

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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HOW NEWS IS GATHERED.



Would you ever think as you sat down to your comfortable breakfast and picked up the newspaper to glance over its closely printed columns what a marvel you hold in your hand?

It almost staggers one, when one begins to realize the vast and intricate system, reaching to every civilized spot on the globe, by which, for the trifling outlay of a couple of cents, we are enabled to enjoy reading about everything of moment that has happened on the earth's surface within the preceding twenty-four hours. But if the

simple reading of the news is so interesting, the story of how all this matter is gathered from the four quarters of the compass is intensely fascinating to the thoughtful reader. Most people have read "Gallagher," that spirited story by Richard Harding Davis, which was one of the first things to establish his reputation, and in which he describes how a "beat" was secured by a reporter and a boy connected with one of the Philadelphia daily papers. It was only a vulgar item of news they were after, it is true; but the enthusiasm of the youngster, whose fingers were only just becoming acquainted with printers' ink, over the "scoop," or "beat," which he assisted to obtain, showed the excessive devotion which every true newspaper man, boy, or woman feels in the performance of the duties that devolve upon them, especially when these call for an extraordinary outlay of nerve, courage, or enterprise. Not to be constituted that way is a sign that one is out of place altogether in the ranks of daily journalism. By the way, a "beat," or "scoop," is a piece of news which is secured and published by one newspaper before its contemporaries or rivals have been enterprising or fortunate enough to do so.

The local news system in our cities is simplified very much by the minute record kept on the police blotters of the occurrences in the various precincts, and the reporter's task of collecting information from these sources, by visiting the

police stations and transcribing from the blotters, although it has often to be supplemented by further inquiries, does not call for much beyond the performance of ordinary routine duty. With the exception of the special correspondents, who look after matters in the more important centers, especially for their own papers, and at once communicate all matters of interest which happen there, generally by means of a cipher code, to the home office, and a corps of reporters detailed to look after the thousand-and-one matters, such as finance, shipping, sporting, Wall Street, and other local news, the big dailies depend chiefly for their supply of foreign and out-of-town matter upon the Associated Press, which is by far the largest news-gathering system in existence, and, owing to its extensive resources, can accomplish what no one newspaper alone would ever be able to do. Beside its vast, world-wide system of collecting and distributing news, the facilities of the newspaper itself are dwarfed into insignificance; and the enterprise and forethought which make it possible for the go-ahead journal to outdistance its contemporaries have to be developed upon a large and bold scale, with extraordinary effort, if they would outwit the agents of the Associated Press.

The Associated Press is composed of the leading newspapers of the United States, which have combined for the purpose of exchanging news with one another. The news of the Associated Press is sent over leased wires which they control, whose ramifications extend to every part of this continent; and its contracts and sub-contracts compel individual members to furnish, in return for the mutual privilege of receiving the same service in turn, all the news of importance from their particular section of the United States.

The Associated Press also has a large staff of special correspondents scattered throughout the country, and maintains bureaus in all the large cities of the United States, and in Paris, Berlin, and Rome. Its foreign affiliations embrace connections with news-gathering agencies in every quarter of the globe; it has contracts with the English Press Association, the Reuter, Havas, and Wolff continental agencies, and in London it maintains a central office which is one of the most important branches of its system.

The New York office of the Associated Press is the most important center of its vast activities, not only because of the fact that New York is the metropolis of the country, but because almost all the foreign and a very large proportion of

the domestic news is circulated from this point. Mr. Richard Smith, Jr., the manager of the New York office, has therefore the most responsible position of all the local managers. He is a young man from Cincinnati, his father being the owner of the Cincinnati Gazette. Through the courtesy of this gentleman much interesting information was obtained regarding the methods of gathering news from the two hemispheres.

There is no position in which wide-awakeness is so necessary as it is on the part of an executive officer of a large news association. Eternal vigilance is only a commonplace requisite; foresight and enterprise to a remarkable extent are absolutely necessary to insure the proper performance of such duties. Each case requires special methods, and an original idea is often the only means by which great results may be obtained; it therefore devolves upon those who have to organize these special efforts to devise new plans, on almost every occasion of importance, for securing the fullest and most complete reports. Mere routine work and doing over again today that which was successful yesterday would not bring satisfactory results. Those who wish to be leaders and have such a position to uphold must be continually originating new methods and utilizing new resources, in order to keep ahead; for it is easy enough for their rivals to copy the methods they have used before.

possessed. An agent of the Associated Press must be prepared to endure all kinds of discomforts, to experience hardships, and even privations, at times when the fulfillment of duty calls for it; and there are on record examples of heroism which interweave the lines of romance with the

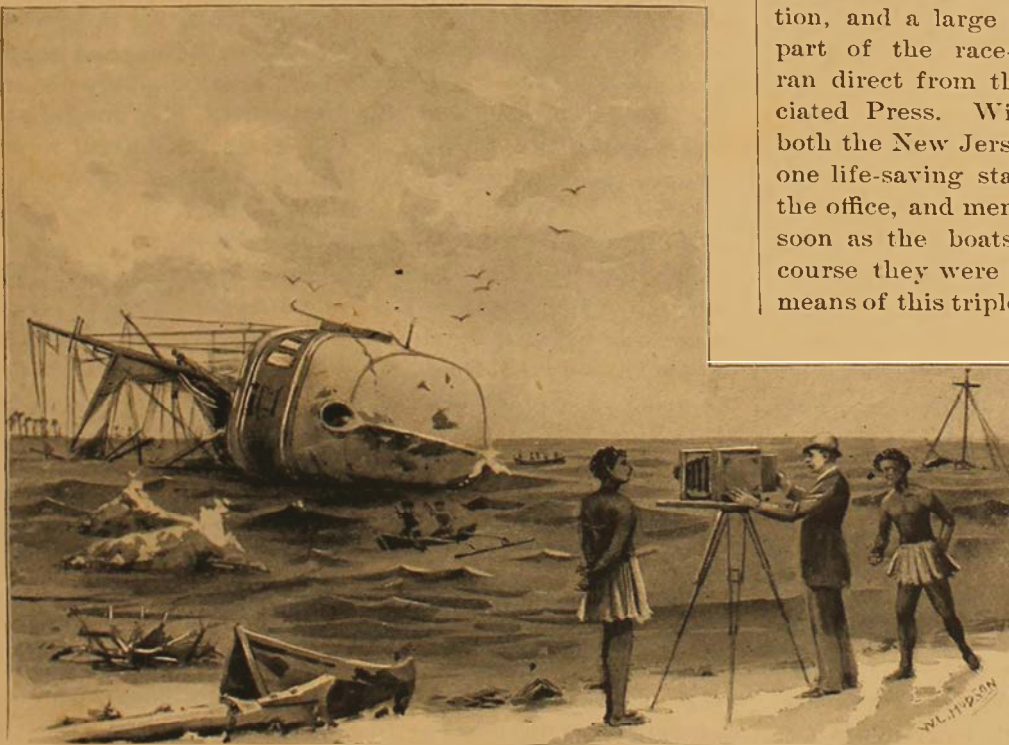


WATCHING THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE FROM NAVESINK HIGHLANDS.

commonplace happenings of the day, and serve to show the material of which the men are made who gather for us the contents of the printed page.

An instance of original enterprise is furnished in the way the news of the international yacht-race between the Valkyrie and the Vigilant was obtained by the Associated Press. The lighthouse at Navesink Highlands was called into requisition, and a large telescope, which commanded the greater part of the race-course, was set up there, and a wire ran direct from the lighthouse into the office of the Associated Press. Wires were strung all along the course on both the New Jersey and Long Island shores, extending from one life-saving station to another, and also connecting with the office, and men were placed in each of the stations. As soon as the boats became invisible from one side of the course they were in sight from the other side, so that by means of this triple system of observation they could be kept track of all the time.

To illustrate the importance of this successful stratagem it may be stated that the owners of newspapers not connected with this association were beside themselves with chagrin, wonder, and envy at the promptness and invariable correctness of the reports. They offered to pay any price for the use of the reports, as they did not want to be beaten by their contemporaries who were being supplied with them. Finally the reports were furnished, but no money consideration was accepted for their use, and the Associated Press scored one of its most signal victories.



PHOTOGRAPHING THE DESTRUCTION AT APIA.

Combined with this constant introduction of new ideas by the management must be a loyalty of purpose and a devotion to duty on the part of the general staff which will strengthen and bear out all other advantages that may be

The performance of Mr. John P. Dunning, of the San Francisco office of the Associated Press, was one of the most extraordinary things ever done in the way of handling news. Mr. Dunning had been sent to Samoa when it became proba-

ble that complications might arise between the German government and our own. He arrived at Apia a few days before the terrible cyclone occurred which has since passed into history. For thirty-six hours Mr. Dunning stood upon the beach, photographing the scene of disaster, learning the terrible details of the calamity, and doing whatever he could toward helping on the work of rescuing the shipwrecked crews. When the tempest finally subsided, Mr. Dunning found himself without any means of sending his great story home; he promptly chartered a sailing-vessel in which he went to Auckland, New Zealand, from which point he cabled the principal features of the disaster to us at home. The route which this item of news followed extended all around the world. It was sent from Auckland to Sydney, thence to Hong Kong, through India to Aden, from Aden to Suez, thence through Italy to Paris, to London, and then here, reaching New York ahead of anything that came by way of San Francisco. In addition to this, Mr. Dunning sent a fifteen-thousand-word story by mail to San Francisco, graphically describing all the details of the disaster. This story was printed entire in most of the leading newspapers of the country, and was considered to be one of the finest pieces of reporting ever done.

The ease with which communication is had with London and other foreign points is a matter that must be of interest to those who do not know just how quickly connection is made by the submarine cable. There are direct wires from all the cable lines running into the New York office of the Associated Press, and a question can be asked of "London" and a reply obtained quicker and with less exertion than anyone can walk up to the top of the Broadway building and back, the reply being usually received within five minutes. The dynamite explosions which occurred in London a few years ago happened between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, London time. Extra editions of the New York morning papers, containing half a column of despatches about the occurrence, were selling on the street by half-past eleven in the forenoon of the same day, there being about five hours difference in time between London and New York.

One of the most pathetic incidents that has happened in connection with the business of distributing news occurred during the great fire in the Minneapolis Tribune Building, some years ago now, though still vividly remembered by all who were engaged in handling news matter at the time. The Minneapolis office of the Associated Press was on the seventh floor of the Tribune building, and when the fire broke out the operator, Igoe, was so busy taking dispatches that he lingered at his desk too long to permit of his escape. The story of his fate, told by a fellow-worker for the Association, is best allowed to stand in the graphic style in which it was flashed across the wires. The dispatch reads as follows:

"The Western Circuit wires of the Associated Press were burdened with outgoing matter last night, and William D. Chandler, one of the most rapid senders in this city, was hurrying the lads along the line that touches New Orleans southward, Kansas City westward, and Minneapolis northward. The pace was warm, for it was Saturday night, and Sunday's papers would go early to press. Suddenly Chandler paused, shut his key, and looked up with an expression on his face that challenged inquiry from his colleagues as to what was the trouble on the wire. The Associated Press operator, Igoe, at Minneapolis, had 'broken' (stopped), and all the men on the line had paused, like Chandler, to listen.

"'There's a fire on the third floor of the Tribune building,' said Igoe, on the wire, 'and I'm on the seventh floor.' Then, after a minute's pause, he added, 'Go ahead, Chandler.'

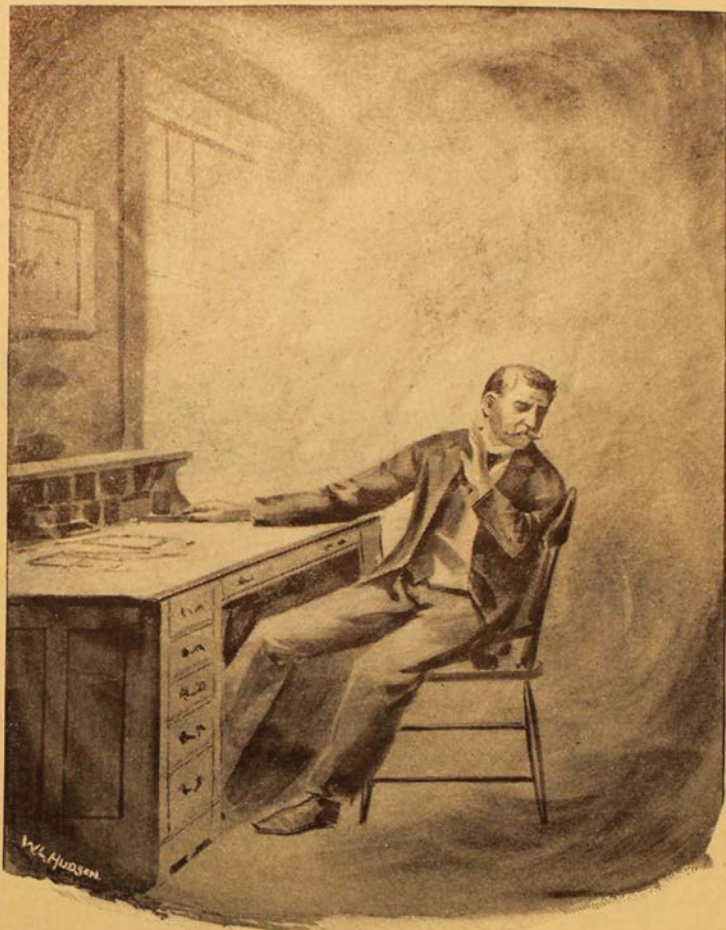
"And New York began again, and after a brief space

yielded to Cleveland, who had a 'rush' dispatch; and this was all of Cleveland's message that Igoe received:

"'Cleveland, O., Nov. 30.—Capt. Joseph Moffet, a well-known lake man, was killed to-day by falling into the hold of his vessel.——'

"Just there Igoe 'broke.' 'Boys,' he ticked on the wire, and there was another brief pause; all the men on the circuit were listening with interest, for they had noted in the transmission by Igoe of the word 'boys' a tremulous touch, just as a layman detects a tremor in the human voice. 'Boys, I've got to stand you off,' came from Igoe. 'I'm the only one left on this floor. Everybody is gone, and I can't stay any longer.'

"'Click! Shut went his key, and some operator on the line



"I CAN'T STAY ANY LONGER."

quickly opened and shouted after Igoe, as it were, 'Take the machine along! Save the machine!' referring to the typewriter, the Associated Press reports being executed on typewriters at all points. But there was no response. The ticking instrument had clicked its half-jocular message in an empty room. Near by sat the machine and the last item taken,—that from Cleveland, about a violent death.

"Then the work went on again, and none of his colleagues thought seriously of Igoe's good-by until there came bulletins of loss of life, and among them one stating the probability that poor Igoe had stayed too long. Those two hundred words he remained to take were fatal. They cost him his life, and the men at their keys were grave as they worked on to 'Good night.' One who had started in at 'Good evening' had received his 'Good night' before the report was closed."

In the case of the last report of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race on the Thames, some exceptionally good work was done. A special wire was run to the banks of the Thames, connecting with the cable office in London, and the telegraph

dispatcher flashed the news across direct to the Associated Press office in New York, from whence it was sent West to San Francisco. The message reached New York from the Thames side in less than four seconds, and was received in San Francisco in two minutes from the time of the finish.

rents, many of the streams which had to be crossed being swollen to such an extent as to make crossing them dangerous in the extreme. A lantern swinging at the end of the pole between two stout horses, plunging forward at the top of their speed, threw a faint light forward into the gloom, and

in this way another stage of the journey was accomplished, Florence, twelve miles from Johnstown, being reached. Further progress was for the time impossible, the valley being flooded with the waters, and scores of the dead floating about on their surface, besides a vast amount of wreckage. Here there was news enough to keep the wires busy for many an hour; and a page of vivid description was flashed across the wires into the offices of the Associated Press, by their indomitable agent.

The first to gaze on the wreck of Johnstown was this same man, who, after sitting all night at the telegraph desk and turning the incoming reports into copy, pressed on, afoot, to the doomed town, where he disentangled the

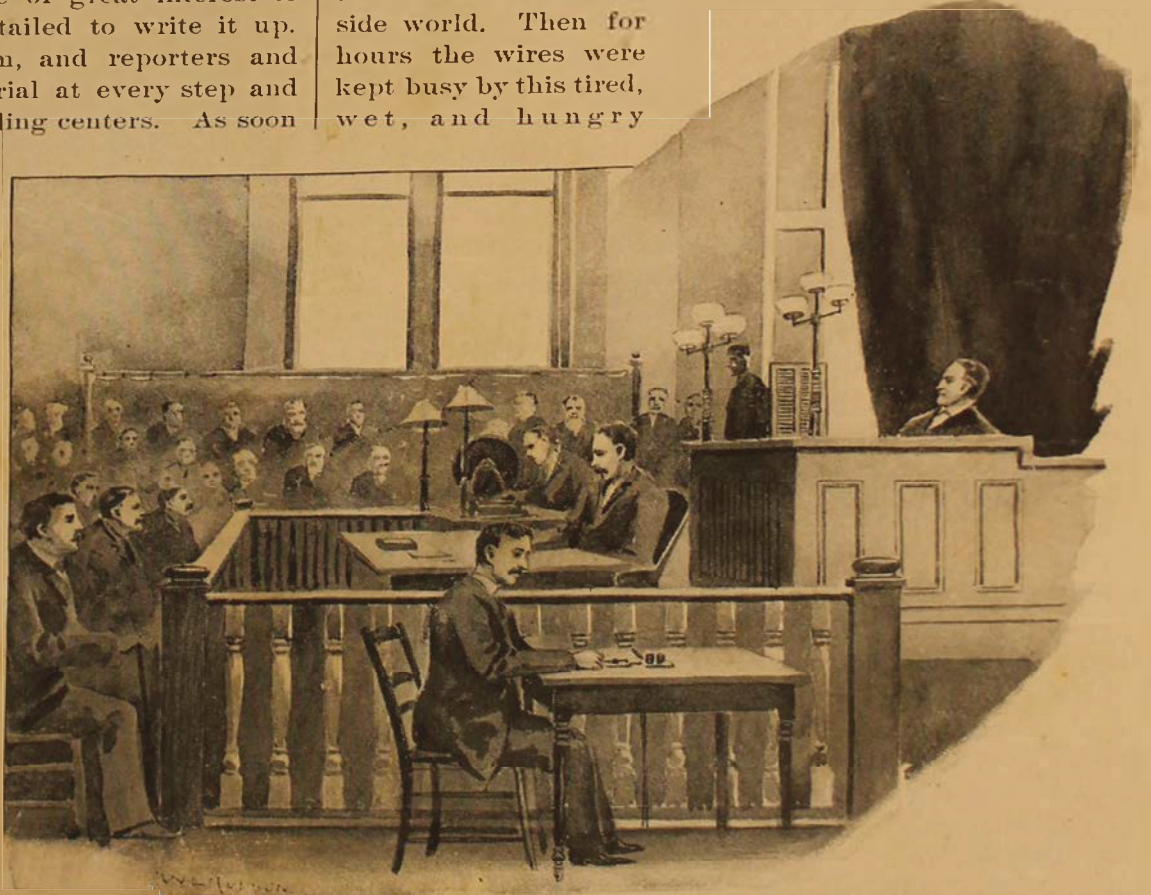
broken telegraph-wires and opened communication between Johnstown and the outside world. Then for hours the wires were kept busy by this tired, wet, and hungry



REPORTING THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

The domestic service is equally prompt. The Coughlin case, in Chicago, was considered to be of great interest to the public, and special men were detailed to write it up. Wires were run into the court room, and reporters and operators were busy reporting the trial at every step and sending their dispatches to all the leading centers. As soon as the judge's voice had finished in summing up the case, the tick of the telegraph told his last word almost simultaneously in San Francisco and New York.

The first news of the terrible Johnstown disaster was promulgated to the world by the Associated Press. The Pittsburg agent was on his way to his office from a dinner-party, when he heard that the Conemaugh dam had given way, and that Johnstown had been overwhelmed by its waters. He at once put a brief dispatch about it on the wires, summoned his assistant from the office, and chartered a special engine on which he was soon speeding toward the ill-fated place. When Bolivar, which is twenty-four miles from Johnstown, was reached, the engine could go no farther, but evidences of the catastrophe were plentiful enough in the shape of the survivors fleeing from the destructive flood. Sending his assistant back with several thousand words of description to the nearest telegraph-station, the agent at once started across country for Johnstown. It was a terrible night; the sky black as ink, and rain falling in tor-



REPORTING THE COUGHLIN TRIAL.

reporter, each new detail adding still more terrible features to the appalling record of the tragedy. The dispatches sent by this reporter were as graphically written as a first-class



THE INDOMITABLE PRESS-AGENT AT JOHNSTOWN.

novel; and his performance is regarded as a piece of work on a par with the best efforts demanded from those whose duty it is to chronicle the news.

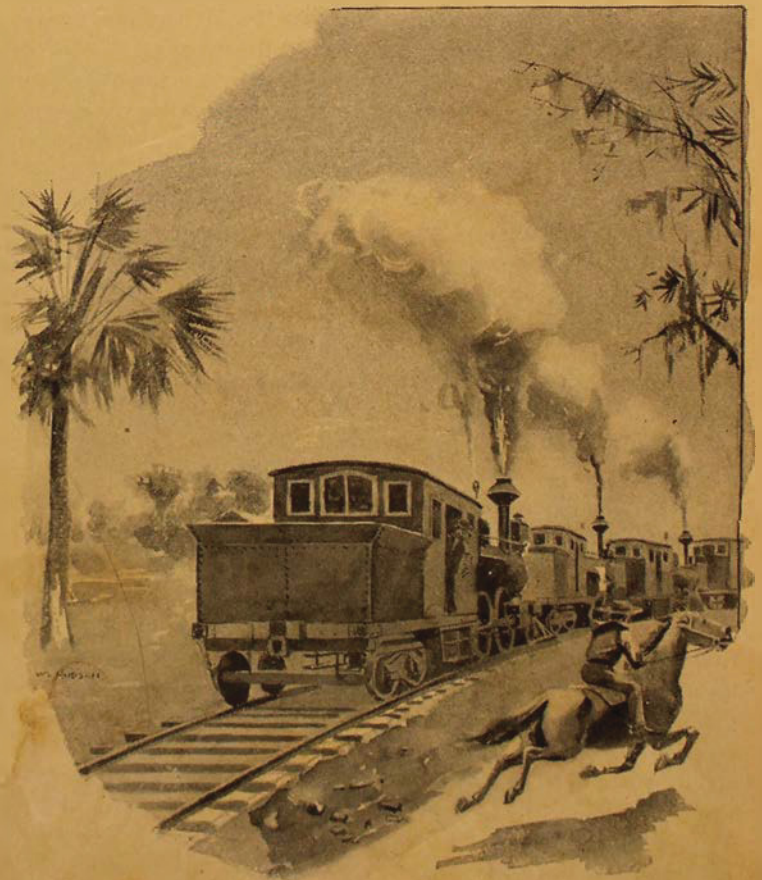
At the time of the Sullivan-Kilrain contest there was great excitement throughout the country concerning the result of the meeting at Richburgh, Mississippi. The desideratum, of course, was to get the news first, and in the most complete form; but to accomplish this feat was no easy matter. Every wire between Richburgh, and the outside world was cut off, owing to the competition which was developed by those anxious to obtain the first news. All the great dailies were pressing for the sole use of the wires (which were under the control of the local railroad companies), and in order to displease no one the use of them had to be refused to all. Nevertheless, owing to a special favor from a gentleman interested in one of the roads, the Associated Press was able to get control of a wire running from New Orleans to Cincinnati, from whence dispatches could be sent all over the country.

The great difficulty was that it would not do to let it be suspected how the facilities for getting the news North were obtained, as such a disclosure might be prejudicial to the person extending the favor. It was easy enough to run a special locomotive down to New Orleans and get the matter on the wires; but if the dispatches were dated from Cincinnati it would probably expose the means of communication. There was an impression prevailing that the first news of the affair would be put on the wires at Washington; so it occurred to the Associated Press agent to do some maneuvering with the news when it was received. There were several special locomotives chartered by correspondents of newspapers who wished to secure the gratification of being out first with the result of the contest, and as the road to New Orleans was a single track, the one chartered by the Associated Press was started before any news of the combat was obtainable, in order to have the right of way. It steamed out of Richburgh without a line of matter, simply to get ahead of its rivals, who could not, of course, pass it on a single-track road. As soon as the result was announced

a series of messengers started after the locomotive and threw the copy aboard, relays following until it was all in, when a race was made for New Orleans, from which point the first news of the event was sent over the wires to Cincinnati, dated Washington.

Apropos of the trouble in Brazil, it may be interesting to know how the Associated Press managed to get so much news out of Rio, when no one else was able to do anything owing to the rigid censorship instituted by the government. Before the rebellion broke out agents were sent down to Rio de Janeiro with minute instructions concerning

what they were to do. The plans were laid a long way ahead, as trouble was expected down there, the Association having been specially posted as to the rebellion which was brewing against President Peixoto's administration. These agents were provided with a cipher code, and were supposed to be interested in the exporting business; their code being arranged so that a report of the outlook of the market and prices all meant



THE LOCOMOTIVE RACE FOR NEW ORLEANS.

something special to the Association when it came to hand. Arrangements were made to have these dispatches sent to merchants in Liverpool, London, Boston, New York, Baltimore, and other shipping points, by whom they were eventually handed to an agent of the Associated Press, and the means by which the information was obtained remained unsuspected. In this way it was possible to furnish a complete service of Rio news throughout the whole rebellion; and there has been considerable speculation as to how it was obtained.

Forethought and preparation are, as will be seen, the two great requisites in the manipulation of news. In the arrangements of the New York office the most systematic methods are pursued, preparation being made beforehand, as far as possible, for everything. One of the staff keeps a book in which are recorded all the conventions and meetings of societies or boards that have taken place throughout the world for many years past, together with memoranda as to when the next meetings will be held, these being, as a rule, announced at the preceding meeting. Years may elapse before a meeting of the society is to be held again; but six months before the meeting is to occur the man who keeps this book notifies the manager, and plans are laid for obtaining the fullest reports. If the meeting is to be on the other side, the London office is directed to get in advance, through its agents, all the information possible regarding what is likely to take place at the meeting, and the New York office begins receiving matter of all kinds relevant to the subject, speeches that have been prepared in advance, and all kinds of data, often aggregating page after page of closely printed matter. This is all carefully filed away in large reference-books; and when the news of the meeting is flashed across the cable, the person here who looks after that kind of thing has so closely familiarized himself with the subject from the matter collected that he makes as large an item of it as its importance demands, and it is sent out to the papers.

Every item of news of any importance that escapes the Associated Press is placed on the manager's desk each morning, and wherever the agent may be, or the newspaper, responsible for the omission, the delinquent is promptly called to account. In turn, each official is responsible to his superior officer, the general manager being responsible to the Board of Directors, and they in turn to the owners of the papers which are included in the Association.

The amount of actual cash expended by the Associated Press in procuring and distributing news does not exceed two million dollars a year; but if it had to pay for all the facilities that it enjoys through its system of co-operation and exchange, many millions would have to be expended to secure the results now obtained. The various newspapers included in the Association are charged according to their ability to pay for the news and service rendered.

The staff employed in the principal offices of the Association includes editors and writers of special ability, typewriters, who manifold the news on what is known as "flimsy," a thin paper on which typewritten reports are sent out to the various newspaper offices, a corps of expert telegraph-clerks, besides a manager, and an assistant manager. Wires connecting with branches all over the United States run directly into the main offices, so that there is not an instant's delay in the transmission or distribution of the millions of items, comprising somewhere in the neighborhood of a hundred columns a day.

The principal divisions of the Associated Press system are the Atlantic Coast Department, which has its center in New York City and takes in all Canada, New England, New York, Eastern Pennsylvania, Delaware, Washington, and New York City. The Central Department takes in all territory west of Pittsburg, extending south to Chattanooga, Memphis,

and Galveston, and north and west of that line to the Rocky Mountains, where the Pacific Coast Division begins. The Southern Division extends southward from Washington along the Atlantic Coast, taking spurs into the interior and meeting the Western or Central Department at New Orleans.

The Associated Press is the pioneer of all the great news-gathering systems of the world, and it originated in the usual small way. A set of pigeon boxes, now old and partially dismantled, situated at the foot of Fulton Street, on the East River, yet exists in evidence of the first attempt made by newspaper proprietors to band together for the purpose of increasing the facilities for getting news. Another pigeon-cote, at Navesink Highlands, still standing and situated close to where the Western Union Telegraph Company's observation tower now stands, marks the spot from which the pigeons were dispatched to the Fulton Street boxes with news of the shipping that was coming into harbor. This was but the beginning of things destined to lead finally to the mighty system which now covers the whole globe.

The next step taken by the New York newspapers, including the Herald, Sun, Journal of Commerce, Tribune, and Times, was to club together to procure news of the Boston and Baltimore markets. The overland telegraph system then extended as far as Newfoundland, and the Herald made quite a stroke by getting news from vessels there and telegraphing it to New York. This soon became a co-operative enterprise; other developments followed, a pool being formed to handle the Washington news and various other general features of the morning papers. The leading Southern papers next asked to be admitted to privileges, and by agreeing to pay certain tolls, in the shape of news contributions and cash, were admitted to the privileges of the New York State Associated Press.


The next important development was the calling of a meeting by Mr. Smith of Cincinnati, and Joseph Medill of Chicago, to organize the Western papers on a similar basis, and the Western Associated Press was the result of it. The Western Associated Press soon made arrangements with the New York Association by which it was to be served with some few hundred words a day by telegraph, paying cash in return as well as furnishing to the others all the news of interest from its own section.

From this co-operative principle splendid results have been derived for the public; and the Associated Press, as a national organization, is second to no institution in the country in the usefulness and responsibility it assumes as the great News Clearing House through which, by its wonderful system, all that happens of moment in the world is passed as regularly and accurately as clock-work, every day in the year.

ARTHUR FIELD.

Springtime.

(See Full-page Gravure.)

UR beautiful full-page photogravure for this month is reproduced from a favorite picture of the young German artist Herr E. Niczky. The lovely figure might be Marguerite strolling on the hillside in all the glad, some innocence and light-heartedness of girlhood before the disturbing influence of Faust's love has trailed like a serpent across her life.

"Light and silvery cloudlets hover
In the air, as yet scarce warm;
Mild with glimmer soft tinged over,
Peeps the sun through fragrant balm."

One is tempted to toss books and work aside and join the blithe maiden out in the open under the blossoming boughs, for this is the gladdest time of the year.



COMPETITORS FOR OUR BABY PRIZE.
(SEND IN YOUR VOTE. SEE PAGE 452.)



COMPETITORS FOR OUR BABY PRIZE. (SEE PAGES 444 AND 451.)

Send Your Vote for the Baby Prize.

INCLUDING the two and a quarter pages of portraits given in this number we have published two thousand and seventeen pictures of competitors for our prize of \$50 which is to be given to the baby who shall be adjudged the prettiest by the votes of our subscribers. Many very charming specimens of baby beauty have been published, and the entire collection is a most unique and remarkable one, that is well worthy of preservation. Taking into consideration the immense number of portraits sent in, the absolute necessity for publishing them all within a given time, and the differences in size, color, and execution of the photos furnished, we may well congratulate ourselves and our readers on the very handsome reproductions we have given.

Everyone whose name is on our books as a subscriber will be allowed *one* vote, and the baby receiving the greatest number of votes will receive the prize. All votes must be sent in before June 15, and the result will be announced in the August number.

Tell your friends that if they wish to have the most remarkable collection of portraits of beautiful babies ever published, they should get the last December and the succeeding numbers of DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE; or, better still, tell them to subscribe for it and they will receive a Magazine that will eclipse anything that has been before accomplished in the field of periodicals.

Write your name, full address, and your vote, on a postal card, using only the number of the portrait to designate the baby you vote for. Address,

BABY DEPARTMENT, DEMAREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, 15 E. 14th St., New York City.

A Remarkable Portrait Album.

THE new feature which we introduced in the April number of the Magazine, two pages of handsomely executed portraits of famous men and women, and which we shall continue permanently, furnishing every month eight portraits of uniform size, reproduced from the very best originals extant, in the highest style of art, and printed upon the finest paper, is of exceptional value to our readers. This unique portrait-gallery will include celebrities of all classes and all eras, as well as persons of the

present time who are conspicuous or prominent for any special reason, thus making it peculiarly valuable as illustrative of contemporaneous history.

In order that it may not be necessary to mutilate the Magazine to form a collection, these portraits are printed upon pages that will not be numbered, and without reading-matter on the backs, which can be removed from the Magazine without injuring it in any way; and to provide for their safe keeping in a permanent and convenient form we furnish handsome albums, especially designed to hold two hundred portraits each, which we supply to our readers at cost price, fifty cents each, transportation paid. The superior quality of paper used in the second edition issued of these albums, and the consequent increase in postage, has necessitated the change in price from forty cents (as first advertised) to fifty cents each.

The pages of the albums are of heavy calendered paper with a colored border as a margin for each picture, and there is a descriptive title-page. The cover is of embossed muslin, with a handsome embossed title on the back. In the back of the albums a space is provided in which to insert the short biographical sketches that are printed in a convenient place in the Magazine containing the portraits. The sketches are numbered to correspond with the portraits, so they can be easily referred to; and being placed by themselves in the album they will not detract from the artistic effect of the pages containing the portraits. The album forms a very handsome ornament for the parlor or library, as well as a valuable source of entertainment, information, and reference, interesting to every member of the family.

The superior quality of these half-tone portraits makes them equally as effective as photographs, which would cost from fifty cents to two dollars each, therefore the portraits we shall give during the year will be worth over one hundred dollars, for they would cost that sum if purchased in the regular way; besides, the photographs would be in different sizes, which would preclude uniformity in arrangement, and destroy the artistic effect that ours present when compactly arranged in the album.

The idea of furnishing every month a number of authentic portraits, of superior execution, uniform in size, adapted specially for the formation of an album, is entirely new, and original with us; and as these are given in addition to the regular contents of the Magazine, without extra cost, our readers are to be congratulated on having such an exceptional opportunity to obtain material of this character. Send at once for an album, and start your collection.

The Romance of a Gypsy Camp.

It was during my vacation last summer, which I spent in the mountainous district of Pennsylvania, that I gleaned the particulars and incidents embodied in this narrative, the story of a gypsy camp. I was stopping in a small town in the lumber region, which was at least a dozen miles from the nearest railway station, but located directly on the edge of a small but fertile farming section. Aside from my kodak the only companion I had in my wanderings was



ROCKY LEDGE, FROM WHENCE THE NAME "DEVIL'S DEN" IS DERIVED.

the old house-dog Rover, a magnificent specimen of the canine family, who had been a permanent fixture at the little wayside tavern for at least a decade.

Time was growing somewhat tedious, when one day there appeared in the village a band of gypsies with their multiplicity of horses, wagons, and accoutrements. It was evidently the sensation of the season, for the villagers, young and old, flocked to the roadside to see the cavalcade pass by, and expressions of regret were heard upon every side when it was seen that the band had no intention of stopping. They passed slowly up the dusty road and around the sharp curve, in the direction of "Devil's Den," a picturesque spot in a deep ravine about two miles north of the village. Apparently this band had been through that section before, as frequent familiar salutations were given the men by the old settlers as they drove along in their gaudily bedecked covered wagons.

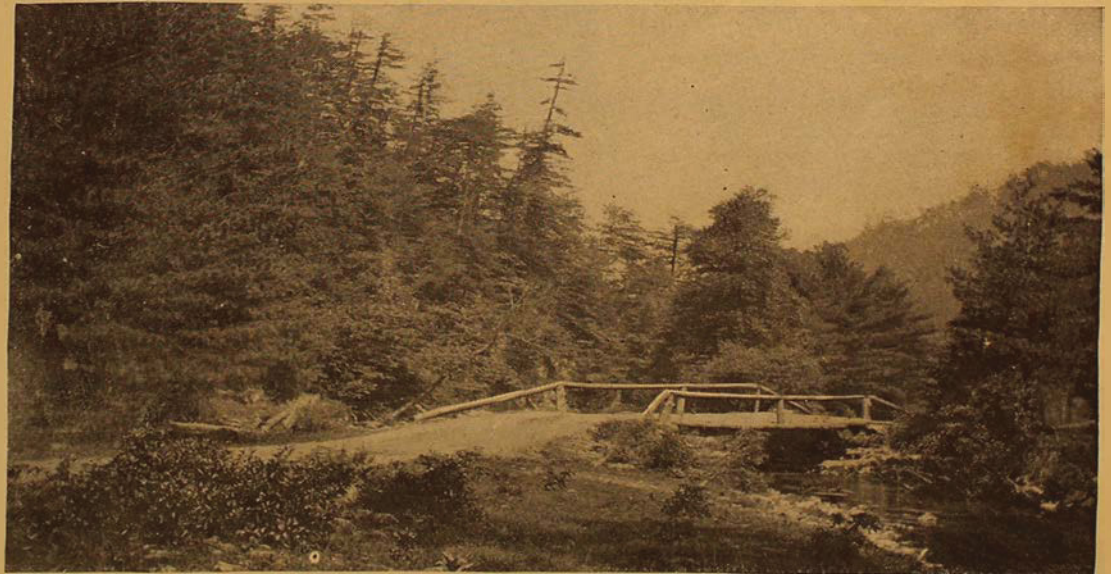
Late that afternoon word was brought to town that the "gyps" had gone into camp up at Devil's Den. The messenger supplemented this announcement with the exciting information that one of the gypsies, a young man, had been shot the day before during an altercation with a woodsman, and that he was then believed to be dying. The gypsies had not allowed him to rest beneath a tent, but had arranged a bunk for him in an old house in the vicinity of the Den. Not since the time a one-horse circus pitched its tents in the little mountain town had there been such intense excitement as was caused by this news from the gypsy camp. Everybody appeared to be affected by the startling intelligence; and that evening at prayer-meeting those assembled became so engrossed in the subject that darkness had shed its mantle over

the valley before they were aware of it, consequently the good people were compelled to postpone the prayer-meeting.

I was astir quite early next morning, and after a breakfast of hot biscuit, honey, and rye coffee, I started off with my kodak in the direction of a tumble-down log house, a half-mile distant, in which a murder had been committed a dozen years before, and which was said to be "hanted." My way lay in the direction of Devil's Den, but the news of the night before had slipped my memory. I was deep in the contemplation of the beauties of nature, and plodded along the road, through the little town, kodak in hand, lost in a labyrinth of thought. Suddenly I was aroused from my reverie by the "clank! clank! clank!" of hoofs over the stony road, mingled with the racket made by a rickety wagon. Then I saw, approaching, what I soon recognized as one of the turnouts which I had seen in the gypsy procession of the day previous. The conveyance was in charge of an old man, the leader of the gypsy tribe, as I afterward learned. Between the hames of the old horse's harness sat a full-grown chicken-hawk, which rode on its rough perch with as much complacency as a demure old hen would display on her roost in the coop. It was as queer-looking a turnout as one would wish to see, and I stood stock still and watched it approach. The chicken-hawk, I afterward learned, was the insignia of the tribe,—the old leader's name being Hawk,—and the savage-looking bird had

been taught to accompany the old fellow wherever he went. As the old man drove up he pulled on the reins and yelled, "Whoa, Mary!" The woolly old horse came to such a sudden stop that even the hawk gave a disgruntled squeal.

"Good mornin', sir," said the old, weather-beaten "gyp."



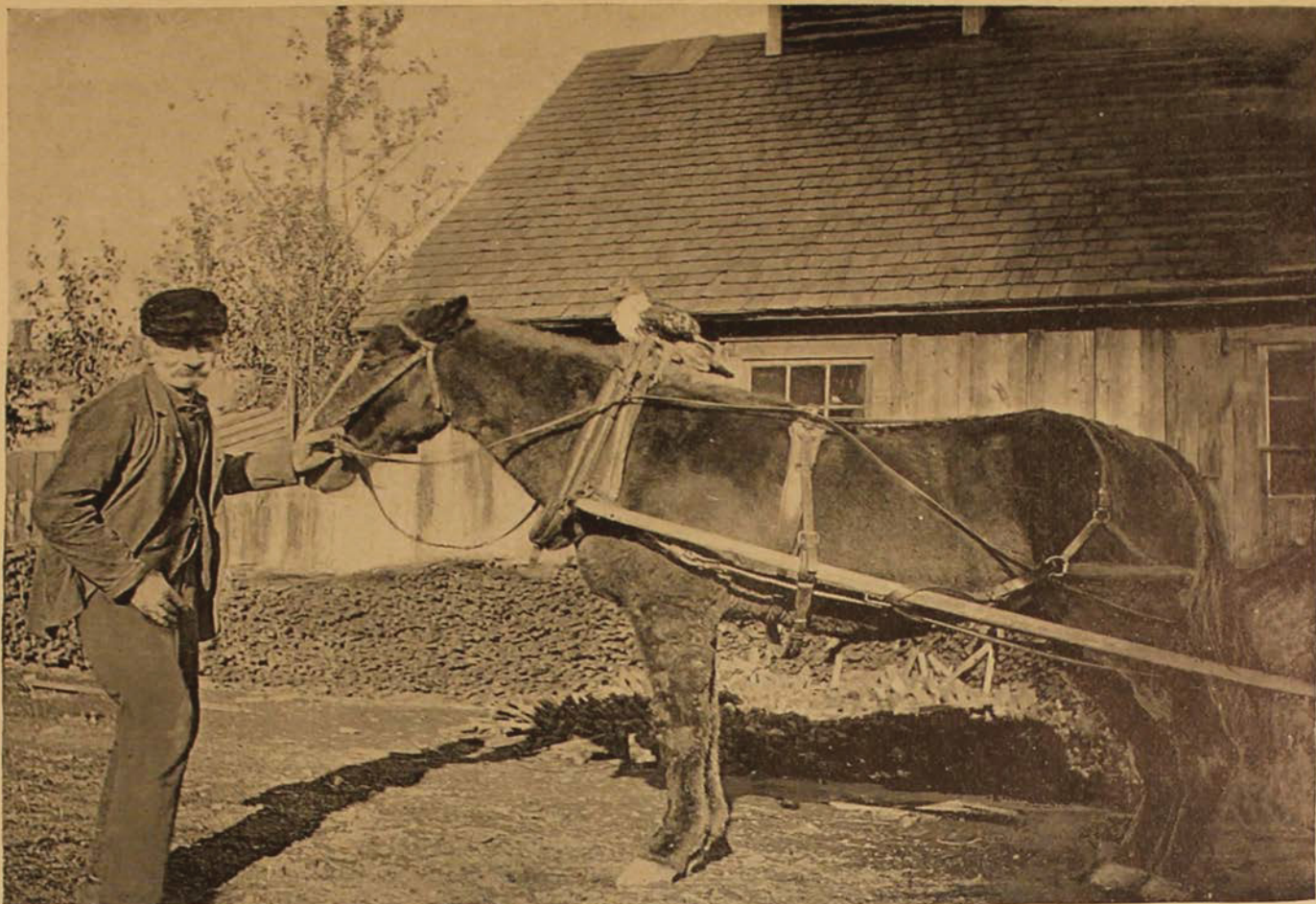
SCENE NEAR DEVIL'S DEN.

"You're one o' these yar chaps what goes roun' takin' picturs, I reckon, judgin' f'm the 'pearance o' thet machine in yer hands."

"Oh, yes; I take pictures just for pastime," I replied. "I am making a collection of photographic views for myself; that's all."

"Waal, darn ef I wouldn't like ter hev a pictur o' old Mary thar," continued the old man, his face brightening up; "s'pose you snap your 'fernal machine on me an' her, ef I git out o' the wagon."

It was agreed to, and old Hawk walked around to the head



"OLD MAN HAWK" WITH HIS NAG AND CHICKEN HAWK.

of the old nag. The work of taking the picture was over in a twinkling, and the old fellow came closer to investigate the "little black box," as he called the camera.

"Say, young feller, what'll you take to go back with me to camp and snatch a pictur o' the ole woman? An' say! ye kin have a snap at Priscilla,—she's my darter,—an' ye kin bet your life it'll be the first time as how a fotagrafer ever hed a chance to git her purty 'phiz.' Yaas, an' thar's another thing I'd like fer ye to take; that's the black stallion Ned. He's a beauty! an' arter



LOADING WATER.



THE OLD HOUSE.

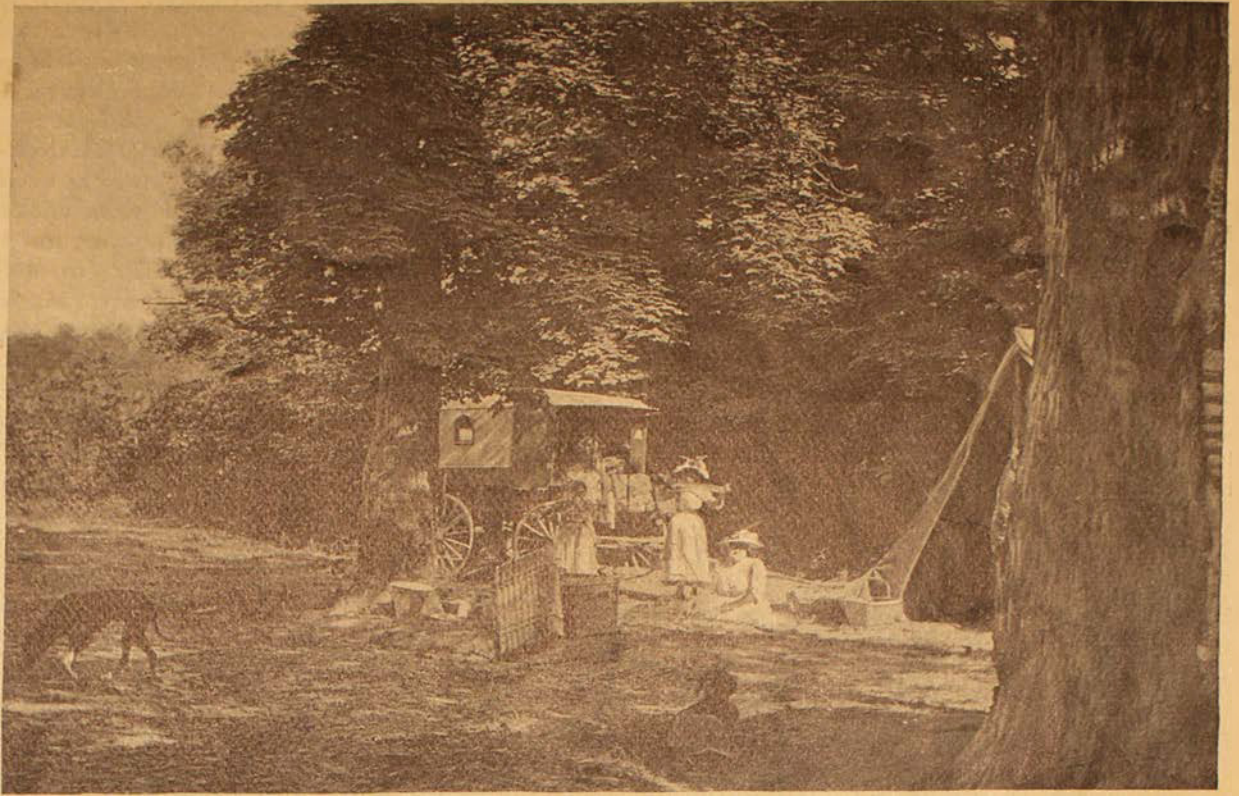
what heppened yisterday I'd give five dollars to hev his pictur. Ye see, he saved the life of Priscilla's lover yisterday. — Yaas sirree! it's owin' to him thet Sam Pratt is alive today; an' ye kin bet he's the favorite o' the camp jist now, specially with Priscilla."

Just what the old man was going to town for I do not know; but when I consented to go to camp and take the pictures (a privilege which I considered myself lucky to get) he turned his horse and wagon around and, after he and I had perched ourselves on the board which served as a seat on the ramshackle vehicle, started back to camp. The horse shambled along on the proverbial "snail's gallop," and we had gone but a rod or two when the old man resumed the conversation:

"As I war a-sayin' afore, thet black stallion Ned yisterday saved the life o' Sam Pratt; thet is, with the help o' Priscilla, fer o' course it is due to her pluck thet the thing ended as lucky as it did. Ye see, it war this way: My darter Priscilla and Sam Pratt hev been a-likin' each other ever since Sam saved the gal f'm drownin' one day; an' ef all goes well they'll be merried an' hev a wagon o' their own afore the summer's over. Waal, ye see yisterday we broke camp down 'bout twenty miles f'm here, arter bein' thar nigh onto two

weeks. While we war thar Priscilla an' several o' the other wimmin folks went into the village to sell some o' thar fancy fixin's an' tell fortunes. Now Priscilla is an all-fired purty gal, ef I do say it myself, an' she ginerally 'tracts considerable 'tention.

"On this yar 'casion she went into the village tavern with the basket on her arm an' asked whether anyone thar wanted to buy some o' the trinkets. Jist how it heppened I can't tell; but she hedn't bin in thar but a short spell when a strappin' big woodsman stepped up, an' puttin' his arms roun' the gal kissed her squar' on the check. Now Priscilla wouldn't stan' this nohow, an' she told the overgrown wood-chopper as how she'd send somebody to wipe out the insult. The big duffer



A SCENE IN DEVIL'S DEN. AFTER BREAKFAST.



MRS. HAWK AND HER "CHERUBS."

jist threwed his head back an' laafed, an' thet made Priscilla madder 'n ever.

"Thet night, in camp, when she an' Sam war a-sittin' down 'long the creek, Priscilla up an' told the young feller what the woodsman hed done. Now Sam is as fiery as you make 'em, an' he war in fer mountin' Ned right off an' goin' into the village arter the big brute. But we sorter quieted him down, an' things run along fer a week without anything happenin'. Sam went to the village every day, but the woodsman as hed insulted Priscilla hed cleared out an' thar war nobody who'd take it up fer him.

"Waal, we traded sev'ral hosses, an' the wimmin folks

did a purty good business in tellin' futures an' sellin' trinkets, so all in all our stay thar war purty profitable. So yisterday mornin' we broke camp. While we war gittin' the things ready, one o' the boys as hed bin over to the smithy fetched the word thet the big woodsman war at the tavern ag'in, an' war a-makin' his brags as how he didn't fear no 'gyp,' an' would kiss the purty gal ag'in ef he'd git half a chance. This made Sam Pratt's blood boil, an' he wanted to quit his work an' go over to town. But Priscilla 'lowed as how the thing hed blown over now, an' as we war breakin' camp he'd better let the matter drop.



PRISCILLA HAWK, A ROMANY PRINCESS.

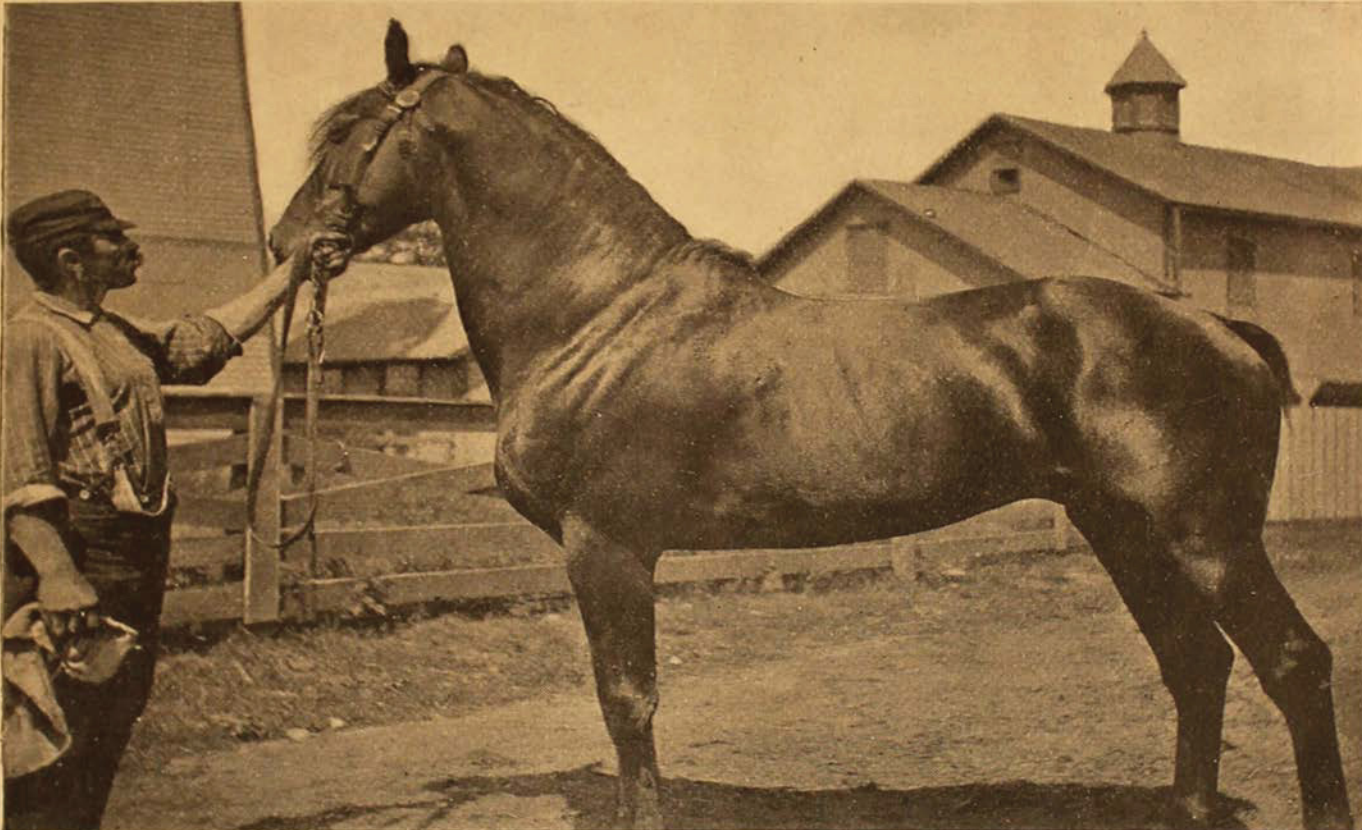
"We thought no more o' the thing until we hed bin on our way an hour or more, leavin' the village four or five miles back. All of a suddin somebody asked whar Sam was. Sure 'nough, Sam and the black stallion war gone. The train o' wagons war brought to a halt, an' we set to talkin' the thing over as to whether somebody hed better go back to the village. We know'd as how the fiery young cuss hed give us the slip to go back an' hev it out with the woodsman, an' we concluded that three o' the young fellers in the gang should go back arter him.

"Jist as they war about to git the saddles we heerd the sound o' hoofs comin' on a gallop up the road. The next instant black Ned came a-tearin' 'round the bend a-snortin' an' a-runnin' like wild. But whar war Sam? Thar war nobody on Ned's back, an' as he came up to us, his hide kivered with foam 'round the saddle, we war startled to see blood spots on one o' the stirrups. It war Priscilla who

a-holdin' on to Ned, helped by one o' the men who walked 'long side. Priscilla war a-ridin' on one o' the other horses, an' she looked a'most as white as Sam did. One o' the men hed gone back to the village, whar he larned the perticklers o' the rumpus an' jist how Sam come to git hurt. You see, Sam had rid up to the tavern on Ned, an' as quick as he arriv' the crowd knowed as how he hed come to git satisfaction out o' the woodsman. Waal, he walked into the room whar the bar war, an' the durn low-lived wood-chopper, who wus waitin', up an' shot at him afore he hed a chance to take his part. He fired two shots; but one missed him, an' t'other took 'fect 'longside the head above the ear. It war a mighty close call, but it didn't floor Sam. They say he jumped fer thet woodsman like a wildcat would at an owl, an' in the shake of a ram's tail hed knocked the big duffer a-sprawlin' on the floor. He waited till he got up, an' then let him have another, an' this time laid him out so stiff thet

Sam got tired waitin' fer him to git up. Then Sam walked out, jumped on Ned, an' rode off, the crowd a-cheerin' him.

"But somehow or nuth-er the hurt 'longside the head kind o' set ag'inst him, an' as Ned war roundin' a curve in the road Sam lost his balance an' fell to the ground in a dead faint. He war a-layin' jist thet way when Priscilla got to him, an' the poor gal o' course thought he war dead. But he warn't, fer he soon come to; an' now he's gittin' 'long fine. It 'd take more'n a glance shot to kill Sam. An' say! ye jist ought ter see Priscilla, now thet she sees thar's no danger o' Sam a-dyin'. She's the happiest gal ye ever did see; an' when I left the camp she war over



BLACK NED AND SAM PRATT.

diskivered them, an' she says, all o' a tremor like, 'They've killed Sam!' In another second she hed mounted Ned and wheeled about. The next we saw she war a-tearin' down the road in the direction o' the village. Her hair war a-flyin', an' Ned seemed to know as how it war a question o' life or death, fer he 'peared to fly ruther than run. It war but a minnit until Priscilla an' Ned war out o' sight an' hearin'. Then all o' a suddin we men folks came to our thoughts, an' the three young fellers rushed out with their saddles, an' three minnits later they war on their way arter the gal—an' Sam.

"It war nigh onto an hour afore any o' them came back, an' then 'twar with the news thet Sam hed bin hurt an' they war bringin' him in on Ned. When the men got to whar Sam hed fallen off the horse, which war a full half-mile out o' town, they found Priscilla a-holdin' his head in her lap, a-bathin' his forehead f'm a little stream what run 'longside the road. She hed taken off the big silk handkerchief f'm roun' her neck, an' tied it over an ugly gash in Sam's head whar a bullet f'm the woodsman's pistol hed grazed him. The poor gal war a'most frightened sick, and Ned war a-standin' lookin' at 'em as though he knowed as how he hed brought the poor feller help.

"Waal, purty soon they came along with Sam, who war

in the old house a-singin' like a lark, so's to keep Sam company. Ye see, bein's he must be quiet fer a day or two, it war better fer him to be under kivver o' a house ruther than in a tent. We've bin through these yar parts afore many a time, an' we know jist whar to go fer 'commodations."

I had grown interested in the old man's story and forgot that we were nearing Devil's Den. But the whinnying of a horse in the distance attracted my attention, and I saw that we were within sight of several of the tents. Just at this point the road crossed a small stream spanned by a bridge made of poles and plank, while directly above, where the water spread out and formed quite a large eddy, one of the gypsy boys was in mid-stream with horse and wagon, filling several barrels with water. The scene presented was one of surpassing loveliness, and I could not resist the temptation of pressing my camera into service.

Up the ravine a little further, and just where the road made a sudden turn, the old house where the injured gypsy was being cared for came into view. The structure in its setting of variegated sumachs and white-leaved alder, with great oaks standing guard about its fast-decaying walls, was a romantic-looking place indeed. I afterward learned that the house had been built for a summer cottage, about eighteen

years before, by a wealthy lumberman, who had chosen the location on account of its picturesque surroundings. The first season that he and his family occupied it, however, his wife met with an accident while out riding, and a few days later died beneath its roof. From that time forward it had been unoccupied, save when sportsmen, woodchoppers, or gypsies found shelter within its walls.



OLD HAWK'S WEDDING GIFT TO HIS "DARTER" PRISCILLA.

When we reached the camp everybody was astir, although it was hardly yet eight o'clock. I was first taken by old man Hawk to his tent and there presented to the smiling faced wife and her two berry-brown, frowsy-headed girls. Mrs. Hawk wanted to tell my fortune at once, and declared that if I would but allow her to reveal my future I could then take a picture of herself and cherubs. She was a pleasant-voiced crone, and her honeyed words fell from smiling lips,—in anticipation, perhaps, of the dollar fee which she charged me for the "fortune."

But the most interesting personage was yet to be interviewed,—Priscilla. I found her at the old house. Her father's estimation of beauty was about correct. Priscilla was pretty, a Romany princess of the finest type. She was dressed in a gown of some large-figured fabric, and wore a snow-white apron. Her hair—and there was a wealth of it—looked as though it were a stranger to toilet attention; but withal the tumbled, frowsy mass gave the girl an attractive appearance, its jet black blending with the sunburn of her cheeks, and a pair of bright eyes flashed from beneath the straggling locks which hung aimlessly down over her forehead. Yes, Priscilla was a "durn purty gal," as old Hawk had expressed it; and I wondered not that Sam Pratt had fallen in love with her. She offered no remonstrance when I asked permission to take her picture; and stepping out in front of the old house, with her arms akimbo, and a smile playing hide-and-seek about her pretty lips, she said, "I'm ready."

Sam Pratt, her lover, was lying on an improvised bed made of hops and blankets. He said he felt fairly well, considerin' the close call he had; then his face brightened up as he pointed to Priscilla and remarked:

"'Thar's the gal as saved my life; fer ef I'd a laid 'longside the road a while longer I guess I'd bin a goner."

Ned, the black stallion, was not in camp, so I failed to get a picture of him just then. However, about two weeks after, Sam, being sufficiently recovered, rode the magnificent fellow down to a farm just outside the town, and there I was given an opportunity to snap the noble Ned—he who had played such an important part in the gypsy romance—with Sam at his head.

Old Hawk and his band remained in camp at Devil's Den for a month. Three weeks after their arrival Sam Pratt had entirely recovered, and one afternoon he and Priscilla were married by the township squire. There was a big "blow out" in camp that evening, and half the village population were out to witness the merriment. Old Hawk's gift to the couple was a team of fine horses and a brand new gypsy-wagon, which was furnished in elaborate style. This was to be the home of Sam and Priscilla, and they took possession of it on their nuptial night.

ELMER E. PERSON.

Photography and Crime.

THE prominent manner in which photography has of late years become identified with the detection and exposure of crime renders the subject one of considerable interest to the public at large. In this country Mr. G. G. Rockwood, of New York, has made quite a specialty of photographs and microphotographs dealing with various phases of evidence offered in the courts, and Mr. D. T. Ames, also of New York, the handwriting specialist, has, by the assistance of photography, brought this important branch of circumstantial proof almost to the distinction of an exact science. A *résumé* of some of the experiences of these two gentlemen, together with some of the reports of Dr. Paul Jeserich, the great European expert in these matters, forms the basis of the present article.

"It is now a number of years," said Mr. Rockwood, "since I first began to use the camera for the purpose of assisting in the furtherance of justice. Since then photography has become a well-nigh indispensable adjunct of the police department, and every well-equipped bureau possesses its own facilities in this line.

"The principal reason of the camera's usefulness in this direction is its unfailing accuracy. A photograph has come to be looked upon as an unquestionable fac-simile of whatever it purports to represent, and the question of authenticity is thus at once established beyond any questioning when a photograph is brought into evidence. The camera has earned itself the distinction of being considered an unimpeachable witness. The next most important faculty about the camera is its power of penetrating beyond the limits of human vision; and, what is almost equally important, photography is not color-blind, but detects many things that should legitimately be within the range of ordinary eyesight were there such a thing in existence as a perfect human eye.

"You will doubtless remember the saying of Helmholtz, or was it Meyer? I forget which, but one of them, I know, that should a mechanic send him such an imperfect piece of mechanism as the human eye he would return it for

repairs. The eye is, of course, a wonderful organ; for notwithstanding its generally defective condition, it is the most marvelously perfect lens conceivable. It has that quality which scientists have in vain tried to secure in mechanical optics, a universal focus, and instantly adapts itself to all conditions of light or distance. But the fact is, the eye is a very much abused member, its principal defects arising from its use with either too feeble or too strong illumination. I merely mention this fact about the eye to show you the unreliability of the evidence which it often furnishes us, in comparison with the comparatively infallible results obtained from the camera.

"The eye will sometimes fail, even with the highest magnifying powers, to see fine shades or tints of color such as often exist in old manuscripts and documents. Inks will apparently fade out and so blend with the yellow tints with which time stains old paper that the lines are lost to the eye. But a faint difference does exist, which the camera will elucidate. The skillful photographer will, by chemical treatment of his negative, intensify the slight differences to such a degree that when the ordinary autograph, or signature, is enlarged to, say, three or four feet in length, the image is rendered very strong and unmistakable. It is the same in case of tracings or forgery. I recently made such an enlargement from a suspected autograph, and the experts instantly decided that the paper was a forgery. In fact, it is now questionable whether the counsel will even permit the case to go into court.

"To make this statement clearer it is necessary to state briefly that light and color have a visual and active, or chemical value quite distinct from each other; that is to say, colors which would appear to have a certain monochromatic value to the eye, in the scale from black to white, give entirely different results or effects to the photographic sensitive plate. For instance, a fair shade of blue or yellow one would say would be the equivalent of a neutral gray in the monochromatic (black to white) scale of color. To the photographic plate the two colors named would be interpreted in a surprisingly opposite value; the blue would be nearly white, while the yellow would appear nearly black. It is the blending of these tonal colors in the pigments used in oil paintings which often presents such strange, apparent distortions in the photographic reproductions of famous works of art. The painting which is smooth, charming, and harmonious to the natural eye, is made to appear in grotesque crudeness by the presence in the shadows of warm or cool pigments blended with ever so much skill. The chemist has supplied the photographic processes with certain substances which make the sensitive plate alive to single colors, but where these contrasting elements are in close juxtaposition, the interpretation of both colors in equal degree is yet unattained to our fullest desires.

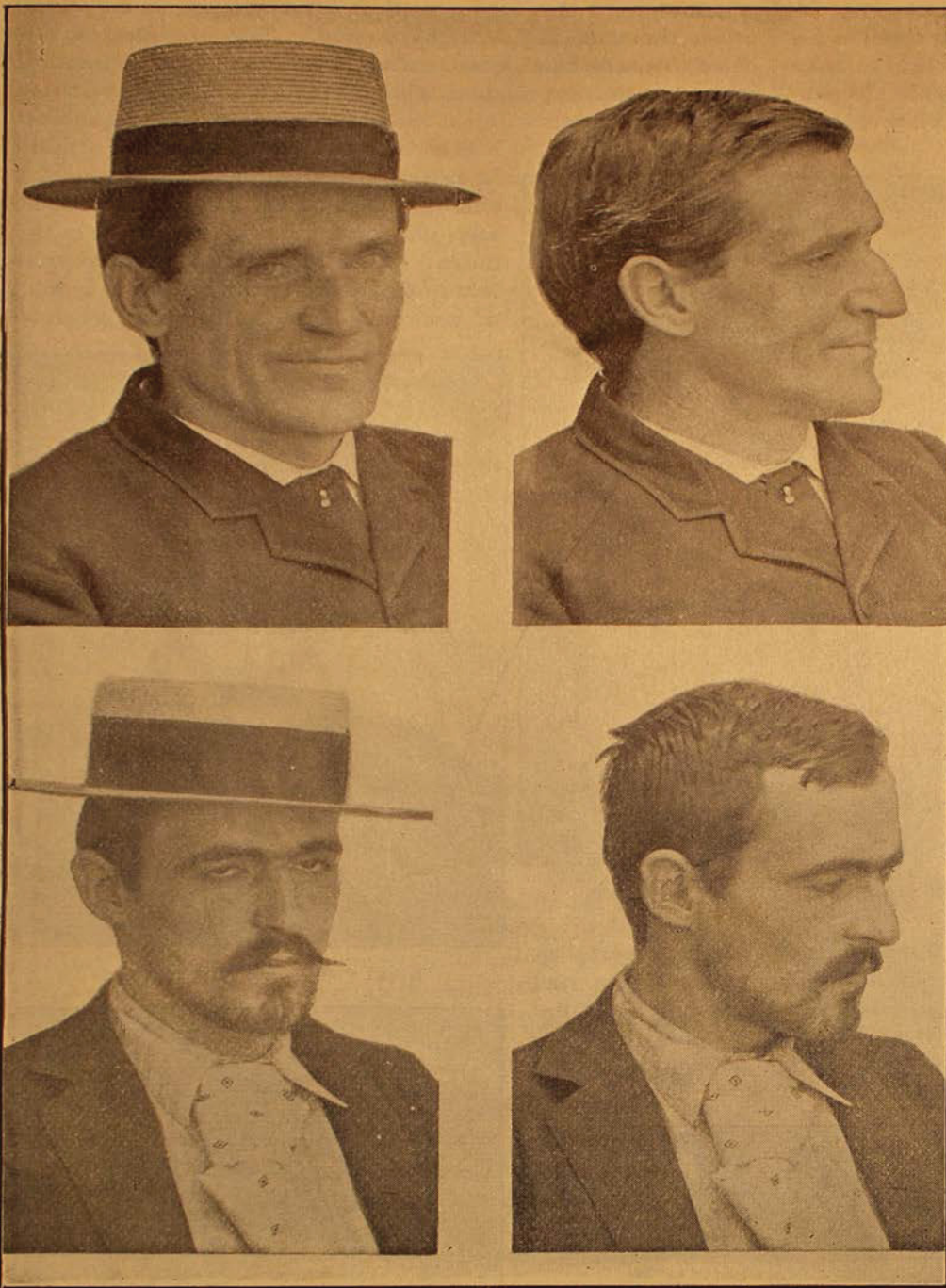
"Photography became such a successful counterfeiter of black-and-white drawings, engravings, etc., that it is now some years since methods were sought to thwart the evil-disposed in this direction, and the use of color was adopted to overcome the difficulty. I think it is now some fifteen years since a representative of one of the great banknote engraving companies called on me for suggestions in this line, and I made a series of experiments in photographing colors with a view to show how each color and its tint was interpreted by the camera.

A drawing-board about twenty-four inches square was divided like a checker-board, and all the colors with their tints and many combinations were carefully drawn on it in water-colors, each small square being covered with a color. The blues, yellows, and reds were put in parallel columns, with their primary, or nearest possible simple color, and with as nearly equal visual value as possible. The results were surprising, and valuable in regard to the counterfeiting of bonds, checks, and banknotes. Colors were introduced which made it then and now impossible to photograph them. To give a simple illustration: if a blue ink were used on a yellow-toned paper, the blue would come light drab, and the yellow would appear black. If the blue were blended with any of the non-actinic colors, such as red, yellow, or their tints, but a faint image could be reproduced, and one not possible to reproduce in a printing plate. In one series of banknotes a word was first printed in orange-color on the paper, and then upon it were superimposed various colors, designs, and tints, which completely obscured the first word printed; one of these plates was placed before the camera, and when I developed the plate, reaching almost across the bill, appeared, in large, distinct characters, the word 'COUNTERFEIT.'

"One of the most interesting practical illustrations of the uses of photography in the developing of an absolutely invisible autograph, is given in the final litigation of the now well-known Stubblefield-Munford controversy, which was in the Ohio courts for three quarters of a century. It concerned a deed of land to the amount of fifteen hundred acres, to which there were five heirs, the signature of five persons being necessary to make the document valid. During President Monroe's administration this tract was willed by one of the old Munfords to his five heirs, and the suit was brought in the deed of sale signed by them. They, in turn, deeded the land to Stubblefield, who afterward sold parts of it to different parties, who have had to pay



CAUGHT IN THE ACT BY THE CAMERA.



PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ACCORDING TO THE BERTILLON SYSTEM.

“In the discussion of serious questions in art or science there often crops up a grotesque element. Such we may call the detective camera, with the aid of which till-tappers and thieves are now being surprised. What can be more realistic and conclusive than a photograph of a thief or burglar in the very act of his crime? A case of this kind, one of a number that have been reported, occurred in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and was brought before Judge Haggerty of the Criminal Court in that city. The details were as follows: For some time the cashier of a large store had been aware that the cash-drawer was being robbed. Investigation showed that while the night-watchman was making his rounds several boys known to him had been in the habit of entering the store, and suspicion fastened upon the boys. It was then that the photographic scheme was conceived and put into execution. Three boys were arrested as a result of the camera’s evidence, and at first the accused youngsters vigorously denied any knowledge of the crime; but being confronted with the photographs which showed them in the very act, the culprits broke down and made a full confession. The camera had been placed in a position covering the desk and till in the office, and electric communication made with the Edison Company’s plant to operate the device. A burglar-alarm was fitted in the cash-drawer, so that when the till opened the electric connection was made and the shutter of the camera operated, exposing the lens, and at the same instant setting off a flash-light.

“I must also mention the service which the camera is frequently called upon to render the police in connection with mysterious cases where every tittle of evidence is indispensable to their purposes in elucidating the facts of the case. For instance, I have frequently been called upon to make photographs of footprints,

twice for their land by decision of the court. This was due to the absence of the signature of Anna Munford, one of the five heirs to the original deed to the Stubblefields. The paper when produced in court was yellow with age, and all the writing was dim, though legible, except as to one name. There were four signatures, but no trace of a fifth, though there was an apparently blank space where it might have stood. None of the microscopes in common use by experts disclosed a line of any signature where it should have appeared. Under these circumstances the aid of photography was invoked. The photographic copy was taken with the greatest care by an expert. It was then enlarged ten times, when the missing signature became visible! The minute scattering stains of ink, which had faded so as to be invisible by ordinary methods, became perceptible, and assumed regular order in the enlarged photograph, establishing the validity of the deed, and reversing all previous decisions.

“What I have just stated confirms, very strongly, my point that the camera sees things invisible to the natural eye, and that an enlarged photographic picture will not only show erasures and alterations, but, so to speak, resurrect a dead signature!

which a few hours’ delay would have left indistinguishable and useless for the purpose of evidence. Sometimes there are fingermarks on doors or walls to be treated in the same manner; and it is quite common in murder cases where suspicious circumstances exist, to have the scene of the tragedy photographed as soon as possible after it has been discovered, in order to preserve a record of the minutest details before anything has been disturbed. This was done, I believe, in the celebrated Borden case, at Fall River; and it is quite a usual course for the police to take where there is cause to believe the photographs will prove useful. A bare allusion to the use which the keepers of the various morgues throughout the country have made of the art of photography will be sufficient to suggest some grewsome results from the omnipresent camera.”

A very useful purpose is served in the prison system by the photographing and registration of all prisoners, according to the rules laid down by the Bertillon system. This has now become an almost universal practice in all civilized countries. The mode of operation is very exact, rather too much so to meet with the approbation of habitual criminals. The first step is to take a front-view picture of the criminal,



CHARLES WARD, CONFIDENCE MAN.

individual, minus the head-gear. The work of the camera is supplemented by a system of measurements and the chronicling of any special features which may lead to identification. First the height is taken, the dimensions of the body, the width and depth of head, ear measurements, configuration of head, exact dimensions of the different sections of the profile, length of left foot, left middle finger, little finger, and left forearm. The nose is an object of special attention, and must be described with the utmost accuracy as to width, length, and the precise formation of its angle. The dimensions of forehead and chin are exactly given, and the color and length of beard, moustache, and

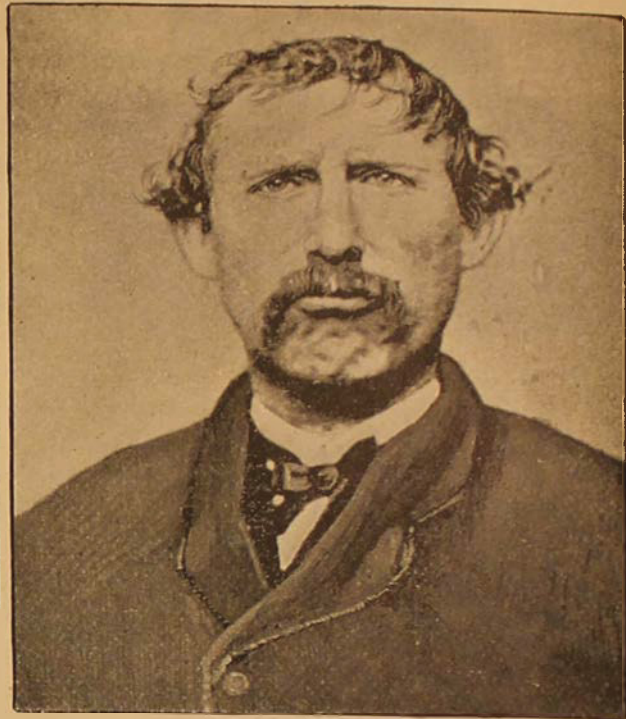
with the hat or bonnet on, and the next, to take a right-side profile view of the

possible from the bones, so that loss or gain of flesh will affect them in only a slight degree. The progress of this carefully tabulated examination is often a very distasteful operation to the prisoner, who tries to contort his features and in various ways defeat the object of those whose business

it is to take a thorough account of him. In this examination, moles, birth-marks, and any scars or tattoo marks are naturally observed closely and specially noted. The illustration shows portraits taken according to the Bertillon system of two persons who recently received



"SHORT-HAIRED LIZ," PICKPOCKET.

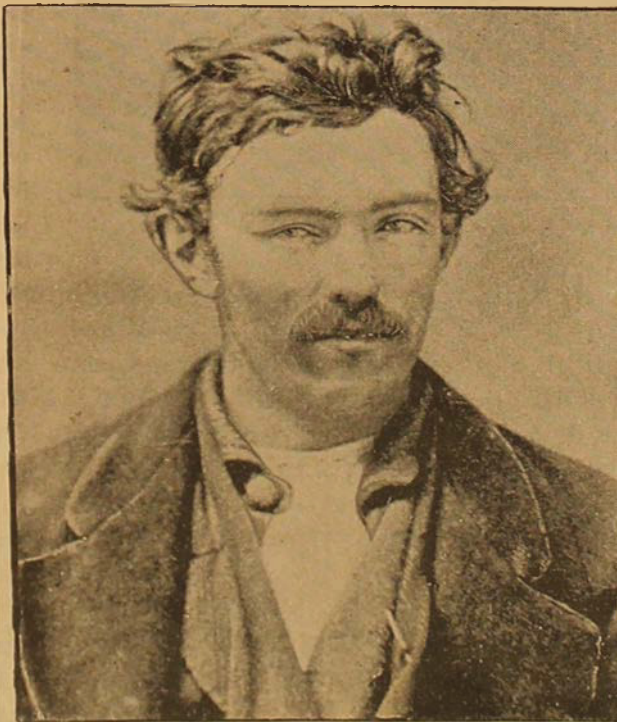


HUGH SWIFT, CONFIDENCE MAN.

their deserts at the Criminal Court in Philadelphia. They are father and



MANON L. DOW, SWINDLER.



MIKE KNOWLES, RIVER THIEF.

hair are noted, together with the color of the eyes and complexion. Measurements of the limbs are taken as nearly as

The other illustrations of criminals are a selection made from the Rogues' Gallery at Police Headquarters, New York, where the Bertillon system does not prevail; Superintendent Byrnes has not deemed it necessary to take more than one view of the criminals who fall into his hands. This group comprises an assortment of talent in various misdirected channels, the worthies having been selected as representative



MARY BRADSHAW, THIEF.

son, and their profession is burglary. They will be prevented from following it for some time to come, owing to the fact that they have several years to spend in prison.

types and scheduled according to police records, as follows : Charles Ward, confidence man ; Lizzie Leonar, *alias* "Short-haired Liz," pickpocket ; Hugh Swift, *alias* Bob Webb, confidence man ; Mary Bradshaw, thief ; Mike Knowles, river thief ; Manon L. Dow, confidence swindler and dealer in stocks.

We have explained the uses of photography by the interpretation of color in the detection of counterfeiting, but its development of form is no less interesting and startling. As is well known, millions of objects in every department of scientific investigation, which are invisible to the human eye, are made as clear as day by the rare contributions of microscope and camera, now so familiar to the student. If unknown and unthought-of worlds are brought to our knowledge by the great telescopes, how simple a thing it is to magnify the awkward tracings of the human hand in pen and ink, and to confirm or confuse the characteristics of ordinary penmanship. Mr. D. T. Ames, the well-known handwriting expert, who exposed the forgery in the Morey-Garfield matter, says that but for the assistance of the camera in elucidating the very difficult matters that are presented to him almost daily he would often meet with insuperable difficulties in proving his case.

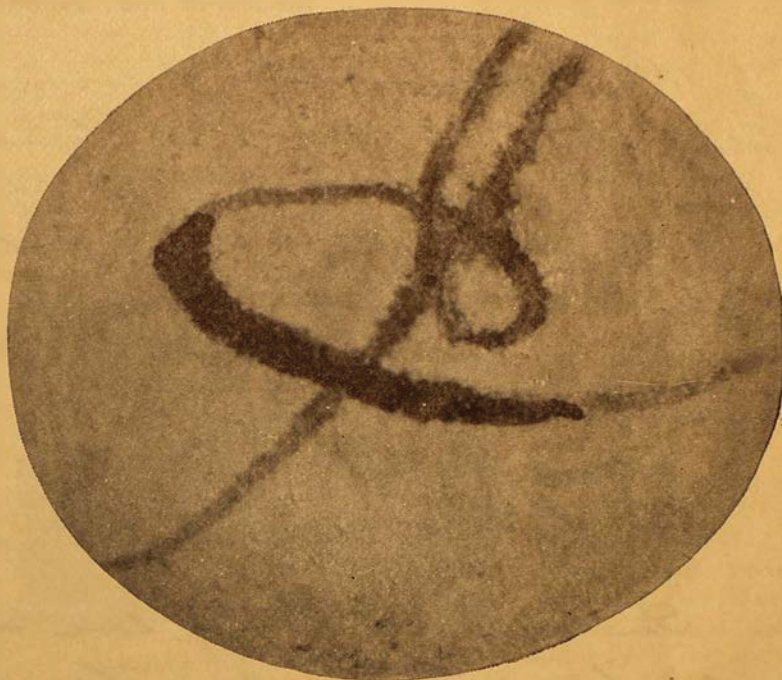
"Jurors, as a rule," says Mr. Ames, "are men who must have a thing demonstrated in the clearest and most simple manner. I can myself tell almost at a glance a forgery from a genuine piece of handwriting, because it has crookedness written all over the face of it to the eye experienced in examining such things. I can also see quickly under the microscope the particular defects that characterize spurious handwriting. Such is not the case with jurors, however. They do not, as a rule, know anything about the technicalities with which a handwriting expert is familiar, nor do they usually know just how to focus the microscope so as to see what it is necessary to have them understand thoroughly. The camera helps me to present things in the plainest possible manner.

"One of the most difficult things for the forger to manage is to get the same amount of shading on his letters as the original writing shows. This necessitates the retouching of each letter separately after the outline has been made, and under the microscope these patches are so conspicuous that they demonstrate the forgery immediately. A photomicrograph similar to the one of which I give you an illustration can be easily placed in the hands of the juror, who can thus, without leaving his seat, see just what I refer to in my testimony. There are also frequent breaks in the letters where the lines do not touch exactly, showing how the copying was done piecemeal, and though apparently finished off neatly the letters or parts of letters are not fitted together in the manner that they would be when written naturally. The photomicrograph also frequently shows signs of pencil marks in which the writing was first traced, and which to the naked eye of the forger appeared to be obliterated, although the searching eye of the camera shows them up.

"In one particular case in which I was concerned the camera helped me step by step in the disclosure of the forgery. As usual, the person who had prepared the spurious document, which was in reference to a release of stock, had picked out the necessary letters, words, and parts of words, for the purpose, from documents in the handwriting of the person supposed to have written it, forgetting the fact that everyone's handwriting varies more or less, not alone as to the independent forms of the letters, but as to the method of joining them together. Especially is this manifested in the use of different kinds of capitals. It was an easy matter, comparatively, to find where the original letters or words had been copied from, and to show precisely how they had been pieced together for the

purpose of making the original pencil tracing. [See page 462.] As no one ever writes a word or sentence precisely alike, it was at once obvious to an expert that these nicely duplicated forms were not the actual handwriting of any person, but were a simulation ; and it was easy to show how the tracing was done, which I did by the copy with the words in sections, and also how the clean copy was finally obtained which was put in evidence.

"Another characteristic of forged handwriting which the camera discloses is the failure in retouching to cover the surface thoroughly with the ink as would be done in natural writing. The letter J which you see is a fair sample of what I mean ; and it comes up very conspicuously with its tell-tale defects in a photomicrograph. All really scientific examinations of handwriting are based upon the well-known fact that the handwriting of every adult must inevitably have multitudinous distinctions and habitual peculiarities. Of



A PHOTOMICROGRAPH OF THE LETTER J.

many of these the writer is himself unconscious ; such as initial and terminal lines, forms and methods of constructing letters, combinations, relative proportions, turns, angles, spacing, slope, shading (in place and degree), crosses, dots, orthography, punctuation, etc. These peculiarities are the outgrowth of long habit, and come at length to be produced and reproduced by the sheer force of habit, as it were, automatically by the hand, its movements being independent of any direct thought or mental guidance. Being thus unconsciously produced, and in the main unnoted by the writer, they cannot be successfully avoided or simulated through any extended piece of writing. To do so a writer would be required to avoid that of which he was not conscious in his own writing, and to copy the undiscovered habits of another writer.

"In cases where it is necessary to make, as I often do, a most searching analysis of handwriting, showing sometimes as many as a hundred minute points of variation between the real writing and the forgery, I have photographic reproductions of both prepared, and hand them to the jurors for examination, explaining them separately, by means of an enlarged copy which I have placed in front of them and refer to in course of my explanations.

"Speaking of enlarged photographs recalls to my mind a celebrated New England case in which I was called at the last moment, and in which photography did its work so suc-

In consideration of love and affection I release and discharge to my son Lewis the loan made him upon ten (10) shares New York Central Rail Road Stock and I hereby declare that I hold said stock in trust for Mrs. Jessy Redfield.

In witness whereof I have this 2^d day of May 1862 at Syracuse N. Y. affixed my hand and seal

Attest
G. C. Foot

TRACINGS OF WORDS AND PARTS OF WORDS IN SECTIONS.

In consideration of love and affection I release and discharge to my son Lewis the loan made him upon ten (10) shares New York Central Rail Road Stock and I hereby declare that I hold said stock in trust for Mrs. Jessy Redfield.

In witness whereof I have this 2^d day of May 1862 at Syracuse N. Y. affixed my hand and seal

Attest
G. C. Foot

A CLEAN TRACING OF THE PIECED WRITING SHOWN ABOVE.

In consideration of love and affection I release and discharge to my son Lewis the loan made him upon ten (10) shares New York Central Rail Road Stock and I hereby declare that I hold said Stock in trust for Mrs. Jessy Redfield.

In witness whereof I have this 2^d day of May 1862 at Syracuse N. Y. affixed my hand and seal

Attest
G. C. Foot

L. H. Redfield

THE FORGED DOCUMENT AS OFFERED IN EVIDENCE.

cessfully that at a point where the defense, who had called upon my services, were expecting defeat, as everything seemed so dead against them, the tables were completely turned, and the plaintiff was placed under arrest, by a warrant issued by the presiding judge, for criminal prosecution as a forger. The case involved the genuineness of two signatures to financial documents; the name forged was that of Mr. Dodge, the deceased President of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad. The forger was his private secretary, who alleged that the documents were given him in fulfillment of promises made by Mr. Dodge that he would do something for him in acknowledgment of his services, in

case his death should leave him otherwise unrewarded. Several witnesses, familiar with Mr. Dodge's signature, had pronounced the signatures genuine, but my analysis demonstrated to the satisfaction of everyone that they were forgeries. This could not have been done without the aid of the camera to demonstrate to the members of the jury what I knew to be true. In this case it was a very fortunate and just termination, as it cleared a very worthy lady of very unpleasant reflections upon her as the accuser of an apparently innocent man, and showed up in his true colors a scoundrel who fully deserved the exposure which he met with through the merciless evidence which the camera furnished."

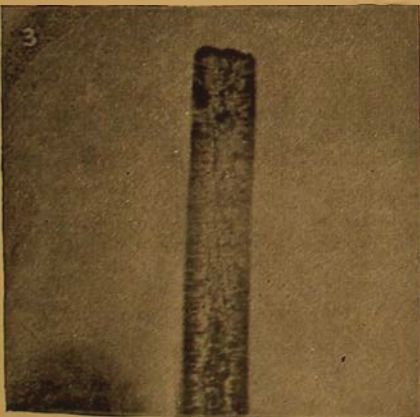
Dr. Jeserich, the well-known German authority on these matters, can with the assistance of the camera throw a flood of light on the darkest criminal cases which come under his notice at times. He is an enthusiast over the results obtained by photography and microphotography in the detection of crime. In a case which this noted photomicroscopist had before him for examination, the fate of an individual suspected of murder, apparently rested on the verdict he should render with regard to the character of a particular hair which had been found upon the person of his supposed victim. The hair in question was sent to Dr. Jeserich from Westphalia, and belonged to a man already gray, who was suspected of having murdered a young girl on whose body a small white hair had been found which was supposed to have fallen from the beard of the murderer.



ENLARGEMENT OF RE-TOUCHED LETTER. A RE-TOUCHED LETTER.

A photomicrograph of the hair was taken and showed a certain similarity to that of the hair found on the body. The pith of the hairs was strikingly similar, and also the structure of the surface; but at the same time the hairs could not be described as identical. Under great magnification it was subsequently demonstrated that the pith of the hair found on the body extended to nearly the whole width of the shaft, proving it to be animal, instead of human, and it was pronounced to resemble that of a dog more nearly than that of any other animal. Closer analysis succeeded in determining that it belonged to a yellow dog that was growing old; its circular section and smooth shape betrayed the fact that it belonged to a smooth-haired dog; the point, which had not been cut off, finally showing that the dog had never enjoyed the luxury of having its hair clipped. The dog was described as follows to the police: "An old, yellow, unshaven, smooth, and comparatively short-haired dog."

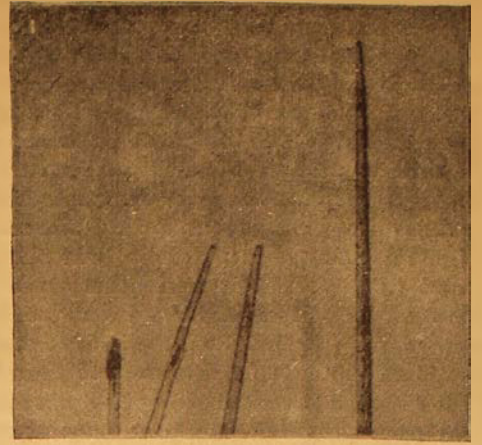
Upon this evidence the first prisoner was liberated, and some time afterwards suspicion lighted upon another person in the vicinity. Inquiries were made, and it was discovered that at the time the murder was committed this man had owned a dog whose description tallied exactly with that



RE-GROWN POINT OF A HUMAN HAIR THAT HAS BEEN CUT.

been cut. The rounded termination which forms on the cut end, caused by the growth of the central portion of the hair, indicates this fact very conspicuously. The next illustration shows the fine uncut points of a woman's hair that was used in another criminal case upon which

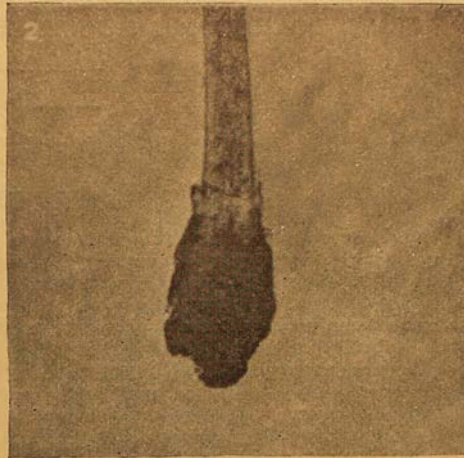
Dr. Jeserich was employed. The hair not being magnified so much, yet furnishes an opportunity for comparing the different points specified. This case was also one of murder, having a woman for the victim.



UNCUT POINTS OF HUMAN HAIR.

The clothing of two men, arrested in connection with this crime, was examined, and hairs were found upon both of them supposed to be from

the head of the victim. Those found on one of the men, after being examined under a microscope, however, were proved to belong to a woman whose hair had never been cut, while those found upon the other corresponded exactly with



CLUB-LIKE ROOT OF HUMAN HAIR.

some taken from the murdered woman's head. To further strengthen the evidence, the roots of both hairs were examined, the photograph showing how the root of that found on the second man appeared, being officially described as having a "well-defined club-like shape," while those taken from the clothes of the first and wrongly suspected man showed essentially different characteristics, the roots not being in the least swollen or club-shaped. It was ultimately proved that the hair found on the second suspect was from the head of the murdered woman. Previous to his execution the man

essentially different characteristics, the roots not being in the least swollen or club-shaped. It was ultimately proved that the hair found on the second suspect was from the head of the murdered woman. Previous to his execution the man



CHARACTERISTIC ROOTS OF HUMAN HAIR.

who was convicted on this evidence also made a full confession of his crime.

One of the most important of all the microscopical and photographic analyses in connection with crime deals with the differentiations of the various kinds of blood stains. Comparative tests easily prove the fact as to whether the corpuscles are of human or other origin, those of the human

being $\frac{1}{1000}$ larger in diameter than those of a dog, the next largest in the scale. As the minutest difference in these measurements can be readily shown by photography, demonstration becomes comparatively easy.

In the case of a murderer on whose axe stains of blood had been found, it was stated that the accused had killed a goat eight days prior to his arrest. Human blood was nevertheless found upon the axe, demonstrated beyond a doubt by comparison with goat's blood. The man also denied having wiped the axe after using it; but the photograph revealed quite clearly that it had been wiped after the operation. The streaks, running from top to bottom, were clearly shown on the bright steel surface, and as corroborative testimony human hairs were also found upon the axe, which fact resulted in establishing the prisoner's guilt.

A case in which suspicion was averted by means of the camera is also reported by Dr. Jeserich. Near the scene of a

murder, a part of the cover of a vulcanite match-box was found, with scratches upon it, partly worn off, suggestive of lettering. The box was found beside the dead body of a forester in a wood, and as a man named Graeber was suspected of having killed the victim, it was expected that the letters under enlargement would reveal his name on the box, and form substantial circumstantial evidence of his guilt. Dr. Jeserich proceeded to powder the box with fine lycopodium, after which he wiped it carefully so that the few un-erased scratches showed clearly. The name on it was shown to be Langer, and a person of that name acknowledged to having dropped it near the place some weeks before the crime was committed. Graeber consequently was allowed to go free.

That the usefulness of the camera will continue to increase in the direction of detecting crime is the general belief of those who have carefully studied such matters.

LESLIE KANE.

THE ROAD TO FAME OR FORTUNE.

HOW TO BECOME SUCCESSFUL PROFESSIONAL WOMEN.

BY MARGARET BISLAND.

(Continued from Page 405.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

MISS BESSIE SINGLETON's father, overwhelmed with financial trouble, took his own life, leaving his wife and children penniless. Bessie, but just introduced into society at the time of the calamity, received news of it by telegram, while she was at a ball in the company of a gentleman who had shown her very marked attention. She is the eldest of the children, and in the time of trouble was the comfort and stay of all, planned for the future, and settled the family in a little house in the village after they left their own beautiful home. She secured a position for herself in the public school; but after a few months gave it up to a younger sister, came to New York to try her fortunes as a journalist, and sought employment in a newspaper office. After repeated rebuffs, the editor of the Daily Meteor consented to give her "space" work: that is, she is to take an assignment every day and write it up, and at the end of the week is to be paid for the space she has filled. Returning from this interview to her boarding-house she ran against a Miss Carter, an artist, in the vestibule; mutual apologies and explanations ensued, and Bessie accepted an invitation from Miss Carter to take tea in her studio on the next day. Her companion of the ball had written her one or two courteous but formal letters before she left home, and this evening she found in her room a bouquet of hot-house roses from him, and a note stating that as he was called out of town he had sent the roses to welcome her to New York.

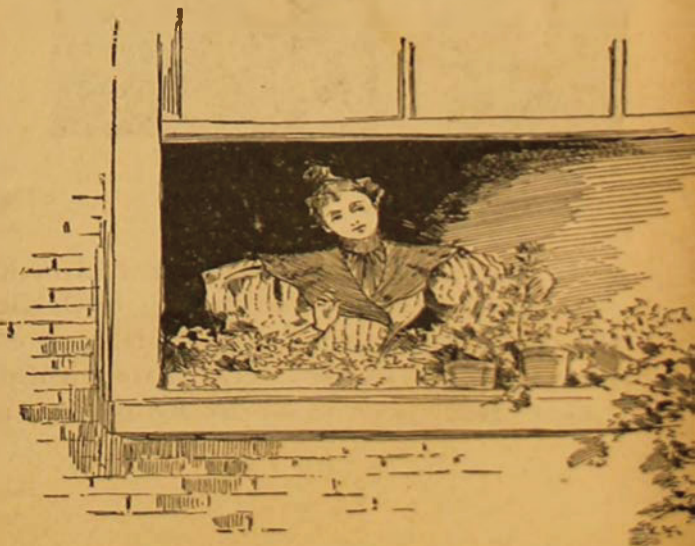
Betty went out on her first assignment in a blinding snowstorm, wrote what she considered an excellent account that would fill a column, and then went to the tea at Miss Carter's studio. Here she met Nellie O'Conner, an actress, Jean McFarlan, a young physician, and Gretchen and Isabel Müller, one a singer, the other a musician. They elected Betty a member of their club, the Pleiades, and she started homeward, on the way meeting a wealthy young lady who had made her *début* at the same time with herself. The heiress patronized Betty, but of course was not very cordial; yet Betty felt very happy in her independence. The next morning she bought a Meteor and found her work of the previous day cut down to a single paragraph, and on demanding an explanation was told that her work was "trashy," and that she must be brief. Sadly disappointed, as she had been calculating on pay for a column, she started on another assignment, turned in her "copy," and going home found a card from her friend Mr. Fenwick Huntington. Still more disappointed at not seeing him, she rushed up stairs to find Miss Carter waiting for her to request that she would come to her studio as soon as she could find leisure, to get points for an article about Miss Carter, to be published in an art paper. The next afternoon she went to the studio, when Miss Carter told her how, after the death of her grandfather, with whom she lived, she had taught school, and saved, and starved, almost, until she got together three hundred dollars, with which she came to New York, entered at the Art Students' League, had to begin in the lowest classes, but, possessing talent, steadily worked up until she was able to open a studio for herself. This interview resulted in the formation of a strong friendship between the two women. Almost every day Betty would drop in at Miss Carter's studio and tell her about her discouragements and her successes: how she had few assignments, but turned to good account every "catchy" thing she saw, writing it up for her paper and thus adding to her earnings; how she sometimes was snubbed when she interviewed ladies on society matters; how she went to a fashionable ball to write up the dresses and encountered Mr. Huntington and Miss Van Tassle, her former rival, in the entrance hall, who revenged herself by speaking quite derisively to Mr. Huntington about women as reporters. But with it all she was comparatively happy, and conscious of achieving some degree of success.

Meanwhile Nellie O'Conner, the actress, had an opportunity to take a leading part, and was to make her first appearance on her birthday; and the Pleiades determined to give her a birthday surprise-party, to which a number of friends of the Pleiades were to be invited, among them the Great Bear, an artist having a studio in the same building with Miss Carter, and about whom Betty had a theory of her own that he might be the lost Pleiad. Miss O'Conner's *début* proved a great success; and a very happy party gathered after it in Fanny Carter's studio to celebrate the event. "The Great Bear" sent with his acceptance of the invitation to the gathering some lovely flowers, proved a great acquisition, and dropped as naturally into his position as if he had always been one of them. The play in which Nellie O'Conner made her *début* proved very successful, and she was promoted to a permanently important position in the company. The increase in salary decides her to send for her mother—whom she has supported for some years—and establish herself in a pretty home in New York. Of course the plans for this are talked over in Miss Carter's studio; after tea Nellie and Betty take a walk together, and Nellie relates her experiences on the stage, the ups and downs of starting, hardships of provincial tours, and gives much valuable information for students of her profession.

IX.

SPRING had come in Washington Square; there was no mistaking her benign presence. In tenderest green the trees were clothed, where brown, barren branches so long had swayed. Along the walks, at bronze Garibaldi's feet, the babies, fair pink-and-white battalions, rolled and tumbled. Under the eaves sparrows were gossiping noisily of their plans for spring building, and

far aloft one could see that a big, studio window stood wide open to the fresh breeze and blue sky, while a row of scarlet geraniums bloomed brightly along the broad sill. Now and again a face appeared behind the geraniums; for Fanny



was finding it hard to work with the square—her square, she called it—in its brave spring dress.

She waved her hand to the babies she recognized, and breaking a blossom tossed it, laughing, down to a newsboy regarding the window wistfully. Then she drew back suddenly,



a delicate pink flush stealing into her pale cheeks when a man, whose pointed brown beard signified the artist, passed along and lifted his hat. She scattered some crumbs of cake to the greedy sparrows, and then her clear eyes recognized Betty standing near the white arch that guards the entrance to the Square,—Betty in a light gown, Betty with a smile-wreathed face upturned to that of a tall man, good to look at, Miss Carter noted mentally, and one whose clothes were above reproach. They were talking animatedly; but feeling, somehow, she had no right to watch her friend, Fanny went back to her easel, and presently Betty herself stood on the threshold.

“Who will sing
The song of spring oh!”

she laughed, lightly, holding out a bouquet of pink roses.

She stopped short half-way across the room, and her tone changed to one of mild reproach. “Now, Fanny Carter, why do you look at me in that tone of voice? ‘Look you, how pale she glares,’” mockingly; for Miss Carter, half-risen from her painting-stool, was scanning Betty with wide eyes. “Here’s roses; that’s for forgiveness.”

“No,” insisted the artist as Betty made another step forward, “hold the roses just as you have them now, in your arms carelessly. Why, do you know, Betty, child!” with excitement, “you make a picture Greuze himself would have loved to paint?”

“You wretched flatterer! What shall I pose as?—Fate, or Destiny, or ye faye flower-seller? I know,” protestingly, “you think I make a good color-scheme, a cool arrangement in gray, or whatever you artist folk call it.”

“No,” replied Fanny, still in earnest, “you miss my point. Who ever saw Fate in a pearl-gray grenadine trimmed with *chiffon*?”

“Or Destiny in a bargain-counter hat trimmed with manufactured ostrich-tips?—though it seems my destiny to wear such things now,” sighed Betty, with a still irrepressible smile on her lips.

“I would like to paint you against a background of green foliage, and call you ‘Youth.’ You look the rôle so charmingly! Sit for me, will you not? I feel as if I could make a great picture of you. You fill me with inspiration.”

“Of course, you dear goosey! I’ll do anything for you. But where must I pose? and do you really intend to do it in this gown and hat? The frock is quite ancient,—a relic of former splendors. I felt almost frightened by my frivolity when I put it on; I’ve worn black so long, and it’s very right gray should come next.”

“The frock is charming, but a mere detail; what I want to put on my canvas is the tinting of cheeks, richly soft as rose petals, the mouth rose red, the eyes eager, bright, and

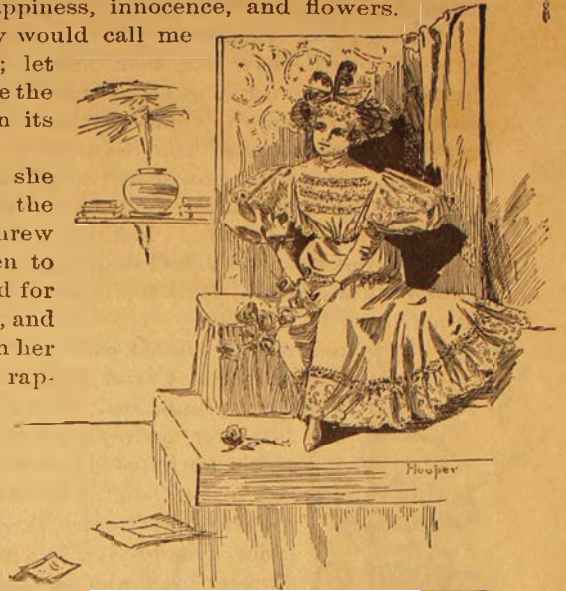
wistful, the little bronze-red curls feathering out on the white forehead, and the whole face looking out from the shadow of the wide hat. It must all speak of youth, youth, youth; of spring, happiness, innocence, and flowers.

If I could do it they would call me

great, Betty. Here; let me begin at once while the inspiration has me in its clutches.”

Without more ado she swept Betty up on the model’s throne, threw draperies over a screen to form the back-ground for her interested subject, and with a fresh canvas on her easel Miss Carter set rapidly to work block-ing in her figure.

“And so you went to Mrs. Stanton’s tea, this afternoon,” gossiped Fanny as she worked; “did you enjoy it?”



“Every minute!” emphatically. “At first I wondered if it was quite a wise or sensible thing to do; but on the spur of the moment, because I was filled with a wild desire to get away from my pen and ink, I dared. Of course it was a crush, palms as thick as a tropical jungle, banks of flowers, candles winking in the false twilight, violins shrilling in every corner, all New York of the ‘upper ten’ filling hall, library, drawing and dining rooms, all talking at the tops of their voices, drinking gallons of tea and munching strawberries. I felt shy, at first; but, Fanny, if I do say it myself, I was the success of the afternoon. The men stood three deep around me, because I was under Mrs. Stanton’s roof, and poured out their pretty speeches at my feet. Of course it was all *pour passer* the very tedious *temps* at a commonplace tea; tomorrow they will not remember I am alive, since my precious money is all gone. But,” lightly laughing, “I don’t mind in the least; on my side also it was *pour passer le temps*. Afterwards I walked down.”



"With a tall young man whose clothes come from Poole's, eh?" smiled Fanny.

"Oh," lightly, but with deepening color, "that was Fenwick Huntington. We used to be pretty good friends."

"Aren't you friends still?"

"Oh,—yes. I've not seen much of him all winter. I imagined he, too, had gone the way of the rest of his world, that has small time to spare on honest toilers like myself, and so, this afternoon at the Stantons I offered to snub him soundly. It seems, however, he had been away on business a great deal this winter, and, in short, like people who are sensitive and impulsive, I had never stopped to reason. His explanations proved I had done him a sad injustice. I am glad he did explain, for I really should be sorry to lose him as a friend."

She spoke frankly, almost carelessly; but in the privacy of her own mind Miss Carter snapped her fingers at Mr. Huntington's glib explanations. Her speculations and work, however, were put an end to at this juncture by the entrance of four thirsty Pleiades clamoring for tea, that, now the weather had grown too warm for further need of the Franklin fireplace, was brewed in a capacious kettle, over a pretty brass alcohol-lamp and stand, presented to the tea-table by Nellie.

Jean arrived with a great medical treatise under her arm; the Müllers, weary from their long round of music lessons; Nellie, unduly serious in view of a new part she was studying; and, saving Betty, who chattered gaily about nothing, and Miss Carter, smiling placidly, it was rather a sober-sided tea-party.

"What has happened?" demanded Nellie, suddenly observing Betty's smiling face with admiring interest. "You look as if you had just fallen heir to a great inheritance. Have they made you editor-in-chief of the Meteor?"

"No such great luck. I'm merely cheerful because it's spring, and I am kicking up the heels of my good spirits as the young calves and lambskins do."

"Where are we all going this summer?" asked Gretchen, extending her teacup for a second

look. "Who has plans?"

"I," volunteered Jean, "shall be in town all summer. I've joined a club of girls who volunteer to work among the sick in the slums, and manage fresh air parties. You see, I'm on the outdoor lists at our medical college now, and feel there is a lot I can do to help along the wretched; besides, it's splendid practice, and I don't need a vacation."

"I think we shall take a rest at some very quiet place on the seashore,—some place where board is cheap and the sea is wide. Next summer we expect, if all goes well, to go to Europe,—Germany, of course,—and we must scrimp during our holiday," said Gretchen.

"And I have made arrangements to take a big class in a summer art school," announced Fanny. "We shall live out in the country, somewhere up in

the prettiest part of New York State, and paint *en plein air*, as the French call it. I shall get a nice salary for my teaching, my expenses paid, and the benefits of country air. It's something of an honor to have been asked. Mr. Lawrence told the committee I was the teacher they needed; and now I can see a prospect of my European fund, too."

As one woman the Pleiades fell upon her with congratulations, for they duly appreciated the compliment and opportunity offered their beloved Fanny.

"It showed Lawrence's good sense, I'll say that for him," commented Jean. "I'll—"

But here her sentence was cut short, for with a sudden movement of her elbow Nellie struck and overturned the lamp and kettle, a tongue of flame ran across the table, and as the breeze wafted about a faded piece of silk hanging on the wall, the flame sprang on like lightning up its folds.

There was a crash and a cry; then, before one of the girls had sufficiently collected her wits to take any active measures, the door flew open, and Mr. Knowlton, the Great Bear, paint-brush in hand, rushed in. He saw the danger in an instant; without the slightest hesitation he caught the flaming drapery, tore it from the wall, and in a moment had stamped out the blaze under his feet.

"Oh! Thank you! Thank you!" came a chorus of voices, tremulous still

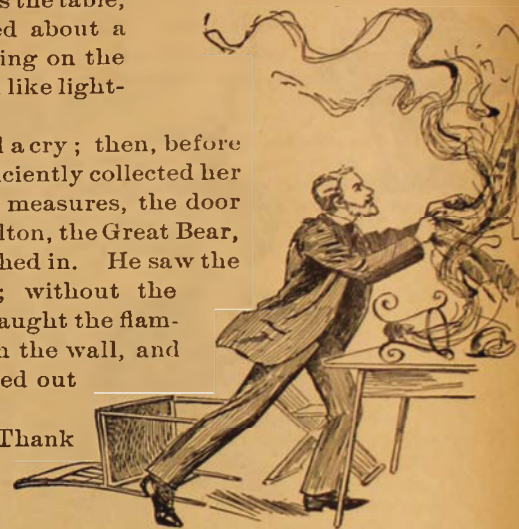
with fright; but with the most untruthful assertion that he really had done nothing at all, and laughing at their alarm, he was about to make his way out, when Jean intercepted him.

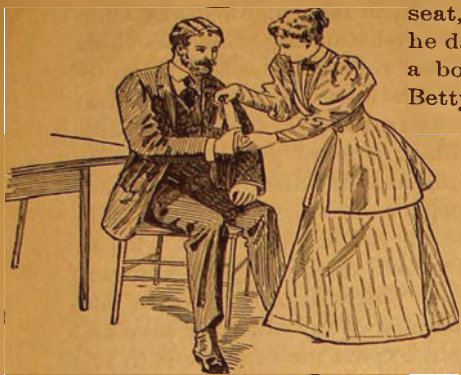
"You have burned your hand," she insisted.

"Oh, a trifle, a trifle," holding both, black from handling the charred rags, behind him.

"Let me see," demanded Dr. Jean so very sternly that he held them out, but deprecatingly.

The right one was red with cruel burns; whereat everyone but Jean gave a series of horrified exclamations. She only set her lips, pointed the now humbled Great Bear to a





seat, with so awful an expression he dared not resist, sent Fanny for a bowl of water, and Nellie and Betty to the nearest apothecary's for bandage linen and an ointment. In ten minutes, with firm, yet tender, fingers, and wonderful neatness and dispatch, the wounded member was bound up, and the Great Bear, who confessed he no longer felt any pain from

the ugly burns, was receiving exact instructions as to its future treatment.

Then the Pleiades gave three rousing cheers for Mr. Knowlton, who had saved their lives, so they begged him to believe, and three more for Jean, who had showed so much professional skill. They filled the Great Bear's pockets with cake, plied him with fresh tea, and sent him away, his broad shoulders fairly bowed under the thanks and small gifts the girls heaped upon him.



A half-hour later, still discussing their narrow escape, the girls came down the stairs and stopped, still chattering, on the sidewalk.

"There is going to be a delightful concert tomorrow night, at Music Hall," broke in Gretchen, at last;

"Wagner, Betty; Beethoven, Fanny; and Scotch ballads, Jean. I have tickets; will you all go?"

"Why, of course!" replied the artist and the little doctor; but Betty hesitated.

"I'm afraid I can't," she said, slowly.

"Why?"

"I—I have some work to do." In the twilight no one saw her color rise. It was almost the first time in her life Betty had practiced any deception; perhaps she was aware of Miss Carter's eyes bent upon her, half sadly.

"Come, dear," said the artist, laying her hand on Betty's arm, "let the work wait. The music will do you so much good."

"No, I can't. I must finish it;" and with "Good-night, girls," Betty turned and walked quickly homeward.

(To be continued.)

A Sunflower Song.

As turns the golden fringed flower
 Unto its god, the sun,
 So all my thoughts unceasing turn
 Toward thee, beloved one.

When in the east the dawn appears
 The flower all fitful gleams;
 With morning's light my memory
 Of thee stirs in sweet dreams.

With noon's bright splendorous dazzling rays
 The flower is all aflame;
 At midday unto all the world
 Would I my love proclaim.

And as the last faint light of day
 Lies hid in the flower's heart,
 So would I hold thee here on mine,
 And bid thee ne'er depart.

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

A Theory in Moderation.



ROGER, won't you take me in your arms and tell me that you love me? I'm so homesick today."

"'Homesick,' Cicely? Nonsense! child, this is all strained sentimentality upon your part. Pray why should you be homesick? Is not this your home, here with me, your husband? And am I not doing everything in my power to make you feel happy in it?"

"Yes, oh yes, forgive me," she hastened to say; then added, dolefully, by way of further apology, "I miss the boys so much today, and—and mamma. They"—with a slight sob in her voice, "they all seem so far away from me, and—and it does seem as though I never before realized how widely separated the East is from the West. Won't you take me in your arms a moment, Roger, please?"

Mr. Roger Whitlock looked up from the writing of one of the most engrossing chapters of his novel, to where his young wife stood with her small, trembling hand resting coaxingly upon the edge of his desk, and her brown eyes regarding him wistfully. He held his pen, with the ink drying upon it, in one hand, while the other kept in place upon his blotter the page of manuscript upon which he had been at work. He seemed a trifle annoyed, as well as surprised, at this request issuing from the lips of his wife, for she had interrupted him at a moment when his whole mind had been concentrated upon the elucidation of the theme before him, and he was reluctant to leave it. He was considerably her senior, and not being a man of a demonstrative nature the request coming at such an inopportune moment seemed utterly childish and trivial, and unworthy of the intrusion. However, he reflected upon her youth and impulsiveness, and finally laid down his pen with an air of forced resignation, pushing his chair out from his desk, and facing her.

"Well, come here, my child, if you want to be petted. But what can be the matter with you today, Cicely? Do you not feel well?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly well; but I—I—miss the boys and mamma a little, for I am not used to being left alone to myself so much. I—I—think that I am homesick for them."

"'Homesick,' Cicely, and married only three months! Is not this announcement a poor compliment to your husband, my dear?"

"Ah, forgive me!" she said, patting his cheek remorsefully. "I—I—didn't quite mean that, Roger, dear. You see, the boys were not always writing as you are, and—and they had more time to spend with me. We three were always together; they would take me out for lovely long drives and walks, and then—and then—they were always petting me, you know. Dick especially. He"—smiling brightly at the recollection, "he used to give me *such* bear-like embraces,—just to tease me, you know, for he was such a dear, sweet brother he wouldn't have hurt me for anything! Then when I would cry out for mercy, Al would rush up in pretended fury to rescue me from Dick's clutches, and there would be *such* a wrestling match! They would roll over and over on the floor, while I would scramble about in a hurry, pulling chairs, tables, and stools out of their way lest they might happen to strike their dear old heads upon anything, fighting in my cause. Sometimes I would not be quick enough, and then bang! would go somebody's head against the claw foot of the table, and the wrestling-match would come to a sudden end. They looked so funny after one of those tussles, Roger, so awfully funny!—Dick with his dear brown eyes peering out at me through a mass of tangled hair that had fallen over his eyes, like a Skye terrier's, and Al with his necktie and one side of his collar

sticking straight out behind his ear in the funniest way imaginable!" And she laughed merrily as she recalled the scene.

She was kneeling down beside his chair with her pretty cheek resting contentedly against his shoulder and his arm lightly encircling her waist. He smiled in sympathy with her mirth, for she was very dear to him; but he stifled a sigh of impatience as he realized how fast the precious moments were slipping away, nowise diminishing that pile of blank foolscap lying upon his desk.

"But, Roger,——"

"Well?"

"You—you—have not yet told me that you love me."

"Have I not? What an oversight upon my part! Well, now, listen. Mrs. Roger Whitlock, wife of the busiest man in town, I love you."

"Ah, no, Roger, not in that tone, please."

"Not? Well, then, I love you."

"No, nor that."

"Come, come, Cicely! this is foolishness. What a sentimental girl you are, anyway! Here you have made me waste forty-five minutes by the clock, talking nonsense with you when I might have written a dozen pages on my manuscript. Why is it that you need these constant verbal assertions of my love for you, when you are so perfectly aware of its existence? They try my patience sorely, my child."

He felt the start which she gave, and then, without a word, she drew back out of his encircling arm, her face flushing sensitively, and the happy light of her innocent mirth dying under the chill of that impatience in his voice. With a little sick feeling at her heart she then realized she had missed the customary warmth in his embrace, and at this she got upon her feet and stepped back to her former place by his desk.

"I—I—beg your pardon," she said, in a tremulous voice. "I did not realize that I had interrupted you for so long a time. It—it—seemed only a moment since my entering the room."

"A woman's disregard of the passage of time," he said, smiling indulgently as he again took up his pen to resume his work. Dipping it in the ink he paused and looked up at her, as he said in a thoughtful tone, "Cicely, you believed in my absolute truth once, did you not?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" she said, looking at him wonderingly. "I do now. Why do you ask?"

"The day upon which I asked you to marry me,—three, five months ago,—I told you that I loved you with my whole heart and soul, did I not?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have not changed in my manner toward you since that time, have I?"

"N—o."

"You speak hesitatingly. Why is it? Do I not give you every comfort money can buy, and the entire devotion of my heart?"

"Yes."

He threw down his pen with a show of irritation, and sat in silence, stroking his moustache.

"You annoy me, my child, with your reluctant responses to my questions," he presently remarked. "Tell me frankly; do I, or do I *not* make you happy?"

"Oh, yes, Roger, indeed you do."

"And you believe in the existence of my love for you?"

"Oh yes." But the voice was unsteady; he did not seem to notice this, however, and continued in the same grave tone.

"Very well, then. There is something I have wanted to say to you for some time, and this is a fitting opportunity, I think. You knew, my child, before you married me, that I

was not a demonstrative man, and, in fact, disliked any such display of affection; but, notwithstanding this previous knowledge of my character, I am repeatedly called upon by you to force myself into demonstrations that are not natural to me and are consequently performed with such awkwardness as to make me appear colder toward you than I really feel. You, on the other hand, are impulsive and demonstrative, and expect a like degree of warmth from me in return, and are hurt with me if you do not meet with it. Will you not see, dear, how much needless pain you will spare yourself in the future, if you will only learn to take for granted the fact of the existence of my absolute love and loyalty toward yourself, and not expect me to show it to you in so many words and caresses? Rest assured, my darling, that for me to love once is to love forever; and Cicely Whitlock has been the only woman to win that regard from me. I know that this may seem like plain speaking; but I am sure that we understand each other better now, do we not?"

She stood there a moment, mutely, before answering him, with her flushed face drooping upon her breast, and a mist of tears blinding her eyes; then she raised her head and looked down upon his questioning eyes, tranquilly and sweetly.

"Yes," she said slowly, "perfectly, Roger. You must forgive my stupidity. I will not so offend you again. I am very impulsive, and have never been taught to control it at home, for somehow they never seemed to think of it; but it can be controlled in time, and I will not forget the lesson which you have taught me. I am going now to drive down to Morris with Colonel Atwater. He wishes to consult with me about the finishing of his mother's room. You knew that he was building a house for her in Morris, during her stay abroad?"

"Yes."

"You have no objections to my going with him, of course?"

"None whatever. It is a lovely morning, and the drive will do you good. The colonel is a careful whip, and will take excellent care of my little wife."

He had once more taken up his pen and smoothed out the sheet before him preparatory to recommencing his interrupted work, but from sheer force of habit waited a moment expecting her to bend down to kiss him, as was her custom, before leaving him for any length of time; but, instead, she bade him a smiling "Good-morning," and moved quietly across the room toward the door, closing it gently behind her.

He dipped his pen in the ink and proceeded to write, trying to concentrate his thoughts upon his subject, but finally awoke to the fact that he was wasting further time by mechanically drawing perpendicular black lines upon his blotter, without reference to the matter in hand. He was conscious of an odd sense of loss, of disappointment, to which he could give no name, but which disturbed the flow of his thoughts and lessened his interest in his work. How pretty the young, pleading face had looked! How sweet, yet strong, the curving, tremulous lips! What possibilities of development lay beneath that timid, girlish manner! And his privilege it was to aid in that development. How gentle and patient he would be, seeking to guide and control the impulsiveness of her youthful spirit into the maturer serenity of a splendid womanhood. How sweetly she had accepted his first lesson,—with the proud humility of a strong nature!

A half-hour later he was still in the same attitude of idleness, but was listening unconsciously for the sound of the light footsteps passing his door on the way to the carriage without. He was not disappointed; the patter of the small feet came swiftly along the hall toward his study, but,

strange to relate, passed on without stopping, and a moment later he heard the subdued slam of the doors leading into the vestibule, and then the sound of rapid wheels.

He arose, ostensibly to select a book from one of the many shelves which lined the walls from floor to ceiling; but happening to be near the window at the time he glanced out at the occupants of the carriage as they drove past him. The face of the colonel was turned toward his wife in respectful admiration, and they were laughing over something with a light-heartedness in which he had no part. The brilliant light on Cicely's face startled her husband with the amazing beauty it had brought into life. A feeling,—it could scarcely be called jealousy, he was too sure of her absolute fondness for him to call it that,—a sense of neglect, of having been forgotten by them, chilled his heart, and he returned to his desk deep in thought.

"She must have thought that she had kissed me good-by before she left the room that time," was the conclusion of his meditation; then, sighing patiently: "Dear little girl! Her intense attachment to me needs disciplining; she must learn that moderation in love, as well as in other things, is essential to its lasting happiness, and that thus only can its strength be preserved throughout the wear and tear of the years spent together as man and wife. I will be very gentle and patient with her, remembering her youth, and will teach her to control that warm, loving heart of hers that she may be spared much needless pain in the future." And he laid the copy of Miss Young's "Womankind" down beside his manuscript.

Late in the afternoon, when she returned, radiant from her drive, he was walking in the grounds. He met them just as they were about to turn in at the gates, and at her request the carriage was stopped and she was lifted to the ground. The gentlemen exchanged merely the coldest formalities, for neither was popular with the other, and then, with a last smile from Cicely, the colonel drove away.

Husband and wife walked slowly toward the house. She did not cling to his arm as was her wont, nor had she even lifted her face for a kiss of greeting when they were alone. Instead, she was bright, lively, and full of the details of her drive, and talked incessantly during their slow walk up the driveway; but it was more as though her conversation were a continuation of that which she had sustained throughout the afternoon with her late companion, than the more confidential tone she might have adopted while alone with her husband. He missed something from her bearing toward him, but could not define its lack. Nevertheless, he found a relaxation from the tension of his thoughts in her bright chatter, which also acted as a stimulus to his jaded brain.

Throughout the evening the same spirit of gayety possessed her; she sang for him, played for him, and then read aloud to him until the soothing monotone of her voice lulled him to sleep. Then it was that the book was laid upon her lap and her head fell back wearily against her chair. Her face looked white and sad, and there seemed some mental process in progress that shadowed the brightness of the young features.

The evening wore away thus; her husband sleeping calmly on, his heavy breathing the only sound in the room, while she sat there before the fire gazing into the heart of the coals, her thoughts far away in her western home with mother and "the boys." What were they doing now? Were they thinking of her as they sat upstairs around the fire in mother's room? Were they talking of her and wondering what she might be doing that very night, glad in their hearts, despite their loss, that she was happy in the devoted love of her clever husband?—But she was far away from them, ah, so *very* far away from them!

A sob rose in her throat and choked her, and two scalding

tears, the first she had shed since leaving home, rolled down her cheeks and dropped upon the book in her lap. An indescribable longing for her mother, for the loving arms that had never before failed her, filled her with a sort of terror and desolation. She seemed cruelly, nay, coldly, shut out from the dear home circle, and grew positively faint at the thought that she could never go back to that happy, untroubled life and be one of them again. Is this strange change which had come so unexpectedly into her married life, sweeping the bloom from those dreams of her future with Roger, what her mother had meant when she had tried gently to warn her that married life was not all roses? If so, why had she not been better prepared? Why had it crushed her? And how was she to endure weeks and months, perhaps years, of this new loneliness, when one day of it had almost broken her heart?

She sat there long, in silence, with these thoughts surging through her mind, but more in sadness than in bitterness, though the wound her sensitive pride had received had been deeper than her husband suspected. She locked her hands together in a passion of rebellion against the loneliness of the future as it loomed up before her excited imagination, and longed, with an inexpressible sense of homesick longing, for one of Dick's rough embraces, for the dear gray coat against which to lay her head and weep out her grief and disappointment to the great heart that had ever stood between her and sorrow of any kind.

Presently a coal broke asunder and fell with a slight crash upon the fender, startling both husband and wife. She rose as Roger stirred in his sleep, and opening his eyes he saw her standing there by the fire with her profile toward him. He sat up with a start.

"Why! how long I must have slept, Cicely. I beg your pardon. You have had a lonely evening of it, I am afraid. Going up to your room, darling?"

"Yes," she said, quietly. "I waited to say good-night to you, for I did not like to disturb you, you looked so tired."

"Thank you; you were very thoughtful. Yes, I am tired. I wrote a number of chapters beyond my daily allowance, and am worn out. Well, good-night, my child; pleasant dreams of—your husband."

He held out his hand toward her with the generous intention of drawing her to him for a parting kiss; but she did not seem to be aware of the motion, for she was stooping over the fire at the time, with the tongs in her hand, trying to lift the refractory coal back to its place among its fellows. His outstretched hand fell empty at his side, and he regarded her curiously. But with the arch grace that was characteristic of her she nodded a merry good-night to him and slipped out of the room, leaving him baffled and slightly surprised, but certainly wholly charmed with her.

From that night he became aware of a change in her; but so cleverly and gayly was its real source hidden from him that he was at loss where to reproach her with it, and while yet being soothed by her unflinching tact and grace, was not altogether as happy as he had been in the first weeks of his marriage. Thus the weeks and months glided on, bringing forth surprising results from his carefully planned theory of marital disciplining,—results, too, that were not quite as satisfactory as he had thought they would be, considering the amazing forethought he had used in thus promptly instilling "the art of taking things for granted" into the highly receptive mind of his wife.

By the end of the third month of this state of domestic affairs his charming wife was in excellent training; she had entirely lost the joyous, childlike frankness which had been the strongest characteristic of her nature, and in its place had substituted an amount of self-control that was a trifle chilling at times, perhaps, but was worldly, and, of

course, very delightful in itself. She was more lovable than ever with this touch of ice in her sprightly manner, and others besides her husband were not long in finding it out.

So decided was the change in the young wife that she no longer cried to be taken into her husband's arms, nor interrupted him in his busiest hours to prattle childish nonsense to him about mother, "the boys," and home. To be sure, she was as gay, as bright, and as lively as ever, and never failed in her wifely attentions to him; but with an odd, dull ache in his heart her husband acknowledged to himself that Cicely was changed, alas! greatly changed; and he blamed the world for spoiling her. The affection between them at this period had assumed the atmosphere of a platonic friendship which seemed well calculated to bear out his theory of a love so schooled and moderated as to have a reserve fund of strength for the wear and tear of later years. There were no disagreements between them. The natural courtesy of both, and the constant stream of guests now always filling the house, helped them to pass over any point of friction in silence, and also avoided the necessity of a *tête-à-tête* between them. In fact, he one day realized, with a shock of surprise, that he was now never alone with her, and that she never voluntarily sought his presence.

He was in his study when he made this discovery, and sat down in his chair feeling suddenly weak and old and deserted. Good heavens! how had it happened? Where was the fault which had caused this appalling change in their life, and who was responsible for it? Not he himself, surely; for he loved her as always he had loved her, with the entire devotion of his heart. Nay, one moment; but *was* this feeling the same? Had it not grown stronger and deeper in these later months, and was not this brilliant, polished woman more to him at that very moment than the trembling and impulsive girl whom he had married had been? The old simile of the bud opening into the maturer beauty of the rose floated mistily through his mind, but, alas! he saw that in the forced opening of that flower the delicacy of its fragrance had suffered.

He leaned his head upon his hand and sat there for hours, reviewing the past and comparing it with the present. In the changed aspect of the latter, and the new light in which his wife now appeared before him, the novel into which he had put his best thoughts and the result of years of careful study and observation passed before his mental vision, with each character as cold and lifeless as though their creator had indeed molded them in stone. A bitter consciousness of failure, of wasted effort and the mistake of ignorance, chilled him to the heart, and he wished, with that sad sense of unavailing regret, that he had not permitted the work to leave his hands; but this, unfortunately, was too late, for it had long since been in the possession of the publishers, and he was daily awaiting their decision regarding its fate. The pet theory of his life—that of affection as existing between the hearts of man and woman being carefully disciplined and regulated to a degree of moderation which would insure its permanency—had been carefully elucidated in the pages of his manuscript. It was rather his misfortune than his fault, therefore, that in recalling the tone of that work its once strong points should now return to him as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

It so happened that a week or so later he was again in his study moodily contemplating life, when his wife chanced to pass the door, which was ajar, and upon a sudden impulse he called to her and she entered the room. It was the first time in many months that they had been alone thus, and the eyes of husband and wife met in silence. Cicely was looking very beautiful, but with a beauty that seemed set in the chill of ice. The calm expression of her features was almost haughty, and the poise of her head had something unap-

proachable in it; yet, notwithstanding these two repelling facts, as he gazed upon the loveliness of her face, very suddenly and unexpectedly that theory of love in moderation, which for so long had dominated him, vanished, and the very possibility of its existence in this particular case filled him with a most unreasoning dismay.

"You so seldom trouble me with your presence in these days," he said, in a constrained voice, as he placed a chair for her and then let his gaze stray to where an express package, with the wrapper hastily torn from it, lay upon his desk, "that I may perhaps be pardoned if I encroach upon your time this once, forcing you to endure a few moments private conversation with me."

She said "Certainly," and seated herself quietly, with her elbow resting lightly upon the edge of his desk and her chin supported upon her hand.

"You were so good at one time as to take an interest in my literary work," he continued, speaking coldly, to hide that pain in his heart, "and I have thought that it was due you that you should be made aware of the result of my labor. There"—pointing with almost tragical bitterness to where the package lay—"there is the failure of my life. My book has been rejected."

"Is that indeed so, Roger? I am very sorry."

"Yes? I had expected you to say that; you are naturally very kind-hearted."

At the announcement of his defeat she had leaned forward toward him in an impulse of womanly sympathy; but the coldness of his next remark checked her where she was. She sat back again.

"Did the editor not send some letter with the—the package?" she asked, finally.

"Oh, yes; a manly, friendly letter, of course, in which he takes the trouble to inform me of one or two truths that seem to have struck him as being conspicuous—by their absence from my work. He has nobly and graciously descended from the formalities of his editorial dignity to offer me a suggestion which is little less than the height of impertinence. It is, that my 'women might be made a little more natural if I would study them from life and not draw upon my imagination for my characters!' I could not but be intensely amused at the suggestion, despite my wrath, for the utter folly of his offering *me* a suggestion on the subject of women struck me as a huge joke,—I, who have lived all my life among women, and have made them a study with the express purpose of ultimately putting my observations into a book! The contemptible little cur! I'd like to get my fingers on him and hammer some of my knowledge of women into his conceited pate, which no doubt would be far too small to hold a tenth of it. Study women, indeed! I have half a mind to call upon him and demand an explanation for his outrageous impertinence!"

During this somewhat fierce denunciation of the luckless dignitary, who, in a moment of temporary aberration brought on by an overstrained sense of kindness, had paused in the formalities of a cold refusal to point out to the author of "The Heart of a Woman" the predominating weakness of his work, the wife of that author himself had sat in silence with her gaze fixed upon the toe of her boot.

When at last she did look up there was a suspicious mist in her dark eyes, and, despite those months of carefully acquired self-control, a foolish tremor had somehow gotten into her voice.

"Perhaps he did not think that you could be a married man," she said, with a gentleness that was full of unconscious pathos.

Her husband looked up, startled.

"No? Why do you say that?"

"Because he evidently thinks that you are not intimate

enough with women to really understand the true workings of a woman's heart."

His brow darkened with something of the old impatience.

"You surprise me, Cicely," he said, with some restraint. "You are aware that the study of woman and her ways has been one of lifelong interest to me, are you not?"

"Oh, yes."

She had arisen and sauntered carelessly over to the fire, standing there holding her hands out to the blaze, her slight figure in its long gown of black outlined in graceful curves against the white tiles of the fireplace. She did not look at him, but answered his question composedly and at length.

"Yes," she said, gently, "I have always known of this interest of yours, Roger; but I have sometimes thought that in the working out of such problems one should not confine oneself too closely to the bare technicalities of the subject, but should study it deeper, even to the point of sacrificing general principles, if necessary. There are so many things to be considered in the study of a woman's heart." Here her voice broke again, and she relapsed into silence.

In the short pause which ensued, her husband gazed upon her averted face with a quickened beating of his pulses. Some new light was dawning upon his manly intellect, and for a moment he was unable to speak.

"Cicely," he said, at last, with abrupt huskiness, "what is it that you wish me to understand?"

"The heart of a woman," she said, smiling back at him over her shoulder with an arch sweetness that thrilled him through and through. He sprang up and hurried over to her side. She trembled at his approach, but so perfect was her self-control that she did not even change color.

"The heart of a woman!" he exclaimed, in passionate accents, as he placed both hands upon her shoulders and turned her about so he might look squarely into her face. "Yes; God knows that *is* what I need to comprehend,—the heart of a woman!—the heart of the woman whom I have married. Cicely, look at me, answer me. Why are you so changed? Where is the love that only a year ago met me at every turn in my life? Where is the love that sympathized with me, encouraged me, brightened my darkest hours, thus stimulating me to do my best work under the sweetness of its influence? Where are the loving arms that only a year ago would steal about my neck, soothing each disappointment that came to me, with the evidence of a deep love manifested in their clinging touch? Cicely, my wife, why have you so changed toward me, your husband? In the months of estrangement I have learned what that love of yours means to me, and I cannot live without it. Through the loss of its stimulating power I have met with the direst failure of my life, in the cold and unresponsive tone of that book lying yonder. Do you not see, my darling, all that your love means to me? Let us go back to the dear old days when you and I were sufficient for each other, and you were the sweet, affectionate girl whom I met and won at her home in Colorado."

She turned her head away sadly from his passionate gaze, while the tears hung upon her lashes.

"Ah, why have you said all this?" she cried in a sorrowful voice. "My poor Roger! why do you force me to give you pain? What you ask is impossible. I—forgive me!—I no longer care for you in that way. We cannot go back to the old days."

"No longer care for me?" His hands dropped heavily from her shoulders and he fell back a step. A white, drawn look of agony came over his face as he realized the truth in the sad frankness of her words. In a blinding flash of intelligence he saw the work of his own hand laid bare before him. No longer care for him! This, then, was a living illustration of the folly of his theory of a love moderated and

cautiously eked out to a heart starving for stronger food. This,—this awful, unconquerable evidence of death,—this fire burned out for the lack of fuel upon which to feed itself, and he now searching among the cold ashes of the once glowing embers for a single spark which he might nurse into life!

The horror of his arrogance stunned him. He put up his hands and covered his face, and leaned back against the mantel. A long silence fell upon the two hearts. Presently his wife went to him and laid her cheek remorsefully and caressingly against his arm; he trembled, and one hand came down from his face and was passed about her form.

"Wife," he said, yearningly.

She pressed her face closer to him, and he strained her to his heart.

"Roger, do not blame me altogether," she whispered, softly. "I am going to hurt you once again by alluding to that day of long ago,—how very far in the past it seems, dear,—you remember, I came in here, hungry and heartsick, for a word of love from you, but you sent me away with only a semblance of it, upon which to feed my heart. After that I tried to teach myself to do without your love. It was bitterly hard to live without it, at first, but, after a time, when I met with nothing but a cold disapproval from you, it was not so hard, for—for pride stepped in and helped me, and at last I felt all that ardor and warmth slipping out of my heart, leaving it cold and indifferent."


"O God! had I but known what I know now!" he broke in, kissing her hair in a passion of despair. "Cicely, Cicely, how am I to live under the same roof with you and not go mad knowing that you care nothing for me! Oh, thou who watchest over human hearts, how am I to do it? Cicely," lifting her face to meet his gaze, "you must give me every opportunity to win you back. You must not repulse me when I take you in my arms, thus; you must let me try to win your heart by every endearing word and caress that I will shower upon you. You must help me,—help me, my darling! to win you back, for I cannot live without you. See, my dear wife, this is the way you used to like me to hold you, with your sweet head lying upon my breast and my cheek resting against your hair, thus. Cicely, my life, my love, does nothing of the old affection revive in your heart as you lie here locked in my arms?"

She was crying bitterly by this time, and could not answer him. But he scarcely noticed that, for he was kissing her again and again in awakening hope. And who shall dare to say that as these unmistakable evidences of his passionate love stole warmly into her frozen soul, two people, instead of one, were not learning something more regarding the mysterious workings of a woman's heart?

EVE ERSKINE BRANT.

Two Nile-ists.

(See Full-page Water-Color.)

 All the Nihilists in the world were as harmless as these good comrades on the banks of the Nile, portrayed in our amusing picture, the Czar of all the Russias would not have to lead the life of a prisoner in his own empire. Though dark his countenance, we will vouch for the innocence of heart of the occupant of the willow basket, and are sure that no dire plots for the destruction of life are hatching in his brain. His every endeavor now is to incite his ungainly companion, the stork, to become his playfellow; but we are left a prey to uneasy doubts as to his ultimate success. A large part of the world would have to find something else to do if all Nihilists were as content as our pair of Nile-ists whose calm is undisturbed by the lap, lap, lap, of the waters.

WOMEN WHO MAKE THE BEST WIVES.*

PERSONAL opinions on this ever interesting question, given specially for Demorest's Magazine by Susan B. Anthony, Clara Louise Kellogg, Mrs. Ballington Booth, Mrs. A. M. Palmer, Jennie O'Neill Potter, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Marie Louise Beebe, Voltairine de Cleyre, and Ellen Battelle Dietrick.

A WOMAN SUFFRAGIST'S IDEAS.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

"WHAT kind of women make the best wives?" It is the women who have the broadest, fullest, deepest opportunities for free growth, for self-development; and who, having such opportunities, are able to govern the home wisely, and to accord to others the freedom they appreciate for themselves. The best housewives and homemakers are the roundly developed women who realize that they are citizens as well as daughters, wives, and mothers, and who understand that as long as they enjoy the birthright of citizenship they can never escape accountability for the use or non-use they make of the responsibility of citizenship.

The good wives and mothers are the women who believe in the sisterhood of woman as well as in the brotherhood of man. The highest exponent of this type seeks to make her home something more than an abode where children are fed, clothed, and taught the catechism. The State has taken her children into politics by making their education a function of politicians. The good wife and homemaker says to her children, "Where thou goest, I will go." She puts off her own inclinations to ease and selfishness. She studies the men who propose to educate her children; she exhorts mothers to sit beside fathers on the school-board; she will even herself accept such thankless office in the interests of the helpless youth of the schools who need a mother's as well as a father's and a teacher's care in this field of politics.

The good wife and homemaker does not shrug her shoulders and exclaim "Am I my sister's helper?" when the weak women, the sinning women, the starving women, the insane women, are crushed beneath the ponderous political machinery. To these also she says, "Where thou goest, I will go;" and in the interests of all homes she sees to it that the mother element of society is represented by active women workers in the administration of courts of justice, in law-making, law-modifying, or law-repealing, as justice may demand, in official rule of alms-houses, of asylums, of jails.

In a word, the kind of woman who makes the best wife and best home is that famous type of wise, ancient Egypt, whose characteristics were strength, wisdom, freedom, power, activity at home and abroad, interest in affairs private and political, and "whose own works" praised her in the public assembly (that is, in the council chamber) of the city.

VOICE OF A GREAT SINGER.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

A WOMAN conscious of the duties of her sex, one who unflinchingly discharges the duties allotted to her by nature, would no doubt make a good wife.

FROM THE SALVATION ARMY HEADQUARTERS.

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

THE best wife and the best home, in my very firm belief, is made only by that woman who is in perfect harmony with the aims, hopes, desires, and ambitions of her husband. Thus the best wife for Mr. Ballington Booth is Mrs. Ballington Booth. This, in as far as it goes, can be applied universally. It is a finality. Conceding that perfect harmony exists between man and wife is the same as saying that perfect love exists between them; and if there's love, why! wherever there's love how can a woman be anything else but the best wife?

And as to whether a busy woman, that is, a woman who labors for mankind in the world outside of her home,—whether such an one can also be a good housekeeper, and care for her children, and make a real "Home, Sweet Home!" with all the comforts by way of variation, why! I am ready, as the result of years of practical experience as a busy woman, to assert that women of affairs can also be women of true domestic tastes and habits. But I'll pause, for I may become personal.

WHAT A BUSY WOMAN THINKS.

MRS. A. M. PALMER, PRESIDENT OF THE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S LEAGUE.

"What kind of women make the best wives?" The woman who is brainy enough to be a companion, wise enough to be a counsellor, skilled enough in the domestic virtues to be a good housekeeper, and loving enough to guide in true paths the children with whom the home may be blessed.

A BACHELOR WOMAN'S THEORY.

JENNIE O'NEILL POTTER, ELOCUTIONIST.

THE best wife is the woman who has found the right husband, a husband who understands her. A man will have the best wife when he rates that wife as queen among women. Of all women she should always be to him the dearest. This sort of man will not only praise the dishes made by his wife, but will actually eat them. He will listen attentively to all Mrs. Caudle's talk about the rights of woman and the tyranny of man, and be a real, good, quiet, harmless Mr. Caudle. He will allow his life-companion a bank-account, and will exact no itemized bill at the end of the month. Above all, he will pay the Easter bonnet bill without a word, never bring a friend to dinner without first telephoning home,—in short, he will comprehend that the woman who makes the best wife is the woman whom, by his indulgence of her ways and whims, *he makes* the best wife. So, after all, good husbands have the most to do with making good wives.



* "Men Who Make the Best Husbands" will be published in the July number.

As for the wife, I should say she should be like a sun-beam, always warm, bright, sympathetic. She must have the faculty of smiling at misfortunes, of telling interesting stories, and of never becoming tiresome. She must love children, and "chum" with the family. The best wife will be proud of her husband. The moment she becomes vain and courts the admiration of other men, that moment she loses her power over her husband.

Then again, love is destroyed more by trivial annoyances than real grievances. A woman with a "touchy" nature must have a husband who understands her, or in her case marriage will surely be a failure.

Above all, the best wife will recognize the husband as the head of the household, and will allow him to earn the living for both; for that which, in respect to the purse, is mis-called "independence" between man and wife, makes many a marriage a hell on earth.

A POET'S OPINION.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, AUTHOR OF "AN ERRING WOMAN'S LOVE," "POEMS OF PASSION," ETC.

A WOMAN to be the best homemaker needs to be devoid of intensive "nerves." She must be neat and systematic, but not too neat lest she destroy the comfort she endeavors to create. She must be distinctly amiable, while firm. She should have no "career," or desire for a career, if she would fill to perfection the home sphere. She must be affectionate, sympathetic, and patient, and fully appreciative of the worth and dignity of her sphere.

FROM THE Y. W. C. A.

MARIE LOUISE BEEBE, PRESIDENT OF THE YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

I AM inclined to make my answer to this question somewhat concise, after the manner of a text without the sermon. Like this: To be the "best wife" depends upon three things: first, an abiding faith in God; second, duty lovingly discharged as daughter, wife, and mother; third, self-improvement, mentally, physically, spiritually. With this as a text and as a glittering generality, let me touch upon one or two practical essentials. In the course of every week it is my privilege to meet hundreds of young women,—prospective wives. I am astonished to find that many of these know nothing whatsoever about cooking or sewing or housekeeping. Now if a woman cannot broil a beefsteak nor boil the coffee when it is necessary, if she cannot mend the linen nor patch a coat, if she cannot make a bed, order the dinner, create a lamp-shade, ventilate the house, nor do anything practical in the way of making home actually a home, how can she expect to make even a good wife, not to speak of a better or best wife? I need not continue this sermon. Wise girls will understand.

AN ANARCHIST'S VIEW.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE, ANARCHIST, THEORIST, AND POET.

THE query "What kind of women make the best wives?" arises from the time-honored superstition that housewifery and homemaking are the main businesses of a women's life. It is as if one should inquire "What kind of men make the best financiers and speculators?" To one who looks with a profoundly indifferent eye upon this alleged "mission of women" in the world, the question is decidedly unprofitable.

The main idea with me is, not to bring out the housewife, but the individual; and if in this latter development the laundress, cook, chambermaid, baker, dish-washer, mender, etc., which constitute the housewife, must disappear, I remain untroubled.

Since I am asked, however, I will reply that it is entirely a relative matter. Some one hundred, or even fifty, years ago, there were no widespread marks of the invasion of socialism into the home, and consequently very little difference of opinion as to what constituted a home. It was a place to eat, sleep, be washed and ironed in; to be swept, dusted, scrubbed, scoured, and generally made uncomfortably clean; and the housewife was the good (or evil) genius who went about with a cap on her head and a duster in hand, "seeking what she might devour," who was always secondary to her husband, her children, her work, secondary to everything, and content to be so,—a "clinging vine" fibered of broom-straws. Since the introduction of steam laundries, cheap bakeries, etc., "Othello's occupation's gone" to a large extent, and the ideal of the home is changing in consequence. Unfortunately, the change is but partially wrought; the new conception is not yet realized, while the old has become impossible, at least in the centers of civilization.

As to who is the best keeper of this transition home, memory pictures to me a woman grown white under the old slavery, still bound by it, in that little out-of-the-way Kansas town, but never so bound that she could not put aside household tasks, at any time, for social intercourse, for religious conversation, for correspondence, for reading, and, above all, for making everyone who came near her feel that her home was the expression of herself, a place for rest, study, and the cultivation of affection. She did not exist for her walls, her carpets, her furniture; they existed for her and all who came to her. She considered herself the equal of all; and everyone else thought her the superior of all.

ANOTHER SUFFRAGIST'S BELIEFS.

ELLEN BATTELLE DIETRICK, SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

"WHAT kind of women make the best wives?" It is evident that the answer to this question must depend altogether on what is the ideal of home. Thousands of years ago the ideal home of the Aryan race was a place in which, above all other considerations, the father and mother were joint rulers, equal in authority. As Sir Monier Williams says, "If the father was regarded with awe as the primary source of life, the mother was an object of devotion to the children of the family as the more evident author of their existence. . . . To the Aryan family the father and mother were present gods."

In such a state of public opinion it was natural that the same equality should extend everywhere; and thus the Aryan wife of India was not only the maker of peace, order, happiness, and beauty in her own home, but she also fulfilled this function in the State. It is during that epoch that we find the best homes under the guidance of the best housewives ever produced on India's soil.

But in an evil hour a false conception of the relation between the home and the State arose in India, and women of the aristocracy gradually secluded themselves more and more within the narrow walls, and behind the curtained door of the home, devoting themselves more and more exclusively to the task of considering the wishes and interests of their own immediate circle of relatives only. Mark the result. It is conceded, on all sides, that nowhere else are now found wives more obedient to their husbands, more

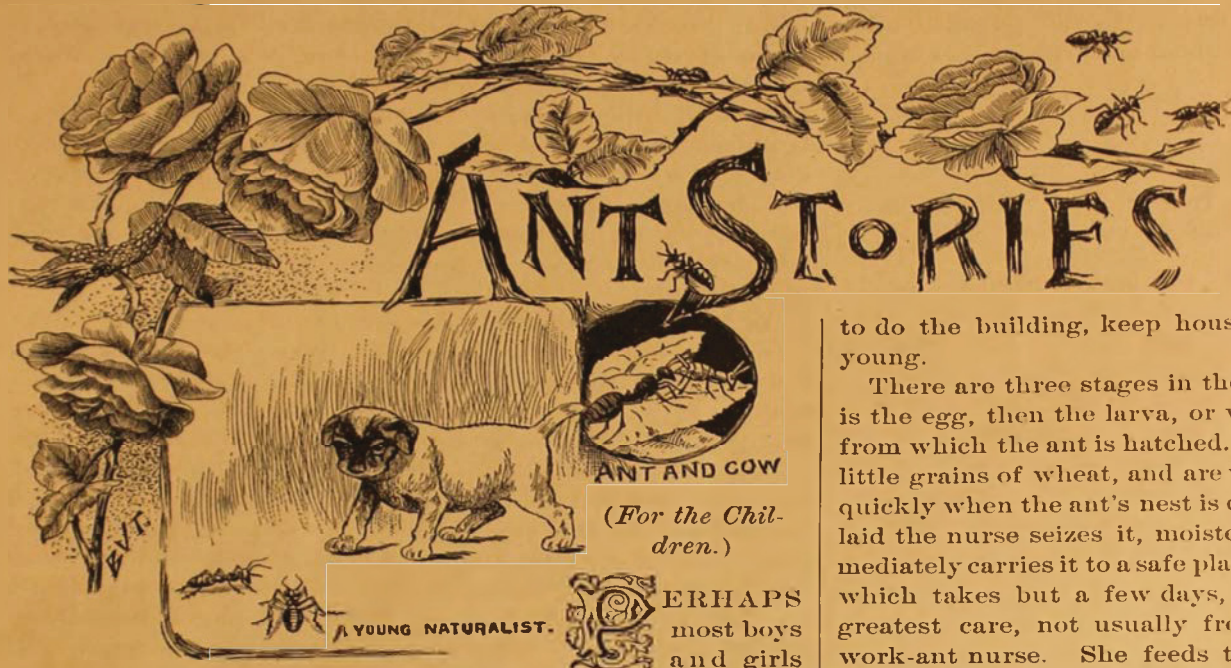


devoted to their children, more diligent and zealous in performance of all their household duties, more devotedly pious and religious in every movement of their daily life. But just in proportion as the Hindu wife has narrowed her thought to the care of her own home alone, has she become the most ignorant wife, and her home the least worthy as a human ideal.

In view of this deeply significant fact in the history of the race from which we ourselves are descended, I would say

the best wife is she who never forgets that no household liveth for itself; and who understands that, as each nation is but a collection of homes, she can never fulfill her task of helping to make the best homes unless she constantly keeps in mind her own relation to the nation. Thus the public-spirited woman who holds her domestic and her political duties in harmonious balance is the kind of woman who will make the best wife and the best home.

ARRANGED BY GILSON WILLETS.



think that ants are ugly, good-for-nothing things, with nothing to do but to get themselves into all sorts of troublesome places, and to eat everything that boys and girls would much rather eat themselves. Yet, troublesome as they may be, they are very wise, and are among the most wonderful of God's creatures.

Ants are small insects, the largest being but half an inch in length. Although small they are very strong, carrying a load many times their own weight, and moving it many hundred yards, if need be, to get it to their cell.

Ants are pretty much like men and women in their habits. They live in societies, have their kings and queens, their workers, soldiers, slaves, and household pets. They build houses, fight battles, and, just think! some of them reap and sow grain, which they store away in their barns for a time when there is no grain to be had.

There are many kinds of ants that live in different parts of the world: some of these I shall tell you about farther on. First let us look at the ants which all have seen on a summer day running about in the grass. These are wonderful little fellows, and quite as interesting as any that I know of. They, like most ants, are divided into two classes: the king and queen ants, and the workers. The first are five in number and have fine gauzy wings; but the workers are smaller and are wingless. They are further divided into two classes: the humble working ant and the more aristocratic soldier.

The soldiers are a lazy lot of little fighters, and, like other soldiers that I have heard of, seem proud of their lot,—all imagining themselves, I suppose, quite proficient and worthy of a high position. There is a large

standing army of these soldiers, who go to war upon other tribes and defend their own societies. They are fierce and bold in battle, though lazy in peace, and will be pulled to pieces rather than let go their hold upon an enemy. The workers' purpose in the community is to do the building, keep house, gather food, and nurse the young.

There are three stages in the infancy of an ant: first there is the egg, then the larva, or worm, last the pupa, or cocoon from which the ant is hatched. The larva and pupa look like little grains of wheat, and are what the workers carry away so quickly when the ant's nest is disturbed. As soon as an egg is laid the nurse seizes it, moistens it with her tongue, and immediately carries it to a safe place. After the eggs are hatched, which takes but a few days, the infant worms receive the greatest care, not usually from the mother, but from the work-ant nurse. She feeds them often, with a fluid from her stomach, and washes them with her tongue. If the day

be fines he carries them into the air and sunlight. At nightfall she carries them in again, or earlier if it turns cold or rains. A faithful nurse, she is ever near to help them when, as real ants, they are ready to leave the cocoon, out of which they are



WATCHING ANTS MILK THEIR COWS.

carefully taken, by their nurse, to fill an allotted position in the family.

Do you know that ants have cows, from which they draw milk? You can see the cows if you look for them. Sometimes you will see the ants running up and down a small bush. You may wonder what they



animals of the kind. There is one kind, though, which does not build a nest of any kind. These are the army ants of Africa. They feed as they go, and, carrying nothing with them, march in a line a few inches wide, and often many miles in length. Here and there along the line of this marching throng, larger ants, who act as officers, stand out from the ranks and keep the army in order.

The army ants are blind, and are said to march only at night or upon cloudy days. Should the sun come out where there are no trees to shelter them, they at once dig tunnels under the ground, through which they pass to the sheltering forest beyond. Every living thing in the line of their march makes haste to be gone. The lions and elephants, and even the black men, run for their lives; for these ants make a clean sweep wherever they go, climbing to the tops of the tallest trees for their prey.

They are ferocious in attack. With a quick, sudden spring they fasten their strong pincers in the flesh, letting go only when a piece of the flesh gives way. As there are many millions of these ants in an army it does not take them long to overpower and make way with their victim, however large it may be. In a way they are useful to the natives. They do the cleaning of their huts for them; that is, clear their huts of insects, rats, and mice, several times a year.

In beautiful contrast to these bloody, roving land pirates, are the little farmer-ants of Texas. They clear a piece of ground near their nests, fix the ground for a kind of rice, which they sow, weed, and care for until the grain is ripe, when they harvest it and carry it away to store in their homes. The ants then prepare the ground for another crop, which in due time is planted and cared for as before.

There is a species of ant in India quite as industrious as the farmer-ants of Texas. These harvest grain and store it up for winter, but they do not plant their grain nor do they care for it while it is growing. They are so small that it will take a dozen of them to move a single grain of wheat, yet they store away a large quantity of grain, and take good care of it, too. If it becomes wet they will carry it, grain by

can be doing. Look closely at the bush and you will see a number of green bugs on the leaves. These are the plant-louse, or the ants' cows.

The ants run about among the bugs, touching them with their feelers, and seeming very happy indeed. They are milking their cows when they do this. Ants keep other insects besides the plant-louse, which they feed and are kind to, and their prisoners seem contented. Sometimes they keep a large blind beetle, which is never allowed to leave their cell. They bring it such food as it needs, and kindly put the same into its mouth. The beetle, in return for such careful attention, throws out from its body a fluid which the ants are fond of, and which they lick up greedily.

Frequently ants allow hundreds of small worms to crawl about the halls and rooms of their houses; and a kind of blind wood-louse is also often found in their cells. These are the ants' cat and dog pets. It is said that these strangers keep the ant-cells clear of other insects, and serve the purpose there that the cat does in the house of man.

There are some wicked ants who capture other ants and make them do all the work for them. These little slave-owners become so lazy that they do nothing at all, soon forgetting all that they should know how to do. Some of them become so indolent that they will starve if food is not brought to them by their slaves.

Most ants build houses of clay, or tunnel out rooms or passages in the ground. Some of them store food away for the winter months, but most ants do not do so. In most parts of the world they sleep through the winter months, like bears, snakes, frogs, and other



FARMER-ANTS CUTTING AND GATHERING A CROP OF GRAIN.

grain, back into the sunshine, to dry. It is of these ants that King Solomon spoke when he said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."

There are indeed many things about the ants to admire, many things to wonder at.

Those that we have in our own country are seldom destructive. But there are some ants which are dangerously so. The white ants of tropical countries are of this kind. These curious little fellows always work in the dark and under cover. The first that you know of them their houses rise out of the ground, and keep on growing until a height of eighteen feet or more is reached. The houses are shaped like the old clown's hat in the circus, with other little pointed mounds all over them. They are full of rooms and passages, yet so strongly are they built that men, and even cattle, stand upon them in safety. If a lot of men were to build a clay house a mile high it would be thought a wonderful performance; yet it would be no larger in proportion to the size of its builders than the houses built by the white ants.

It is very difficult to see the inside of the white ants' houses; for as they are pulled down the workers rush in by millions, and stop up every passage with bits of clay, which they carry in their mouths for the purpose. At the same time the soldiers rush forth to attack the intruder in true soldier fashion, and very savage they are, too. They will draw blood easily with their sharp pincers.

The kings and queens of this ant family are kept prisoners for life. In a small room in which there are many doors, all too small for the royal pair to pass through, they pass their lives, waited upon carefully and affectionately by their many attendants. If the queen be exposed they will never leave her, but build a covering of clay over her to shield her from harm. The queens are said to be several hundred times the size of their subjects.

These ants are never seen unless uncovered. They are for this reason dangerous; often digging under a house, they eat out the inside of every beam and board in the floor, leaving walls no thicker than paper. They will bore into the legs of chairs and tables, eat the inside away, and the first one knows of it the article crumbles at the slightest touch. They will also destroy paper. In one instance that I read of, some valuable papers were found, and every particle, except the top leaf and a thin wall of the margins, had been carried away, leaving just a paper box.

In one way these ants are useful, although in most cases dangerous, neighbors to have about. In the countries where they live, terrific wind-storms are frequent, when many large trees are blown down. The trees would soon cover the ground but for the white ants. They eat out the inside of the tree, leaving only a thin rind of bark, which soon crumbles away.

What do you think the natives do with the white ants? They eat them. Destroying the nests to get the ants, they make puddings and cakes of them; and it is said they are quite a choice morsel.



AN ACCIDENT CAUSED BY WHITE ANTS.

of sweet, yellow honey, which, you may be sure, the worker immediately eats.

W. M. BUTTERFIELD.

In Mexico they have live ants for sale. They are honey-ants, and the boys and girls of that country think them a great treat. The whole back part of the ant is filled with a clear, sweet honey. To get the honey one takes the head between the fingers, sucks the honey from the body, and throws the rest away. The

tribe has its king and queen, but is mostly made up of workers and honey-bearers, the honey-bearers being those from which the honey is taken. Most of the tribe are busy little fellows that go at night to gather from the gall insect of the oak-tree a bitter-sweet fluid, which they feed to the honey-bearers, whose bodies soon become round and full of honey.

The honey-bearers have but one duty, that is to sleep. They hang from the roof of their cells, and let the workers feed upon the honey from their bodies. When a worker wants her dinner, she goes to the honey-bearers' cell and touches one of them lightly with her feelers. The honey-bearer seems to wake up, and at once gives forth a drop

Society Fads.

THE talk of the drawing-rooms is the suffrage movement. In place of tea-table gossip one hears only of the rights of women, and the grave mammas with their pretty daughters no longer pester their men friends for subscriptions to charities. It's signatures to the monster petition they want,—names to add to the great request the women of New York State are laying before the Convention as to whether or no the rights of the ballot-box will any longer be denied them.

Now the average easy-going, busy, and good-natured New York husband and father of a smart wife and sweet daughters is easy prey to the demands of the feminine contingent of his family. He approves of woman suffrage on the same basis as he approves of plenty of French frocks and smart functions, new broughams and charity lists. He signs his name with a jolly laugh, and assures his aristocratic "Missus," as he fondly calls his wife, that she will make a splendid city mother, and undoubtedly do a great deal for needed reform. The young men look upon the suffrage movement as a great institution. They are asked to the best dinners, coddled, humored, and flattered with consummate tact, all for their signatures. Not one of them but loudly advocates the political rights of women who do their electioneering around a dainty tea-table, with pleading eyes and in the softest voices, that verily would beguile the birds off the bushes.

It is distinctly delightful, too, to hear the arguments put forth at the drawing-room meetings held during the spring, which the society leaders attended in their best frocks.

Every cardcase—even those daintiest trifles of white moire edged with a silver cord and bearing a tiny silver watch in one corner of the outside flap—bristled with campaign literature, the utterances of great men, poets, statesmen, clergymen, and scientists, in favor of woman's voting. Every daintily bonneted head is held a trifle higher than ordinarily, and every woman sits nervously on the edge of her satin upholstered chair in the beautiful music-room of Mrs. Van Kortlandt's house, to hear what the dignified bishop of New York, or the most prominent clergyman of her denomination has to say in favor of her rights. It is wonderful to see how lively is the interest every woman shows; how hard they try, with knitted foreheads, to comprehend the most knotty problems of suffrage; how they all maltreat their best gloves applauding a favoring sentiment; and how eager they are to learn by asking questions, and listening to explanations with unusual patience. How long this interest in their political rights will enchain the fashionable woman's undivided attention it is hard to guess; however, for the time being the grip it has on what is known as the "Four Hundred" seems to be strong and sure. Nearly every other woman you meet is deep in a study of John Stuart Mill, echoes the broad theories of Arthur Balfour, and sits up at night to prepare a paper to be read at her club. Her club is a new organization for the promotion of knowledge on political and social economy,—a club where there is no frivolling, where gowns are only discussed "on the sly," and for the sake of attendance at which many more amusing entertainments are bravely declined.

However, while the serious problem of our franchise is pending, and ambitious society leaders dream of other worlds to be conquered with the votes, the more sordid duties of life cry out for attention; and between attendance at her club, and discussing ways and means for the enfranchisement of her sex at drawing-room meetings, the fashionable woman does incidental shopping. In one free corner of her mind she lends an ear to the plaintive appeals of her dressmaker and tailor, and she casts an occasional glance into the jewelers' cases. In the latter, at the moment, she is noting the beautiful new cardcases to which I made reference above, adorable trifles, that are very small this season, and of white or colored watered silk, usually edged and decorated with silver. The little watches set into them have faces like the old-fashioned hanging kitchen-clocks, with weights and pendulum simulated in silver on the silk.

The old-style heavy solid silver cardbox is carried by very "topping" girls, whose watches are now thrust into the belt or breast of the gown, hanging from a narrow black satin ribbon passed round the neck. Dear little Dan Cupid, in silver and gold, with wings, quiver, and bow, is grown to be a great favorite with the jewelers and their patrons. Delightful little loves flit in silver flocks over the backs of silk cardcases and on the newest pins and bracelets, which last long-neglected ornaments are coming slowly into use again. Wee Cupid figures, worthy the hand of Benvenuto Cellini, are made for special patrons.

The economies of the rich and fashionable women, that heretofore have been only spasmodic, and, on the whole, rather expensive, are just now causing the *couturières* of New York to utter a wail of angry remonstrance. Perhaps it is the effect of the recent panic, perhaps the desire for some lively interest, that prompts the richest women nowadays to make a goodly half of their wardrobes, particularly this spring, at home. In other seasons the average woman of means in New York used to shop but little, save at the leading Broadway houses; and then she bought goods to take to her dressmaker. On the whole, though, the rich dress-makers catered to every need, and were accustomed to relieve

their busy patrons from all cares of wardrobe building, except the inevitable need of fitting. Some woman woke up one morning and decided to try her own hand at designing, and the hand of her French maid at making. Experimenting she found a great deal of most interesting occupation in making up her own silk bodices, underlinen, silk petticoats, morning wrappers, etc. She fell to haunting bargain counters for China silks, *crêpes*, and things, and found by laying out her own money she could "do," as she expresses it, all the simpler frocks needed for summer wear, at half the charge demanded by her long-trusted *modiste*. She began to relate her experiences.

Behold the results: French maids must not only know how to do hair, mend lace, improve their mistresses' Parisian accent, and assist at the toilet, but they must sew and fit and design anything from a sewing-apron to an elaborate tea-gown. No longer do the rest of the servants envy Suzette her good wages and easy life; their envy has grown almost to pity, for Suzette has a needle ever in her hand, and her French brain must be busy with artistic suggestions for Madame, who herself is learning how to sew surprisingly well and shop cleverly. She and Suzette shop together, and then on certain days they go to the openings of importers and the smartest *couturières* in town. There the best and most beautiful is laid out for inspection; but instead of buying three or four frocks, as she used to, as well as giving many fat orders, Madame scans every thing with a keen eye, and, as if disappointed, drives away. To tell the truth, she has simply been taking notes and getting ideas for the next bodice or frock to be made at home. It is this that so enrages the helpless importer, who with angry reluctance is coming down in her prices and eying with disfavor her oldest patrons.

There are few among the fashionable women, maids or matrons, who do not go in for certain mental tasks, and belong to societies for investigation, not only of the rights of women, but read books for discussions on the problems of everything, from cookery to metaphysics. In a way they are all students, who burn the midnight oil at their bedsides while reading up. Now you would also gladly study into the "wee sma' hours" could you do it with equal comfort, with as perfect preparation. These gentle students have a well-appointed bedside table. Usually it is a polished mahogany affair, just the right height, with one or two shallow drawers. In these are stored writing materials, a fountain pen, etc. The table's chief piece of furniture is a silver student's lamp, whose ugly green glass shade is replaced by a crispy, flowery one of white tissue-paper wreathed with green vines; then there is the regulation bedroom candle, in a low, cut-glass bowl stick, a silver swan full of matches, a pile of books and magazines, a silver sword for a paper-knife, a little silver-and-crystal clock with muffled tick, and then a row of cut-glass, silver-topped bottles, containing smelling-salts, orange-flower water, and cologne. Beside them is a cut-glass medicine-cup and spoon, a tall, pretty pitcher of ice-water, another pitcher of milk, and a plate of light wafers. Propped up on pillows, and with a fetching, downy dressing-sacque over her night-robe, the pretty student lies at ease. She reads, makes notes, sometimes composes an impressive paper, watches the time, and when her tasks are over takes a draught of milk, a wafer or two, and turning out the light subsides into sleep. But students often have nerves, only to be quieted by dabs of cologne on the temples, a whiff of salts, and that soother of an excited brain, a dose of mild orange-flower water in the medicine cup.

MADAME LA MODE.

FRAME your Magazine pictures. It will cost you very little, and they look charming on the wall. See particulars on another page.

The Summer Care of House Plants.

EVERY season comes the query, What shall I do with my house-plants through the summer? The question is one that I have answered repeatedly, but there is always a new set of questioners to propound the problem and ask advice as to its solution.

During the summer season house-plants are pretty sure to be neglected. Those who have many of them find that considerable labor is demanded in caring for them properly, and they would like to abridge this as much as possible. In order to do this, they frequently put them out in the garden; sometimes they turn them out of their pots, planting them in the beds and borders; sometimes they "plunge" the pots to their rims in the earth. Treated in either manner less care is necessary, the owners seem to think, than they would require if kept on the veranda or in some other sheltered place. But, taking all things into consideration, they are mistaken about this. I will tell you why:

Plants that are "plunged" in nearly all cases suffer greatly for lack of sufficient moisture at the roots, unless watered daily during the hot, dry season. It is more work to do this when the plants are in the garden than when they are on the veranda or under some shed near the house. Because of this, and because they are not thought about so frequently, being somewhat removed from constant observation, they do not get the attention they need, and the consequence is, poor plants. Some unobservant persons labor under the impression that plants in pots sunk in the ground do not require frequent applications of water, and they get this idea because the ground about the pots seems sufficiently moist. They overlook the fact that the pot, to a certain extent, prevents the free entrance of moisture. Some penetrates, of course, from the surrounding soil, but not as it would if there were no barrier of clay between the earth outside and that in which the roots of the plant grow. Then, too, the fact that the plant's roots are cramped and confined in a much smaller space than would be the case if they were in the open ground, therefore making a larger amount of moisture necessary for this comparatively small amount of soil, is not considered. The more roots there are in a given space the more moisture there is taken up; and when this fact is understood, it will be clear that plants in pots require more water at the roots than those *not* in pots. If no water be given, as is frequently the case, the plants often die, and the unthinking owner wonders why it is, taking it for granted that they ought to have done well because plants in the open ground near them have done so. I would therefore, in view of the results of neglect, or lack of sufficient attention, discourage the plan of plunging plants. Were the owner sure to see that they were never neglected, and careful to attend to all their requirements fully, there would be no objection to this method of summering them. But, as I have said, when properly cared for, no labor is saved by it. On the contrary, more is entailed than would be necessary were the plants on the veranda or near the house.

Plants turned out of their pots are sure to make a strong and vigorous growth in any good soil; and the owner, seeing this, congratulates herself on the fact that her plants are doing well, and looks ahead to next winter, and can see her windows full of robust, healthy plants, such as last winter did not see there. And because she is not obliged to give her pets any attention she is delighted with this method of summering them. They just take care of themselves, and they grow! Why! there was never anything like it! The wee bit of a geranium that she put out in May is a fine, large plant by September, and the spindling little abutilon is developing into a real tree. Plants that were weak and sickly

take on new strength and regain lost health, and she decides that there is no other plan of summering house-plants that can compare with this.

But a change comes o'er the spirit of her dream when the time comes to lift and pot her plants in autumn. She finds that a great deal of hard work is required in doing this, if she has many plants; and she finds, too, that, no matter how careful she is, the plants are injured by the loss of roots that have been sent far and wide into the earth. Most of these have to be cut off, and the loss of roots necessitates a corresponding sacrifice of top. Some unthinking persons fancy the whole top can be saved; but they generally find that an attempt to preserve it after half or more of the roots have been cut off results in the death of the plant. Those who have had experience with plants know that the removal of a portion of the roots necessitates the removal of a portion of the top, and that their plants, when lifted, potted, and cut back, bear but little resemblance to the luxuriant specimens growing in the garden-bed. A few days later, and all traces of resemblance are gone; for the leaves will have turned yellow or fallen off, and little is left of the erstwhile vigorous, leaf-clad plant excepting a stubby mass of naked stems and stalks. Then it is the owner begins to fear she has gained nothing by bedding out her plants during the summer. It is true, many plants treated in this manner will start after a little, and, with proper care, recover; but most fail to do so until well along in the winter, so that half the pleasure one ought to get from them is lost.

Many are killed by the change from outdoor to indoor conditions, which takes place before they have had a chance to become established after potting. They are weak from loss and disturbance of the roots, and lack the vital force necessary to enable them to adapt themselves to the conditions which prevail in close, overheated rooms where the air is dry. All plants taken up from the open ground suffer more or less because of this abrupt change coming at a time when they are least able to bear it well. It will readily be seen, I think, that because of these unavoidable difficulties the bedding-out system has no more to recommend it than that of plunging. For a time the plants are healthy, and no care is required by them; but the close of the season brings much work, and they go into winter quarters weak, crippled, and unsightly.

I prefer to keep house-plants in pots all summer, and to keep them on the veranda or under a shed made expressly for them. One can be made cheaply by setting posts in the ground and roofing over with strips of lath, put close enough together to break the force of the sun, but not close enough to give full shade. Under such a shelter the plants get the benefit of light, free circulation of air, and moisture. Because one knows that attention in the way of watering *must* be given, she will be likely to do the work well, as it is but little more labor to do it as it ought to be than it is to half do it, and the importance of thoroughness will be apparent. Her plants will be likely to be under constant attention because of their being conveniently located, and they will be pretty sure to receive the care they ought to get at this season. It is a mistake to think you can have good plants next winter if you neglect or half care for your plants in summer. The fact is, you lay the foundation for effective winter work at this season. You are looking ahead, or should be; and a little thought will convince you that it is foolishness to expect a plant to get along without care all summer, but develop, all at once, into a satisfactory specimen when you get it into the house. Care for your plants at this season, and all seasons, with a view to their effectiveness later on. A liberal interpretation of that sentence means that at no period of its formative existence should a plant be without the care that comes of intelligent

oversight. It may not require much care, but it will require some; and such care as is needed should be given, and given at the time when it will do most good.

Rampant growth in summer of plants intended for winter use should not be encouraged, as this season must be made one of partial rest to them. If only enough water be given to keep the soil in the pots moist all through, and the surface is allowed to get dry before another application is made; and liquid manures or other fertilizers are not used, growth will be slow, steady, and healthy. Remove all buds as soon as seen. Few plants will bloom in winter if allowed to do so in summer. Hold their blossoming energies in check at this season. It will seldom be found necessary to re-pot plants in spring. Do that in September, when you are getting them ready for winter; and then, after they begin to make active growth, give fertilizers if needed.

Plants that have been kept in pots all summer receive no severe shock in autumn, even if re-potted, because their roots suffer but little disturbance by doing this; therefore they have no check to undergo or recover from, and when the time comes to take them into the house they are in the best possible condition to stand the change. For this reason, if no other, I advise keeping plants in pots all summer, and the pots out of the ground.

If your plants are inclined to make rampant growth, cut them back. This will keep them within bounds, and make them bushy and compact. Compact growth, with plenty of branches, should always be striven for, for the amount of bloom depends, to a great degree, on the number of branches your plant has. Frequent pruning or pinching helps to make a plant shapely and symmetrical, if judiciously done.

Keep down all insects if you would have your plants perfectly healthy. The red spider works in hot, dry weather, and often does great injury in a short time. Nothing but water will rout him. This should be applied liberally, all over the plant, every night, when you have reason to suspect, by yellowing, dropping leaves, that he has attacked it. The aphid seldom harms plants in a healthy condition that are out of doors; but if he seems inclined to do so, fumigate well with tobacco, or apply tobacco tea all over the plant.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Little Jim's Friend.

NO sir! Molly ain't 'just one o' the cows.' She's our friend, is Molly, an' I've reason to say it, I have. "Tell you, sir? Why o' course, if ye care to hear. When Molly was a bit of a calf, hardly a year old, my little Jim was three, an' afraid o' nothin', big or little. Toddlin' after me, all day long, he'd go about the house an' our little bit of a garden an' the pastur' behind, an' never tiring of it; an' when I mowed or raked the grass or hoed the garden he was alwus a-helpin'. But above all he loved to be held up to 'see Molly' or to 'pet Molly'.

"I used to hold her soft nose down for him when he kissed her 'good night', an' the firs' thing in the mornin', before he was downstairs, when I'd let the cows out to the pastur', his curly head was half out o' the winder an' he a-callin', 'Good mornin', Molly!'

"He was hardly five year old—no, he wasn't five—when he used to try an' milk her; an' the cretur'd stand as gentle an' still as if she knew the little feller'd be easy hurt, with her head turned half sideways, a-seemin' to say, 'All right, young 'un, as long as it amuses you!' I had to finish the milkin', the little hands got so tired; yet he hated to give in. You wouldn't 'a' believed it, sir, to see the spunky way that

little chap o' five year would stick to it,—a-milkin' that cow!

"Daytimes, when she was in the pastur', he was alwus a-runnin' down to the gate, to ask her how she was gettin' on today, or did she think it was goin' to rain? an' things like that,—makin' a reg'lar playmate out o' her; 'cause he was our only child an' I s'pose sometimes he was lonely like. An' to see him take out a drink o' water to Molly in his little tin dipper! I used to 'most bust a-laughin' to see her big red tongue a-lappin' out the few drops he'd gen'ly have left, as if it was just what she wanted!

"Well, Jim was only six year old when he was took sick, sudden. Lord knows what it was! We don't, an' the doctor never did, 'though alwus a-lookin' wise an' a-sayin' he'd be out 'roun' in a few days. But Jim, lyin' there burnin' with fever, would hear the low 'Moo-oo!' an' his eyes would open an' look bright as he'd smile an' say, 'Good-night, Molly! I'll see you in the mornin'.'

"But that Molly! The first night he was sick she kep' lookin' 'roun' when I was a-milkin' her, as if to see where he was,—yes, she did, sir!—an' was that oneasy I could scarce milk her at all. Then the nex' night she was nervous an' shivery an' gave hardly any milk; an' her lowin' was awful frequent through the day, but at night, when she was in the barn, it was terrible! an' so sad it would make you 'creepy' to hear her; an' the milk scarcer every day, till the cretur' was right sick, too.

"Well, there came one night,—one night when there was nothin' to do for my little Jim but to stand beside him, when we didn't need no doctor to tell us our little lad would never be out 'roun' again; an' in the quiet o' the middle o' the night the tickin' of the clock an' his mother's sobbin' sounded fearful loud. His little hand lay in mine, so cold an' still now, when it had been so res'less an' hot for more 'n a week. Sudden it moved a little, as in the stillness outside we heard Molly's 'Moo-oo!'—just like a call to the boy, right under his winder.

"I'd forgot to milk her or go for her, an' somehow or other she'd got out o' the pastur' herself. 'Moo-oo!' she called again, so pitiful an' humanlike the tears come into my eyes, though they had been hot an' dry all night. Then when she called the third time it seemed to reach even to little Jim. Too weak to open his eyes, he said, just whisperin',

"'Good-night, Molly!—in the mornin'!' an' smiled.

"Hard as it was to leave him then, I laid his little hand down an' went out to Molly.

"'Die!' Not a bit of it, sir!—That's him, that little chap a-comin' thro' the gate; an' that's Molly a-follerin' him.—'A meracle,' the doctor says. I don't know; I ain't up on meracles; but—Come here, Jim! That's right; take off your cap to the gentleman an' shake hands. Now go 'long an' put Molly in.—He's a dandy, sir, my Jim!

"What! 'Sell Molly?' *Sell* her, sir? No sir! *No sir!* Not for all her weight in solid gold 'd I sell my little Jim's friend!"

MINNA C. HALE.

Frame Your Magazine Pictures.

WE have made arrangements to furnish picture frames to our readers at so moderate a price as to make it possible for all to frame the pictures they receive in the Magazine. These pictures when hung on the wall cannot be distinguished from oil paintings or water-colors, and everybody ought to take advantage of the chance we give them to adorn their homes with exquisite little works of art. Illustrations and prices of these frames will be found upon another page.

Our Girls.

Aunt Margery.

HERE'S your chance, girls," said Mr. Rogers. "Your Aunt Margery, down in Florida, wants one of you to go and pay her a visit."

Flora and Elsie looked at each other. Which was it to be? Flora was Mr. Rogers' only daughter, and Elsie was an orphan niece who had lived with him for the last eight years. Neither of them had ever seen Aunt Margery, who had never before been known to invite any of her relations to visit her, and all they knew about her was that she was very rich and very eccentric. It was generally supposed in the Rogers' family that she had not yet made her will, and was on the lookout for an heir or heiress; and therefore the letter received by Mr. Rogers was calculated to produce no small amount of excitement.

"You are both to go," Mr. Rogers went on, "but only one at a time; and she says she will have Flora first, as she is the eldest. You must be ready for tomorrow's boat, Flora. I know my sister Margery, and if you kept her waiting for a week she might change her mind."

"If that's so," said Flora, "I must begin to pack right away. Come and help me, Elsie."

Elsie went with the utmost good nature, quite as much interested in her cousin's prospects as she would have been in her own.

Flora had rather a long journey, as her aunt lived in the south of Florida, where she amused herself with an orange grove in a little backwoods settlement. She traveled in the coast-steamer from New York to Fernandina, and when she reached Jacksonville she decided to go down the St. John's River by steamboat, so that she might avoid the hot, uncomfortable cars as much as possible. She thought more about escaping the cars than enjoying the beautiful scenery of the river, and came on board provided with a novel and a box of chocolates.

She had just settled down to her book and her candy, when she noticed a little old lady sitting near her on a deck chair, and remembered that she had seen the same sharp, wizened little face in the hotel at Fernandina. The old lady was knitting, and presently her ball of yarn fell from her lap and rolled toward Flora's feet. Flora saw it, but she had arranged herself comfortably, and did not care to move; so she pretended to be absorbed in her book, and did not look up from it until the old lady spoke.

"Young girl," she said, in a shrill, high voice, "air you a-goin' to pick up that there ball, or air you not?"

The address was certainly not very polite, and when Flora handed her the yarn it was in sullen silence. The old lady, however, appeared to take no notice of this. She said, quite cordially:

"That's right. I like to see young folks active. Old ones mostly hev trouble in their backs, an' cain't do their own stooping. Fine day, ain't it?"

Flora nodded. Her mouth was full of chocolate, and, besides, she wanted to read and not to talk. She began to think she would say so plainly if the old lady chattered much more. After a few minutes' silence the shrill voice began again:

"Young girl, whar was you raised?"

"Are you addressing me?" asked Flora, coldly.

"There ain't any other young girl around hereabouts thet I kin see," answered the old lady, not in the least discomposed by the intended snub. "I'm askin' you whar you was raised."

"I believe I was born in New York," said Flora, keeping her eyes fixed on her book.

"Don't the New York people look at one another when they speak?" the old lady inquired, sharply.

Flora grew red with vexation.

"I wasn't speaking by my own wish," she said, rudely. "If people will insist on talking to me, I can't help it."

After that the old lady took no further notice of her until the steamer reached Sanford; then, as they were landing, she came up to Flora and shook hands with her warmly.

"Well, good-by," she said. "I'm glad to know you. You're jest the most obliging, pleasant, sociable young girl I've met in a dozen years; and if you're a-goin' home you kin tell your folks the compliment you were paid."

Flora only stared. The old lady seemed so thoroughly in earnest that she could not believe her to be speaking satirically, and yet it was just as hard to believe that she could possibly have meant what she said. However, before there was time to come to any conclusion, the old lady had disappeared, and Flora was left alone in the waiting-room.

She knew she had a considerable time to wait there before her train was due, so she bought some more candy at the refreshment table, and again settled herself comfortably with her novel. She had not been reading for more than half an hour when a colored man came in, looked about him, and finally walked over and spoke to her.

"Are you Miss Rogers?" he asked, waving a letter which was addressed to her before her astonished eyes.

"Yes," said Flora. "Is that for me? Who sent it?"

"Ole Miss Rogers, down souf, tol' me meet young lady heah an' gib her this. I'm Miss Rogers' head coachman, miss."

Flora tore the letter open, and read:

"MY DEAR NIECE:

"I have changed my mind. Go home again, and send the other one down instead.

"Your affectionate aunt,

"MARGERY ROGERS."

"She must be madder than ever," said Mr. Rogers when he heard the news. "Probably, Elsie, you won't get farther than Jacksonville before you are turned back. However, you must only go and try your luck. I hope Margery intends to pay the cost of the journeys."

Flora was much too tired to help Elsie with her packing, so she got through with it as best she could by herself, and started for the South the day after her cousin's return. She reached Jacksonville without meeting anyone to turn her back, and from there took the river boat just as Flora had done. Flora had not mentioned the old lady at home, indeed, she had not given another thought to her, being quite full of her disappointment; consequently it did not seem strange to Elsie to find the very same wizened little creature sitting on deck and knitting. Elsie had scarcely seated herself when the ball of yarn went flying again. She sprang up at once and returned it to its owner with a smile and a few pleasant words. The old lady only grunted and scowled instead of thanking her, and Elsie went back to her seat feeling rather amused at the little woman's queer manners.

"Hev you got a book or a paper about you?" asked the old lady, after a time. "I'm tired of knitting."

"I have both a newspaper and a story-book," said Elsie, readily. "Which would you like to have, ma'am?"

"I guess I'll take the paper; but ain't you going to read either one yourself?"

"I think not, thank you. I would rather look about me, the river is so pretty."

"Well, I guess I can't read, after all. It sorter hurts my

eyes in the open air, which is a pity, for I had a fancy to make out the news."

"Then perhaps you would like me to read it aloud to you," said Elsie. "If it would give you any pleasure I should be very glad."

"But if you were reading you couldn't admire the view," said the old lady.

"Never mind that," said Elsie, opening out the paper. "Here is something that might interest you,——"

"No," said the old lady, putting her hand on the paper. "I ain't one to drive a willing horse too hard. I'll take the will for the deed, my girl. You shall talk to me instead of reading, and then you need not stop looking at the beautiful river. Where are you going to?"

"To Pinewood City."

"You don't say! That's whar I live, so we kin travel the whole way together."

"That will be very pleasant for me," said Elsie. "I am not used to going about much, and I don't like to be alone. Perhaps, as you live in Pinewood City, you know my aunt, Miss Margery Rogers."

"Yes, I know her," said the old lady, "but I won't say much about her. 'Least said is soonest mended.'"

"I hope you are friendly with her, so that I may see you sometimes while I am there."

"Oh, friendly enough in a way. I guess you'll see me pretty often."

They chatted on, and found plenty to say for the rest of the short voyage; and when they reached Sanford they had lunch together, and Elsie noticed that the old lady dropped her odd tricks of speech and talked now like a refined and educated woman.

"I am every minute expecting that a colored coachman will come in with a letter to turn me home again," said the girl, laughing. "That was what happened to my cousin last week."

"Humph!" said the old lady. "I suppose it didn't occur to your cousin that it was in any way her own fault?"

"Why, no. How could it have been? She had never seen Aunt Margery, and so could not have offended her. Did Miss Rogers say anything to you about it?— I beg your pardon for asking, but I thought you spoke as if you knew something."

"Perhaps I do; but I can keep it to myself, my dear. I will only tell you this much: I don't think the colored coachman is coming to turn *you* back."

After a fatiguing journey they reached Pinewood City, a very small city indeed, with a station not six months old. A handsome carriage was waiting there, looking quite out of place with its surroundings. Elsie found no one to meet her, and was rather in doubt what to do next.

"That is my carriage," said the old lady. "Get in, and I will take you to your aunt's; I am going that way."

"Thank you so much," said Elsie. "I don't know what I should have done without you. I quite expected Aunt

Margery would come or send to meet me. I do hope she hasn't changed her mind again."

"I suppose," said the old lady, with a sharp twist of her head, "that you expect she will leave you her money if she takes a fancy to you."

"I am sure I don't know," said Elsie, blushing; "but it would be very nice if she would, for I have none at all of my own."

"What would you do with such a big fortune if you got it?"

"I would divide it with Uncle Tom, of course, he has been so kind to me; and then Flora would have her share. But I must confess I should like to keep half to use just as I like. One has such a great opportunity to do good when one is rich; and then it would be so delightful to go to Europe, and to be able to buy plenty of books. Yes, I suppose it is very nasty of one, but I should just love to have a big fortune."

"I don't think it is so very particularly nasty of you, when you want it for good uses,—to help others, and to give yourself intellectual pleasure. I shall speak about it to Miss Margery Rogers."

"Oh, please! please don't do such a thing!" cried Elsie in great distress. "Why, that would sound as though we were all calculating on her death!"

"And aren't you?" snapped the old lady.

"No, indeed, no! Of course we know the money is there, and we can't help wondering what will become of it; but even if the poor old lady were as horrid as horrid can be, I shouldn't want her to die a day before her time."

"And if she were—like me, for instance?"

"Why, if she were like you," said Elsie, laughing and blushing again, "I don't think she would keep us waiting until she died. She would want to help everybody at once, and she would take Flora and me to Europe her very self."

"Do you think I am as nice as all that?" asked the old lady.

"I am sure you are. You have been so kind to me ever since we met."

"And who began it, my dear? I think the first kindness came from you. Here we are. This is Miss Margery Rogers' orange-grove; and there is her house behind those pretty live-oaks; and this is her carriage we are driving in; and this is her nice little niece sitting beside me; and—don't look so very much surprised—I am Aunt Margery! Yes, my dear. We'll see about the will later on; and meanwhile let us make arrangements for a trip to Europe next summer. I'll be just as nice as you expected, and take you my very self."


"O Aunt Margery! And Flora, too?"

"No, my dear. I think I can manage to get along very well without Miss Flora. I shall send her a new novel and a box of candy, and she will no doubt be quite satisfied to remain at home."

M. PENROSE.

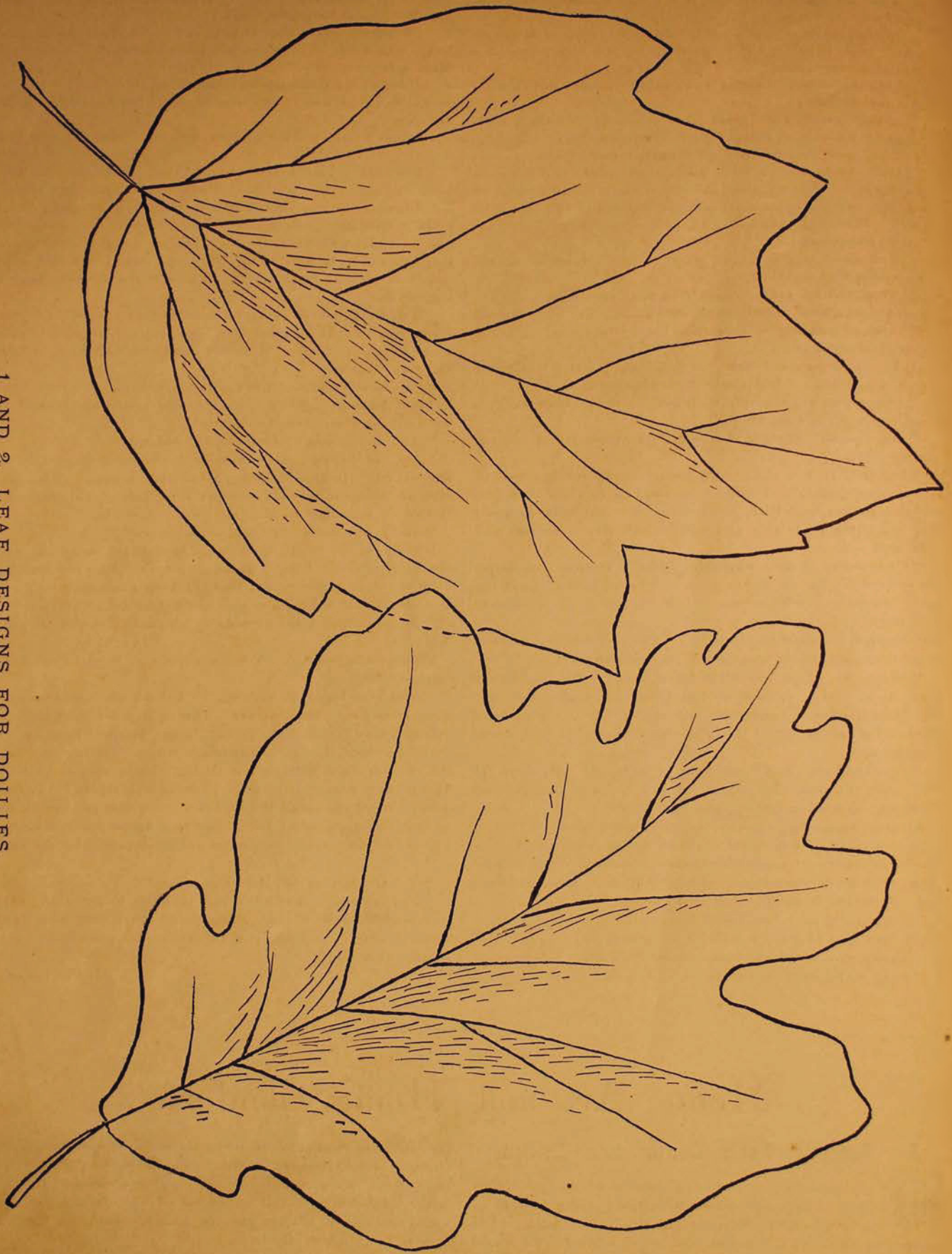
Home Art and Home Comfort.

An Artistic Table Center and Doilies.

F the making of tea-cloths, table centers, and doilies there is no end; and with the coming leisure of long summer mornings on shady verandas in the country or down by the sea no pleasanter work can be found

for idle hands than embroidering these dainty and ornamental things. Every housewife enjoys the possession of a goodly assortment of them, and they are always a welcome gift, even when they chance to fall to the lot of one already well-provided; so one is always safe in making them, for they are sure to be of use somewhere.

1 AND 2. LEAF DESIGNS FOR DOILIES.





3 AND 4. LEAF DESIGNS FOR DOILIES.

We give an attractive maple-leaf design for a table center to be worked with natural-colored silks on fine white linen.

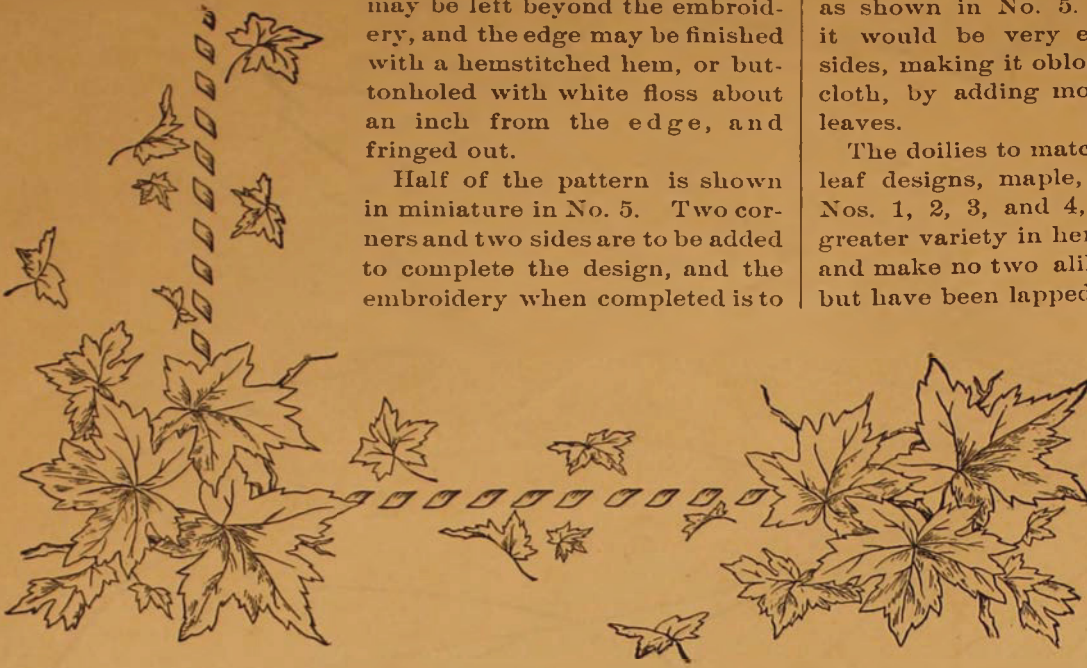
A margin of any preferred width may be left beyond the embroidery, and the edge may be finished with a hemstitched hem, or buttonholed with white floss about an inch from the edge, and fringed out.

Half of the pattern is shown in miniature in No. 5. Two corners and two sides are to be added to complete the design, and the embroidery when completed is to

measure eighteen inches square. The working details of the design are shown in Nos. 6 and 7, in actual size. Tracings are to be made from these, and the separate leaves arranged as shown in No. 5. It is an extremely flexible design, as it would be very easy to lengthen or shorten it on the sides, making it oblong, if desired, or enlarging it for a tea-cloth, by adding more of the ribbon work with scattered leaves.

The doilies to match the table center are made in different leaf designs, maple, oak, ivy, etc. We give four designs, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, actual size; but if the worker wishes greater variety in her dozen, she can easily copy from nature and make no two alike. These are to be traced separately, but have been lapped in the illustrations, to economize space.

There are many styles of embroidering the design, more or less effective according to the amount of work. The very simplest is to outline the pattern in filo-floss or art linen, but a richer effect is gained by working the edges of the leaves in long and short satin-stitch to the depth of a quarter or half an inch; regularity should be avoided, letting the stitches run down deeper in the points and



5. HALF OF THE DESIGN FOR TABLE CENTER. GREATLY REDUCED.



6. WORKING PATTERN FOR CORNER OF TABLE CENTER. ACTUAL SIZE.

What Women Are Doing.

Miss Rose O'Halloran is the only woman member of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific.

Viscountess Aoki, the wife of the newly appointed Japanese Minister to England, is a German woman of noble birth.

Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon, the daughter of Hepworth Dixon, who is making a name for herself in the literary world of London, is also an artist of more than ordinary ability.

Mrs. William Betts, the new woman Deputy United States Marshal at Cincinnati, is, it is said, the second woman to receive such an appointment. The first one is now in service in Oklahoma Territory.

The Duchess of Buckingham is one of the latest aspirants for literary honors; her book, "Glimpses of Four Continents," is, as its name implies, the result of her Grace's journey round the world, and it is attractively illustrated by herself.

Miss Anne Whitney, the sculptor, has completed a bust of Keats in marble, which is to be placed in the parish church of Hampstead, London, as a memorial from the American and English lovers of the poet. The bust is pronounced a triumph of artistic genius.

Miss Elizabeth Falconer, of New York, is a very clever and accomplished young woman who takes pleasure in exercising her rare gifts for the benefit of suffering humanity. She has a lovely voice, and goes every Sunday afternoon to the Tombs to sing in the prison service.

Miss Yoseph, the young Persian who is about to graduate from the New York Women's Medical College, will return to the country of her birth as the only native female physician. She will not open an office, as she says: "Thousands of women know of my studies here, and are eagerly looking forward to my return."

Miss Ada Oliver is postmistress at Deerfield, Kan., station agent for the Santa Fé Railroad, carries on a grocery store, and has lately proved up her homestead near Deerfield, after seven years' residence and cultivation. She had her entire farm broken before final proof day came, a degree of enterprise rarely shown by men who take up homesteads.

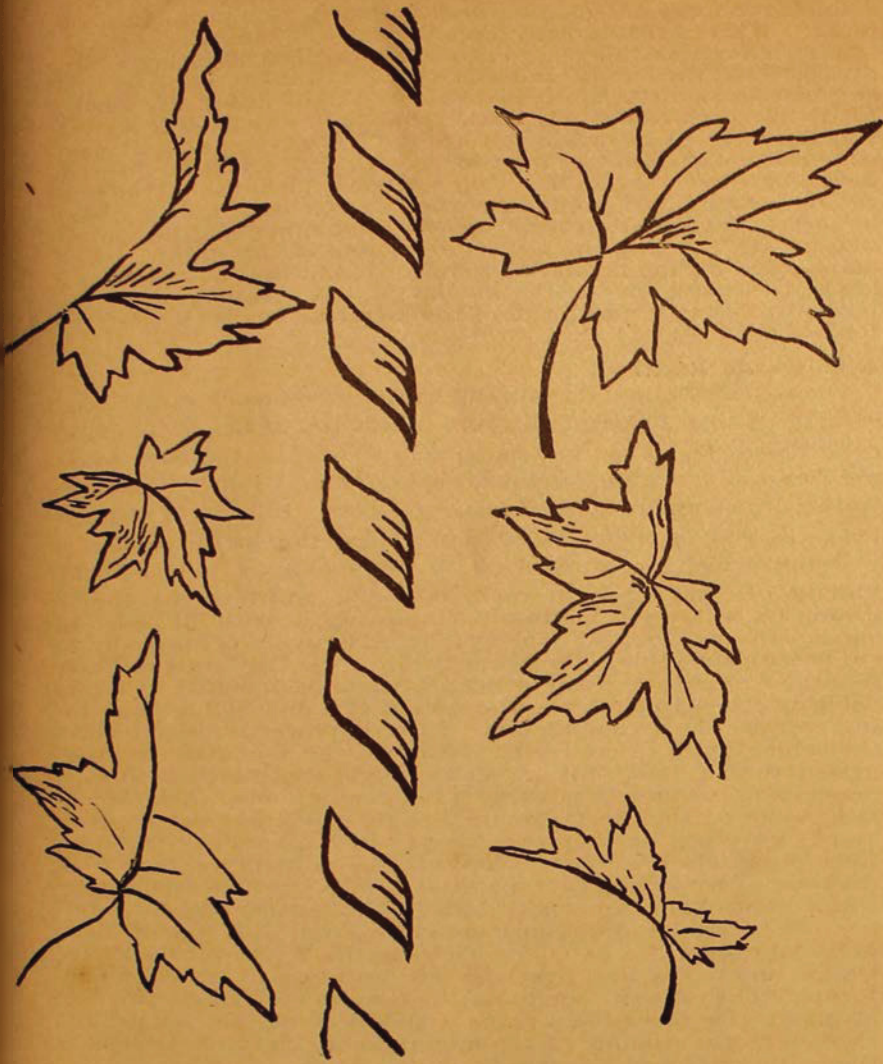
Mrs. Amory, of New York, has started a school where she and her servants train waitresses. Women of slight figures, neat appearance, and quick ways are selected as pupils. The school is a great success, as most of the waitresses are hired nightly, and the pay is from two to three dollars for a single evening.

In order to get the 3,000,000 signatures they desire to the temperance petition to be presented to the heads of the different governments of the world, Miss Frances Willard and Lady Henry Somerset, who have undertaken the work, will make a voyage quite around the globe, getting signatures wherever they stop. They will travel in a special steamboat.

Dr. Susan R. Pray is one of three women on the corps of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) permanent sanitary inspectors. The women are on the same footing, do the same work, and receive the same pay as the men. Dr. Pray is a bright, alert young woman who is giving a most fearless and courageous example by her house-to-house visitations in infected districts.

In the Sixty-ninth Exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York, three of the prizes have been awarded to women. The Second Hallgarten Prize of \$200 goes to Edith Mitchell for her "Hagar"; the Third Hallgarten Prize of \$100 goes to Mrs. J. Francis Murphy for her picture "That Difficult Word"; and the Norman W. Dodge Prize of \$300 for the best picture painted in the United States by a woman, without limitation of age, goes to Clara T. McChesney, for her picture of "The Old Spinner."

Mrs. Dunlop Hopkins, who established the successful school of technical design for women in New York, while in England recently was invited by Princess Christian to a conference with reference to establishing a similar school in London. Mrs. Hopkins assisted at several meetings called for the furtherance of the object, and excited great interest and enthusiasm by her statements of what had been accomplished here. She has been most urgently solicited to take charge of the founding of a school in London, and also been invited by the French Government to give them the benefit of her experience.



WORKING PATTERN FOR SIDE OF TABLE CENTER.
ACTUAL SIZE.

indentations of the leaves, veining with outline stitches, and shading the centers with scattered, etching-like stitches. The doilies should be buttonholed on the edges and cut out in the leaf shapes.

She who is skillful with brush as well as needle can secure a very beautiful effect by tinting and shading the leaves before working, using colors as in tapestry painting. The choice of colors is a matter of personal taste. At this season of the year nothing seems lovelier than the shades of soft yet lively greens which rejoice our eyes in June. But some may prefer the greater variety afforded by autumn tints, when one can riot in all the rich golden browns, russets, dark reds, and yellows. If the latter be the choice, a good effect will be gained by using one color only in the different leaves where they are massed in the corners; as yellow, orange, reddish brown, and green, having the orange predominate. Use a dark, warm brown for the heavy stem, and golden brown for the ribbon, which has the effect of running in and out. The leaves will stand out one from another better in this way than if in each an attempt be made to reproduce the shades of nature.

The pattern can be adapted to many uses as it is, and easily varied for still others; the tiny scattered leaves can be powdered over white or colored linens or pongee to be made up in the useful toilet-bags; painted upon chamois-skin or etched upon pongee they would effectively decorate book or magazine covers; handsome glove, necktie, or handkerchief cases could be made of India silk or chamois with one of the corner clusters embroidered or painted upon them, and a shower of the smaller leaves scattered irregularly from it.

The World's Progress.

CURRENT TOPICS, NOTES AND COMMENTS ON EVENTS OF THE DAY.—INTERESTING SUBJECTS AND NOTABLE THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE PAST MONTH.—CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY FROM A FAMILIAR POINT OF VIEW.

Bluefields, Nicaragua.

Near the entrance of the American canal which is to join the Atlantic and Pacific there is a tribe of Indians inhabiting the Musquito Coast on the Caribbean Sea. Like the Indian nations of the United States, this tribe has an independent government, though within the territory of Nicaragua. To add to the anomalous condition of affairs, the Indians are really a mixed race, the original Indians and Jamaica negroes having intermarried. This would interest England; but as the United States buy fruit, the only article exported from the country, the English find another nation even more interested, so the English realize that the Yankees have both commerce and the Monroe doctrine to look after. Now the Monroe doctrine is merely another way of expressing the American policy that no European nation is expected to look after commercial advantages in the Western Hemisphere with ships of war. The application of this principle arises from the fact that Honduras and Nicaragua are both neighbors and independent nations, and have recently been exercising their sovereign rights by waging war with each other, during the course of which the Nicaraguan government laid covetous eyes on the revenues of the Musquito Coast. Under the plea of protecting the natives against the forces of Honduras, a Nicaraguan force went to Bluefields, the only port on the coast, and overthrew the local government. Most of the white people being Americans, our government started the famous Kearsarge to keep the peace. When it was known that our man-of-war had been wrecked, English chivalry (so the official explanation reads) was at once aroused, and two English men-of-war landed armed forces to keep the peace until some American marines arrived. As the necessity for keeping our fleet at Rio had just passed, the two most powerful ships of that fleet, the New York and the San Francisco, were tardily sent to relieve the British vessels, and the episode terminated for the present. In such cases, as with the rebellions in Chili and Brazil, peace and good order with freedom from European intrigues is best secured by our government upholding in every legitimate manner the existing government, unless it is not of a popular form. Wherever the people have a reasonable participation in making and executing the laws, the American policy is to assist the government against intrigue and rebellion on the broad ground that such things will be secretly stirred up and aided by those European nations which are seeking to open new lines of commerce or seize again those portions of American territory which they have lost through incompetence or the effect of our Revolutionary War. The selfish side of our national policy, if it can be called by such a debased term, is the intention to have no neighbors with European notions about the necessity of standing armies.

Predictions of the Weather.

When the late Prof. Loomis of Yale College was urging the government to furnish daily predictions of the weather, nothing further was hoped for than advantageous warning to mariners and farmers of changes in the temperature and of approaching gales. A week into the future seemed to be the utmost limit, as the value of the predictions depended upon widely scattered observations of temperature, moisture, and wind currents. When these were reported by telegraph and indicated on a chart a few moments after being made, it was not difficult to see whither a storm was traveling, or even where one would begin. As in the lighthouse and life-saving services, so in the weather bureau, this country has always maintained an honorable pre-eminence, and the same restless ingenuity is now extending the possibilities of weather prediction further into the future. The existing method of weather prediction seems sufficient for daily use, but remarkable applications of recent physical discoveries are now opening the way to predict the weather for the approaching seasons. The scientists of our Smithsonian Institution in Washington have established an Astro-Physical Observatory, where the most delicate apparatus records the constant changes in the sun as steps in learning the connection between the varying seasons on the earth and the spots, eruptions, and electrical storms visible to observers of our great luminary. Before the recent advance of electrical science the thousands of curious phenomena observed by electricians were unsuspected, and astronomy became a stationary science. The awakening came through photography, the sensitive plate being unaffected by headaches, bad digestion,

or failing vision. These traits in astronomers were scientifically admitted to exist and good-naturedly named "the personal equation." With a trustworthy record, men like our American astronomer Prof. Langley began to think of demonstrating a relation between the aurora and sun spots, and easily inferred that any electrical disturbance in the sun would affect the earth; for it has been reasonably settled that the earth itself is a great magnet, affected by outside electricity just as our artificial magnets are. With photography to record, and scientific men to devise new methods of detecting electrical phenomena, the possibility appeared of predicting whether the next winter would be severe, the following spring brief, the summer hot, the harvest weather dry, and so the probable average of the crops. Other nations are making similar observations; and thus at last science hopes to be not merely the handmaid, but the mentor, of the farmer in tilling the soil, and of the merchant in distributing the food of the world.

A California Railroad.

The steepest mountain railroad in the world has recently been completed in Southern California, to the top of Echo Mountain, near Pasadena. The road is so very steep that the rack could not be used as on the Mount Washington and Pike's Peak railways and the much-vaunted road up Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland. It will be remembered that a third rail in the form of a rack into which a cog-wheel on the engine gears, is laid in the middle of the track in rack railroads, and thus the engine grinds its way up a mountain, imparting a dreadful series of shocks to the car, and causing the passengers occasionally to suffer with something like seasickness. This California railroad, like the Switchback Road in Pennsylvania, is operated by a wire cable attached to the cars, the weight of a descending car helping to raise the ascending one. Electric power is used to move the cable; but a discovery of water on the mountain has suggested that a tank full of water might be attached to each descending car and thus raise the ascending one. Echo Mountain is one of the Sierra Madre Range, which has so few passes and is so steep as to prove inaccessible to ordinary tourists. Echo Mountain itself is so steep that the railroad was built from the top downwards so that material and tools which accidentally slipped out of control might dash to the bottom without injuring the works under construction. From the top of Echo Mountain there are extensive views to the West over the Pacific Ocean, and to the East over the fertile valleys of Southern California. The railroad begins at the terminus of an electric road at about the elevation of the Catskill Mountain hotels, and extends to the summit of the mountain, an elevation as great as the crater of Mount Vesuvius.

Corean Post-Offices.

If the men of 1776 had not read aright the lamentable lesson of the Greek republics whose liberty was lost before the Christian Era through want of political union, no doubt the Southern States would have drifted together, and the Northern, too, would have formed a separate nation, while no one can be quite certain what the West would have been. If in all this forming of hostile nations, Delaware and the eastern shore of Virginia had set up as a nation too, we can form some idea of the political condition of Corea. Beset by China and Japan, coveted by Russia because between China and Japan, and possibly in some danger of being made a colony of Germany or France or even England, with no disinterested nation to turn to but the United States, Corea has been kept tightly closed to all foreign intercourse as a matter of self-protection. The people trade at home, while the government exists chiefly because the other nations cannot agree upon which one shall seize the land. Naturally such a state of affairs does not encourage communication or intelligence; and only very recently has the government concluded to establish a post-office service. This will be followed by electric-light service, and possibly, some day, by railroads and telegraphs. But mail service must awaken the dormant minds of the people, and may lead to their conversion to Christianity. The dominant foreign influence, such as it is, is entirely American, founded upon the good deeds which Americans have done in that country.

Snow Forts.

The mimic warfare of the boys gathered around a snow fort seems likely to find a counterpart in the real warfare of the future. In Norway, this spring, a company of soldiers rolled up great snowballs into a bank twelve feet thick, and then packed loose snow around the balls with their swords and bayonets. The fortification was the work of a few hours only, and when fired at with musketry, at a range of a couple of hundred feet, stopped the bullets wherever the snow was dry. All such experiments are based upon the observed fact that the great velocity imparted to modern projectiles will cause them to glance, or even to stop, when they encounter resistance. This was further illustrated by pouring water on the snow wall and allowing it to freeze. Ice being brittle, the bullets fired into the frozen snow passed entirely through the thickness of twelve feet, and would have done almost as much harm as if they had been simply fired through the air.

The South Carolina Dispensary Law.

As the Constitution of the United States came into being through the excessive exercise of the State's Rights doctrine, similarly it would seem as if one of the strongest doctrines of the Prohibition party might now be declared to be the law of the whole Union. This may be understood from a summary of recent events in South Carolina. Until a very few years ago, the wealthy and aristocratic planters of the coast regions constituted the dominant political faction in that State, for the poorer whites in the upland counties did not appreciate their power at the polls. At last the inevitable awakening occurred, and the People's party obtained sufficient power to control the State government and to pass a law, modeled on European examples, to place the entire wholesale and retail liquor-traffic in miscalled State dispensaries; that is, liquor stores where the attendants were State officials. To make the dispensaries profitable, all other liquor saloons were forbidden, and the searching of private houses for liquor not purchased from the State was directed. After much disorder the State officers were mobbed in Darlington while searching for liquor, and not receiving protection from the local peace officers, Governor Tillman declared the neighborhood in rebellion, cut off railroad and telegraph communication sufficiently to deter sympathizers with the rebels from flocking to their aid, dismissed in disgrace a large part of the State militia who refused to obey his orders, and in a few days restored obedience to the law. This outbreak may be charged to the delay of the highest State court in rendering its decision upon the constitutionality of a previous law embracing the same general principles. At last the Court, by a decision of two judges against one, declared the general principle, equally applicable to the old and the present law, that the State might either prohibit or regulate the liquor traffic, but might not engage in it; that is, the right and the duty of the legislature and the governor to look after the public welfare did not extend to the keeping of liquor saloons. Both the judges who rendered this decision belong politically to the old Democratic faction, the dissenting judge to the Populist party; so it is charged that the decision is partisan, and attention is called to the early retirement of one of the judges who rendered this decision. The vacancy will be filled with a judge who is a Populist, and who is expected in some future case to assist in making the Court's decision favorable to the Dispensary law. Assuming these charges to be true (for they may be untrue), then an appeal could be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States; and under the provision in the Fourteenth Amendment, forbidding the taking of property without due process of law, it would be settled whether under the existing Constitution a State could be a liquor seller. As the Supreme Court of the United States has already declared that the liquor traffic is not a lawful business like selling groceries and medicines, but exists only by the license or connivance of the States, and has also repeatedly declared the fundamental principle of American law to be that every man must so use his own as not to injure his neighbor, it is not logical to infer that the judges of that Court could find any duty in the State to furnish liquor to the citizens. That there ought to be such a duty is, indeed, the doctrine of the miscalled Personal Liberty party; but no decision of the Supreme Court of the United States appears to countenance such paternalism.

Reed's Rules.

One of the most important events in recent Congressional action is the adoption by the House of Representatives of a rule to count a quorum. Speaker Reed introduced the practice when the McKinley bill was under consideration, and his ruling was sanctioned by the Republican majority of that Congress. The most bitter abuse has been heaped upon Mr. Reed from that time until a helpless Democratic majority were compelled to adopt one of the two things which Mr. Reed had done, that is, the counting of every member present when a vote is being taken, not as voting, but to establish that enough members were present to make the number which is required for the transaction of business. The other thing was who should do the counting, and need not be noticed at present; for the practice of counting a quorum is probably now firmly established, and the House of Representatives must now be considered as less of a deliberative and more of an acting body. Those who have been trained in the political school of Hamilton, and those who doubted the ability of the people to decide directly for themselves, are of course greatly troubled by such a change, and speak of it as dangerously increasing the power of the caucus and of the standing committees. In the other extreme, those are delighted who desire the *referendum*, or submission to popular vote of every question capable of an answer Yes or No, and able to bear the delay of a general election. The great mass of the people are probably satisfied with the change, because the period of uncertainty over the passage of any law is shortened, and the responsibility of each Congressman for his vote is increased.

Simplifying the Law.

The death of David Dudley Field, the distinguished New York lawyer, suggests the great power which a determined man has in this world. To his efforts are due changes in the administration of the laws in forty-two of the States and Territories of our country, and, more wonderful than all, in the practice of the English courts. These changes are all in the direction of simplicity and avoidance of unnecessary technicality. Other men in a position of influence like that of Mr. Field have had the same opportunity of assisting in perfecting the administration of justice; but very

many have either taken no interest or else declared such changes would be more expensive than any probable advantage. Some of the changes which Mr. Field ardently desired have been violently opposed by the great mass of lawyers, and another distinguished and scholarly lawyer has yet to arise and carry on the warfare of progress. The fundamental thought which Mr. Field sought to carry into effect was to make the law certain. On the other hand, a very large majority of lawyers in America are trained by early study and subsequent practice to consider certainty in the law as little less than a strait-jacket. For no two refusals to pay a debt, no two differences about the execution of a contract, are alike. Mr. Field pointed out that the general principles involved could easily be reduced to rules so precise that very speedily decisions by judges hostile to such rules would counteract and nullify themselves, and at no distant time the rules be administered in their own spirit. It will be seen that the mere opposition of lawyers and judges is the greatest enemy to reform in the law. This conservatism arises chiefly from the law being a business quite as much as railroading and banking, and necessarily governed by rules and customs.

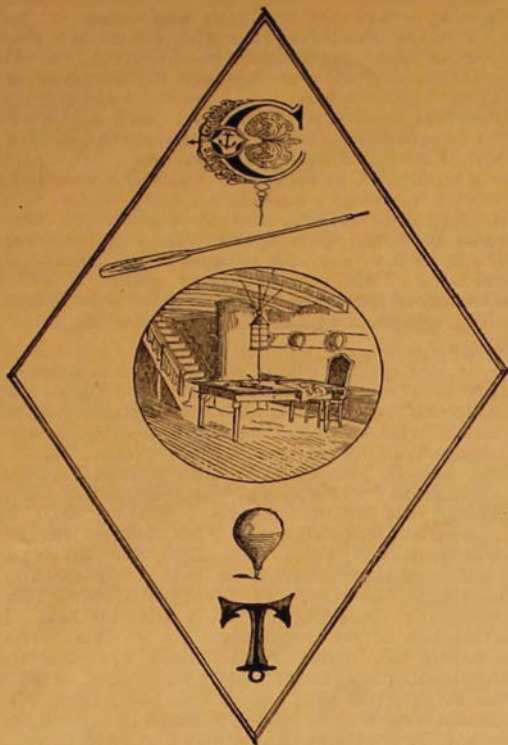
Woman Suffrage.

The result of the strong effort made by prominent women in New York City to secure signatures to a petition addressed to the Convention to revise the State Constitution, asking that the word "male" be struck out of that document, exceeded even their highest expectations. This is the first successful effort to give social prestige to the woman suffrage movement, and commanded sufficient respect to cause the prediction that the striking out of the word "male" will be submitted as a separate proposition. The ladies interested held numerous receptions, or parlor meetings, for the explanation of the value of suffrage to women and to the community at large, and had remarkable success. In fact, politicians have realized that the threadbare challenge, that it will be time enough to allow the extension of the suffrage to women when women ask for it, is being taken up on all sides, and has brought out some new arguments against woman suffrage. One prominent newspaper has suggested that the desire for suffrage is only one of several reasons which are urging women into competition with men, and facetiously predicts that many men will have to emigrate or go to the almshouse. Still another newspaper patronizingly warns women that woman suffrage means votes by the cook and the washerwoman as well as by the ladies of the household, though such a warning means nothing unless the cook and the washerwoman are undesirable additions to the number of voters. No paper, however, has had the courage to express the substantial objections which lie in the minds of politicians, such as the introduction of a vast number of voters who are ignorant of politics and believed to be greatly prejudiced on the liquor question, and perhaps easily excited in matters of local comfort, and not at all amenable to party discipline. How far voters should be governed by party fealty has never been decided by male voters; and the average woman does not as yet understand enough of the practical working of nominating conventions and other party machinery to pass an intelligent judgment upon the subject. All such political problems, as well as the probable party affiliations of women voters, have been thrust in the background by the ladies now managing the new effort for suffrage, so that nothing shall come up for consideration but the simple question, Why is not a woman as competent to vote as a man? This question really assumes that women voters will divide very much as male voters do. The idea of purifying politics by extending the suffrage to women is not so prominent, it being based upon expediency; and men are believed to feel more force in an argument based upon right. In fact, the present movement is rather one for universal suffrage than the extension to women of the right to vote on account of their good qualities. As this latter feature of the movement has come to be appreciated, an opposition movement has been started by some other equally prominent women. This merely establishes that women would not vote as a unit, and in particular that there are women, as well as men, who do not approve of universal suffrage, though all civilized communities, notably in England and Belgium, are rapidly adopting that principle.

The Ferris Wheel.

When the French built a new Tower of Babel reaching to the clouds, as an attraction for their Exposition of 1889, all the clever minds began to estimate on the possible elevation of rival towers, and of course everyone expected a higher tower at Chicago. Circumstances prevented; but the desire to accomplish a new and wonderful feat in mechanical engineering finally caused the erection of the Ferris Wheel, a combination of observatory and elevator far more profitable and popular than the Eiffel Tower. That tower has now had its upper half condemned, and only awaits some method of taking down the material to yield its place as the loftiest tower to our massive Washington monument by the Potomac. But Europe still demands a lofty lookout, and some English capitalists have been so charmed with the popularity and profitableness of the Ferris Wheel that they are erecting a larger wheel in London. From its summit there will be a wondrous view all over the city and the adjacent suburbs. The wheel will be located in Earl's Court, and will be in operation this month. Meanwhile the original Ferris Wheel is being taken apart for transportation to New York City, to be re-erected somewhere on Broadway. It will require four months and at least twenty-five per cent. of the original cost to bring the wheel to New York and set it going, and it will not be so high as the top of the World building.

Puzzles.



DIAMOND PUZZLE.

THE objects shown represent five words to be arranged in the form of a diamond. Commencing at the top, the second and third words contain two letters more than the preceding one; the fourth and succeeding words each contain two letters less than the preceding word. The middle letters when read downward spell the name of one of the greatest discoverers.

AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.



Write in these blank spaces any numbers whose sum when counted vertically shall equal their sum when counted horizontally or diagonally.

CONUNDRUM.

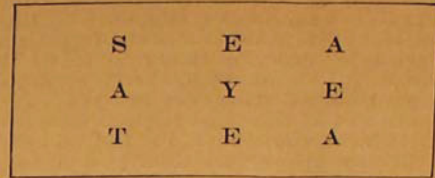
When one little nigger dies,
What do all the other little niggers do?

A WORD PUZZLE.

The word contains seven letters and signifies "Housed." When its different letters are taken away, as indicated by the omission of the dots in the diagram, the remaining letters must spell words with the meanings given.

- | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------------------------|
| . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Housed. |
| . | . | . | . | . | . | . | An animal's home. |
| . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Postponed. |
| . | . | . | . | . | . | . | An article of furniture. |
| . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Competent. |
| . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Swindled. |
| . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Guided. |
| . | . | . | . | . | . | . | A boy's nickname. |

A WORD PUZZLE.

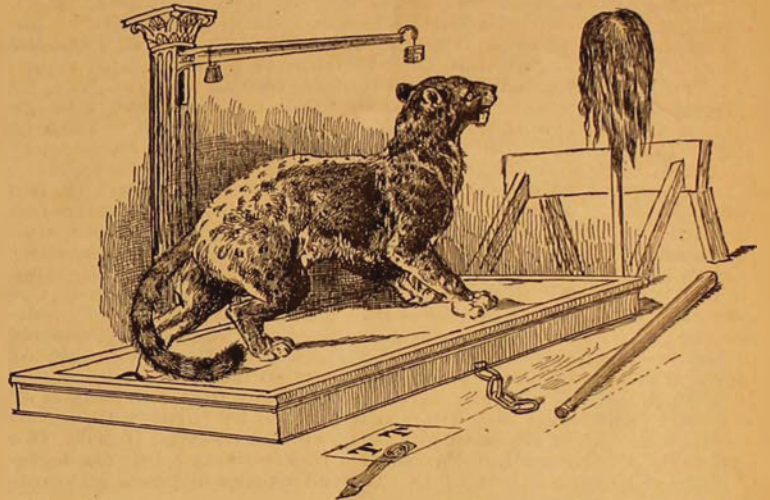


The name of an animal is represented by the above words. What is it?

TO MAKE A DELICIOUS DESSERT.

Ingredients: A fish and a stone.
Directions: First, catch a fish and cut off its tail; grind a stone (any stone will do that is not too hard) to a smooth powder; mix carefully.

My first is an article of household use;
My second is a grain;
My third will buy both;
My whole is one of the United States.



HOW MANY ANIMALS CAN BE FOUND IN THIS ILLUSTRATION, AND WHAT ARE THEY?
HOW MANY SUCH ANIMALS AS THAT ON THE SCALE WOULD IT TAKE TO WEIGH A POUND?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

I.
A
a U k
a d D e r
a g o U a r a
r o B i n
d O g
N.

II. There are eight fish: Sole, Bullhead, Pike, Drum, Perch, Sheepshead, Angler, and Skate.

III. The blacksmith took a link of the fifth piece and joined the first and second pieces; another link of the fifth piece and joined the second and third pieces; and the last link joined the third and fourth pieces and made the chain complete.

IV. The rural scene is this: If you will come under this tree and look over the meadow you will see between the woods and the river two wise men planting peas.


V. The objects are: Daisy, Echidna, Child, Octagon, R O. Agouti, and T; and they should be read down and up. The word is Decoration Day.

VI. My name is Decay (spoken D. K.).

Sanitarian.

Prevention Better than Cure.

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley."

 What avail are all the preparations and plans for a restful outing, which may have cost weeks of careful thought and labor, if on the very eve of departure, or, worse still, that of arrival on the chosen scene of anticipated rest and pleasure, one of the family falls ill? Perhaps heedless Johnny, who took advantage of mamma's and nurse's pre-occupation to play out in the rain, or would sit by an open window on the journey, wakes his tired family from their first nap by the hoarse warning cough of croup. Considering first the relief of the sufferer, bear in mind that though attacks of spasmodic croup are alarming, they are rarely dangerous; and, indeed, there is much less real croup than is generally supposed. You should be very careful to show no excitement yourself, as calmness on your part will do much to allay the child's fears.

It is of the utmost importance where there are young children or delicate people liable to sudden illnesses, to have at hand means of getting hot water without delay. Provide yourself with an alcohol lamp and kettle when you leave the regions of civilization and the never-failing boiler of hot water ready for every emergency, for a hot bath is the first remedy for a croupy child. Immerse the child if possible in a tub, and bathe the throat freely with a sponge dipped in hot water; admit fresh air through an open window, of course protecting the child from a draught. If the struggles for breath are violent, hold ether or ammonia to the nostrils, or dash cold water in the face.

All the worry and excitement of these night attacks can often be avoided if the child's appearance be carefully noted at bedtime and precautionary measures taken. There are usually premonitory symptoms,—slight feverishness, hoarseness, and a dry cough. Their presence should be considered an imperative order for a hot bath, in which the child should be immersed for fifteen minutes; cover tub and child with a large blanket, wrapping it about the child's neck so as to shut in the steam and encourage perspiration. After the bath rub the chest and throat with goose oil, put the child in a warm bed, well covered, and give it a hot lemonade or some grape fruit; the latter is especially commended when febrile symptoms are present.

Following this treatment the child will probably sleep restfully all night, and waken in the morning quite well. If there be a predisposition to croup and slight colds, special attention must be given to the child's diet and exercise; exciting causes will often be found in the digestive organs, which oftener than not are given more work to do than they can accomplish, hence there is constipation, a habit which is often allowed to become chronic, from ignorance that it is the source of many evils. When this condition exists, an abundance of fruit should be eaten,—apples, both cooked and raw, rhubarb, berries, according to the season, oranges, and grape fruit, also figs and dates. The eating of potatoes, and white bread and all foods made of fine flour, should be discouraged, as they clog the system with an amount of starch difficult to digest, and consequently are retained in the system a long time, entailing a great waste of nerve force, and encouraging constipation.

Mutton and beef are the best meats for children, occasionally varied with rabbit, chicken, and venison; veal, pork, turkey, goose, and duck are not fit for their digestion; and all meats for the nursery table should be broiled, roasted, or

boiled, *never* fried. Mutton should be thoroughly cooked, so that it is no longer red; but beef is best when underdone. Experience alone can tell how much meat a child should eat. It should never be allowed for more than two meals a day,—often for one only is better; and it should never be given with eggs, which provide the same kind of nutriment. The general rule for all diet should be an abundance of sweet fruits, fresh or dried, green vegetables,—those growing above ground receiving the preference,—a small proportion of the cereals, brown bread and graham crackers, milk, eggs, and a little meat.

With regard to the eating of fruit an important caution must be given: Fruit skins carry germs and are no more intended for human sustenance than potato skins, melon rinds, or pea pods. The bloom of the peach is a luxuriant growth of microbes, that of the grape only less so; and when these skins are taken into the stomach they find most favorable conditions for their lively and rapid development, which causes the decay of the fruit before it is possible to digest it. This is the reason that many persons think they cannot eat raw fruit. If they would in all cases discard the skin they could derive only good from the fruit itself. Nature provides the skin for the protection of the fruit from the multitude of germs which are ever ready to attack it, as is evidenced when the skin is bruised or broken in any way. The microbes at once begin their work of decay, and the fruit is unfit for food.

Children are chief offenders in respect to this rule, and should be carefully watched and frequently cautioned. A daintiness as to the condition of fruit should also be cultivated, to prevent its being eaten unripe, or too old, on the verge of decay. Remember that it is sweet and ripe fruit, in prime condition only, that is recommended.

The medicine case or basket when prepared for the country should contain large bottles of ammonia, carbolic acid, vaseline, glycerine, witch hazel, arnica, and listerine, some simple and easily used disinfectant,—permanganate of potash is good,—a package of powdered borax, and one of pure cinnamon. The last will be found invaluable if you chance to be in a neighborhood which is badly drained and there is danger of typhoid fever; it should be steeped and taken freely as a drink, for it has the power to destroy infectious microbes; even its scent kills them, while it is perfectly harmless to human beings.

For incipient scratches and slight cuts no more healing lotion can be found than glycerine containing a few drops of carbolic acid. It allays all pain and smarting instantly. If the bones are weary and strained from tramping and climbing, all the joints, the backs of the calves, and the thighs should be well rubbed with vaseline, taking, if possible, a warm bath first. After a good night's rest you will feel fresh and ready to start for another day in the open.

Be sure to sleep in a well-ventilated room, and don't be half so afraid of draughts as of being deprived of your necessary allowance of fresh, pure air. Don't burn a night lamp, unless sickness renders it indispensable; and under no circumstances allow a turned-down kerosene-lamp to pollute the atmosphere. In choosing your abiding place for the summer, make plenty of sunlight a condition. Insist upon sleeping-rooms that are daily purified by the sun's rays; "north rooms" may sound very cool and attractive, but remember always that they cannot fulfill the conditions of perfect hygienic living.

After a fatiguing tramp the tired body should be prepared for restful sleep by a careful night toilet. If there is no convenience for a plunge bath, the body should be sponged off with warm water containing a few drops of ammonia,—if the feet can be left in a foot bath for ten or fifteen minutes it will be all the better,—rub very thoroughly with a Turkish

towel, and, last of all, refresh the face, neck, and arms by spraying with rose water, toilet vinegar, or any favorite toilet water. Brush the dust out of the hair and wipe it with a towel, gargle the throat with salt and water and clean the teeth, and, last of all, just before lying down, take a drink of hot water or lemonade. Sweet, restful sleep should follow this regimen, and prepare you to waken on the new day fit, mentally and physically, for any duty or pleasure that awaits you.

MARCIA DUNCAN, M.D.

Household.

Summer Care of Winter Comforts.

WHETHER there be a semi-annual flitting from winter home to summer home and *vice versa*, or simply a rearrangement of the home for summer use, much cleaning and packing away of personal and household belongings is imperatively necessary. Too often, however, in the latter case, this needed care is deferred as a thing that can wait for convenient opportunity; but she who lets procrastination—that “thief of time”—steal from her unawares the right occasion will live to repent it.

The contents of closets, bureau drawers, and wardrobes should be the first to receive attention; heavy woolen gowns and wraps should be hung in the open air, and exposed to the sun—unless of a color that will not bear it—for several hours, being meanwhile well brushed and beaten with a willow clothes-whip. The folds and plaits of gowns should be carefully searched for any lurking moths; if there be spots of grease, or soil that does not brush off, they should be carefully cleaned with ammonia, ether, or French chalk. The latter is the safest agent to employ on fabrics of delicate color, or texture which will not bear rubbing. It should be scraped in a fine powder over the spot till well covered, then pin a piece of tissue-paper over it, fold the garment, and lay it away for twenty-four hours. If necessary to remove the grease at once, manilla or blotting paper may be placed over the powder and a warm flat-iron set on it.

There is a Japanese cleaning cream which is said to be invaluable for sponging woolen garments, cleaning silks and ribbons, removing spots from carpets, washing mirrors, and renovating paint. The ingredients are a quarter of a pound of white castile soap, grated fine, a half-pint of spirits of ammonia, and one ounce each of spirits of wine, ether, and glycerine. Dissolve the soap in hot water, then add four quarts of cold water and the other ingredients; bottle, and cork tightly. Always shake before using. Spread silks and ribbons on a board and sponge with the cream till clean, rinse thoroughly in clear water,—cold or warm, not hot,—and stretch on a board or table to dry. Never wring nor iron silk.

Furs and fur-lined garments should also be hung outdoors to be well beaten and aired. The Russian method of cleaning furs is simple and efficacious, restoring the fur to its pristine luster and making it look absolutely new. Put rye flour in an earthen pot upon the stove and stir constantly till it is as hot as the hand can bear. Spread the hot meal over the fur to be cleaned, and rub it thoroughly in; after this, brush or beat the fur gently till perfectly freed from the flour.

If furs have ever suffered from moths the utmost vigilance is necessary to prevent further depredations. The

most perfect searcher for these pests is a dressing-comb which is sure to bring to your vengeance the hidden enemy. After thorough combing it is well to sprinkle the garment with lavender water or put on it a few drops of essential oil of lavender. Provide an abundance of small sachets made of cheesecloth and filled with lavender flowers, or with the moth preventive mentioned in “Here and There About the House” in Demorest’s for April, 1893. Cloves and unground black pepper are also good moth-preventives. Remember, above all things, that nothing so encourages them as dirt; and that light and air and cleanliness, upon which human beings thrive, discourage them hopelessly.

The closets and trunks in which clothing is to be packed away should be thoroughly cleansed and aired. If trunks be damp or musty, let the hot sun dry and purify them. If closets cannot be thoroughly aired, set saucers of lime on the shelves; the lime will quickly absorb all dampness. Have ready a good supply of large paper bags, and, if space is not much to be considered, plenty of pasteboard boxes, also a liberal provision of tissue-paper and old sheets and table-cloths.

The appearance of the clothing in the fall when it is brought forth for winter use will depend almost entirely upon the care exercised in folding it. It is a task that requires some skill and a large measure of patience and painstaking. The sleeves of gowns and coats should be filled with rumpled tissue-paper,—which prevents their creasing in unsightly folds,—and sheets of tissue-paper may with advantage be placed between the folds of skirts. In folding make the packages as large as convenient, to avoid creasing, and put things of a kind together; several gown skirts can make one package. Men’s clothing is heavy, so it is best to keep the pieces of a suit together; and it will be found that one suit makes a sufficiently heavy package for convenience in handling. If the packages are to be piled on closet shelves, wrap them first in old sheets or tissue-paper and slip into paper bags, pasting the ends together. Write boldly on the outside of every package its contents. Where the clothing is packed in trunks, it is unnecessary to do it up in packages; place sheets of tissue-paper between the garments, and allow six or eight lavender sachets to a trunk, the more the better.

The basques and corsages of gowns, where it is possible, would better be laid carefully in large boxes, putting them together corresponding to the skirts, so that when wanted only one box and one package would need to be opened. If the utmost vigilance is required to protect from moths, a sheet of paper must be pasted over the top of the box before putting on the cover. Don’t forget to mark the contents on the outside. Boxes containing some handsome article of dress which must not be crushed should have tapes fastened on the inside, at the bottom or low on the sides, to tie over the contents and keep them in place, for it is almost unavoidable in handling boxes that they be tipped up, sometimes even turned entirely over.

Furs, of course, should be put in packages or boxes by themselves; a generous supply of sachets should be put in and about them, and the sleeves of fur coats should be filled with rumpled paper. All furs except sealskin can be folded without fear of their taking on tell-tale creases; but a sealskin coat would better be hung on a stretcher with a paper or cloth bag drawn over it and fastened hermetically at the top,—a precaution against the dust, for moths are not fond of sealskin. Boxes containing small furs should have paper pasted over them under the covers.

Much annoyance will be saved in the autumn when a sudden cool night brings an imperative demand for warm wraps and overcoats if an inventory be made of the contents of shelves, bureau drawers, and trunks. This should be done

AS each package is tied up and marked, or as separate articles are laid into a trunk; then duplicates should be made, on paper or cards, and fastened on the outside of trunks and on the edges of closet shelves.

This may seem to the busy housewife unnecessary "red tape"; but those who have tried it know that the system is an enormous time and worry saver, and the mere fact of enumerating the things in writing assists the memory wonderfully in recalling them.

Winter hats and bonnets require special care, and usually it is much the best plan to rip off the trimmings; it is very seldom that they can be used again without some alteration, and as the dust and chaff of the streets penetrates where it is impossible for a brush to follow, much injury to handsome trimmings is avoided if they be taken off and thoroughly cleaned. Ribbons should be rolled around a pasteboard cylinder or round stick; lace should be treated in the same way; and flowers can, by dainty manipulation, picking out the leaves and petals, wiping off the dust with a soft cloth, and pinching into shape, be restored to usefulness and beauty. The handboxes should not be packed closely; and if there are fragile ornaments that a little shaking or tossing might injure, it is well to fasten them in place with tapes so they cannot slip.

When packing white things, *crêpe* shawls, handsome evening-gowns, laces, plumes, etc., put pieces of white wax in the folds; it will keep them from yellowing.

In the matter of blankets housekeepers are not agreed as to the kind of treatment they should receive. Some over-nice women have them laundered almost as frequently as bed-spreads, and can hardly count one nice soft pair among their belongings. Others, over-nice in a different way, make the mistake of taking the bed-spread off at night, and leaving the blankets exposed to dust and dirt, which they take and hold much more readily than does the spread. Very few ordinary laundresses understand the proper handling of blankets, and when they are so soiled that thorough beating and airing does not freshen them, it will be money in the pocket to send them to the professional cleaner. By some magic of their own they succeed in cleaning them year after year and returning them always soft and looking "as good as new."

You can save your blankets much unnecessary soil by taking good care of superfluous pairs in the summer, and frequently airing and beating those that are in use. The former should be hung in the sunlight and air for several hours, and then be packed away; put sachets of lavender, cloves, and pepper between their folds, wrap them in old sheets, and then slip them into paper bags. Paste the ends together so nothing, not even dust, can penetrate to the inside.

During these days of looking over and caring for the contents of attic and closets, be sure you avoid one stumbling-block over which the too prudent housewife falls. Beware the love of hoarding! Look things over carefully with an eye to future wear, and keep nothing that has passed its period of usefulness. Many garments that are of no present use to you, and are not worth repairing and altering, may yet, if given away before the moths have ravaged them, be of value to others not so well off in this world's goods. And you will save yourself a great deal of care by never allowing useless things to accumulate. It is one of those seemingly little things in which there can be an appreciable saving of strength as well as time; for always such things must be looked over and aired at least twice a year.

This caution applies as well to household things as to wearing apparel. Especially where there is the encouragement of spacious storage-room, many large closets and a roomy attic, the housewife is very apt to become the slave of

her possessions. Things out of date, worn and faded, perhaps broken, are stowed away with a view to possible but very uncertain usefulness, till they become a positive burden; hugging her cares to her heart the economical housewife prides herself upon her providence, when she might perform a double act of charity,—benefiting herself as well as the destitute.

Homes that are shut up for the summer of course require very different care from those that are occupied. A city home prepared for desertion looks as though the ghosts were holding carnival. Bolts of unbleached cloth and cheese-cloth are used to envelop everything. Carpets are taken up, cleaned, rolled up, and sheathed in moth-paper. Draperies are usually taken down; but sometimes very rich curtains are thought to be better off if left hanging, and huge cases are made which are drawn over them. Abundant use is made in all this preparation of little bags of whole pepper or lavender.

In the year-round home a pleasant sense of summer coolness is given if in some of the living-rooms matting replaces heavy carpets, and gauzy draperies the rich and warm ones of winter. Heavy portières and curtains should be laid in as few folds as possible,—to prevent creasing,—and care be used to avoid a heavy weight resting on them. Other directions given for packing blankets apply equally to them.

E. A. FLETCHER.

("Household" continued on Page 505.)

Herb Gardens.

MUCH real pleasure may be found in the planting and tending of sweet, savory, and bitter herbs. The German *hausfrau* (whose linens smell of lavender) always makes room for a few herbs, even if the garden be confined to a small space. Other more fortunate women, possessing all the "ground" they wish to break and plant, have made herb-growing "for market" pay in hard cash, for time and labor expended. There is not much money in it, but there is a demand for clean, well-dried herbs, in towns and cities.

A country wife was asked by a less fortunate neighbor, "How is it you always have a little spending-money at your command?"

"Because I always have something to sell when market-day comes around. If it's only a handful of herbs, I send 'em with my good man. I don't wait to gather up a big showing. 'Many a mickle makes a muckle,'" was the terse reply.

Among the savory herbs used in the kitchen there is parsley, the favorite garnish for salads, meats, and many vegetables. Its beautiful, curled, bright green leaves are admired even by those who do not like the flavor it imparts. Parsley is easily grown from the seed, and a hanging basket filled with parsley is a very pretty ornament for any window. Parsley is hardy, and cutting off the leaves produces thriftier growth.

The different mints are valued because useful medicinally, and relished by the majority of people as the flavoring in piquant sauces for meats, fish, and fowl. Mints thrive best in low places, but will grow anywhere. Sage is an important addition to the herb-garden. Grocers and druggists sell quantities of powdered sage to those who credit it with medicinal virtues, and who think the roast pig, turkey, and goose, or home-cured sausage, tasteless without its addition. Coriander seed is still used in the old-fashioned seed-cakes, just as toothsome to-day as in the days of "auld lang syne."

Rosemary was once very popular, and used in profusion at weddings and funerals. Wild thyme, with its pungent odor, makes up nicely in a bouquet where fragrance is desired. A peculiarity of the German bouquets is that the flowers and greens are always odorous. Of sweet fennel, plummy and pungent, it was said, in Pliny's time, that if the juice from bruised stalks were rubbed upon the eyelids, it would have a good effect upon impaired vision.

Rue, bitter, and an emblem of sorrow, has been the theme of poets, ancient and modern. "There's rue for you, and some for me," in our garden. Lavender was once highly valued for its fragrance, and used in baths. In our day, one may see in England large lavender-fields, very beautiful when in bloom. Pennyroyal, homely and fiery, is much disliked by the mosquito, which will not trouble the face well rubbed with pennyroyal. In cases of violent colds, strong teas of the herb are really beneficial. Tansy and "old man," delicate fern-leaved herbs possessing a peculiar odor, are valued for beauty and antiquity. The belles of a century ago washed their faces in buttermilk in which tansy had been steeped, to drive away freckles. Sweet camomile was highly valued by our grandmothers for its medicinal effect; and calamus, or sweet flag, was esteemed a dainty, many chewing pieces of it, and carrying in their pockets a root of it.

Sweet basil; an old-fashioned herb not often seen in modern gardens, but once a favorite perfume with royalty, was credited by Zetty with many virtues. "The fragrant leaves when bruised and smelled is good for the head and heart. Its seed cureth infirmities of the brain, taketh away melancholy, and maketh one merrie an' glad. The touch of a faire ladye's hand caused it to thrive." In Elizabeth's time, sprigs of sweet basil were offered guests at the palace.

The list of herbs is a long one, and certainly offers fascinating employment to the woman who will collect the rare and almost extinct herbs, once so valued even by women in royal robes.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

To Those Who Fail.

COURAGE, brave heart, nor in thy purpose falter;
Go on, and win the fight at any cost.
Though sick and weary after heavy conflict,
Rejoice to know the battle is not lost.

The field is open still to those brave spirits
Who nobly struggle till the strife is done,
Through sun and storm with courage all undaunted,
Working and waiting till the battle's won.

The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters,
The brightest jewels in the darkest mine;
And through the very blackest hour of midnight
The star of hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! press on! the path is steep and rugged,
And storm-clouds almost hide hope's light from view;
But you can pass where other feet have trodden,—
A few more steps may bring you safely through.

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honors,—
By patient toil, each difficulty past,—
You then may see these days of bitter failure
But spurred you on to greater deeds at last.

NELLIE BARLOW.

Chat.

The Spring Season of Opera in New York was made much of, not only by society, but by the large general public, becoming a fad, as nearly as such a thing could, and was borne by popular enthusiasm upon a swelling tide of overwhelming success. Crowded houses greeted the favorite singers, whose every notable effort was received with a storm of deafening, tumultuous applause. Often, indeed, the audience was so impatient to testify its satisfaction that, to the infinite disgust and annoyance of real music-lovers, it ignored the orchestra utterly, and usually drowned the last notes of the singers.

More brilliant audiences or more cordial ones were never seen in the metropolis. Tolerant good nature encouraged even minor artists to do their best, and under this happy state of things some most notable performances were enjoyed.

The gay and picturesque dress of the season, together with the fact that the great majority of ladies were either without hats or wore the tiny evening bonnets which are now generally recognized as *de rigueur*, enhanced the appearance of the auditorium very much. Of course there are some women—often those who strive the hardest to be in the mode—who will always be "back numbers" and always offend nice, unwritten laws; and these were present in their newest spring hats, with aggressive bows and whole rosebushes nodding from their crowns, the whole flaunting structure dancing with nervous giddiness incessantly between some unfortunate and the stage. It is pleasant to chronicle that these flagrant offenders of good taste were in the minority; but even the few have much to atone for in the evil passions they aroused in the sufferers who sat behind them.

The corsage bouquet is in again; but the only flower which is really *chic* and worn by the smart women on the avenue is the English violet. Larger bunches of these are worn than ever before; often they are from six to eight inches in diameter. They are tied with many loops and ends of inch-wide violet satin ribbon, and fastened on the bust just in the center of the corsage. With evening dress, a slightly smaller bunch is often fastened just in front of the left shoulder, half of it resting on the bare neck. With white or black gowns the effect is very *chic*; but they are also worn with those of pale pink or blue satin.

A brave lady who was overtaken by misfortune and was looking about for a means of livelihood decided to open a laundry. By attending personally to every detail she has shown what a clever, educated woman can do under the spur of necessity. She calls her laundry "Sweet Lavender." She has every modern appointment to aid the work, and returns the snowy linen to her customers in smart little brown carts drawn by well-groomed, brightly-harnessed horses. Everything is spick and span about the establishment, and kept so by the vigilant eye of the mistress, who in her neat gown of lavender cambric is ever-present, and follows up her success by untiring attention to details; which proves that "where there is a will there is a way."

At Vassar College recently an amusing and lively debate was held before the senior society, "Qui Vive," on the subject, "Higher Education Unfits Man for Matrimony." Though the defense was very able, the arguments in support of the proposition were so convincing that it was decided in the affirmative.

The flower market which is held in the early morning hours on Union Square in New York has given an impetus to early rising. It is really quite foreign, you know, and for the nonce it is easy to imagine oneself in one of the old-world cities while strolling along from one dealer to another. The novelty and interest of the occasion has been recognized by those who are always eager for some new occasion or pretense for bringing congenial people together, and it has become quite a fad to make up parties to visit the flower market, incidentally, of course, buying plants and flowers, and afterward breakfasting together either at the home of one of the party or at one of the wholly unique Italian restaurants on the east side of town. This last is in high favor, as it accentuates and carries out the old-world feeling, and makes quite a little outing for the reserved and exclusive souls who move in rather a narrow circle of conventional surroundings the greater part of their days.

Beautiful Frames for Full-Page Pictures
Given in Demorest's Magazine.

IN this age of artistic interior decoration a house without pictures seems only half furnished. It is the pictures that give the finishing touch to even the most expensively decorated apartment; and when hung in a simple room they impart an artistic effect, not only pleasing to the eye, but refining in its influence, and restful to the tired mind and body harassed by the cares and duties of daily life. Therefore those who have pictures and do not place them where they will be in evidence and do the most good are neglecting a manifest duty to themselves and their families.

The beautiful full-page pictures given in Demorest's Magazine make a fine collection, affording the variety of oils,



"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE."
In White Enamel Frame.

water-colors, and gravures, and if framed and hung would furnish daily pleasure. Their size makes them especially desirable for hanging with pictures of larger size, and the effect of both is enhanced thereby; they are also charming arranged in groups.

We have just completed arrangements by which we can furnish, at a minimum cost, frames suitable for the pictures given in our Magazine. A frame such as is shown in the first illustration, of simple design in white enamel, we will send for twenty-five cents; or a more ornate frame, in gilt, such as is shown on the second picture, will be sent for thirty-five cents; transportation paid in both cases. No picture-dealer can afford to sell such frames at these prices; but most good things can be made in large quantities at much less expense than a single one, just as the Demorest's Magazine full-page pictures can be given each month with the Magazine without additional charge, because produced by the thousands, and especially for this purpose.

The ease with which these frames can be obtained removes



A FASCINATING TAIL.
In Gilt Frame.

even the trouble of ordering from a picture dealer, and the pictures can be framed in leisure moments, without calling in skilled help. All that is necessary is to send twenty-five or thirty-five cents to W. Jennings Demorest, 15 E. 14th St., New York City, stating the kind of frame wanted, and giving your name and full address, and your order will be filled without delay. These frames are made only in the one size, 8½ x 11½ inches, suitable for the full-page pictures given in the Magazine.

A Prize of \$100 for Photographs.

A CHANCE FOR AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

THE publisher of DEMAREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE offers a prize of \$100 for the finest collection of photographic views illustrating a subject of popular interest and suitable for a magazine article. The subjects may be foreign or domestic (preference will be given to the latter), the only stipulation being that the photographs have never been used for publication. The competition will be open until August 1, 1894. Contributions which do not win the prize but are available for publication will be accepted and paid for at regular rates.

From ten to twenty photographs should be included in each group, and the subjects may be anything suitable for publication in a magazine; those which are most original and timely,—when well executed, of course,—standing the best chance in the contest. If possible, a descriptive article should accompany the photographs; but when one cannot be sent, data must be given so that one can be prepared, and the possibility of making an interesting article from the matter furnished will be one of the points considered in awarding the prize.

Of the contributions which do not win the prize, those arriving earliest will stand the best chance of being accepted and paid for.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

FURNISHING IN STYLE
THE COSMOPOLITAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JUNE.

PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 515.

MORE and more as the season advances the early predictions of a return to the neat and severe tailor styles for street wear have been verified. Until the so-called dress reform shall give to women garments which insure her as great freedom of movement as men enjoy—and probably no reader of these lines will live to see that day—it will be impossible to devise a mode more becoming, useful, and suitable for the exigencies of everyday use than the “tailor-made” of the present season.

Covert cloths, which come in every shade of tan, brown, and gray, as well as many medium tones that must be classed as stone and slate, produced by the mingling of bright-colored threads which are spun in the wool, and the stylish Oxford suitings are the fabrics most used for these regulation gowns; but there are also a host of neat little all-wool checks—not plaids—in brown or black and white warmed with almost invisible threads of green, blue, or red, which are great favorites, and being of light weight are very desirable for midsummer journeys.

The newest coat copies the dude’s swell walking-coat and has the front corners rounded entirely away, the back also being modelled upon the lines of a man’s coat instead of having the fullness which in the winter and early spring was *de rigueur*. Waistcoats are either double-breasted—see the “Blaisdell” in May number—or single like the one which completes the “Lenox” coat in this number.

For hot weather we have far and away the smartest tailor gowns ever made. They are of a new fabric, silk and linen duck, and handsome enough for the gayest garden *fêtes*; being, really, almost too dressy for city streets, as the fabric looks like a rich silk *matelassé*. They are shown in pure white and in cream and *beurre* shades. The skirts are perfectly plain, cut like the “Fraser,” with five gores, and the coats are like the “Berkshire” in this number. A waistcoat like the suit completes it, or a full front of plaited *chiffon* and lace is worn.

For morning wear, either in the city or country, are suits of white cotton duck and linen made in exactly the same fashion. Some of the duck is checked off with thread stripes of color,—dark red or blue,—or is sprinkled with

polka dots. The linens are the plain unbleached, or dark blue, and there is also a black-and-white brocaded in fine figures, which is very neat, and suitable for half mourning.

The new cheviot challies are a pleasant light-weight all-wool fabric, especially suited for hot weather wear at the seashore or in the mountains. They come in all the new delicate shades of tan, blue, green, and heliotrope, and are either polka-dotted with a darker shade—as brown on tan, bottle green on *réséda*—with a ribbon-like border on one selvage, or have thread-like vertical stripes, also of color upon color, without a border. The border is used for straight shoulder and sleeve ruffles, and for a narrow one around the skirt, or else a flounce a quarter of a yard deep is draped to define a long pointed apron-front and brought up high across the back, not more than three-eighths of a yard from the waist. Another pretty fashion is to leave the border on the bottom, cutting the skirt straight and looping it on one side over a silk skirt the color of the polka dot.

The importance of the blouse waist waxes instead of waning with the changing seasons. So great is the variety of these now, that whole departments are given to them in our shops. For morning wear they are plain and of simple fashion, either of washable silk or Chambéry, cambric, and cheviot, in all delicate colors. They are made with plaitings from throat to waist in front and buttoned with silver or gold studs; the neck is finished with either a turn-down collar or a little plaited jabot. Those of Chambéry have a neat little vine of embroidery on collars and cuffs and around the buttonholes. Next to these come waists of fancy silks, *peau de soie*, bengaline, and changeable taffetas or surahs; everything goes into these, and they are simply fashioned or loaded with lace-trimmed ruffles, according to the taste of the wearer. They are worn with the skirts of tailor gowns, and any others that are convenient. The dressiest waists for evening wear are those of *jeunesse* silks, ice *crêpe*, accordion-plaited net or *chiffon*, and black lace.

Hats show the greatest variety of materials ever used in their construction. Straws are of every description, rough and smooth braids, fine and coarse ones, and those of Neapolitan are interwoven with ribbon; every conceivable color to match anything can be found.

Novel lace-brimmed hats have only a skull crown of fancy straw, which is surrounded with a wide flounce of lace held out to form an irregularly dented and fluted brim by occa-

sional wires ; a great bow of moiré ribbon in front and clusters of flowers at the back form the trimming

Our thanks are due Messrs. Stern Bros., Lord and Taylor, and Aitken, Son and Co., for courtesies received.

A Summer Gown.

OUR illustration shows the prettiest and most artistic draped skirt now worn ; it is so graceful that it has won favor even with those conservative women who look askance at most overskirts and will have none of them. The fabrics used



A Summer Gown.

LINVILLE WAIST. EASTBOURNE OVERSKIRT.

in this handsome gown are blue-gray *crépon* and silk of a darker shade, and the trimming is Venetian guipure underlaid with black satin. The underskirt is of the silk, finished around the bottom with three narrow bias ruffles ; the overskirt—the “Eastbourne”—of *crépon* is cut in circle shape, and has a bias seam in the back. Any five-gored model, like the “Gilbert” or “Merlin,” will do for the underskirt. The corsage is the “Linville” ; the *crépon* is slightly full over a fitted lining ; the yoke in the back is straight across the bottom ; and no opening is visible, as it fastens on the left

shoulder and under the arm. Hints for effective combinations for these gowns, which often contrast in color and fabric, have been given in our late Fashion Reviews. Sometimes one fabric alone is used, the underskirt being faced up with the gown stuff ; in such cases care must be used to make the facing so deep that the wind will not betray the unsightly sham.

The model is also desirable for washable fabrics that do not require frequent laundering ; the waist is suitable for gingham and kindred fabrics, and can be used with a simpler skirt. For full description of both patterns see page 500.

THERE are high-necked jackets and low-necked jackets, and jackets for all hours of the day ; jacket fronts without any back, and others with long coat-tails.

For Various Occasions.



For Various Occasions.
LENOX COAT.

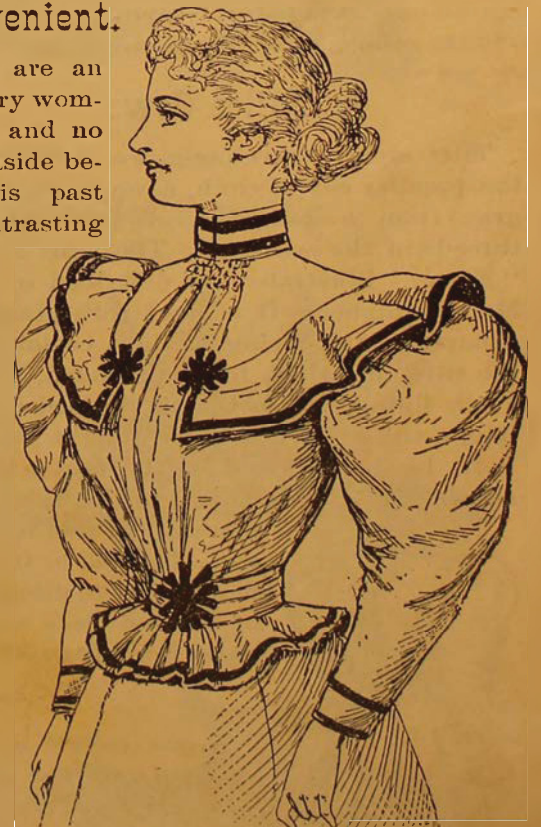
A VERY jaunty and becoming garment, combining the ease of the jacket with the dignity of the coat, and thereby losing the *négligée* air of the former. It is close-fitting and completed by a waistcoat and chemisette, and combines well with any style of skirt. Tan-colored covert cloth is the material of the model, with revers of brown moiré, and waistcoat of changeable moiré in blue and brown. Suits of black serge are seen with waistcoats of white cloth, satin, or moiré ; and those of black moiré or satin often complete gowns of blue whipcord or brown hop-sacking. The handsome waistcoat cloths, formerly to be had only

of the importers, are now on sale in most of the shops ; they are heavy, firm fabrics, mostly silk and wool, in brocades, checks, and pin-head dots, and every desirable combination can be found. For description of pattern—the “Lenox Coat”—see page 500.

Smart and Convenient.

HER fancy waists are an important part of every woman's wardrobe now, and no gown need be cast aside because the corsage is past wear, for one of contrasting or harmonizing material is quite as modish as one of the gown fabric ; thus while it is a convenience to the economist, she will also be following fashion's most pronounced fancy.

These waists are made plain enough or sufficiently dressy for every hour in the day. A trim tailor-gown becomes a graceful *négligée* for breakfast by wearing a dark silk blouse with the skirt, and suitable for the



Smart and Convenient.
WINSTANLY WAIST.



A Tailor Gown.

BERKSHIRE COAT. FRASER SKIRT.

A Tailor Gown.

THIS smart traveling-gown is made of the popular covert cloth, a warm shade of gray from a mingling of plum-colored threads in the weaving. The skirt is the "Fraser," illustrated and described in the March number. It is lined with plum-colored silk, and has a narrow inter-facing of light crinoline to give firmness to the stitching which forms the finish. The best substitute for a silk lining, where that is deemed too expensive, is percaline, a silk-and-linen fabric of light weight and very durable. Both back and front of the coat—the "Berkshire"—are shown; it is open almost to the waist in the back and has



BERKSHIRE COAT. (BACK.)

plaits at the side-form seams, like a man's coat, is fitted in front with one dart, and flares away to disclose the natty waistcoat of red and black silk. For description of pattern see page 500.

Stock collars of folded *crêpe* replace those of velvet so much worn during the winter. Some have a large Rhinestone or steel buckle shaped to the throat in front, with softly falling loops of *crêpe* or *chiffon* falling out upon the shoulder.

evening by the addition of a bright, lace-trimmed one. Our model—the "Winstanly"—is of old-rose and blue shot and changeable silk, trimmed with dark blue velvet ribbon; it is slightly full over a fitted lining, and the circle bertha is arranged the same in the back as in front. For description of pattern see page 500.



A Smart Wrap.

CARROLL CIRCLE.

Pongees and Habutai silks in light colors and narrow stripes are the coolest and most agreeable fabrics for hot weather, and they launder perfectly. For description of pattern,—the "Chilton,"—which is in sizes for ladies and misses, see page 500.

ICE *crêpe* is a thin silk fabric which is crimped in undulating bias waves.

A Smart Wrap.

SHOULDER capes are so picturesque and convenient that the demand for novelties of this sort continues unabated. The favorite models are short, very full, and the shoulder trimmings are considerably moderated from those of last season. Black silks, satin, and moiré, often heavily trimmed or overlaid with lace, are the favorite materials, black being more popular than any color. The wrap illustrated is of black satin, lined with heliotrope silk; the revers and the deep collar in the back are of white satin, overlaid with *bourdon* lace; a triple-plaited ruche of lace makes a becoming finish for the neck, and a bow of wide moiré ribbon fastens the wrap, the long ends being tacked underneath the cape and giving a fichu effect. The latter may be made of the material and lined, if preferred. For description of pattern—the "Carroll"—see page 500.

For Summer Comfort.

THIS is a standard pattern for the *négligée* blouses which are now indispensable for morning wear and to complete traveling and outing gowns. The choice of fabrics used for them is very wide; in cottons, the colors and patterns of lawns, cambries, and gingham were never more delicate and attractive, and the Chambéry, chevots, and galateas are always good. In laundering them it is a matter of taste whether the collar, cuffs, and plait in front be starched or soft-finished, but under no circumstance are they polished.



For Summer Comfort. CHILTON BLOUSE-WAIST.



1. Visiting-Hat.

Millinery Novelties.

No. 1.—Visiting-hat of white lace with crown of silver and jet; full-blown pink roses and black ostrich-feathers form the trimming.

No. 2.—Hat of black armour braid wreathed with violets; spreading rabbit's-ear loops of emerald green velvet clasped in front of the low crown by a Rhinestone buckle.

No. 3.—Evening-bonnet; a jet band surrounds the top of the head, and a bow of spangled

galloon supporting cluster of roses, and crushed rosettes of crimson velvet just over the forehead, form the trimming.

No. 4.—A tiny crown of gold lace is surrounded with a full plaiting of *chiffon* held in place by light wires to form a brim. A bow of black velvet and butterfly wings of plaited *chiffon* secured by a jeweled buckle forms the only trimming.

Modish Parasols.

THE *fin de siècle* parasol has reached a position of decorative importance which the genus parasol never dreamed of a decade gone. There is really no other toilet accessory so fascinating and which tempts to so much extravagance. For full dress and carriage use there are the most engaging creations of accordion-plaited or puffed and ruffled *chiffon* trimmed with rich lace and flowers and fluttering ribbons, looking when closed like great bouquets.

Very elegant are those of black moire trimmed with appliqué designs of white lace, and often cut in deep Vandykes, the points thus formed being filled with a full flounce of lace. The favorite handles for these are wound solidly with cut jet beads. A medium size is the popular choice, and the favorite shape is still the dome of last season.

Handles are in endless variety; carved ivory, Dresden china with silver deposit in scroll designs, tortoise-shell, amber, pearl, and wood.



Modish Parasols.

Sun umbrellas to carry with tailor-gowns are in fine shepherd's checks or blue and brown plaids; or else plain red, navy blue, or brown, having Dresden ball handles harmonizing in color, or those of light, twisted wood. Last season's parasols which may be faded or soiled can be freshened for another summer's wear by covering them with lace or *chiffon*.

No. 1.—Black satin with ruffles a quarter of a yard wide of polka-dotted black *chiffon*.

No. 2.—White silk under a satin-striped *chiffon* cover—white striped with heliotrope and gold—which is drawn full at the top and finished at the edge with a full ruffle. A bow of heliotrope ribbon decorates the pearl handle.

No. 3.—Black silk with cover of rich black Spanish lace. The lining of old-rose India silk is put in in puffs; and the jetted handle has bows of moiré ribbon of corresponding color.

Stylish Hairdressing.

(See Page 498.)

WHILE there is a similarity in prevailing styles of dressing the hair at present, yet it is safe to say that every woman is a law unto herself in this matter; and while some aim to be eccentric, others, happily the majority, endeavor to choose the most becoming style. The prevailing characteristics are lightness and fluffiness and irregularity of arrangement; but some pile the hair on top of the head, others at the back well up



2. Hat of Armour Braid.



3. Evening-Bonnet.



4. Chiffon Hat.



1. Sans-Gêne Neck-Scarf.

moiré ribbon trimmed with *beurre* lace is the best choice; the ends may extend only to the waist or hang a quarter of a yard below it. As it is quite an art to tie a bow, and not every woman can do it, many prefer to make the bow permanently and attach it to the folded neckband, hooking one end under the bow. When adjusted it looks the same as when passed around the neck and tied.

No. 2.—Neck bow or sash of repped ribbon a quarter of a yard wide, trimmed on the ends with rich passementerie and jet. Black is the general choice for this also, as it can be worn with any color, and is equally effective with light or dark gowns.

No. 3.—A graceful fichu of white *chiffon*, laid in soft folds as a heading, with a wide flounce of white *point de grecque*. Colored *chiffon*, pale blue, pink, or yellow, will be found more becoming to some than white.

No. 4.—Neck bow of pearl-colored



3. A Graceful Fichu.

from the nape of the neck and a few let it fall in curls and braids quite low. Our illustration shows the hair waved all over the head and raised in Pompadour style above the forehead; it is twisted in a bow-knot at the back of the head, and fastened by fancy pins, a few curls escaping at the side and beneath.

Toilette Accessories.

No. 1.—The popular neck-bow called "*sans gêne*," from the play of that name in which it was first worn in Paris. Any width sash ribbon is used for it, and for day wear black



Stylish Hairdressing.



Hat Garnitures.

moiré ribbon, the ends trimmed with white guipure lace.

SHADE hats of shirred silk-muslin are the prettiest things for garden use and for country drives. They have low crowns and wide brims.

Misses' Hats.

(See Page 508.)

No. 1.—Shade hat of Leghorn trimmed with a ruche of plaited *chiffon* and a wreath of daisies, the stems of which form a braid encircling the crown.

No. 2.—Brown clip walking-hat trimmed with a plaiting of brown net, which encircles the top of the crown, and clusters of yellow cowslips and



2. Neck Bow or Sash.

bows of ribbon grass on the brim.

No. 3.—Young girl's wide-brimmed hat of tan-colored clip, trimmed on the left side with a brown velvet bow and an

aigrette of Rhinestones and gilt, the remainder of the trimming consisting of a *rouleau* of velvet around the crown. The hat is a plaque bent into outlines becoming to the face, the crown being formed by a *bandeau* covered with a roll of velvet which just fits the head and is sewed underneath the plaque.

No. 4.—Yellow rice-straw hat with rolled brim and a low crown; trimmed with green ribbon, dandelion thistles, and a brown quill.

Hat Garnitures.

No. 1.—Clusters of violets, bunched irregularly and looped together by their stems, form a half-wreath, which may be twisted about the head to make the

entire bonnet, or used as a hat trimming.

No. 2.—Head or hat trimming of shaded roses and their leaves connected to form a wreath by a *rouleau* of "baby" velvet ribbon in fine loops.

POKE bonnets and shakers for the little ones are of shirred lawn with lace-trimmed ruffles.



4. Neck Bow.

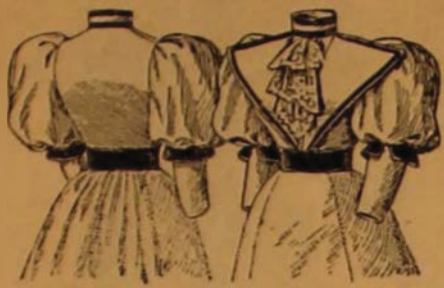


Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

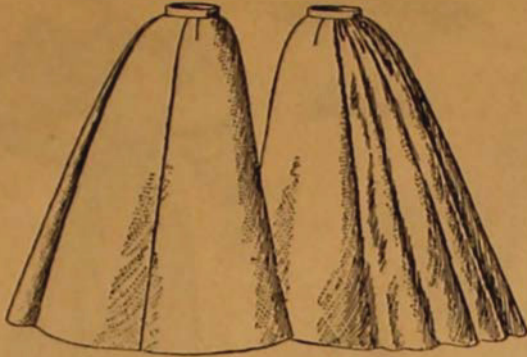
(For Descriptions, see Page 601.)

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

Standard Patterns.



Aberdeen Waist.



Mayfair Skirt.



Pilar Dress.



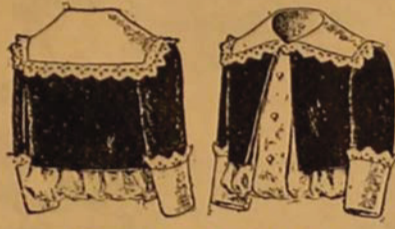
Primrose Dress.



Ilfracombe Jacket-Waist.



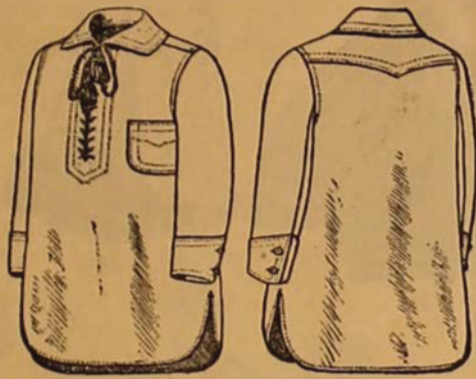
Sailor Cap.



Ereen Jacket.



Oriel Dress. Marie Apron. Yachting or Tennis Shirt.



Descriptions of these Patterns will be found on this Page.

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. For it should be remembered that one inestimable 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 its back.

Descriptions of Our Cut Paper Patterns.

REMEMBER THAT EACH "PATTERN ORDER" ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO BUT ONE PATTERN.

Always refer to these descriptions before sending your "Order" for a Pattern, that you may know just the number of Pieces that will be in the Pattern received.

FOR GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR CUTTING AND JOINING THE PIECES, SEE THE BACK OF THE ENVELOPE IN WHICH THE PATTERN IS INCLOSED.

LENOX COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, side-gore, back, collar, and strap, of vest; front, side-gore, side-form, back, revers, and sleeve, of coat. Tack the seams of the coat-skirt to a tape placed across them on the inside, or place a light weight at the bottom of each seam, to keep the fullness in place. Gather the top of the sleeve, between the holes. A medium size will require six yards of goods twenty-four inches wide to make the same throughout, or four and three-quarter yards for the coat, three quarters for the revers, and half a yard for the front of vest. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

BERKSHIRE COAT.—Half of the pattern is given in 12 pieces: Front, side-gore, back, collar, and strap, for vest; front, side-gore, side-form, back, collar, and two sides of the sleeve. The row of holes in the front of the coat denotes where it is to be turned back for the revers. Lay the extensions at the side-form seams in a side-plait turned toward the front on the inside. The extension at the back seam is to be lapped toward the left on the outside. Gather the top of the sleeve, between the holes. A medium size will require six and three quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide to make the vest and coat alike; or six and a quarter yards for the coat, and half a yard for front of vest. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

WINSTANLY WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side-gore, side-form, and back, of lining; outer front and back pieces, bertha, collar, and sleeve. Gather the outer front at the top and waist line, forward and back of the holes in each, respectively. Cut a yoke for the front like the lining above the full part; hook the lining down the middle in the usual way, and fasten the outer part on the left shoulder and under the arm. Gather the sleeve-puff at the top, between the holes, and at the bottom, and place the lower edge to the row of holes across the sleeve. A medium size will require three and a half yards of material twenty-four inches wide, and half a yard additional of contrasting goods for the yoke. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

LINVILLE WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front, side-gore, side-form, and back, of lining; outer front and back pieces, collar, and three pieces of the sleeve. Gather the outer front and back pieces forward and back of the holes in each, respectively. Cut a yoke for the front like the lining above the full part; hook the lining down the middle in the usual way, and fasten the outer part on the left shoulder and under the arm. Gather the sleeve-puff at the top, between the holes, and at the bottom, and place the lower edge to the row of holes across the sleeve. A medium size will require three and a half yards of material twenty-four inches wide, and half a yard additional of contrasting goods for the yoke. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

CHILTON WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, side-gore, back, yoke, two pieces of the collar, sleeve, and cuff. The opposite notches at the top and bottom of the front designate the middle. Lay the portion forward of these notches in a box-plait on the outside; the holes forward of the notches indicate the outer edges of the plait. Gather the front at the neck, from the box-plait to the hole back of it. Put a casing and draw-string at the waist line, or gather and sew to an inner belt, distributing the fullness as is most becoming. Gather the sleeve at the top, between the holes, and at the bottom; put an inch-wide facing on the outside at the opening, to serve as a lap, and point it at the top. A medium size will require four and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

EASTBOURNE OVERSKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 2 pieces: Front and back. The four holes in the front piece denote two side-plaits to be turned toward the front on the outside. The rows of holes in the back piece denote a box-plait to be laid all the way to the bottom and held by tapes tacked at intervals to its inner edges. Back of the single hole at the top of the back piece gather or lay in overlapping plaits turned toward the middle of the back on the outside. Cut the front lengthwise and whole down the middle; and the back lengthwise on the front edge. A medium size will require seven yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the overskirt, and two yards additional for a facing ten inches deep on the underskirt. (The overskirt can be draped over any gored skirt.) Overskirt pattern in two sizes, medium and large.

CARROLL CIRCLE.—Half of the pattern is given in 5 pieces: Cape, yoke, sash, collar, and revers. Gather the sash at the top, draw it in to the proper size and lap the back edge about an inch under the cape, tacking it only as low down as the bust. Cover the collar with a very full ruching of lace or the material. A medium size will require two and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the cape, three quarters of a yard additional for the revers, two and a half yards of sash ribbon, and five yards of lace for the ruching. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

CORNETA WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, side-gore, side-form, back, collar, bretelle-bertha, and three pieces of the sleeve. Place the bretelle-bertha to the row of holes up the front and across the back. Gather the sleeve-puff at the top, between the holes; also at the bottom, and in a line with the row of holes. Place the lower edge to the lower row of holes across the sleeve, and the gathers above to the second row of holes. The size for sixteen years will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 14 and 16 years.

CHILTON WAIST.—For description, see the "Chilton Waist" for ladies above. The size for sixteen years will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 12, 14, and 16 years.

CARMINE JACKET-WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 13 pieces: Front, side-gore, side-form, and back, of lining; full front and back pieces, and collar, of waist; front, back, bertha, and three pieces of the sleeve, of jacket. Gather the full pieces for the waist at the top, and at the bottom forward and back of the hole in each, respectively. Gather the top of the outer piece of the sleeve, between the holes. The size for twelve years will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide for the jacket and to face the yoke, and one yard for the full part of the waist. Patterns in sizes for 10 and 12 years.

ALIDO REEFER.—Half of the pattern is given in 6 pieces: Front, side-form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeve. The opposite notches in the top and bottom of the front designate the middle and also show how far the fronts are to be lapped. Tack a tape of the necessary length on the inside, to the side and back seams, to keep the fullness in place. Gather the sleeve at the top, between the holes. The size for eight years will require one yard and a half of goods forty-two inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

ELAINE DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, back, and ruffle for neck, of guimpe; front and back of waist, two pieces of sleeve, three caps, and skirt. Gather the guimpe at the waist line, forward and back of the hole in the front and back, respectively. Gather the neck-ruffle about half an inch from its upper edge. Gather the sleeve top and bottom, between the holes. Gather the sleeve-caps at the top, between the holes. Gather the top of the skirt. The size for four years will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide to make alike throughout. Patterns in sizes for 2 and 4 years.

ABERDEEN WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 12 pieces: Front, side-gore, side-form, outer and inner back piece, two revers, collar, and four pieces of the sleeve. The front edges of the revers are to be placed to the row of holes in the front. The puff for the sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes, and at the bottom, and the lower edge is to be placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. The upper edge of the cuff is to be placed to the same row of holes. A medium size will require three and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard additional of contrasting goods. Patterns in sizes for 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

MAYFAIR SKIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 3 pieces: Front, side-gore, and back gore. Cut the side and back gores bias on their back edges. Fit the front and side gores with shallow darts, or hold them easy in mounting; and gather the back gores. A medium size will require seven and three quarter yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large.

ILFRACOMBE JACKET-WAIST.—Half of the pattern is given in 13 pieces: Front, full front, side-gore, side-form, back, and collar of underwaist; front and back of jacket, revers, and four pieces of the sleeve. The full front is to be gathered at the neck, forward of the hole, and laid at the bottom in three plaits turned toward the front on the outside. The revers on the jacket is to be laid in a box-plait on the shoulder, according to the holes. The puff for the sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes, and at the bottom, and the lower edge is to be placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. The size for fourteen years will require three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three quarters of a yard of velvet. Patterns in sizes for 12 and 14 years.

PRIMROSE DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, full front, back, collar, three pieces of the sleeve, cap for sleeve, and three pieces of the skirt. The full front of the waist is to be laid at the bottom, forward of the hole, in plaits turned toward the middle of the front, on the outside. The puff for the sleeve is to be gathered at the top, between the holes, and at the bottom, and the lower edge is to be placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. The cap may be trimmed with ruffles, or left plain. The front and side gores of the skirt are to be laid in fine plaits, or held a little full; and the back breadth is to be gathered. The size for ten years will require seven and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one yard additional of contrasting goods to face the yoke and lower parts of the sleeves. Patterns in sizes for 10 and 12 years.

PILAR DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 8 pieces: Front, back, berth, collar, three pieces of the sleeve, and one-half of the skirt. The berth is to be gathered between the holes and placed to the row of holes in the upper part of the waist. The puff for the sleeve is to be gathered at the top between the holes, and at the bottom, and the lower edge is to be placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. The skirt is to be gathered all around. The size for ten years will require five and a half yards of goods twenty-four inches wide, and one-half yard additional for the yoke and lower parts of the sleeves. Patterns in sizes for 8 and 10 years.

ORIEL DRESS.—Half of the pattern is given in 10 pieces: Front, side gore, and back of lining, full front and back pieces, collar, three pieces of the sleeve, and skirt. The full pieces of the waist are to be gathered top and bottom, forward and back of the holes in each, respectively. The puff for the sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes, and the lower edge is to be placed to the row of holes across the sleeve. The skirt is to be gathered all around. The size for eight years will require five yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, and 10 years.

MARIE APRON.—Half of the pattern is given in 5 pieces: Front and back of yoke, front and back of skirt, and sleeve. The skirt is to be gathered at the top. The sleeve is to be gathered top and bottom, between the holes, and the lower edge is to be sewed to a band of the required size. The size for eight years will require three and a half yards of goods one yard wide. Patterns in sizes for 4, 6, and 8 years.

GREEN JACKET.—Half of the pattern is given in 9 pieces: Front, back, and sleeve or blouse: front, back, and two sides of the sleeve of jacket; collar and cuff. The opposite notches at the top and bottom of the front of the blouse designate the middle; the portion forward of the notches is to be laid in a box-plait on the outside. The blouse may be gathered at the bottom and sewed into a band of the desired size, or it may be hemmed at the bottom and have an elastic ribbon run through the hem. The collar may be attached to the blouse or jacket, as preferred, or it may be separate from both. The size for four years will require one yard and three-eighths of velvet, one yard of goods twenty-seven inches wide for the blouse, collar, and cuffs, and one yard and three-quarters of narrow embroidery. Patterns in sizes for 4 and 6 years.

SAILOR CAP.—The pattern is given in 3 pieces: Two pieces of the cap, and band. The size for six years will require a half yard of goods. Patterns in sizes for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years.

YACHTING OR TENNIS SHIRT.—Half of the pattern is given in 5 pieces: Front, back, collar, pocket, and sleeve. The medium size will require four yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide. Patterns in sizes for 14, 15, and 16 inches neck measure.

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 brown-and-gold *crépon* combined with tan-colored satin which simulates an underskirt. Rhinestone buckles clasp the folded satin girdle and the stock-collar.
- 2.—Tailor-gown of gray covert cloth. Two cut-steel buttons fasten the coat in front.
- 3.—Black straw hat trimmed with roses and raven's wings.
- 4.—Shamrock brooch of green enamel set with diamonds.
- 5.—Garden-fête gown of blue *crépon* combined with brocaded *peau de soie*, trimmed with white satin and lace draped to form a jacket in front.
- 6.—Black moire wrap trimmed with Venetian guipure. Jetted capote.
- 7.—Visiting-gown of bottle-green satin combined with velvet and moire.
- 8.—Fancy straw hat trimmed with bows of black moire ribbon, daisies, and osprey aigrette.
- 9.—Silk-and-wool novelty goods—brown flecked with green and gold—combined with mastic faced-cloth which simulates an underskirt; edges finished with gold *soutache*.
- 10.—Reception-gown of gray *crépon* over underskirt of black velvet; shoulder trimming of jet-embroidered lace.
- 11.—Four-leaved-clover brooch, enameled and set with diamonds.
- 12.—A dressy gown of accordion-plaited, polka-dotted violet lawn, with drapery and jacket of India silk of the same color.
- 13.—Corsage of pale blue silk and guipure lace.
- 14.—Visiting gown of black-and-white moire trimmed with insertion of black lace. Shoulder cape of black moire under flounce of white guipure.
- 15.—French gown of tucked and ruffled lawn; corsage of wide guipure insertion and bands of tucking.
- 16.—Black satin skirt; corsage of black *bourdon* lace over white moire, with shoulder cape of accordion-plaited white *chiffon*. Black hat trimmed with yellow roses and black plumes.
- 17.—Betrothal brooch set with diamonds.
- 18.—Carriage-gown of black moire and steel blue *crépon*.
- 19.—Garden-fête gown of fancy silk combined with lace-trimmed batiste.
- 20.—Wrap of mastic cloth trimmed with black silk *passementerie*.
- 21.—Walking-gown of cadet-blue whipcord trimmed with dark blue velvet ribbon, and looped over silk petticoat of same color.
- 22.—Robe gown of blue-gray Chambéry embroidered with white.
- 23.—Plum-colored *crépon* trimmed with jetted *passementerie* underlaid with lavender silk.
- 24.—Walking-gown of black serge with blouse front of accordion-plaited heliotrope silk.
- 25.—Reception-gown of changeable satin trimmed with richly beaded guipure; chemisette of plaited *chiffon*; stock collar and cuffs of bronze velvet.
- 26.—Street-gown of striped cheviot, with panel and revers of tan-colored moire.
- 27.—Gown of silk-and-wool *crépon*, looped over a skirt of bronze-colored satin bordered with white guipure. Picture hat of black lace with bow of black moire ribbon and clusters of violets.
- 28.—Plaid wool skirt, with blouse of pale blue Chambéry.
- 29.—Visiting-gown of accordion-plaited Brussels net over black satin. A good model for grenadines, nun's vellings, and India silks.
- 30.—Diamond-set brooch and pendant.
- 31.—Brooch of daisy links set with diamonds.
- 32.—White India silk gown trimmed with satin ribbons and lace. Leghorn hat trimmed with pale pink feathers.
- 33.—Tailor-gown of mohair *crépon* lined with brown silk; revers faced with same. Tan-colored straw hat trimmed with brown velvet and cock's feathers.

Misses' Hats.

(For description see Page 498.)

A Stylish Model.

(See Page 502.)

THIS smart little model is suitable for all light wools, *crépons*, challies, etc. The round, straight skirt and the full underwaist (which is the same back and front) are of heliotrope *crépon*, and the jacket, yoke, and neckband of silk of a darker shade. It



1. Shade Hat.

is a suitable design for a traveling or school gown made of shepherd's plaid or any mixed wool, in which case the jacket and skirt could be alike, and the full waist of silk or cotton cheviot. Girls of twelve of average height wear their gowns



2. Chip Walking-Hat.

midway between the knees and the tops of their boots. For description of pattern—the "Carmine"—see page 500.

For Summer Fabrics.

(See Page 502.)

PALE blue Chambéry with Irish point insertion is used for this at-



3. Plaque Hat.

tractive gown. The skirt is the "Cresswell," illustrated and described in our April number. The corsage—the "Corneta"—is without fullness, and fitted with the usual seams; the bretelles and full sleeve-puffs make it especially becoming for slender figures. This is a charming model for gowns of white-lawn or dotted



4. Rice-Straw Hat.



A Stylish Model.
CARMINE JACKET-WAIST.
(See Page 501.)

Swiss, and for the whole family of organdies, Swiss grenadines, *plumetis*, etc. Gingham and other washable goods, challies, and light-weight silks and woollens are especially pretty made in this style. For description of the waist pattern see page 500.

The Indispensable Reefer.

FOR little girls of all



The Indispensable Reefer.
THE "ALIDO."

ages, the reefer takes the place the blazer occupies in the wardrobes of their elders. It is convenient for all occasions, and can be nice enough for dressy wear, or of so serviceable stuff as to bear the hard usage of everyday play. Our model is of tan-colored covert cloth, lined with a changeable blue silk, fastened with

white pearl buttons, and the edges finished with rows of stitching. Those for summer play are made of navy blue serge, and unlined, in which case these seams should be bound. For description of pattern—the "Alido"—see page 500.



For Summer Fabrics.
CORNETA WAIST. CRESSWELL SKIRT.
(See Page 501.)

STRIPES and tiny figures are the choice in light-colored lawns and gingham; no plaids are seen.

IN gloves there is a whole family of bright russet and purple tints, as well as some blues and greens; and, while it is a great pity to record it, they are displacing the serviceable tan shades which are in better taste and harmonize with everything.

Her Birthday Gown.

A CHARMING little gown for a birthday *fête*, and also quite suitable for a little maid of honor. It is of white India silk finished with a deep hem around the bottom, the little Empire yoke is finished on both edges with feather-stitching, and the cuffs and sleeve-caps are of finest tucked and embroidered lawn, matching the *guimpe*. A very pretty effect is produced by having the sleeves match the *guimpe*, and the ruffles at the top, the gown. The model is a suitable and convenient one for accordion-

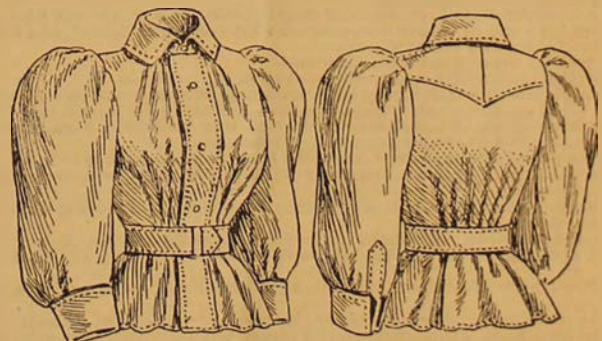


Her Birthday Gown.
ELAINE DRESS.

plaited stuffs, which grow in popularity every season; and it is an excellent one for washable fabrics, extremely simple if the sleeve-caps be omitted. For description of pattern—the "Elaine"—see page 500.

For Everyday Wear.

THIS convenient blouse-waist, to be worn with any style of skirt and with or without a jacket, is a favorite model. It is the strict tailor blouse with yoke in the back, and is an excellent pattern for all cambrics and heavy washable cottons. The cheviots are specially commended, and also the galateas, which bear any amount of hard wear and launder perfectly. For description of pattern—the "Chilton"—see page 500.



For Everyday Wear.
CHILTON BLOUSE-WAIST.

THERE are no marked changes in the little folk's frocks from last season. Straight skirts, puffed sleeves, and shoulder frills prevail.

"Prohibition that will Prohibit."

BY W. JENNINGS DEMAREST.

THE logic of events is moving towards prohibition of the liquor traffic, with such strides as to astonish the world with its rapid development. Who would believe that an anti-sumptuary Prohibition plank would originate in the Democratic party at the present time? But here it is, and from the highest source, too,—from the Democratic President of the United States. See what President Cleveland says in his last message to Congress:

"I recommend that an act be passed prohibiting the sale of arms and intoxicants to nations in the regulated zones of our citizens."

Verily the world moves; and with it we have this clear, unmistakable Prohibition sentiment uttered with all the significance and prominence of a Democratic recommendation to Congress, from the highest authority in the land.

If the claims of our distant citizens in Africa are entitled to the protective care of our Congress, how much more shall all the citizens of the United States be entitled to protection from the lawless elements in our country. Let us hail this last intimation from our President that even the Democratic party is susceptible to the indignation that patriotic citizens ought to feel and manifest towards this terrible scourge of our country,—the poison of alcoholic beverages.

A Deadly Influence.

THERE are persons who, failing to realize the dangerous character of the liquor saloons, conscientiously believe that any effort made to close them is interfering in an unwarrantable manner with the rights and liberties of the community. Bearing in mind the fundamental and acknowledged right of every citizen to endeavor to abate nuisances and remove evils that threaten the common welfare, I will give the simple results of a few facts that have come under my own observation during trips East and West.

Half an hour's ride from Chicago there is a little university town (Evanston) which is pretty and popular beyond the majority of Western suburban towns. Its quiet, shaded streets are built up with charming homes, and a sense of peace and security pervades the whole town, which is not a small village, but an educational center, the Northwestern University having its home there, though its Law and Medical Schools are in Chicago. The University buildings proper are, however, in Evanston. Here, in close proximity, live the president and his accomplished wife, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wade Rogers; and here are the "halls" of the women students who share with men the privileges of this great scholastic institution. These halls were rented during last summer by parties of women students from different Eastern colleges, Vassar, Wellesley, and others, for headquarters while visiting the World's Fair, with perfect faith in the quiet, security, and freedom from all annoyance they would enjoy,—a faith justified by results.

Now why is Evanston desirable for homes, as a place to rear children?—apart from the schools, which are mainly intended for advanced students. Simply because the University, which is a State institution, has a law that no liquor or any intoxicating beverage can be sold within four miles of its limits. This preserves the town; keeps out the saloon; secures peace, freedom from rowdyism and disorder; guarantees a continuance of its best conditions, and thus draws the best class of home-lovers and citizen-makers to its dwellings.

The conditions are approved by almost everyone for a university town and educational center.

But if they are desirable for the upbuilding of homes in one place, why not in another? If they furnish guarantees of security and good, honest, peaceful living, in a town where schools are, why are they not more needed in places where there are no schools, or where the schools struggle with ignorance and poverty?

From Illinois I went to Maine, which I traversed from its border line, up through its coast towns to the islands in the Atlantic Ocean. The time covered the Fourth of July and after, a period when politics and patriotism are "loose," if ever. Maine is a "Prohibition" State, and is constantly cited as evidence that prohibition does not prohibit. Portland is the home of Neal Dow, the venerable apostle of temperance, who still lives there, hale and straight, though upwards of ninety.

It has passed into a proverb that you cannot make people moral by act of Parliament. Neither is thieving wholly prevented by punishing thieves; yet no one would recommend that burglars should be allowed to commit their depredations unmolested and unrecognized by law. Doubtless liquor is sold "on the sly" in Maine. Doubtless there are people who buy it and get drunk upon it, and even commit dreadful acts under its influence. The fools and the wrong-doers are not all killed off by prohibition; but one thing is certain: it limits their power for mischief. It removes temptation from the young; it makes drinking and drunkenness and saloons disreputable; it promotes order and beauty and right living. It has freed cities like Portland from the deadly influence of a rum-shop upon every street corner, as is the case in New York and so many other cities, and it promotes pleasures and amusements disassociated from the poison and dangers of liquor drinking.

Boys and girls, young men and young women, grow up in ignorance of it. "Bummers" may hunt for it, but it is not visible. The family life, and, practically, the life of the street, at least upon the surface, is freed from it. The majority of people are conscientious and law-abiding, and the evil effects of the saloon and the liquor-drinking habit are sufficient for them. Though they may not fear results for themselves, they are glad to have their children protected from its possible influence.

The social pleasures are all strictly based upon prohibition principles. "Maine punch," a most delicious lemonade, made of a variety of fruits, with lemons for a base, is a Maine invention for social festivities, and worth going to Maine to enjoy. Fruits, for food as well as for drink, have been cultivated to a much larger extent since prohibition became the law. The fruit shops in Portland, Rockland, and other cities along the coast, are surprisingly large and numerous, the variety as great as can be found in New York, and the adoption of it as food more common.

The elimination of liquor and the introduction of natural, wholesome, and health-giving elements impart a charm to the home living and to the social aspects of Maine which must be seen to be appreciated. But the important point, after all, is this: the young are growing up in this atmosphere; they know no other; and an experience of the dens of vice and iniquity which infest non-prohibition communities would strike them with horror.

As an evidence of the "deadly influence" cited wherever the saloon obtains a foothold, let me note the case of a village not a hundred miles from New York. On the picturesque banks of a stream in this village is a saw-mill where a number of workmen are constantly employed, and their cottages, generally with a bit of garden attached, are mostly congregated near by. The whole neighborhood had been kept clear of saloons by the efforts of a large property owner,

not a prohibition advocate, but simply in the interest of order and good reputation. In the hot weather the workmen had pails of cool water from a neighboring well, with an infusion of bran, or vinegar and molasses; and they went home sober, cultivated their gardens, slept soundly, and worked peaceably. There came a time, however, when "politics" entered and obtained control. Restrictions were removed, and the saloon flourished. One was started directly across the road from the saw-mill, and became the resort of a number of the men. The result was soon seen. Drinking, drunkenness, and disorder took the place of industry, peace, and prosperity. The cottage homes were neglected.

"Oh! if fire would only burn it up!" said one poor woman who had seen all her hopes vanish with the advent of a liquor saloon into the vicinity of her husband's workshop. She knew his weakness, and had been so very happy to have him find employment away from the temptations of his former life.

The place is all changed in three short years. The saw-mill is still there, the cottages are there, and so, alas! is the saloon. The cottages are, many of them, forlorn and neglected. Out of one of them a man chased his wife, not long since, in a drunken frenzy. Well might she say of the saloon, "Oh! if fire would only burn it up!" And looking first upon one picture and then upon the other, can we call the influence of the saloon anything but deadly? And since its purification is impossible, must we not work and pray for its extermination?

JENNY JUNE.

Woman's Mission.

BY MARY T. LATHRAP.

I DO not know what you may think of the woman's crusade, but let me say, as a woman who stood inside it, that the womanhood of this nation never laid such a tribute at the feet of its manhood. If you want to find out what a boy is worth, go ask his mother. She goes into the jaws of death to give him birth, and then puts into him her days of love and nights of care, and by the time he stands before her strong and clean and tall at twenty-one, she can tell you what he is worth, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; and when the legalized dramshop takes hold of him and tears him down, fiber by fiber, and puts oaths on the lips she used to kiss, and crushes out his mother's hopes, it is no wonder she makes outcry.

If you want to know what a home is worth, go and ask a loving woman who has kept herself as pure as God's lilies for her marriage day, when, with a great shine in her eyes, she gives herself up into the hands of one man, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, until life's end. And when the dramshop, with its fearful curse, crosses the threshold of the home they built together, and takes down her strong tower of hope, stone by stone, and degrades the father of her children, it is no wonder woman makes outcry.

What was the woman's crusade? It was a long-smothered sob breaking into a cry; it was a midnight prayer coming abroad at noonday. You men sometimes say to us, as we stand in places like this, "Home is your kingdom." We do not dispute it; we know it better than you know it; but it was our kingdom that was outraged. You say to us, standing ballotless and defenseless before this vampire of our civilization, "You do not need the ballot; we defend you by love and by law." Do you, when for eighty-five years, by well-defined license legislation, motherhood has been uncrowned and her children slain by law, and you have made no protest against it? You have prayed about it in prayer

meeting, but when it comes to the sweep of empire in the ballot-box and in political organizations, you have made no protest.

O men! I do not believe a civilization is worth much that cannot protect its women and its babies! And grand as you are, and strong as you are, and true as you are, you will never be able to protect your women and your children and the dramshop at the same time. Oh! in shame, in very shame, either get up and strike down this enemy of the home and of wifehood and of childhood, or else put the ballot into the hands of your women for their own protection.

Woman Suffrage and the Liquor Traffic.

"THE new movement is not to be considered as a revolution, but as an evolution. Woman was made to be a comfort and a help to man, and she will be a greater help when she has the right to cast a ballot. The statement was made at a meeting that one of the women interested in the new movement had made a personal canvass of the election district in which she lives, and had even gone into the liquor stores in the district in order to ask the men to sign the petition to the Constitutional Convention. The liquor-dealers all refused to sign the petition, and their refusal is a powerful argument in favor of equal suffrage. If the women voted there would soon be an end to the power of the rum traffic in politics, and the liquor-dealers know it."

The Liquor Vote.

[From the Wine and Liquor Gazette.]

THERE are upward of 40,000 liquor-dealers in this State alone. These employ an average of two bar-keepers each, making an army of 120,000 men, all voters, without counting the other employes and dependents of the saloons. The Prohibition party casts only about 30,000 votes in the State, or about one-fourth the number cast by what, for convenience sake, may be termed the liquor vote. Yet the Prohibitionists, by keeping aloof from the old parties, win their fear and respect, and compel legislation antagonistic to the liquor interests. The liquor men, four times stronger, being betrayed by their leaders into open and undisguised alliance with one or the other of the parties, are ignored by both when the time for legislation comes, and always emerge beaten and humiliated.

THE city of Brooklyn has set apart \$95,000 of its saloon license money for the use of charitable and benevolent organizations. Queer, isn't it? how some people try to do much evil that a little good may be done. Millions spent for liquor, thousands doled out for charity! Saloons by the thousands to manufacture drunkards, paupers, and criminals; a dozen or so charitable institutions that receive a pittance of the saloon money.

WE have been watching the old party press to see what notice or comment they would make of the great Prohibition victory in Ontario. The inviolate silence which they kept over that glorious piece of news was no accident. Such victories for Prohibition are not relished by these papers, and so their readers are kept in ignorance. But for the Prohibition press there would have been very little said or printed about this magnificent victory for a great principle.

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Wheeling companionship
 makes doubly beneficial the healthful exercise of bicycle riding. Mounted on
TRUSTY RAMBLERS
 there is an added sense of security.
"EVERY RAMBLER IS GUARANTEED."
 HIGHEST GRADE MADE.
 Catalogue free at Rambler agencies, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps. GORMULY & JEFFERY MFG. CO. Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.

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

Household.

(Continued from page 491.)

Here And There About The House.

A REMEDY FOR HICCUGHS that is well-nigh infallible is to eat a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar.

CEMENT FOR ORNAMENTS.—Pieces of Derbyshire or Niagara spar can be mended with a cement composed of seven parts of white resin, one of melted wax, and a little powdered spar. Chipped pieces can be filled in with this paste.

CEMENT FOR LAMPS.—The best cement for joining glass and metal together is pure alum melted in an iron spoon held over hot coals. As kerosene will not penetrate it, it is better than plaster of Paris for uniting the bulb of a lamp to its base; where these are only loosened it will effectually stop the cracks.

CEMENT FOR CHINA.—Russian isinglass dissolved in pure soft water for twelve hours and then boiled hard for some time makes a strong and colorless cement. The fractures must be freed from dust, and brushed with the isinglass while hot and thick, then pressed firmly together, tied in place, and put away for twenty-four hours, to dry.

A BACK-DOOR SCRAPER can be easily made from an old broom: cut the handle off to a foot's length, and trim the broom-corn into a short, even brush; then drive the handle into the ground just against the lower step. If the ground be soft, place heavy stones on each side of the brush.

ADD THE JUICE of a lemon to the water in which rice is boiled; it will whiten it, and the grains will be light and readily separate.

A RUBBER CLOTHES-WRINGER should be kept in as even a temperature as possible, and especially not exposed to severe freezing. In cold weather it should be warmed before using, by placing over a pan of warm water or near the range.

TO SWEETEN BARRELS which have held meat or brine, fill half-full with fresh hay, and pour boiling water upon it; cover closely and let stand till cold.

RANCID BUTTER can be made fit for cooking purposes by boiling in water with a pinch of charcoal.

IF YOU WOULD KEEP YOUR NUTMEGS solid, always begin grating them at the stem end.

(Continued on page 506.)



*"It made me Hands thot Sor'
 I couldn't slape; an' if it was thot harrd on
 me hands, how harrd it must be on the durrt!"*
 This is the way a good old Irish woman praises some washing-powder or other which she prefers to **Pearline**. As it was proven she had never tried **Pearline**, the compliment would appear to be in favor of **Pearline**.

Whoever heard of any one claiming that **Pearline** hurt the hands? But there's the trouble—**Pearline** is the original washing compound; its popularity has drawn out thousands of imitations—so popular that to many it indicates any powdered washing material. If you are using **Pearline**, you are satisfied; if you are dissatisfied, try **Pearline**. If you are using something with which you are satisfied and it is not **Pearline**, try **Pearline**—you will wonder you were satisfied before. **Pearline** is economical and absolutely harmless. Every grocer sells it. 415 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

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

MELLIN'S FOOD is not only readily digestible itself, but it actually assists to digest milk or other foods with which it is mixed.
 G. W. WIGNER, F. I. C., F. C. S.,
 Presl. Society Public Analysts, London, Eng.

If you wish your infant to be *well nourished*, healthy, bright and active, and to grow up happy, robust and vigorous, use

Mellin's Food

Our book for the *instruction* of mothers, "**The Care and Feeding of Infants**," will be mailed free to any address on request.

If you will send us your name and address, mentioning this paper, and state whether you have used Mellin's Food, we will send you a beautifully colored lithographed reproduction of Maud Humphrey's painting, "Blue Eyes."

THE DOLIBER-GOODALE CO.,
 BOSTON, MASS.

MELLIN'S FOOD has the largest sale of any Infants' Food in North America. Every atom of it is assimilable and nourishing. **MELLIN'S FOOD** requires no cooking.

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OBSERVE THE CHRISTY EDGE. Ask your dealer to show you the Christy Knives. If he does not keep them, send \$1.00 for a set containing Bread Knife, Cake Knife and Parer. Our other Knives are, Cake Knife, 50 cts.; Lemon Slicer, 50 cts.; Table Knives, set of six, \$1.00; Carving Knife, 75 cts.; Saw, 75 cts.; Ham Knife, 75 cts.; Fruit Knife, 15 cts. Agents make \$10 a day selling these Knives. Write at once for territory. Our book, entitled, "A FORTUNE IN A YEAR," tells all about it. Sent free on request.

CHRISTY KNIFE CO., Box V, Fremont, Ohio.

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WALL PAPER

New designs. Artistic effect; Harmonious colorings. Great value for little money. 100 samples, Ceilings and Borders to match, 10c. William Wallace, 1625 Pine St., Philada., Pa.

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CHOICE BOOKS

A LOT OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS ALMOST GIVEN AWAY AT THE LOWEST PRICES.—Send stamp for Catalogue and full information. M. C. BURKEL, 479 Nelson Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

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(Continued from page 505.)

A BEAUTIFUL
SPRING PERFUME.

Peach Blossom

Lundborg's latest.

It possesses the sweet
and delicate fragrance
of the flowers.

Sold everywhere.

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PRICE We Sell DIRECT to FAMILIES
PIANOS \$150 to \$1500
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Absolutely Perfect!
Sent for trial in your own home before you buy. Local Agents must sell inferior instruments or charge double what we ask. Catalogue free
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\$180.
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clear \$100 monthly. 100 New Ladies' Specialties for Old and Young. 64 page Illust'd Catalogue FREE. G. L. Erwin & Co., Chicago, Ill.
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Are unequalled for smooth, tough leads. If not familiar with them, mention DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE, and send 16 cents for samples worth double the money.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

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WOMEN WHO CAN CROCHET
and have a few hours' spare time can get work to do AT HOME to occupy their spare time PROFITABLY. AT Address, **L. WHITE & CO. 209 STATE ST., CHICAGO**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

For 6 two-cent stamps we will send you a brilliant Gem of unusual color and a copy of "The Great Divide," provided you write you saw this in DEMOREST. Address, "The Great Divide," Denver, Colo.

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

POWDERED SOAPSTONE and salt in equal proportions wet with water will make an everlasting and fireproof mending for the lining to stoves; it is much less expensive and troublesome to procure and put in place than new fire-bricks. Don't let fire spoil the stove because the brick needs mending.

A SMALL LUMP OF SUGAR added to turnips when cooking will correct the bitterness which sometimes spoils this vegetable. If to be served mashed it will greatly improve them to put them through a colander.

SICK HEADACHE can often be alleviated, and even cured, by a cup of strong coffee, without sugar, to which the juice of half a lemon has been added.

PUT STALE CRACKERS in a shallow pan and set in the oven for a few minutes before using; they will be as crisp as if freshly baked.

USE THE ASBESTOS mats under pots and pans on the stove to prevent burning the food. They are practically indestructible, and conduct the heat perfectly. They cost but a few cents, and can be bought at all house-furnishing shops.

SCOUR MEAT AND BREAD boards with sand soap to keep them white.

SASSAFRAS BARK if sprinkled among dried fruit will keep out the worms.

OLD PAINT should be cleaned before repainting with a solution of soda—two ounces, dissolved in one quart of water—applied warm; rinse thoroughly with clear water.

KEEP TEA in glass or porcelain jars. An expert says it is ruined if kept in metal boxes; therefore the tin canister must go.

MURIATIC ACID will remove ink-stains from wood; rinse thoroughly with water after using it.

VINEGAR will remove all stains from zinc.

BLACK COTTON STOCKINGS should be dried in the shade and smoothed with the hands on the ironing-board, but not ironed, as heat fades them rapidly.

RUB PATENT-LEATHER tips of shoes occasionally with sweet oil applied with a bit of flannel; it will keep them looking like new.

WASH PONGEE in warm suds, and do not boil nor scald it; rinse thoroughly in several waters. Take down before quite dry, and roll up without sprinkling; in a half-hour it may be pressed smoothly with a mediumly hot iron. Avoid extreme heat for all silk underclothing, as it destroys the electricity.

MOLASSES RUBBED on grass stains on white dresses or undergarments will take out the stains when the clothing is washed. Soaking in sweet milk will also remove grass stains.

REMEMBER that jelly can be made better in clear weather than on a close, rainy day.

IN MAKING QUINCE jelly use the parings but not the cores, as the mucilage around the seeds spoils the jelly.

Coffee

is rendered more wholesome and palatable if instead of using milk or cream you use the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, or if you prefer it unsweetened, then Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream.

The Warren Featherbone Company, Three Oaks, received yesterday a novel shipment of 4,800,000 quills from Lexington, Ky. These quills are the large pointers from the end of the wings. There being but ten of these quills on a turkey, it took 480,000 birds to make up this lot, which weighed 16,000 pounds.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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Correspondence Club.

The increased 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.

“NORTHERNER.”—You are so tall that a blazer would be more becoming to you than an Eton jacket.—Sailor hats will be worn this summer; many sizes are seen, but the most popular will be one with a narrower brim than that of last season, and the crown about the same height, neither high nor low. Many of them have rosettes or a single loop of ribbon on both sides, well forward, supporting some erect ornament, either a jet or feather aigrette or flowers. Grenadine will be more popular this summer than Chantilly lace, but those who have gowns of the latter will wear them.

“MRS. M. A. M.”—Oxford is the name of a suiting, not of the color. It is a soft, firmly woven twilled cloth, with fine, curly nap resembling camel's-hair. In color it is a very, very dark gray, almost black, the gray threads showing unevenly on both sides, being spun with the black as well as woven with it. It is a desirable and handsome fabric, 52 inches wide, price \$2.75 per yard.

“J. M. M.”—The black grenadine over black silk is perfectly suitable for a girl of eighteen, but it would be more youthful if made over a color. Have a stock collar and girdle of becoming color,—either *crêpe*, silk, or velvet,—and you could add a vest or chemisette also.

“PERPLEXED.”—Impossible to give you an earlier reply. Could you not make a handsome corsage of the velvet, using the jet trimming on it, to wear with both the silk skirts? If the skirts are modish in shape and from three and a half to four yards wide at the bottom, they need no alteration and no trimming. If you have not enough velvet to make the entire corsage, you could fill in the front with accordion-plaited chiffon.

“ELIZABETH F.”—We have not tested practically any of the outfits about which you ask, but they are all recommended.

(Continued on page 508.)

We are in receipt, from Mr. K. Dehnhoff, the publisher, No. 44 West 29th Street, New York, of a new musical publication by Geo. W. Peek, in the form of a Waltz Song, entitled, “Three Little Kittens.” The words are of a very innocent character, and tell a story of the desertion of three little kittens by their mother. The music is the regular popular style, catchy, and pleasing. It can be obtained at all music stores.

One of the neatest ladies' bicycles seen upon our streets is the Ladies' Rambler, which is causing such favorable comment in all quarters. This wheel was particularly well spoken of by the World's Fair judges, who awarded to its makers, the Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., the highest bicycle honors, five medals and diplomas, the largest number received by any bicycle exhibitor. Heretofore, the greatest fault which has been found with ladies' bicycles has been excessive weight, but by the employment of the finest material obtainable and advanced methods of construction, it is possible to turn out light wheels for women without sacrificing that most essential quality, especially in women's wheels, strength. The “lap brazing” method of frame construction is mainly responsible for the strength of Rambler Bicycles.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES

NOON.

MORNING.

NIGHT.

CAN BE RELIED UPON.
When you start out on a Columbia, you come home on it.

The fact that it is impossible to ascertain the quality of a bicycle by a casual examination should be a sufficient reason for buying a wheel with a reputation.

There is no wheel that has been before the public so long, none that stands or ever stood so high, none so well guaranteed, none whose guarantee is so substantial and so liberally interpreted, none so safe to buy as a Columbia.

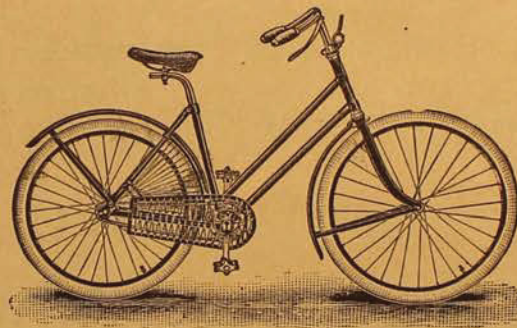
Catalogue free at our agencies, or mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO.,

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

REMINGTON CYCLES



Design,
Material,
Workmanship, and
Finish.

— ARE THE BEST IN

NINE PATTERNS.

POPULAR WEIGHTS.

Prices, \$100.00 to \$135.00.

Fitted with the world-famous Bartlett “clinch” or Palmer tire.

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REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY,

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313-315 Broadway, New York.

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LATEST SUCCESS.

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(Continued from page 507.)

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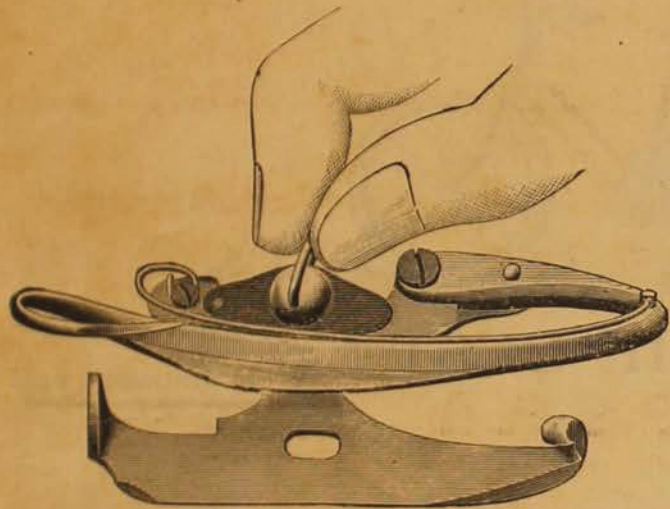
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"H. J."—Make the sleeves of your grenadine of accordion-plaited black *chiffon* over silk the color of the flower in the stripe. Trim the bottom of the skirt with two over-lapping, very full ruffles of four-inch Chantilly lace.—When calling on a friend it is not necessary for you to rise while other guests take their leave.

"H. F. L." & "W. M."—The prettiest accordion-plaited waists have sleeve-puffs also of the plaiting.—They are rather dressy for church wear in the city, but suitable out of town, and will probably be worn here.—Black China silk is suitable and also very comfortable for mourning wear.—Until this season black flowers were almost confined to mourning wear, and can be used after the first three months.—Get either an Oxford suiting—which is especially suitable for half-mourning—or an iron-gray covert-cloth for church and general wear, and read "Fashion Review" for May for hints about making.—A very dark gray chip or rice-straw hat trimmed with black moire and black violets would look well with it.

"Miss J. V. K."—Your fabric needs no trimming; stitched edges would be pretty for it, but if you prefer something, use brown silk galloon. Have a silk waistcoat of the two colors with more blue than brown; a fancy silk waist of the same colors—a *peau de soie* or *surah*—would be pretty for occasions.

"D. D."—We have repeatedly stated that it is impossible to give the "exact" pronunciation of French words in cold print, for there are many French syllables that have no English equivalent. *Fin de siècle* means, literally, the end of the century, and in the future will designate this period in art, fashion, literature, etc., just as we speak now of the *Moyen Age*, *Renaissance*, and *Victorian Age*. The *n* of *fin* is nasal, and the closest equivalent for the word is *fang*; the *e* in *de* is very short, sounding like *u* in *duck*; *siècle* is like *see-ay-kel*. *Maitre d'hotel* signifies a steward; it is pronounced *maytre d'otel*. There is a slight roll of the *r* after *t* in *maitre*, but no accent, and it sounds almost like a monosyllable.

"DILEMMA."—An earlier reply was impossible. Get *surah* or *India silk* of a warm fawn-color a little darker than the figure in your silk on the dark side, to put with it. Insert a panel of the fawn-colored silk in the front—see figure on page 317 of March number—and also on the sides; piece the front breadths down at the top, and if the present *basque* does not conceal it make a deeper one—circle shaped—of the fawn-colored silk. Remodel the front of the *basque* by the "Salisbury" in the March number, and have sleeve-puffs of the dark silk.—Have a fancy silk waist of any becoming color to wear with your lace skirt, or one like the "Holroyd" in February number.—For the nine-year-old girl's white *India silk* use the "Joyce" pattern, given in the March number. That shows the proper length for her frocks. The "Violet" in the same number, and "Verona" in the April, are good models for her gingham frocks.

"H. E."—An unnaturally florid face indicates something wrong with the circulation and digestion. Avoid greasy and fried foods, pork, and rich pastry. Eat salads, lettuce, water-cress, etc., and plenty of fruit, especially oranges, grapefruit, and apples; have fresh air in your sleeping-room, and take outdoor exercise.

"VIVIENNE."—A black *crêpon* at same price would be a better choice than a *bengaline*, and probably more serviceable. Make by model of Easter gown—"Yates" *basque* and "Merlin" skirt—in Demorest's for April.—Get a black straw or chip hat, low crown with medium brim, and trim with black *moiré* ribbon, a little white lace, and pink roses.—Dress your baby girl in cream white and pink; she could have a cloak of creamy fawn-color or pinkish gray.

(Continued on page 509.)

HOW WE ARE ABLE TO DO IT!

These spoons were made up especially for the World's Fair trade, by THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY Ltd., and were left on their hands. In order to dispose of them quickly we make this unheard of offer, SIX SOUVENIR SPOONS, after dinner coffee size HEAVY COIN SILVER PLATED, with GOLD PLATED BOWLS, each spoon representing a different building of the World's Fair. The handles are finely chased, showing Lead of Columbus, and dates 1492-1893 and wording "World's Fair City." They are genuine works of art, making one of the finest souvenir collections ever produced. Sold during the Fair for \$9 00; we now offer the balance of this stock at ONLY 99c. Sent in elegant plush line case properly packed and express prepaid to any address. Send Postal Note, or Currency. Money cheerfully refunded if goods are not as represented. LEONARD MFG CO. Sole Agents, Dept. A5, 20 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

What the "CHRISTIAN AT WORK" of New York, has to say in their issue of March 22, 1894:

"These spoons have been submitted to us, and we are sure that those who send for them will be exceedingly gratified to receive such dainty and useful souvenirs of the World's Fair as these spoons are. The Leonard Manufacturing Company will promptly and without question return the money sent in payment if the spoons fail to give satisfaction. We do not believe, however, that they will ever be called upon to do so."

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