty little maids playing the game; "Busy Hours," one of those charming effects of light and shadow which Mr. Chase handles so vigorously; and "Dieudonné," a portrait of his little daughter. Some of his most popular pictures have been those in which his own children have been fascinatingly posed.

MAIBELLE JUSTICE.

A LOWLY PASSION FLOWER.

By ELLA HIGGINSON.

AUTHOR OF "A FOREST ORCHID," "THE CUTTIN' OUT OF BART WINN," "THE TAKIN' IN OF OLD MIS' LANE," ETC.

I.

"DRUSILLA! Dru-sil-la!"
"Ye-es'm."

"Why, it's past four o'clock a'ready. I overslep' myself."

To this came no reply.

"Drusilla! Are yuh awake? Answer up. Yuh wanted I sh'u'd call yuh early, so's yuh c'u'd pick hops an' not git all het up so Sleepy-head! Wake yourself up or I'll stand here an' holler till noon."

The girl turned her head slowly on the calico-covered pillow; her eyes opened sleepily upon her mother; a faint smile curled her lips. She saw the white tent arched above her. Then the soft lids sunk languidly again.

"Dru-silla! You'd aggravate St. John hisself! You'd ——"

Mrs. Peacock hesitated, overtaken suddenly by a fear that she might possibly have named a more patient saint than John.

"Oh, ma, I'm awake."

"Well, open up your eyes then, so's I'll know it. You'll have to hurry up if yuh pick many hops while they're heavy. I bet a picayune that she-ca'f of a Grandy's out a-pickin' a'ready. Not as she'll pick very many, though, if Elmer McGoon's a-pickin' within reach o' that long tongue o' her'n," she added with a diplomacy that was laudable at so early an hour.

Drusilla opened her eyes suddenly. She was wide awake now.

"You go back to bed, ma, an' I'll get right up." She broke out laughing merrily. "I wish you c'u'd see yourself. You look so."

Mrs. Peacock turned huffy in a twinkling.

"Well, how d' I look, she-ca'f? What ails me? Aigh?"

"Oh—that calico thing you've got on you," said Drusilla, still laughing. "An' that little rag of hair bobbin' down your back; an' that——"

"Well, yuh can hold your tongue if that's all you've got to do. A-makin' fun o' your mother! I'd be ashamed o' myself. After my a-gettin' up at this hour to call yuh."

She stepped gingerly across the tent and got into her "bunk," turning her broad back, with a great air of wounded love, to her irreverent offspring.

It was just five o'clock when Drusilla went singing down through the beautiful hop-field. The tall vines arched and met above her. It was like walking through a long, emerald tunnel. The hops hung in pale-green clusters along the broad, darker green leaves. A soft, continuous music—as of low winds among the tasseled corn—went with her as she walked.

In half an hour the sun would come struggling up the rugged side of Mount Rainier. Pale primrose and salmon clouds were already mounting lazily the pearl-colored sky, to herald his proud coming. The white mist of late summer, blown in from Puget Sound, swam from the depths of the green valley to the snow mountains. A meadow-lark's pure notes arose from the open spaces; and from the fringe of trees far down the valley, where the White River went winding through, came back the clear, joyous replies.

Drusilla set her basket on the ground. It was all soft

twilight where she stood. The stars still shone palely above her. Some one came whistling down behind her. She did not look. She pretended that she did not hear. But the color came throbbing to her cheeks,—that rare, ravishing color that goes with red-gold hair.

"Hold on, Drusilla," called a gay voice. "I'll take that pole down for you."

She looked toward him with a start that was very well done, indeed.

"Oh—you?" she said.

"Of course,—me. Who else 'u'd get up at daylight just to have an hour's pickin' alongside o' Drusilla Peacock?" She threw her hand out with a coquettish movement.

"Go on! You did it to pick while the hops are heavy." He caught her hand and held it.

"Drusilla, you know that ain't so. Say, you've got the prettiest hand on the whole hop ranch. It's all scratched up though, now, with the vines."

"How d' you know it's the prettiest?" demanded the girl, shrewdly. "Have you been goin' around holdin' all of 'em?"

Many a more polished gentleman has been disconcerted by a similar question. Elmer McGoon reddened.

"Oh, pshaw! You take a fellow up so! Drusilla, what makes you take a fellow up so? I'm goin' to make you pay for bein' so sassy." He attempted to draw her to him; but she restrained him with the stern, level look which, in a woman's eyes, is stronger than any weapon.

"Don't," she said, quietly.

"Don't? Why not? I *want* to kiss you. Drusilla, you're the only girl on earth that always hollers 'don't.'"

"Am I?" she said, coldly.

He colored again.

"There you go,—takin' me up again. I can't say anything. Drusilla, I love you!"

The girl looked at him, smiling; but her eyes were sad.

"Do you?" she said, gently.

"Yes, I do; but you never believe a word I say."

"Well, take down the pole an' we'll go to pickin'. I want to stop early to-night, so's to have time to get ready for the dance."

"Oh, yes. You're goin' to dance every waltz with me, an' the mazooka."

"Am I?"

"Yes, you *am*. Here's your pole. Ain't this great? Just look out the end of the rows an' see the sky there'n the east! Pretty near sun-up."

The girl looked wistfully.

The sky was a pale green now. Across it reached long, trembling rays of crimson and violet. The frozen chain of Olympics was melting in a golden fire. The white mist on the valley was shaken through with rose. There was a marvelous halo on the lofty brow of Rainier. Far off the larks were still lifting their notes of praise, but under those tall vines there was deep silence, save for the low, rippling murmur of the leaves, one against the other.

"Ain't this jolly, though!" spoke up the young man, cheerfully.

But the girl put out her hand.

"Oh, hush!" she breathed softly through parted lips. "It is too beautiful to talk about. It's like what they put on the brow of Christ in the pictures."



“‘HOLD ON, DRUSILLA,’ CALLED A GAY VOICE.”

The young man laughed in an embarrassed way.

"Oh, say, now, Drusilla."

"It is, Oh, Elmer"—she turned her deep, asking eyes upon him; her voice was but a whisper,—“do you s'pose God puts it there?”

“‘God’?” repeated Elmer, stupidly. “Drusilla, have you gone clean daft? Say! *Puts—what—where?*”

“W'y,—all them little streaks of gold running up from the top of Mount Rainier. It's like what they paint on the brow of Christ. I forget what they call it.”

“They call it a hello,” said the young man with a great air. “It's wicked to talk about sech things, Drusilla.”

“I don't b'lieve-it's wicked.” She spoke simply. “You don't understand, Elmer.” Tears flashed suddenly into her eyes. She moved to him and leaned her beautiful young body sweetly upon him. “Oh, Elmer,” she said, very sadly, “you say you love me, an' I know I love you; but can't you see how far apart we are? When we are alone you always want to be kissin' me to show your love; an' I——”

“Well,—an' you?”

“I want to be oh! so still, an' not talk or touch you; just to set close to you,—an' then,”—she spoke diffidently now, with lowered eyes, the tears still on her lashes,—“if it's late at night or early, like this, in the mornin', an' very still, I'm so happy that it's like pain; an' I have the queerest feelin', Elmer, that I can—can——”

“Can what?”

“Can—hear God breathe.”

There was a long silence. Then——

“‘Hear—God—breathe’!” repeated Elmer, in a stupefied way. He drew a long breath, helplessly. His brown face was a study. But he was a good swimmer. He always came up out of the deepest waters like a cork. After a moment he commenced patting her on the back with a most beautiful indulgence, considering.

“Well, I reckon we'd best get to pickin' hops, Drusilla,” he said, cheerfully. “It's nice an' coolish, an' they weigh heavier with the doos on 'em. I see yesterday that the Siwashes picked more'n the whites.”

“That so?” said Drusilla, coldly. She drew herself from him with a hurt look and began picking the soft green clusters and dropping them into the large box he had placed between her pole and the one he had pulled down for himself. Somewhere a gay voice—a woman's voice—called:

“Hop-pole! Hop-pole! Ha-ah-op-pole!”

It was answered by shouts and calls and laughter from all parts of the field. The pickers were swarming down to work,—young and old, women and men, white people, Indians, and half-breeds. The sun lay throbbing on the crest of Mount Rainier, and all the mists were fleeing away, like frightened sheep, to the sea.

“Well, you may shoot me dead,” exclaimed her mother's voice suddenly, behind them, loud and rasping, “if you've picked enough hops to hide a flea in! After my a-gittin' up at four o'clock, an' a-callin' yuh to pick so's yuh w'u'dn't git het up so,—an' while the hops is heavy,—an' a-layin' awake all this time because I c'u'dn't git to sleep ag'in, here yuh ain't got enough hops to smell of! Yuh may shoot me dead!”

At eight o'clock that evening the big barn was lighted up for the dance. The hop ranch was one of the largest in the State. The owner was wealthy and generous. It was his pleasure to provide for the comfort and enjoyment of those who for a few weeks each year peopled his fields. There were clean “shacks” for those who did not prefer tents to live in. There were bath-houses down on the river; and the floor of the barn had been laid of

smooth, narrow boards, for dancing on Saturday nights. Like the merchant who provides black silk dresses for his clerks, his benevolence was profitable. The best and swiftest pickers came each year to his fields. Hop-picking is considered a great “lark” in the State of Washington. Young folks, weary of the monotony and loneliness of farm life, go eagerly to the hop-fields—not so much for the couple of dollars which each will earn daily, as for change and companionship, for the break in the dull round of their lives, the making of new acquaintances, the pleasures of the nights that follow the days of toil. The weekly dances are great events. There are hopes and ambitions and, alas! passions in these beautiful hop-fields, as in higher places.

Drusilla walked through the soft dusk to the barn with Elmer McGoon. He had put his arm through hers, country-fashion, and folded his warm, thick fingers about her slim wrist. His face was freshly shaven and red; he was breathing rather excitedly; the outreaching music of the violins had put a sudden spring into his usually heavy carriage; he held his head high and tramped along in the narrow path, while Drusilla stumbled contentedly over clods and stones and tangles of grass at his side.

“Don't go quite so fast, Elmer,” she said, at last. “I keep a-stumblin' so.”

“Whatchasay?”

“W'y,—I say, don't go quite so fast; I keep a-stumblin'.”

“Oh!” He walked more slowly, but still with a high head and a determined chin. “If you'd watch your path instid of gazin' at the stars so all the time, 'Silla, you wouldn't stumble so.”

“There don't seem to be much path, does there?”

“W'y, yes, there is so; there's a reel good one.”

“Well, let's walk slow,—reel slow; it's awful nice out here.” The poetry of the night was beginning to steal upon the girl's senses. She drew in her breath noiselessly. “Elmer, don't you think the wind in the hop-vines sounds just like beautiful music?”

“I don't know's I think so.”

“Well, listen. You hear it now, Elmer?”

“Huckleberries! Drusilla, you do beat all! Them's the fiddles.”

“Oh, I don't mean the fiddles. There's another music besides them.”

“Well, I don't hear it. Let's go on. They'll be havin' the march before we get there if we fool much longer.”

“I believe this is nicer than dancin', Elmer,—bein' out here all alone.”

“Is it?” The gentleman's voice held a note of doubt.

Drusilla stopped abruptly. “Oh, look,—look quick, Elmer!”

“‘Look,—where? What's the matter of you *now*?’”

Usually, only a married man, or a man who has endured a long betrothal, puts that emphasis on the word “now” in such a sentence. It means a great deal.

“It was a star fallin'——”

“‘A star fallin'!’ I thought choo see a spook. Didn't choo ever see a star fall before?”

“Ye-es,—but they're always beautiful to see. Don't you think so?”

“I don't know's I think so.”

“Well,” said the girl, very softly, “I believe stars are the souls of people,—I mean women; an' every one comes out an' watches tell it sees somebody it loved down on earth die,—some man; and when he is doomed to hell it loves him so it gives up heaven an' falls to him——”

“I don't see what makes you think all the men go to hell!” said Mr. McGoon, huffily. “I reckon some women get there, too.”

Drusilla's thought leaped, like a flame of red lightning, to Hannah Grandy,—the only woman she had ever been able to picture in her imagination as an occupant of that undesirable place. After a moment she said, with a sigh, "Well, anyhow, it's just the time for fallin' stars now."

"It's just the time for dog-days," said Mr. McGoon, distinctly.

He marched up to the steps of the barn, pulling his companion along beside him with a determined air. He

had decided that it was time to be at the dance; if Drusilla Peacock wanted to go with him she'd have to keep up with him; if she didn't want to she could stay behind. When a woman got it into her head that all the women went to heaven and all the men to some other place it was about time for a man to stop humorin' her and put his foot down!

Mr. McGoon's foot was large and heavy.

(To be concluded.)

MEMORIALS OF GENERAL GRANT.



THE noble mausoleum-monument reared to mark for all time the resting-place of General Grant, the typical American soldier of the nineteenth century, stands complete in its towering proportions and classic grace, overlooking the lordly Hudson from the highest point of the Riverside Park, New York City. Its formal dedication, on April 27,—the seventy-fifth anniversary of General Grant's birth,—will be marked by imposing ceremonies befitting the great national tribute represented.

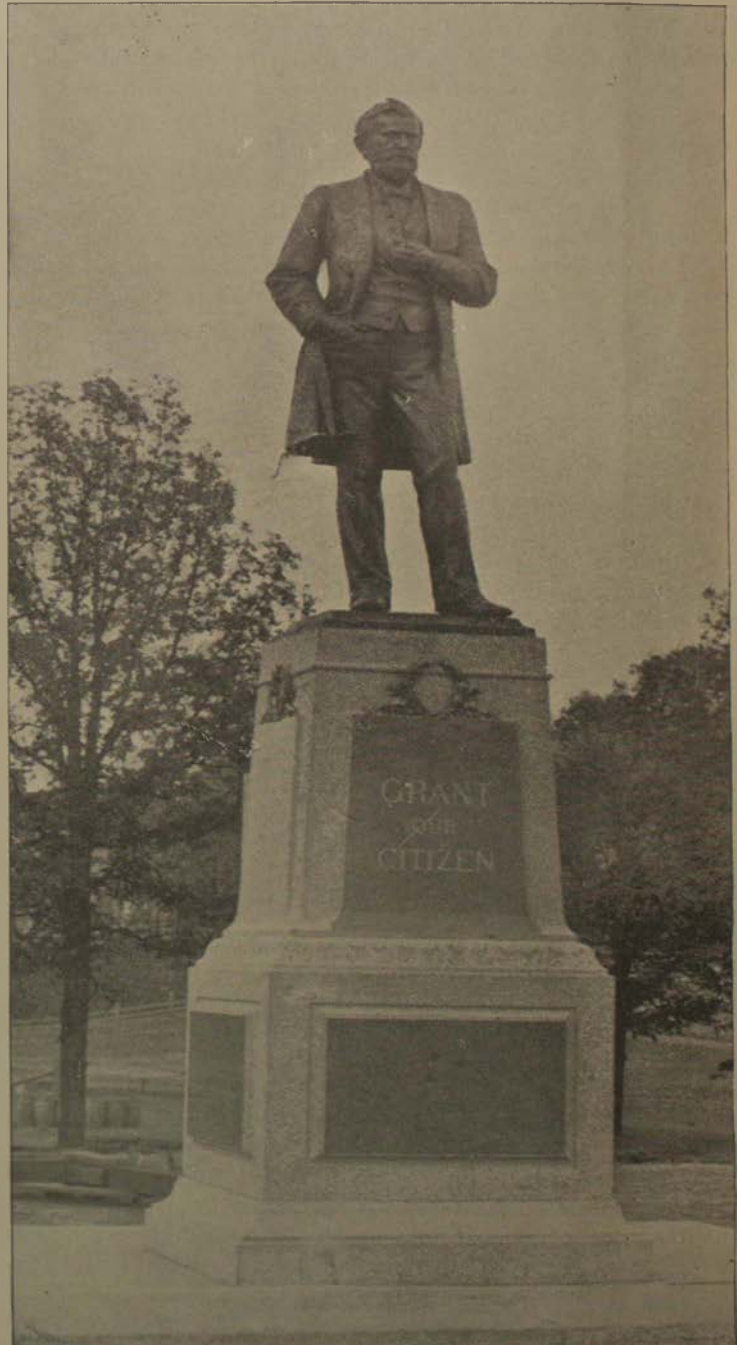
During the years since the death of the illustrious chief-tain, while the stately mausoleum has been slowly rising, the honored ashes have rested in the temporary tomb of brick designed for their reception by Mr. J. Wrey Mould.

Ground was first broken for the erection of the Riverside Monument on April 27, 1891, the corner-stone being formally laid one year later. The initial ceremonies were simple yet imposing. Some fifteen thousand persons were present. The ceremonies were conducted by the Grand Army of the Republic, and among those present were many who had followed Grant when he led the armies of the Union to victory. The old cruiser *Yantic* represented the navy, and, carrying Admiral Braine and other naval officers, anchored in the North River opposite the site of the monument, and fired salutes at appropriate intervals. A detachment of United States troops aided the Grand Army posts in the exercises. Among the organized participants were about three hundred children, who each carried a bouquet of forget-me-nots, which was dropped on the tomb, the drum and fife corps that led them playing "America."

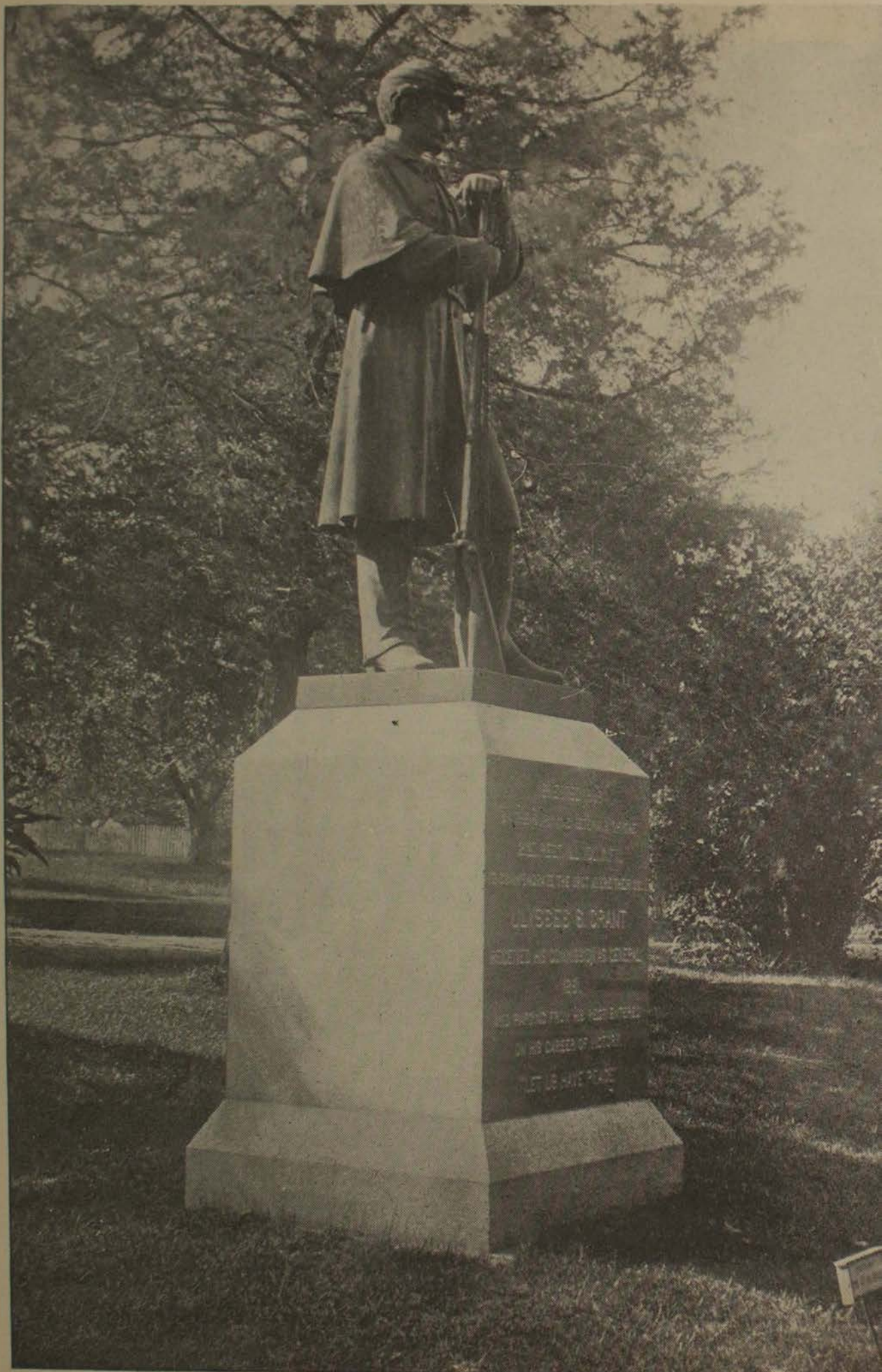
The literary exercises consisted of an oration by General Horace Porter and an address by Department Commander Charles H. Freeman, after which the guests and other occupants of the grand stand filed down into the hollow square, on the outside of which the Grand Army posts took positions. Then, at a signal, the guns aboard the *Yantic* boomed forth the first shot of a twenty-one-gun salute. At the same signal the band struck up "America," and the chorus and the people joined in the patriotic hymn. As General Freeman picked up the silver spade and drove its blade through the soft turf, every man, as by one impulse, took off his hat. Cutting and lifting out about a square foot of sod, the general placed it in the flower-covered wheelbarrow. Then, waiting

until the last notes of "America" had ceased, he raised his hand and said: "Comrades of the Grand Army, the erection of a fitting monument to our great leader has been started. Let us see that it is completed without delay."

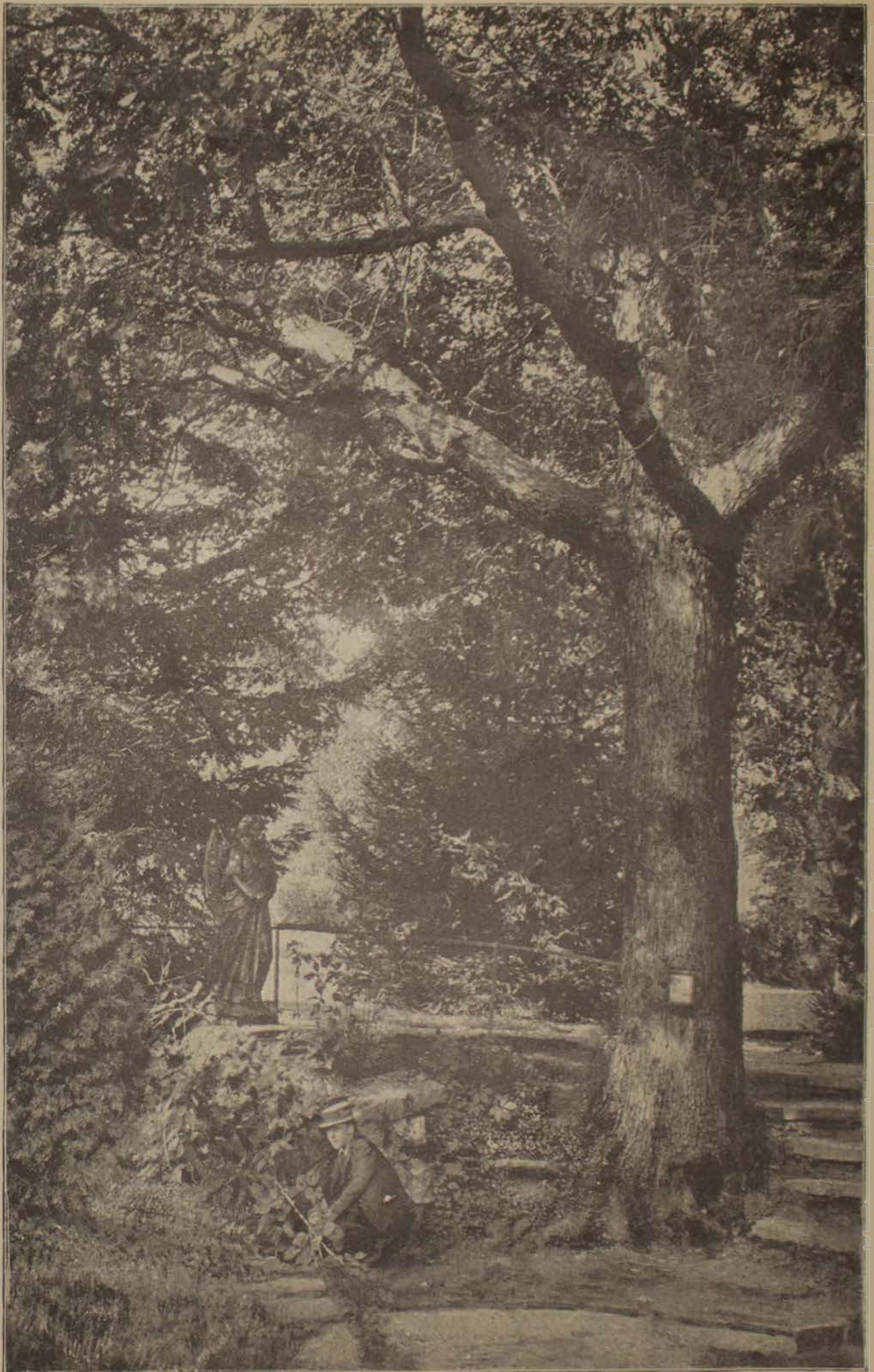
This loyal and patriotic exhortation has been heeded.



THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL GRANT, AT GALENA, ILLINOIS.



MONUMENT AT IRONTON, MO., MARKING THE SPOT WHERE COLONEL U. S. GRANT RECEIVED HIS COMMISSION AS BRIGADIER-GENERAL.



THE HISTORIC TREE UNDER WHICH COLONEL GRANT'S FIRST REGIMENT
WAS MUSTERED OUT.

The work of the Grant Monument Association, under the energetic direction of General Horace Porter, and the spontaneous response of soldiers and civilians, rich and poor alike, throughout the whole broad land, are matters of contemporaneous history. The result stands before us, grand and sublime, in deathless marble.

In connection with the dedication of this the chief monument to his memory, it has been deemed of interest to present a group of pictures showing some of the notable Grant memorials in other places, and a few of the scenes connected with his life and death. The colored frontispiece is a reproduction of Mr. H. Bolton Jones's painting of the now historic cottage among the pines on Mount McGregor, in the northern part of the State of New York, where the dying soldier pitched his last camp.

The log cabin shown is the one which originally stood

rated by an eight-foot hall in the centre of the house, with a broad staircase leading from the lower to the upper story. The two lower rooms have each a spacious old-fashioned fireplace, and each is lighted by two large windows. All of Grant's children, except the first two, were born in this cabin.

The two Ironton views represent a peculiarly interesting and little-known association. This small town in Southern Missouri possesses a genuine shrine for the student of American history. It is the spot on which a monument has been erected by the surviving veterans of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Volunteers to mark where their colonel, Ulysses S. Grant, received his commission as general. A magnificent relic of that interesting occasion is a wide-spreading oak-tree, still standing, under whose shade the regiment of Colonel Grant, and an ill-assorted battalion commanded



LI HUNG CHANG LEAVING THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT AFTER PLACING A WREATH UPON THE SARCOPHAGUS.

in St. Louis County, Mo., and which General Grant erected with his own hands, and with logs cut and hewn by himself. It was removed from its site and shipped to Chicago, to be re-erected for exhibition at the World's Fair. The cabin stood on an eighty-acre tract of land, on the Jefferson Barracks and Rock Hill Road, about ten miles southwest of St. Louis. The land was given to Mrs. Grant as a wedding present by her father, Mr. Frederick T. Dent, on the occasion of her marriage to Lieutenant Grant, August 22, 1848. The cabin was erected in the fall of 1854, just after Grant's return from the Pacific coast, and he lived there in comparative poverty for some years. The house, which is in a good state of preservation, is fifty feet long and twenty wide, and is divided into four large rooms, two on each floor, sepa-

rated by an eight-foot hall in the centre of the house, with a broad staircase leading from the lower to the upper story. The two lower rooms have each a spacious old-fashioned fireplace, and each is lighted by two large windows. All of Grant's children, except the first two, were born in this cabin. The two Ironton views represent a peculiarly interesting and little-known association. This small town in Southern Missouri possesses a genuine shrine for the student of American history. It is the spot on which a monument has been erected by the surviving veterans of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Volunteers to mark where their colonel, Ulysses S. Grant, received his commission as general. A magnificent relic of that interesting occasion is a wide-spreading oak-tree, still standing, under whose shade the regiment of Colonel Grant, and an ill-assorted battalion commanded

by Colonel B. Gratz Brown, assembled to receive their discharge from the ninety-days' service. They made sorry figures as they stood around in clothing which had been worn to rags,—the same in which they had volunteered. The hazards of war had told upon them in many ways, and they impatiently waited to be mustered out. Colonel Grant, having received his commission as general, remained at Ironton for about ten days, when he was ordered to Jefferson City to take command of and reorganize the troops stationed through the central districts of Missouri. After the war the remainder of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers erected a beautiful monument near this spot to commemorate this event. A figure of a soldier at rest, cast in bronze, occupies a granite pedestal seven feet in height, bearing this inscription :



GENERAL GRANT'S OLD HOME IN ST. LOUIS COUNTY, MISSOURI.

Erected, 1886,
by the surviving veterans of the
Twenty-first Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry,
to commemorate the spot where their Colonel,
Ulysses S. Grant,
received his commission as General,
1861,
and, parting from his regiment, entered
on his career of victory.
"Let us have peace."

A natural spring of clear, cold water bubbles up near by, and at this spring the newly-appointed general stopped to drink. A marble cherub now guards this spring, and under the image is a slab with an inscription to Grant's memory.

The city of Galena, Illinois, where Grant lived and kept store before the war, has paid its tribute to his fame by the erection of a bronze monument and the dedication of a new park bearing his name. The statue is a gift of H. H. Kohlsaatt, the great Chicago journalist, who is a native of Galena.

It is eight feet in height, and stands on a granite pedestal ten feet high. It represents the great commander standing bare-headed, and with his military coat unbuttoned and thrown back. The inscription on the base reads: "Grant, Our Citizen." On another face of the pedestal is a relief depicting Lee's surrender. Standing in the centre are the conqueror and the conquered clasping hands, while about them are members of their staffs and other officers. The

park in which the monument stands consists of seven acres in the heart of the city. The dedication, which occurred in the summer of 1891, was marked by a grand parade, in which many civic and military organizations took part. The oration was delivered by that genial and stalwart representative American, Chauncey M. Depew, and was characteristically eloquent.

The most recent Grant monument, excepting the mausoleum, and probably the best equestrian statue of the great commander that has yet been made, is that by William Ordway Partridge, which adorns the city of Brooklyn, N. Y. This monument was presented to the city by the Union League Club, and was unveiled with civic and military ceremonies on April 25, last year.

In honor of the dedication of the Riverside Mausoleum, General Grant's birthday, this year, will be observed in New York as a general holiday; and the civic and military display, it is expected, will equal any scene for which the historic Hudson has hitherto formed a setting.



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL GRANT, IN BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE SALVATION OF JIM MAXSON.

NOW there would be some fun; now that Jim had come home, old man Maxson would do what he had said he would do,—deliver Jim up to the authorities if he came within his reach.

Even the Dougherty children, playing with matches on the stairway, knew there would be fun. Mrs. Dougherty came out and slapped the children for wasting the matches, and stopped to tell the news to the dago woman, who couldn't understand a word of English, but who laughed and took off her gay neckerchief and said "*Caldo*."

"Cold!" echoed Mrs. Dougherty, "and the thermometer ninety in the shade."

"*Caldo*," repeated the dago woman, fanning herself with her kerchief, "*caldo*."

The boys in the house improvised errands up to the fourth floor and reported that old man Maxson had not gone out to work, and that his wife was sitting in her rocking-chair and crying, as usual.

Mr. O'Connor, who was waiting for politics to take him up, said that old man Maxson carried things too far, just like these religious cranks; just because Jim had been roped in by a shover of the queer, and at the same time was "wanted" for cracking the head of that flash fellow who had so annoyed Maggie Orne by following her daily when she took home her work, it was no reason why his father should be his worst enemy. Mr. O'Connor said that the old man hadn't sand enough to do anything himself, and if Jim had too much, why it only equalized matters.

Maggie Orne heard the news last of all. She was always too busy with her sewing-machine to pay attention to anything else. She was a pale, tall young woman, who ought to have been pretty and was not, dull-eyed, thin, and worn. That day she made a great bundle of her coats and staggered down stairs with them, and on to the shop. She brought home another bundle of coats equally large; these were unfinished ones, and must be completed by to-morrow this time.

On her way to her room she was stopped by Mrs. Dougherty. "I never see such young ones as mine," laughed that lady. "I've took the matches from 'em, and now they've got the lamp. They haven't got over Fourth of July. Did you hear Jim Maxson's round the neighborhood? I wonder what the old man 'll do."

Maggie struggled up to her room with her coats and laid them on the bed. There was a strange feeling in her heart. Jim was running awful risks in exposing himself, and she knew why he took those risks. It was to catch a chance glimpse of her. He had been gone six months, but the hue and cry had scarcely abated, and he might be apprehended any moment.

She threw off her hat and went up to the fourth floor. Jim's mother was swinging back and forth in her rocking-chair, her eyes sodden and red. The old man was at the table, the great family Bible open before him, as she had so often seen it. Over the mantel was a faded photograph of Jim, taken when he was a small boy. Maggie's eyes saw that first of all.

"Come in," Mrs. Maxson said, glancing meekly at her husband.

He paid no attention, going on with his reading.

Maggie went in and closed the door, for the boys were at her heels.

"I thought I'd run up a minute," she explained; "I've taken yesterday's work home and I've brought back today's. My arms always tremble for a while after I carry

the big bundles, so I came up till they get right. Ain't it warm?"

The old woman nodded and wiped her eyes, which were not wet,—it was a habit with her since she cried so much.

Maggie sat down, and there was silence.

"You're not working to-day, Mr. Maxson?" she said after a while.

"No," he answered laconically, and turned a page of the Bible. Then the silence fell again. All at once the old man rose to his feet.

"I suppose," he said, addressing himself to Maggie, "you've heard what's happened? That man's come back."

"You mean your son," she returned, sharply.

"He's no son of mine," was the reply. "See here!" He brought the Bible over to her and turned to the record of births. "His name is scratched out,—a counterfeiter, a man whose hands are steeped in blood."

"My boy!" sobbed the old woman, "my boy!"

"Mother!" corrected her husband. She quailed before his voice.

He's no son of mine," he went on. "This book tells me of such as he, and I abide by it. I have sworn what I would do if he ever came my way, and I will do it."

"You mean," said Maggie Orne, "that you will inform on him?"

"Yes," he answered. "He is *anathema maranatha*. He knows me, and he braves me. Let him come; if the police do not arrest him I will."

"He never made counterfeit money himself," persisted the girl. "He was poor and tempted by a rogue to pass it. And as for the blood on his hands, he struck a man down who was terribly annoying a helpless woman."

"There were other means."

"They were not near at hand at the time."

"I say it was attempted murder. He hated the man because it was *you* who was the woman annoyed. He has maimed the man for life, and the law holds him accountable."

"A jury would never convict him of being a counterfeiter or of attempting murder."

"If all the juries under heaven acquitted him, I would still hold him guilty."

"The juries under heaven are not all. There is a Judge *in* heaven."

The old man paused and looked at her.

"Do not blaspheme," he said. "Nor will I argue with you. I know the difference between guilt and innocence. His crimes smell in my nostrils. I have sworn that I will give him up if he crosses my path. There is nothing more to be said about it to me, his father, whose teachings and sacrifices for him went for naught with him."

He went back to his reading at the table. His wife rocked herself. Maggie Orne turned to her.

"You're not feeling well?" she said.

"Well?" repeated the old woman, querulously. "I'll never be well. I'm the same I've been any time this six months. 'Well'! I'm so weak I can hardly go about."

"I tell her," called out the old man, "she ought to take the air."

"Take the air!" his wife echoed. "Me 'take the air' and be pointed at as Jim Maxson's mother, the man the police are lookin' for! Me 'take the air'!" And she relapsed into silence.

Maggie's coats awaited her; she must work. She rose,



From a Drawing by C. Broughton.

“HE’S NO SON OF MINE.” HE BROUGHT THE BIBLE OVER TO HER AND TURNED TO THE RECORD OF BIRTHS.”

and without a word went down to her machine. At her work, of course, her one thought was of the man who loved her. She had not been able to love him, and yet he had protected her and put himself outside the pale of society for her sake. All his life he had given sorrow to those who loved him, and still he had done so much for her. She could not love him, but she could be kind to his mother, who was so frail and weak. As for his father, he was hard and unforgiving. But then she, too, had been hard on Jim until that time he had so valiantly protected her. But love him! Her machine whirred and whirred; it was night before it stopped. She would rest a while, and go up to the fourth floor.

Mrs. Dougherty was on the stairs.

"Those young ones of mine," she laughed. "They even made a fire under the stairs and played fire-department. Jimmy's makin' believe he's a burnt lady goin' to the hospital. I say, I guess there wasn't nothin' in that report about Jim Maxson comin' back. Always some report or other."

Maggie went up to the Maxsons'. It might have been that she had been but a minute away from the old couple; the wife rocked in her chair, the husband read the Bible at the table. Maggie placed herself at the old woman's feet and put her head in her lap. The old woman smoothed the girl's hair. She smoothed and smoothed. Then Maggie's eyes closed, opened, closed, and she slept. The old man turned up the lamp and moved the Bible close to it. His wife smoothed and smoothed Maggie's hair. Then the strokes became intermittent, ceased, and she, too, slept.

All at once the old woman woke with a start.

"What is it?" cried Maggie, jumping to her feet.

The old man was at the door. "He is here," he said. The women understood. "I have locked the passage door, too."

"Oh," wailed the old woman, "and the door is shut!"

"It will not be opened to him," replied her husband.

"So much I'll grant you. But as sure as there's a God, I'll give him up if he crosses that sill."

And then there came a low knock on the door of the passage outside. The old woman caught the girl.

"Jim," called out Maggie, "go away. Your father is here; he swears he'll give you up."

"There is fire," said the voice. "Open the door."

"A ruse," dryly said the old man. "A liar, too."

The old woman shot up.

"Let him in," she commanded.

"Never," said her husband.

There was a crash outside; the door of the passage was down. The voice was outside the door of the room.

"Mother!" it said. "Mother!"

The old woman dropped to her knees.

"James," she pleaded, "our boy, our only child, named after you. Open the door, open it."

"Never," said her husband. "Remember, you are my wife."

She sprang to her feet.

"I am the mother of my boy!" she said.

A great strength seemed to possess her; she seized her husband and whirled him from the door, had the knob in her hand, and the next moment had leaped into the arms of Jim and fainted.

"Maggie!—Father!—" panted Jim. "The place is on fire; the children down stairs did it. Have you heard nothing? haven't you smelled the smoke? The stairs are burning. Your chance is the fire-escape."

He rushed to the window with the old woman in his arms. Before going through the window he stooped and kissed his unconscious mother. Then he went out. The

smoke poured in from the passage-way. Maggie went and closed the door. Then Jim was in the room again.

"Quick!" he said. "I've helped get the people out. They say they're all out but you and the dago woman in the next room. There's no time to lose."

"Never mind me," said Maggie; "look after your father."

"Touch me," cried old man Maxson, catching up a chair, "and I'll brain you."

"Maggie," said Jim, and the flame was eating at the door, the smoke thick, "you're friendly?"

"Jim," she returned, rapidly, "you saved some of the people below?"

"I tried to. Yes, I did."

"Tell me—you believe in God?"

"Father's God?"

"A God that pities and understands; the God that has kept me from going wrong."

"If there is one like that. But, Maggie, you're my friend, no matter what I've been, ain't you?"

"Friend!" she echoed. "There, save your father; he's not fit to die."

Jim sprang at his father. The chair was raised in the air, and descended. There was blood on Jim's forehead. But he had grasped the old man and had him at the window, where the firemen were raising a ladder.

"I won't help you, Jim," said Maggie, her hands pressed together, her lips smiling. "Save him!"

Jim got his father along, an inch at a time, the old man struggling wildly, till he reached the window and the ladder, when he picked him up bodily and disappeared in the dense smoke outside.

Maggie did not move. She heard a shout from the street, and she knew the people saw Jim on the ladder with his father. A short silence, then another shout: Jim had the old man down. She reached and grasped the hem of her frock that was on fire, and stripped out the flame as though she wrung out water. It was stifling in the room. The glass dropped from the photograph of Jim over the mantel. And then a face like white flame was at the window, and Jim was beside her.

"Save the dago woman," said Maggie. "I won't help you." He urged her toward the window. "There's the ladder, Maggie," he said. "And be quick, for it's burning." She got to the window sill, knowing that he looked at her wistfully.

"Jim," she said, "you must believe in that God I spoke of, who understands and pities."

"Your God, Maggie?" he asked. "Why, I'll have to if you tell me to. Get out of this house,—hurry!"

"I don't care for myself," she said; "life isn't everything. You've done what a pure man might do this night,—helped the helpless."

"And you're friendly to me, Maggie?"

She reached and took his face between her hands and kissed him upon the lips, once, twice.

"Go save that woman," she said. As she went from him down the ladder she knew that he tore through the fire to the hallway.

The people in the street saw him with the woman at the window. The ladder had burned away.

"Let her drop!" voices below cried up to him. "We're holding a bed to catch her. Let her drop!" Then the woman fell and was caught.

A moment more and the wind moved the thick veil of smoke aside for an instant. They saw him standing in the window, a solitary figure lit up by fire on each side of him and back of him.

Maggie Orne, down in the street, saw him thus. The

smile was still on her lips. To this day she believes that he saw her there.

"Jim!" she shrieked in a glad voice. "Jim!"

He heard her above all the uproar, for far aloft came an answer she could not have mistaken,—

"Maggie!"

Then there was a horrified cry from the crowd, as the

roof fell in where the walls crumbled, and the figure at the window lurched back into the awful redness within, which would never give him up again.

"He is lost," said a voice.

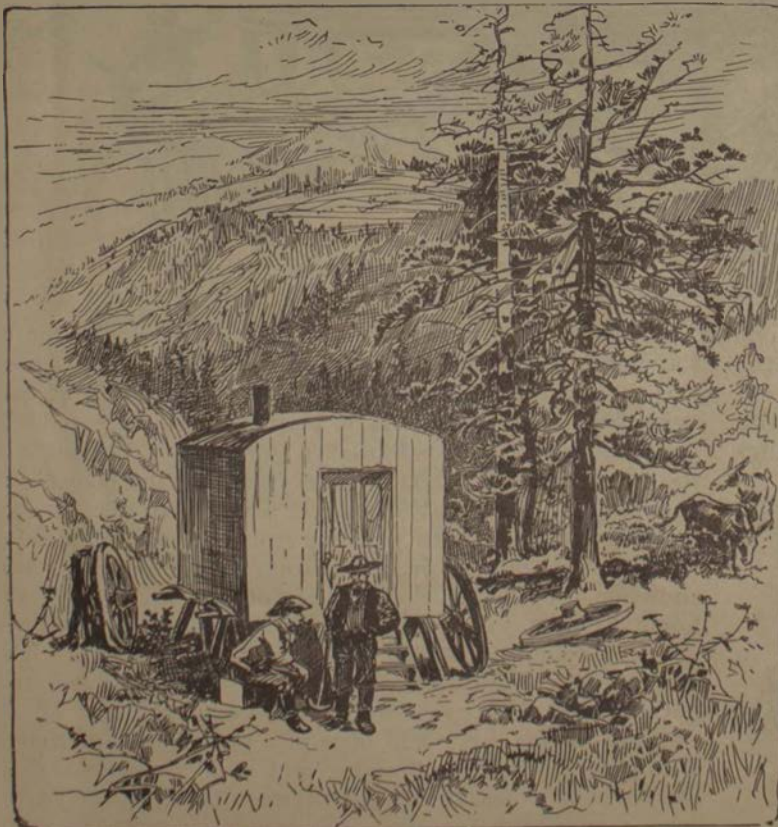
"He is saved!" Maggie cried out. Her eyes were like diamonds; she was beautiful.

ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

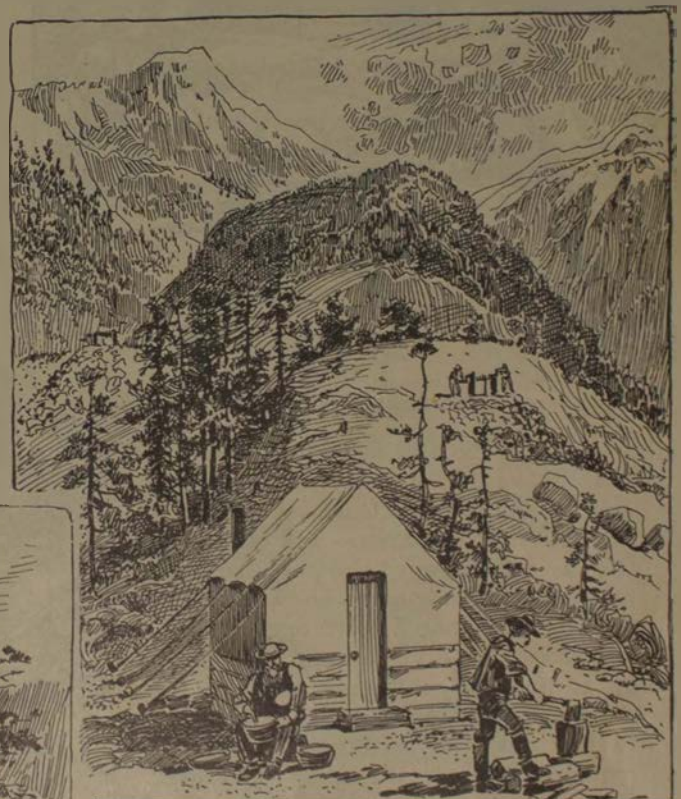
HOMES IN WESTERN MINING CAMPS.

WHEN the buffalo and the Utes and the Kiowas had been driven from the plains and from the rounded grassy hilltops, the valleys, and the pine and aspen groves that make picturesque the landscape within the shadow of Pike's Peak, a man named Womack went up near to the head of a tiny stream there, called Cripple Creek, and established a cattle ranch. This Womack had a son Bob, who served his father as a cowboy for some years; and then the old man sold out, and Bob, who was not ready to leave the country because he had found traces of gold, went a mile or so above the old ranch, and on one slope of the gulch in which the source of the little stream was found built a house, which to Eastern eyes must prove interesting regardless of its historical associations. For tools, a pick, a shovel, and an axe only were needed. A gash was cut in the hillside and its floor leveled, and on this floor a log hut about ten by sixteen feet was built. Six tiers of logs a foot in diameter completed the side-walls. Poles cut from a handy aspen grove served for rafters and sheeting, and then the earth dug from the hillside gash was thrown over the poles to complete the roof. There was no window, and for a

forked stakes driven into the ground where they would support poles reaching to the wall served in place of a bedstead, and jute bagging stretched between the poles, in place of mattress and bed-springs. A sheet-iron camp-stove with battered pipe warmed the room and cooked the



IN SQUAW GULCH, CRIPPLE CREEK.

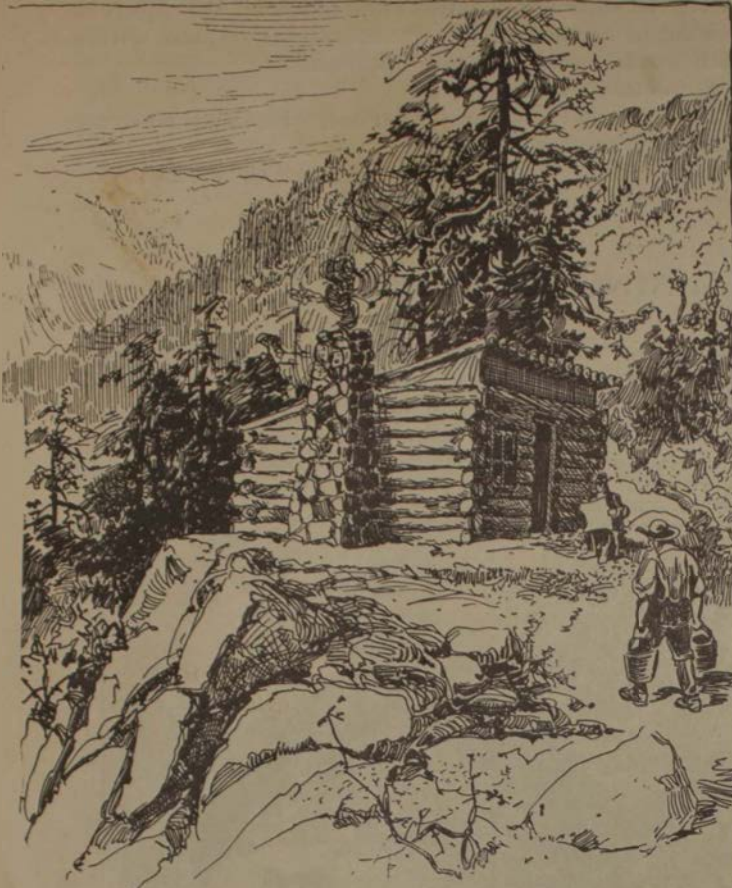


A HALF-TENT HOME.

time a breadth of jute bagging did service as a door, though a more substantial one was afterward added. There was no other floor than the earth, of course. Two

food. The table was like the bed except that a lot of aspen poles formed the top, while two forks and a single pole placed across them served as a chair at meal time. Those who would examine the architecture of a mining camp can find no better starting-point than this cabin, for it is typical. Bob Womack built the first home in the gold camp of Cripple Creek. It was somewhat cheerful, but, comparatively speaking, a pretty comfortable home.

The tourist who visits a mining camp for the first time finds many things to divert him. The six-horse stage that brings him; the throngs about the street; the gambling and dance houses; the heaps of ores about every business place and every home; the men in corduroy suits with trousers tucked into long-legged boots,—really the surveyors, assayers, and other professional men of the camp,—whom he will suppose to be prospectors and miners; the men in blue overalls, who are miners sure enough; the slashes and holes dug into every hillside



ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

in sight,—all these he will see whether or no. But if he will leave them to study the home life of the camp he will perhaps learn something of which he had not dreamed,—will certainly learn why a collection of homes like this, where thousands of busy men can be found, is called a camp rather than a town or a city.

It is not necessary to go among the poor of the camp to find curious homes; indeed, the homes of the well-to-do and the rich in a mining camp are the more interesting, for they are not infrequently among the more cheerless. For instance, there was the home of Peter Hettig, the first merchant of Cripple Creek. Hettig was one of a poverty-stricken crew encamped on the bank of the stream, who depended for a living chiefly on the gold which—being ignorant of mining, and having but little water—they got in scant quantities from the placer dig-



HOME IN AN ABANDONED TUNNEL.

gings. However, by the curious turns in fortune common to new mining camps, Hettig accumulated a fortune. In 1892, he was rated at from \$100,000 to \$250,000, and yet he lived in a single room, in a rough board shanty adjoining a livery stable. It had a little window, a little table, a little washstand, and a bed, for furniture. There is not a shanty in the goat district of the metropolis but is as pleasing to the eye and as comfortable as his home.

In all mining camps tents abound, and a hardy sportsman would laugh at the suggestion that it is a hardship to live in a tent; but here are not men alone. Women and children dwell in little nine-by-twelve wall-tents, and one at Cripple Creek bore the sign "Laundry" beside the sign "Shoemaker." A husband and wife and three children lived there; the wife taking in washing, and the man working among the mines by day and cobbling boots and shoes by night.

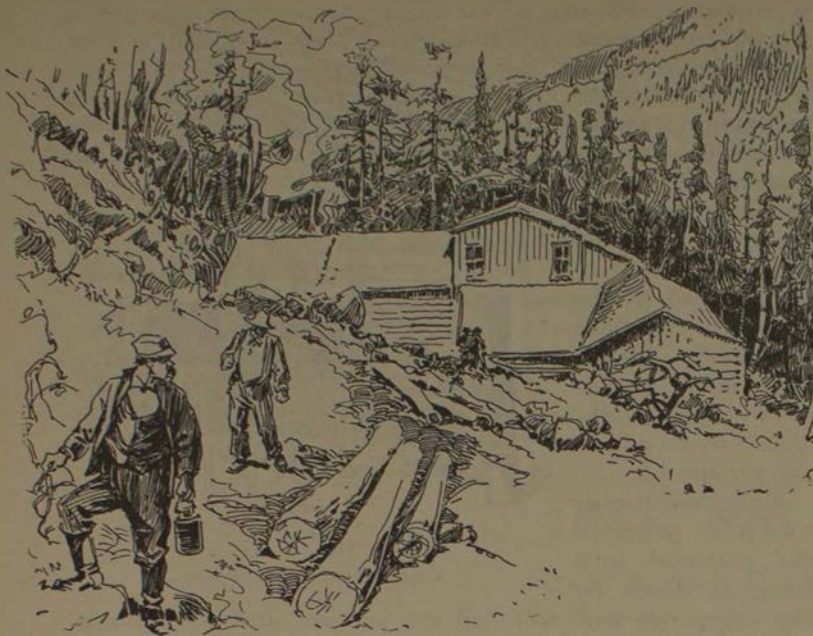
Next to the tent is the half-tent home. Men lay a floor of rough boards, then erect side-walls of boards anywhere



LOVE IN A LOG CABIN.

from two to four feet high, and build what looks for all the world like a pig-pen in an Eastern farmyard. Above this they fit a tent. If it be a wall-tent, the walls of canvas make higher the walls of boards already erected. If a plain A-tent, the canvas makes the roof. The wind and the storm drift through the cracks between the boards and between the tent and the wood walls. On a cold, raw day one can see flames pouring from the top of many a slender stove-pipe projecting through these canvas roofs, showing too well the condition of the air within the home. One has only to go into a home of this kind on a stormy day and into a log hut like Womack's, to see how much more comfortable Womack's is. A comparison on a hot afternoon in August would serve equally well.

Other homes are made of aspen poles and are roofed with pine and spruce boughs; and still others have double walls of poles, the space between being stuffed with spruce and pine boughs. A warmer or more fragrant camp-home than this can hardly be imagined. More curious still was a home down in Squaw Gulch, at the south end of Cripple Creek. A man there built a platform of poles about two feet high above the ground and two and a half feet wide. On the top of this he piled small



AT THE MOUTH OF A MINE.

spruce and pine boughs till he had a springy heap nearly a foot deep. Then an A-tent, so small that he had barely room for crawling in, was erected over the bed, and the home was complete.

Among the oddities in miners' homes which I have seen, was one in Candelaria, Nevada. No trees of any kind grow there; but a miner built four walls of lava rock broken from the mountain side, bought sawed rafters, cut up old tin cans and used the sheets of metal in place of shingles, and finished the structure by piling up small boxes to serve in place of door-jambs. By placing the open sides of the boxes toward the inside of his house he was able to use them as a cupboard and general catchall as well, which was a great convenience. The door, as the owner said, was "boughten."

The majority of the men employed regularly in large mines—the miners who are not prospectors as well—live in great boarding-houses provided by the mine-owners. The boarding-houses are double structures of logs or boards, according as one or the other is cheaper. One end is the "bunk-house" and the other is the "cook-room." In the bunk-house the bunks are placed in tiers around the room. I have seen thirty-two men lodged in a room twelve by sixteen feet large; but there was no trouble about ventilation. The cracks in the roof and walls were sufficient in number to admit enough fresh air. A puncheon table and pole benches served the men at meal times. But if the accommodations are rude in these homes, it is worth mentioning that the food on the table is something astonishing. At a dinner I ate in one we had soup, two kinds of fresh meat, two of salt, three kinds of vegetables, of which two—peas and tomatoes—had been tinned, hot biscuit, yeast bread, two kinds of fruit, tea, coffee, rice pudding, two kinds of pie, and sponge cake.

One man tried very hard to violate the traditions of a prosperous mining camp by erecting a swell hotel for the accommodation of mine-owners and their friends. The result of his work was unique. There were great sitting rooms and parlors with rare potted plants distributed about; great rockers and inviting easy-chairs; deep and soft carpets; in the dining room, cut glass and real china, high-backed chairs, snowy linen, menus, and attentive waiters. They had strawberries and cream for breakfast, although the ground outside was covered four inches deep with snow, and all supplies had to be hauled from the railroad eighteen miles away.

One day a lady arrived with her husband from New York, and after dinner, while strolling about the parlor, wondering at the luxurious display, stopped for a moment to admire a palm on a stand near the wall. Suddenly her husband started as one does who is astounded.

"What is it, my dear," said she.

"Nothing, dear; I guess I must have been chilled by the ride," he replied.

He was staring at the wall, and directly he excused himself and went to a friend at the other end of the room.

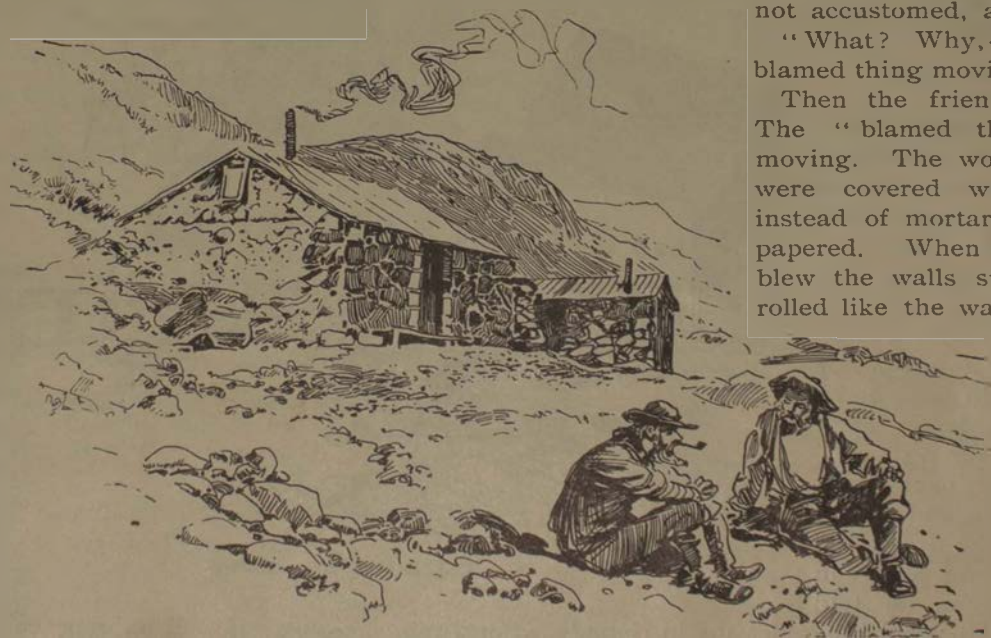
"Say, old fellow, do you notice anything unusual about these walls? There! See there, now!"

The friend looked, but saw nothing to which he was not accustomed, and said so.

"What? Why,—isn't the blamed thing moving?"

Then the friend laughed. The "blamed thing" was moving. The wooden walls were covered with muslin instead of mortar, and then papered. When the wind blew the walls swelled and rolled like the waves of the

sea. It must not be supposed that even the half-tents and dirt-roofed cabins are all cheerless. Woman-



HOUSE OF LAVA BLOCKS AND SOAP-BOXES.

ly taste gathers such materials as a mining camp affords,—muslins, prints, and cotton laces,—for hangings; it arranges wall decorations out of the miners' candlesticks and the prospectors' picks, with a six-shooter or two, which might be useful on occasion; places potted plants on window ledges, and carpets a puncheon floor with two colors of building paper; it hangs great lamps in dark corners and trims them with bright-colored ribbons or tissue-papers; it hides the rude aspen-pole stand or table under two bits' worth of calico, and places photographs or engravings or chromos where the eye must catch them. Nevertheless, there is an air about every such home which says unmistakably, "We're going to be as comfortable



A TYPICAL OVERSEER.

as possible while we stay, of course, but we're going back to God's country so soon that it isn't worth while to waste much money on this camp."

One of the most curious camps flourished for a short time in the heart of the Mojave desert, in California, and grew into being in this wise:

One Aaron Winters, a short, stout, tough-fibred man, was living, with his wife Rosie, in a rude rock hut beside a small spring in a valley called Ash Meadow, just over the range to the east of Death Valley. In no other part of the continent can such homes as his be found, for his little patch of vegetation was surrounded by arid sand that stretched away to where equally arid mountains walled in the vision, and the road to the nearest settlement where supplies could be had was two hundred miles long across the burning wastes. Worse yet, the route was through Death Valley, the marvelous region where the earth sinks more than four hundred feet below the surface of the sea, where the air becomes absolutely devoid of moisture, and



AN "A" TENT HOME.

even the desert birds born in the arid fastnesses sometimes die, as the unfortunates did whose fate gave the valley its name, of the intolerable heat and thirst.

One day a prospector and his burro came down across the desert from a Nevada mining camp. He stopped over night with Winters, and as they sat about the fire in the evening eating piñons in desert fashion, he told Winters all about the marshes up in Nevada, where men had staked out claims and were digging up material which by a simple process was transformed into the common borax of commerce. Then he told how, by the use of certain chemicals and fire, a test of a supposed find of borax could be made. Winters listened but said nothing; when the

prospector was gone, however, Winters with his wife went off to the settlement for the chemicals, and returning to about the centre of Death Valley camped on the only sweet-water brook of the region, — Furnace Creek. Winters had seen in this valley material like that described by the prospector.

How this strange couple gathered the material, how they sat down by the camp fire and watched the sun set and its flaming colors fade, need not be told. Darkness came at last, and

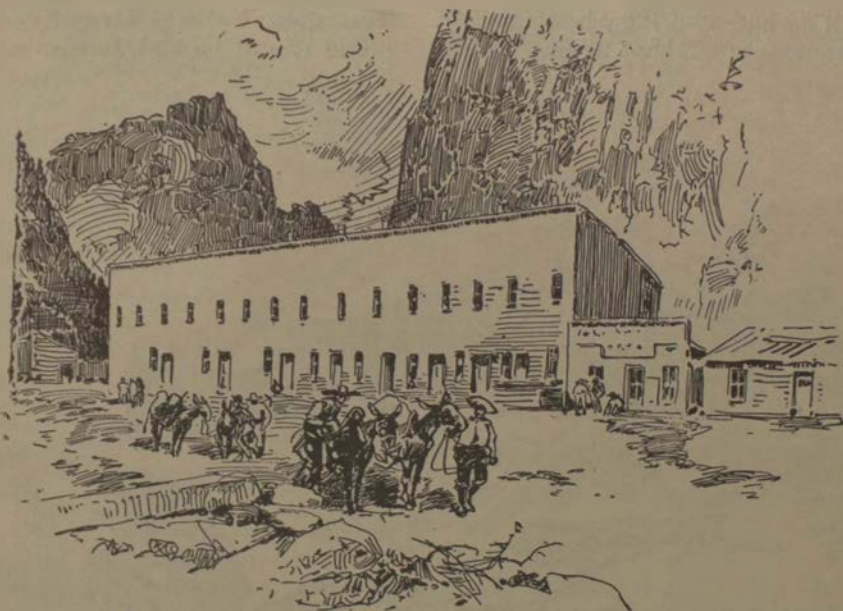


A LOG-CABIN INTERIOR.

with trembling hand Winters poured his chemicals over the material and applied a match. Then, as the mixture caught the flame, he leaped to his feet and shouted:

"She burns green, Rosie. We're rich!"

So they were. Two borax magnates united to buy out Winters and paid twenty thousand dollars for the find, and thereupon one of the



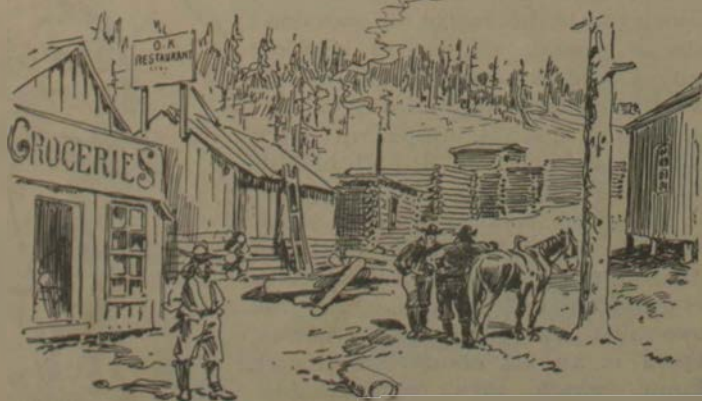
A SWELL HOTEL AT CREEDE.

oddest of odd mining camps was established, and continued to exist for several years in spite of the terrors of the valley in which it was planted. Luckily the deposit was located only about two miles from where the little sweet-water brook sank in the sand, while two or three small springs rose and sank still nearer.

The camp did very well in the fall, the winter, and the spring, but when summer came it wilted. Flesh and blood could not stand such heat and aridity. Men actually died of thirst with water in hand; the air was so arid that it evaporated moisture from their bodies faster than the system could supply itself from water taken into the stomach. The camp had to be abandoned for the three summer months of each year, while it existed. To mitigate the terrors of the place somewhat an oasis was created. A stone-lined ditch carried the water of Furnace Creek out on the mesa, where thirty acres of sand was irrigated. The sand suddenly bloomed green. Willows were planted



THE PROSPECTOR'S TENT.



SQUAW GULCH HOUSES.

and alfalfa sown. An adobe house was built and a fishpond dug. One has to come on a hot day out of the cañon in the Funeral Mountains to where a view of this tiny plantation can be had, to fully realize the exquisite beauty of trees and grass. When this watering-place for the men had been made the camp flourished for several years. It was a remarkable camp in one respect,—it was an Eveless Eden. Save for the visits of Piute squaws, women rarely saw it, and none lived there. More singular still, it was a camp devoid of liquor.

Should any reader ever venture out across the Mojave desert by the way of Death Valley, he will find now only sand-worn sheds and rusty boilers and pipes and tanks,

where once was a bustling scene of industry; but the oasis will be found still green under the care of a gray-haired man, an interesting individual of the white American Arabs

A very common expression in any mining camp is this: "I'm not here for my health." Everybody is "striking it rich" to-day and will "clean up" and go away to-morrow; or, at worst, will strike it rich to-morrow and go next day. The one object in life in a mining camp is to get rich; mental culture and the refinements of life must wait, if indeed the wealth-seeker ever thinks of them. It is a deliberate weighing out of so many sands of life against so many sands of gold. JOHN R. SPEARS.

THE STAGE AS A CAREER.

LEADING PLAYERS AND INSTRUCTORS EXPRESS THEMSELVES CHARACTERISTICALLY ON THE SUBJECT OF THEIR PROFESSION, ITS DIFFICULTIES AND COMPENSATIONS.

BE SURE YOU HAVE TALENT; THEN GO AHEAD.

ADELINE STANHOPE, THE EMINENT ACTRESS AND PROFESSIONAL TEACHER, GIVES SENSIBLE AND POINTED ADVICE.

If a young girl has a good home and is well provided for, my advice is, remain at home; but if it is necessary for her to earn her living, I consider the stage as good as, if not preferable to, any other career. Recognition of ability is more speedy in the dramatic profession, and



there are more chances of reaching the top. As regards the supposed dangers surrounding the theatre, they do not exist for those who have healthy minds to start with. The temptations are more in the imagination of those before the footlights than in realities behind the scenes. The life of an actress in the theatre and on the traveling circuit is more healthful physically than life in the city business offices where young women are employed.

These opinions are, of course, submitted on the assumption that the theatrical profession is adopted subject to the imperative demand of the art itself,—that the student shall be naturally endowed with talent, and possess the faculty of close and earnest application to study. It should be a career of routine stimulated by ambition, with very little time left for the frivolities of life. There will be plenty of disappointments, but one should not be discouraged by failure to reach her own idea of a goal.

In contemplating the stage as a profession, it may be necessary to ignore the opinion of your own immediate circle of friends as regards your qualifications. Do not accept at face value a column of flattery in the paper of your native town. Go, rather, to the cold-blooded

metropolitan manager, or to the conservative principal of a high-class dramatic school and let him tell you at once whether or not you are warranted in trying to enter the ranks of an already overcrowded profession.

A CANDID VIEW.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE, ONE OF OUR LEADING EMOTIONAL ACTRESSES, BELIEVES THAT ACTING DOES NOT RANK WITH OTHER ARTS.

THE question as to whether the stage offers a good career for women is such a very old one that it has become tiresome; yet it is an important question to thousands of aspiring girls. Of them I would ask a question: Have you talent for acting? You think so, but don't know. Then I would say: Don't go on the stage. You should be positive of your ability before you choose so trying a career as that of an actress; and you should not depend upon your own judgment, either. Get the opinions of others,—not merely friends, but those who are competent to judge. Then, if they agree that you have the qualifications, go ahead. If you are conscientious enough and work hard enough, and have vitality sufficient to stand the strain, you may succeed. Even if you do, your success is dearly bought. If you fail,—some of the deepest tragedies are to be found in the lives of obscure people in the dramatic profession.

Another career of activity in the dramatic field is now opening to women, namely, that of play-writing. To achieve success in this, however, is more difficult than to succeed as an actress, because it requires special knowledge that few young women are in a position to acquire, and also necessitates higher mental qualities than those of the moderately successful actress. I only mention play-writing because several women have done good work in that direction during the last few years, and it offers a very satisfactory career to



the woman who has the necessary exceptional gift. There is no reason why women should not write as good plays as men, except the broad general reason that women never have, since history began, done as great things in any of the arts as have men. The only exception that I think of is the art of acting; and in my opinion the reason is that acting is rather emotional than intellectual, and, in its present status, is one of the lowest forms of art.

FROM THE SINGING SOUBRETTE'S POINT OF VIEW.

ALICE HOLBROOK, OF COMIC OPERA CELEBRITY, IS REMINDED OF THE FABLE OF "LA CIGALE."

I THINK the life of a *comédienne*, particularly in the comic opera branch of her profession, is only too well illustrated



by the pretty but pathetic story of "La Cigale,"—the old fable of the grasshopper and the ant. The improvident grasshopper has had a merry time singing in the sunshine all summer, and when the cold winds begin to blow, the frugal ant tells her, sarcastically, that now she can dance all winter to keep warm. If this is what happens, sometimes, to the *comédienne*, I suppose the fault is in herself, rather than in her occupation. The life of a comic opera singer is far from being an idle one, particularly when

she has to travel. Yet it is full of gayety and animation, in the very work itself,—I mean in the brilliant moments when she is on the stage in a successful rôle, and in the constant change of scene and acquaintances. Speaking for myself, I have traveled over the greater parts of South Africa, Australia, Great Britain, and the United States, in a professional way, and have found the experience one of enjoyment rather than of hardship. Perhaps it is true that one must be born with the temperament adapted to such a career. Certainly a short experience of stage life will determine whether a girl is intended by nature for a *cigale* or for an ant.

HIGH OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED.

NELSON WHEATCROFT, PRINCIPAL OF THE EMPIRE THEATRE AND OPERATIC SCHOOL, POINTS OUT BRILLIANT POSSIBILITIES, AND RESULTS ALREADY ACHIEVED BY ACADEMIC TRAINING IN THE DRAMATIC ARTS.

WHILE the theatre in this country is constantly advancing toward the high and dignified position it should occupy in the national art-expression, there is no endowed school, and scarcely a single permanently organized legitimate stock company, where budding talent may acquire the rudimentary training and the traditions of the dramatic profession. There has always been great difficulty in gaining experience in acting, for the youthful aspirant.

Managers are loath to experiment with beginners; consequently the novice is forced to accept a supernumerary or chorus position, with the hope of rising, which hope, alas! is seldom realized, for want of opportunity. As hope disappears, so perishes ambition; and the natural result is indifference and pitiable contentment with the subordinate position. How many really good voices are worn out in a chorus the world will never know. How much genuine dramatic talent has been frittered away in trashy "combination" companies, playing but one piece, and that a bad one, all the season round, none can tell save those few managers and actors who take their calling seriously and look to future prestige as well as to present prosperity.

A thoroughly equipped theatre-school, conducted by professional masters on strictly professional lines, offers, in this perplexity, encouragement to earnest beginners. To quote from actual experience, I may mention that the Empire Theatre School, in its last annual term, graduated thirty-two pupils, of whom twenty-three were young ladies. The majority of these graduates were enabled to secure immediate engagements in first-class companies, where they are competent to assume rôles of importance almost at the outset. In a word, it is to these recruits that we must look for the American Bernhards and Duses, if not for the Melbas, Calvés, and Eameses of the next decade.



FOR GIRLS OF ENERGY AND SPIRIT.

LAURA BURT, THE POPULAR "MADGE" IN "OLD KENTUCKY," SAYS THE STAGE IS RELENTLESS IN ITS EXACTIONS, BUT HAS COMPENSATIONS

NATURALLY, I believe in the stage as a career, especially for an energetic girl of independent spirit, and I have always endeavored to act up to this belief. The theatrical profession, like every other, must be taken seriously, or else you have no chance at all. It is relentless in its exactions. Every actress knows that her life is a hard one,—and yet, it has its precious compensations. Some evenings as I go to the theatre I watch the big round moon through the cab window, and I thank God for giving me a life in which I can have the beautiful and the artistic every day, and not have sentiment and poetry killed out of me by dreary toil. I know my play may not always be thought artistic by critics, yet with all its thrilling situations and hairbreadth escapes it still has the health and purity of a poetical story.

The people at large do not ask for demoralizing "shows," and will not have them when offered. Let the ambitious young actress seek the honest and legitimate training of the musical conservatories and dramatic schools; then she may push on with a clear conscience, certain that she is on the right road.



PORTRAITS OF BERNHARDT BY HERSELF.

IT is, no doubt, because she can write poems, paint pictures, model and carve statues, fence and swim almost as well as she can act, that Sarah Bernhardt is called "the divine Sarah." Her facility with pen and ink in making portraits not only of herself but of her friends, to beguile a leisure hour or record a passing fancy, is but little known. Auto-portraits of Bernhardt in her

pencil from the fingers of a famous editor and sketched a likeness of him on the *menu* to which she had just affixed her autograph at his request.

She had written her name on the *menu* of each guest, as a souvenir of the occasion, and in that very charming Anglo-French which she spoke at that time, had expressed, with many a "wreathed smile" and eloquent *villade*, the pleasure she experienced in making so many distinguished acquaintances, in whom she hoped to find friends.

When she dashed off the portrait of the gentleman on her left, to the surprise and delight of all, he bantered her to send him such a counterfeit presentment of herself, and she promised that he should in due time receive it. That was the end of the matter, he thought; but on the third day, as the story runs, he received from Madame Bernhardt a little packet inclosing her card and these pen-and-ink sketches of herself in her favorite characters.

It was in the course of the visit then made to the United States that Madame Bernhardt was invited, one evening in Chicago, to attend a banquet in her honor, arranged by a number of influential newspaper men. The spokesman delegated to bid her to the feast provided himself with an Ollendorff and a large bouquet of roses. On the way to the theatre he conned over those phrases which seemed to be appropriate to the occasion, and when presented to Madame Bernhardt in her dressing-room was so overcome by stage-fright that he asked her with much agitation if she had seen the green-cotton umbrella of his uncle from Alsace.

Last year the whole of France paid homage to Madame Bernhardt at the great *fêtes* held in Paris. The immediate scene of these festivities



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF SARAH BERNHARDT.

principal rôles, worked out even to the details of the costumes about which she is so particular, are presented herewith.

The story of how they were made illustrates the *bonhomie*—if the word is permissible—of the great Frenchwoman, whose genius, at least, has all that is fierce and powerful and overwhelming in the rush of the cataract, the roar of the thunder, and the sublime beauty of the moon upon the sea. Such a genius ceases to be merely feminine; it is human, even, only in the highest acceptation.

It was at a dinner to which several gentlemen prominent in journalistic and theatrical circles were invited, more than a decade ago, that Sarah Bernhardt seized a



—the throne, as it were, where the queen received in splendor the homage of the French public and of her great contemporaries in art, literature, music and the drama—was the Renaissance Théâtre, in Paris, of which Mme. Bernhardt is the director and controlling spirit. Here, in accordance with the name she has given her theatre, are produced the works of the ultra-modern school, under her immediate direction, and in some of them she gives her personal interpretation to the leading rôles.

The *fêtes* may be regarded as the celebration of Sarah Bernhardt's silver wedding with the stage. It was a quar-



Sarah Bernhardt

La Tosca



Sarah Bernhardt

La Tosca

ter of a century ago that she made her début at that historic Latin Quarter temple of Thespis, the Odéon Théâtre, as *Zanetto*, in François Coppée's exquisite little play "Le Passant." The occasion was doubly triumphant, inasmuch as it won for both actress and poet their first laurels. It was happily appropriate, therefore, to the commemoration, that Coppée should read a lyrical address composed in Sarah's honor,—as did also his fellow-Academician, the poet Heridia. All in all the occasion left nothing wanting to assure the great and truly wonderful tragedienne of the assured place she holds in the esteem, admiration, and regard of her compatriots; and the history of the stage bears no record of similar honor, or indeed, anything approaching such a testimonial being offered hitherto to the most distinguished of its sons or daughters.



Sarah Bernhardt

Theodoros

THE CHILDREN OF THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

SIX HUNDRED children of sixteen different nationalities, gathered from the slums of New York City,—the boy "toughs" and the girl degenerates of Mott Street and Mulberry Bend,—constitute the mass of the working material of the Five Points Mission School. The conversion of this sodden, raw, useless material into bright-eyed, quick-witted boys and girls, and eventually good citizens of the United States, is the object of the ten teachers employed at the school, and is an undertaking that requires a combination of talent embodying the mental alertness of Froebel and the physical distinction of Sandow.

It is over fifty years since some fifty wagon-loads of dirt and filth were carted away from the notorious old Five Points Brewery, and the Mission School was opened with a staff of volunteer teachers and a motley little group of ragamuffins who were curious to penetrate the mysteries of new clothes, book learning, and real dinners, all of which were included, in those days, and are still, for that matter, in the curriculum of the school. Since that informal beginning of the bringing of wisdom, not to mention soup and flannels, to the East Side, forty thousand children have been registered at the Five Points School, and among its graduates are numbered successful New York men in both professional and commercial circles.

That two of the charming, clever women who instruct the little tots in the kindergarten department are also graduates of the institution speaks volumes in itself. And it is in the kindergarten rooms that the really interesting work is done in the huge building at 63 Park Street, which has cost various philanthropically inclined individuals the sum of \$128,000.

It is an interesting fact that much of the difficult work involved in first quickening the intelligence and holding the attention of the slum children is accomplished through the medium of music. It is because they love the musical sounds that they first exhibit a desire to understand the meaning of the words and gestures that accompany them. The monitor and choir leader in the elementary department, where music is a specialty, is graceful, picturesque "Bigo," a little Italian maid of some six summers, dark-eyed, red-lipped, a child of Southern warmth and brightness, and a strangely refreshing bit of beauty among her Mongolian, African, and Bowery associates. The children like Bigo for a leader; although she does not play much with them, they are familiar with her little graceful ways and laughing eyes, and they think it rather fun to follow the gestures made by her tiny brown hands and to sing with her about "dee flo'ah wata groo' een dee coontwe."

"An' I jus' guess Bigo knows mo'ah about a 'flo'ah'," her desk companion and Bowery champion says, "dan mos' anybody, 'cause ain't she jus' a daisy herself?"

This particular little Mott Street dude has been Bigo's champion and admirer ever since the day when she gave him a well-directed blow with her dimpled fist for making faces at the teacher, the children's beloved "Miss Emma." At the following recess, with his cheek still red from the force of her argument, he made public confession of his affection by announcing his intention of licking any "fella what didn't think Bigo was de stuff," a chivalric tournament which was subsequently interfered with by the janitor and a Mulberry Bend "cop."

After the children have become accustomed to the most rudimentary process of thinking, and it requires weeks and months of constant musical drill to put their mental machinery in operation, actual lessons are begun in the simplest facts and principles of geography, spelling, and arithmetic.

The shining lights in the class of 1900, which con-



From a Photograph by J. C. Hemment.

ENTRANCE TO THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

tains some particularly interesting children, are frequently called upon to exhibit their mental prowess to that nightmare of childish lives, the school visitor. Occasionally when they are sent to the blackboard to offer the visitor convincing proof that two and two equal four, or to point out the location of the centre of learning on the Massachusetts map, they acquit themselves with grace and distinction; but this is not always the case.

Little Jim, who is never seen in or out of school hours with his hands out of his pockets, except they are otherwise actively employed, is a lover of the profane joys of existence. To be a "fresh air" is the dream of his life, and conditions of abstract culture do not leave a lasting impression on his newly awakened mind. Jim likes nothing better than a chance of taking his turn at the blackboard, for the combination of delights it offers of "wavin' de stick an' pokin' de kids on de sly."

But these occasions are not always joyous ones to the miniature tough; as witness the awful day when he was called forth to point out to a group of severe-looking school-managers "the most important island in the world," and with a wave of his stick and a shout of triumph he announced it to be "Cooney's Island!" Jim is still puzzled over the frown of the teacher and the smiles of the managers, but comforts himself with

the reflection that probably they have never been "'fresh airs,' an' don't know no better."

Five of the most progressive boys in the school are the Chinese students distributed through the various departments. Neatly dressed, bright-eyed, and polite, they uphold Li Hung Chang's views of the absurdity of the Chinese Exclusion Bill as no amount of argument would do.



From a Photograph by J. C. Hemment.

THE CHOIR.

Their bright little bias eyes twinkle with delight when asked about the visit of the famous Li.

"He great man, great man," they chorused. "Mott Street velly ploud. American man like to look at Li," ventured a bright boy of sixteen. "Why they no send Li back? He Chinaman alle same."

Although these clever boys have attained to the dignity of American clothes they still cling to their twisted

cues braided with purple and red cords, which they cover on the street with tight-fitting yachting caps to save themselves from their Bowery tormentors.

The playgrounds for the children are the square and the band-stand in front of the school, on bright days, and a portion of the basement of the Mission Building, in stormy weather. Here they romp and yell and tumble



From a Photograph by J. C. Hemment.

THE SINGING LESSON.



From a Photograph by J. C. Hemment.

REPRESENTATIVES OF CHINATOWN.

about in the wildest fashion, permitted to use their own taste in the character of the "plays" indulged in so long as they refrain from punching each others' heads or otherwise emulating the popular amusements of the vicinity in which they are raised.

The delight of the day, however, centres in the noonday meal, which is furnished the children by the Mission, and which consists of bread and meat, all they can eat, and a cup of hot coffee if they wish it. It is undoubtedly the vision of this substantial, wholesome meal that is the star attraction to fully one half the pupils who gather for the long daily sessions. For the Mission School is conducted on the same plan as the city public schools. The hours are the same, the course of study, after the first year, is the same, and the school is under the supervision of the Board of Education of New York.

After the children are marched into the long dining-room and assigned to their places by the class monitors, they join in singing the Doxology, with hands clasped and heads bowed. They stand through the meal, and manifest a joyous freedom from the close observance of any irksome rules of

etiquette. They are permitted to exchange their various viands as their individual tastes may dictate

"I say, Jim, give us yer beef fur de drink?"

"Here's me bread, Mary Ann, fur yer drink. Oi gits bread ter hum, Oi does."

"Dat's a go. all right, Katie. Bread an' meat's good 'nough fur me taste."

And so it goes, down the length of the tables, except among the new comers, the stolid, dull-eyed infants to whom all food is alike so that there is enough of it to stop the almost constant hunger-pain.

Once a day the children of the entire school meet in the assembly room, where they go through a calisthenic drill and sing in unison under the direction of "Miss Emma," who is a talented musician and a conductor of no small ability. And it is rarely that one has an opportunity of hearing such melody from childish throats as is trilled forth by these neglected, half-fed, shabby little waifs of the East Side. Their words are distinctly spoken, their time couldn't be improved under Damrosch, and the delicious sweetness of well-trained



From a Photograph by J. C. Hemment.

A HELPING HAND.

children's voices fills the great room, to the very dome, with a melody so perfect in every varying cadence and soft minor half-tone, that one is reminded of the famous children's choruses in that land of child vocal-culture, Germany.

Besides the feeding and teaching of the children, the Mission boasts a committee for helping to clothe the needy, as well as an excellent free reading-room, which is open every evening, and, well lighted and heated, is a remarkably popular substitute for the scores of saloons in the immediate vicinity.

To the left of the handsome entrance and directly oppo-

site the reading-room is the office of the genial superintendent, the Rev. A. K. Sanford, who received his first appointment to the work—which is a gift of the Methodist Episcopal Church—back in 1858, when most arduous labor and delicate financiering were requisite to establish the Mission on a permanent basis. He received the appointment for the second time in 1893, just at the time of the erection of the new building, and to his splendid executive ability and excellent judgment is unquestionably due much of the present success and prosperity of the Five Points Mission.

MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

SOCIETY FADS.

IT really requires careful thought and considerable ingenuity for a fashionable woman to think out some honest means of penance whereby, during Lent, she may save for her Easter offering. This season the special form of self-denial must of course differ from that practiced during any foregoing Lent; and after due consideration jewel wearing is the cause which will swell many an Easter fund. From Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday not an ornament can be worn save on the payment of a fine. Wedding and engagement rings are permitted only by virtue of a weekly fine, and any gems used as adornment, besides these tokens of vows, must be paid for at the rate of five per cent. of their value. The woman who makes a gift of a jewel must deposit a fine for the act in her Easter box; she who receives the gift of a jewel must also pay the penalty into her fund: while false jewels, ornamental hat-pins, necessary little stick-pins, a watch, or even a garter buckle, all come under the head of prohibited jewels. In consequence of this new rule, which will hold until Easter Sunday, smart women are wearing natural flowers, California violets being the most popular blossoms, keeping only their watches, belt buckles, hat-pins, and wedding rings in use, for comfort's sake, and as a means of increasing the spring offering.

EASTER offerings, by the way, are not this time to be made in the form of unbeautiful cheques, an ugly roll of big bills, or plain little white envelopes, sent up to the clergyman at the special Easter service. Instead, they are to be presented in the pieces of money in which they were collected, and every woman will offer her dimes and dollars just as she has hoarded them since the beginning of the year. The coin, moreover, is to go to the altar in a multitude of more or less simple or splendid *aumonières*, otherwise known as alms-bags. The maids and matrons are to wear these clear up to Easter Day, and some of them are really rich and costly money-pouches. They have been cut on the pattern of the fourteenth and sixteenth century alms-bags worn at the side by great ladies of those periods. Brocaded satin and velvet, *Suède* worked in beads and gold thread, soft nets of gold and silver mesh, are among the most elegant, varying in size and shape, but all hung at the owner's right side by two long silver chains that let the pouch fall nearly to her knees. A good many of these are made by the possessors' fair hands, from bits of rich old brocade or ancient embroidered church vestments; and at a church where the congregation is very nearly made up of millionaires, these bags, on Easter Sunday, are to be gathered up on a great silver alms-basin and laid, before the recessional is sung, at the foot of the chancel steps. Afterward the bags will be re-

stored to their owners, who will probably lay them aside until another offering is to be gathered. At every quiet Lenten tea-drinking the hostess or her daughter conspicuously wears her *aumonière*, and considers it perfectly permissible for a calling young man to lay hold of the pretty reticule, ask its meaning, and drop a tinkling something into its satin-lined depths.

GORGEOUS christenings are the thing once more; and a member of smart society must not be surprised at receiving from Mrs. Harold Lofty a new set of cards. In the envelope is one card bearing the name "Mrs. Harold Lofty," and another tiny, tiny bit of pasteboard, on which is engraved, possibly, the name "Harold Hoffman Lofty." To the individual who keeps well abreast the wave of social doings this is meant to convey the information that there is a recent arrival in the Lofty family, and that the sending out of his card with his mamma's is a suggestion that both of them are ready and able to receive callers and congratulations.

If you are the recipient of these cards and inclined to call, you will find Mrs. Lofty pouring tea on one of the days mentioned in the corner of her own card, and at intervals of a half-hour a nurse, in a vast white muslin Breton cap, brings down, on a white satin pillow, the heir of the Lofty house, to be seen by his admiring friends. He stays but a brief five minutes, then is whisked up-stairs again. Persons who have had cards to his "At Home," shortly after receive elaborately engraved invitations to his christening. These come in form as elegant as for a wedding, and one may or may not be invited to the reception given after the church ceremony. On the invitation is engraved the young person's full name, which usually includes his mother's maiden name, and in case the infant is not a boy, but a daughter, the Christian name is quite sure to be something in the way of an unique revival from the antique. At the christening reception, if it is a girl who has come to bless her parents, all the decorations are done in rose pink and white; if a boy, in sky blue and white. Part of the time while the parents are receiving, the baby lies on a pillow in the nurse's arms, or is brought in when the snowy cake is cut. The cake is divided into as many slices as there are god-parents, and cut by them, and in every slice is found some symbol of the gifts fairy god-fathers and god-mothers were supposed to bestow. Every person invited to a christening reception is expected to send a gift to the child, and these gifts are all exhibited, whether they are flowers, or a string of pearls for the future *débutante*.

MADAME LA MODE.

EASTER EGG-ROLLING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE origin of Easter sports with eggs can be traced back almost as far as human actions have been chronicled. In the Middle Ages eggs bore a part in the church service on Easter Day, when bishops and deans kept time to the measures of the antiphone with

admitted to the White House grounds on Easter Monday, says he can remember that, fifty years ago, when he was a boy in Washington, little groups of children gathered at the Capitol and in the White House reservation and rolled the colored Easter eggs down the grassy slopes. Every year the crowd of children has been increasing, and the egg-rolling has finally grown to the importance of a festival. The public schools are closed on Easter Monday, and thousands of children swarm about the White House and litter its grounds with egg-shells and bits of paper and scraps of luncheon. They are no longer permitted to roll eggs in the Capitol grounds. Their visits were too destructive of the turf, and several years ago the architect of the Capitol, who is the custodian of the Capitol grounds, refused to grant permission for the annual egg-rolling. Since that time most of the children have gone to the White House grounds, though a few of those who live in the district east of the Capitol do their egg-rolling on the lawns of the arsenal. At the White House, however, there is the attraction of the Marine Band and the possibility of a glimpse of the President or some of his family; so the greater crowd centres there.



DINNER TIME ON THE SOUTH LAWN.

stately dancing, tossing eggs to the choristers, who tossed them to each other. Long since these customs were banished from the churches as unseemly, but in many countries their influence is still felt and gives character to secular sports.

Even in Protestant Scotland, where all the great church festivals have been for centuries suppressed, the young people exchange gifts of gay-colored eggs, —always hard boiled,—and engage in games with them, tossing them to test the strength of the shells, rolling, and finally eating them.

It is a little curious that as far as the custom is practiced in the United States it has a national reputation only in Washington. How or where it started there, no one now living in Washington can tell; but that the enchanting slopes of the Capitol and White House grounds give it inviting encouragement no one will dispute. Colonel John M. Wilson, the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, through whose courtesy the children are

The egg-rolling has lost much of its simplicity, much of the charm that it used to have. Easter Monday now is a general picnic day, and the White House grounds are



ROLLING EGGS.



WAITING TO SEE THE CHILDREN OF THE WHITE HOUSE.



ROLLING EGGS DOWN HILL IN FRONT OF THE NAVY BUILDING.



WATCHING AN EGG-ROLLING CONTEST.



BABY'S BROKEN EGG.

thronged from early morning with a mob of people in which, to be sure, the children predominate, but which contains a very large proportion of men and women. The children begin to arrive even before the hour when the grounds are opened, nine o'clock. Every avenue that leads to the White House is thronged with them and their mothers and their nurses and other guardians. The little toddlers as well as the larger children carry bundles and baskets and boxes filled with eggs, gayly striped and spotted. Very few of them bring any luncheon, for the eggs, when they are broken, contain enough nourishment to satisfy

their mid-day cravings. Most of the little ones are in their school-day clothing; for this is not a festival to be celebrated in holiday attire. Egg-rolling might be made a



"THERE IT COMES!"

The White House grounds are very prettily diversified with little hills sloping toward intermediate valleys or toward the broad path which leads from the eastern gate to that on the west. On the knoll above the steepest of these grassy slopes the children gather. Baskets and boxes are quickly emptied, and the sport of rolling the colored eggs begins. It has no apparent object. It is about as purposeless as rolling down hill, a sport in which many of the children indulge when their eggs are all broken. If there is any object in it, it is to test the strength of the egg-shell and see how many times it will go bumping over the rough places on the hill-side without



CHIPPING EGGS.

clean recreation; but, as practiced, it is a very dirty one. There are quite as many children as there are eggs rolling down hill before the day is far advanced; and at times there are quite as many men and women on the grounds as there are children.

over the grounds becomes too unwieldy for any pleasure. The gateways are constantly packed with people striving to get in and people struggling to get out, and two or three policemen are kept busy trying to preserve order. The peanut men and the pop-corn men and the cheap candy men gather in great numbers outside the gates, and the *debris* of their wares is scattered all over the turf.

There is no doubt that all of the children last year had a good time, except one little fellow who was lost. President Cleveland let a part of the crowd into the East Room and shook hands with them. That was a distinct feature of the day. Then Baby Marian appeared at one of the windows for a few minutes and was the cynosure for many eyes. That was another incident which had an interest for many.

It is always a weary, but a happy crowd that winds its way toward home, at night-fall; and another red-letter day is written in the memories of hundreds of children in whose lives holidays are widely separated.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

breaking. Some of the little ones try to roll their eggs against others, to see which will break; others run after their eggs as they roll down, to catch them before they reach the bottom, so that they may not break. But they are not long-lived. Even the hard-boiled egg has a limit of endurance. Before long the first-comers have seen the last of their colored treasures broken and scattered over the grass. But the new-comers constantly arriving bring a fresh supply. So the business of the day goes on with ever-renewed vigor. The children come and go from nine o'clock till sundown.

But toward afternoon the crowd that swarms all



"PLEASE GIVE ME MORE EGGS."

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OUR GIRLS

DELL'S CARNATIONS.

HOW Dell loved them! In the sweet spring twilight, after the supper dishes had been washed and put away, Dell worked among her carnations. There were creamy white ones, and lovely rose-pink, and variegated; but sweetest, richest, most beautiful of all, were the deep, glowing red ones which Dell loved best. Always during their season there were a few of these in a tiny glass vase on Dell's modest little dressing-table, which was nothing in the world but a dry-goods box draped in white cheese-cloth, and often there were half a dozen of them laid upon Miss Devere's desk in the morning. Miss Devere invariably smiled across at Dell as she tucked them into the front of her tailor-made gown, and there they staid and breathed out their fragrance all day and contrasted their passionate beauty with the pale, scholarly, eye-glassed face above them.

It was a saying among the girls that Dell never gave a red carnation to anyone she did not love; and that was true, as Dell was what was generally called an odd girl, and loved but few. Little Mrs. Winship when she went to church always carried one of Dell's red carnations, the stem folded primly within the snowy handkerchief which she always held against her plain old hymn-book. The whole town loved Mrs. Winship, poor, hard-working little widow though she was, but few really loved her proud, passionate young daughter, whose hot temper and sensitive spirit kept at bay some who would have liked to be her friends. The truth was that Dell Winship was not a popular girl, and she knew it. She realized as did no one else, excepting, perhaps, her sweet-faced little mother, the unfortunate flashy temper which could not be patient under the sting of unkind words. It was a daily grief to Little Mamma, as Dell had called her from her babyhood, to see her tall, imperious, beautiful daughter so swayed by the rebellious spirit which had come to her from her father's side of the family,—to see the unresponsiveness with which Dell met the timid advances of some of the school-girls.

There was no denying the fact that Dell felt the sting of her poverty keenly, and resented bitterly the life of humble labor she and her mother were obliged to lead. Little Mamma sewed for a living, and Dell was house-keeper out of school-hours. It exasperated her, at times, to see the meek humility of Little Mamma. She never seemed to think that other and better things of life should have been her portion, and never complained, but simply did her duty cheerfully and as though that were the very kind of life she delighted most to live. It hurt Dell to see the pale, refined face of Little Mamma bending patiently above the piles of plain sewing she was so glad to get,—to see the lady-like figure clad in dark blue calico instead of the dainty silver-gray silks it would have worn so charmingly.

At times like these Dell would fly at her books and study furiously, hour after hour, until her cheeks were

hot and feverish, and as red as her own carnations. "I *must* succeed! I *must* succeed!" she would say to herself, passionately. "I *will* become a successful teacher and lift Little Mamma out of this hard life of toil!"

There came a day when Miss Devere announced one morning that, contrary to its usual custom, the Board of Education had consented to allow a prize to be offered for scholarship. Squire Edwards had recently visited the school, and, much pleased with the earnest efforts of the boys and girls, made the proposition to the Board of Education of offering a money prize to be worked for. The boy or girl who should attain the average of ninety per cent. at the end of the term was to receive at the public exercises the sum of fifty dollars in gold. There was a subdued murmur of surprise and satisfaction as Miss Devere sat down, and more than one heart beat more quickly. Among them Dell's. "I *will* win it!" she whispered to herself, and her great black eyes filled with determination and her cheeks grew warm and red with the fire of pride.

The contest narrowed down in time to two competitors, Dell Winship and Freda Parke. The others who had tried to keep abreast dropped out one by one, and settled down to watch with interest the race between the two girls, who were acknowledged to be the two best scholars in school, thankful if they themselves could "squeeze through" on the required average of seventy-five or perhaps attain to eighty.

Dell's carnations were neglected now. Her mother saw that they were watered, but neither she nor Dell had time to spend in cultivating the soil or tying up drooping stems. And so it came to pass that the creamy white, the rose pink, and the variegated ceased to bloom, and only the lovely red blossoms glowed and gleamed the same as ever. It seemed as though they were inspired to keep on blooming through all difficulties, out of sheer encouragement for the hard-working young student in her little room up under the eaves. Dell, sometimes glancing down at them from her open window, said tenderly, "Dear little red things! I love you so, but I can't come now."

Little Mamma sat alone in her small, plainly furnished sitting-room the afternoon before the last day of school. The all-important examinations were being held that day, and while she bent over the buzzing sewing-machine and stitched away for dear life, all her thoughts were with Dell. Little Mamma had a way of whispering little prayers as she worked. Perhaps that was the secret of her patience and endurance. Now she whispered, "Dear Father, let Dell succeed,—if it be Thy will, let Dell succeed; but if not, oh, teach my child a lesson even through her pain!" A sweet smile hovered around the lips of Little Mamma,—a smile of faith and trust that whatever came would be for the best.

Into her quiet thoughts a little later came Dell, tall and imperious, proud and passionate, with tears in her voice

but none in her flashing eyes. She threw her books down and began to pace the floor. Little Mamma stopped her sewing-machine and looked at her. It was not necessary to say a word or ask a question; she read in Dell's flushed face,—defeat.

"How I hate her! how I hate her!" she burst out. "Not because she won, but because of the cruel things she said! Oh, I can't bear it!—I can't, I can't! She said,—I heard her say it,—'Of course I passed higher than a poor seamstress's daughter! And I didn't try so very hard, either!' and she said she hoped it would tame my hot temper a little and take some of the pride out of me! Oh, I *do* hate her so!—I can't help it; and I won't go near the school to-morrow. She shan't glory over me!"

Little Mamma said not a word, but her sweet face wore a new sadness. "My wayward child!" she whispered to herself, and then breathed softly, "Thou who knowest her heart help her now!"

That night Dell went down the street on an errand for her mother. The soft summer twilight was gathering fast, and two girls walking arm in arm before her did not notice her approaching footsteps behind them. One of the girls was talking. It was Freda's voice.

"Such a disappointment!" she was saying. "Isn't it a shame! Papa went to the florist's this afternoon, and every red carnation was gone; and I do want some to wear with my cream albatross,—the red would look so effective against the cream!"

Dell's head went up proudly in the twilight shadows. Her sore heart thrilled with a fierce joy. She had it in her power to grant her rival's wish, but would she? Never! A proud light sprang into her dark eyes, and she swept haughtily past the two girls. "Why! isn't that Dell?" she heard one of them say, and then came that most exasperating of all earthly sounds, the heartless giggle of a thoughtless school-girl. "I can stand abuse," thought Dell, fiercely, "but ridicule,—never!" and she passed on quickly with pulses beating fast, did her errand and returned, passing the two girls. She did not speak, but looked defiantly into Freda's eyes as their gaze met. "She shall see she can't crush me!" said Dell to herself as she swept homeward.

The girl's mind was in a strange tumult. Oh, to get away from it all,—to leave this very night and never look upon the taunting faces of the girls again! If Little Mamma could only move away, and take her out of the discord and jangle of her life! If only she might in some keen, cutting way revenge herself for the slight cast upon her by Freda that day! Freda's sarcastic tongue had often been used upon her before, because, as she said, it was *such* fun to see Dell fly into a temper.

As Dell banged the gate loudly behind her a sweet, spicy odor rose from the ground and made her pause. She dropped on her knees beside the fragrant, glowing blossoms. A new thought came into her mind, no less bitter than those she been thinking. "I've changed my mind,—I'll go, after all!—I'll wear my white dress and these carnations, and look so proud and calm that Freda Parke will never dream I care. She shall not glory in the thought that she is hurting me by her triumph!"

She gathered the lovely blossoms and sat down on the steps of the little porch. The cool, dewy petals lay against her hot cheeks, and she closed her eyes as she breathed in their sweet fragrance. They seemed to soothe and calm her now, as, indeed, they had done many times before, and gradually the hot anger died out of her heart and sweet peace stole in as gently as the perfume of the carnations. She sat a little while in the cool darkness and listened to

the quiet sounds of the evening,—the twittering and nestling of the birds in the maples down by the gate, the echoing footfall of a passer-by, and the crooning lullaby of the mother in the next house rocking her baby to sleep.

She rose and went into the lighted sitting-room. Little Mamma was wearing her eyes out over a long stretch of monotonous button-holes. Dell took the work from her tired hands and sat down on the stool at Little Mamma's feet. Little Mamma's heart swelled with a silent joy as she looked into the girl's calm face, the cheeks still warm and red, but the dark eyes softened and subdued. Her own eyes filled with sudden tears, and she took off her glasses to wipe them. Dell arranged and re-arranged the glowing carnations and appeared shy and quiet. It seemed hard to say what she wished, but at last it came.

"I heard Freda say to one of the girls when I was going down the street that she wanted red carnations to wear to-morrow, but couldn't get any. I'm going to give her mine." That was all, but it was enough; and Little Mamma, wise woman that she was, only smiled, but said nothing. Dell packed them deftly in a box, and hastily scribbled on a card, "With Dell Winship's compliments." Then she ran to the line fence and called to Johnnie, who lived next door and often ran errands for Mrs. Winship. A dime looked large to Johnnie, and he gladly scampered off with Dell's carnations to the beautiful Parke residence on the avenue.

Dell slept like a tired child that night. The public exercises were to be held at ten o'clock, and after the morning's work was done she arrayed herself in her one best dress, a simple white lawn. Then she ran down into the garden, but could find no flower to wear, and Little Mamma, seeing her, came to the door.

"Here's a bow of carmine ribbon, Dell," she said. "I've had it ever so long. Let me pin it against your white lace. Why, it looks, at a glance, almost like your own carnations," she continued, as she stood off to view the effect. So Dell wore the bow of satiny ribbon, and walked beside Little Mamma in her plain black dress.

The school chapel presented a bright picture. White-clad girls fitting about, the gleam of golden hair, the glow and fragrance of flowers, the flutter of fans, and the gay ripples of laughter made the scene a charming one.

At last the supreme moment arrived. Squire Edwards, big and pompous, rose and addressed the Board of Education in his well-known, flowery manner, then turned to the expectant audience. All eyes were turned on Freda, and Freda, with happy, flushed face, dressed in creamy white with red carnations on her shoulder, waited and listened.

"It appears, ladies and gentlemen," began the Squire, with great deliberateness, "that there was a very slight difference between the standing of the two contestants for the prize. Miss Freda Parke, it seems, attained an average of ninety per cent., and Miss Dell Winship attained an average of eighty-nine per cent. Both young ladies have worked hard for the prize, and both deserve it. It is, therefore, the judgment of the Board of Education, and of myself, that the sum of fifty dollars be divided equally between the two young ladies in question. And, furthermore, I wish to state that it was the voluntarily expressed wish of one of the contestants, Miss Freda Parke, that the prize be divided as I have said. If the two young ladies will come to the platform they will now receive the prize."

Then Freda did one of the most graceful acts of her life. She rose in her seat and went up the aisle to Dell, whose hand she gently took, and together the two white-clad girls walked to the platform. The applause was almost deafening. The jolly old Squire stood helplessly with

half-open mouth until the noise had subsided, and then in a few hearty words presented each girl with the sum of twenty-five dollars in gold.

There were tears in Dell's dark eyes when the girls

came up the aisle to their seats, and Freda's was the happiest face in the room,—unless, indeed, it was the face of Little Mamma.

HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

EASTER FAVORS.

THE trifles which ingenuity and deft fingers can make for Easter gifts, and favors for luncheons and breakfasts, have usually the advantage over "boughten" things, of being more novel, and they are often also more appropriate. Usually the originality of the idea gives value to the trifling materials employed, and imparts that personal element which too frequently is entirely wanting in the most expensive *bijoux*. As for

appearance, and, as is well-known, *crêpe* paper lends itself to any and every arrangement of sleeve, ruffle, or fur-below. The bag on the arm of one hare is made of a bit of white lace, and it should be filled with aromatic pastilles.

The egg-basket in the same group is a pretty design for a guest souvenir, or for a large basket to hold the colored eggs at breakfast. The original is a little white straw basket, decorated with rosettes of colored ribbon and lined with *crêpe* paper, which forms a ruffle round the rim. It is filled with candy eggs, and a few twigs of pussy-willow are thrust in the centre. For real eggs a lining of yellow or green paper, suggestive of a nest, is appropriate.

The comical little egg-coseys are useful things, whose service will not end with the Easter breakfast but will carry a remembrance of the merry feast through following months. They are made of felt, in white, gray, cream, or any delicate color. Cut in the form of an egg or a chicken, two pieces of the same shape are overhanded together on the edges, and decorated with the needle or brush, according as the worker is more skilled with one or the other. These pieces, ready stamped for embroidering, or ornamented with paintings of the Easter hare, newly hatched chickens, and other suitable, often amusing, designs, can be bought in some of the fancy-work shops. A bit of red flannel or ribbon should be thrust into the head-seam of the chicken, to suggest the half-grown comb; and in the other model a yellow lining, pinked on the edge, shows below the irregularly notched end of the egg-shell.

The world over, children—wee toddlers as well as those of larger growth—take great delight in colored eggs for Easter; and probably, but for the fancied difficulty in



EASTER-HARE BONBONNIÈRES.

the time and trouble spent in making them they are recompensed in the very doing, the pleasure of which is greatly enhanced if three or four pair of hands work together, for a lively rivalry is thus engendered which is always prolific of bright ideas.

Given a pair of scissors, a dozen eggs, and some *crêpe* paper, and any bright girl will be able to contrive therefrom attractive Easter souvenirs; but she will also receive great stimulus and help from the pretty things here illustrated, most of which can be easily made at home. The hares dressed in walking attire are of papier-maché, and can be bought at the confectioner's, being intended for *bonbonnières*. They open at the neck, where the heads are hinged with narrow ribbon. Either as Easter gifts for children, or souvenirs for a luncheon, they are suitable and amusing. In the latter case the paper cloaks can be the color of the decorations. A tiny bit of dark fur or chenille is tied to the fore-paws to increase the realistic



FOR FLOWERS OR BONBONS.



EASTER JARDINIÈRE.

For bringing them effectively, the custom would be much more generally practiced. In Russia the small people of a household begin soon after Christmas to hoard every

scrap of bright silk, old ribbon, or gay-colored woolen stuff that comes in their way. They keep a watchful eye on the scrap-baskets and every possible source of supply. The more and the brighter the silk bits they accumulate before Easter, the gayer will be their eggs, which they color easily in the follow-



OSTRICH-EGG VASE.

ing way. The raw egg is wrapped completely in a piece of silk and then in a bit of white linen or muslin, which can be sewed securely or tied with thread. If a design is de-



EGG JEWEL-CASE.

sired as well as color, a figure, face, initials, or legend can be cut out of paper—like a stencil—and laid on the egg beneath the silk. The eggs thus prepared are put into boiling water and boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes if desired hard, or left to stand in the boiling water ten minutes for soft-boiled ones. When unwrapped they will be found to be beautifully colored.



EGG GROTESQUE.



EASTER TABLE DECORATION.

The egg grotesques can be copied either as a form of serving real eggs for an Easter breakfast or in various ways as souvenirs or gifts. The real eggs can be colored as directed above, and served in egg-cups with collar-frills

and caps of *crêpe* or plain tissue-paper. Egg-shells—open at both ends—can be painted with oil or water colors in quite realistic fashion, and serve as *bonbonnières*, being securely glued to the egg-cups, and opened at the top by lifting the caps.

The sedan-chair



AN EGG COSEY.

with Easter-hare bearers, is a charmingly dainty affair, whether



AN EGG COSEY.

filled with flowers or *bonbons*. The hares are like those described above,—papier-maché *bonbonnières*,—and the sedan is made of rose-colored *crêpe*-paper. A square of water-color paper or of cardboard is placed in the bottom of the



EGG GROTESQUE.

bag to give shape to it, and to its corners are fastened the slender sticks which support the canopy; these, as well as the bearers' poles, are covered with *crêpe* paper and wound with silver tinsel. The canopy is of *crêpe* paper over a square of water-color paper, and finished on the edge with a frill; tiny rosettes of the paper are bunched at the corners.

The handsome *jardinière* of Venetian bent-iron work would be a cheery and enduring gift to

send to a shut-in friend, and a similar arrangement in a porcelain *jardinière* would be a handsome centre-piece for the table. Twisted wires or twigs with



VIOLET DOLL SOUVENIR.

the necessary crotch to grasp the egg are thrust into the bed of moss, in the midst of the spring flowers which cover it. Snowdrops, crocuses, and violets, with branches of pussy-willow, make a charming decoration, and the eggs can be colored in purples and yellows. Another pretty floral arrangement is the egg-vase made from an ostrich's egg. Four white beans are glued to the bottom for feet, and any pretty and suitable design, which can be copied from an Easter-card, is painted upon the shell; sometimes the rest of the shell is gilded, but the prettiest are tinted a delicate color with cloud effects.

The egg *bonbonnière* is made from an egg-shell—the larger, the better—which has the top cut off smoothly, and after it is emptied is cut in two the long way. Some pretty design is then painted upon one half and the other is tinted, after which they are securely glued to a silk bag, which forms a puff on the sides. One end of a large spool—first gilded—will serve for a foot, or a base can be made from celluloid or cardboard. When finished with bows of ribbon and tiny bunches of small flowers it makes a very dainty gift. The pretty basket for the same purpose is plaited of violet chip and sweet-grass, and it can be effect-

ively copied with *crêpe* paper—in folded strips—and straw or fine willow splints. Where access to large shops can be had it is easy to select a variety of odd and inexpensive little baskets which will answer the purpose. In the original a sea-gull and some tufts of sea-weed are fastened on the lid, and the basket is filled with chocolate and tinted cream eggs.

Egg-shell dolls dressed in *crêpe* paper are unique and charming souvenirs for an Easter luncheon. Select as long-shaped eggs as possible, and blow them in the usual way by piercing small holes at the ends. With sharp scissors cut a piece of shell the size of the face from one side. The heads are made from balls of cotton wadding to which the shell faces are glued, and bits of cotton wadding are fluffed out around the outlines, for hair, which can be arranged in manifold ways. The artist of the family can exercise her skill in painting the little faces. Tiny rolls of cotton form the arms, which, like the heads, are glued, in proper position, to the egg-shell bodies; a few stitches with fine thread at the wrist define the hand. The mimic dame in outline shows the construction perfectly; no legs are needed, for the *crêpe*-paper skirts serve to support the dolls. They can be dressed as smartly and in as many modes as the workers choose; a whole costume-party, representing the fashions of different periods, would be extremely effective, while for a violet



EGG DOLL IN OUTLINE.

luncheon nothing could be more appropriate than the violet doll illustrated. Variety even in these could be obtained by using different shades of paper. The overlapping flounces of the skirt are cut in irregular scallops to suggest petals, and the hats can be of real violets or made of paper to imitate them.

A decoration for the table is the floral cart. A toy cart can be used, trimmed gayly with ribbons, or a basket can be mounted on ribbon-wound, pasteboard wheels. It is filled with *bonbon* eggs and spring flowers. F. A. E.



A LUNCHEON SOUVENIR.

PAPILLON.

(See Full-page Picture.)

TELL her, this Easter morning,
For sunshine thou dost pine;
And let her smile
Light thy exile
As it would mine.

Then tell her that I love her,—
Look it into her eyes,
And, fair to fair,
Her answer there
Sweetly surmise.

Waft back one breath of perfume
Out of her midnight hair,
And I'll divine
Her thought is mine,
Charming the air.

HENRY TYRRELL.



LENTEN FARE.

WHEN the housekeeper acquits herself with credit of the duties devolving upon her there is no reason why her family should feel the season of Lent to be one of hardship and self-denying trial in connection with their daily food. In fact, properly managed, the change of diet can be made a physical blessing to the whole household.

It is the season of the year when the innate craving for green things indicates a need of the human system, and the housewife has but to follow the dictates of healthful diet to lead her family triumphantly through a Lenten regimen with hardly enough self-denial for their spiritual benefit. Even in places remote from markets this is made possible, now, because of the perfection to which methods of canning foods have been carried, so that in these days a hundred miles from a railway does not imply as much privation of the good things of life as "ten miles from a lemon" did a decade ago.

Most delicious vegetable creams and bisques can take the place of the usual meat *consommés* and soups; of these, celery, salsify, and asparagus are the nicest, but they can be varied with tomato *purée*, cream of peas, lentel soup, and, indeed, a host of others. In shell-fish, also, another resource is found for affording variety, for in addition to the oyster we have lobsters, clams, shrimps, and crabs, so admirably prepared that the housewife in the Rocky Mountains can use them almost as freely and certainly as successfully as her sister who can buy fresh sea-food daily.

CONSOUMÉ MAIGRE.—Cut four carrots, a bunch of celery and an onion in small pieces, add a half-cup of dried peas which have soaked over night, and with a French bouquet of herbs—parsley, thyme, green onion or sprigs of chives, bay leaf, and lemon peel, all tied together—fry in olive oil or butter till a rich brown; season with salt and pepper, adding a little brown sugar, which will bring out the flavor and color of the vegetables. Put all in the soup-kettle, pour over the vegetables two quarts of boiling water, and as soon as it boils up again draw the kettle aside and let it simmer gently till the vegetables are thoroughly cooked; strain, and clear with the white and shell of an egg. It can be served with *croutons* or asparagus points. For the latter allow from three to a half dozen points for each person; put them in salted boiling water and cook gently for fifteen minutes. If canned ones are used they will not require so much time.

CRAB-AND-TOMATO BISQUE.—Either fresh or canned crab-meat can be used; a half-pint when cooked is required, together with one pint of cooked and strained tomatoes, one quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, the same of flour, one teaspoonful and a half of salt, two spoonfuls of pepper, and the same of soda. Take from the milk a half-cupful, and set the rest on the stove in a double boiler. The tomatoes must not be cooked in iron.

When they have boiled five minutes add the soda, and continue stirring till they cease to froth; strain, return to the stewpan, and season with the butter, salt, and pepper. Moisten the flour with the cold milk, and beat till perfectly smooth; when the milk boils stir this into it, and boil for ten minutes; then add the crab-meat, and after cooking three minutes, pour the whole into the stewpan with the tomatoes; stir till thoroughly blended, and serve. Shrimps prepared in the same way make another delicious bisque.

In making the vegetable creams,—for fast-day consumption,—milk, or, better still, half milk and half cream, should be used instead of the usual white stock, and the vegetables are first cooked tender in a quart of salted water; strain and add to the boiling milk, then stir in the yolks of two eggs well beaten in a half-cup of cream.

It will redound to the continual benefit of the family if the cook can be prevailed upon to try new methods of preparing vegetables, a variety of sauces for her fish, and to supplement both with increased use of cereal foods, including rice and macaroni. Two quite out-of-the-way dishes are curries of lobster and of eels. For the first, cut into small dice the meat of a two-pound lobster; put into a hot skillet three tablespoonfuls of butter, when hot add a small onion, chopped fine; when it is fried brown, stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour and one of curry powder; season with cayenne and salt, then pour in a scant pint of milk and boiling water in equal portions; after cooking two minutes, strain and return to the fire; add the lobster-meat, and simmer five minutes. Serve on a bed of rice scooped out so that it will surround the curry.

CURRY OF EELS.—Cut into dice a two-pound eel; sprinkle with salt and scald it for five minutes in boiling water; drain, dry on a napkin, and dredge with flour. Prepare butter, chopped onion, flour, and curry powder as above, adding also two cloves, a bay leaf, and a sprig of celery; pour over this a pint of boiling water, cook two minutes, strain, then return to the fire and add the eel-meat. Let it simmer for fifteen minutes, and serve like the lobster curry.

Here are two nice breakfast dishes which can also be utilized for dinner *entrées*:

CHEESE-AND-EGG TOAST.—Break into a large bowl as many eggs as you require, allowing one for every two slices of toast. Beat thoroughly and season with salt and pepper,—a *petit morceau* of cayenne gives a piquant flavor and aids digestion,—add a teaspoonful of grated cheese for each egg; stir thoroughly, put in a buttered pan, and place in a moderate oven for seven minutes. Have the bread cut in thin slices and nicely browned on both sides; spread with the cheese mixture, and serve immediately.

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SANITARIAN

THE VALUE OF REST.

“THE Puritans were never easy unless they were uneasy,” says Dr. Eggleston in his American history, recently published. And what is still more unfortunate for us, the Puritans did not take their uneasiness with them when they died, but left it as a legacy to their heirs unto the third and fourth generation of those who have never learned to rest. As a consequence, there has spread among us a nervous contagion that has won for us abroad the reputation of being a restless nation,—a penny-wise-and-pound-foolish nation, that rushes all the day long, and then defies with oil, gas, and electricity, the kindly admonishing darkness of night, in the endeavor to bribe Time to make the days longer without making the nights shorter.

Our ancestors' method in this line of sinning was to cut off the slumbrous hours of dawn and rise with the cackling fowl and other brainless members of the brute creation. And this custom still prevails to a large extent in the remote regions of hay and oats. And with what result? Look into the faces of the gaunt, hollow-eyed, wizen cheeked farming people who rise in the misty morning twilight and go forth yawning and often breakfastless to their work,—look into their faces and the answer is plain: much weariness of the flesh, vanity, and vexation of spirit.

The records of all this misuse and abuse of human lives are found in Nature's facial shorthand signs. Let anybody read these signs in the pallid visages to be seen in any city, and he will be ready to admit that sleeping is fast becoming a lost art among us; and the sure punishment for this transgression of nature's laws is that when we would sleep we cannot.

By far the greater number of cases of insomnia are caused by small mental worriments and anxieties which keep themselves alive on yesterdays, which should have been buried, or to-morrows, wherein the sleeper should never walk. For the healthy, normal mind “lets go,” or makes all its wakeful thoughts “let go,” when the hour for sleep arrives. The whole science of going to sleep is indeed mastered when the patient practices on her mind precisely the same kind of relaxation that is cultivated in Delsarte exercises for the body. Naturally enough, one of the very best aids to mental relaxation is this same physical surrender of every nerve and muscle. If, before retiring, one stands erect and lets her head fall upon her breast, relaxing all hold of the muscles of the neck, and then slowly rotates it round and round from right to left and back again, she will soon find herself becoming drowsy, as the blood is driven from the brain. If this physical “letting go” is followed by the same mental surrender which refuses to consider an importunate thought, the operator will soon find herself on one of the avenues leading to the land of Nod.

The good old method of crowding out disturbing thoughts by a persistent repetition of the multiplication table or the alphabet is still employed by some people with more or less success. But a better device is the repetition of some drowsy-syllabled rhyme like those employed by Oriental fakirs in suspending animation. One of the best of these is:

“Ram, ram, amaram, amaram, amaram,
Ram, ram, amaram, amaram, amaram,”

which has such a soporific effect when chanted slowly that it will make one sleepy in the daytime, if she will shut her eyes and repeat it long enough.

Sleeping, however, is only one of the methods of resting, though by far the most important one. For there is good ground for believing that not only the body, but the soul, is built up and renovated during sleep, and the longer the sleep the greater the renovation. Sleep, in fact, is the curtain which nature kindly draws over all our past sins and foolishnesses, and sensible people will try to keep the curtain whole and not lift the corners nor peep under it.

Next to sleep, it will be found that change with most people is one of the most valuable forms of resting. Nature herself has supplied a world of illustrations on this subject. Anticipating the complaints of mankind, she rests us with a continual rotation of seasons; and lest these changes should not suffice, she furnishes a daily variety in the combinations conjured up by sun, wind, and clouds. Something like this restful variety should appear in the working system of all men and women, otherwise they become little better than mere machines. In this respect our generation has made great advances on preceding ones, and the monotonous, humdrum lives of our ancestors stand out, by contrast, like bleak and barren Saharas.

It is easy, however, to overdo this; and when one contemplates the life of a young woman who belongs to clubs, societies, missions, leagues, rides a wheel, plays golf, dabbles in amateur dramatics, photography, theosophy, and palmistry, one cannot help wondering, not whether the current of her thought is changed, but whether there is any real current of thought at all.

Indications of the unreason with which even pleasure is pursued in these days of nervous strain and emulation may be found in the numberless rest-cures that have sprung up all over the eastern part of our country. In the majority of cases the patients who patronize these institutions are from the so-called leisure classes, and might have avoided such a resort had they learned to rest a little every day; and it is only when the importance of this is recognized that our women will begin to lose that anxious, worried, “I-wonder-if-I-shall-get-there-in-time” look, which one may see in the face of almost every fifth woman who hails a street-car or elbows her way through the crowd around a bargain counter.

Applying the principle of rest by change, no sensible woman who is free to order her own life will sit down and sew all day without intermission save for meals; neither will she do anything all day which requires a continual sitting or standing posture. The usual answer to such objections is that “there is no time to rest.” But the truth of the matter is that there is no time so profitably spent as in resting when the body requires it. The minute a woman begins to feel that strained, tired feeling along the spine she should lie down till it has passed. And if she lies perfectly flat, instead of curving her back

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IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS AND ART.

THE Hungarian Academy of Sciences has lately taken up Ruskin's "The Stones of Venice," and is publishing a translation.

THE bronze doors designed by Mr. F. MacMonnies for the central doorway of the west entrance to the Congressional Library are now in Washington and will shortly be placed in position.

SOME YEARS AGO the Rev. Dr. Crane, the father of Stephen Crane, the novelist, wrote a tract on popular amusements, in which he condemned novel-reading as one of the vices of the age.

MRS. PEARL CRAIGIE ("John Oliver Hobbes") will, it is understood, soon marry Mr. Walter Spindler, who is mentioned as being somewhat his bride's junior, and the owner of a fine estate in the Isle of Wight.

THE Russian Imperial Academy is preparing a national biographical dictionary of Russian men of letters and scientists. M. Vengueroy, who has written already the bulk of the work, has accumulated no less than 400,000 pages of manuscript.

THE latest contribution to the symposium on a suitable memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson has at least the merit of originality. Someone wants to erect a gaslamp to him, because he has in more than one place written of lamps and lampposts!

AN Englishman with more money than education recently sent the following order to a bookseller: "I have sixty feet of shelving. I want ten feet of poetry, ten feet of history, ten feet of science, ten feet of religion, the same of novels, and fill up the rest with any kind of books."

MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN-RIGGS' charming story "Timothy's Quest" has been translated into Danish and, with beautiful illustrations, published in Denmark, where it is a great favorite. It may encourage young writers to know that the MS. of this successful book was offered to the eighth publisher before it was accepted.

A COUPLE of curious and useful little volumes are the rhymed histories of England and France by Mrs. Charles H. Gardner. They give the main facts of the histories of these countries in such a way that they can be retained in the memory with remarkable ease, and are found useful, not only in the schoolroom, but by adults who want to furbish up their history.

MR. HOLMES, the librarian of Queen Victoria, is making rapid progress with his life of the Queen. It is characteristic of her Majesty's love of thoroughness that she revises every sheet of the manuscript herself, and that she will strike out the slightest biographical error which may occur. The Queen's memory is singularly acute, and she very often surprises her Ministers by correcting them in some detail which, to them, seems trifling, but which to her seems all-important.

THE SAMOAN VERSION of Stevenson's story "The Bottle Imp" promises to become one of the rarities of the book collector's list. This version, printed by Stevenson, in a missionary paper for the benefit of the natives, was much enjoyed by them; and one result of its publication was their bestowal on the author of the name of "Tusitala," the teller of tales. The paper on which the story was printed was of very poor quality, and only two sets of the paper containing the serial are known to survive.

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR, the young negro poet and elevator boy, is to go to London this spring and give readings there from his works. It is proposed to introduce him first as a drawing-room reader, and from the very novelty of the thing he should be highly successful. Young Dunbar is very black, and his heavy-rimmed spectacles give him a very solemn look. He is about twenty-seven years old now, and began to write in 1893. Shortly afterward he published a small volume of verse, and his reputation is not more than two years old.

ADMIRERS of the late Richard Morris Hunt will be gratified to learn that the Memorial Committee formed through the efforts of the Municipal Art Society has accepted the model prepared by Mr. D. C. French and Mr. Bruce Price. It takes the form of an exedra, to be placed in the wall of Central Park on the Fifth Avenue side, somewhere above the Plaza. Mr. French has proposed two symbolical statues with an heroic bust of Hunt between. Mr. Price has designed his scheme so as to provide a spacious platform for the bench running round the ellipse, with steps descending to the pavement. Hunt was an architect whom his colleagues delighted to honor during his lifetime, and the mark left by his art is so deep that any movement toward a recognition of it is sure of public approval.

THE United States is to have a fine portrait of Herbert Spencer, the great English philosopher, thanks to Andrew Carnegie, through whose persuasion Mr. Spencer finally consented to sit. Mr. Spencer is averse to publicity, and heretofore has strenuously objected to the idea of his picture appearing in the public prints, or his portrait hanging in an art gallery. It was only recently that he was prevailed upon to sit for a portrait to be placed in a London gallery, and his consent was not obtained then until leading men of Great Britain, including Gladstone, had made a personal appeal to him. The philosopher similarly recognizes the kind reception of his works by American readers. The American portrait is to be painted by R. A. Oules, Royal Academician. When finished, it will be placed in the Carnegie Art Gallery in Pittsburg.

THE late Mrs. Hungerford ("The Duchess") hardly ever worked more than two hours a day, but wrote very quickly, and with her notes before her could do a great deal in a very short time. She did not even do two hours regularly, but when in the idle vein,—“I fling aside the pen,” she wrote, “and rush gladly into the open air, seeking high and low for the children, who (delightful thought) will be sure to help me toward that state of frivolity to which the sunshine outside has tempted me to aspire.” She pleaded guilty to one habit, which explains the delightfulness of the climax love-scene in so many of her novels. She often wrote the last chapter first, and founded the whole story on the episode which it contained. Mrs. Hungerford's natural talent for literature manifested itself when she was a mere child at school, where she always took the prizes in composition and used to keep the other pupils spell-bound while telling them fairy stories of her own invention. On leaving school she devoted herself to writing, and at the age of eighteen her first novel, "Phyllis," was published. The success of this work, which is still in wide circulation, was so great that she was encouraged to follow it up by many more three volume novels, which are as largely read to-day as when they were first written.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

Peace and the United States Navy.

Rejoice as we should over the prospect of the ratification of an arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain, there are many incidental features associated with this most desirable result that as a nation we should not overlook. First of all, we should not lull ourselves complacently into fancying that war henceforth is to be an impossibility for us. The recent recognition of the Monroe Doctrine by Great Britain as a most vital force in international affairs has brought tremendous responsibilities with it; and as this treaty is sure to be adopted, sooner or later, it is just as well for us to remember that now is the time to go on increasing our navy so as to be ready for all emergencies.

If we have secured an agreement for arbitration with Great Britain it is well to remember that it does not affect questions of national honor, and also that it applies to disputes with Great Britain alone. We cannot enforce our views regarding national honor upon Great Britain without a navy, and we cannot secure respect from other nations in ordinary disputes without a show of naval power.

A firm policy in international matters not only results in increased commerce for us, but aids in the spread of the gospel of liberty and in its onward march with civilization. If the upbuilding of our navy has been so largely instrumental in bringing about an arbitration agreement, by all means let us continue increasing it in the interests of true and lasting peace.

The history of the world shows one thing most conclusively: the nation which fails in time of peace to prepare for war must always pay the penalty for such criminal neglect.

Modern Criticism and the Bible Miracles.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in his Sunday evening lectures on the Old Testament, at the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, started an avalanche of discussion about the unlucky Prophet Jonah. He was facetious in his handling of the hitherto commonly received version of the story of Jonah and the whale, and gave an account in his own language of a prayer after the manner of one of the Psalms which Jonah composed while he was in the whale's belly. He stated his belief that the story was wholly fiction and was written entirely for purposes of satire. This produced no little merriment. Dr. Abbott's lectures provoked much discussion, and resulted in specific action on the part of the Manhattan Association, which is a religious body connected with the Orthodox Congregational churches of Brooklyn and vicinity. The following is the resolution which that body passed unanimously: "In view of recent and current public utterances from a prominent Congregational pulpit of this city (Brooklyn) concerning the Bible, which are being widely disseminated by the press, we, the members of the Manhattan Association of Congregational ministers, fearing that by our silence such utterances may be accepted by uninformed people as receiving our indorsement as Congregational pastors and ministers, do declare our emphatic dissent from such handling of Holy Scriptures, and sincerely deplore the probable results of such teachings."

Several New York clergymen of different denominations also took occasion to allude to Dr. Abbott's lectures on the Old Testament, some with commendatory remarks and some with severe adverse criticism.

Dr. Abbott, in a subsequent discourse, declared that he did not intend to say anything which would weaken or bring into discredit the sacred Scriptures. The story of Jonah and the whale, he declared, was akin to the "Pickwick Papers." He alluded briefly to the criticisms of his Congregational brethren, and said on the authority of an Orthodox professor in the Presbyterian denomination that "the Proverbs of the Old Testament were remarkably rich in humor," and then added, "I recommend this to those who think there is no humor in the

Bible." He then cited the following Proverb as an example of the humor of that book: "A continual dropping in a rainy day and a contentious woman are alike." This provoked considerable laughter among his audience. "The Proverbs," he said, "are the result of a keen and careful observation, epitomized in brief and pungent language. We are not to look at them for any philosophy or theology. There is no hint in them of the great doctrine of Christianity, but they are good for a young man to read."

Luxury and Democracy in America.

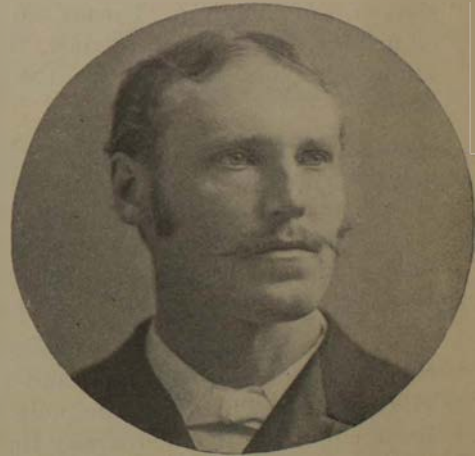
There are many clergymen in this country so enamored of sensationalism and so much in love with public notice that they seem always intent on saying the wrong thing in the most incendiary terms that they can invent. Among these the rector of St. George's Church in New York, the Reverend W. S. Rainsford, has never been counted. On the contrary, he has the reputation of being one of the manliest men in the country, and one of the sanest teachers of religion and morality. Mr. Rainsford's chief characteristic has been the courage to say what he thought, without reference to the high or the low degree of the persons who happened to be concerned. And so Mr. Rainsford has been able to do a great deal of good and to render services which have made him a conspicuous figure in the higher life of the metropolis.

He has announced that the giving of fine balls and the holding of other splendid social functions when there is poverty to be relieved and distress to be alleviated is both unwise and wicked; that displays of fashion's fine plumage may provoke the poor and the unemployed to disorderly outbreaks and to violent attacks on the rich. Upon superficial examination this sounds very well; and those sensational moralists who are always ready to fan excitement at once rushed to Mr. Rainsford's support in their own hysterical fashion. But Mr. Rainsford in what he said was only superficially right. Examined closely, his statements and prognostications are wrong and also wicked,—wrong because there is no surer way widely to disseminate a large income than through entertaining, wicked because the idea suggested by him of dangerous enmity between masses and classes was at the time by no means a moving force in the community.

Plain people who think in plain ways are very much baffled by the contentions of these reverend moralists and professional philanthropists. We are told that we must not give directly to the poor, for that would tend to increase pauperism; again we are told that we must not spend, for spending provokes animosity. Who is right? The doctors ought to agree in these matters, but in the meantime plain people can use their common sense in their own way and not go far astray. Whatever expenditure gives honest employment to deserving people must be good in its tendency; whatever habit of life, not vicious in itself, results in the distribution of the wealth of the rich among the poor must be beneficial to society.

Crete for Hellas.

Prince George of Greece, the second son of King George and Queen Olga, has figured in the Cretan flurry as commander of the Greek squadron. As personally described by a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, he is a Hercules in strength and



THE REV. W. S. RAINSFORD.
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stature, and is the most popular member of the royal family with the Greeks. He is larger and handsomer than his brother, the Crown Prince Constantine, and is the most democratic scion of royalty in Europe. He is afraid of nothing. He was a revelation to his cousin, the Czar of Russia, who loves him dearly. When the present Czar went on an extended journey, Prince George was invited to go with him. In Japan, when a crank tried to kill Nicholas, George promptly knocked the crank down, and thus saved the Czar's life. The King of Greece did a popular thing when he put Prince George in command of the flotilla which left Athens for Crete.

Prince George is a good sailor and a good fighter. The Greeks adore him, and behind his back they call him "George," sometimes "our George." He ought eventually to be made the Prince of Crete, as his brother, Crown Prince Constantine, is the Prince of Sparta.



PRINCE GEORGE, OF GREECE.

The island of Crete is to the south of the mainland of Greece, and rightfully belongs to that kingdom. The Cretans have been in rebellion over two hundred years. They have fought many a battle when the Turks were twenty to one. Sometimes they have routed the enemy, even against such odds, and when they retreated it was in good order to the mountains, only to return and pounce upon the enemy's camp. The Cretans are fine types of Greeks, and their island is the most fertile of all the famous ones of Greece. Its population is about 275,000. But for local half-breeds and apostates and the continual intervention of the powers, the Cretans would long ago have driven the Turks from their island. They are brave and united, and have long desired to resume their place as a part of Hellas. They are part of an organization that extends throughout Greece, the islands of the Ionian Sea, the Grecian Archipelago, Macedonia, and Constantinople.

Dangers of "a Little" Medical Knowledge.

One of the pharmacist's, or "druggist's," most serious duties, says *Marck's Report*, is to guard the public against the consequences of its own ignorance in regard to medicine.

"Experience has shown that it is never safe to sell a potent remedy to any person until some evidence has been given going to show that he knows what the article is he is calling for and how to use it. Men, who in the ordinary walks of life seem quite intelligent, will order from the druggist, on the recommendation of newspapers, personal friends, or even casual acquaintances, dangerous remedies, and either guess at the dose or accept the statements of the parties who have advised them.

"It is no uncommon thing for one friend to tell another to use carbolic acid on an ulcer or sore, and for the advised party to come to the druggist for ten cents' worth of pure carbolic acid, emphasizing the word 'pure.' On inquiry it is discovered that he intends using the pure carbolic acid as a direct application, wholly unaware of its powerful caustic character. Learning that arsenic improved the complexion, a young woman in Brooklyn not long ago got some of it and took a dose that proved fatal. It is an almost every-day occurrence for people to ask the druggist for five or ten cents' worth of 'potash.' So common, indeed, has it become, that druggists generally assume that chlorate of potassium is the article wanted. Sometimes this assumption proves an error, and those wanting to soften hard water, clean out a sewer-pipe, or make soap, blame the druggist if he, without asking what they intend to use it for, gives them the chlorate. Many of the blunders that the public are kept from making by the vigilant care of pharmacists would be amusing if they did not border so closely on the tragic as to be alarming."

Five \$60,000 Annual Prizes.

The late Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, has, by the terms of his will, founded the largest prizes ever offered for competition. The exact amount of his fortune is not yet known, as besides real property in Paris and San Remo, a large amount in valuable securities is in his house in Paris and deposited with bankers in London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. It is, however, estimated that it will amount to at least \$10,000,000. Bequests amounting to several million francs are left to relatives, friends, and servants; the remainder is to constitute a fund "the income of which shall be distributed yearly to those who during the year preceding shall have rendered the most eminent services to humanity."

The following are the provisions: "The income shall be divided into five equal parts, which will be awarded yearly: The first to the person who shall have made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physics. The second to the person who shall have made the most important discovery or improvement in the domain of chemistry. The third to the person who shall have made the most important discovery in the domain of physiology or of medicine. The fourth to the person who shall have produced the greatest work in the ideal sense in the domain of letters. The fifth to the person who shall have exerted the greatest or the best action for the fraternity of peoples, for the suppression or diminution of permanent armies, and for the formation or spreading of Peace Congresses.

"The first two prizes (Physics and Chemistry) shall be awarded by the Academy of Sciences of Sweden; that for physiological or medical works by the Carolus Institute, of Stockholm; the literary prize, by the Swedish Academy; and that for the spreading of peace, by a committee of five members chosen by the Norwegian Storting. It is my express will that no consideration of nationality should be taken into account in awarding these prizes, so that the most worthy may receive the reward, whether he be a Scandinavian or no."

Color Photography.

Photography in the colors of nature direct is a manifest step of the science of the camera in the near future,—if it be not already an accomplished fact. The news of its actual achievement reaches the public through Sir Henry Wood, Secretary of the London Society of Arts, who tested the discovery with other experts at King's College. The inventor is Villedieu Chassagne, of Paris. The process is simple. An inexpensive negative is taken on a gelatine plate, which has been heated with a solution of certain salts. The nature of the solutions used, is for the present, kept secret. The negative is developed and fixed in the ordinary way, and when finished looks like any other negative. From it a positive is printed on sensitized paper or a gelatine film, plate, or paper, previously treated with the secret solution. The positive looks exactly like an ordinary photograph print and shows no trace of color. It is then washed over with three colored solutions, blue, green, and red, and it takes up in succession the appropriate color in the appropriate parts and combinations of colors, giving all the varieties of tint. The general appearance of the picture is that of a colored photograph. Inspected under a high magnifying power, it is seen that the colors follow details in a manner hardly possible for handwork.

Plague and Famine in India.

The present visitation of the plague, with its attendant horrors of famine, will rank in history as one of the most appalling that has ever devastated India. Every few years the plague breaks out in the East. In 1867 and 1873 it appeared on the banks of the Euphrates; in 1871 it devastated Persian Kurdistan; in 1877 it raged in Bagdad, and a few years ago, in Hong Kong. In 1830 it visited Bagdad, killing off the inhabitants at the average rate of 2,000 per day, and one day, the 21st of April, 30,000 people died of the scourge. During the past three months of the present year the population of Bombay has been cut in two by the ravages of the bubonic plague. Yet Bombay had all along been applauded by the Anglo-Indian press as the first city of India, owing to its sanitary advantages. Experienced East Indians like Rudyard Kipling have held Bombay up as an example of cleanliness to her rival sister city, Calcutta. Yet the plague wipes out twenty per cent. weekly of Bombay's native population, and the natural conjecture is, What would be the mortality in Calcutta should it gain a foothold in that city?

ABOUT WOMEN.

MRS. REBECCA MITCHELL, of Idaho Falls, president of the Idaho Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has been elected Chaplain of the Idaho State Legislature.

MISS NELLIE PATTERSON, a young woman of Mount Carmel, Conn., has completed a four years' apprenticeship to the machinist's trade, and proposes to undertake tool-making as her special line of work.

THE WIFE of the new Bishop of London is in many respects a more famous personage in English literary upper circles than her distinguished husband. Her histories of France and England have given her high standing as an author.

QUEEN VICTORIA, in her long life, has traveled very little abroad. She has never been in Russia, Denmark, Austria, Sweden, Norway, Spain, or Greece. She has never yet set eyes on any of her colonies, or upon any part of Asia, Africa, or America.

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS heads the list in a vote for the most popular woman in England outside of the royal family, just taken by a London newspaper. Ellen Terry and Adelina Patti come next, followed by the Countess of Warwick and Lady Henry Somerset.

A BRIGADE of women, working under the leadership of a woman, cleans the streets of Cannes. The sweepers use side-brush brooms and swing them like scythes, those behind removing the dust that the front ones miss. Cannes is claimed to be the cleanest city in the world.

THE FOLLOWING WOMEN are said to be the wealthiest six in the world: Señora Isidora Cousino, \$200,000,000; Hetty Green, \$50,000,000; Baroness Burdett-Coutts, \$20,000,000; Mme. Barrios, \$15,000,000; Miss Mary Garrett, \$10,000,000; Mrs. Woleska, \$10,000,000.

OUT OF 66 centenarians in a group of persons in England, 43 were women, 23 men. Out of 213 centenarians in France last year, 147 were women, 66 men. Of 21 centenarians in London in 1891, there were 16 women, 5 men. Our own census of 1890 gives 3,981 centenarians, 2,583 of these being women, 1,398 men.

MRS. HANNAH G. SOLOMON, the first woman in the history of Judaism to act as rabbi, recently filled the pulpit of Sinai Temple, Chicago. Mrs. Solomon came to the pulpit, unrolled her manuscript, and proceeded much as Dr. Hirsch might have done, save that she read. She made the work of the Council of Jewish Women her theme, and was epigrammatic and logical.

BETWEEN forty and fifty American women are registered in the University of Berlin, although the faculty does not countenance the admission of women to the lectures. The number of women students at Zurich is now about one hundred and fifty, and they are beginning to agitate for the same rights as the men students; and it is only a matter of time when they will receive them.

LADY HABBERTON, who is at the head of the Rational Dress League of England, has a fine house in the West End of London. When you ring at her door it is opened by a neat maid-servant wearing loose knickerbockers and light gaiters beneath them. The rest of her dress is that of the conventional English maid-servant, including a white lace cap. The guests at dinner are waited upon by maids wearing similar knickerbockers. In the kitchen, too, the portly cook wears knickerbockers.

A COLORED WOMEN'S CLUB was organized a short time ago in Atlanta, Georgia, and it has already a large membership. Its plan is one of practical usefulness, the central idea being to teach the women of the race to earn money and to save it. Among the subjects the women have discussed are, "How to

keep the home clean and healthful, how to care for the sick, how to buy and cook economically, and how to promote morality among our girls"; while gardening and farming will soon be taken up. Mental improvement also is one of the objects of the club, but its vital reason of being is the promotion of industry, morality, and right home-living.

DEMAREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—APRIL.

A PATTERN ORDER will be found at the bottom of page 377. Any number of patterns can be obtained on the order by sending four cents for each pattern. Write name and address distinctly.

The directions for each pattern are printed on the envelope containing it, which also bears a special illustration of the design.

THE newest tailor-gowns are smartly conservative in general features, and make up in variety of fabrics for uniformity of style. Of special note is the interesting fact that all women will not be in gray or brown, black or blue; for the variety of cloths, both in color and weave, prevents this, and at the same time they are as a rule prettier than ever. When you sit down to look at these new suits, and the obliging saleswoman tosses one after the other on the table before you, the most firmly fixed pre-determination as to what you will buy is almost certain to waver, so attractive, in five cases out of six, does the last one shown seem.

The new cheviots are so unlike the old ones as to be difficult to classify. There are two-toned mixtures in which blue and red produce a most attractive plum color; a blue and brown which is neither one nor the other, but is wholly charming; and a green and golden brown which is a lovely olive. Then there are solid-colored ones, called canvas cheviots, which have an intricate basket-like weave; these are in all the new colors, mastic, pavement gray, French and Russian blues, olive and sage greens, and cardinal red. The last would look well under the cold gray skies of winter, but on the hot days which early April often brings will certainly be uncomfortable in appearance if not in reality. Some rough effects in *bourettes* and tweeds are shown, and many small checks and mottled fabrics; but the smooth cloths in which the mixtures are so chosen and so blended as to give a single tone or appear changeable are altogether the smartest. The light-weight meltons, which were new claimants for favor last autumn, now share the popularity of the fine covert-cloths, and as they are made in a greater variety of colors and tones, they are used for the smartest and most expensive tailor-gowns.

Of all colors it may be said that shades of heliotrope, from darkest plum to palest lavender or lilac, are regnant, and worn in such abundance as to give color to the streets, and to every assemblage in which women predominate. Even the old-fashioned purple is worn,—that intense shade before which every natural flower pales in color, and which cannot be matched in the kingdom of nature except in the plumage of some rare tropical birds. This color is only pretty and becoming when worn to brighten black and dark colors or monotones, and a whole gown of it is

extremely trying; like the intense blue which a few women have essayed this winter, it is apt to eclipse the wearer.

The styles of tailor-gowns have returned to a moderation in skirts, sleeves, and revers, most attractive to fastidious women. The skirts measure about four yards at the foot, flare gracefully but without flutes in front and on the sides, fit perfectly around the hips, and have just a little fullness gathered or plaited in the back. Most of those ready-made have an interlining of thin crinoline, but none have a stiff facing; and when made to order the interlining is frequently omitted. The bright, changeable taffeta linings give an air of elegant luxury to these gowns which the old style of dark silk or black gros-grain never achieved; and the spring touch of brightness and beauty is, not to line the coat with the plain changeable silk, but with a fancy striped taffeta, the ground of which matches exactly the skirt lining. The skirt of a plum-colored melton cloth gown is lined with green-and-heliotrope changeable taffeta, and the coat lining shows a black and silver-gray satin stripe upon the same ground. A blue-and-brown *bourette* cloth is lined with changeable silk of the same colors, in which the brown is of so yellow a hue that a golden shimmer is thrown over it. Thus the effect is extremely dainty.

The coats of these gowns are all short,—from four to six inches below the waist,—and have no *godet* flutes in the back; side-plaits or box-plaits are added under the side forms or in the centre, but in all cases are pressed flat, and sometimes the back seam is open and lapped like a man's coat. The revers also have returned to first principles and follow the style of a regulation coat; and, last and crowning boon to woman, the sleeves leave no change to be suggested by the most captious critic. They are modified *gigots*, large enough to be becoming and impart a style which a tight-fitting sleeve can never attain, and small enough to be manageable, and never in your neighbor's way.

Later in the season there will be many Eton and bolero jackets with these cloth gowns, and they will be extremely popular for linen, duck, and piqué suits; just at present, however, they are shown more frequently with dressier gowns, among which a handsome black camel's-hair serge is an attractive model. The skirt is plain and lined with heliotrope taffeta. The bolero is short enough to show three inches of a wide girdle of purple satin which is twisted in soft bias folds around the waist. Several rows of fancy *soutache* finish the edges of the jacket and surround the armholes. The sleeves are sewed to a tight-fitting lining of black silk, to which also the girdle is fastened, and there is a blouse-front of yellow satin veiled



A SMART TAILOR-GOWN.
SUTHERLAND SKIRT. PORTIA JACKET.

with embroidered black *chiffon*. A very full neck-trimming of purple satin and plaited *chiffon* completes the gown. A green broadcloth is similar to this, but the front breadth extends up in a girdle point four inches high, and is finished around the top with a handsome black *passementerie*. The bolero jacket, trimmed elaborately with black *passementerie*, is very short, and also cut quite low in the neck to show the white satin blouse veiled with Venetian guipure, over which it is worn.

The coats and jackets of the handsomest tailor-gowns are trimmed with heavy mohair braid; but it should be noted that it is put on with restraint, never lavishly. The most frequently repeated motive is to cover the side forms in the back with two rows of the braid, close together, which turn squarely at the top, about a quarter of an inch from the armholes, and at the lower end, an inch or two from the edge, are finished with trefoil loops; these are left loose, not sewed flat. The fronts are usually trimmed in military style with graduated rows, from three to five, and finished in similar fashion with trefoils. It will be noticed that the skirts of these utility gowns are still, as a rule, absolutely plain, as are also those of many dressier cloth gowns, and those of fancy figured silks and rich brocades.

Ruffles find their appropriate place on silk petticoats, which are daintier, richer, and more extravagant than

ever. Brocaded silks and satins are used for the handsomest. The outer flounce from eight to twelve inches deep is elaborately trimmed with tucks, insertion, and lace, and it is supported by from two to five frills beneath it of silk, *mousseline de soie*, and lace, those of silk usually being pinked on the edge and knife-plaited, and put on very full, so that the edge of the skirt is a billowy mass of overlapping ruffles. All the pretty, bright taffetas are used for everyday wear, and it is very important that they should be fitted well around the hips, as a correct-shaped petticoat has much to do with the hanging of the gown. They are still made with a wide Spanish flounce, which is itself trimmed with a wide ruffle, finished on the edge with cords or tucks, and supported beneath by a dust ruffle. Children's silk petticoats are made like their mammas', of changeable taffeta, and the Spanish flounce is finished with several tucks or cords. The stiffness of the cords is liked, but they do not give good service, being apt to shrink with dampness and also wearing off; so tucks are the choice of many women. The petticoat *de luxe* for everyday wear is of richest plain satin to match the gown, cut and finished in the same fashion as the taffeta skirts; and there is never a bit of a rustle as this skirt swishes softly past, and this is coming to be considered a note of refined elegance.

Transparent fabrics of every description, from wool canvas through silk grenadines to sheerest, silky batiste, are in great favor, and most of the season's novelties are found amongst them; so great is their vogue that mate-



FOR HOME COMFORT.
THE HOPESTONE HOUSE-GOWN.
(See Page 350.)

rials not transparent are woven to look so. Among the handsomest of these are *moiré* grenadines, which have the appearance of being black silk brocaded grenadines over changeable taffetas. Some of these thin fabrics are elaborately trimmed with ruffles and flounces; an occasional skirt is flounced to the waist, and there are a few freak

sible to use together are now combined.

Our thanks are due Messrs. Lord & Taylor for courtesies received.

A SMART TAILOR-GOWN.

(See Page 348.)

SAGE-GREEN melton cloth is the fabric of this becoming and extremely *chic* gown. The skirt is a new pattern—the “Sutherland”—having seven breadths, and measuring a little over four yards at the foot. It has a narrow front gore and two side ones, thus bringing the seams near together over the hips, and fitting there without darts. The fullness of each back breadth is laid in a box-plait, but gathers may be used instead. No stiff interlining is used, and nothing stiffer than cotton crinoline for the facing; sometimes even that is omitted. Figured and changeable taffetas are used for linings, and usually a velveteen binding, which shows only as a very small cord, but is faced up on the lining an inch or two in depth. Very many gowns



SORRENTO SLEEVE.

(See Page 350.)



FOR SILK OR GRENADINE.

HELME WAIST.

(See Page 350.)

arrangements in festoons of more or less grotesque appearance, but these are exceptions, and popularity is not predicted for them.

The handsomest black grenadine skirts are accordion-plaited and hung over gored skirts of fancy taffeta; heliotrope, rose-color, and yellow, plaided with black and white, are among those noted, and they are far and away smarter than the trimmed skirts. Liberty satins, in black and colors, are also accordion-plaited, as well as some of the soft wool canvases. These skirts are frequently cut in an immense circle, so that much of the fullness is taken out around the waist; and the plaits are graduated, being much narrower at the top than at the foot.

Shades of red so predominate in the spring millinery that a shop window full of new hats suggests an incipient conflagration. Nothing but a whole field of wild poppies was ever so bright before, and this is just what some of the hats resemble. Shades that heretofore it has been considered impos-



RASKA SLEEVE.

(See Page 350.)



A TAFFETA WAIST.

THE “FLORIZEL.”

(See Page 351.)

have a silk *balayeuse*, but this is not *de rigueur*. The jacket—the “Portia”—is distinctly new, and presents one novel feature,—the seam running up over the shoulders in the fronts, which takes the place of a dart, breaks the plain effect becomingly, and gives a graceful outline. The back

is fitted with the usual seams, has a box-plait on the inside at the centre seam, and the side-forms lap upon the back pieces below the waist, and are fastened with three flat, smoked-pearl buttons. All the edges of the garment are bound with silk braid of a darker shade than the cloth, and the collar is faced with velvet matching the braid. The extreme point of elegance and perfection in these suits is to complete them with silk blouses like the linings; but this is not always convenient, and of course any pretty, harmonizing waist is worn under the jacket.

FOR HOME COMFORT.

(See Page 348.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM-FIGURED challie in cream and gold is the fabric used for this graceful and becoming house-gown. The pattern—the "Hopstone"—is adapted also to all soft, medium-weight woolens, to silks, and good for cottons. It is fitted trimly by under-arm forms, and a fitted lining holds the fullness of the back and front in place. The jacket-fronts are sewed in with the shoulder and under-arm seams. The sleeve is the modified bishop, having a turn-back cuff which, together with the circle-collar, is trimmed with a ruffle of embroidery, or lace, to match the jacket. The black velvet ribbon which forms the girdle passes under the side gores, and the slits are buttonholed with yellow embroidery silk. The stock-collar matches the girdle. For cashmere and silk gowns the jacket-fronts are often of velvet or contrasting silk, and plain Chambéry or all-over embroidery is combined with ginghams and lawns. A very dressy tea-gown can also be evolved from the same pattern by adding a breadth of accordion-plaited silk or *mousseline de soie* in front, and making the jacket entirely of wide lace, fulling it into shape around the armholes; for this the sleeves should be shorter, drawn into a band below the elbow, and finished with a flounce of lace. Bows of ribbons are of course added generously, and the frills about the neck made very full. If a thin material is used the seams are often put together with insertion, and the lining is of a contrasting color, and in the skirt is entirely separate from the outside.

Notwithstanding we have frequently called attention to the absolute necessity of writing the name and full address in the spaces provided on our Pattern Orders, we are daily in receipt of numerous Orders without them. This may account for the non-receipt of patterns.

TWO NEW SLEEVES.

(See Page 349.)

THERE is infinite variety in the designs of dressy sleeves this spring; but, as will have been noticed in the styles of the past season, the designers confine their ingenuity mainly to variations of the drapery at the top of the sleeve, and this takes almost as many forms as there are sleeves. The "Sorrento" has a puff at the top of the sleeve, very narrow beneath the arm and held on the top by a strap, the fullness of which is pulled out to assume a wing-like or butterfly shape. There is a narrow turned-back cuff at the wrist, and a frill of lace falls becomingly over the hand.

The "Raska" is a modified *gigot*, which is made very dressy by rows of knife-plaited frills which encircle it from wrist to shoulder. *Chiffon*, Brussels net, and silk, contrasting or harmonizing with the foundation, are used for these; and sometimes, instead of frills, inch-wide ruches are put on in the same way. It is an especially pretty pattern for thin fabrics, on which ruffles of lace are an effective trimming.

FOR SILK OR GRENADINE.

(See Page 349.)

THOUGH the alarmist is continually sending forth the rumor that the separate waist is *passé*, this very convenient addition to a woman's wardrobe still holds serene sway, and women in countless numbers continue to ignore the warning and would-be mandate. In consequence, novelties in these are constantly being devised, and frequently they afford pretty suggestions for the corsage of a dressy gown. The model illustrated—the pattern of which is the "Helme"—is an example of this sort. It is a charming style either for a taffeta or organdie waist to wear with any suitable skirt, or for a taffeta, grenadine, or organdie gown. Organdie waists are made over a fitted lining of India or surah silk in bright contrasting color; as a dark blue with large *chiné* flowers in dull colors, over bright cherry silk; very pale heliotrope over rose-color; white with design of yellow flowers, over green. The effect of these softly blending colors must be

seen to be understood and appreciated. Grenadines, also, are usually made over a silk lining of harmonizing or contrasting color. Our model shows a waist of *chiné* taffeta, with girdle, yoke, and sleeve-caps of lace over plain purple taffeta, the colors of the figured silk being heliotrope and green. The back is like the front. A full ruff of lace rises above the black satin stock-collar, and a frill of the same falls over the hands. It is an especially youthful design, and becoming to slender figures; so in addition to three sizes for ladies the pattern is also furnished in sizes for young girls of fourteen and sixteen.



FOR THIN FABRICS

ALCEDO WAIST. STRAIGHT SKIRT

(See Page 351.)

A TAFFETA WAIST.

(See Page 349.)

THIS becoming corsage can be made of fancy taffeta to wear with different skirts of fancy wool, cashmere, or silk, and is also a pretty model for the waist of a taffeta, foulard, or India silk gown. The back is fitted plainly with the usual seams, and the fitted front shows the depth of a girdle below the full plastron, which may be of *chiffon*, lace, batiste or plain silk. There is such a variety of beautiful fabrics for this purpose that something can be found to harmonize with everything and to suit every purpose. The tight-fitting sleeves are relieved at the top by two overlapping ruffles, which

wide insertions which band the skirt are of embroidered batiste, in which green silk and gold thread are used effectively. As the perfect hanging of the skirt depends upon the silk slip, that must be cut and fitted with care; any good gored skirt pattern will answer, but the "Comfort"—measuring three yards and a quarter—and the "Carroll"—four and a half—are especially commended. The straight skirt should measure from five to six yards in



A SMART GREEN GOWN.
ETON JACKET.
(See Page 352.)

surround the armhole. The frill around the waist can be cut bias or straight. A narrow lace frill stands above the silk stock-collar and is shaped into points in front. The pattern is the "Florizel."

FOR THIN FABRICS.

(See Page 350.)

A HANDSOME model is offered here for any of the lovely thin fabrics which are now shown in great variety and promise to have even greater vogue than last year. It is particularly adapted to the handsome robe patterns in batiste, but can also be made by combining plain and embroidered batiste, or any plain transparent fabric, with lace or embroidery. The model gown has a straight skirt of plain batiste of silky fineness, hung over a silk slip of green taffeta. The



A PRETTY COMBINATION.
VANIA JACKET-WAIST.
(See Page 352.)



THE NEWEST SHIRT-WAIST.
THE "MILDRED."
(See Page 352.)

width, and must be fitted as carefully over the slip as the waist of a gown would be, adjusting the fullness in front and over the hips as the figure requires, so that it will hang easily, and massing most of it in the back. The becoming waist—the "Alcedo"—has a jacket effect, and front and back are alike. The yoke, jacket-like side-pieces, and sleeves are of all-over embroidery matching the insertion on the skirt, and the plain part of the waist can be of the batiste or of accordion-plaited *chiffon*. A girdle of soft folds of dark green *miroir* velvet is matched on the sleeves with velvet and satin ribbon, and the stock-collar is of the same, with a full ruff of lace standing above it. This model can be charmingly carried out in Swiss muslin and organdies with lace insertions, also in grenadine and the new illuminated baréges with embroidery or lace.

THE NEWEST SHIRT-WAIST.

(See Page 351.)

If anything could have killed the popularity of the shirt-waist, the making of it in unsuitable materials—velveteen, corduroy, etc.—would have done so. Since it has survived that ordeal it is safe to consider it as permanent a part of a woman's wardrobe as any garment she wears. The new waists have a few features that are prettier than those of last year, and yet on the whole the changes are slight. The modified bishop sleeve, with tucks running up from the wrist, which hold the fullness in, are a vast improvement upon last season's baggy one, which hung untidily below the elbow, ready to dip into everything. Our new pattern—the "Mildred"—has a pointed yoke in the back which comes over the shoulders so that it shows in front, giving a distinctly novel effect. The fullness in the back is mounted to the yoke in narrow plaits. Linen collars and cuffs are still worn with these waists, and the collars, as before chronicled, are more becoming than those formerly seen. The waists are finished with a straight band so that the dressing of the neck can be varied. As illustrated, the linen collar turns down over a satin stock, the ends of which cross in the back and are brought forward to tie in front. This model is equally becoming to misses and ladies, and is therefore furnished in sizes for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years, in addition to the usual sizes for ladies.

A SMART GREEN GOWN.

(See Page 351.)

LIGHT-WEIGHT covert-cloth in a rich forest green is the fabric of this effectively simple street-gown. These always desirable cloths are attractively soft and pliable this spring, and have so silky a finish that some merchants label them "Taffeta Coverts." There seems quite a strong disposition, too, to vary the usual spring monotony of gray, mastic, and tan, with suits of deep soft greens, Russian blue, and heliotrope; and we are even warned that red, which has had great vogue in England all the past season, will soon be conspicuous on our own streets. The skirt of this gown is fitted trimly around the waist,

with slight fullness in the back held in plaits, and measures a little over four yards at the foot. The "Carroll" is a favorite pattern, and the "Rolf," with its circle front, is also liked for wide materials. The "Etom" jacket has the usual plain, straight back, reaching quite to the waist line, and the fronts are fitted with single darts. A strap holds the jacket together across the bust, and it can be buttoned below or left open. A shirt-waist of silk-striped batiste, with linen collar and necktie of heliotrope satin, completes the suit. The hat is of green chip trimmed with sprays of lilacs and purple ribbon.

A PRETTY COMBINATION.

(See Page 351.)



BICYCLE SUITS.

(See Page 359.)

ONE of the new smooth-faced fabrics, *voile laine*, in stone gray, is combined with fancy taffeta for this attractive gown. *Voile laine* resembles nun's veiling, having the same wide selvedge, and coming between that and étamine in weight. The skirt is the "Dalgretto," having seven breadths, and measuring about five yards at the foot. In cutting it, the front edges of the side and back gores are placed on the wide selvedge, and it is lapped upon the seam and stitched three times, with green silk, which makes an effective but very simple trimming for the skirt. The corsage—the "Vania"—has a full blouse of the *voile laine* over a fitted lining of green taffeta, and the jacket and sleeves are of fancy taffeta in green, gray, and gold. The edge of the jacket is finished

with a knife-plaiting of green silk, and the girdle and stock-collar are of dark green *miroir* velvet. A green chip hat trimmed with gray feathers and green-and-gold ribbon is worn with the gown.

NARROW BELTS are more richly ornamented with jewels than ever; nothing seems too showy for their decoration. Those of filigree silver and gold are studded with jewel-set medallions, and the clasps are very rich.

CASHMERE and that sister fabric, *drap d'été*, in lovely silver-gray and mastic, are the French choice for dressy spring gowns. They are trimmed with Irish point, and relieved with green, red, and heliotrope.

BICYCLE SUITS.

THERE is no agitation whatever this year on the subject of proper dress for the wheel, for the simple and sufficient reason that most women have solved the problem satisfactorily for themselves. The great majority have by common agreement of good sense and good taste settled upon a quiet and becoming costume which is safe, convenient and inconspicuous; and when here and there a venturesome sister diverges from this her eccentricities excite only a shrug of the shoulders, instead of the loud outcries and intemperate condemnation of last year, which shows that public opinion has grown broad enough to recognize the unimportance of these vagaries.

Gray, dust-color, and mastic cloths of firm texture like covert cloth and cassimeres are the most satisfactory fabrics for these suits, as they bear the hardest usage. Loosely woven, rough fabrics catch all the dust, and under the rigor of the necessary cleaning become shapeless

"Upson." It is fitted with the usual seams, and flares easily without extra fullness over the hips. The edges are finished with mohair *soutache*, which runs up on the darts in trefoils. This is a smart coat to complete any tailor gown.

With the girl's skirt a shirt-waist is worn. The pattern of this—the "Mildred"—is described in another column. For extra warmth an Eton jacket is better liked for girls than a coat or blazer, and recent numbers of Demorest's contain several becoming models. The knickerbockers—an indispensable part of a cycling suit—are fitted trimly around the waist without a yoke, and have moderate fullness over the knees. Silk, satin, and pongee are the preferred fabrics for these, because nothing clings to them; and the next choice is gloria or lansdown. It is not a good plan to make them of the gown fabric, unless the skirt is silk-lined. A pattern of leggings is included with that of the knickerbockers, and both are in sizes for



BECOMING COIFFURES.
(See Page 355.)

and shabby in a short time. The objection to black and blue storm-serges, which were at first thought the best fabrics for the wheel, is that they show the dust so, and look rusty even before they have reached that condition. The gray cravenettes have not this disadvantage, and being shower-proof and light in weight are pleasant fabrics for spring and summer use.

Our new cycle skirt—the "Woodville"—is a circle pattern, fitting trimly around the hips, with a little fullness in the back, and measures three yards at the foot. It fastens on the left side under a tab, and the corresponding tab on the right side affords a convenient place for a pocket. Most of these skirts are unlined, and the finish at the foot is a narrow facing of the cloth having several rows of stitching. The pattern is in four sizes, medium and large for ladies, and for girls of fourteen and sixteen years.

The coat which completes the suit for ladies is the

fourteen and sixteen years of age. A pattern for ladies' knickerbockers was illustrated in miniature in Demorest's for March.

TWO-BUTTON gloves are liked with the very long-wristed sleeves. White gloves prevail for all dressy functions, but are not in good form for shopping nor with tailor-gowns.

ONLY slender women should indulge in the trimming of their skirts with row upon row of velvet ribbon or narrow bias bands, which fashion favors for cashmere.

Notwithstanding we have frequently called attention to the absolute necessity of writing the name and full address in the spaces provided on our Pattern Orders, we are daily in receipt of numerous Orders without them. This may account for the non-receipt of patterns.

SPRING MILLINERY.

THE most notable changes this season, as compared with last spring, are confined more particularly to materials. A fine straw woven to look like canvas, called Batavia cloth, and a silky Malines net in all colors, are the real novelties. Taffeta silk, *chiffon*, and velvet



HAT OF PINK STRAW AND STRAW CANVAS.
FRONT.



HAT OF PINK STRAW AND STRAW CANVAS.
BACK.

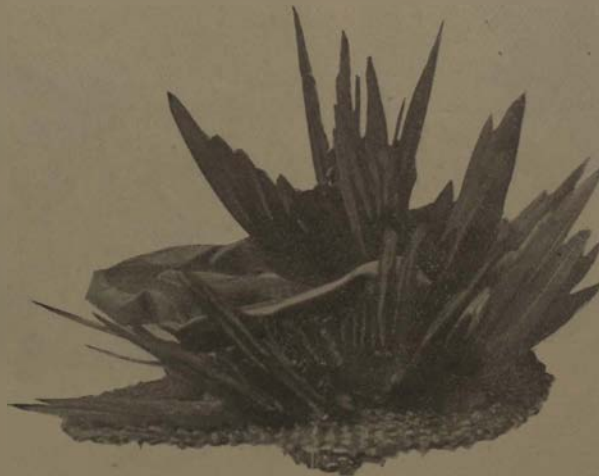
can hardly be called new materials, but they are distinct features among this season's hat trimmings. Velvet appears in large quantities, even on Leghorn hats for mid-summer wear. *Moiré* ribbon is very fashionable, but it is oftener used four inches wide than narrower. For those who like more fanciful things there are tiny checked ribbons with a half-inch stripe of contrasting color down each edge, besides many others, all beautiful; but on the imported hats *moiré* predominates. Steel and Rhinestone ornaments appear on many of these.

As to color, violet in all its different shades, from the palest mauve to darkest plum, is predominant. Next come cardinal red and geranium pink. Greens are combined with other colors, but the proportion of entirely green hats is small. It is very peculiar to find two such conflicting colors as geranium pink (which comes in its most glaring shades) and cardinal red, in one season. There is something uncertain somewhere, and one of them must surely go. It is safe to predict that it will be the geranium, for the other red is decidedly newer, and, also, the latest combination of colors in Paris is cardinal with violet.

The general form may be described as a heavily trimmed round hat. The hat with both sides trimmed alike has entirely disappeared, and there is invariably something high on one side.

Never have the flowers been more beautiful, especially as

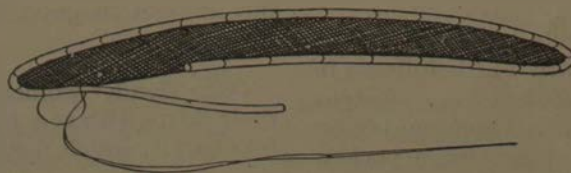
to color. Roses lead, and geraniums, poppies, and hyacinths follow very closely in favor; violets are used in masses on some hats; and the lily of the valley is, of course, also *en évidence*. In fact, the coming season will be a perfect fête of flowers; they are on everything, and



CARDINAL STRAW HAT.

some hats are composed entirely of what seems like a glowing flower-garden. Imagine a hat with a thick edge of hyacinths shading from light to dark lavender; underneath, the narrow brim is entirely covered with palest green roses in two shades; and an immense bunch of lilies of the valley covers the crown and forms the high side trimming. Added to these was violet *moiré* ribbon.

A very pretty hat is the one of which front and back views are shown. It is of bright pink straw, and the ruffles are of the straw canvas mentioned above, in a deep cream color, the edges bound with black velvet. The ribbon trimming requires six yards of broad *moiré* ribbon; the original had two shades, one pink and the other a deep geranium; in this case three yards of each are used. At the back a yard of deep cream lace is held in place by a large steel and Rhinestone ornament. To trim a hat similar to this the straw ruffles are put on first of all; next the folds of ribbon around the crown should be carefully arranged, the joining being made under the bow at the back, near the left side. It is not necessary for the ribbon to lap over. Be sure to use very heavy thread and take as few stitches as possible.



BAND FOR BACK OF HAT.

The ribbon aigrette comes next. Three dark ends and one light one of the ribbon, all nine inches long, are firmly sewed together about half-way down; another light end a yard and a quarter long is then added to those already

SOME NEW HATS.

No. 1.—Walking-hat of heliotrope chip, trimmed with plumes in shades of heliotrope and gray, and bunches of violets with their leaves, which are massed on the right side.

No. 2.—Traveling-hat of green chip, trimmed with bands of green *moiré* ribbon and a *panache* of merle feathers.

No. 3.—Hat of dark red chip, the edge of brim being of rush straw in a lighter shade put on in flutes. The trimming is of three shades of red taffeta silk, bunched in great rosettes, suggestive of poppies, which nearly cover the crown, and support an aigrette of *coq's* feathers.

BECOMING COIFFURES.

(See Page 353.)

No. 1.—All the hair is slightly waved and gathered into a loose knot at the back of the crown of the head, arranged in irregular loops, and held by a long silver pin.

No. 2.—A becoming evening coiffure for young or middle-aged women. All the hair is slightly waved, and the front is brushed up over a small Pompadour roll, a few curls over the forehead softening the effect. The arrangement of the back hair is seen in the smaller illustration.

No. 3.—Another manner of arranging the back hair is shown here, the front being similar to No. 2, except that more short hair gives a fluffier effect over the forehead. The loose arrangement, as



1. CHIP WALKING-HAT.

ends in the piece which loops over the brim on that side.

A strip of cape net six inches long and one inch wide, after being wired and covered with a little piece of the pink ribbon, is sewed under the back of the hat, and upon this the lace is arranged. The exact position of the band depends on the wearer's head and it should be placed accordingly.

The second hat has a brim of cardinal straw; the "Tam o' Shanter" crown is made of alternate circular stripes of velvet and tulle, also of cardinal; these are mounted upon a round piece of red silk measuring eighteen inches in diameter. It is gathered on the edge and sewed to the base of the crown, then pulled out in the most becoming shape. Seven pair of black wings are required for the trimming, and six crimson roses are placed at the back on a band as described above for the pink hat. Again you are reminded to use strong thread and as few stitches as possible.

The hat just described would be charming in brown with black wings, and tea roses in place of the red ones. A crown of brown silk embroidered in spangles would make a very rich and pretty substitute for the velvet and tulle stripes. In all black it would make a good model for light mourning.

sewed together, and a very firm slip-knot made with it to cover the stitches. The whole aigrette is then firmly stitched to the top and base of the crown. To make bows like an accomplished milliner you must be careful not to cut the ribbon too often. An instance of this is the yard of ribbon which forms part of the aigrette; the two light loops on the left side are made with what is left after the slip-knot is tied, and it



2. TRAVELING-HAT.

the hair is drawn up from the nape of the neck, is much more becoming to some heads; and every woman should try this for herself, carefully examining the outlines with the aid of adjustable mirrors.

WHITE leather belts have a new lease of life, and the handsomest are clasped with gold buckles set with turquoises.



3. STRAW WALKING-HAT.

RUFFLE effects on edges still prevail, and the latest novelty is overlapping rows of "baby" ribbon in two or three colors, gathered very full. The tucks across the shoulders of a yellow satin waist are edged with these baby frills in two shades of green and one of yellow; and a red cloth bolero is edged with red between black and white. This is capable of infinite variations with charming results.

ZAIDA BEN-YUSUF.

PETTICOAT LORE.

GARMENTS are something more than convention crystallized. There are heaps of history and human nature in everything we wear. The very wise men who have given their lives to the study of such things tell us, for example, that the petticoat may be called, in a way, the corner-stone of civilization. For it was not until arboreal woman put on the apron which was the skirt's forerunner, thereby differentiating herself from her mate, that there was any approach to tribal organization. And in those earliest tribes the mother, the apron wearer, was the head. We have to come down several long epochs before the chief and the law of the strongest displaced the old, beneficent mother-right.

But one need not go so far afield to find petticoat history in plenty. Understand that petticoat is used, not in a restricted sense, but as signifying skirts of every degree. Considering that in the Middle Ages it was My Lady's richest garment, her favorite vehicle of display, it is a little odd to find the word now used almost exclusively as the name of something not meant to be seen.

Mighty fine were those same Middle Age petticoats, wrought with gold and silver, of the richest silk or velvet, and often enriched with precious stones. A hundred skilled needlewomen might work two years upon a single one. By and by the law stepped in to say just how rich and costly this important garment might be. Nobody under an earl's wife was allowed to wear damask, the precious, rich-flowered stuff brought by caravan from Damascus itself. A knight's dame might wear for her petticoat either lutestring or sarcenet, with some small flourishings of embroidery and silver lace. The squire's wife was ordered to content herself with sarcenet, minus flourishings, nor could she wear a train "laying more than two ells Flemish upon the ground." For the burgher women, tabbinet was good enough; they were further specifically forbidden to trick out their tabbinets with bands of fur, or to wear trains of any sort.

Cloth of gold, cloth of silver, Genoa velvet, ermine, minever, and limitless embroidery were reserved for the blood royal. All this ordained "In tender loyngness toward our leiges that they fall not intoe ungodly and wasteful ways." How the good dames must have smiled as they heard the herald's proclamation, then turned with new zest to the making and wearing of the forbidden fineries. For invariably the ordinances came to naught, as such ordinances deserve to do.

In the days of good Queen Anne, the petticoat was something formidable. In his "Rape of the Lock," Pope makes Ariel say:

"To fifty chosen sylphs of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat."

Fashions traveled curiously in those days. Then, as now, Paris had the voice of authority, but what with wars and rumors of wars it was not always easy to hear it. There were no fashion-plates in those days; free-hand sketches were too costly and too perishable; besides, how

could a mere picture give the set and style of a petticoat? So the "moppet" came in,—a jointed wooden doll eighteen inches high; it was dressed in the height of fashion and smuggled across the channel to some London milliner of renown. Then all Mayfair came, saw Miss Moppet, was straightway conquered, ordered its new garments after the mode of hers, and went home to write to country sisters and cousins anent the latest sweet thing in mob caps, in lappets, in fichus, and, above all, in petticoats.

Colonial dames were likewise votaries of Mistress Moppet. Tradition has it that Martha Washington had sent out more than one for her own exclusive use. Society at Williamsburg and Richmond prided itself not a little upon keeping in the matter of modes less than two years behind London, which was six months behind Paris. After Independence, all things French were in such high favor that only French modes were acceptable. They were sent straight out from Paris, and, needless to say, copied, and often caricatured, by provincial dressmakers and seamstresses at home. The Incredible, the Directoire, the early Empire styles, all ravened and rioted in the freshness of a virgin hemisphere.

An old Virginia dame, wedded in the early years of the century, often exhibited proudly her wedding-gown and her "second day" silk. No fault could be found with the stuffs; the wedding-dress was of the sheerest linen cambric. But it had a waist exactly a finger in depth, a skirt coming to the shoe-tie, and just two yards around. It was gored, into the bargain, and trimmed at the bottom with rose-tatting made by the bride herself. The changeable silk was equally scant and quaint. Cut from a six-yard pattern, there was still enough of it, after shaping the garment, to cover a thick cord around the bottom.

So does the old day touch the new. Brides in plenty to-day have cords about the bottom of their going-away gowns. If they have been wise virgins, those cords are not covered with the gown-stuff, but with velveteen, cut bias, which has long been recognized as the handsomest finish for



A SPRING SUIT.
THURIS JACKET.
CAVENDISH SKIRT.
(Finished with S. H. & M. binding)

a skirt of any kind.

To judge how enduring is that recognition one has but to note the universal prevalence of S. H. & M. Wide-awake buyers will have nothing else, nor the gown-makers who bear a conscience use any other thing.

Rival it has none, imitators a plenty,—imitators so unscrupulous they stick at nothing in their efforts to trade profitably upon a well-earned reputation to which they have no shadow of claim. They are unwise as they are unfair. Lincoln spoke a vital truth when he said, "You can fool some people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

Above all things, beware of cheap imitations, the appearance of which may for a short time hide their flimsy character. Such imitations are harder to put on than the genuine article, and have no sooner been put on than they have to be taken off. Ask always for S. H. & M.; take nothing else, and do not be satisfied you have it unless you find these letters stamped upon the back of each yard.



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 360.)

WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THIS SUPPLEMENT.

A SPRING TRAVELING-FROCK.

THIS smart little frock is an attractive model for the general utility one, which fills the place in the child's wardrobe that her mamma's newest tailor-gown does in hers. While it is fresh, it is handsome enough for church



A SPRING TRAVELING FROCK.
THE "ETHELBERTA."

and afternoon wear, yet it is so simple that it is suitable for school and street wear, or for any journey, be it long or short. The model gown is of Russian blue serge trimmed with mohair braid, and it can be copied in all the plain wools so popular this season, as also in silks and challies, with which velvet can be combined. The gored skirt has five breadths, which fit trimly around the hips, and flare well at the foot. These skirts are lined or unlined, according to preference, and have a facing of the gown fabric. The full ruffles which form the sleeve-caps are sewed to the jacket armholes, and the sleeves to the waist of the gown. There is a little fullness in this at the waist-line in the back, but none across the shoulders, and the front is a full "baby" waist, with yoke, and slightly drooping. For a dressy frock it is very pretty to make the jacket of velvet, and fancy silks can be combined with challies. It is square across the back, and the same length as in front. The pattern is the "Ethelberta," in sizes for ten and twelve years.

MOHAIR BRAID is used in many novel ways. Loops of quarter-inch braid make a narrow fringe around the edges of some dressy little jackets; and the revers of a dark blue satin gown are nearly covered with closely set rows of the narrowest *soutache*, running in from the edge, the ends of which are raveled out, forming a soft fringe.

A SIMPLE COMMENCEMENT-GOWN.

THIS is a charming model for all summer fabrics, but is especially commended for white lawns, mulls, and Swiss muslins, which are always lovely for young girls, no matter how many novelties may be in the shops. The skirt is the "Barbara," having seven breadths and measuring about four and a half yards at the foot. There should be a slip underskirt of lawn, silk, or muslin, cut by the same pattern and mounted to the same belt. The silk slips are usually finished with a narrow bias facing, but those of lawn often have a lace-edged ruffle. The ruffles on the gown skirt can be of embroidery or lace, or of the lawn edged with lace. *Plat Valenciennes* and *point de Paris* are the laces most used, and when embroidery is selected open lace-like patterns are preferred. The newest of these imitate very effectively the appliquéés of Honiton braid, which, on *chiffon* and lace net, have had such vogue. The waist of this becoming gown—the "Antonia"—combines the most attractive features of the blouse with the trimness of a close-fitting bodice. The yoke and ruffles forming the sleeve-caps, which have the effect of being a continuation of the yoke, match the ruffles on the skirt, and a full frill of the same lace or embroidery surrounds the waist. A fitted lining holds the fullness in place, and frequently the lining is cut low in the neck and finished with a narrow edging. Box-plaits of the lawn or muslin extend up to the neck over the yoke, the same in the back as in the front. The stock-collar and belt can be of white ribbon or any



A SIMPLE COMMENCEMENT-GOWN.
ANTONIA WAIST. BARBARA SKIRT.

becoming color. There is the widest latitude of choice for these details. The skirt pattern is in sizes for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years, and the waist pattern, for fourteen and sixteen.

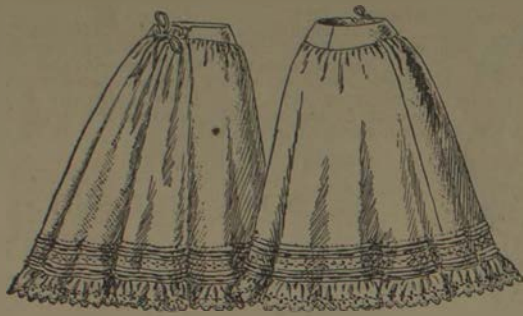
SLEEVELESS BOLEROS and Eton jackets have usually some trimming around the arm-holes.



A CHALLIE FROCK.
THE "KIRZIE."

A CHALLIE FROCK.

THOUGH the model of the daintily simple frock illustrated is of challie,—a pale-blue ground flowered with violets,—it is a suitable design for any spring fabrics,



LADY'S SHORT PETTICOAT.

wool, silk, or cotton. The straight skirt is finished with a hem headed by rows of narrow ribbon, which on washable fabrics can be replaced by lace or embroidery. Batiste insertions and those of lace are also used on silk, and bands of narrow velvet ribbon are liked for cashmere. The back of the waist is like the front, except that the fullness is drawn down trimly; a fitted lining holds this in place, and the skirt is gathered to the lower edge. Most of the fullness of the skirt is massed in the back, but there must be enough across the front and over the hips to hang easily and gracefully. Satin-faced velvet ribbon is used for the girdle and stock-collar, and black or dark colors are preferred. The pattern is the "Kirzie," in sizes for eight and ten years.

LADY'S SHORT PETTICOAT.

NAINSOOK, cambric, and India long-cloth are the fabrics most used in making these garments for summer wear, and as dainty work is put upon them as on any article of lingerie. When greater warmth is needed the pliable all-wool *crêpons* are preferred by many women to flannel. These are lined with India silk, and have plaitings of the silk around the bottom, veiled with lace ruffles. The cotton fabrics are finished with ruffles of



MISS'S KNICKERBOCKERS AND LEGGINS.
(See Page 352.)

lace-like embroideries, in fine, dainty patterns, or with plat Valenciennes. The pattern has a straight back breadth, and is gored on the sides and in front, making four breadths; and to insure fitting trimly about the waist they are mounted to a narrow yoke in front and over the hips, while the back has a wide belt through which tapes are run to adjust it to the figure.

OF CHAMBERY OR GINGHAM.

HERE is a standard model for washable fabrics, so simple in lines and so becoming to childish figures that it is deservedly popular with fastidious mothers. It is adapted to both heavy and thin cottons, as well as linen; but the heavier fabrics, like piqué and duck, should be trimmed with insertion instead of being tucked. The frock illustrated is of figured blue linen. The straight, full



OF CHAMBERY OR GINGHAM.
SOPHIE FROCK.

skirt is finished with a hem and tucks, and it is sewed to the waist in gathers. The back of the waist is like the front; three tucks give a becoming and simple finish to the yoke, and a loosely fitted lining, which does not confine the child in the least, holds the fullness in place. The bishop sleeves should be measured to the child's arm, for if too long they are in the way and untidy. The new sleeves are an improvement upon those of last year in being narrower below the elbow, and consequently less liable to bag. The pattern is the "Sophie," in sizes for six and eight years.



A COMFORTABLE SUIT,
THE "CISCO."

venience and simplicity—or in that of the small lads themselves. Dark blue cheviot, serge, and flannel continue to be popular fabrics for these; but for handsome suits the lighter Russian blue is also used in melton and covert cloths. Some grays and tans—in corduroy and cloth—are also seen, and for summer wear heavy linens and ducks are shown. There are little jackets, blazers, and also blouses of the cloths to match the trousers; and with the jackets and blazers pretty shirt-waists of lawn or cheviot are worn. Our pattern—the "Cisco"—includes the trousers and blouse, and is in sizes for six, eight, and ten years. The blouse is of white lawn trimmed with ruffles of Hamburg embroidery, and a Windsor tie in gay Scotch plaid is worn with it.

A COMFORTABLE SUIT.

THE ever-popular blouse and knee-trousers suit has come to be considered a standard style for boys, and no novelties succeed in displacing it, either in the favor of mothers—who recognize its con-

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

THE designs on our Supplement are selected from the most reliable foreign sources, and also represent popular fashions here. They furnish suggestions for draperies, trimmings, combinations, etc.,—in fact, for every detail of the fashionable toilet,—and the models are so practical, and in many instances differ so little from the patterns we give, that they can easily be modified, even by the least experienced amateur, to suit individual needs, and adapted to all seasonable fabrics, simple as well as expensive; while for professional dressmakers they are invaluable.

- 1.—Reception-gown of shot taffeta; embroidered satin revers, and blouse front of chiffon draped on the sides with lace.
- 2.—Gown of brown zibeline. The skirt and sleeves have a dozen very narrow tucks looking almost like cords; the corsage is of ivory satin veiled with Venetian guipure, which is banded with velvet.
- 3.—Tea-gown of white crepe and violet Liberty satin, trimmed with Renaissance lace.
- 4.—Walking-gown of plaided wool with box-plaited skirt. Jacket of dark red cloth with revers of Irish point.
- 5.—Green cloth gown trimmed with mohair braid; the corsage is cut away at the throat in the back as in front, to disclose a chemisette of white satin veiled with guipure.
- 6.—Gown of mastic drap d'été, trimmed with green velvet ribbon; blouse of plaited green chiffon, with bands of Irish point on the sides.
- 7.—Reception-gown of black-and-white moiré velours; jacket of black passementerie over white satin.
- 8.—Reception-gown of terra cotta velvet, trimmed with iridescent passementerie.
- 9.—Black satin shoulder-cape, lined with heliotrope silk, and trimmed with white lace.
- 10.—Black brocade skirt, with corsage of heliotrope velvet and white chiffon; girdle of violet satin; black hat trimmed with violets and a golden bird-of-paradise feather.
- 11.—Street-gown of French gray cloth, trimmed with black soutache.
- 12.—Reception-gown of illuminated silk-and-wool novelty goods in green and gold.
- 13.—Gown of silver-gray cashmere; the skirt has seven half-inch tucks around the foot; bows of dark blue ribbon relieve the corsage.
- 14.—Walking-gown of red cheviot canvas, braided elaborately with black mohair soutache.



BOY'S KILT SUIT.
THE "RUDOLPH."

- 15.—Skirt of gray Liberty satin, with plaited flounces; corsage of blue chiné taffeta, tucked around the figure, and the tucks edged with gray chiffon frills.
- 16.—Green taffeta gown, with black velvet jacket.
- 17.—Dark blue broadcloth gown trimmed with mohair braid; jacket of black-and-white checked velvet.
- 18.—Walking-gown of heliotrope melton cloth combined with violet flowered gray velveteen.
- 19.—Embroidered batiste gown; the long rucked sleeves are of plain batiste, and ruffles of the same, headed by insertion, trim the front of the waist, cross over the shoulders, and border the square neck in the back.

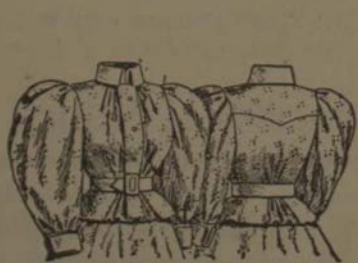
BOY'S KILT SUIT.

For these always popular kilt suits the standard dark blue serge and flannel are varied this season by the use of corduroy, covert cloths, chevots, and tweeds, in many shades of gray, mouse color, and tan, also serges and melton in Russian blue; so the small boy's wardrobe shows greater variety than usual. Of all these fabrics corduroy is liked because it bears hard usage as well as a storm serge, and this fact bears a good deal of weight with mothers. The suit illustrated is of Russian blue cassimere. The kilted skirt is buttoned to a waist of piqué, which is plain in the back and has plaits in the front like a shirt-waist. The deep sailor-collar is sometimes made of contrasting color, as light blue on dark, blue on gray, pink or blue on white, and brown on tan, and it can be finished with rows of soutache or stitching. For summer wear, linen, corded piqué, and duck are made by this pattern, and in these washable suits the skirts are sewed to waists of the same fabric. The pattern is the "Rudolph," in sizes for two and four years.

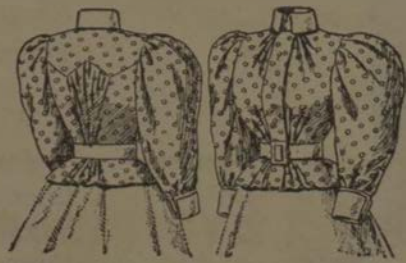
STANDARD PATTERNS.

PATTERNS of these desirable models being so frequently called for, we reproduce them in miniature this month in order to bring them within the limit of time allowed for selection. It should be remembered that one great advantage of our "Pattern Order" is that the holder is not confined to a selection from the patterns given in the same

number with the "Pattern Order," but the choice may be made from any number of the magazine issued during the twelve months previous to the date of the one containing the "Pattern Order." Always remember that a "Pattern Order" cannot be used after the date printed on it.



BIANCA SHIRT-WAIST.



PAMELA SHIRT-WAIST.



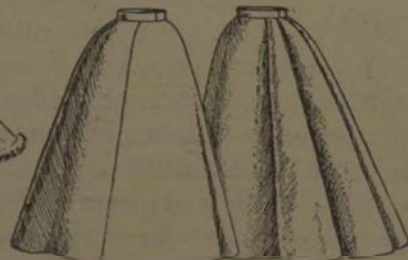
SUSETTE DRESS.



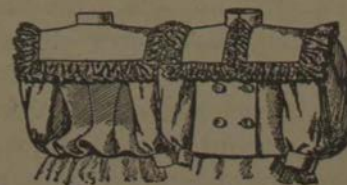
LASCA FROCK.



FRANCESCA CAPE.



EDGMERE SKIRT.



CAMIOLA JACKET.



MONTROSE COAT.



AMIEL WAIST.



LURA WAIST.

It is absolutely necessary, when sending Pattern Orders, to write the name and full address on each one in the spaces left for the purpose. Failure to do so may account for the non-arrival of patterns.

Always send four cents postage when you send for a pattern.



HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

R. P. HALL & CO., Props., Nashua, N. H.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

HOUSEHOLD.

LENTEN FARE.

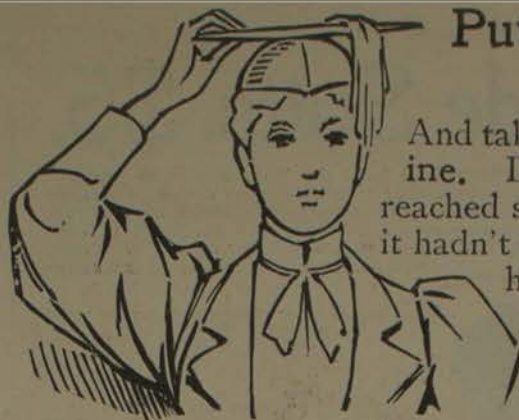
(Continued from Page 341.)

SHRIMPS ON TOAST.—For a half pint of Shrimps, put into a skillet a dessert-spoonful of butter; when hot stir into it the same quantity of rice flour and a gill of milk; stir until it commences to thicken, then add the shrimps; season with salt and pepper, stir slowly until thoroughly heated, and serve on toast, garnished with parsley or celery heads.

KEDGEREE is a nice *réchauffé* for cold fish. Equal portions of perfectly cooked, light, dry rice and fish, carefully picked over and shredded fine, are required; put in a granite saucepan or double boiler, add one ounce of fresh butter, season with salt and pepper, and stir till hot; add the chopped-up yolks of two hard-boiled eggs; garnish with parsley and the whites of the eggs cut in rings, and serve.

Vegetable fritters and croquettes can be concocted in almost infinite variety. For the croquettes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, salsify, squash, cauliflower, parsnips, and carrots, can all be used; and as they must be cooked first, it is an admirable way to use left-overs. Mince or mash fine, mingle with cracker crumbs, moisten with milk or cream, in which one egg has been beaten, and season with care; roll into shape, dip in beaten egg and bread or cracker crumbs, and fry in very hot fat till a delicate brown. Parsnips, salsify, and egg-plant make delicious fritters. An ordinary fritter batter, rather thin, is mixed, and the vegetable, previously cooked and put through a col-

(Continued on Page 362.)



Put On Your Thinking-Cap,

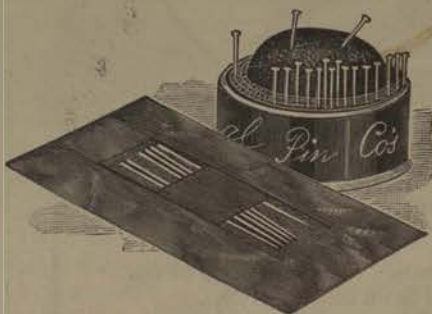
And take up the question of Pearl-Line. Do you think it could have reached such an enormous success, if it hadn't possessed every merit that has been claimed for it? Do you think that millions of women would be using it every day, as they do, if they knew of anything like it for washing and cleaning? Do you think it could have grown so rapidly and so wonderfully, if women were not enthusiastic about it, talking of it, urging their friends to use it? Do you think that hundreds of millions of packages could have been used, as they have been, if there were anything that could be said against it?

P. S.—Don't you think you had better try a little Pearl-Line, to your own saving and profit?

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Points in Housekeeping.



BOX POSTPAID 15 cts. in stamps. All leading grocers sell it.

There are other "points" in housekeeping quite as useful to the housewife as those of pins and needles. Nearly a million "sharp" housewives, who use it, know

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

has all the points of a perfect silver cleaner—no wearing, no scratching, and for brilliancy it has no equal. No other Silver Polish has all these points of perfection.

Trial quantity for the asking—"see the point," it costs you nothing.

THE ELECTRO-SILICON COMPANY, 30 CLIFF ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
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14 Everblooming Roses for 50c

Large, strong plants and splendid roots, from 2 1/4 inch pots. CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, best pink; PEARL OF GARDEN, rich golden yellow; MARIE LAMBERT, pure white; PRINCESS SAGAN, glowing crimson; MAD. KRUGER, coppery yellow; SCARLET BEDDER, always in bloom; CLOTILDA SOUPERT, white pink center; THE BRIDE, favorite white; BRIDESMAID, lovely pink; STAR OF GOLD, best yellow bedder grown; PRINCESS VERA, salmon shade; GRAND MARTHA WASHINGTON, historical pillar rose, big clusters, pure white; MAMAN COCHET, silvery pink; MARIA VAN HOUTT, lemon yellow.

20 Giant flowered Pansy plants,	50c	15 mammoth Verbenas,	50c
12 Carnations all colors	50c	12 new Geraniums,	50c
8 Begonias, best of newer sorts,	50c	20 packets Sweet Peas,	50c
12 Fuchsias, double and single,	50c	15 Gladioli Bulbs,	50c
15 Prize Winning Chrysanthemums, select of 500 sorts,	50c		

Half of any two sets 50c, any three sets, \$1.25. Two famous climbing roses for only 20c. Martha Washington clusters of pure white, very fragrant, and Crimson Rambler. We pay postage and guarantee plants to reach you safely and just as represented. Write for catalogue.

SCHMIDT & BOTLEY, Springfield Greenhouses, SPRINGFIELD, O.

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If you intend to build it will pay you to have PAYNE'S PORTFOLIO OF PLANS.

MODERN HOMES. Pages 9 x 12, 100 attractive plans costing \$400 to \$10,000. Photo and perspective views. Complete description. Postpaid \$1.00. Artistic pamphlet specimen designs for two 2c. stamps. State price house you wish to build.

GEO. W. PAYNE & SON, ARCHITECTS, Carthage, Ill.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Tailor-Made Suits, \$5.

IS there a secret in being well gowned? If there is, it is in the little details of graceful hanging skirts, smart jackets and dainty effects that go so far toward making a woman appear fashionable and well dressed. In our new Spring Catalogue of styles we illustrate the suits which the best gowned New York women are wearing. We will mail it, free, together with samples of the latest suitings to any lady who will write for it. We make all of our gowns to order giving that touch of individuality and exclusiveness so dear to the feminine heart.



Our Catalogue illustrates:

Tailor-Made Suits, \$5 up. Misses' Suits and Dresses (10 to 16 yrs.), \$4 up.

Separate Skirts, \$4 up. Black Silk and Satin Skirts, \$8 up.

Crash and Duck Suits, \$4 up. Capes, \$3 up. Jackets, \$4 up.

Bicycle Suits, \$6 up. Riding Habits, \$10 up.

We pay express charges everywhere. Write to-day; you will get catalogue and samples by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., Ladies' Tailors and Dressmakers,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

A GRAND OFFER.

MADAME RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.

Almost Free. Do not Miss this Chance.

Mme. Ruppert, the Eminent Complexion Specialist and famous lecturer, makes the following liberal offers:

OFFER No. 1.

To every purchaser of a \$2.00 bottle of her World-Renowned FACE BLEACH she will give a bar of her exquisite Almond Oil Soap FREE. This offer applies to any who live at a distance and order by mail, as well as resident patrons who purchase in person.

OFFER No. 2.

To all who have not tried her World-Renowned FACE BLEACH she offers to sell during this month a trial bottle for 25 cents. This offer also applies to any at a distance, who will receive a trial bottle in plain wrapper, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents, either silver or stamps.

FACE BLEACH, which is an external treatment, is solely the invention of Mme. A. Ruppert, and is the only preparation for the complexion that has withstood the test of time. Eighteen years it has been manufactured and during that time many millions of bottles have been used. It has never failed, if used as directed, to remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Eczema, Moth, and, in fact, all diseases the skin is heir to. It is used externally and when applied strikes, as it should, at the root of the trouble. Call or send for Mme. A. Ruppert's book, **HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL**, which alone is worth its weight in gold to every woman, and should be read by all. It is given or sent FREE.

MME. A. RUPPERT, Leading Complexion Specialist,

BRANCH OFFICES: 235 State St., Chicago, Ill.

37-39 South 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

6 East 14th Street, New York City.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 361)

ander to remove all lumps, is stirred into the batter. This is almost as good baked in flat cakes on a soap-stone griddle as when dropped, fritter-fashion, in hot fat. Both fritters and croquettes should be placed for a few moments on sheets of hot, brown wrapping-paper when first taken up, and in serving the plate should be covered with a linen doily.

Some delicious receipts for "Entrées, Salads and Sauces" will be found in an article under that title in Demorest's for April, 1896.

E. A. FLETCHER.

SANITARIAN.

THE VALUE OF REST.

(Continued from Page 342.)

by the aid of pillows, she will double her return values in rest. She should also close her eyes placidly and calmly and keep them closed till she gets up. For if the mind is open to every suggestion which it is certain to get when the eyes are open, the brain will still continue to work and one is only half-resting under such conditions. The same method of dropping everything—as when one is trying to go to sleep at night—should be adopted when one lies down for a few minutes' rest in the daytime. Bathing the eyes in hot or cold water before lying down—for rest or sleep—also helps to soothe and compose tired nerves. Some people find a cold compress on the back of the neck equally valuable in its soothing effect. Deep breathing, especially when it can be done in pure air, is another good receipt for obtaining rest. The very effort to take long, slow, deep breaths turns the mind off from its worriment; and, purifying the

(Continued on Page 364.)

Enameline



The Modern STOVE POLISH.

DUSTLESS, ODORLESS,
BRILLIANT, LABOR SAVING.

Try it on your Cycle Chain.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

A CRYSTAL MYSTERY.



TRUTH recently published a racy item about the cross-roads temperance orator who, in the course of his remarks, said: "Now what was it the rich man in hades called for? Was it whiskey? No! Was it brandy? No! Was it rum? No! It was water, water! Now what does that show?"

The reply came: "Shows where all you teetotal fellows go to!"

The orator did not specify what kind of water his friend shouted for, but it is presumed to have been the same as that referred to in the following:

A Milwaukee paper not long since printed an amusing item

about a servant who happened to be alone in the house when a fire broke out in the basement. He had the presence of mind to understand that a small fire could be often quenched with a little water. Better yet, his master had a fresh stock of Londonderry, charged to a turn with carbonic acid gas. Without stopping to measure the cost, James began hurling lithia grenades at the fire; as the bottles broke large volumes of gas escaped, and to his surprise, almost instantly extinguished the flames.

This was a singular experience for James, who had only seen this particular water used to "squelch" the fire in the ardent spirits, or to remove that heaviness in the stomach in the morning, for which it was a favorite with his master, and even now he is not able to tell what it is in the water that puts out a fire more quickly than plain, wet water.

This reminds us that there are others. The most renowned chemists have been searching for a decade after the mysteries in that water. They have boiled it, submitted it to the microscope, the spectroscope, and the X-rays, in the vain attempt to learn just why the analyses they make do not prove when they come to the test.

By this we mean to say that while this famous spring easily supplies millions of bottles annually of a water which is regarded as remarkably potent for many of our ailments, no chemist has produced a bottle worth dispensing.



"LONDONDERRY SPRING."

A fortune awaits him who can reproduce this great gift of nature, but like the mythical bag of gold in the rainbow, it seems just out of reach. Alchemy can reduce a diamond to vapor and tell its precise elements, but it cannot reconstruct it. This is equally true of a crystal drop of Londonderry water. To go a step farther, neither can the physician explain all the mysteries that lurk in this particular water.

Nothing in the history of mineral waters has so stirred

up the medical faculty. There seems to be a subtle something in it which is beyond the reach of chemists that adapts it exactly to the use of man in the cure of rheumatism, and in this mystery dwells its fascination. It is the most common thing imaginable to meet in one's daily rounds men of business who can relate many instances where it has done very strange cures.

"Not long since the writer met a business man on the street, who related that he had decided to go to Hot Springs for a chronic rheumatism. He took Londonderry Lithia by the advice of a doctor, and in a fortnight was entirely cured.

"It is, and should be, a source of satisfaction to the doctors that they can suggest a simple and at the same time effective remedy for this most perplexing and almost universal malady. It is also a delight to the patient to be ordered to use such a palatable medicine. This fact explains in part the unparalleled success of the water. The patient will take it faithfully, and after once beginning, being sure to note a relief from pain in a short time, pursues the treatment with religious zeal."

The writer called upon one of the best known physicians for some theory by which to explain some of these rapid cures. The doctor, while admitting that there was no remedy known to the profession which gave promise of any considerable success, would not venture an opinion upon the working curative force in this celebrated water. "Nature's ways are so subtle," said the informant, "that it were mockery to try to fathom them. I ask a chemist to analyze that water and bring me the same thing compounded in his laboratory. I try it—bosh! I get no such

results as I get from the original. Why? Simply because the chemist is deceived. He gets a few ingredients, but there are some added in the great laboratory of nature, which he knows not how to detect. Here, then, I look for the explanation of the peculiar power of this water. Without knowing what it is that dances and shoots through the body with the speed of lightning, it would still be possible to know the elements in this water and not be able to say which was the antidote. But as no one either knows the disease in its essence or the precise methods of Londonderry Lithia Water, it may be as well to simply admit the fact and spend one's time reasoning upon a more promising subject."

The doctor doubtless spoke by the card, and we therefore take up a few points which may be of interest to the reader. We do so voluntarily because there are many people in all the walks of life who never stop to ask questions. They accept everything as a matter of fact, and never wonder why it is so. For instance, there are hundreds of thousands who know the flavor, and the power of Londonderry Lithia to control disease, who never gave



a thought to anything connected with it. They drink it because they like it or because it is good for them. They never ask why it is good for them; "the doctor said so" and that ended it. There is another class who always wish to know more about matters that come to their attention. Many who use spring waters go to the springs because formerly that was the only way by which to obtain the different waters in their original strength and purity. This habit has developed so many hotels and sanitariums in the immediate vicinity of springs that an unexpected danger has arisen in the contamination of the soil, which is to a greater or less extent inevitable, and hence a suggestion of the danger that water, reaching the springs through

this soil, may not be pure. The art of bottling water so that it may not lose any of its value medicinally, or take on any impurity in the process is the outgrowth of the same study and watchful care that have refused to listen to any propositions for the erection of any hotel, boarding-house or private residence within a radius of nearly a mile of the Londonderry Lithia Springs. So this latter class may not go to the Londonderry Springs to drink the water, but the Spring may go to them, carrying in its original purity all its marvelous richness in the peculiar element found to exist alone in its native soil. They are too busy to watch the water as it bubbles from its niche in the solid rock, to wander through the maze of delicate machinery employed in rushing the water into bottles, into wrappers, into cases and into cars, at the rate of from two to five carloads per day, but they can pause for a moment and reflect upon what has been written in the foregoing and follow the writer a step further.

A century is a long time, yet for nearly two centuries the good people in the old town of Londonderry have depended upon this water to cure most of their ailments. Uncle Avery and his faithful wife have lived for seventy-five years within sight of the spring, and no one can pass a pleasanter hour than in listening to their legend and stories of the old "Birch Tree," for this was the name of the old spring during the days when fighting General Stark was wont to drink from it to cure his rheumatism, and later when it became a favorite of Horace Greeley's, who passed a part of his youth in the old town of Londonderry.

The story of this particular premier, this monarch of all the table waters that ministers to good health while it quenches thirst (and puts out fires), that adds a charm, while it removes the sting from the cup that cheers, that is smiled upon at the feast, and greeted in the chamber of ill health, that does good so pleasantly and so mysteriously, that has, in short, become a household favorite in many lands, and a hospital favorite throughout the world, because of its power to drive out uric acid, is not to be told in this short article.

There are scientific facts worthy of mention, with opinions from many of the ablest physicians, but these are all obtainable of the company whose good fortune it is to own this delightful water. Their address is Nashua, N. H.



BLINDNESS PREVENTED.

THE ABSORPTION TREATMENT A SUCCESS.

"There should be no waiting to be blind."

The *New York Observer* says: "In the absorption treatment we find the most successful and humane method of treating diseased eyes or weakened vision ever devised. It is a boon to suffering humanity, hundreds having been successfully treated at the Bemis Sanitarium, for diseases of the eyes often said to be incurable, without the knife or risk, and as the treatment assists nature to do its own work without the use of drugs, the patients feel that a new lease of life as well as eyesight has been given them. Among the grateful patients we find the Rev. B. N. Palmer, D.D., of New Orleans, La., well known to our readers. Dr. Palmer, some two years ago, noticed his eyesight failing, and consulted Dr. Knapp, of New York, and Dr. Pope, of New Orleans, who diagnosed the case as atrophy. After being under treatment one year, they pronounced his case hopeless and further treatment was abandoned. On July 24, 1896, one eye being nearly sightless and the other failing, he consulted E. H. Bemis, Eye Specialist, of the Glens Falls, N. Y., Sanitarium, remarking that he had 'nothing to lose and a great deal to gain,' as cataracts were forming which would make blindness sure, and the little sight left was only available with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. On September 7th, six weeks after commencing the absorption treatment, the strong lens had been laid aside and the glasses discarded years ago now enable him to read again, to the great surprise of himself and friends.

"In order to bring before the public the advantages of the absorption treatment, which does away with all risk in treating the eyes, and furnishes a home treatment which can be safely used at the patient's home when it is impossible to visit the Sanitarium, we would state that a valuable pamphlet will be forwarded to any address free, and should be read in every family, as it gives the cause of failing eyesight and diseased eyes, how prevented and cured. The rapid increase in the number of persons who are becoming blind and relying upon artificial aids to see, demands a treatment which will reach the cause."

A. B. COLVIN, Treasurer of the State of New York,
and a resident of Glens Falls, writes:

" . . . The history of this institution and its advance by marvelous strides is well known to all of us. It has been one of the most remarkable and successful projects ever essayed in Glens Falls. The entire credit belongs to Edward H. Bemis, the eye specialist, whose remarkable ability in his field of labor and wonderful energy have brought about the results so familiar, not only to residents of Glens Falls, but to hundreds, perhaps better thousands, of afflicted ones all over the United States and in many foreign lands. The success of Mr. Bemis has been well-nigh miraculous. May the work which is benefiting not only himself, but all of us, continue, and God speed him. . . . "

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

11
by
14
in.



Sample Design
11x14 in.

FREE STAMPING OUTFIT 107 PATTERNS

This beautiful and lifelike design, size 11x14, is only one of a Mammoth Stamping Outfit that we are giving away to increase the subscription list of our Popular Monthly. There are also designs of Fond Lilies, 11x14, Sunflower, 8x11, Roses, 6x9, Owl, 8x11, Parrot and Branch, 8x11, Bleeding Hearts, 8x11, Forget-me-nots, 4x7, School Girl, 6 in. high, Girl Rolling Leaf, 2 Choirs Alphabets for ornamental marking, 7 braiding patterns for flannel embroidery, besides numerous patterns, new and beautiful for every kind of embroidery, conventional, motto, floral and Grecian designs for tidies, dollies, splashers, traycloths, etc. With every outfit, we include full and complete instructions, also the secret of making stamping powders, FREE, to all who send only 10c. in silver, or 11 one-cent stamps, for six months trial subscription to our very Pop. Illus. Monthly, THE COLUMBIAN. We refer to any publisher in N. E. Add. L. N. Cushman & Co., Publs., 35 Oils St., Boston, Mass.

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Don't forget to read the 2d
cover advertisements.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED.
Our INVISIBLE TUBE cushions help when all else fails,
as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send for
FREE BOOK to F. Hiscox Co., 855 B'way, New York. Office Trial Free.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 363.)

blood, aids in its freer circulation, and brings relief from strain to tired muscles.

Bathing also, either a tub or sponge bath, and hot or cold according to individual preference and physical condition, can be relied upon to soothe tired nerves and muscles and restore their tone. Rubbing with alcohol, too, especially along the spine, the thighs, and the soles of the feet, will sometimes help to bring refreshing sleep.

By no means the least important method of resting is both mental and moral. Nobody is resting, or can rest, while she is feeling angry, jealous, envious, or revengeful toward anyone. All of these states of mind sap the energy and vitality of the body more speedily than the severest physical labor, as everyone knows who has watched the paling face of a wrathful man or woman and noted the after-effects on the nervous system.

But as there are certain emotions that exhaust the energies, so there are others that build them up. Every kindly, generous, and forgiving sentiment as truly warms the blood currents and builds up the system as the unkind and revengeful ones tear it down. In a word, the scriptural counsel "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life" has as direct bearing on physical as on moral well-being.

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

The large number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, render it necessary to urge upon them, **First**—Brevity. **Second**—Clearness of statement. **Third**—Decisive knowledge of what they want. **Fourth**—The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves, and to those that the inquirer cannot solve by a diligent search of ordinary books of reference. **Fifth**—Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed. **Sixth**—A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine. We wish the Correspondence Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects. Inquiries respecting cosmetics, medicine, or surgery, will not be noticed.

"M. G. B. L."—The March number was on the press when your letter was written. Any card-playing games would be appropriate for your gypsy party, and telling fortunes with cards and by means of palmistry are especially in keeping. Have a picnic supper in baskets, so arranged that only a single course will be uncovered at a time, and let it be progressive, directing the gentlemen to change seats between the courses. Menu: oysters or lobsters *en coquille*, with bread sticks or buttered rolls; two or three kinds of sandwiches, with pickles and olives; a nice salad, either chicken, stuffed tomatoes, or nuts, with sliced apples and grape fruit in nests of lettuce leaves, and masked with *mayonnaise*.—serve cheese-sticks or cracker sandwiches with the salad; cup custards, Hamburg cream, or fruit-jelly in orange shells will make a nice sweet course with cake. Finish with coffee or serve it through the meal, as guests prefer.

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(Continued from Page 364.)

The Indian baskets are suitable prizes, and trifles of birch bark could be used.

"LEAH."—Neither your own nor your husband's crest should be engraved on your calling card. Nothing is admissible besides your name in full—not your maiden name, but Mrs. Henry Carson Jones—except your address in the lower right-hand corner, and your reception day—if you have one—in the left-hand corner; as, Wednesdays. It is unnecessary to send cards announcing a change of address unless you have a large circle of formal acquaintances whom you seldom meet. Under these circumstances it is good form to do so.

"C. W. L."—Sorry to disappoint you, but the Correspondence Club is our only medium for giving the information for which you ask. The Anti-Basement Club, of New York, is an organization of young people who are doing so good a work that their example, if followed even in a modified form, can be safely commended. The members are all wealthy, and in "the social swim," with every inducement to complete absorption in selfish pleasure. It was to prevent this that the club was organized. They meet at regular intervals and discuss ways and means for carrying brightness into the lives of the less fortunate; and they pledge themselves to devote a certain portion of their leisure to beneficent work of this nature; thus they are voluntary teachers, readers, and entertainers in the various clubs of church missions, Working Girls' Clubs, Newsboys' Clubs, etc. From time to time they give entertainments, concerts, musical teas or an amateur play, to raise funds for some special charity, like a fresh-air excursion. This outlines only in the briefest way the kindly spirit of the A. B. C. You do not say whether your club is for amusement pure and simple, or for improvement, so we cannot give you more definite suggestions.

"M. V. H."—For information about table linen, read "The Linen Closet," in Demorest's for March. The satiny surface of the twilled linen—so-called plain satin damask, but distinctly a misnomer, because "damask" means figured—is preferred by many to the untwilled, but both fabrics are used for cloths richly ornamented with rows of drawn-work or lace insertions. Nothing is handsomer, however, than a satin damask in which the flower or leaf of the design is thrown at wide intervals on the ground, and single blossoms are scattered through the ribbon-like bands of the damask which run between the rows of drawn-work. For your violet luncheon have the violets bunched in large *boutonnieres* and arranged in a wreath, fringed with maiden-hair fern, in the centre of the table. Have the wreath round or oblong, according to the shape of your table, and rest it on the edge of a mirror plaque of the same shape. Stand in the centre of the plaque either a small rose-bowl or a slender crystal vase holding a few snowdrops, violets, and maiden-hair ferns. At the close of the luncheon the *boutonnieres* are, of course, given to the guests. If you have your file of Demorest's you will find in "A Lenten Luncheon"—March, 1893—some help-

(Continued on Page 366.)

False Economy

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

A very attractive fashion book has just been issued by the leading firm of Ladies' Tailors and Dressmakers in New York, and we have arranged with them to send a copy, free of charge, together with a sample line of the newest Spring suitings to any lady who will write for it, mentioning DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE. The book shows photographs of leading society ladies of New York City, and some of the most popular actresses, all of them gowned in the very latest fashion, and in addition it gives descriptions and prices of all of the costumes ranging from \$5.00 upward. We would advise our readers to write to The National Cloak Company, 119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York, for a copy of this book and a collection of samples. This firm is thoroughly reliable and they number among their patrons many of the leading society women in all the large cities.



IT'S not the woman—it's not the work—it's ELECTRIC LUSTRE STARCH that makes "The Laundry Queen." By its use ANYONE can make cuffs and collars, shirts, skirts, waists—everything starchable—LOOK JUST LIKE NEW. Requires no boiling. Saves time. Saves clothes. Saves money. If your grocer hasn't it, mail us your name and address and we'll send you a sample package free. Electric Lustre Starch Co. 45 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

Electric Lustre Starch
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



"McGregor's book on Growing Flowers," 100 pages, postpaid 25c. This is not a catalogue.

8 Finest Tea Roses 25c
THE GEM ROSE COLLECTION.

This grand set of 8 Everblooming Tea Roses are large strong plants that will bloom this summer. Sent postpaid for 25c. Safe arrival guaranteed. The following are the varieties in the Gem Collection:

- The Gem or the Fair Unknown**—The finest yellow, sweetest and best.
- The Bride**—The purest white, large and full, always in bloom; none like it.
- The Bridesmaid**—Loveliest pink, the best of all pink roses; try it.
- Queen of Crimson**—Deepest and richest velvety crimson; truly a gem.
- Yellow Hermosa**—A charming yellow, always in flower; a wonderful rose.
- Princess Sagan**—Rich, glowing color, called the Velvet Rose.
- White Hermosa**—Pure white, producing hundreds of flowers all summer.
- Viscountess Wattier**—Rich bright pink; a favorite rose; always in bloom.

OUR NEW SPECIAL BARGAINS IN FLOWER COLLECTIONS

- 8 Fuchsias. Loveliest varieties, single and double, 25c
- 8 Carnations. Choice colors, large and fragrant, 25c
- 8 Pinks. Nice sweet May or Scotch pinks, 25c
- 8 Coleus. Brightest and best colors, 25c
- 8 Gladiolus. Choice kinds, all different, 25c
- 8 Roses. Everblooming, Teas, Hardy and Climbers, 25c
- 8 Geraniums. All colors and finest kinds, 25c
- 8 Chrysanthemums. The finest prize varieties, 25c
- 8 Basket Plants. Will make a fine basket, 25c
- 8 Plants. Assorted for house or yard, 25c

Our beautiful new catalogue for 1897 **McGREGOR BROTHERS, Springfield, Ohio.** free to all. Send for it.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 365.)

"LET ME SHOW YOU"



how easy it is to put on this new and perfect dress edge, and how stylish is the finish it gives."

"FEDER'S BRUSH SKIRT PROTECTOR"

is not a "cord," "braid," "rubber," or "velveteen" binding, but a dainty, beautiful edge around the bottom of your skirt that defies wet and dirt. Will outwear any skirt.

It cleans easily—

*A shake and the dust is off
A rub and it's clean
A brush and it's new.*

At all dry-goods stores, or write
J. W. GODDARD & SONS,
98-100 Bleeker St., New York.

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I only recommend the Electropoise to others for what it has done for me. Suffering, worn-out wives and mothers are to be found everywhere, and I earnestly beg them to try the Electropoise—the woman's friend.
Mrs. J. M. BROWN, Newton, N. C.

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Is a little instrument the application of which enables the system to take on oxygen freely from the atmosphere. This addition of Nature's Own Tonic increases vitality, tones up the nervous system, purifies the blood, and by expelling the morbid matter and diseased tissues, restores the body to its normal condition—health. Quite frequently it has effected cures where other remedies have proved powerless. How the Electropoise accomplishes all this is briefly explained in a neat little book that will be mailed to you for the asking.

"Eats Heartily," "Sleeps Soundly."

126 N. Y. Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.,
November 2d, 1896.

I suffered many years from chronic dyspepsia and vertigo, and the Electropoise has cured me, so I am able to eat heartily and sleep soundly.
(Rev.) D. W. THOMAS.

Write for booklet and learn more of this self-applied discovery for the treatment of disease without medicine.

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OR ELECTROPOISE INSTITUTE, 232 Livingston St., Brooklyn.

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LOOK AT YOUR FACE!

DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS and **FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP** are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, Moth, Sallowiness, Tan, Redness, Oiliness, and all other facial and bodily blemishes. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedy on earth can. Wafers per box, \$1; 6 large boxes, \$5; Soap, 50c. Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, Room 25, 214 6th Ave., New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

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BURPEE SEEDS

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1897
The Leading American Seed Catalogue
mailed FREE to any address.
W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., - PHILADELPHIA.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

ful hints, and in "Flower Luncheons"—May, 1894—menus adapted to various colors. A violet salad which does but little violence to our preconceived ideas of natural color is of crisp, purple cabbage shredded fine and mixed with chicory, masked with *mayonnaise* tinted a beautiful mauve with damson-blue and carmine.

"H. H. S."—It is not good form to use the typewriter for any communications of a social nature. Its proper use is in business, and it should be strictly confined to that. There are no recent biographies of Cleopatra. The history of her, by Jacob Abbott, published in 1854, is still the most complete work; and in Mrs. Jameson's "Memoirs of Celebrated Female Sovereigns," you will find a sketch of the principal events in her life. "Cleopatra," by Georg Ebers, is an historical romance which may interest you. It gives a graphic picture of the life and manners of the time, seen through modern eyes, and vivified by modern imagination.

"Mrs. C. L. P."—Read about spring fabrics in the Fashion Reviews of this and the last number of Demorest's. For street wear, heavy linens, duck, and repped piqués will be much worn, and for the house and dressy functions the thinnest fabrics will be most popular. A new shirt-waist for six-year-old boys is illustrated in this number.

"F. W. H."—For treatment of wrinkled parchment read answer to "Doctor" in the Correspondence Club of Demorest's for March, 1896. In addressing your letters, the name of your residence should be written just beneath your name, and above that of the town. Careless people have a habit of writing this, as also the street address, in the left-hand corner of the envelope, but it is not good form, and looks like an afterthought, which it usually is. The model "Smart and Becoming," in the March magazine, would be pretty for the spring gown of which sample is inclosed. Do not trim the skirt; finish the edge of the jacket with overlapping frills of "baby" ribbon in delicate sage green and old rose, and head them with silver-and-gold *soutache*; get a green-and-rose changeable or shot taffeta for the silk waist, and have a girle and stock-collar of dark green satin or velvet. Remodel your black silk skirt by the "Carroll" pattern, and wear it with any fancy waists or jackets. No trimming is necessary; but as you are tall, bands of velvet ribbon or bias satin around the skirt would be becoming.

"H. J. W."—"Bertha Clay" was the pseudonym of Charlotte M. Braeme; she died some years ago. It is understood at the libraries that a syndicate of writers is publishing stories under her old *nom de plume*.

"HUMBOLDT."—Bristly eyebrows are troublesome and rebellious. Wash them with tar soap, and anoint them two or three times a week with oil of

(Continued on Page 367.)

Drunkards Can Be Saved.

The craving for drink is a disease, a cure for which has been discovered, called "Anti-Jag," which comes in the form of little pellets that dissolve immediately when dropped in a cup of coffee or glass of liquor and can safely be given without the inebriate's knowledge.

By sending one dollar to the Renova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, New York City, you will receive by return mail a little box of "Anti-Jag" in plain wrapper with full directions inside. They also have an equally good remedy for the morphine and opium habits called "Anti-Dope." They will gladly send full information of either remedy upon request without charge.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

We take pleasure in recommending to our readers Dixon's American Graphite Pencils, entirely on their merits, as we have used them a number of years in our office with great satisfaction. In their pencils only the best materials are used, straight grained Florida cedar, and leads unequalled for smoothness and toughness. See their advertisement in another column.

A quarter of a million "Tokology" have been sold, and now that a cloth edition is put upon the market, this valuable guide will bless thousands of homes that could not afford the expensive edition. See advertisement in another column.

(Continued from Page 366.)

cajuput; brush them carefully and coaxingly with a baby brush or a soft tooth-brush, and if you use face powder be very careful always to brush it out of your eyebrows. This discipline will in time train them the way they should grow.

"F. D. W."—Make your black silk by the model for "A Smart Visiting-Gown" in Demorest's for January. You can have different vests to wear with it, and omit the trimming on the skirt if you wish. "A Theatre Jacket" in the February magazine is a pretty model for your black-and-white silk, and this, too, can be varied with different fronts. Get a plum-colored cheviot for your traveling-gown, and make by the patterns for "A Smart Tailor-Gown," illustrated in this number.

"L. B. D."—See illustration of "A Simple Commencement-Gown," and read answer to "Mrs. M. N. B." Plain and dotted Swiss muslins are as pretty as anything for these gowns. They can be simply and very effectively made with little more trimming than tucks. The front and sides of the skirt should be gored, the back straight; put a five-inch hem around the bottom, headed by seven half-inch tucks; tuck the full waist across the shoulders, both front and back, and finish the edges of these tucks with frills of narrow Valenciennes. The "Raska" sleeve, in this number, would be pretty with such a waist. Have a ribbon girdle—either yellow or white—with long ends in the back, and a stock-collar to match it, veiled with a ruffle of lace.

"MINERVA."—Thank you very much for the information concerning the statues to Hannah Dustin in the City Hall Park of Haverhill, Mass., and "in New Hampshire very near the old Concord railroad." The article which suggested the item in "Gleanings" concerning statues to women was copied East and West, and we wish your correction, which establishes the fact that there are already four in place, could be as widely known.

"MRS. H. W. B."—Impossible to answer your questions by mail. Consult files of "The Book-Buyer," "The Bookman," and "The Critic," for information about the women novelists of to-day and critical reviews of their books. Biographical data about many of them are very difficult to find, and often require a thorough search of all possible sources of information. The Supplement to Allibone's Cyclopedia of Literature is the most complete.

"IRENE."—Jules Verne's name is pronounced so that it almost rhymes with the Scottish *bairn*, and *cairn* (of *cairngorm*); but it is not quite so broad, having a little more of an *e* sound. The *s* of his Christian name is silent. We know of no periodical devoted to the one subject, "The Evolution of the World."

"MRS. M. N. B."—Certainly; the Eton jacket is not only in good form for a woman of thirty-five, but is worn correctly by women of fifty and over. The question asked now with regard to the suitability of such styles is, not the age, but is it becoming to the figure? Every woman must answer this herself, or get her truthful friends to tell her. Trim your jacket with mohair braid, either wide or narrow, as you prefer; both are used, and at present in great vogue. A charming model for a young girl's white muslin frock is given in this

(Continued on Page 368.)

SEEDS Garden & Flower
Some kinds entirely new. Catalogue free to all.

James J. H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

\$100 an acre can only be made from one source—poultry. Perhaps you may smile but try keeping hens RIGHT. Told only in Poultry Keeper, 50c. a year. Sample free. Address **POULTRY KEEPER CO., Box 86, Parkersburg, Pa.**

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Don't omit the second cover advertisements.

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Read the new Columbia Catalogue. Handsomest catalogue ever issued. Tells fully of Columbia and Hartford bicycles. Whether you buy the Columbia, the Hartford or any other bicycle, it will give you valuable and desirable information that every cyclist should know. Fully illustrated. Free by calling on any Columbia dealer; by mail from us for one 2-cent stamp.

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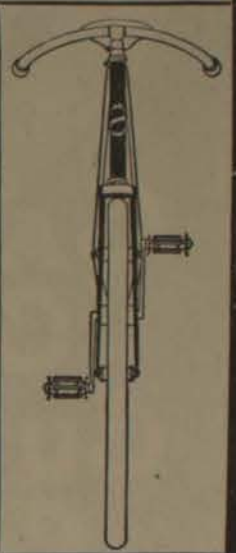
\$100 TO ALL ALIKE.

Hartfords, \$75, \$60, \$50, \$45

POPE MFG. CO. Hartford, Conn.

Greatest Bicycle Factory in the World. More than 17 Acres of Floor Space.

Branch House or dealer in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.



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Look for the Arrow and Crescent Name Plate.

IT MEANS

ECLIPSE

"The Wheel that Stands the Test."

Send stamp for Art Catalogue, showing all the "new wrinkles" together with many wonderful tests, including sixteen men (2448 lbs.) on one Eclipse Bicycle. Eight Models, 26 and 28 inch, \$50, \$60, \$75 and \$100.

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col. Illustrated Magazine just being boomed, and we will publish Your Name Free in our Agents Directory. You will get bushels of Papers, Cards, Magazines, Novelties and Music from Publishers and Manufacturers who want agents. All for 10c. (This firm is reliable.—Ed.) Addr. The Columbian, 3 Otis St., Boston, Mass.

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MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

MOTHERS Your Children cured of Bed-wetting. Sample free. Dr. F. E. MAY, Bloomington, Ill.

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A LIVER STIMULANT THAT WORKS WHILE YOU SLEEP WITHOUT A GRIP OR GRIPE



LIGHTENS THE ILLS OF HUMANITY.

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC CURE CHRONIC CONSTIPATION

Please buy & try
A BOX OF
Cascarets TO DAY
10-25-OR 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS.
SAMPLE & BOOKLET MAILED FREE

The Sterling Remedy Co.
CHICAGO, NEW YORK.

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It was Faded and Old
but the gown is now made new again in another beautiful color at a cost of only 10 cts.



Diamond Dyes

dye all colors, beautiful and fast.

Direction Book and 40 samples of colored cloth, free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co.
Burlington, Vt.

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BIG MAIL IF YOU WANT TO RECEIVE Lots of Letters, Papers, Cards, Magazines, Novelties, etc. **FREE** send us 10c. and we will put your name in our Agents Directory, which we send to manufacturers, pubs. and supply houses. You will get our 64-col. *Illus. Mag.*, also another *Mag.* 6 mos. on trial, all for 10c. Don't miss this chance. Address at once YANK PUB. CO., 3 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Don't omit the second cover advertisements.

(Continued from Page 367.)

number. See "A Simple Commencement-Gown." "For Silk or Grenadine" would also be charming for white muslin trimmed with Irish point, plat Valenciennes, or embroidery. The skirts are much trimmed with ruffles, either of the muslin, lace-edged, or of lace or lace-like embroidery.

GLEANINGS.

AT THE MOTHER'S CONGRESS.

The following extract from the address with which Mrs. Theodore Birney opened the Mother's Congress, in Washington, contains some admirable advice, which is commended to the thoughtful consideration of all those who think a child's education begins and ends in school, and that the same routine answers for all:

"This is in no sense a sex movement, nor has the appeal to take up this child culture and kindred topics been made to mothers alone. Men have a thousand imperative outside interests and pursuits, while nature has set her seal upon woman as the caretaker of the child, and it is therefore divinely natural that woman should lead in awakening all mankind to a sense of the responsibilities resting upon the race to provide each new-born soul with an environment which will foster its highest development.

"Bachelor or maid, father or mother, you

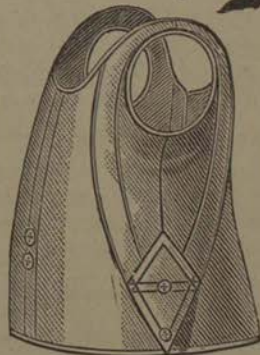
(Continued on Page 369.)

The Double Ve Waist

TRADE MARK.

BABY'S. CHILDREN'S.

Style 50. Style 65.
Just the garment for Boys and Girls.



Other Styles: MISSES and LADIES
Send for Illustrated Price List.
Materials, workmanship, fit perfect

The Very Best Garment Made.

Why?

Waste money on cheap waists because they are sold at a cheap price. It don't pay. Pay a fair price and buy the Double Ve Waist—it supports underwear from the shoulders.

Sold by leading dealers. The C. N. Chadwick Co., Bklyn, N. Y.
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WALL PAPER

Write to the largest wall paper house in U. S. for samples—Free. A million rolls—variety unlimited. 2½ cts. to \$3½ a roll. 30% lower than others. **DEALERS**

Write for large books by express with **TRADE DISCOUNTS**
KAYSER & ALLMAN, 932-934 Market Street, 418 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

WALL PAPER 3 cts. to 50 cts. a roll. Send 8 cts. for 100 fine samples. \$1 will buy handsome paper and border for a large room. Paper Hangers' large, complete sample books, \$1.00.

THOS. J. MEYRS, 1206 Market St., Phila., Pa.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 368.)

are all most welcome. The love of childhood is a common tie which should unite us in holiest purpose, and on this common ground of our beautiful national capital let us devote our best efforts during these three days to a prayerful consideration of our highest objects, and go forth determined to bring the work to full fruition. It has been truly said, 'to cure was the voice of the past, to prevent is the divine whisper of to-day.' May the whisper grow into a mighty shout throughout the land, until all mankind takes it up for the battle-cry for the closing years of the century. Let mothers, fathers, nurses, educators, ministers, legislators, and, mightiest of all in its swift, far-reaching influence, the press, make the child the watchword and ward of the day and hour; let all else be secondary, and those of us who live to see the year 1925 will behold a new world and a new people.

"Even the best-intentioned parents and teachers are often, through ignorance of the nature of children, stumbling-blocks in their pathway. How strangely the world has worked, how at variance with all natural law. For every single kindergarten there are a hundred, nay, a thousand, prisons, jails, reformatories, asylums, and hospitals, and yet society cries that there is need for more of these. Are we blind, that we fail as a Nation and State and individuals to recognize the incontrovertible fact that such demand will never cease until we cut off the supply?"

THEN AND NOW.

At the recent jubilee anniversary of the founding of the Stevens Institute, which was celebrated with a dinner at the Waldorf, in New York, an interesting fact concerning the price of steel rails came out in the course of ex-Mayor Hewitt's speech, a part of which we quote:

"In 1846 Edwin Stevens came to me and asked me to make him 2,000 tons of steel rails. Material was so enormously high-priced in those days that it was impossible to import the rails from abroad. My friend

(Continued on Page 370.)



BABY WARDROBE PATTERNS.
PATTERNS for 26 different articles—long clothes with full directions for making, showing necessary material, etc., sent post-paid for only 25 cents. A pamphlet "Knowledge for Expectant Mothers" and a copy of my paper *True Motherhood* sent free with every order. Send silver or stamps. Address

MRS. C. P. ATSMA, Bayonne, New Jersey.
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Illustrated Buttons



My girl is very fly. Do you wear pants? Don't pull my leg. Are you in the swim? I Don't be a hog. Up to date. Don't be an ass. Keep your shirt on. I have my eye on you. Don't monkey with me. I'm laying for you, all with pictures, 12 for 20 cts., All Comic and Motto Buttons, 2 for 5 cts., 5 for 10 cts., 12 for 20 cts., 100 for \$1.00. Catalogue for stamp. Big money for Agents. AMERICAN SUPPLY CO., 94 Arch St., Boston, Mass.

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TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,

102 Fulton st., New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first-class. Dealers supplied. 52-page illus. cat. free. Mention Demarest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

\$1000 IN GOLD

will be paid in prizes (first prize \$500.00) for the best answers to examination papers containing 150 questions about things we all want to know. No acquaintance with the classics or higher mathematics is required for this competition; a bright schoolboy or a clear-headed business man can do as well as a college professor. But these prizes can only be won by people who use

The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia.

The World's Greatest Reference Work. An International Authority, containing 500,000 Definitions, 150,000 Encyclopedic Articles, 300,000 Quotations, 8,000 Engravings.

A few clubs are now being formed for the purchase of sets of this great work at the lowest wholesale price. Each club member (because he combines with one thousand others) secures a reduction of over 40 per cent., and obtains immediate possession of his set

For \$5.00 only

in cash, the balance payable in small monthly payments. With diligence you can win one of the prizes. (First Prize, \$500.00.)

Send for a descriptive pamphlet of the work, particulars of the clubs, and details of the competition, to

THE CENTURY CO. (Dept. U) New York.

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Does Your House Need Painting

INSIDE OR OUT?

When buying HOUSE PAINTS ask for

Masury's Pure Linseed Oil Colors,

in paste or liquid form. **The Best is always the Cheapest.** Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. **Durability lessens cost of labor.** Send for Catalogue to

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Post Office Box 3499.

CHICAGO:
Masury Building, 191 Michigan Avenue.

BROOKLYN:
44 to 50 Jay Street.

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THE "ONEITA"

is a complete undergarment covering the entire body like an additional skin. Perfectly elastic, fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. No buttons down the front. Made for Men, Women and Young People. Most convenient to put on or off, being entered at top and drawn on like trousers.

With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset. Send for illustrated booklet.

ONEITA KNITTING MILLS,
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LeMesurier Artists' Colors



Are the same in first shades, and will produce absolutely the same tints as the best English tube paints. We guarantee our colors to possess all desirable features found in domestic or foreign manufactures, and to excel them in many essential qualities, such as—impalpable fineness, freedom from lint, and other vexatious substances, and positive uniformity of strength and shade. **NOTICE.**—Our Single Tubes, with few exceptions, are double the size of any foreign now in the market.

Price-list and pamphlets, giving opinions of some of the most eminent artists, will be furnished on application. Among others who have used them and attest their merits, are: D. Huntington, Pres't N.A., Julian Scott, A.N.A., Geo. Inness, N.A., J. H. Beard, N.A., Wm. L. Sonntag, N.A., E. Wood Perry, N.A., E. W. Hubbard, N.A., A. T. Blicher, N.A.

JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,

NEW YORK: P. O. Box 3499; Office, 55 Pearl St., Brooklyn.
CHICAGO: Masury Building, 190, 191, 192 Michigan Avenue.

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BUY NO INCUBATOR

and pay for it before giving it a trial.



The firm who is afraid to let you try their incubator before buying it has no faith in their machine. We will sell you ours

ON TRIAL

NOT A CENT until tried, and a child can run it with 3 minutes attention a day.

WE WON **FIRST PRIZE WORLD'S FAIR.**

and will win you for a steady customer if you will only buy ours on trial. Our large catalogue will cost you 5 cents and give you \$100 worth of practical information on poultry and incubators and the money there is in the business. Plans for Brooders, Houses, etc., 25, N. B.—Send us the names of three persons interested in poultry and 25 cents and we will send you "The Bicycle: Its Care and Repair," a book of 180 subjects and 80 illustrations, worth \$5 to any bicycle rider.

VON CULIN INCUBATOR CO.,
Box D. Delaware City, Del.

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BICYCLE.

Rolling Chair.



THE "New Haven" BEST \$100 Cycle on Earth.

A Priceless Boon to those unable to walk.

The U. S. Government and good judges buy of us. Lists of each sent free.

New Haven Chair Co., New Haven, Ct.

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(Continued from Page 369.)

Carnegie will lick his chops when I tell him what the price was [laughter]. Mr. Stevens told me he would pay the lowest price quoted in the foreign market, with the duty included, which amounted to \$90 a ton, and at the latest quotations whispered to me by my friend Carnegie, 10,000 tons can be bought for this amount to-day. John, Robert, and Edwin Stevens worked as one man, and attended personally and minutely to everything they did, and there was—I say this for the benefit of you young men—never a quarrel of any sort between them.

"One has to go back, as I do, when there were no steamboats, no steamships, no railways, no telephones, no telegraph, when this State beyond the Mohawk Valley was not traversed, and when this great empire was a wilderness, to appreciate what the Stevens family has done for this country. You, gentlemen, are reaping the fruits of what they have sown. You will attend to your business, try to make money and succeed in life; but try and do so as the Stevens did by throwing sunshine into the lives of everybody they came in contact with. I know the Stevens family for sixty years, and there never was a strike in any of the industries controlled by the Stevenses. The heads of the family knew personally everyone of their workmen from the highest to the lowest, and could call everyone by his first name."

A FREAK OF NATURE.

Probably one of the most peculiar things in nature is a group of trees growing from the apex of the court-house tower at Greensburg, Indiana, described in a recent number of *Leslie's Weekly*. "It is the only thing of this kind in existence, except in England, where, on the top of the parish church tower, in Bicknoller, Somersetshire, is a yew-tree, now four feet high and still growing in a hardy fashion.

"The Greensburg court-house was erected in the early 'sixties. It stands in the centre of the public square, on a gradual elevation of perhaps ten miles around in the surrounding country, and a grove of maples surrounds the famous temple of justice. Ever since the first tree in this grove made its appearance, ample nourishment reached the roots of the beautiful specimens of the large-toothed aspen (*Populus grandidentata*) growing in the crevices of the tower, which is built principally of hewn blocks of limestone.

(Continued on Page 371.)



Takes the Corn

—leaves no soreness. A-CORN Salve is harmless, but it Cures. 15c. a box. At your druggists or by mail.

GIANT CHEMICAL CO., 305 Cherry St., PHILA.

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GAMES FREE and useful articles for only 2-6 mos. subs to Poultry Keeper at 25c. Every poultry raiser wants this leading poultry paper. Sample free. Address **POULTRY KEEPER CO.,** Box 86, Parkersburg, Pa.

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ALL KINDS OF WATCHES from 98c. upwards; handsome catalogue free. Safe Watch Co., 9 Murray st. N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

BEST & CO

65 Cents



Is a Very Low Price

for the little dress described below, but we have many others equally desirable, from 50c. to the finest and most elaborate.

Made of fine nainsook. Yoke of all over embroidery. Ruffle over shoulders. Wide Skirt (2 yards around). Sleeves and neck finished with fine embroidered edge.

Sizes, 6 months to 2 years, . . . **65c.**

By mail, postage paid, 5c. extra.



OUR CATALOGUE

(sent free for four cents postage) brings all the advantages of clothing children at the "Children's Store" within the reach of every home in the United States.

60-62 WEST 23d ST., NEW YORK.

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A Perfect Substitute for Silk.

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BUY DIRECT

and pay but one profit. Our assortment is one of the best and most complete in

FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, PLANTS, ROSES, VINES, BULBS, SEEDS

Rarest new, choicest old. Send for our catalogue to-day; it tells it all; an elegant book, 168 pages, magazine size, profusely illustrated, free.

Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Small Trees, etc., by mail postpaid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Larger by express or freight. 43d Year. 32 Greenhouses. 1,000 Acres.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO.,
Box 295 Painesville, Ohio

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1897 High Grade Bicycles

for Men, Women, Girls & Boys. Complete line at lowest prices ever quoted. \$100 'Oakwood' for \$15.00 \$85 'Arlington' " \$37.50 \$55 " " \$25.00 \$20 Bicycle " \$10.75

\$75 'Maywood' Simplest, Strongest Bicycle on Earth " \$32.00 Fully guaranteed. Shipped anywhere C.O.D. with privilege to examine. No money in advance. Buy direct from manufacturers, save agents and dealers profits. Large illustrated catalogue free. Address (in full), **CashBuyers' Union, 162 W. Van Buren St., B 5 1 Chicago**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.


Hop Suppositories cure Backache, Nervousness & all female troubles. No stomach drugging. Send 10c. postage or silver for sample. W. S. S. Medicine, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 370.)

"My Mama says the

Clinton Safety Pin



Has so many good points. I can only find one point and that don't ever hurt me."

The reason why the

"CLINTON" has the largest sale of any safety pin are its many good points.

1st—Can be hooked from either side; a great convenience.

2nd—Are made of tempered brass and do not bend.

3rd—Are super-nickel and never turn brassy.

4th—Have a guard that prevents cloth catching in coil.

Made in Nickel Plate, Black, Rolled Gold and Sterling Silver.

FREE on receipt of stamp for postage: samples of our CLINTON SAFETY PIN, our new "SOVRAN" PIN and a pretty colored book for the children.

OAKVILLE CO., Waterbury, Conn.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



If it rots and smells—
It's Rubber

If it's heavy and stiff—
It's Gutta Percha

If it's light, odorless and impervious to moisture—
it's the only perfect

TRADE MARK
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25c. sent to us secures a sample pair—if your dealer can't supply you.

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Perfection Dress Stay

Improves the fit and reduces waist measure.

Better than Whalebone.

Warranted not to cut through.

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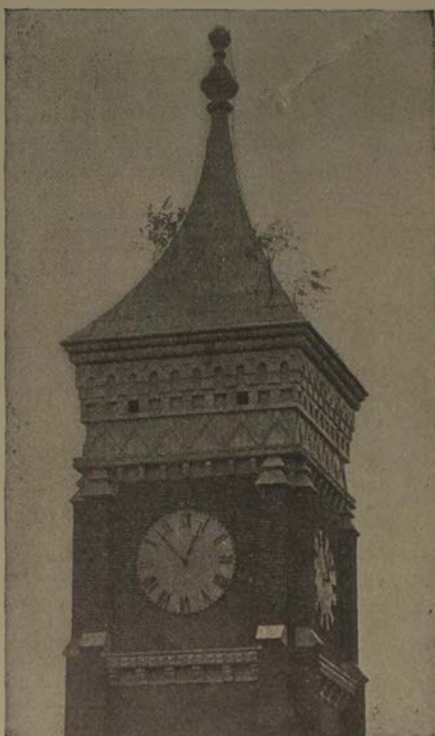
I Want a Woman

To Represent Me in every city, town and county. \$50 to \$75 per mo. easily made. Something New. Write for particulars. MISS JULIA G. BROWN, 92 LaSalle St., CHICAGO ILL.

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Creeping through the narrow interstices, between the heavy layers of hard rock, the sprouts continued to flourish. Even during the droughts of recent years, when all vegetation in the neighborhood was suffering and dying, the trees continued to thrive and wave their branches to the hot winds, notwithstanding the fact that their abode, devoid of moisture, so high in the air, was always hotter in the heated season than that of other vegetation, and the large stones would be so hot that the birds could not alight upon them.

"Like all of the other trees of this family, which includes the willows and poplars, the seeds are very small and clothed with a long, silky down. As there are no known trees of this species nearer than Kentucky, across the Ohio, more than fifty miles away, it is supposed the seeds were carried by birds and lodged between the rocks, where they natu-



rally propagated in the meagre amount of dust and moisture gathered there.

"The first tree appeared on the uppermost part of the tower about the year 1866, and soon, to the astonishment of the entire town, assumed a speedy growth. About a year after, on a different part of the tower, a second one was observed to be growing, while it was followed by another. With the scant moisture, and almost devoid of any earthy matter whatever, the roots wedged between the stone, their growth continued until the largest attained a height of twenty-three feet, and it moved the stones considerably. The trees were condemned as a serious menace to the structure, and the two largest were removed, root and branch. And now, amid the moss and what little vegetable matter can cling to the elevated place, others have continued to sprout and grow, until the citizens are again afraid they will do great damage to the structure."



100 all dif. Venezuela, Bolivia, etc., & POCKET ALBUM, only 10c.; 200 all dif. Hayti, Hawaii, etc., only 50c. Agts. wanted at 50 per cent. com. List FREE! C. A. Stegmunn, 5941 Cote Brillant Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

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\$4.50 FOR A FINE, SMOOTH SURFACE, WOOL LADIES' CLOTH TAILOR MADE SUIT, Black, Navy Blue or Tan, (any style A, B, or C) a good weight, soft, stylish, good wearing goods. JACKETS, beautifully made and finished. SKIRTS, very full sweep, lined with taffeta, velvet binding, silk stitching. The material alone would cost you almost \$4.50.

\$5.50 FOR A LADIES' VERY FINE IMPORTED ENGLISH WOOL SERGE TAILOR MADE SUIT, Black, Green or Navy Blue (any style A, B or C). JACKET lined with fancy figured silk, elegantly trimmed, button ornamented, very stylish and dressy. SKIRT very full sweep, taffeta lining, velvet binding, silk stitching. The material alone would cost you about \$5.50.

Cut this ad. out and send to us. SEND NO MONEY, state suit wanted, style and color, give your weight and height, state number inches around body at bust, around body at waist, length of skirt from waist to bottom, and IN FIVE DAYS we will send suit to you by express, C.O.D., subject to examination. You examine it at your express office, and if found as represented and the greatest bargain ever heard of, pay the express agent our price and express charges. Cloth samples and Spring Catalogue of Dresses, Skirts, Waists, Wrappers, Capes and Cloaks free on application. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Cheapest Supply House on Earth, Fulton, Desplaines and Wayman Sts., CHICAGO, ILL. (Sears, Roebuck & Co., are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

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ONE CENT will send us your address. Ladies make \$24.00 a week working right at home. Easy, pleasant work. No canvassing. Address Dept D, PURITAN DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Paterson, New Jersey.

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The EVERETT PIANO.

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THIS NIGHT ROBE

of Good Muslin, Empire Style, Trimmed with Embroidered Insertion, Ruffles and Beading, Full Sleeves, length and width, well made throughout. Sizes, 13 to 16 inches, neck measure.

69c.

(Postage 16c. additional)

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A Woman Florist.

5

EVERBLOOMING ROSES

Red, White, Pink, Yellow and Blush

FOR 10 cts



ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER.

Send 10 cents for the above Five colors of Roses. I want to show you samples of the Roses I grow, hence this offer.

- 8 of the loveliest fragrant everblooming Roses, 25cts
- 8 Hardy Roses, each one different, fine for garden, 25cts
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- 8 Carnations, the "Divine Flower," all colors, 25cts
- 8 Prize Winning Chrysanthemums, world beaters, 25cts
- 8 Lovely Gladiolas, the prettiest flower grown, 25cts
- 8 Assorted Plants, suitable for pots or the yard, 25cts
- 8 Beautiful Coleus, will make a charming bed, 25cts
- 10 Superb Large Flowered Pansy plants, 25cts
- 6 Sweet Scented Double Tube Roses, 25cts
- 3 Begonias and 2 choice Palms, fine for house, 25cts
- 3 Lovely Fuchsias and 3 fragrant Heliotropes, 25cts
- 10 Packets Flower Seeds, a Choice Assortment, 10cts

SPECIAL OFFER.—Any 5 sets for \$1.00; half of any 5 sets, 60cts.; or the entire lot mailed to any address for \$2.50; or half of each lot for \$1.25. I guarantee satisfaction. 3 Once a customer, always one. Catalogue Free. These plants will all grow with proper care. My great monthly "How to Grow Flowers," tells how. Add 25cts. to your order for it one year. Address, MISS ELLA V. BAINES, Box P, Springfield, Ohio

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES FOR THE DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

289. TOMMASO SALVINI.

Tommaso Salvini, Italian tragedian. Born in Milan, January 1, 1829. His theatrical career was interrupted by the revolution of 1848, in which he took an active part. At its close he returned to the stage, and won a world-wide reputation as an interpreter of Shakespearian characters. He visited South America in 1872, and the United States in '73. He made repeated visits here in the '80's, and in 1886 played "Othello" to Edwin Booth's "Iago." He now lives in retirement in Italy.

290. ALESSANDRO SALVINI.

Alessandro Salvini, Italian actor. Born in Rome, December, 1861; died in Florence, December 15, 1896. His father, the famous tragedian, forbade his sons to follow his career; but Alessandro came to this country, and soon thereafter took up the serious study of English, preparatory to going upon the stage. He supported Margaret Mather for two seasons, was a member of the Madison Square Company for three; and afterward supported his father. Of recent years he had his own company. He married Miss Maud Dixon in 1894.

291. HENRY C. BUNNER.

Henry Cuyler Bunner, American author and editor. Born at Oswego, N. Y., August 3, 1855; died at Nutley, N. J., May 11, 1896. Educated at a French school in New York; began early to write for the newspapers and the magazines; editor of "Puck" for many years, and a writer of charming short stories, for which his graceful style and delicate sense of humor particularly fitted him.

292. MARY E. WILKINS.

Mary E. Wilkins, American author. Born at Randolph, Mass., in 1862. Educated in Brattleboro, Vt., and at Mt. Holyoke Seminary. She early began to write, contributing short stories to periodicals; on the death of her parents, in 1884, she returned to Randolph, where she has since made her home with friends. She first received recognition as one of the most graphic portrayals of New England life and character upon the publication of her volumes of short stories, "The Humble Romance" and "A New England Nun."

293. MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Eunice White Bullard-Beecher, born at West Sutton, Mass., in 1812. Of her education and early life we have no particulars. She was married to Henry Ward Beecher in 1837, and her recent sketches of their married life show how completely her existence, aims, and ambitions were merged in his. She made one essay into the field of authorship many years ago, publishing from "Dawn to Daylight," in 1859.

294. HARRY FURNISS.

Harry Furniss, English artist and caricaturist. Born at Wexford, Ireland, in 1854, of English parents. Educated in Dublin, and at an early age began illustrating for periodicals; for many years he was a regular contributor to the "Illustrated London News;" and for ten years—from 1884—he was on the celebrated staff of "Punch." He is now winning fame and wide recognition in this country.

295. EDWARD JOHN POYNTER, P. R. A.

Edward John Poynter, English artist, and President of the Royal Academy of London. Born in Paris, March 20, 1836. Educated at the École des Beaux-Arts and in the studio of Charles Gleyre. He exhibited at the Royal Academy for the first time in 1859; ten years later he was made an associate member of the academy, and was firmly established as one of the leading painters in England. He belongs to the school which has so delightfully and successfully portrayed the ancient life of Greece and Rome.

296. JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

James Whitcomb Riley, American poet and dialect writer, known as the "Hoosier Poet." Born at Greenfield, Ind., in 1852. His first verses were published in the Indianapolis papers in 1875 under the pen-name of Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone. He has been so successful a reader of his own verse that if he had not been a writer he would have won a brilliant reputation as an actor.

OUR NEW 1897 FLOWER SEED OFFER! A Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS

306 - FREE! Varieties, FREE!



An Unparalleled Offer by an Old-Established and Reliable Publishing House! THE LADIES' WORLD is a large, 24-page, 96-column illustrated Magazine for ladies and the family circle, with elegant cover printed in colors. It is devoted to Stories, Poems, Ladies' Fancy Work, Home Decoration, Housekeeping, Fashions, Hygiene, Juvenile Reading, Floriculture, etc. To introduce this charming ladies' magazine into 100,000 homes where it is not already taken, we now make the following colossal offer: Upon receipt of only Twenty Cents in silver or stamps, we will send The Ladies' World for Six Months, and to each subscriber we will also send, Free and post-paid, a large and magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, 306 Varieties, as follows:

- 1 Packet Single Dahlia. Remarkable for great variety and brilliancy of coloring, large size and fine form. Blooms from June to October.
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Remember, twenty cents pays for the Magazine for Six Months, and this entire magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds (306 varieties), put up by a first-class Seed House and warranted fresh and reliable. No matter how many flower seeds you have purchased for this season, you cannot afford to miss this wonderful offer. We guarantee every subscriber many times the value of money sent, and will refund your money and make you a present of the seeds if you are not entirely satisfied. This offer is reliable. Do not confound it with the catchpenny schemes of unscrupulous persons. We have been established over 20 years, and refer to the Commercial Agencies as to our responsibility. Six subscriptions and six Seed Collections sent for \$1.00. Address, S. H. MOORE & CO., 23 City Hall Place, New York.

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Petunia. Balsam. Eschscholtzia. Aster.

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12 Choice Annuals 10 cents. For 10 cents and the names and addresses of two of your friends who grow flowers, we will send you the 12 separate varieties of flower seeds named below.

- 1 pkt. Pansy
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- 1 pkt. Aster
- 1 pkt. Balsam
- 1 pkt. Pinks
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- 1 pkt. Cypress Vine
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- 1 pkt. Eschscholtzia
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Enough seed for an ordinary flower garden. Warranted to grow. Sold at this low price to introduce our superior tested seeds. Illustrated Flower Seed Annual free.

CROCKER FLOWER SEED CO.,

Specialists in Flower Seeds,

119 So. 5th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



Pink. Cypress Vine. Sweet Pea. Verbena.

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MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM



TOILET POWDER

Approved by Highest Medical Authorities for the use of infants and adults.

"MENNEN'S"

is the original, others are imitations and liable to do harm.

Positive relief for all affections of the skin. Delightful after shaving. Take no substitute. Sold by druggists or mailed for 25 cents. Samples FREE

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

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ALL FOR 10 CENTS.

All for 10 cents. Star Photograph Outfit with which you can produce a perfect photo in 35 seconds; requires no dry plates, no chemicals, no dark room. Photos are clear as if done by a \$250. Camera; no practice needed. You can coin money making photos of people, houses, animals, etc. In same box with the Outfit we also give you



1 Pretty Tokio Handkerchief, (nearly half a yard square). 1 Lucky Charm of Roses, solid perfume, keeps your handkerchief scented. Moth exterminator. Also 6 months' handsome Illustrated Magazine, full of stories, pictures, etc. This entire lot sent you if you cut this out and return to us with 10 cts., silver or stamps; 3 lots for 25c. Send and be delighted. Address,

STAR PHOTO CO., 9 Murray Street, New York.

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CHARM OF ROSES

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DEMAREST'S PURCHASING BUREAU.

(FOR THE BENEFIT OF OUR REGULAR READERS.)

Referring to announcement of last month, we offer the articles which follow to our subscribers at prices which, upon comparison with those asked for similar goods at the retail stores in their respective homes, will be found to be very reasonable.

These goods are but a few of the many things we are able to furnish at a positive saving in money to the subscriber. We shall publish other lists from month to month, and will be able to send you in a short time catalogues of all classes of goods—those for BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, SOLID and PLATED SILVERWARE, WATCHES, SHOES and BIBLES are now ready. State just what particular catalogue you care for; any ONE of these catalogues will be sent free on application. Send a one-cent stamp for each additional catalogue desired.

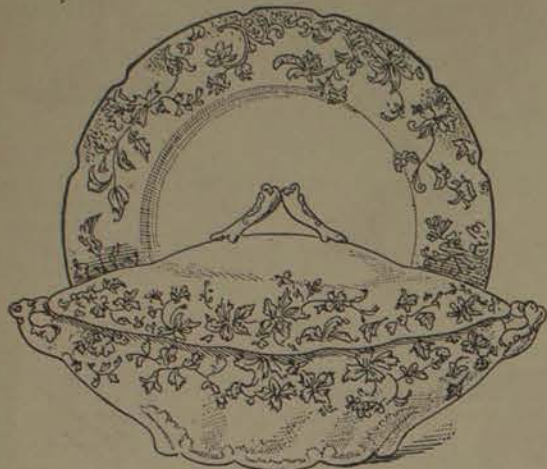
A GOOD HOUSEWIFE

Delights in a handsome, well set, dining table. Appreciating this fact, we have expended much trouble and time in making the following selections of

Artistic Up-to-Date Chinaware.

It is the best of the kind that is offered in this market, and by contracting for large quantities we are able to offer it at prices which will be appreciated by our lady friends.

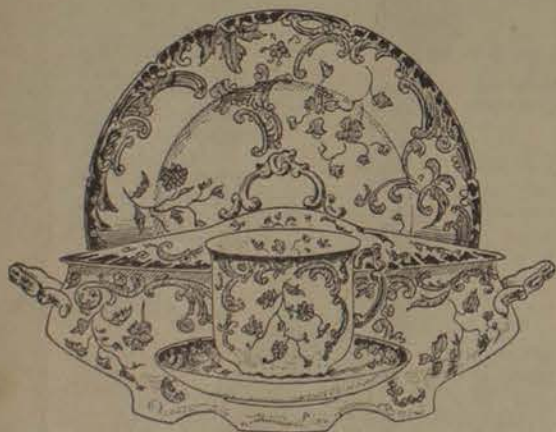
THE "ACME."



Is a pretty well-shaped set and can be furnished in three colors, blue-green, brown, or pearl. It is decorated on the best quality of English porcelain and will give general satisfaction in every-day use.

Price for 100-piece dinner set.....\$7.50
Price for 56-piece tea set..... 3.65

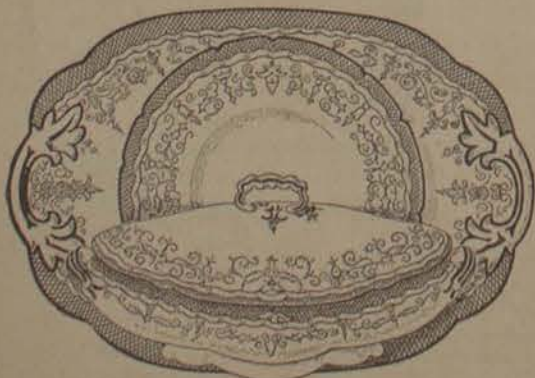
THE "MARABOU."



The design of this special set is very handsome, the decorative color being a dark flow blue with Delft border. It resembles in a striking manner the old-fashioned blues and is really beautiful. There is nothing in the market which is more pleasing.

Price for 100-piece dinner set.....\$11.90
Price for 56-piece tea set..... 5.75

THE "MEDUSA."



This set is also up-to-date and is fashioned on the latest shapes used in the manufacture of real china,

the quality being of the best grade English porcelain. The colors are delicate and pleasing, and nothing handsomer can be gotten at near the price. Color, either blue or yellow, as desired.

Price for 100-piece dinner set.....\$12.50
Price for 56-piece tea set... 6.15

BEST HAVILAND CHINA.



Can be furnished in either of the following styles of decoration: Heliotrope, Forget-Me-Not, or Bachelor's Button (blue). The shape you see in the photographic illustration, and the sets are complete with gold lines. They cannot be bought at retail for less than one-quarter more than the amount we require.

Price for 111-piece dinner set, only....\$34.95
Price for 56-piece tea set, only..... 14.65

All the sets in this offer are kept in open stock, and any broken piece can be replaced at any time.

In ordering china, you may need goblets or tumblers. They can be purchased at the following prices, if ordered at the same time with any of the sets: Goblets, plain, banded, or engraved, for 65c., 75c., or 95c. per dozen. Tumblers for 55c., 65c., or 80c. per dozen.

No additional charge for drayage or packing. Subscribers pay only the freight. This they will find very light.

OPTICAL GOODS.

Chevalier Marine.

No. 5006—With this cut we introduce an instrument that is most useful, both as a Marine and Field Glass. It has achromatic lenses, three in each side, mounted in a metal frame, black japanned, and covered with black morocco leather. The object lenses measure 2 3/4 inches across the center, and the glass has a magnifying power of 5 diameters. It stands 6 inches high when closed, and is provided with sunshades, and brought to focus by turning the thumb-screw until the object becomes clear and distinct. Every



"Chevalier Marine" is sold with a fine leather case and shoulder strap.

Cost to Subscriber, delivered, \$6.50.

The Day and Night Field Glass.

No. 5010—This Glass is to be recommended for its extraordinarily large field of vision, combined with the good power of 4 3/4 diameters. It stands 5 inches high when closed, and can be focused very quickly. The lenses are excellent and achromatic, and the eye pieces are extra large, suitable for any pupillary distance. The Day and Night Marine is a splendid glass for captains and sailors, who will find it easy to keep a moving craft in sight, on account of the big field of vision of this glass. The bodies are covered with black morocco leather, and provided with sunshades. The heads and metal trimmings are nicely bronzed, and a good black leather case with shoulder-strap goes with each glass.



Cost to Subscriber, delivered, \$11.50.

The Ranchman.

No. 5012—Our "Ranchman" is quite a superior Field Glass and first quality in all respects. It is mounted in oxidized metal frame, and comes in a strong sole leather case with shoulder-strap. The object lenses of 2 3/4 inches in diameter have a power of 6 diameters, with a remarkably clear definition. The bodies are covered with morocco leather, and the glass stands almost 7 inches high. The "Ranchman" is a field glass that we can fully recommend to those requiring a first-class and reliable article, and its name implies that it



is especially designed for use on the Western Plains or to discern objects at long distance.

Cost to Subscriber, delivered, \$14.50.

All of our optical goods are warranted to be the best of the kind. The descriptions are exact.

SHEET MUSIC.

The quality of this music is the very best. The composers' names are household words all over the continent. None but high-price copyright pieces, or most popular reprints. It is printed on regular sheet-music paper, from new plates made from large, clear type, and is in every way first-class, and worthy of a place in your home.

Remember—That the quality of this sheet music is the best. That the music is sent to any address, postpaid. That all the little details are up to the standard. That the vocal pieces have full piano accompaniments. That the instrumental pieces give the bass as well as melody. That it is equal to any music published.

No. VOICE AND PIANO OR ORGAN.

2. Annie's Love. Duet. Jos. Winters.
4. Esther's Lullaby. Slumber Song. G. Mosher.
6. Thinking of Home and Mother. A. M. Cohen.
8. Flossie. Waltz Song. A. M. Cohen.
10. The Sweetest Song. L. Denza.
12. The Bridge. Words by Longfellow. Carew.
14. An Outcast. Character Song. J. J. Fritz.
16. Ben Bolt, of "Trilby" fame. N. Kneass.
19. 'E Dunno Where 'E Are. Comic. F. Eplett.
21. Keep the Horseshoe Over the Door. J. P. Skelly.
23. Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. J. P. Knight.
25. Lurline, Do You Think of Me Now? H. M. Estabrooke.
27. Ave Maria (Cavalleria Rusticana). P. Mascagni.
28. Juanita. Ballad. T. G. May.
30. Mission of a Rose. The. Song. F. H. Cowen.
32. Sweet Long Ago, The. H. M. Estabrooke.
34. By Normandie's Blue Hills. H. Trotere.
36. For the Colors. H. L. Wilson.
38. True to the Last. S. Adams.
40. Love Ever Faithful. P. Bucalossi.
42. Come When Soft Twilight Falls. Schumann.
44. Beautiful Face of Jennie Knott. F. Reissmann.
46. That Word Was "Hope." W. Nutting.
48. Little Boy Blue. H. M. Estabrooke.
50. Easter Eve. Sacred. C. Gounod.
52. Mother's Cry, A. P. Adriance.
54. Musical Dialogue. Duet. E. M. Helmund.
56. Precious Treasure. L. Weiler.
58. When the Roses Are Blooming Again. J. P. Skelly.
60. Old Glory. National Air. J. H. Woods.
62. Your Mother's Love for You. K. Koppt.
64. The Vicar of Bray.
66. For You We Are Praying at Home. H. M. Estabrooke.

No. PIANO OR ORGAN.

1. Catharine Waltzes. D. W. Roth.
3. Schubert's Serenade. Transcription. Fr. Liszt.
5. Silvery Waves. Variations. A. P. Wyman.
7. Visions of Light Waltz. S. G. Cook.
9. Our Little Agnes Waltz. G. W. Gregoire.
11. American Liberty March. S. G. Cook.
13. General Smith's March. J. T. Martin.
15. The Old Oaken Bucket. Variations. C. W. Durkee.
17. Impassioned Dream Waltzes. J. Rosas.
18. Boston Commandery March. T. H. Carter.
20. Frolic of the Frogs Waltz. J. J. Watson.
22. In Hoc Signo Vincas. K. T. March. H. M. Dow.
24. Over the Waves Waltzes. J. Rosas.
26. Village Parade Quickstep. T. F. Allen.
29. Sweet Long Ago. Transcription. C. D. Blake.
31. Song of the Voyager. I. J. Paderewski.
33. Corn Flower Waltzes. C. Coote, Jr.
35. Black Hawk Waltz. M. E. Walsh.
37. Battle of Waterloo. G. Anderson.

- 39. Ruth, Esther, and Marion Schottische. A. M. Cowen.
- 41. Crack & March. G. Ashton.
- 43. Leap Year Schottische. O. Kahn.
- 45. March Winds Galop. D. Mansfield.
- 47. Cleveland's Second Term March. L. C. Noles.
- 49. Full of Ginger March. W. Nutting.
- 51. Blue-Bird Echo Waltz. M. Morrison.
- 53. Greeting of Spring. C. Schultze.
- 55. Memorial Day March. L. Hewitt.
- 57. Twilight Echoes. F. A. Jewell.
- 59. Wedding March. Mendelssohn.
- 63. McKinley and Hobart March. J. W. Turner.
- 65. Bells of Corneville. L. C. Elson.
- 67. Bryan and Sewall March.

Send your name, address, and 25 CENTS, in stamps or silver, and we will send you, postage paid, ANY SIX of the pieces of SHEET MUSIC that you may select from this list; ANY TWELVE for 40 cents; or all of them for \$1.75. Always order by numbers.

Postage paid at the prices given.

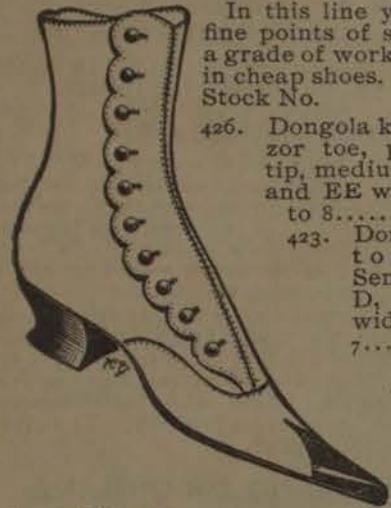
IN EXPLANATION.

We have had inquiry for a cheap grade of shoe. We regret to say, that it is not to our interest, nor yours, for us to furnish them, as they will give no satisfaction. The manager of this department has furnished thousands of pairs of the following shoes, distributed over the entire country, and with the greatest satisfaction to all concerned.

Do not judge of them by the price we ask; THEY ARE MUCH BETTER.

A TRIAL ORDER WILL CONVINCING YOU.

In this line you will find all the fine points of style, fit, finish, and a grade of workmanship not found in cheap shoes. Styles as follows: Stock No.



- 426. Dongola kid, button, razor toe, patent-leather tip, medium heel, C, D, E and EE widths, sizes 2 1/2 to 8.....\$2 50
- 423. Dongola kid, button, Common Sense, plain toe, C, D, E and EE widths, sizes 2 1/2 to 7.....2 50

- 469. Dongola kid, lace, razor toe, patent tip, D and E widths, sizes 2 1/2 to 7.....2 50

The following goods are made by the Goodyear welt process, soles stitched on as if hand-sewed. Stock No.

- 425. Dongola kid, button, razor toe, patent-leather tip, medium heel, C, D and E widths.....\$3 15
- 424. Dongola kid, button, Common Sense, plain low heel, D and E widths.....3 15

Women's shoes are sent by mail or express at the price given.

MEDICINE.

This List of Standard Remedies

Has been carefully prepared and comprises medicine that is in daily demand. It is important that you get it fresh and pure. The several ingredients are guaranteed to be pure and will be compounded by manufacturing experts.

"OUR OWN MEDICINE CHEST" contains the following: 100 liver pills, which act upon that organ; 100 iron tonic pills, to restore color to cheeks and lips; 100 anti-constipation pills, to gently move the bowels; 50 dyspeptic tablets, for indigestion; 25 headache pills, which cure any ordinary headache; 100 quinine pills, 2-grain, for malaria, colds, etc., \$1.25.

Persons wishing only one of the above remedies can have a box containing any one of the following: 300 liver pills, 300 iron tonic pills, 300 anti-constipation pills, 250 dyspeptic tablets, 100 headache pills, or 400 QUININE PILLS, 2-grain, \$1.25.

This quinine is the very best that is manufactured, and will often cure when inferior quinine has failed.

"HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE CASE." — 100 compound cathartic pills which act on liver and bowels; 100 anti-dyspeptic pills, a stomach stimulant; 100 iron pills, to restore color to cheeks and lips; 100 constipation pills, for habitual constipation; 100 quinine pills, 2-grain; 100 liver pills, which act directly on that organ. The above 600 pills will be sent for \$1.25.

SPECIAL REMEDIES.—There are certain prescriptions now universally used in special cases, and these can now be had in pill form as follows:

- 150 malarial pills, to be used when quinine fails or the patient cannot take it, \$1.00.
- 250 pepsin tablets, to aid digestion, \$1.00.
- 250 skin pills, to remove the causes of pimples, boils and similar eruptions, \$1.00.
- 200 tonic pills, for nervous prostration, for the overworked and overworn, \$1.00.

200 diarrhoeal pills, not more than two being required to effect a cure, \$1.00.

150 nervous pills, for those made cross and irritable by nervous debility, will calm and soothe the nerves, \$1.00.

150 kidney pills, which gently stimulate that organ and relieve the urinary troubles of old and young, \$1.00.

250 cold tablets, which, if taken in season, will break up any cold that can be caught, \$1.00.

SPECIAL REMEDY SAMPLE CASE, containing 50 each of above eight remedies and 25 headache pills, will be sent for \$1.25.

CATARRH.—Those suffering from catarrh are greatly relieved and often permanently cured by spraying the nasal passages with water in which one of the standard catarrh tablets has been dissolved. Price of box, containing 50 of these tablets, 50 cents.

WORM MEDICINE.—The best worm medicine in use—half grain each of santonin and calomel, in tasteless tablets, 50 cents per 100 tablets.

COUGHS.—One of the best cough mixtures is now put up in tablet form. Each tablet represents a teaspoonful of the cough mixtures; 250 of these tablets, \$1.00.

These prices include delivery by post.

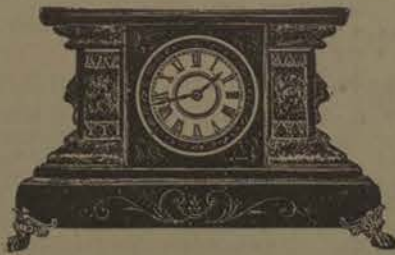
VASELINE PREPARATIONS.—Vaseline is prescribed by physicians, both internally and externally, and it has been found exceedingly satisfactory. As a base for ointments, pomades, salves, etc., etc., it is undoubtedly the best. Vaseline does not oxidize, consequently does not rancidify, and therefore ointments, etc., made with it may be kept indefinitely in an unchanged and unimpaired condition.

A SMALL BOX CONTAINING:

- 2-oz. tube Vaseline Camphor Ice.
- 2-oz. tube of Pure Vaseline.
- 1-oz. tube Capsicum Vaseline.
- 1 jar Vaseline Cold Cream.
- 1 cake Vaseline Family Soap.

The CAMPHOR ICE is an exquisite toilet article, and most excellent for chapped and rough skin, hands, lips, for relief of cold in the head, etc. PURE VASELINE is an invaluable remedy for external treatment of wounds, burns, sores, cuts, chilblains, sunburn, &c., &c. CAPSICUM VASELINE is a concentrated extract of the cayenne-pepper plant taken in vaseline, is superior for a mustard plaster and will not blister. VASELINE COLD CREAM is good in cases of chafing, and particularly beneficial for the skin and complexion. THE SOAP is peculiarly good for all family toilet purposes. Price for the box, 50 cents, delivered by post.

MUSICAL CLOCKS.



No. 56. Size 16x13 1/4. no music. Price, \$6.00.

NOVEL, USEFUL, BEAUTIFUL, and very reasonable in price.

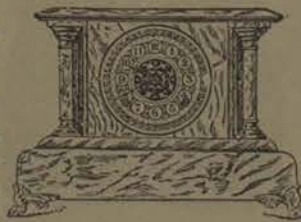
No. 55. Size 14 1/2 x 11 1/4, plays two airs. Price, \$8.50.

No. 56. Size 14 1/4 x 11 1/4, plays four airs. Price, \$11.00.

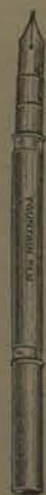
No. 50. Size 16 1/2 x 10 3/4, plays two airs. Price, \$8.50.

No. 51. Size 16 1/2 x 10 3/4, plays four airs. Price, \$11.00.

They are beautiful 8-day, cathedral gong parlor clocks, with wooden cases, hard enameled in a perfect imitation of marble, highly polished, lustrous and remarkably durable. The music, either sacred or popular, is played after the strike at each half-hour. The musical attachment, however, does not interfere with the high-grade clock movement, there being a separate clock work for each. Fully warranted. Subscriber pays freight or expressage.



FOUNTAIN PENS.



Are at all times desirable and convenient; then again they are absolute requisites, as the use of ink may be imperative. In this latter case the cost of a first-class Fountain Pen is as nothing compared with the loss, inconvenience and annoyance you are subjected to should you be without one.

The DEMAREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE is prepared to furnish its readers solid gold pens, with an approved and tested fount, as follows:

- Style A. Complete with filler, etc. \$1.75
- Style B. Larger, complete with filler, etc..... \$2.50
- Style C. Mounted with gold bands, complete with filler, etc. \$3.00
- Style D. Larger, mounted with gold bands, complete with filler, etc..... \$3.50

They will be sent with either fine, medium, coarse, or quill nib, as may be desired, and will be delivered by insured mail at the prices given.

LAMPS.

These lamps are all centre draft, are of a make that is celebrated the world over, and they have been selected on account of their beauty in design, etc., etc. As a matter of course, the illustrations can only give you an idea of what to expect in shape, etc., but we cannot do more. You will be agreeably disappointed and we prefer that it should be so. The prices, as you see, are low. This has to be the case, as we are obliged to purchase them by the hundreds, or we could not get satisfactory prices from the manufacturers.



No. 4009.



No. 4011.

Junior Table Lamp, with 7-inch opal shade. Height to burner, 10 1/2 inches. 30-candle power. Nickel, gilt, or brass finish. Price, \$1.50.

A large-size table lamp, with either 10-inch opal dome or globe. In any finish, nickel, brass or copper. Capacity 1 1/3 quarts. Height to top of burner, 13 inches. Light equal to 85-candle power. Price, \$3.00.



No. 876.



No. 850.

Is a Crystal Onyx Banquet Lamp, with a stamped head. Fast well. 6-inch crystal onyx centre. Cast, open work base; finish of metal parts bright gold. Height, 18 inches. Base, 6 1/2 x 6 1/2. Price, including shades No. 38, as illustrated, \$2.75.

Has stamped head. Fast well. Cast base and centre representing Hymen, God of Marriage. Base and head finished in bright gold. Figure can be had in silver, bright gold or oriental bronze effect, any of which makes a beautiful combination. Height, 22 1/2 inches. Base, 6 1/2 x 6 1/2. Price complete, with shade (see No. 38), \$3.45.



No. 9000.

Five o'clock Tea. The kettle has a capacity of 2 pints, and is brass, tin lined. Asbestos pot for alcohol. Height to handle, 12 inches. Price, \$1.50.



No. 5005.

Junior Banquet, gilt or brass. Height to burner, 15 inches, with 6-inch decorated globe. Gives a light of 30-candle power. Price, \$1.50.



No. 38.

14-inch "Venetian" silk shade with lamp. No. 850 at price given. Any color.

Subscriber pays the freight or expressage.



For Wear

buy spoons, forks, etc.
stamped:

"1847"
Rogers Bros.

These goods have stood the test for 50 years, which proves conclusively that they are the best. The prefix 1847 guarantees the genuine Rogers quality.

Meriden Britannia Co.

MERIDEN, Conn.,
208 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Manufacturers of
"Silver Plate that Wears."

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

SPICE BOX.

WHAT SHE WAS DOING.

MISTRESS (calling up stairs): "What on earth are you doing to that child, Sarah, to make it scream so?"

SARAH: "Nothing, ma'am. I'm spanking it to make it stop."

THE WARNING.



1.—WEALTHY SUBURBANITE (reading letter)
—"Ah! as this is the first of April, some idiots think they will fool me with this threatening letter. They will feel flat when they see me walking to the station as usual."



2.—SOCIALISTIC AGITATOR—"My friend, can you show me the shortest way ter the railway station?"

POOR SUBURBANITE—"Jist follow that gent goin' along there; he goes ter the city every day, and he'll take yer to the station in time fur the express."



3.—WEALTHY SUBURBANITE (mentally recalling the threatening letter as he glances around)—"That's a bad-looking fellow behind me. Horrors! I believe he's following me."

(Continued on Page 376.)



Canfield Dress Shields

See that your dress-maker uses them in your new waists. No other dress shields will give the satisfaction, as none have the superior merits of Canfield Dress Shields.

RELIABLY WATERPROOF.
SOFT AS KID. EASILY WASHED.

and guaranteed to protect the waist from damage by perspiration.

Insist on having the Canfield Dress Shield.

For Sale Everywhere.

Canfield Rubber Co., 73 Warren St., N.Y.



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ART EMBROIDERY.



FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS we send a 6 inch linen doily, stamped with jewel and wild rose design; scalloped edge commenced with silk floss to finish. Also a 6 inch violet design and a book of instructions for embroidering flowers, and our catalogue of stamped linen goods; all sent postpaid for....

25c.

P. B. WORTHINGTON,
244 Canal Street, New York City.

Dept. H. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Helps

You Will
Need
When You
Build



If you are Planning to Build

our Books of Designs and Plans will help you. They are filled with up-to-date Designs and home building ideas. Our Little (1897) Book "Artistic Home Designs" shows many BEAUTIFUL HOMES, also designs for laying out, beautifying grounds, etc. Sent for 10 cents, if you name price of house you will build.

GEO. F. BARBER & CO., 33 Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

LADIES I Make Big Wages — At Home —

and want all to have same opportunity. The work is very pleasant and will easily pay \$18 weekly. This is no deception. I want no money and will gladly send full particulars to all sending 2c. stamp. Miss M. E. Stebbins, Lawrence, Mich. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

NO CANVASSING OR PEDDLING! Ladies wishing to make money in a quiet and refined way can find the means of so doing by addressing, enclosing a 2c. stamp, **The Hazeltine Co., 6 Water St., Toledo O.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

HOW TO EARN an Autoharp.



We want to introduce our TEAS, SPICES and BAKING POWDER. You can help us as did the young lady in the picture.

JUST go among your friends and sell a mixed order amounting in total to 25 lbs. for an Autoharp of wonderful sweetness of tone, or sell 10 lbs. for a Harmonette upon which a child will produce beautiful music; 175 lbs. for a Ladies' High-Grade Bicycle; 75 lbs. for a Boy's Bicycle; 100 lbs. for a Girl's Bicycle; 200 lbs. for a Gentlemen's High-Grade Bicycle; 30 lbs. for a Fairy Tricycle; 50 lbs. for a Waltham Gold Watch and Chain or a Decorated Dinner Set; 25 lbs. for a Solid Silver Watch and Chain; 10 lbs. for a Solid Gold Ring.

We pay the express or freight if cash is sent with order. Write your full address on postal for Catalogue, Order-sheet and particulars.

W. G. BAKER (Dept. N), Springfield, Mass.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

DIABETES FLOUR

The result of years of endeavor to produce a palatable Bread Flour which can be safely offered to the Diabetic. The testimony to its value both from this country and abroad is remarkable and convincing.

Unrivalled in America or Europe.
PAMPHLET AND SAMPLE FREE.
Write to Farwell & Business, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Mother Strength

can only come from proper food and carefulness in diet. Baby strength depends on mother strength.

PABST MALT EXTRACT

The "Best" Tonic

is the ideal food, for the woman who expects to become — or who is — a mother.

It is the most nourishing, and most easily digested of foods, and helps to digest other foods. In addition, it is a gentle soothing tonic, calms nervousness, cures stomach trouble, and increases the flow and richness of the milk.

Sold by all druggists at 25c. a bottle, or 12 for \$2.50.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

"PARTED BANG."

Made of natural **CURLY HAIR**, guaranteed "becoming" to ladies who wear their hair parted, \$6 up, according to size and color. Beautifying Mask, with preparation, \$2; Hair Goods, Cosmetics, etc., sent C. O. D. anywhere. Send to the manufacturer for Illustrated Price Lists.

E. Burnham, 71 Sta. St. Central Music Hall, Chicago.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

THE MME. MCCABE CORSET



LADIES, Send for Catalogue. Side Guaranteed Unbreakable. **LADY AGENTS** Send for Terms. ST. LOUIS CORSET CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

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600 SECOND HAND BICYCLES

All makes, \$5 to \$15. New High Grade '96 models, fully guaranteed, \$17 to \$25. Special Clearing Sale. Shipped anywhere on approval.

Earn a Bicycle by helping advertise us. Easy work, sure reward. Write at once for our Special Offer.

D. P. MEAD & PRENTISS, Chicago.

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Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write



BABY CARRIAGES Shipped C. O. D.

Anywhere to anyone at Wholesale Prices. Money refunded if not as represented. We pay freight. Buy from \$18 Carriage for \$9.00 factory. Save dealers' \$10 " " \$5.75 profits. Large illustrated catalog free. CASH BUYERS' UNION, 164 West VanBuren Street, B-51, Chicago, Ills.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

LADY AGENT

writes: "I am making \$10 to \$12 a day selling Mackintosh Dress Skirts, New style Dress Shields and other new goods." Send stamp for proof and catalog best sellers. Big profits. LADIES SUPPLY CO., 3118 FOREST AVE., CHICAGO.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 375.)



4.—SOCIALISTIC AGITATOR (with half audible mutter)—"Guess his luggs is a little late, from the way he's steppin' up."



5.—SOCIALISTIC AGITATOR—"Late, sure; but I'll get that train if he does."



6.—SOCIALISTIC AGITATOR—"Takin' a short cut, eh?"



7.—WEALTHY SUBURBANITE (from straw heap)—"My dear, good fellow, don't, pray don't harm me, and I'll give you every cent and more than you demand in your letter."

(Continued on Page 377.)

What to Feed the Baby?



CARRICK'S SOLUBLE FOOD

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, CONVALESCENTS AND NURSING MOTHERS.

It will be retained when the stomach rejects all other nourishment. Write for a FREE SAMPLE and "OUR BABY'S FIRST AND SECOND YEARS,"

By MARION HARLAND.

REED & CARRICK, NEW YORK.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Your Summer Dress

to be in fashion must be made of LINEN GRASS LAWN. There is a subtle fascination in the striping of beautifully colored silk on the sombre ground of linen, that the appreciative eye of woman can't resist. A delightful combination of comfort and style.

If your dealer doesn't keep it, send for free samples and we'll tell you who does.

MOUNT VERNON MILLS. PHILADELPHIA.

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Bind a Skirt

with **Universal Mending Tissue** and it will stay bound. Mend a tear in your dress and it will stay mended. A perfect substitute for needle and thread. Permanent, invisible, waterproof. Easy and quick. Should be in every work-basket. Price, per package, 25 cents. Liberal pay to agents.

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AGENTS MAKE FROM \$5.00 to \$10.00 per day selling Automatic Music Teacher.



Transposes and plays correctly in any key, no knowledge of music required. Send stamps for automatic music. Agents complete outfit, \$3.00. **AUTOMATIC MUSIC TEACHER CO., 600 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.**

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DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS Are unequalled for smooth, tough leads.

If not familiar with them, mention "Demorest's Magazine," and send 5 cents for samples worth double the money.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

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Lovely

EMBROIDERY. We send Scalloped edge Linen Doily with pure Silk Floss to work. Also Stamping Patterns for other Doilies, Photograph Frames, Mats, etc. Only 18c. Address: **Walter P. Webber, Lynn, Mass. Box D.**

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The China Closet

China, Cut Glass, Pottery, Bric-a-Brac, 142 W. 42d St., N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.