

# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1894.

Vol. XXXI., No. 1.

## THE QUEEN OF KOREA.\*

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE PALACES OF THE HERMIT KINGDOM.

**B**EHIND the veil of seclusion which hides the court life of Korea from the outside world, in the innermost rooms of the gorgeous one-story buildings which make up the palace-city of the king, lives a woman face. It would be death for a foreigner or an ordinary native to cast his eyes upon her. She never goes forth from her palaces save in a closely curtained chair, and she does not venture out of her capital once in a year. She is, however,



THE MAIN STREET OF SÉOUL.

upon whom, to a large extent, the future of the Hermit Kingdom rests. This is the Queen of Korea. No man save her husband, her eunuchs, and her nearest relatives, ever sees her

one of the great forces which are effecting the revolution that has been going on in Asia during the past few months, and she has for years been the power behind the throne by which the Korean kingdom has been governed. It is her family which holds the chief offices of Korea; and it is she,

\* Copyrighted, 1894, by Frank G. Carpenter.





THE TAI WEN KUN.  
Father of the King of Korea.

through them, who, to a large extent, is responsible for the present Korean rebellion.

The queen's blood is as blue as that of any monarch in the world. She comes of the Min family, and her ancestors were Korean rulers generations before Queen Elizabeth listened to Shakespeare's plays, and a hundred years before Columbus set sail from Spain to find his way to Korea and China, and discovered America. Her family has possessed the throne since A.D. 1392, and she numbers among her grandfathers twenty-nine Korean kings. The king's mother was a Min, and it was through the influence of the Mins that he was led to choose the queen for his wife. The marriage of cousins has from ancient times been a capital offense in Korea, and I have heard it said that the king was by no means anxious to make the match. The people did not like it, and it was only the great influence of the Mins that prevented a rebellion when the marriage was announced. The Mins, in fact, have had, during the present administration, the control of the government. They own the greatest of the landed estates, and they include among their numbers the highest of the great nobles. Min Yung Jun, the premier of the Korean government, is a Min. He was a poor man ten years ago, but by the sale of offices and by his oppression of the people he is now said to be worth millions. There are other Mins in nearly every one of the great branches of the government, and it is the Mins who are the friends of the Chinese in Korea at the present time. The blood of this Min family is, in fact, largely Chinese, and its members are accorded special privileges by China. They frequently visit Peking, and are on social terms with the greatest men of the Chinese Empire. It is through them that Korea has in the past leaned toward China and the old Asiatic civilization, rather than toward Japan and Western progress; and they are the element today which is most strongly in favor of the Chinese domination.

The king belongs to the Ye family, on his father's side, and for years there have been struggles and plots going on in

Korea between these two families, for the possession of the offices. Again and again rebellions have broken out, and about ten years ago the father of the king, the Tai Wen Kun, attempted to overthrow the government, and he became for a time king regent. A part of his rebellion included an attempt to assassinate the queen; and it was only through her wonderful nerve and the faithfulness of her servants that her life was saved. The Tai Wen Kun's soldiers had seized the palace. They had conquered the Mins, and orders had been given that poison was to be administered to the queen. During the attack on the palace, however, she fled in the disguise of a servant, and rushed forth with nothing to cover her face but the green cape which the common Korean woman wears over her head. She was seen by the enemy as she fled, and the soldiers seized her and charged her with being the queen. It is impossible to appreciate the reverence which royalty receives in Korea. The king and the queen are almost holy; and their dignity is such that when the highest of their subjects approach them, it must be by crawling up to them on their knees, and they bump their heads upon the floor before them. When accosted, the queen's face did not blanch. She looked the soldiers in the eye, and, without a blush, tore from her person her cape and the jacket which hides the bosom of every Korean woman, and threw out her arms, exposing her breasts.

"Would your queen do that?" she said.

The soldiers at once let her go. Only the greatest of women, in a land where etiquette means so much among the nobility, would have thought of such a thing, much less have carried it out. The queen escaped. She fled to some of her relatives outside of the city, and was concealed by them until the Tai Wen Kun was put down, with the assistance of the Chinese, and banished from the country. In the meantime, one of the queen's waiting-maids had offered to sacrifice herself for her mistress. She had put on the clothing of the queen and asserted that she was Her Majesty. She took



KOREAN WOMAN AND GIRL.



the poison which was intended for the queen, and dropped dead in the palace.

It was through this revolution that the Chinese soldiers were first brought into Korea; and they have remained there from that time to this, through the influence of the queen. When the Tai Wen Kun was banished she came back to the palace, stronger than ever in her power and influence with the king.\* She is, it is said, a woman of great force of character. She has her hands on nearly every branch of the government, and she advises with His Majesty as to all his state actions. There is, in fact, no audience given by the king of Korea at which the queen does not see and hear all that takes place. She is not visible herself, for such a thing would be entirely contrary to the etiquette of Korea, where the women live in the back of the house and are never seen by any men but their husbands and brothers. The nobles dare not look directly at the king; and it would be death for them to lay their eyes on the queen. Her Majesty, however, avoids this by means of a screen which stands just behind the king in his audience chamber. There is a hole in this screen, to which she fastens her almond eye, and through it she gratifies her curiosity with the sight of all the distinguished people who come to the court.

During an interview with the king in his palace in Séoul last summer, I heard a low laugh at the close of a funny passage between His Majesty and myself, and this screen visibly moved. While I was talking to the crown prince I heard a movement behind the paper walls of the room, and as I looked that way, out of the tail of my eye, I noticed that there was a little round hole punched in the paper, and I doubt not Her Majesty was watching me.

This seclusion of women in Korea is carried to an extreme. When the queen dowager was ill, not long ago, a foreign doctor was called in. He was not allowed to see the old lady, and he could only feel her pulse by having her put her hand through the curtains. You never see a Korean lady on the street, and it would be impossible for anyone to get a photograph of the queen. I have met, however, several American ladies who have had audiences with her, and I am able to tell you just how she looks.

The queen of Korea is now forty-four years of age, being just one year older than her husband. She is of medium height, and her form is slender and straight. Her manner is

pleasing, and she is always described as "every inch a queen." She is by no means bad-looking. Her face is long, and every line of her features beams with intelligence and vivacity. She has a high forehead, a long, slender, aristocratic nose, and her mouth and chin indicate determination and character. Her cheek-bones are high, her ears are small, and her complexion is the color of rich Jersey cream. Her eyebrows are after the approved style of Korean beauty, the hairs having been pulled out so that they form an arched thread of black over her eyes. These are almond in shape, and they fairly snap with life. They are keen, business-like eyes, and they see everything, being intellectual rather than soulful. The

queen's hair is jet black. It is parted in the middle, is combed perfectly smooth away from the forehead and brought down over the ears, and rolled in a low coil which rests on the nape of her neck. Here it is fastened with hairpins of gold or of silver, each a foot long and as big around as your finger. The queen has a good mouth, full of well-formed, large teeth; and when she laughs, which is quite often, she shows the upper ones.

She dresses in the conventional Korean style, and the photographs which I give of Korean ladies show the same costume. They wear a short jacket which covers the shoulders and extends about four inches below the armpits, the front just covering the breasts, which are also bound in by the wide bands of the skirts. These skirts reach from the top of the breast to the floor; and the queen's are so full and so long that she has to hold them with her hands when she walks. They are of different colors, are laid in plaits, and the band at the

top is about eight inches wide.

The queen has a large wardrobe, the dresses of which she



A NOBLE KOREAN DAME.  
By a Korean artist.



KOREAN LADIES.

\* Every day is changing the aspect of affairs in Korea, and since Mr. Carpenter's article was received a dispatch has come from Korea stating that the Tai Wen Kun has again come into power. He is one of the ablest statesmen of the far East; but he is now an old man, having been born seventy-seven years ago, and his reign can hardly last longer than the present struggle between China and Japan. He has been always in favor of the Japanese influence in the Korean peninsula, and if the reports concerning his elevation be true, he will carry out the reforms in the country proposed by Japan. He can only do this through his son, the king, and the queen's life, under the present conditions, will be probably safe. She will continue to influence the king, and after the present troubles are settled, she will, in all probability, be the same power behind the throne that she has been in the past.





COURT INTERPRETER.

changes frequently. One day she may appear in a heavy red brocaded satin embroidered with gold, and at another time she may wear purple. During her mourning for the queen dowager she was dressed for weeks in white silk gauze, which is, you know, the color for mourning in Korea. Her jacket is faced with white silk, and both the skirt and the jacket are tied on with ribbons. She uses neither buttons nor pins, and she is not fond of jewelry.

Her hands, which are long, thin, and shapely, never sparkle with diamonds; her only rings are heavy gold bands, and she always wears these in pairs, two rings on one finger. She wears neither bracelets nor necklaces, and her clothing is more like that of a retiring woman of the West than that of the queen of the most gorgeous Oriental court of the world. Her feet are clad in Korean shoes of the softest of skins, finely embroidered, and more like slippers than shoes. She carries a diamond-studded American watch; and, as is the custom among the Korean women, she is by no means averse to a smoke. She does not, however, affect the long-stemmed Korean pipe with its bowl of silver or brass, but prefers a cigarette; and I was told at Séoul that she orders her cigarettes from the United States, and smokes them quite freely.

The queen of Korea is a woman of great tact. She is careful never to slight any of her visitors, is very fond of talking, and likes to gossip about foreigners. Queen Victoria is a subject which always interests her, and she asks many questions about the queens and empresses of other parts of the world. She is very fond of President and Mrs. Cleveland, and not long ago, in speaking of them to an American lady, she said:

"We like your President very much. He was very kind to Korea when he received our first minister, and we are glad that he has been elected again."

She is much interested in President Cleveland's family,

and has asked all sorts of questions about their home life, and the two babies, Esther and Ruth. She has formed a strong friendship for Dr. H. N. Allen, the Secretary of the American Legation, and his wife, and says that the doctor saved the life of her relative, Min Yong Ik, and that she considers Dr. Allen a member of the family.

When she receives foreign ladies the king is often with her, and the two sit behind tables which are covered with flowered plush and decorated on the front with Chinese embroidery in gold. As the party comes in, the queen smiles and bows to the ladies. She speaks to them in turn as they enter, and they stand in a row in front of her. The interpreter is a cousin of the queen. He is a handsome young Korean named Min, and he is dressed in a gorgeous gown of dark navy blue, which reaches from his neck to his feet, and which bears on its breast a square of embroidery of about the size of a lady's pocket-handkerchief. He has around his waist a stiff belt of horn which is decorated with precious stones, and his hat is of horsehair with wings at the back. He stands a little at the left and in front of the queen, and he does not kneel in her presence, because he is one of her relatives.

The king is dressed in a long gown of crimson satin, and his cap is much the same as that of the interpreter. His gown is embroidered, great medallions of gold thread covering his shoulders and his breast. During the audience he now and then asks a question of the ladies, but this is always through the queen. He whispers the query to her, and she repeats it to the ladies in a strong, full, melodious voice. The ladies are not expected to say anything until they are addressed, and the queen carries on the most of the conversation. At an interview which took place not long ago, one of the ladies present who understood the Korean language noticed that Her Majesty ran out of small talk, for she heard her whisper to the king,

"What on earth shall I say to them now?"

After a time the ice thaws, and the ladies are allowed to



THE QUEEN'S CHIEF LADY IN WAITING.



talk. The conversation becomes general, and piano stools are brought in. The queen sits down, and directs the ladies to do the same. She always takes her seat first, but she will not do so until there are seats enough for all. She then chats with them as though they were a part of the family.

The most curious thing about the interview is the surroundings. The queen has her waiting-maids about her. There are about twenty of these, and they dress in gorgeous gowns, with their hair in great bows above their heads. Some of them wear enough false hair to fill a peck measure, and this hair is dressed in all sorts of shapes. There are, in addition to these, eunuchs in long gowns, and servants wearing dresses of all the colors of the rainbow. There are over three thousand servants in the palace-city of the queen, and the pomp of the court of Korea is perhaps greater than that of any other court on the face of the globe.

The palaces of the queen and king include three great enclosures inside the city of S  oul, which is the capital of Korea. It contains about three hundred thousand people, and lies in a basin in the mountains, being one of the most beautifully located cities on the face of the globe. A great gray wall, from twenty-five to thirty feet high and so wide that two carriages could be driven abreast upon it, runs about the entire city, climbing the mountains and running across the valleys. This wall is entered by wide arched gates with roofs large enough to cover a good-sized house.

Within the walls are all the dwellings of S  oul, and the palaces of the king. These last are cities in themselves. They are built in large enclosures surrounded by high walls, and entered by gates which are guarded by

soldiers during the day, and closed at night with heavy doors of wood sheathed with iron. The new palace in which the queen was living last summer, during my stay in S  oul, covers nearly one thousand acres. It contains hundreds of one-story buildings, which are ranged about compounds of from two to four acres in size, and are so connected that this vast space is almost a network of palaces. Many of the buildings are for the servants; and the king and queen have numerous apartments in different parts of the palace grounds.

The king has during recent years been so much afraid of assassination that he moves from one part of the palace to another without notice. Sometimes he will remain two months in a building, and again he will move after a single night. There is no certainty where he and the queen are to be found; and the highest of the officials when they enter the palace-city upon business have to send their servants on in advance to inquire where the king is.

Each of these many palaces is filled with all the necessities and conveniences of royalty, and each has its queen's apartments. These are separated from those of the king by a short bridge or covered corridor, the walls of which are covered with white paper, and the floors of which have matting of different colors, so finely woven that it will compare with a Panama hat.

The queen receives her friends in her own apartments. She has eunuchs and guards of her own, and her quarters are better protected than any others of the palace-city. They are lighted by electricity, and they are warmed during the winter by flues which run under the floor, making it pleasant to the feet, and heating the rooms quite as well as our furnaces. The floors themselves are of masonry,



A PALACE SERVANT.  
By a Korean Artist.



GROUP OF THE COMMON PEOPLE OF KOREA.



carpeted with Korean paper which has been turned yellow by being oiled, and which makes a floor as smooth as wax. Over this the finest of colored matting is laid, and on top of the matting are silk mats so soft that your feet sink into them up to the ankles,



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE GROUNDS AT SEOUL.



AN OFFICER OF THE PALACE.

rooms, and connected with each are from twenty to thirty out-buildings, which are joined to the palace by roofed corridors. A large part of these buildings is devoted to the eunuchs, who are confidential watchmen rather than servants. They wear long gowns, costly horsehair hats, and have about their waists the belts by which the noble Korean official is known. They are all big men, and are fat and fine-looking. They never have beards, and their voices are high pitched and make you think of the voice of a young girl.

The queen sits on the floor when she eats her meals. These

are so beautiful in color that they remind you of the rugs of Turkey or Persia. The walls of the room are made of sliding screens of the finest lattice-work. These screens are covered with paper, which takes the place of glass. They are so arranged that two or three rooms can be thrown together, and they can be moved in and out, at will. Each palace contains about twenty-five

are served to her in bowls of solid silver, on a little Korean table about a foot high. She uses silver chopsticks and silver spoons; and her rice, which she has at every meal, is brought in to her in a solid silver kettle with a covering of the same metal. There are all sorts of foreign dishes in the palace, but the queen prefers to follow the customs of her people. She does not eat with the king, and she has her meals in her own apartments.

The palace-city which the queen was occupying during last summer is located on ground which is beautifully rolling. Great gray mountains rise up behind it, and the country surrounding it is one of the most beautiful in the world. The palace grounds, which are more than a mile square, contain many groves of old forest-trees. Flowers from all parts of the East grow luxuriantly in its gardens. There are lakes and fountains here and there, and the queen has summer-houses in some of the glens, to which she moves

when the weather grows warm. I visited one of these palaces in company with a high official. It was rather a secret visit, for the man might have lost his head had Her Majesty known that a foreigner had penetrated into the most secret recesses of her apartments. The palace was in a grove of great pines, through which the wind whistled, and in which the birds sang as we walked through it. It was nestled right under the hills, and as I sat on its veranda I could see the blue mountains stretching away on every side, as far as my eye could reach. Flowers of all colors and of strange varieties bloomed in the gardens, and hedges of evergreen, carefully trimmed, shut off these buildings from the rest of the grounds. There were great flowering trees, the names of which I do not know; and the forests surrounding us were such that we could not have been more secluded in the inmost recesses of the cañons of the Rocky Mountains. Still we were within a stone's throw of the city of Séoul, and within a half-mile of the place at which the king was receiving his officials and carrying on the business of his court.

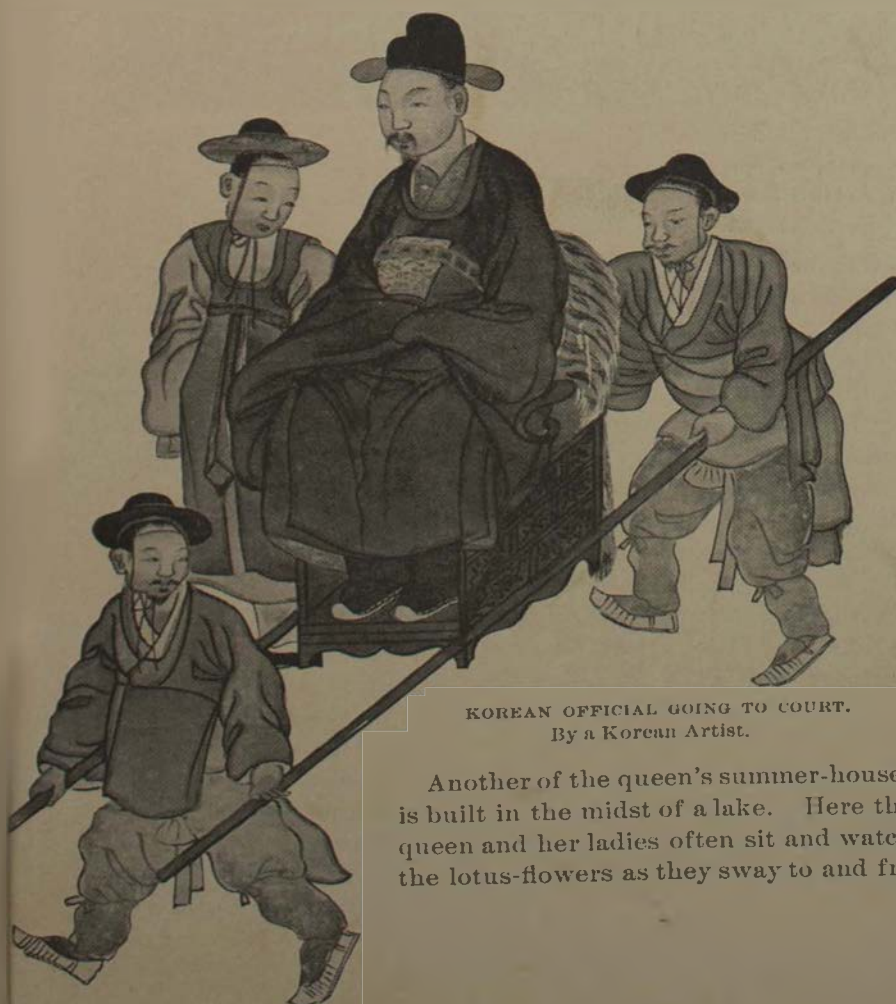


ONE OF THE QUEEN'S DANCING-GIRLS.





AN OFFICIAL OF HIGH RANK.



KOREAN OFFICIAL GOING TO COURT.  
By a Korean Artist.

Another of the queen's summer-houses is built in the midst of a lake. Here the queen and her ladies often sit and watch the lotus-flowers as they sway to and fro

with the breezes from the mountains. Now and then they take a sail upon the waters; and it was only a short time ago while they were sailing over this lake, that Her Majesty played a joke upon one of her eunuchs. He was a very pompous fellow, and he was gotten up most gorgeously in a long gown of dark green silk. His hair was combed in a waterfall upon the top of his head, and this was covered with a new sixteen-dollar cap of black horsehair. He had on heavy cloth boots with white soles an inch thick, and he consciously posed as he stood near Her Majesty by the edge of the boat. The queen could not resist the temptation. She gave him a shove, and over he went into the water, silk gown, horsehair cap, cloth boots and all, with a shriek. Her Majesty laughed, and the attendants who surrounded her were in a quandary. The queen is, as you know, all-powerful. Her word can slice off a man's ears or his head, and when she is



A GOVERNMENT CLERK.  
By a Korean Artist.

angry she does not scruple to punish. The others did not know whether Her Majesty intended to drown the man or not. If she had done the thing playfully and did not want to kill him, they knew they must suffer, by the laws of Korea, for permitting a man to die in their sight. If, on the other hand, she did want to drown him, and they came to his rescue, they would be acting contrary to the wishes of Her Majesty, and their heads would be in a still more dangerous position. This situation lasted until the man arose for the third time, when the queen angrily asked them why they permitted the man to drown. She thus settled the question, and the eunuch was saved.

The queen of Korea is the only legal wife of the king.





KOREAN WOMAN IN STREET COSTUME.

The Korean law gives him the right to a number of secondary wives, and it is whispered in Séoul that he keeps a large number in other parts of the city. Her Majesty, however, does not permit them to live inside of the palace; and she decidedly resents any attentions which the king pays to the other ladies of her court. I am told that it is not true that she once had a lady boiled in oil for being too forward

in her ways, but it is said that she actually did set fire to her hair, and the woman was disfigured for life.

The king of Korea is a man of much force of character. He is said to have become very fond of the queen, notwithstanding her jealousy, and the two work together. He advises with her frequently, and she takes an interest in all that goes on. Her whole life has been spent in connection with public affairs; and, as Korean women go, she is very well educated. She can read and write Chinese, and understands, it is said, a few words of English. She is well read in Korean literature, and has both diplomatic and executive ability. She is a true daughter of the great family to which she belongs, and is wrapped up in her son, the crown prince, who she hopes will be the next king of Korea. This young man is now twenty-one. His last birthday occurred during my stay in Séoul, and, in honor of the occasion, a special examination for office was awarded to all the boys of his age in Korea.

I had an audience with the crown prince after my interview with the king. He is of the pronounced Korean type, though he lacks the vivacity which I found in the king. During our talk his arms were upheld by the two yellow-faced eunuchs who stood at his sides, and these men whispered to him the replies that he made to my questions. He did not seem to have the ability and force which I observed in his father; and if the king of Korea should pass away and the throne come to him, he will, without doubt, be ruled by his mother, who will then be the dowager queen.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## WHERE RED CRANBERRIES GROW.



H, girls! I must tell you—how this sauce reminds me of it!—of my visit to a real cranberry-bog last autumn."

The solemn-faced Dutch clock in the corner had just struck the hour of noon, and the young ladies of the cooking-class were divesting themselves of their long white aprons, and touching up their toilets preparatory to departing. The cooking-class, be it known, was composed of five young women, experimentally inclined, meeting once each week in Mrs. Stuyvesant Van Arsdale's roomy, old-fashioned kitchen, to delve into the mysteries of the culinary art.

Outside, light flakes of snow were falling, and the bare limbs of the trees and the iron railings of Gramercy Park, upon which the house fronted, were topped with white. A saucy, chirping sparrow upon the window-ledge saw a pretty scene within. The speaker, her fair face flushed with the heat, was dropping from a spoon the jelly-like cranberry sauce, which was almost transparently clear, and beautifully red.

"You on a cranberry bog? It's something about Tom

Rutherford, isn't it, Bess?" cried Maude Wickham, dusting the flour from her shapely bare arm. "We're all attention. Begin."

The sauce was pronounced perfect, and in a trice the group had gathered around Bessie Van Arsdale.

"You see, I generally visit Uncle Rutherford every summer; and Maude, you know what a delightful old place it is,—a great, old-fashioned farmhouse of Revolutionary times, with wide fields of grain and hay, acres of apple and peach orchards, and just a pleasant drive from Toms River with its pretty and fast-sailing yachts, and——"

"And Tom!" broke in the mischievous Maude.

"Yes, and Tom. But he is just the same as a cousin, and everybody calls him Tom Rutherford, even if his real name is Wilson, and if his mother was married before she married my Uncle Rutherford. So stop interrupting me.

"Well, mother must go to Bar Harbor, and then to the mountains, and it was the middle of September before I had a chance to go; but uncle insisted I must spend a fortnight, at least, at Rutherford Grange.



"The first morning after my arrival I heard someone pounding on my door, and Tom's voice called out :

" 'Come! I want you to go to the bog with me to day ; we finish up our picking, and it's a rare clear morning.' "

" You know that cranberries are picked toward the latter part of September, and even as late as the middle of October. "

" 'Cranberry.' What a funny name. I wonder why it was called that ? " interrupted one of the girls.

" Tom told me the real name was crane-berry, " was the reply, " because of the marked resemblance of the blossom, just before it expands into the perfect flower, to the neck, head, and bill of the crane.

" When I had hurriedly eaten breakfast, and came out on the broad piazza dressed for driving, I found Tom had the buckboard, and the ponies that I so dearly love to drive, and that Aunt Jane, the housekeeper, was stowing away under the seat an ample basket which I knew must contain one of her dainty luncheons.

" The sun was just showing himself over a bank of dark

of the pretty girls as my handsome Cousin Tom drove by with a cheery 'Good-morning' to all.

" In berry-picking time, people of all stations and both sexes, living for miles around, engage in the occupation, some returning to their homes at night, and others 'camping out' and making a sort of holiday season of it.

" The next wagon we overtook was a family carriage, of the 'one-hoss-shay' style, decayed and broken-down in appearance, and then there were others of more or less striking individuality. Scattered along the road were groups of half-grown lads, a few middle-aged men, and a few young men,—these last near the wagons that contained the prettier girls,—all of them with dinner-kettles or baskets.

" Soon we reached the bog. Imagine a broad, level surface, winding in and out among the low hills like a lake, but green as a meadow. From a swamp of huge cedars, such as had once covered the site of the bog itself, a little stream ran down through the center of the plain. At intervals, banks of earth crossed the bog at right angles to this



A CRANBERRY BOG.

green pines when we started upon our three-mile drive. The air was cool and exhilarating as we dashed along, the ponies obeying my slightest touch of the reins. In the hollows lurked a light, silvery veil of mist, and bush and grass alike sparkled with dew. As we neared the bog,—the cultivated land long left behind,—the narrow road wound between stunted pines, or an underbrush of green oaks, or scarlet-leaved sumacs. Suddenly we heard voices ahead, singing snatches of negro melodies, of hymns, and of the newest popular songs. We soon overtook the singers, and I saw the cranberry pickers for the first time. An ordinary farmer's wagon, filled with straw and drawn by a pair of patient, long-eared old mules, contained a dozen or more women, from the old grandmother to the girl of twelve. Most of them, however, were young women, and not a few of them were pretty, rosy-cheeked, and bright-eyed, with regular features, and lithe, graceful forms. The older women wore faded calico wrappers; the younger, discolored gowns, whose texture and cut gave evidence of having once been the 'Sunday best.' Sunbonnets, also of faded calico, covered most of their heads, and from the voluminous depths of these peeped forth the smiling faces

stream, in which sluice-ways were set, so that the ditches that divide each section, like a chess-board, could be filled, or the whole bog turned into a lake. Tom called the sluice a 'floodgate,' and the covering of the bog with water, 'flooding.' He said they did this every winter to protect the vines, and that the young people of the neighborhood skated upon its frozen surface; and they filled their ice-house at the Grange from it. The vines must be carefully defended from the frost, and this system of flooding accomplishes the purpose perfectly. When the berries are ripening in the fall, the thermometer is carefully watched by those in charge of the fields. Should the mercury fall to 34° Fahrenheit, the water is at once let in so as to partly cover the vines; should it fall even a degree lower, the whole field is at once completely submerged. The vines are particularly subject to the attacks of insects, worms, and grubs, in the spring, and when these pests appear the meadows are flooded and the creatures drowned.

" In the older portions of the bog, the vines covered the ground like a thick carpet, several inches deep; but some parts, just set out this summer, showed that they planted only one vine about every two and a half feet each way, and



from these all the others spread. A peculiarity of the vine is that if you scatter broadcast, without any sort of care, bits of the vine, six or eight inches long, the cuttings will take root and grow just as if you had planted them. The vine seems to love the water, somehow, though it will thrive in such arid soil. In order that the crop shall be a success, the whole meadow ought to lie well under water from the beginning to the close of the cold season.

"Down among the vines the berries lie, half hidden by their tiny evergreen leaves.

After the dew had evaporated a little, the pickers started to work. Each was given 'a row,'

piled. Here his berries are emptied into the crate, and he is given a check, or 'peck ticket,' a small piece of colored pasteboard which reads :

RUTHERFORD BOG.

ONE PECK.

JOHN J. RUTHERFORD.



PICKERS EMPTYING THEIR BOXES.

a space from two to three feet wide, and generally reaching in length from the edge of the bog to the main ditch.

Each picker had a square box with an iron bail, holding a peck. The pickers get down upon their knees, place the box in front of them, and scoop up the berries with their hands. As they pick a space, the box is moved along. Overseers keep a close watch that no berries are left by the picker, as the vines are gone over but once.

"When the box is filled, the picker either calls an overseer, or carries it himself to a spot on the bank where a team can easily drive in, and where a large number of empty crates are

marketing. Tom said that the Jersey growers had entirely discontinued the use of barrels, as the berries keep better



UNLOADING CRANBERRY CRATES.



WINTER VIEW OF A CRANBERRY BOG.





THE NOON-DAY LUNCHEON.

in crates, and are more easily handled. The growers at Cape Cod, where, by the way, it is said that nearly two-thirds of

century,—looked up at the sky with the remark,

“ ‘Wall, it’s about noon, jedgin’ from the sun.’ ”

“ Tom glanced at his watch. It was two minutes of twelve.

“ ‘Twelve o’clock. Let all hands stop,’ the overseer shouted. The cry was taken up by each overseer, ‘Twelve o’clock, all hands stop,’ and re-echoed by the numerous boys, who had been awaiting it with youthful appetites, for an hour at least.

“ Tom had selected a cozy nook for our dining-place. It was beside the little stream, which ran tumbling and singing over the roots of giant cedars, or flowed silently and swiftly over the gravelly bottom. Its water looked a rich, golden amber when in the stream, but was pure and clear when dipped up in a goblet. In some sections of the country it would have been called a ‘brook;’ but in



GROUP OF ITALIAN CRANBERRY-PICKERS.

the cranberry crop of the United States are raised, still use the barrel. Machine pickers have recently been introduced.

They accomplish a great deal of work, but the berries picked by hand are, necessarily,—at least at this stage of the invention,—of a higher grade, as having been more carefully selected and sorted.

“ So interested was I in the new and strange picture, that I did not notice the flight of time, till one of the old overseers, or ‘dumpers,’ as they are sometimes called,—a hale, hearty old fellow who had been employed by Uncle Rutherford at the Grange for a half-

the quaint phraseology of the Jerseyman, it was either a ‘creek’ (pronounced ‘crick’), a ‘run,’ or a ‘branch.’ ”



THE ITALIAN PICKERS' QUARTERS.



"A fallen monarch of the forest, moss-cushioned, formed our seat, and the stump of another huge cedar, full five feet across, our table. Overhead, through the swaying branches of the evergreens, could be seen the bright blue sky and the flying and fleecy white clouds. As we ate the dainty luncheon of white Jersey biscuit, fried chicken, and cranberry jelly of the year before, Tom imparted to me much of the information which I am so glibly retailing to you now.

"The pickers had scattered into friendly groups, and, some here, some there, but all of them in the neighborhood of the cool and refreshing stream, were 'eatin' dinner.'

"The old cranberry-house, where the berries are stored as picked, was but a short distance away, and from its wide door issued the sound of laughter, and—yes, of a violin. We sauntered that way, and entered. It was yet some minutes before one o'clock, and a 'plain kadrill' was in progress. Upon the top of a huge pile of full crates, that nearly reached the roof, was perched 'Uncle Bill,' the veteran overseer, a battered old 'fiddle' tucked under his chin, furnishing the music and 'callin' the figgers' for a set of dancers at either

tion to and from the city,—in short, acted as their agent in every way. Many of the women had little children, whom they kept in baby-carriages, carts, baskets, or boxes, perhaps protected from the sun by an umbrella stuck in the ground, and these they moved along behind them as they 'picked their rows,' just as they moved their boxes of berries forward.

"The padrone insisted upon our visiting the pickers' quarters. These were in a low, one-story structure, divided off into little rooms, whose sole furniture (save perhaps a barrel or box) was a row of bunks reaching to the roof on either side. Each room had a door at one end and a window at the other, and accommodated twenty-five people. Cooking was done outdoors, over a campfire. Gladly leaving these squalid surroundings, another drive through the crisp evening air, with the level rays of the setting sun glinting on the green needles of the pines, brought us home for supper.

"The next day I visited the cranberry-house at the Grange. Often in the summer evenings we had used its huge second story for dances and merry-makings, but now it was full of cranberries in crates.

Three stories high, and larger than any barn on the farm, it often held over fifteen thousand bushels of berries. Here they are allowed to stand a few weeks, until the green color deepens to a bright red. Here also they are 'sorted,' by being run through a 'separator.' This blows out the grass and leaves, and culls out the rotten berries, on the principle that a sound berry will rebound from an elastic surface, while a decayed one will not.



THE CRANBERRY STORAGE-HOUSE.

end of the broad floor. The dancing for the most part was more vigorous than graceful; but there were some among the girls who, despite sunburn and freckles, would cause a sensation at one of our city assemblies by their grace and beauty, could they have overcome the almost universal stoop-shoulderedness.

"Suddenly 'Uncle Bill' laid aside his violin. 'There's time fur work, ez well ez fur play, an' now it's one o'clock. All hands to work.' The dance broke up, and the girls, with heaving chests and flushed faces, returned to their 'rows,' accompanied by their partners in the dance.

"They have Italian pickers at the Long Swamp bogs; would you like to see them?" asked Tom. I assented, and the ponies were again on the road. After several miles, through forests of oak or pine, over swift-running brooks, by neat farm-houses (whose huge barns seemed bursting with hay and grain), past well-kept churches and pretty little school-houses, we reached another bog, where all the pickers were from sunny Italy, or from south of Washington Square, New York. The overseer of the bog introduced us to the padrone, or contractor, who furnished the pickers, and who was responsible for their work. He was short, muscular, with a dark, shrewd face, and was very polite to us; though I noticed his demeanor towards his pickers was such as inspired obedience. Few of the pickers understood English; and he purchased their food, paid their transporta-

"Really, girls, I could tell you much more about this, but you probably don't care to listen longer. But Tom goes to England in a month—he was here last night—to introduce American berries there. He acts as agent for the many growers in his neighborhood, who wish to extend their market. He sails on the 20th, on the *Urania*, and I—I——"

"Spare your blushes, Bess, we understand; you go with him. What a jolly—awfully jolly!—wedding tour."

And as Maude, the first of the four, flung her arms about Bessie's neck in a congratulatory hug, she whispered.

"And Tom is just the same as a cousin, isn't he? you sly Bess."

WILL H. FISCHER.

## The Empress Dowager of China.

"The Empress Dowager of China" is the title of Mr. Frank G. Carpenter's next article, which will appear in the December number of Demorest's Magazine. This series is intensely interesting; for so little is really known concerning the queens of the far East that the details Mr. Carpenter is able to give of their daily life are a revelation to most people. The Empress Dowager has been a controlling force in China for years, her authority and power being none the less felt because exercised from the seclusion which hedges about all Eastern women. The article will be superbly illustrated, giving views of the palace and its interior, never before reproduced.



## Beauty and Ugliness.

**KNOW** you are my own auntie, and I ought to like you, but I don't. When you were young why didn't you ask God Bless to make you as pretty as mamma and Aunt Stella? I s'pose it's too late now." So said a little girl who had come to visit her mother's relatives. Some months later she said, as she caressed her plain-faced aunt:

"I asked God Bless to make you prettier, Aunt Mabel. I told him he ought to, because you are awful nice; and I think he sent one of his angels to do it when you were asleep. Your eyes are quite beautiful now, Aunt Mabel. Just look in the glass and see."

It is one of the compensations of ugliness that when the first disappointing impression of a plain face wears away, there comes to those who have learned to love its possessor the revelation of a beauty once invisible.

A plain woman who has common sense, mirrors, and candid young relatives, is not likely to be misinformed regarding her personal appearance. She may rejoice in the beauty of sister, of friend, of any woman; she may face courageously the fact of her own homeliness, and imagine that she has contentedly accepted it; nevertheless, she will have her moments of keen consciousness of her deprivation.

After the first impression, a noticeably plain woman is less likely than a beautiful one to be a source of disappointment. It is natural to hope for good gifts of mind and spirit with beauty of person, and in many cases this hope is fulfilled; on the other hand, the disposition of the plain woman is sometimes marred by discontent and envy of those who have been blessed with greater attractions, and we have an illustration of the parable of the talents, "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." But if her spirit be unspoiled, they will not be disappointed who turn to her for qualities which they may have failed to find in a more beautiful setting,—qualities which she has developed, perhaps, because she has not been exposed to the temptations attendant upon flattery and admiration.

A beautiful woman whose charms are waning may have a loveliness of spirit which will endure in the lasting loveliness of expression, yet she is losing something of real value. The appearance of the homely woman often improves as the years go by.

An appreciation of the humorous side, even at the expense of her personal deficiencies, is a boon to an ugly woman.

"What a pretty child!" exclaimed a young man as he looked at a photograph. "Did you say that she is your sister's?"

"She is," replied the proud aunt.

The youth deliberated for a time, then remarked, innocently,

"The father must be a very fine-looking man."

A plain woman who was told that another resembled her, said, in a merry aside,

"Poor thing! poor thing! she has my sympathy."

"I suppose it was the Lord's will," said a man-servant, when he was asked how his handsome master had come to marry the homely mistress. The mistress, who told the tale, had an enviable sense of the humor of the situation.

That mother was doubly blessed who laughed over the remark of her little boy,

"Some people don't admire high cheek-bones; but my mother's are extremely becoming."

It is true that love is often blind, and there are men who are not aware that their wives are homely. The husband of a very plain woman made a remark to a family group about her good looks. When he left the room she said, with a gleam of fun in her eyes,

"Oh, girls, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; and what a blessing for me that Dick is short-sighted!"

Unfeeling people are apt to speak as if plain or deformed

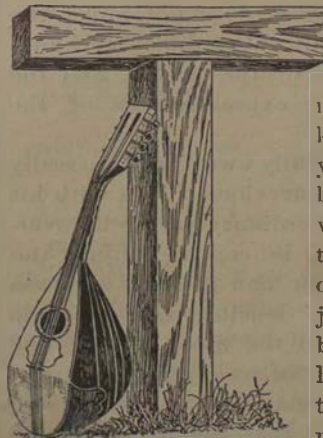
ones were responsible for their own defects, and sensitive children are often made to suffer in this way. While it is wrong to try to depreciate the true value of beauty, it is barbarous to give any child reason to think that she is less an object of love and tenderness because she lacks that gift. To the true mother "the ugly duckling" is as precious as any of the brood. A most fascinating but plain woman told me that when she was a child a relative whom she had never seen came to make the acquaintance of the family, and she hid herself under the nursery bed because she thought he would dislike her for her ugliness.

I was walking one day with a child, little more than a baby, on the high bank of a river. I warned her that she was too near the edge. She drew closer to me, and as she did so she raised her face and said, most pathetically:

"It wouldn't be right for me to make myself fall over, but it might be a good thing if my foot should slip, because after people die they are made over again, and perhaps I might be made prettier. You see I'm very ugly, and it's such a disappointment to mamma."

That was her idea of the resurrection. A like thought has come to older minds. Near the end of his life, I heard a man, who had been loyal and devoted to the homely woman whom he loved, repeating to himself a verse—his own, I think—which told of his belief that she would rise in beauty, the true enshrinement of her angelic spirit. M. BOURCHIER SANFORD.

## The Mandolin Without a Master.

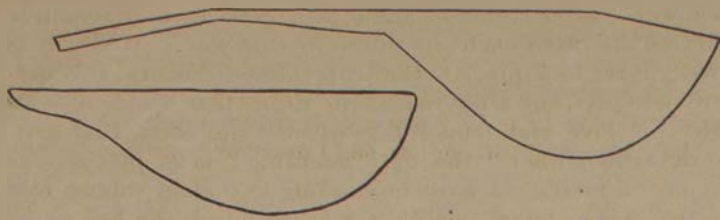


THE mandolin, one of the most popular, or perhaps I should rather say fashionable, instruments of the day, was so little known in this country twenty-five years ago, that in the reference books of that period it is either wholly ignored or barely mentioned. In one such work—a recognized authority on musical subjects—Don Guitar asserts his blue blood in a full page, while his humble relation Ser Mandolin has to be content with five lines. But modest worth seldom fails to win reward; and now, behold! Ser Mandolin sits in the high places, equal in honor with Don Guitar, and more in request. His gay voice is heard in parlor and boudoir, where he is welcomed and caressed by the gentle doñas of the western world.

The mandolin has a noble ancestry. On one side it is related to the hidalgo guitar; on the other, to the princely violin. It descends in a direct line from the lute and the Moorish *guzla*. It is distantly connected with the "viol de gamboys, that singeth sweet with love for theme." I find an old reference to it—the date is wanting—as "a little hand-fiddle, whose strings are teased with a quill." Alberto of Sienna probably referred to the mandolin when he spoke of "the stringed gourd"; and Gaspar Lisardo's "handled gourd" could have been nothing else. Indeed, the genesis of the mandolin from the gourd is easily traceable. Imagine the Ausonian peasant in his sheepskin jerkin, sunning himself before the door of his lowly hut, while his infant boy amused himself with one of last year's gourds, rolling it hither and thither to evoke the sonorous rattle of the dried seeds imprisoned within the rind.

As he looks on, smiling, a sudden thought sets him meditating. He has heard the *guitarra* players at the village fair, and has hopelessly coveted one of those ringing, chim-





EVOLUTION OF THE MANDOLIN FROM THE GOURD.

ing instruments which make such glorious accompaniments to the lilting songs of his nation. In a moment he has seized one of the pear-shaped, golden bulbs, and is turning it over and over in his horny hands. With his *navaja*, keen-edged as a razor, he severs the gourd along its longer axis, stretches a kid's skin over it, and crudely strings it with filaments of gut. How many hours of patient toil, by the light of his pine-splinter torch, how many failures, how much hope and despair have gone to the construction of the first rude mandolin, no one will ever know. But, clumsy and absurd as it is, it will make music, and he is fully repaid. Thus, we must suppose, the mandolin came into being. The bent-wood box, the face, the sound-hole, the neck, with its frets and guitar-screws, were mere natural growth; the poor, nameless peasant deserves sole credit for the discovery—for, so far as he was concerned, it was a pure discovery—of a national instrument.

The mandolin, while deficient in some respects, has yet much to recommend it. It is small, very light, very portable, easily handled, and, within certain limits, readily learned. It is not so susceptible to changes of temperature as the guitar, while the moisture of the fingers does not affect the strings, as is the case with the violin. On the other hand, it wants the full, rich resonance of the guitar, and the splendid amplitude and emotional expressiveness of the violin.

Nevertheless, its voice is wonderfully sweet, and a really skillful mandolin player can do marvelous things with his small instrument. He can fill an ordinary parlor to overflowing; and if in the concert hall he cannot conjure the melodic hurricanes of a Paganini, he can at least summon the gentle songs of spring, and the delicious airs that seem to belong to those calm nights when the moon is high and the world is pervaded with the odor of roses and new grass.

It is quite as necessary that the mandolin should be well strung and carefully constructed, as that the player should be skillful. The most artistic performer can do little with an instrument whose seams are badly glued, whose face is checked, and whose strings lie too close upon the frets. So far as my experience goes, the mandolin can no more bear up against defects of construction than the violin or guitar.

I have seen some very serviceable instruments that cost twenty dollars, at retail, and I examined one of surprisingly good tone at fifteen dollars. I doubt if the beginner would be wise to go much above the former, or much below the latter, figure; that is, in purchasing through the ordinary channels of trade. Unquestionably, splendid bargains may occasionally be had at second-hand; but the buyer must be a judge. A bit of clattering, discordant rubbish would be dear at any price. Mere superficial ornamentation no more assists the tone of a mandolin, than the ermine and satin of a *prima donna* help her to reach the high C. Wachtel's diamond might just as well have been a lump of coal so far as it concerned those wondrous tenor notes of his in the "Postilion."

Putting aside the matter of decoration, then, observe that the joints of body and face are tight; that the neck-piece, or finger-board, is firmly secured to the body; that the fret-

bars do not shift in their sockets (from shrinkage of the wood); that the strings, when tuned, touch nowhere from nut (*i.e.*, the transverse strip over which the strings pass from the keys) to bridge; and, most of all, that the keys themselves work correctly. If the cog at the end of the string-spindle is loose, or if the endless screw on the shank of the key does not accurately engage in the cog, you can never tune your instrument properly, nor keep it in tune. These suggestions are offered on the supposition that the learner is to purchase his own mandolin. They are vital to his success as a performer, and to the aesthetic enjoyment which he has a right to expect as the reward of his patience and devotion. As with every human endeavor, a good beginning is three parts of the whole. In conclusion of this head of our subject, I should add that many professional players prefer a mandolin of American manufacture to an imported instrument. The former is the larger model, and is said to bear our climate more sturdily, as well as to develop a more robust tone with use.

The mandolin has two peculiar features which distinguish it among instruments of its class; namely, its double strings, tuned by pairs in unison, and the "pen," or "pick," which performs the same office as the bow with the violin, and the fingers with the guitar. The strings are of metal throughout, no gut being employed for the reason that the chafing of the pick would speedily destroy the animal fiber. In most cases, the first pair next the left side of the finger-board will be of steel wound with silver wire, while the remaining three pair will be of plain steel, unwound. I have, however, seen some mandolins on which the first two pair were wire-wound.

The "pick," or, as some authorities term it, the "pen"—anciently a stout quill—is a thin slip of tough wood, bone, ivory, or tortoise-shell, tortoise-shell being considered preferable to all other materials. It should be rather less than an inch in its longer diameter, and about three-quarters of an inch in its shorter aspect, the shape being very similar to that of an almond.

The student is supposed to understand the rudiments of music, the relative values of the notes, their positions on the staff, the transposition of keys, time, etc. In default of such knowledge, he may seek assistance from the comprehensive series of articles published in this Magazine,



A MANDOLIN PICK.

under the title "How to Sing Without a Master," in August, September, and October, 1892, prepared especially for the use of beginners. The elementary rules and principles of music are the same, whether its ultimate expression is to be vocal or instrumental; hence, these articles will serve as an excellent primer for the mandolinist,—omitting, perhaps, the sections treating wholly of vocal technique.

The pupil should provide himself with a thoroughly good "Mandolin Method." There are several such for sale at music shops, and in my own opinion, Carcassi's work is an excellent guide. It costs about one dollar. In this, or any other well-compiled method, will be found the progressive exercises for the mandolin, for which sufficient space could not be properly allowed in an article such as this, which is intended to introduce the student to his instrument, to help him over moral, rather than material, obstacles, and to encourage him to undertake by himself, when his circumstances do not permit the employment of a teacher, the study of a delightful art.

The relationship between the violin, the guitar, and the mandolin, to which reference has heretofore been made, appears, first, in the method of tuning, and second, in the

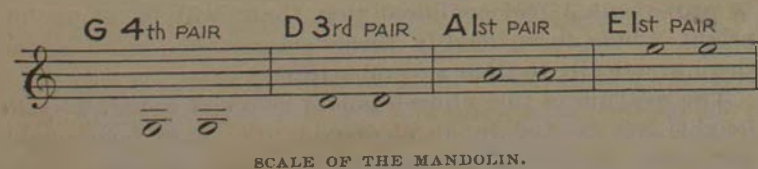


fret system. As stated, the mandolin has eight strings; but as they are arranged in pairs, and each pair is in unison, we may, for the sake of simplicity, regard them as four.



strings. You will presently learn to chord the fifth by ear, which is a more speedy, as well as a more satisfactory, method of tuning.

When we speak of "frets," we mean always the space between the transverse fret-bars. In playing, the finger is to be firmly pressed *between* these bars, not *upon* them. When we mention the "first fret," the space between the first fret-bar and the "nut" at the key frame is indicated; the "second fret" is the space between the first and second fret-bars; the "third fret," between the second and third fret-bars, etc. Each fret constitutes a half tone. For example, the first fret on the G is G sharp, the second, A, and so on. As the string is shortened its vibrations become swifter, and the tone sharper and higher. It will be noticed that as you go toward the bridge the frets become narrower, so as to preserve the accurate semitone between each. We ought to explain a point, at this stage, which, though very simple when understood, may puzzle the beginner exceedingly. In the diagram of frets it will be observed that, on the G string, the C is on the next fret to B; on the D, the E is next the F; on the A, the C is next the B, etc. But if we examine the natural scale or key of C, we shall see that between E and F, and B and C, there is only a

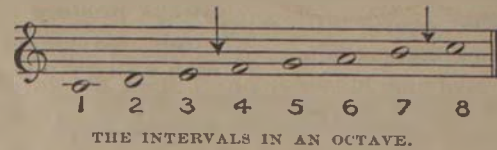


semitone. Then we shall remember that in any key, between three and four, and seven and eight, of the octave, there is but a half tone. If this be borne in mind the learner will find the fret system very clear and intelligible.

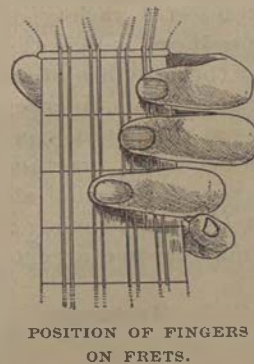
Men, when playing, should cross the right leg over the left, in an easy position, supporting the body of the mandolin on the right thigh. A woman should rest her right foot upon a low stool, so that the slope of the thigh will cause the instrument to settle toward her body. The face of the mandolin should look away from the player at an acute angle, approaching within fifteen or twenty degrees of the vertical. Do not fall into the ugly habit of bending over at the swift

or difficult passages, as if afflicted with cramp. A celebrated violinist—Vieuxtemps, was it not?—used to accentuate his melodic marvels with such contortions of figure and face as drew a snicker from his most appreciative audiences.

The finger-nails of the left hand must be kept closely cut;



a long finger-nail clatters upon the strings, and also prevents sharp stopping on the frets, as well as swift and smooth sliding from fret to fret. The neck, or finger-board, of the mandolin must be supported between the curve of the thumb-joint and the third joint of the forefinger. The point of the thumb then rests between the first and second frets, while the forefinger lies easily upon the nut. The back of the neck lies in the hollow between the finger and thumb—not on the palm—so as to enable the hand to glide swiftly up and down the neck, while the fingers control the frets. Keep the left elbow close to the side, the fingers bent over,



not upon, the strings, so that the points may stop the frets. If you try to stop with the flat surfaces of your fingers, you will obtain a hoarse, raucous, discordant tone.

The right arm rests, midway between elbow and wrist, upon the edge of the mandolin, the wrist well raised, and the hand curved downward over the strings, so that the thumb and forefinger may strike the strings midway between the sound-hole and the bridge. In this position, by a simple opening or closing of the hand the

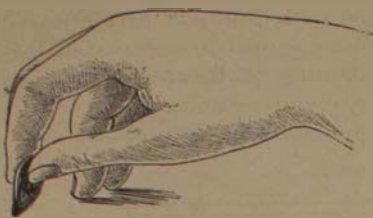
entire range of the strings may be controlled.

The "pick," or "pen," is held between the forefinger and thumb, supported by the side of the second finger, very much as you would hold a pencil. The pick must be sufficiently stiff to retain its shape, and yet flexible enough to act as a sort of spring; that is, as the pick passes across the strings, its point yields an instant, then bounds back to its original shape. If the pick be too rigid it will evoke a harsh twang; if too flexible, the note will be feeble and "mushy." Tortoise-shell, as we have stated, seems to answer the purposes of a pick better than any other material.

Now, holding the neck of the mandolin with the fingers of the left hand curving over the four pair of strings, strike with the pick sharply across the G pair, and you get a full, resonant tone, the G of the mandolin scale. Press your forefinger on the second fret of the G pair, strike again with the pick, and you get A. Continue to prac-







MANNER OF HOLDING PICK.

tice thus in the natural key of the instrument, both in controlling the pairs with the fingers of the left hand and striking with the pick, until you find that you can always produce a clear, accurate succession of notes with a single pick-stroke.

Next you must become proficient in the use of the pick; for upon the management of this depends much of the beauty of mandolin music. In *staccato* passages you must strike your pick simply across the pair of strings, at the fret indicated; but in *tremolo* passages—and it is here that you must produce your effects—you strike your pick rapidly across the pair called for in the score, as follows: A whole note, eight strokes; a half note, four times; a quarter note, twice; an eighth note, once. In all slow or moderate movements the *tremolo* should be introduced. As the student advances from the primary stage, he will become familiar with an infinity of graceful and effective offices in which the pick will serve him, in a measure, as the bow serves the violinist. He will find, among other things, that while his pairs of strings are tuned in unison he may, by stopping each member of a pair separately, produce a wonderful variety of chords, as well as the chords naturally produced among the pairs themselves. As, however, it is not the province of an elementary and, so to say, advisory, article, like this, to enter into the minutiae of the subject, we pause at this point, convinced that from the suggestions herein set forth, together with a standard work on the art, the learner may gather all that may be taught in words; and that by supplementing patience, good-will, and intelligence, he may become a commendable performer on the mandolin.

C. L. HILDRETH.

## Her Attractions.

SHE has no dazzling charms, no classic grace,  
Nothing, you think, to win men's hearts about her;  
Yet, looking at her sweet and gentle face,  
I wonder what our lives would be without her!

She has no wish in the great world to shine;  
For work outside a woman's sphere, no yearning;  
But on the altar of home's sacred shrine  
She keeps the fire of pure affection burning.

We tell our griefs into her patient ear;  
She whispers "Hope!" when ways are dark and dreary;  
The little children like to have her near,  
And run into her open arms when weary.

Her step falls lightly by the sufferer's bed;  
Where poverty and care abound, she lingers;  
And many a weary heart and aching head  
Find gifts of healing in her tender fingers.

She holds a helping hand to those who fall,  
Which gently guides them back to paths of duty;  
Her kindly eyes, with kindly looks for all,  
See in uncomeliest souls some hidden beauty.

Her charity would every need embrace;  
The shy and timid fear not to address her;  
With loving tact she rightly fills her place,  
While all who know her pray, that Heaven may bless her.

E. MATHESON.

## LIVING PICTURES FOR AMATEURS

WHO that has ever been "on the committee" of any of the various literary, missionary, or social societies, now such important factors in nearly all church organizations, has not been confronted, time and again, with the vexed and trying query, "What can we get up in the way of an entertainment, at once attractive, appropriate, and inexpensive, that has not been done to death?"

It is with the desire of offering a solution, in part, to this oft-repeated question, that the writer has been induced to undertake the preparation of the article presented herewith. While it is confidently hoped that many others will find herein clear and practical suggestions, it is the above-named class of entertainment givers that has been kept chiefly in mind, and more particularly those societies in small cities and villages where professional assistance is not obtainable, and where resources are, necessarily, limited.

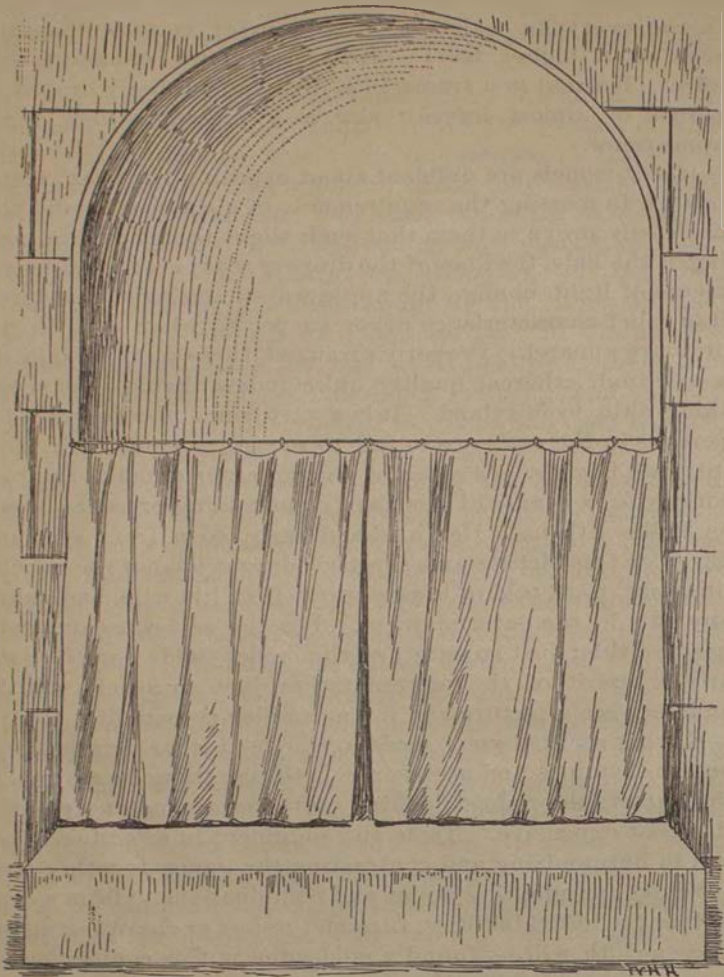
You have all seen so-called *tableaux vivants*; but I have purposely refrained from using that term in this connection, from the fact that, so far as my own observation extends, they have been, for the most part (except those arranged in the cities, on professional stages, by experts), so ineffective that the title conveys no indication of the charming and artistic result that may easily be realized by the veriest tyro, granted he has taste and intelligence, if the following suggestions are carried out. While no set of rules can be laid down that will fit themselves to all times, places, and resources, the directions given will suggest a thousand possibilities to the interested reader.

As entertainments are oftener given by amateurs for a charitable object than for mere amusement, I will enlarge upon what I have already indicated,—that "living pictures" need not be expensive to be thoroughly satisfactory. Color and a proper arrangement of pose, together with a due consideration of light-effect, are the chief considerations; and I shall keep in mind, in describing both costuming and accessories, "the best results and the least possible expense."

To simplify matters, we will assume that the pictures are to be given in a church similar to one in which I recently conducted one of these entertainments; and, as I have personally found its exact counterpart in almost numberless places, the instructions must satisfy the needs of not a few. In any event, I feel confident that there will be plenty of bright minds to so modify these suggestions as to adapt them practically to their several requirements.

The rostrum in this church (about two and a half feet in height) was backed by an alcove, on the same level, eight feet deep, and with an opening fourteen feet in width. Granted that your "field of action" is similar, first remove the pulpit and all furniture from the rostrum, to present an unobstructed view. Place strong screw-eyes of good size on each side of the alcove opening, about ten feet from the rostrum floor-level. From these stretch a strong wire across upon which to hang two curtains, opening in the center; if ample enough to hang in folds, the effect is better. These curtains must be either of very thick material, or there must be "doubles" to break the light reflected from inside and prevent its showing through. As the curtains must open and close with perfect ease, sew small brass rings at the top of them, a foot apart, and run the wire through these. Fasten each outside ring to the screw-eye to prevent the cur-





CURTAINED ALCOVE.

tains pulling away from the sides. Any curtains will do for use here, but if you purchase new material I would suggest that the color be either olive green, warm brown, or maroon.

With four pieces of "four by six" scantling (one, eight feet in length; one, four feet; and two of five feet) make a foundation, upon which nail flooring and build a platform which will be six inches in height, eight feet across the front, four feet across the back, and five feet from front to back. With boards "six by one" (six inches wide and one thick) make a frame with opening eight feet in width and nine feet in height. Nail this across the front of your small platform. Nail to the two back corners posts nine feet in height, made of two-inch material. Put a four-foot piece of the same material across from top to top of these posts; and a five-foot piece from top of posts to top of frame, outside. Thus you will have formed a sort of skeleton cabinet. Set this back in the alcove, in the center, with back of platform resting snugly against the back wall of the alcove. From this skeleton, covering the back and sides, hang maroon-colored calico or cheese-cloth, to form a background and sides for your pictures. Cover the floor of the platform with dark green cloth. Across the top of frame, nail securely a two-inch stick about fourteen feet in length, allowing three feet to project on each side, from which hang light-weight maroon drapery or portières to fill the space between your frame and the side-walls of the alcove.

Cover the front of your frame with wall-paper border, which you can get at a penny or two a yard; it will answer your purpose nearly as well as an expensive gilt molding. Just outside the frame, at the sides, with the drapery or portières as a backing, set tall urns or jars of palms, ferns, rushes, or any showy foliage plants. If the tall jars are not available, a pretty effect is secured by using small flower-

stands holding a single pot of foliage, and massing others on the floor to largely conceal the stand.

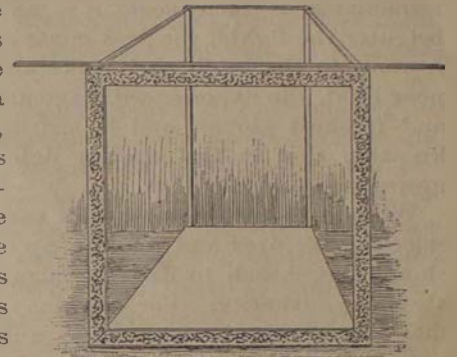
An alcove has been employed in this description for the sake of simplifying it; but it will readily be seen that the cabinet can be as effectively used on any stage or rostrum. In private houses a deep bay-window can be utilized, or the wide doorway leading into an adjoining room; and it would nowhere be found a difficult matter to set up two upright posts of the proper height to stretch wire from to support the front curtains.

We come now to the arrangement of lights for the pictures. On the floor, about two and a half feet from the frame, and at equal distances apart, place four flat-bottomed, wide-blaze lamps. To protect the glare from the auditor's eyes when the curtains are drawn, use sheets of common tin about ten inches high by fourteen wide, ovaled at the top corners. Have the tinner run them through his roller, and they will then stand before the lamps without support or fastening.

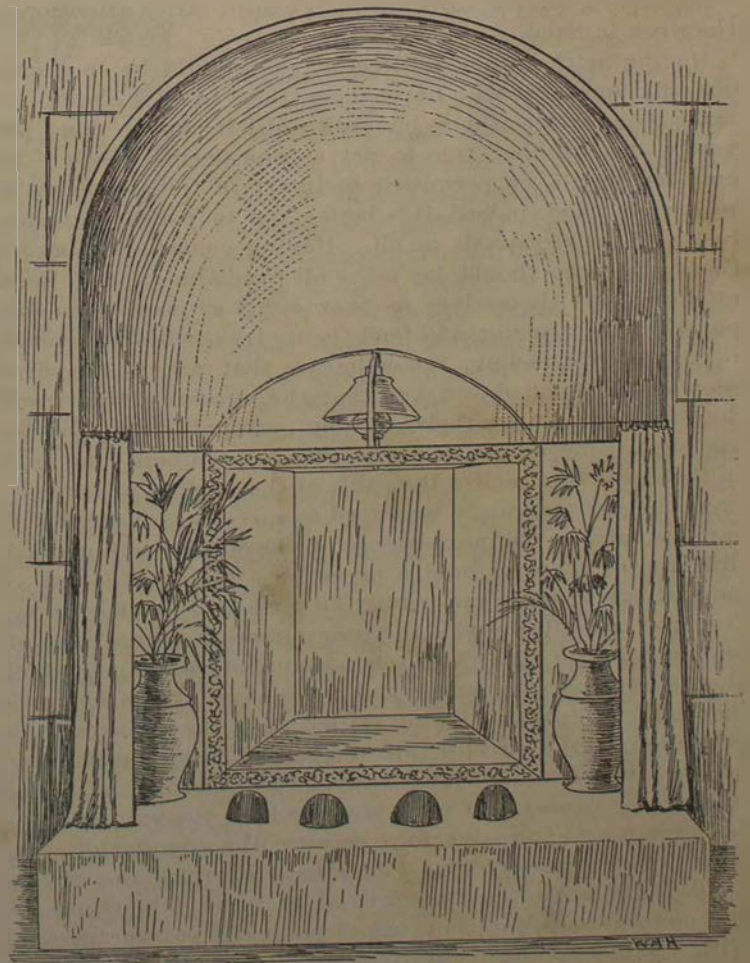
Inside the frame, on both sides, about five feet up, place a kitchen side-lamp. Directly over the center of your cabinet, about a half-foot above the line of the picture-frame, you



PLATFORM.



UNDRAPED STAGE.



THE STAGE FULLY SET.



should have a hanging lamp; a central-draught burner with large tin reflecting shade will be found best. To be independent of a high ceiling, and to avoid marring walls, take two strips of inch-wide "band iron," and fasten one to the front and back, the other to the two sides of the top of your cabinet, bending each in a half circle; join them together at the center, and from this center hang your lamp.

Your auditorium should be kept as nearly dark as possible; have no more light than is absolutely necessary to conveniently seat the people. By experimenting at rehearsals you will soon learn to grade the light for each picture to produce the best possible effect; but you will find that, for the most part, the full power of all your lamps is not too much. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is, nevertheless, a fact, that the brighter the lights, the less conspicuous will be any imperfections in the outfit or "make-up." If there is scanty or poor light, the experienced stage-artist dons the best clothes and freshest gloves, and is sparing of paint and powder, knowing that in the inferior light the latter will become grotesque and ridiculous.

While two (or more) heads may be better than one in selecting pictures and making up a programme, one person should be chosen to direct affairs,—a head endowed with absolute authority. For obvious reasons it is preferable that this person be a woman; and in calling attention to any of the duties connected with the position I will assume that this suggestion has been accepted. There may arise occasions when a man will be found more desirable, but I think that this will be the exception rather than the rule. It goes without saying that the director must possess a fair degree of artistic perception, together with sound common sense and the happy faculty of combining amiability and "long patience" with unmistakable dignity of character; for amateurs usually give their services, and so can only be "ruled by kindness," yet must be so thoroughly imbued with respect for the director as to insure strict attention to the work in hand.

Having settled upon a director, she should be implicitly obeyed; and those who have suggestions to offer should not make them before others, but wait until it can be done privately, leaving her free to act as she deems wisest. No outsider should be permitted to interfere for a moment at rehearsals; and, indeed, it is better not to permit outsiders to attend the rehearsals at all. Having consented to assist, those who pose should lay aside all prudishness and mock modesty, put themselves as thoroughly as possible *en rapport* with the director, and lend themselves, without reserve, to the artistic feeling, remembering that art is the first, central, and final object, and that the success of the result depends largely upon their ignoring personal consciousness, vanities, or prejudices, and with genuine sympathy doing all in their power to realize the spirit of the subject presented.

As the pictures can be arranged to succeed each other with rapidity, and as the inexperience of the models will make it difficult for them to hold a given pose any great length of time, thirty pictures can readily be presented in an evening. It would be well to divide the programme into three parts of, say ten pictures each, with ten minute intermissions, which should be filled with music, and there should also be music before the pictures. Having settled upon the pictures to be presented, to the director falls the task of assigning the characters. This is an important step. She must not be guided by mere prettiness, nor must she overlook the value of fine features or an expressive face because the complexion happens to be unsatisfactory. Faces that are termed almost ugly by daylight are often transformed to positive loveliness in this connection, a judicious use of paint and powder together with a happy arrangement of lights often working wonders. Size, too, is a relative matter; so let judicious contrasts

govern you. People usually look taller on the rostrum than in the everyday walks of life, probably because they are seen on a higher level; dress, too, often enhances this effect. Isolated in a frame like this, and properly draped, a person of almost inferior size may present a very regal appearance.

If any models are diffident about exposing the neck, arms, or feet, in meeting the requirements of a classical study, you can easily prove to them that such slight things as the dressing of the hair, the lines of the drapery, coupled with arrangements of light, change the appearance amazingly, and bring into relief characteristics never suspected when seen in the ordinary apparel. Properly arranged, these pictures take on a spiritual, ethereal quality quite indescribable, but something akin to fairyland. It is a very common occurrence for persons in the audience to fail to recognize even their most intimate friends. At a recent church entertainment the pastor's wife, a beautiful woman of commanding presence, posed as Pallas Athene. Her husband occupied a front seat and gazed on this picture with especial admiration, but was wholly unaware, until told of it afterward, that his wife had taken any part in the entertainment. Let the self-conscious take heed of this: just so surely as the model yields herself to the artistic spirit of the representation, just so surely will the audience see a picture and not a familiar personality.

Having secured your models, the next consideration will be the costumes and accessories. Of one thing be assured at the outset: the richest looking costumes are not necessarily the most expensive. Taste and judgment in selecting colors and in harmonizing and contrasting the same, together with a faculty for adapting styles and combinations to form a complement to individualities, furnish the key to charming attire. Cheese-cloth will be found a gold-mine in this connection, to those who are obliged to consider expense. It should be remembered, too, that a small piece of rich goods may often represent a great deal, as the figure is seen in but one position. Turkey red calico drapes gracefully and has a rich, almost velvety effect. You will learn, too, that many things can be pinned on for the moment and give the effect of a made garment. In selecting colors, do so by lamplight or gaslight. Try them in the strongest light available, and display the goods in ample quantities, spread out, draped, festooned, caught up in folds, etc.

Very showy jewels can be made by sewing silver-lined beads upon stiff cloth cut in the desired shape; priceless gems can be counterfeited by taking the silver and copper foil which you will find on cards of pearl buttons, crinkling it in the hand, then putting it over wooden button molds. Effective spiral bracelets can be made by stringing silver beads on bonnet wire. Roman pearls and pearl beads are also very effective, and gorgeous throat-bands, stomachers, and bracelets can be contrived by their aid.

There should be a number of rehearsals in full costume, with light and accessories complete. Practice alone will enable the models to hold the pose the necessary time. Great care should be taken in posing. While the position must conform to that of the picture you wish to copy, the model should acquire a method of taking it that will ensure comfort and ease. This is something that cannot be told on paper; it must be acquired for one's self.

Where the picture does not fully tell its own story, a brief description should be prepared and recited or read to the audience immediately preceding the subject. This materially enhances the interest and appreciation of the spectators, and to a mixed audience will be a means of information in itself. A little research will afford you something interesting to say of any painting you aspire to reproduce. Murray's "Manual of Mythology" will give valuable information relative to characters of mythology. As an example, when



presenting Thumann's picture of "The Three Fates," the description preceding it should be something like the following:

"The Fates" personify the unalterable laws that appear to control the career of mankind and the events of the world. In mythology they were represented as three sisters; and to express the influence which they were believed to exercise on human life, they were conceived as occupied in spinning a thread, now tightening, now slackening, and at last cutting it off. Klotho, the youngest, put the wool around the spindle, Lachesis spun it, and Atropos, the eldest, cut it off when a man had to die. In Thumann's painting the buds, blossoms, and laurel held by Lachesis are supposed to be symbolic of childhood, maturity, and the triumphs of life, while the withered blossoms and dead faggots beside Atropos represent old age and death."

A pretty effect is produced by having the curtains drawn aside and closed by two little girls of about the same size, dressed in conventional Grecian dresses, of cheese-cloth, the one of pink and the other of "baby" blue, wearing hose to match and white sandals, the hair dressed in the conventional classic style with Psyche knot and half-inch bands of white ribbon. Soft music, as chords on an organ, while the pictures are exposed, will be found desirable.

A programme containing the names of the models in the order of their appearance should be placed conspicuously in the dressing-room, that all may hold themselves in readiness. To avoid all confusion, let those forming picture No. 1 return to the dressing-room before those to form picture No. 2 leave it; and so on with each successive picture.

As a precautionary measure, those who have occasion to appear with feet bare should, upon removing the hose, slip the feet into loose shoes or slippers and wear them to the frame, then resume them before leaving it. They can readily be concealed for the moment behind the side drapery of the cabinet.

We will assume that the evening of the entertainment has arrived, the audience is seated, the front of the house duly darkened, and the preliminary music played. The models for the first picture take their positions in the frame, ready for the final posing; you adjust the lights; the description of the picture is read or recited; you give the signal for the final pose and tap a bell once, then step to extreme right of alcove, in front, where you can stand concealed when the curtains are drawn back. This first bell is also the signal for the soft music to commence. Everything being in readiness, you tap the bell a second time, when the little girls will draw the curtains fully back, exposing the picture; expose as long as you are assured the models can hold their pose, then tap the bell as a signal for the little girls to close the curtains. Now let the models relax and rest twenty seconds; tap the bell as a signal to resume pose; tap again as signal for curtains to be opened, showing picture a second time; tap, as before, as signal to close, when the models will leave the frame to return to dressing-room. Now make such changes in accessories as are necessary to prepare the cabinet for the next picture, the description being read or recited while this is going on, have the models take their positions in the frame, and proceed as before.

In making up a programme, it is well to select as great a diversity of subjects as possible, letting the classical and strictly beautiful predominate. Alternate groups with single figures. I would advise not attempting groups of more than three or four figures. Choose studies that are within the physical limitations of your models with the least possible resort to facial make-up or wigs. It requires an experienced artist to make up well,—aye, even to adjust a wig in such a way as to conceal its palpable falsity. Many *tableaux* have failed for this very reason, persons attempting to impersonate

characters to which they bore no natural resemblance, and which they had not the ability to make up for, the result being that the audience saw nothing more than a familiar figure tricked out in unfamiliar clothes, and a wig that proclaimed itself such in the most unmistakable manner. Photo-engravings from famous paintings are now so prodigally circulated, there need be no end to the charming studies to be found readily at hand in even the remotest villages. Scarcely a month passes that "Demorest" does not present from one to a half-dozen or more pictures admirably adapted to the purpose. I would particularly recommend a study of the semi-nudes of the great painters, their pose and character being so admirable that the intelligent director will readily see a way to modify, with dress and drapery, and adapt them to the requirements of absolute modesty, and to a mixed audience.

Amateurs will do well to attempt but little or nothing in the way of details in background. That would involve the services of a scene-painter, and much extra labor and expense, not warranted by the result. Simple accessories for the foregrounds can be easily handled, and kept—while not in use—behind the draperies on each side of the cabinet. Four medium-sized tea-boxes, neatly covered with unbleached muslin, or even white paper, will be found useful as pedestals, banks, seats, etc. A couple of small fur rugs in silver gray, and calico of bright red, dark green, gray, and brown, in lengths of two or three yards, will come in handy. The exercise of a little ingenuity will readily provide many properties or accessories that at first glance may seem next to impossible. The helmet of a Roman warrior may be evolved from a tourist cap treated to a coat of silver paint; paste-board and silver paper may be converted into shields, swords, daggers, spear-heads, and innumerable other things.

The conventional Grecian dress is very easily made, and if of cheese-cloth, it will be unharmed for future use as lining for bed comforters, window curtains, etc.; and draperies, too, if desired, can be cut in lengths with this end in view. Cut two widths of cheese-cloth eight feet in length. Hem each end wide at bottom, narrow at top. Lay together, and sew two side-seams to within about eight or nine inches of the top. Run a narrow tape through the top hems. Slip the garment on, draw up the tapes and fasten on the shoulders; the open places on the seams thus form the arm-holes. Bring the ends together, sew, then cut off the tape ends, or tuck out of sight in the corsage. Cover button-molds the size of a half-dollar, and sew at the joining on the shoulders. Tie a narrow belt about the waist line, pull up the garment until a skirt of the right length is formed, distributing the fullness evenly; the surplus length will fall something after the manner of a blouse below the hip line, forming a tunic or *chiton*. Sometimes a narrow belt is worn over this just below the bust. The corset should be discarded, and a simple, sleeveless, low cut, close-fitting waist worn instead, together with a single scant skirt of soft, unbleached muslin. Bare feet or sandals always accompany this dress. The conventional



GRECIAN DRESS.  
GALATEA.

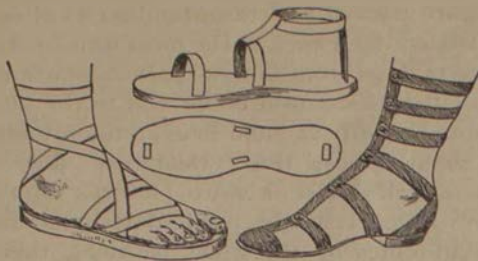
draw up the tapes and fasten on the shoulders; the open places on the seams thus form the arm-holes. Bring the ends together, sew, then cut off the tape ends, or tuck out of sight in the corsage. Cover button-molds the size of a half-dollar, and sew at the joining on the shoulders. Tie a narrow belt about the waist line, pull up the garment until a skirt of the right length is formed, distributing the fullness evenly; the surplus length will fall something after the manner of a blouse below the hip line, forming a tunic or *chiton*. Sometimes a narrow belt is worn over this just below the bust. The corset should be discarded, and a simple, sleeveless, low cut, close-fitting waist worn instead, together with a single scant skirt of soft, unbleached muslin. Bare feet or sandals always accompany this dress. The conventional



GRECIAN HAIR-DRESSING.



Grecian method of dressing the hair is to draw it back and fasten in a simple knot high at the back of the head. One, two, or three bands of narrow ribbon are wound about the head. Sandals can be made of thick leather or even of pasteboard. Cut soles the shape of the foot, with holes at the sides through which to pass leather thongs or even narrow strips of strong cloth, and proceed to bind about the foot and ankle. Tennis or baseball shoes, with the cloth portions cut away, and the skeleton supplemented by narrow strips of leather and small shoe buttons, make very good sandals, especially for men.



GRECIAN SANDALS.

Another style of Grecian dress is made very much as you would make a Mother Hubbard gown, the top being put on in the "baby waist" style. With this is worn a belt just below the bust, in Directoire fashion; and inch-wide bands extend from the shoulders, crossing front and back, ending in the belt, surmounted by button-molds at the shoulders. Light drapery may be caught on either shoulder and manipulated by the wearer with fine artistic effect. Borders of any width, in conventional Greek pattern, may be purchased of New York dealers in costumers' materials and basted on draperies or dresses. It is difficult to work a design on thin material, and I would advise no one to undertake it simply for an occasion. The made borders are not expensive, and will be more effective than anything you could hope to produce short of days of trying labor.



GRECIAN DRESS.

Tunics for the male characters are made after the manner of the first dress described, the cloth being cut long enough to make a skirt reaching about midway between hip and knee, leaving the upper part of the garment a blouse in effect. As no under-garment is worn, they should be made of opaque material; sheeting, calico, Canton flannel, and cashmere are all admirably adapted to the purpose. Tights may be made by taking in seams in Lisle underdrawers and wearing socks of similar color. The thongs of the sandals will hide the joinings.

If models are not plenty, it will be found that one person can, with slight change of costume, pose for several pictures in the same evening. You will often find faces that are capable of taking on more than one type.

To those willing to incur a little extra labor and expense, I would



GRECIAN TUNIC FOR MEN.

recommend stretching one thickness of white tarlatan across the frame opening, and turning the footlights almost wholly out, so that all light will come from the hanging lamp and those inside the cabinet; then try the effect with such pictures as "Psyche at Nature's Mirror," "The Moon Fairy," "The Three Fates," etc. Experiment also with lights turned low when the picture is first exposed; then, remaining invisible, turn the inside lights gradually on, and gradually off.

Here follow brief suggestions for the production of a few pictures which have invariably proved successful within my own experience.



THE LOVER'S DIARY.

For "The Lover's Diary," place four tea-boxes, two upon two, at extreme rear of the cabinet, to form a wall; tea-box right middle distance, for young man to sit upon; fur rug on floor; left foreground, showy potted plant. Young woman with dark hair, in Grecian dress of cream-white cheese-cloth and drapery of same, feet bare; young man, blonde, in

gray tunic, fleshings, and sandals, a strip of red calico thrown across his lap, to give color; scroll of cream-white paper. Turn lights on full.

"I lift my head toward all that makes life wise,  
And see no farther than my lady's eyes."

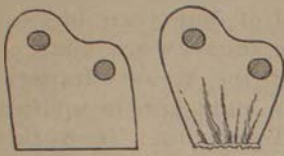
For "Psyche at Nature's Mirror," from painting by Paul Thumann, saw off the sides of a box to present a slanted upper surface; cover this with a drab cloth to represent a rock; across the foreground place a row of ferns in low jars, concealing the jars by bending some of the ferns down; behind rock, where jar will be concealed, set a jar of tall rushes. If ferns or rushes, or other suitable foliage plants to take their place, cannot be obtained, artificial ones can be cut from green window-curtain paper, and held in place by hoop-skirt wire. Have a conventional Greek dress for Psyche. The wings can be cut from white crinoline, and should have



PSYCHE AT NATURE'S MIRROR.



disks of silver paper pasted on. If the sides are cut straight, the plaits necessary to shape the wing will give it the desired airy appearance and make it self-sustaining when pinned to the dress. Do not attach them until Psyche is in position. Blonde hair is desirable for this model; feet bare, of course. Lower the foot-lights and right side-lamp, then place a lamp on the floor inside the frame, concealed by the ferns, to shine upon Psyche's face. A reflector, even, might be used, tipped at the proper angle.



PSYCHE'S WINGS.

In "Pygmalion and Galatea," a little right of center, on a tea-box, in conventional Grecian dress of cream cheese-cloth, with feet bare, in a pose expressive of maidenly modesty and simplicity, stands Galatea. Her hair should be powdered with corn-starch; and unless the complexion be already one of



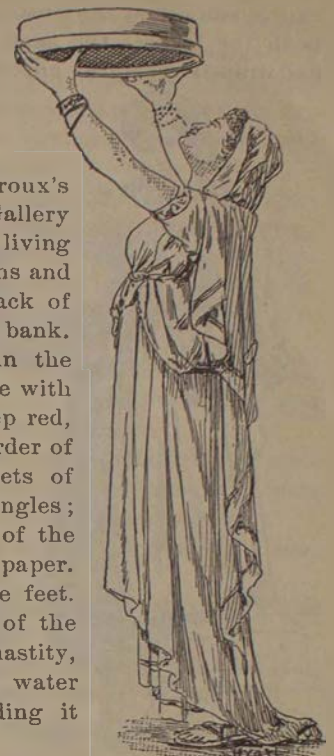
JUDITH.

great purity, paint face, neck, and arms,—but do not plaster them. A little to the left, in foreground, Pygmalion stands in an attitude expressing profound admiration for his handiwork. He wears a lavender tunic, fleshings, and sandals; his hair must be short. Turn lights on full.

For the picture of "Judith," from Monsieur N. Sichel's painting, a brunette of commanding presence should pose. White cheese-cloth can be draped directly on the figure to form a waist, and a plain, full skirt of vivid yellow shows below a piece of brilliant brocaded goods caught up to form the drapery. I have seen a rich damask table-cover, in crimson and yellow, used for this purpose with fine effect. It need not extend behind the figure at all. Showy ornaments, earrings, and bracelets can be made with silver-lined beads, silver-foil, and button-molds, and the sequins which you can purchase at any large dry-goods shop for a few cents per dozen. A handsome sword and scabbard can

be made with pasteboard and silver paper, and ornamented with iridescent beads, silver-foil and button-molds, etc. Let the pose signify undaunted courage. Lights on full.

"The Vestal Tuccia," from Leroux's painting in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, makes a lovely "living picture." For this a row of ferns and rushes in low jars across the back of the platform may indicate a river bank. I am ignorant of the colors in the original, but it has been effective with dress of pink bordered with deep red, drapery of cream white with border of deep yellow; numerous bracelets of silver wire with silver sequin bangles; silver hoops in ears. The rim of the sieve was covered with silver paper. The model wore sandals on bare feet. The picture illustrates the story of the vestal, who, accused of unchastity, proved her purity by dipping water from the river Tiber and holding it aloft in a sieve, unspilled.



THE VESTAL TUCCIA.

For "Pallas Athene, Goddess of Storms and Battle," a woman of fine physique and commanding presence should pose. Her costume is of sky-blue cheese-cloth, and sandals of brown leather are on her bare feet. If the genuine articles are not at hand, a helmet can be made by silvering a tourist cap; a shield can be cut from pasteboard and covered with silver paper, button-molds answering for the studding, and a silver-paper cone for the center; a curtain pole will be foundation for a spear, its head of new tin, or silver-paper on pasteboard. This picture will bear a blaze of light.

"Going to the Well" is from a painting by Isabella Venat. For this arrange three small boxes to form a series of low steps, leading from back-center of cabinet, and cover with dark green cloth corresponding to floor covering; place foliage plants on either side. A brunette should be selected for this, and her costume consists of a dark blue petticoat with crimson border, soft gray jacket or sack, pure white chemise, and scarlet head-cloth; feet should be bare; and she carries an antique earthen jar of rich brown color. Lights on full.

For "The Three Fates," from Paul Thumann's painting, the central figure should be golden-haired, costumed in conventional Grecian dress of cream white; the figure upon the right, a brunette, in conventional Grecian dress of pure white, the drapery, crimson



PALLAS ATHENE.



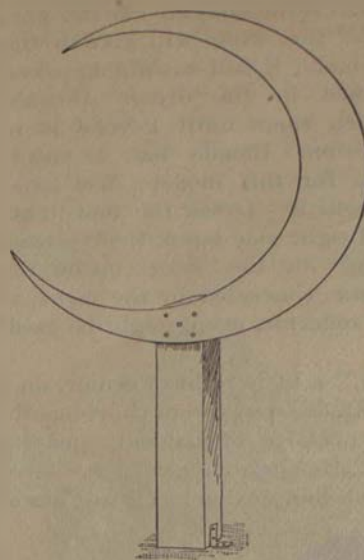
calico, caught at the bosom center and arranged after model is in the frame; the aged figure on the left in yellow tunic and draped with drab cheese-cloth, a long lock of white hair



GOING TO THE WELL.

hanging beside the face. It is well to get an old person to pose for this character, otherwise it will require a skillful make-up; the face should be pale, the eyebrows whitened with prepared chalk, while the thinness of the face can be further accentuated by dipping the forefinger in paper ashes and darkening about the eyes, in the hollow of the cheeks, between the mouth and chin, and at the corners of the mouth. A quantity of golden yarn can be wound about a large tuft of cotton batting on a slender rod, to form the distaff; sheep-shears can be used, or they can be cut from pasteboard and covered with silver paper. The mass of flowers held by Lachesis should be wired together for convenience in handling. A brown earthen jar and a few withered sticks or fagots are required for the left foreground. Lights on full.

"The Moon Fairy" is a charming picture, and requires some special stage fixtures. Make a six-inch pedestal four feet in height; cover it with the same material used for your background, and place on each side, at the bottom, two small braces, with which to screw it quickly and firmly to the floor. Cut from heavy pasteboard a crescent moon with an outside circle about forty inches in diameter, cover it with silver paper, then nail it securely to the front at top of pedestal. Place pedestal in center at extreme back of cabinet, and



THE MOON FAIRY'S PEDESTAL.

fasten securely to the floor. Set upon this, as if in the act of riding sidewise on a horse, a plump, pretty little girl of four years or less. She should wear tights, or just the tiniest drawers. The right arm is uplifted and extended; from this fore-arm drape a single width of cheese-cloth across the lap, letting a half-yard fall to the child's left. Cut silver stars the size of a dollar, string upon a maroon string like bangles, and place a string in each hand to give the effect of scattering stars. Pin one end of the string to the background, to avoid a straight, stiff effect.

Make a star of silver-lined beads, attach it to fine bonnet-wire, and place on the child's head, making it stand up, tiara fashion. Sprinkle diamond-dust on the child's hair and on the drapery. Turn out all lights save the left side and hanging lamps. The child selected for this should be self-confident but not self-conscious. If she move and destroy the "picture" illusion no serious harm is done, for a beautiful child is ever beautiful to all unspoiled natures. It is well to have the



THE MOON FAIRY.

child's mother stand behind the cabinet and place her hand against the child's, with the curtain between, of course. She could then whisper a reassuring word if it should prove necessary. Whatever expressions of approval may have greeted the other pictures, "The Moon Fairy" is sure of enthusiastic applause from all quarters. G. PAUL SMITH.

### "Just My Pie."

(See Full-Page Oil-Picture.)

THE graphic full-page oil-picture which appropriately occupies the place of honor in Demorest's Thanksgiving number, will appeal most eloquently to all lovers of our toothsome national pastry, the time-honored pumpkin-pie. Our loved New England poet, Whittier, has celebrated it in rhyme; and we can find no words so fitting as his to ask:

"What moistens the lip, and what brightens the eye?  
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin-pie?"

It's rather a tantalizing picture to place before those pitiable mortals who must eat their Thanksgiving dinners in some hotel or restaurant. Evidently the jolly boy in the picture is mindful of the old adage, "You can't eat your cake and keep it," and is loth to begin his feast.



THE THREE FATES.



## A Question in Etiquette.

**R**OWS of aristocratic-looking houses to the right of me, a park to the left of me; a lunch-party four long blocks ahead of me, my home, in the far distance, behind me; a cloudy sky, from which descends a fine, but steady sprinkle, above me,—I wish I could add, and an umbrella,—a damp, and rapidly growing sloppy pavement beneath me; no possible car or omnibus, no cab-stand. Oh, for a plebeian street with its multitude of conveniences! But my mind refuses to grasp the bliss therein conveyed. It flies, instead, to the feathers on my hat, the velvet of my gown.

I had left my home rather hurriedly, and deceived by a hypocritical little ray of sunshine, had been lured forth to find myself in this plight. Of course I could mount the steps of one of the irreproachable houses that line my path; but there I should be tied, and the rain would only increase, and I should be late for the luncheon. No, it is impossible.

I quicken my steps. I have proceeded to the crossing; the drizzle is maturing into well-defined drops that come faster and faster. Despair has me in his fell grasp. I see my pet costume a bedraggled and ruined wreck. I reflect on the state of my finances, which precludes the possibility of my rising above cashmere—nay, even serge—again this winter. I give my skirts a vigorous hitch that would lead one to forget my ankles and reflect on my knees, and make a forward lunge, more remarkable for its desperate energy than its grace.

"Er—pardon me,—" says a manly voice, a trifle hesitatingly, at my elbow.

I start violently, and my skirts seek their proper level. A large umbrella is sheltering me; the rain no longer patters among the feathers that crown my head.

"Allow me to share my umbrella with you. I see that you are without one," adds the manly voice.

"Oh, thank you," I say, as I recover somewhat, and gather, from the owner's general appearance, that he is a gentleman, and, in all probability, means his protection in kindness and not as a means to getting up a flirtation. Perhaps I ought to refuse his aid, politely and graciously, of course, with the simple remark that I have not far to go, and so shall not require his assistance. Maybe I should draw myself up, in the approved insulted maidenhood style, and say:

"Sir! I thank you, but I can get along very well by myself."

If he looked a trifle less respectful and gentlemanly I think I would sacrifice Madame Boland's latest, and as yet unpaid-for, effort in my behalf; but I am sure he is not going to say anything the most prudish could object to. At any rate, my situation, until now, has been really pathetic; so I shall try obeying my own instinct, and, if I have cause to regret it, I shall know better in future, and the experience will not hurt me.

We have traversed a block in silence. He walks by my side, perfectly grave and quiet, and only seems to glance in my direction to see that I am well protected. I am thankful that I took his offer the way it was meant, and did not give him reason to regret his generous impulse. On we pace, and there enters my mind the quotation:

"Thou art so near and yet so far."

But, seriously, he certainly is very nice not to try to get up a conversation which would only make me thoroughly stiff and uncomfortable. I can just hear an ordinary man beginning:

"It's a damp day;" or, "Pretty wet, isn't it?" or "Have you far to go, Miss?" or addressing some equally commonplace sentence to me.

It seems strange, though, to walk along so close to anyone and not utter a word. I wonder if I ought to speak; but no, he appreciates my position. What could I say, anyway? I will thank him when we separate, and that is all I can do. I may not be gracious enough, considering his politeness; but how can one be gracious to a stranger? Oh, for a surreptitious peep at a book on etiquette!

Instead, I take a quick look at him. He is very frank-looking, and he has straightforward, steady, brown eyes, as I discovered in my first startled glance at him. Altogether, it would have been impossible to have snubbed him. Perhaps I am a little shaky in my conviction, and I am trying to justify myself, but—

Here I stumble (thanks to my vanity in wearing French heels, which always did make me a trifle unsteady), and should fall were it not for his quick assistance.

"Thanks," I murmur, with my cheeks burning. My eyes meet his, and a pause ensues; but then a pause has been ensuing ever since we met,—er—that is—came together.

"I hope I am not taking you out of your way," I add, with a happy inspiration.

"Not at all," he rejoins, earnestly. "I trust you will allow me to see you to your destination."

"You are very kind. I am going to nine hundred and twenty-seven on this street, so we are nearly there."

In another moment we have reached the door, and I look up at him gratefully, and say,

"I thank you very, very much."

"Pray do not mention it," he answers, as he raises his hat; and bowing with a charming smile he turns and runs lightly down the steps.

Lunch is nearly over, and I have been unusually silent and *distracted*. Even the announcement of a new engagement has failed to arouse me to more than momentary interest.

Did I do right to accept half that umbrella? or should I have declined it courteously, but conclusively? Of course no man could pass by a girl who was in such a fix as I without some slight compunction, particularly if it were so evidently in his power to assist her. But, having made the proposition, would he not have felt more respect for me had it been politely refused? Or would he have thought me a prude, and regretted his chivalry?

"Er—yes, thank you, very chivalrous."

All the girls laugh, and I realize, with a start, that I have answered Lulu's simple request, if I would not have more ice-cream, somewhat absent-mindedly, to put it mildly.

"You must be in love, Nathalie," laughs Lulu, and, like a simpering school-miss, I blush, which makes me so angry that a further accession of color waves up to my forehead, and the conviction is strong within me that I resemble nothing more than a full-blown peony.

"Reflect on my appetite, and don't say I'm in love," I answer.

"Talking of being in love, you should see our handsome neighbor," says Lulu. "He is a young physician, but well known. Perhaps you have heard of him,—Dr. Bernard Burke."

"Why, he is the doctor we are going to have if any of us are ill!" I exclaim. "Is he really nice-looking?"

"Indeed, he is. I have been trying to develop some interesting disease ever since I first saw him," she replies. "And, by the way," she continues, "he generally passes here just about this time. Come to the window and watch for him, Nathalie, and I will wager you'll manage to get up some ailment within the week. The stakes to be soda water."

I jump up as she speaks, and make a rush for the window, closely followed by the rest of the girls. As I get half-way across the room my high heels again fail me; my ankle turns, and I measure my length on the floor. The



girls laugh, after the manner of girls. A tumble is to me generally a source of infinite mirth, and I cannot blame them for their merriment. I try to rise, but a sharp twinge of pain in my foot causes me to sink back with a groan. No doubt I turn pale, for the girls become sober and cluster around me anxiously. Every movement is agony, but when I am perfectly still it is not so bad. What is to be done? We consult anxiously.

"I shall send for Dr. Burke," declares Lulu, seriously. There is a burst of laughter, and even I smile.

"You owe me a debt of gratitude for this," I murmur, rather weakly, to Lulu.

I am beginning to feel faint and sick, and after I am helped to the sofa I lie back with my eyes closed, while Sue Dalton fans me, and May Bostwick runs for some salts.

"Here's the doctor," whispers Sue, at last, in my ear. "Under other circumstances I could pity you more," she adds.

I open my eyes languidly and look up. Shades of my rainy morning's walk! It is my knight of the umbrella!

\* \* \* \* \*

"And shall I be able to walk without a crutch this week?" I asked, anxiously.

It is a month since that never-to-be-forgotten luncheon at Lulu Bradley's, and my foot is still *in statu quo*, as it were, although I can get around the house and am in the parlor, now, with Dr. Bernard Burke. It is the first time I have seen him alone, and we have never mentioned our rather unconventional walk.

"I am quite sure you will be out by Saturday. Perhaps you will still need a slight support,—a cane or"—his eyes twinkle—"an umbrella."

We both laugh.

"Did you expect me to refuse your help that day? Tell

me what you thought of me. But if you think I was brazen, do please gloss it over as much as you can."

"If I *had* thought it at all out of the way for you to accept my offer I never should have ventured to make it, for in that case I should have had no right," he replies; and I wonder that I never thought of that before.

"I should have been both disgusted and disappointed if you had declined my slight service," he continues. "I will tell you just how it was. I walked behind you for about a half-block, debating in my own mind what I should do. We were both going the same way, and I saw there was no shelter you could seek excepting a doorway, which involved tedious waiting, and would have been an impossibility if you had an engagement. To pass you seemed impossible, and to walk behind you, too selfish to be thought of for a moment.

"If she takes my offer the way I mean it," I thought, 'I shall respect her and admire her good sense. If she treats it as an impertinence it cannot hurt me, and it will not prove that my impulse ought to have been suppressed. Judging by the independent poise of her head I think she possesses judgment, and will be grateful to me.'

"I must acknowledge I felt some trepidation as I approached you, and I voted you, in schoolboy vernacular, 'a regular trump,' when, after a searching look from a pair of beautiful eyes, you smiled so sweetly and allowed me to hold my umbrella over you."

I glance at the doctor.

"Was it not strange that we should have met again that very day?" I begin, hastily.

"I think it was fate," interrupts Dr. Burke, audaciously.

And then he goes on and says so much that I quite lose track of it all. But we agree wonderfully; and I have a great respect for—fate.

RICHARD HAMILTON POTTS.

## WHAT HAVE WE TO GIVE THANKS FOR?

THANKSGIVING thoughts given specially for DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE by John Swinton, Alice French ["Octave Thanet"], Isidor Straus, Bronson Howard, Kate Field, and Jeannette L. Gilder.

### THANKFUL FOR HIS COUNTRY.

JOHN SWINTON, EDUCATOR, AND AUTHOR OF "SWINTON'S GEOGRAPHY," "SWINTON'S READERS," ETC.

It seems to me that one of the main things for which Americans ought to be thankful is "our country," with its glorious heritage of liberty and wealth.

I recall how proud we were of it in the days of my boyhood. The most precious of all the treasures of the world, liberty, was ours, and we exulted in the possession of it. The richest resources of the earth were ours, and we boasted of the ownership of them. We chanted the praises of our beautiful land, and our emotions were stirred as we beheld the flag of its majesty fluttering in the sunshine.

We boasted of our fertile soil, our mines of all the useful minerals and metals, our natural wealth of every kind, our forests, our prairies, our water-courses, and our vast sweep

of territory between the Atlantic and the Pacific. We were proud beyond words of our resplendent country.

We boasted of our Constitution, of our republican government, and of the franchises which belonged by right to every citizen. We boasted of our politics, and proudly proclaimed that every American was a sovereign.

Where, in all the world, was there ever a match for our country, great, prosperous, brave, and free,—ay, free? Its name,—America! We gazed along the lines of the ages and saw our country growing ever freer and richer and stronger and happier, ever yet more and more the wonder of the world. How enchanting a vista! That country is yet here and bears its old name.

We had reason, and still have reason to be thankful for it. If the people of today are less exultant over it than we were in the old times, if terrible evils have taken root in it, if the spirit of the masses is uneasy, if political decay has set in, if hordes of working-people have been reduced to poverty and live in misery, if capitalists and laborers are at enmity, there can be no better day than that of Thanksgiving to think of the cause of these things.

We are yet thankful for "our country."





## THANKS FOR GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

ALICE FRENCH ["OCTAVE THANET"], NOVELIST, AUTHOR OF "A COMMUNIST'S WIFE," "WE ALL," ETC.

I think we may be thankful for one thing: that having reached a solid business foundation there is hope that we may begin to prosper again. And I believe we have cause to be thankful that the late disastrous strike has done two things: it has shown that the core of the country's patriotism is sound; and it has shown the need of the natural leaders of the workingman, the educated classes, to bestir themselves to show him right and lasting principles of conduct and economic facts, instead of leaving him to reckless agitators who have the smattering of knowledge which Matthew Arnold truly pronounced the curse of our national life.

## A BUSINESS MAN'S THANKSGIVING.

ISIDOR STRAUS, PHILANTHROPIST AND PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN.

I have just come from Washington, have a thousand-and-one things to attend to in the three days intervening between now and the day I sail for Europe; yet I suppose a man, no matter how busy, may pause and consider a moment what there really is to be thankful for, and that with profit to himself and to others. Of course I send up a thanksgiving that Congress has adjourned and gone home; that the tiresome tariff question has been answered, at least for a while; that the horizon of the industries of the country has cleared; and that business men have something definite now to work on.

But, most of all, I am glad that the venomous heads of the great trusts have shown themselves in such a way as to leave no doubt in the minds of the public what tariff for protection produces.

As for Republican criticism to the tune that the Democrats have not fulfilled their promises, well! it sounds very much like the sinner who criticises the failure of religion because it has not succeeded in wiping out all the rascality from the face of the earth.

If we are to give thanks, as a nation, for our liberty, our prosperity, then we can thank God sincerely for the improvement, especially in the industrial condition of the country, over last year. It may not be exactly a Utopian condition, but, anyway, it is better than it was last Thanksgiving Day; and, surely, we can be thankful for a step forward, be it ever so small.

## THANKS FOR A FREE STAGE.

BRONSON HOWARD, AUTHOR OF "THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER," "THE HENRIETTA," "SHENANDOAH," ETC.

I thank God for a good many things. That I am an American citizen, for example. Being an American citizen, I give thanks that I can work in the land of a free literature,—a land where the only censor that says whether a book or a play shall live is the people. Over there in London I don't think they have as much to be thankful for in the matter of plays as we have here. The English people, at a loss as to how to drop so old a fossil as the dramatic censor, still pay him a big salary, which salary, it seems, is the price paid by English theater-goers for shifting the re-

sponsibilities for the good or bad condition of the stage upon a single man.

While in London last season I found that when an immoral play, through carelessness or personal influence or a good dinner, instead of a bad one, passed the censor and was presented, the press and the public abused the censor unmercifully, jumped on him, metaphorically, and then flocked to see the play. Never a word of fault with the author or manager; always with the censor. The idea is, since there is a man paid to provide a theatrical menu, the public can accept the dishes he prepares as being the best for the moral digestion; and if found otherwise, why, they'll eat the dish anyway, since it's the bill-of-fare put there by one who really ought to know.

Thank God! in America we have no censor; and having none, the public takes the responsibility upon itself. Here it is the public, not the critic, that makes or kills a play. An immoral play here simply cannot survive the flood of public condemnation.

So, as for Thanksgiving on the stage, the playwright can give thanks that he writes, not for a censor, but for the public; the actor, too, can give thanks that he acts for the public, not for the critics; while the public itself can give thanks that our stage is the purest in all the world. As for the critic's Thanksgiving,—well, his lot, like that of the dramatic author, the artist, and all of us, is to do the best he can, draw his salary, and, for that privilege, make every day in the year a day of Thanksgiving.

## THANKFUL THINGS ARE NOT WORSE.

KATE FIELD, WASHINGTON'S BRIGHTEST NEWSPAPER WOMAN.

I am thankful, principally, that things are not worse. Cynical, pessimistic, inconsistent, do you say? Perhaps not. It isn't cynical to be thankful for something, is it? It is not pessimistic to acknowledge that things, not being worse, are better than they might be, is it? It isn't inconsistent to infer that things have been pretty bad, when it's the truth, is it? I often hear people say that they are thankful because they are so much better off—they never specify just how—than a certain neighbor. This always sets me to pondering upon what the neighbor at the bottom has to be thankful for. No! That philosophy won't do. I must repeat, I feel quite happy in being able to offer a thanksgiving that things are not worse.

## THANKFUL FOR EVERYTHING THAT'S BETTER THAN IT WAS.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER, WRITER AND EDITOR.

There are great numbers of people who, depressed either on account of the hard times or for other reasons, wonder what a day of Thanksgiving, set aside for,—what there really is to give thanks for. The question may seem hard to answer, at first; but after a little thought, after taking an inventory of one's prospects, for example, most of us can find at least one thing to be genuinely thankful for, that is, the hard times are passing away, and, at least, if the situation is not the best it might be, it is, anyway, better than it was. I imagine that we must all of us be thankful for about the same things: some of us for health, some for money, others for a home, and still others for peace of mind. I might go on *ad infinitum*; there are, honestly, a thousand things for each of us to be thankful for, if we will only find them.

ARRANGED BY GILSON WILLETS.





BY MARGARET BISLAND.



I. FRENCH-GILT clock on the mantel-shelf was chiming the hour when the butler drew back heavy velvet portières at the door of Mrs. Graham's long drawing-room, and in politely stentorian tones announced, "Miss Sedgewick! and Miss Duncan!"

Looking up from his place by the window, where he had been drawn into a hot discussion over the merits of a charity pawn-shop, Stephen Eustace saw an aristocratic little old lady, in black lace and diamonds, advance down the room to where Mrs. Graham stood, followed by a tall, slender girl in white, whose face was strangely familiar.

And beautiful she was; even envious detractors could not have denied Mildred Duncan that merit. Her features were regular and delicate, her eyes large and dark, her complexion a clear, pale olive, and all her

waving chestnut hair was parted simply and drawn back from her full low brows to a smooth knot behind. But, withal, hers was an unhappy face; deep shadows of sadness lurked in the wide eyes, and a fine, perpendicular line between the penciled brows gave her an expression of weary discontent.

Yet Mildred Duncan, in the eyes of the world, seemed a singularly fortunate woman. When the maid that evening gently drew a long, ermine-lined, rose-colored satin cloak over her shoulders, and she came slowly down the broad stairs of her home on Gramercy Park, she stood like a young queen surveying a royal domain. All her own was the stately house, with its treasures of luxurious furnishings;

hers the obsequious butler who opened the great oaken door; and hers the big carriage in which she and her aunt were whisked away over the frozen streets. There had stood no other heir between Mildred and the Duncan millions. When they bore her father out at the head of the long funeral train, that

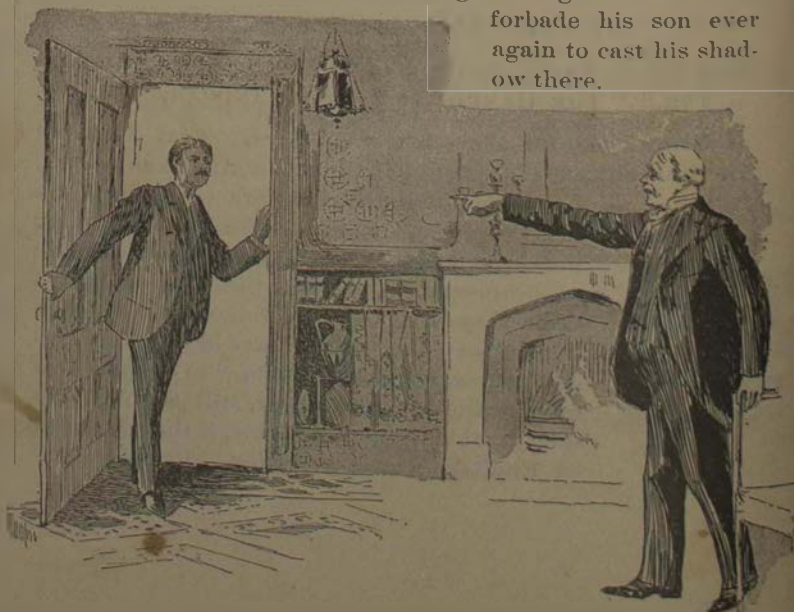
gray October day, four years before my story opens, she was left the last to bear the name and receive the fortune.

Coming home to the silent house and great heritage, when the dreary, dreadful ceremony was over, Mildred tore aside her long veil, and, crying bitterly, fell on her knees beside the worn old library sofa where her father had for many years lain in his last long illness. For the first time in her life, love, grief, regret, and longing surged up in her heart toward the only parent she had ever known,—toward the stern, handsome old man who had never caressed her, never called her by an endearing name since the day her brother, the son of the house, went forth disgraced.

Before that unhappy event, life had been different for Mildred, the little girl. Though she lived very much in the loneliness of her nursery, at first, and, later, in the school-room, under strict governesses and Aunt Sedgewick's control; though no one ever told her of the long-dead mother, toward whom her heart secretly yearned; though she grew up to a pale, silent, awkward girlhood, no special favorite of her father's, she was not unhappy.

There was always Gerald, the pride of the family, her father's idol and her hero, best-beloved playmate, mentor, and sovereign. She was never jealous of the tender indulgences, of the confidence and pride both her father and aunt felt in the handsome boy of whom so much was expected. That Gerald loved her in turn was all she asked; and all went well, with golden promises for his future, until, now and then, rumors came to her father's ears that Gerald was gambling. There were debts of honor; at last, expulsion from college on the eve of graduation; and, one day, the young man stood on the threshold of the library, white and trembling, while his father, pointing to the great front door,

forbade his son ever again to cast his shadow there.





"Go, sir!" cried the old man, "you have disgraced the name we bear, and you have henceforth no more claim on me and mine than a beggar in the streets."

But Mildred clung to her brother, passionately. She knew somebody had accused him of forgery, and that he had confessed his marriage to a young girl of lowly parentage in the college village: all of which she could find it in her heart to forgive him, offering in place of his lost heritage the small patrimony that, on coming of age, she would receive from her mother's property. But he only kissed her tenderly, whispering, "I am innocent, dear, and in honor bound," then put her from him and left the house.

He was never heard from after that. The victim of the forgery, out of consideration for the family, let the case drop; then, shortly, Mr. Duncan suffered a stroke of paralysis, and, partially recovering, spent the remainder of his life within his library. Only at the last did he soften towards his daughter; and only when the end came, bending over her father, Mildred, for the first time in many years, mentioned Gerald's name, asking forgiveness, but in vain. The proud old man shook his head.

"Never!" he murmured, hoarsely, "never! He disgraced our name; I cannot forgive."

The season of mourning Mildred spent abroad; and on her return to New York, at her aunt's earnest suggestion, she entered society. There were diversions, a constant round of gayeties, and ardent suitors lay at her feet. Society found her beautiful, accomplished, and, best of all, the greatest heiress in the wealthy city. Yet Miss Duncan felt her life dull and empty. The loneliness of her childhood had come back upon her; she was coldly suspicious that people esteemed her only for her fortune; the great house seemed gloomy; she had never ceased repining over the loss of her brother; she hated the shallow empty forms of society, its silly duties; and yet, what could she do?

So, with discontent still shadowing the rare sweet smile on her face, she took Lieutenant Mayhew's arm in to dinner.



From across the broad table, weighted with wax-lights, silver, flowers, rare china, and Venetian glass, she could see her aunt's eyes bent on her approvingly, as she listened kindly to the lieutenant's eager, flattering words. He was handsome, was regarded as a rising fellow in the navy, was genuinely in love with her, and everyone would approve the match. Why should she not accept him? In time, possibly, she could return his love; perhaps it would be for the best.

It was in the midst of these sober reflections, somebody, the man on her left, who had brought little Mrs. Oswald in to dinner, and whom she had not noticed, offered a remark. His clear, deep voice attracted her, and she recognized his clean-shaven face and somber evening-dress as belonging to a clergyman,—a youngish fellow, whose close-cropped blonde head rose well above those about him, whose shoulders were unusually broad, and whose very white teeth and quizzical gray eyes constituted his chief claims to good looks.

Mildred liked his steady glance, his frank, boyish laugh, and they drifted easily into conversation. She was glad to find him interested in the congenial topics of books, music, and art, to which he confessed he wished he had time

to give greater attention. "But one's days are so full," he apologized, "with such serious labor here in New York."

She laughed a little wearily. "Do you really find it so? I am going abroad for a winter up the Nile to escape that demon, boredom,—a fatal disease for which I can find no physician able to prescribe."

"Let me try," he said. "Make yourself busy."

"Over balls, dinners, at homes, fancy-work, a little gossip,—the same dull round?"

"Have you ever tried philanthropy?"

"Not beyond subscribing to the established charities."

The great unwashed, the slums, and probabilities of contracting contagious diseases in dirty streets, evidently did not appeal to Miss Duncan, from her look of disgust.

"Have you been among the working women,—shop-girls and the like?" he continued.

She only knew shop-girls from experiences over the counter; had found them stupid, lazy, insolent, ungrateful; their woes exaggerated by the sentimentalists, she answered, coldly.

He openly contradicted her opinions, spoke warmly of the sufferings of which she was ignorant, of the need there was for women to help women,—a lifetime, a century of beautiful work to be done, of duty to be fulfilled, of sympathy to be given those whose trials make our own selfish griefs, complainings, and discontent seem petty and inexcusable.

She colored a little and held her head haughtily. The proud, beautiful, autocratic Miss Duncan did not wish to be sermonized on her duty, at a fashionable dinner-table and by a young curate. She shook her head disdainfully.

"It would not amuse me," she replied. "I shall try Egypt, instead, for my boredom."

"Yet it will not cure," he answered, in eager earnestness. "Only the doing for others avails when life seems a weariness, when troubles seem too heavy to be borne. If you ever decide to try the remedy, and if you need help in it, I will gladly assist you all I can."

"Thanks, thanks," said Mildred, lightly and rather contemptuously, rising to join the women about to leave the table, "I shall not trouble you." Over her coffee in the



drawing-room she made some sarcastic reference to the young curate.

"But, my dear!" interrupted little Mrs. Oswald, in a shocked tone, "he is the Reverend Stephen Eustace, the new rector of St. John's, who is so eloquent, such a tremendous



worker among the poor. People crowd to hear him, and they say he is doing wonders in lifting the church debt and for the parish to be bishop, perhaps, be-

people. He is destined some day everyone says. He has odd ideas, lieves clergymen should not



marry, and rarely accepts any invitations from his rich church-members. It was only because Mrs. Graham is his cousin that he came here tonight."

"And, like all popular preachers, he is something of a prig," remarked Miss Duncan, with a little lift of her eyebrows and a half-yawn behind her fan. Then, leaving Mrs. Oswald gasping at these heretical sentiments, Mildred went across to the piano in answer to a request for a song. She sang well, in a rich, deep contralto, and the last notes of an old ballad were ringing through the room when the men came in. Then she rose to go, after according the lieutenant permission to call next week and ask his momentous question, for Miss Duncan had made up her mind.

There was still an hour for thoughtful sermon-writing when the Reverend Stephen Eustace let himself quietly into the rectory and went to his study, after a brisk walk in the cold night-air. As he held his hands toward the blazing grate, he was thinking of the glimpse into fashionable life the dinner had given him, then of Miss Duncan. It was odd how familiar her face seemed, though he had never met her before. It puzzled him. She was young, rich, strong, beautiful, and yet so discontented, idle, unhappy! He began figuring on a sheet of paper: the cost of that trip to Egypt would keep a soup-kitchen open for the parish poor, whose sufferings promised to be unexampled in the hard winter. He shrugged his big shoulders philosophically, and turned to his desk.

"Go sell that thou hast and give to the poor," read the Reverend Stephen Eustace the next Sunday morning from his pulpit, where, in white surplice, he stood surveying his congregation.

"Rouse yourselves from your pride and selfish indifference, lay aside your love of comfort and pleasure a little to give to the poor, to give them help that springs from sympathy, from unselfish realization and tenderness for suffering," spoke the young clergyman in his sermon to the rich, in words that reached a

distant corner of the old church, where, in the shadow of a pillar, sat a slender young woman, richly attired. She stirred uneasily now and then, but went out with her head held proudly; and on the church steps, in answer to inquiries, replied that she should sail for Europe on Wednesday, "unless," lightly, "something prevents." And Miss Duncan, being nothing of a seer, could not foretell that something would occur on Tuesday to change the whole course of her life.

## II.

A frown was gathering on Mildred Duncan's white forehead as she stood at the long glove-counter of Brown & Co.'s great Broadway shop. Where the front of her fur cape was thrown back, a tiny diamond-set watch, sparkling at her belt, showed the hour was near five o'clock; and she had promised Mrs. Gilbert Livingston to be on hand, promptly, at her formal afternoon reception, to meet Mrs. Livingston's cousin, an English countess.

Once, twice, thrice, she made a futile attempt to catch the attention of one of the shop-girls; but they either ignored, evaded, or pretended to be too busy to receive her order. At length there came a time when patience no longer seemed a virtue. A

fat, querulous old lady, who had been hard to please, moved off, and yet the girl who supplied her needs, in response to Mildred's request, "Will you kindly wait upon me now?" leaned indifferently against the long row of shelves, paying not the least attention.

"I must insist," added Miss Duncan, this time in a sharp, angry tone, "that some notice be given this order; my patience is quite exhausted, and —"

She really had not meant to be imperious, nor that any reproof should be added to her reproach; but, on the heels of her words, a man stepped to the counter, someone in authority, evidently, saying, severely:

"Miss My-nell, give this lady your immediate attention. Your

negligence will be reported, and this time you will not escape with a reprimand."

There was much covert nudging and giggling among the other girls at his words, and glances of curiosity and surprise from busy customers at the counter; while the girl, flushing painfully, turned civilly to receive Mildred's order.

She had been pretty once, long ago, when she was younger and happier, before weariness of brain and limbs had whitened and hollowed her cheeks, dimmed her large blue eyes,





and traced heavy furrows and shadows about the colorless lips. She was thin, and her shoulders drooped in her flimsy black gown that boasted not an ornament; and all her scant blonde hair was drawn severely back to a close coil, very unlike the jaunty bangs of her fellow workers.

Something like a little gasp of dismay sprang to Miss Duncan's lips. She was far from intending to be unkind, for Mildred possessed all a lady's love of gentle address, and the girl was really ill. She felt deeply reproached and ashamed; and yet, somehow, the words of sympathy, of sweet apology, she wished to offer, refused to come. How the girl's hands trembled as she took Mildred's pretty plump ones in her own to fit and fasten the costly gloves! She raised her eyes but once to the customer's face, and then she seemed to grow paler, and to shrink a little when Miss Duncan bent a trifle nearer, and the odor of a delicate perfume was wafted across the counter from her rich, soft garments.

Quite forgetful of the floor-walker's reproof and threat, Miss Mynell, when the purchase was concluded, leaned again against the shelves; and this time her eyes were closed. Mildred, waiting for her change and parcel, opened and shut her purse uneasily. A boy came by with a basket full of little brown envelopes which he tossed on the counter and the girls snatched at eagerly. Their salaries, Mildred guessed; and, to her surprise, Miss Mynell, who caught hers up with as great excitement as the rest, found only a two-dollar bill in the little receptacle.

"There now," remarked a fat, amiable-looking girl, whom the others addressed as Mamie, "you're in right hard luck this week, ain't you? Fines do just get away with salaries; but you were absent, you know, and late nearly every morning. Maybe next time you'll do better. Look at that, will you, though? Ain't it richness?" disclosing, with a laugh of genuine pleasure, quite a handful of money, and launching into a description of what her purchases would be; while Miss Mynell continued to turn over her small bill with a strange, dull air of curiosity.

"I wish,—I wish," said Mildred, softly, "you would let me give you this. I—it—that is, I hope you will permit me to—"

She stammered and blushed, pushing across the counter a crisp, ten-dollar bill rolled to a tiny wad, and with most earnest pleading in her voice, that failed to persuade. Almost half-fearfully both hand and money were thrust back. Two vivid red spots flamed in the girl's face, and a burning light shone in her eyes.

"I don't need money," she muttered, "I work for my own. Nobody need give me any charity yet; you least of all in the world. I would starve rather than accept it."

For a moment Miss Duncan regarded the girl with open amazement; the quick, stinging words froze the generous impulse in her heart.

"I am sorry," she said, with cold composure. "I did not mean to hurt you;" and, gathering up her parcels, she went down the long, crowded corridors, and, with a feeling of relief, passed out from the thick, heavy atmosphere of the shop, into the cold, keen air, and to her carriage at the curb-stone.

It was late when the horses' heads were turned homeward; and in the darkness they bowled rapidly along Lexington

Avenue, whirling their young mistress into the handsome square just whitened with the first fall of November snow. At the corner the stout-armed English coachman gave

a warning cry, and bore powerfully on the reins. He was not quick enough, however; for a woman, attempting to make the crossing at the same time, lost her footing on the slippery street, and rolled with a scream of terror under the hoofs of the frightened animals.

"A case for an ambulance," insisted many in the crowd which sprang into existence on the moment, and watched, with something like a rapture of horror, as the policeman drew a white-faced young woman from under the horses. Their interest in the whole affair was increased tenfold when a tall, splendidly dressed lady pushed her way through the ranks of on-lookers, threw her own fur cape about the shoulders of the injured woman, and had her placed gently in the carriage and driven off, with the consent of that pillar of law, order, and justice, the policeman.

(To be continued.)

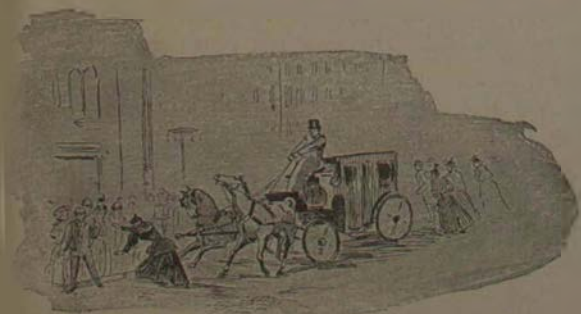


## Mother Ballard's Home.

THAT is my cousin Susie Lee, and that is her husband; that fat baby is her oldest; we ain't got no pictures of her other children, though she's ben a-promisin' them to us this long time. That other baby on the opposite page, the one with the cunnin' bare toes, is Abner's youngest, taken good ten year ago,"—and so on, and so on, until every picture in Seth Ballard's photograph-album had been described in full to the somewhat weary visitor.

But what else could Ida, Abner Ballard's wife, do to entertain the guest, a lady from New York who knew no one in the little town of Clifton save the cousin who was her hostess? Laura Martin, the guest, knew nothing and cared nothing for the details of farm life; in fact, she detested the country, and would never have come to this quiet place but that she had been ordered there by her physician.

The cousin whom she was visiting, Rufus Martin, was almost a stranger to her; and his wife and her family she had never before seen or heard of. She exerted herself to be cordial to them, and never allowed them to suspect how fearfully she was bored. This afternoon she and her cousin's wife, Izannah, were visiting Abner Ballard; and his sister





Izannah and Serena, his brother Seth's wife, were also there assisting to entertain her.

Serena would every now and then disappear into the kitchen, and then after a moment's pause Ida would follow her. During one of these brief absences, while Izannah was attending to the wants of her youngest baby, Laura, being left to her own resources, began to examine the gayly bound books which lay on the center-table carefully piled and mathematically equidistant. Presently she saw a volume of poetical selections, not quite so new nor so shiny as its companions; and, as she was glancing over its contents, she came upon a photograph which represented a bright-eyed, curly-haired, good-looking fellow about nineteen or twenty years old.

"Who is this good-looking young man, Izannah? His face is very familiar," said she, showing the picture to Mrs. Martin.

"No one whom you ever saw," answered Izannah, with a flushed face and confused air.

"Ah ha! One of your old beaux, eh? I must say that he is ten times as good-looking as Rufus. I am surprised you didn't take him instead of my worthy but very homely cousin. Do tell me about him."

"Nonsense! he wasn't any beau of mine. Put the picture away; I don't want to talk about him," answered Izannah in the abrupt, snappish manner common to her when she was tired or busy or worried or sleepy, in fact, her usual manner when at home.

Laura fully appreciated the many domestic excellences which Izannah possessed; she saw that, like her brothers, she worked early and late and could make a dollar go as far as five times its value would under the manipulation of most people. The Ballards were proverbial in Clifton for their industry, their ability to do everything quickly and well, their sobriety and promptitude, and, also, for their economy; only most people thought that in them that virtue had degenerated into the vice of stinginess. Success was the standard by which they measured everything and everybody; and success, to them, had none but a pecuniary meaning. They were, perhaps, a little "sharp" in their business dealings, but they never quite crossed the line into actual dishonesty.

At that moment Ida entered the room, and Laura appealed to her to know who was the mysterious original of the picture.

"That? Why, that's Mark Ballard, my husband's youngest brother. I'm sure, Izannah, you needn't try to disown him, for everybody in the county knew him. He was the youngest of the family, and no more like the Ballards than chalk's like cheese. He was idle by nature; and, as his father died when he was only ten years old, it never got beat out of him as it ought to 'a' ben. Mother Ballard hadn't no more force to her than an old settin' hen. He was her pet, and she certainly did humor him to death. Well, it turned out as it always does when one child is petted to extremes and the others taught to work as they'd ought to do; Mark got lazier and lazier, wouldn't do nothing about the farm, wouldn't go into the mills, wouldn't do nothing but read, read all the time; said he wanted to be a scholar, which was ridic'lous in a poor boy like him. He and his brothers didn't agree, and, finally, he ran away and went to the bad. He ran into debt and took to drink, and as we ain't heard nothing of him for nigh onto fifteen years I s'pose he's dead. No great loss if he is," added Ida, not unwilling to exhibit the deep hue of the Ballard black sheep. There was not a real sisterly love between her and Izannah.

"Did his mother give up all hope of him before she died?" asked Laura pitifully.

"Oh, mother ain't dead, nor won't be for many a year," answered Izannah, cheerfully. It was her turn now, not Ida's. "She's beautifully settled in the Old Ladies' Home

over to Fairfield. One of us goes to see her every year or two. You see, when Abner got married, bein' the oldest son, he and Ida naturally chose to live on the farm; and as Ida had to have her mother with her there wa'n't no place there for anybody else's mother. Indeed, the two of 'em had always hated one another like poison; so mother had to give up the old house to Abner. She never did like farmin', anyway. Mark took his love of idle readin' from her. Seth said he couldn't have her to his house, for there wa'n't no room for her; his house is dretful small, and come to get three hired men and Seth and his wife in them attics,—for that's all his bedrooms are,—it is pretty full.

"The boys thought I'd ought to have taken mother; but, dear me! how could I? I wa'n't livin' in the old house, and what with my troop of young ones, a baby always in my arms, and my work round the house, I hadn't no time to tend to invalids; for by this time mother'd got real poorly. So we all joined together and got her a beautiful room in the Fairfield Home, where she don't have a thing to do all day but just enjoy herself."

Laura was so shocked and pained by this evidence of Ballard heartlessness that she cut short her visit to Clifton, and started for her home the next week. A part of her journey was by water; and happening to fall into conversation with the lady who sat next her on the boat, she related this incident to her, prefacing it with the question,

"Do you know anyone in Clifton?"

"No," replied the stranger, "nor in any other part of this State. We, my children and I, are simply passing through it on our way home from a visit to the mountains."

"I am glad of that, for I want to tell you a little incident which illustrates the very trait, heartlessness, of which we were just speaking. But of course I shall suppress all names."

Getting excited with her recital, however, Laura involuntarily let fall the name of Ballard as well as one or two of the Christian names. When she had finished her story the stranger said,

"Where is this Clifton?"

"It is near a railroad center called Barnum; indeed, it was called Barnum Mills until a few years ago. Perhaps you've heard of the Barnum match-works?"

"Oh, yes; I have. Ah, here is the place where I leave the boat. Let me bid you good-by, with the hope that we may meet again some time;" and so saying the stranger took her leave.

Early the next morning this same stranger "might have been seen" (as G. P. R. James puts it) entering the comfortable, if lonely, little room assigned to Mrs. Izannah Ballard in the Old Ladies' Home at Fairfield.

"You once lived in Barnum Mills, or Clifton, as they now call it, did you not?" the visitor asked Mrs. Ballard after the first greetings were exchanged.

"Yes; I was married in Clifton, and my husband bought a farm there. He lies sleeping there now, and my three children live in Clifton still. Have you come from there?" was the answer.

"No; but I know someone who did, and I understood him to say that you had four children."

"Yes; I *had* four children, but my youngest is—oh, I don't know where; dead, I am sure, as it is years sence I heard from him. Poor Mark! He was my comfort."

"I heard he was wild."

"He may have been, but if he was, others were to blame. He was always good to me. They called him lazy; but he never let me chop a stick of wood or draw a pail of water. I never took any extra steps when he was round. He didn't love to work, maybe, as the others did,—he set great store by his books."



"Are you comfortable here?"

"Ye-es; but it's kind o' lonesome sometimes, 'specially when I remember that Abner and Seth and Izannah have all got good, cheery homes of their own. If Mark had lived it would all be different."

"It shall be different yet, mother. I am Clara Ballard, your son Mark's wife," cried the visitor, embracing and kissing the surprised old lady. "You shall be in a cheery home of your own before this time tomorrow. Willie, come and kiss your grandmother. Isn't he the image of his father?" added Clara Ballard, proudly, as the boy came forward at her bidding.

"My Mark is alive again in him!"

"Your Mark—*our* Mark—is himself alive and well, mother. He was a little wild at first, he says, and unfortunate in everything he undertook; but he grew steady, and then he persevered in one thing instead of trying first one, then another, and, finally, got into good practice. You knew he was a doctor, didn't you? 'No'?' He is one of the leading physicians in our State. He wrote ever so many letters to you, but got no replies, so we thought you were dead."

"I never heard a word from him! His brothers were always so afraid he'd come home to be a drag on them that one of them must have destroyed those letters. They always got our mail from the office."


"He never will be a drag on anyone! I know he was a good son, mother, for he is the best husband that ever lived; and when my uncle died a year ago and left me a fortune, I was glad to get it so that we could have more to give away, bless him! Come, mother, help me pack your things, and I'll take you home as a welcome present to Mark."

Someone, Clara Ballard never said that she knew who, had inserted in the next issue of the Clifton county paper (which Abner and Seth took) a long article describing the remarkable manner in which "Dr. Ballard, our former townsman, now the most able lung specialist in the State of N—, than whom there is no more honored, generous, and useful citizen in our whole country," found his mother in the Old Ladies' Home in Fairfield. It also gave an account of his handsome house and of the warm, sunny, luxurious room which his little ones now call "grandma's room," where they love to gather at twilight and hear long stories of how thoughtful and obedient their father was in his boyish days.

Oh, how Abner and Seth did grind their teeth with rage to find that their black sheep was the very reverse of black, not even a gray hue! How one of them wished he had read a certain letter or two before he burned them, unopened; then he would have known that, instead of begging money, the truant had some to give away. And, horrid thought! mayhap one of those letters had money in it! He never knew, nor dared to ask.

FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

## SOCIETY FADS.

ITH the Horse Show in the last month of autumn, and the hunting-field full of pink coats and smart habits, it is not at all surprising that Society's talk is distinctly horsey. It is from Lord Rosebery, and following the honored English custom, that American men have adopted the fancy of having the four iron shoes of any winning horse mounted as ornaments and presented to their feminine friends. Already the shoes of prize hackneys and hunters, sure to win again for the Messrs. Astor, Belmont, and their friends additional triumphs at the Show of '94, have been engaged. They are polished highly,—these mounted shoes,—engraved with the name of the winner, the owner, and date, and then converted into the base of a silver inkstand, a pen-rack, or a frame for a picture of the horse's owner. Another fancy of the season, when horses reign supreme, is the gift of the smart young man to his equally fashionable *fiancée* who rides to hounds in the blue unclouded Indian summer. It is a silver spur with patent leather or russet leather straps, according to the boots she is in the habit of wearing. The spur has only a small rowel, and on the inside is engraved some appropriate couplet; as, for example, from Tennyson's "Launcelot and Guinevere," or such a stirring old song as "The Hunt is Up."

LAST winter the gymnasiums, of New York, particularly, were besieged and taken by women with muscle to develop; but they were very short-sighted who prophesied the feminine Mecca of physical culture had been reached. Women are largely of the belief that it is novelty that makes this tired old world go round and life worth living, so this winter they have changed their tactics. The proper thing is to do one's gymnastics at home, chiefly under the guidance of a famous woman contortionist. Dumb-bells, the trapeze, the bag to be punched, and Indian clubs are cast aside at the command of this wonderful creature who can tie herself into double

bow-knots. Instead of the regulation gymnasium suit, the students of this new exercise get themselves into a combination suit of knit undergarments and a pair of Indian moccasins; then, gravely seated on the floor before the eminent contortionist, they solemnly try to touch their shoulder-blades with their toes, bring head and heels together backwards, and walk as quadrupeds do. The beauty of the new system, say its votaries, lies not only in the strengthening of muscle it encourages, but in the fact that none of them are developed to undue size. It gives, they say, the most exquisite grace to one's body, rendering the waist, limbs, and arms as pliable as river reeds; and all the exercise can take place on the floor of one's own bedroom during the half-hour before the matutinal bath. It is needless to say that the contortionist charges like fun for her lessons, and is growing richer by the teaching than she ever did by the practicing of her profession.

As the sunburned, happy women come back to town from country homes,—that later, every autumn, hold wide their hospitable doors,—the great class of special instructors to the "Four Hundred" begin to reckon on their season's profits. The smart woman is a seeker of earnest intent after culture of mind as well as body; and happy is the man or woman who can discover some new and fascinating topic on which she has not been enlightened. The three newest courses of lectures she and her friends will patronize this winter are on cookery, poetry, and the art of pronunciation. The classes in poetry are particularly interesting from the very practical part the pupils take in the curriculum. They not only listen to lectures on the great poets' works, but they are given the various forms of versification, and venture to do a modest bit of rhyming, on their own responsibility, in exemplification of the different metres. Their efforts are submitted unsigned to the leader of the class, who reads



them aloud; everybody indulges in criticism or praise. Though these productions are supposed to be absolutely anonymous, the authors find it hard to keep their secrets. At regular meetings members of the class read aloud, for practice, from the famous poets, and are supposed to write sketches of the lives, and criticisms on the work, of our most famous versifiers.

THE classes in pronunciation are achieving the noblest work, and were organized to correct the recognized weakness of Americans in this direction. In addition to this mission they instruct, in the mother class, which is the guide for all the others, in the proper application and choice of words; where, again, in expressing themselves, Americans are lamentably faulty. In one sitting of the class, a woman of obedient and receptive mind learned that one of the most unforgivable crudities is to pronounce "Japan," and "moustache" with an accent on the first syllable, since the accent correctly falls on the last; and, contrary-wise, in "exquisite" the first syllable takes the accent. She was told that such names as "Birmingham," "Rockingham," etc., are properly pronounced as if the final syllable were spelled "em" and not by broadly accenting the "ham." "Patent," according to the most approved laws, is spoken with the a flat, as in "radiant"; while "been" is pronounced just as it is spelled, and not "bin" or "ben," as too, too many Americans trip it faultily off their tongues. A most grave error is that of pronouncing the letter u as double o; for instance, "duty," "Tuesday," "dew," are often spoken as if written "dooty," "Toosday," and "doo," while the u and ew should be enunciated as the first u in "furious." Instead of depot, station is given as the proper word; and shop in place of store. All along with this go directions to study moderation in the use of adjectives, which most of us fling like largess through our conversation, thereby robbing language of half its dignity and impressiveness. The teacher of the class has set her pupils to studying up the correct application of the words "quite," "such," and "as," and lectures roundly on our misuse of "real," when "really" is the proper form. She delivered a small talk on how to address servants, and emphasized the point that members

of a family who speak to any servant of the feminine head of the house must call her "your mistress." They must also exact that the servants speak of her as "the mistress." In turn, the masculine head is spoken of as "your master" and "the master." "The young ladies" is the proper designation of the daughters of the house.

THOSE who can afford it in the smart set have gone a-coaching, wherever the roads proved good and the horses willing, in a regulation coach or a many-seated break. The women uniformly wear blue serge when bowling through the country, now in all its autumn splendor. With their blue gowns, buttoned coaching-capes are worn, and the new boots. These have only five big, big buttons clasping the tops of rough brown cloth, while the vamps, of patent leather, are long and pointed. Best of all, though the days may be fine, these coaching parties love to drive at night and by moonlight. The autumn air of the hills is crisp now, and the moonlight falls white and cold; but until eleven o'clock the steady beat of sixteen iron-shod hoofs rings out on the turnpikes, and through the night echo mellow notes of the long horn. Perhaps it's only a novelty, nevertheless it yields great amusement; and the coaches vouch for the fairy-like beauty the world takes on of an October night when it lies a-sleeping.

HAIR that is red as the inside of a pomegranate is again the mode, and the long-suffering hair of the fashionable girl must be changed to suit the passing fancy. One handsome maiden, whose once dark hair is now drawn in ruddy *bandeaux* over her pretty pink ears, used this as the keynote of an enchanting French gown in russet-red *crépon*, and was followed to an autumn garden-party by a splendid red Irish setter. This inspired her women friends to similar achievements in suiting their canine friends to their frocks. It is no longer remarkable to see black poodles change their collar ribbons to suit every fresh frock or hat of their mistresses; and some young ladies have reserved a piece of every one of their new fall gowns, from which to fashion harmonizing blankets or chest protectors for "doggie dear."

MADAME LA MODE.

## Our Girls.

### A Modern Crank.

HELEN HOWARD! You surely don't mean any such thing!"

"Grace Blair, I most assuredly do mean just what I say!"

"Well! I knew you were a crank, but I never dreamed you could be cranky enough to deliberately resign a respectable position as teacher in the public schools, to become a—cook!" and a slight tone of contempt would creep into Grace's voice, in spite of her unwillingness to wound her friend.

"Of course, Grace, I expect my course to be liberally criticised; but I haven't decided upon it without long and anxious thought, and I believe I am right. You surely won't blame me for doing what I think is right, will you?" Helen smiled bravely, but there was a perceptible quiver of her lip, which gave token that, brave as she was, the tears were not far back of the smile.

"Oh, if you put it on the plea of right, I know it is useless to say a word, as my experience in sundry instances

has taught me; but do, like a dear, sensible girl, tell me what is the reason you propose putting yourself in such a menial position when it is not necessary?" and Grace's arm went around her friend in such an embrace as young, impulsive women bestow so naturally on those they love.

"Thank you, dear," replied Helen, quietly, as she clasped her friend's hand closely. "I choose to place myself in what you call 'such a menial position,' because I have become convinced that I am totally unfit for any other. Hush!" she added, quickly, laying her hand on Grace's mouth as she was about to make an indignant protest. "I know what you would say,—that I am well-educated in addition to being well-raised, and possess an average supply of what are usually dubbed accomplishments. All very true; but I lack the essential quality which my present position demands,—the capacity to impart instruction. Two years' experience as a teacher, during which I have tried most faithfully to do my duty, has convinced me that the teacher is born, not made; and, unfortunately, I was not born one. Honestly, Grace, I am frequently at a loss to



explain to my class the simplest problem in a way that they can understand. My work is all mechanical, and I think the school-room is the last place for that sort of work. I have realized this defect in myself from the start, but kept hoping that it would be remedied by experience; but it has not been,—at least not enough so to justify me in making teaching my lifework, so I am going to give it up and try something which I really know how to do well."

"But, Helen," interposed Grace, "why not try some other line of work than that of domestic service, if you really feel that you ought not to continue teaching? There are so many avenues open to women now, that surely you can find some more congenial employment."

"I have thought of all that, for I am not insensible to the fact that my friends will think I am lowering myself very much; but I have gone over in my mind the various employments open to women, and either I do not suit the work, or the work don't suit me, or there is no chance for me to secure a position. I might be a confidential clerk in some large office, at a correspondingly large salary, if I only knew where to find the large office with the large salary; I might do any amount of copying, if I could get the copying to do, and could live on the pittance I could earn; I might be a stenographer, or a telegraph operator, or a dozen other things; but I am not prepared for any of them, and I haven't time to learn any one thing thoroughly enough to secure a position that could possibly support me. If I give up my present position, I must get something else to do immediately; for you know every cent I could spare has gone toward paying the small balance due my father's creditors when he died. I promised him I would see that done if I lived, and I have just finished settling the last dollar; my exchequer is too low for me to remain unemployed while fitting myself for any of the positions you might suggest, so my mind is made up. I am not suited for teaching, and I am for cooking, so a cook I will be."

"You might——"

"Don't suggest that I might be a shop-girl, Grace," interrupted Helen, "for my soul sickens at the mere idea. I tell you, Grace, I will live in the seclusion of a kitchen the rest of my life, before I will enter a store as clerk."

"But, Helen, it does seem that you are choosing such a slave's life," interposed Grace, unwilling to yield.

"Not quite so bad as that, Grace. Of course, there is no such thing as absolute freedom if you are dependent on your own exertions for a livelihood. You have to carry out the commands of your employer, no matter what line of work you select, and to that extent one is a slave. With me it is simply a choice between doing what I don't know how to do and what I do understand, thanks to mother's indulgence when she humored what she thought was a whim, by letting me attend a first-class cooking-school for six months. I was a good average cook before, for I always liked to stay around the kitchen and help; but while I was at school I became satisfied nature meant me for a cook. It was only in deference to what I knew mother would feel on the subject, were she living, that, when I found I should have to work, I tried to make a teacher of myself, instead of following my own judgment and undertaking what I knew I was fitted for."

"Well, I guess I shall have to give up," said Grace, "as you seem so determined; but you know, Helen, that your position socially will be greatly affected. Why this should be so, none of us is exactly prepared to say; but it is none the less true that house-servants never receive the social recognition we are willing to bestow on those who serve us elsewhere in some other capacity. Why measuring tape should be more respectable than making a pudding, I can't tell; but that's the way the world goes, and I don't see any remedy for it."

"That is all true. I have arrived at the conclusion that as domestic service is so rarely rendered by intelligent, cultivated women, the work has become identified with ignorance and coarseness. It is a pet theory of mine that this line of work can be redeemed from obloquy by women of refinement entering it; and as there have to be pioneers in every new undertaking, I shall regard myself as one when I find myself among the pots and pans."

"But the money part of your new departure, Helen, how about that? Can you make a decent living at it?"

"I have inquired into that, and find that good cooks in ordinary-sized families, here in the city, rarely receive less than twenty dollars a month, and have good board, a separate room neatly furnished, and plenty of time to do their sewing and for recreation. Wages are even higher where the family is wealthy and the service unusually competent. I cannot procure board, you know, with a well-ventilated room to myself, for less than thirty dollars a month, unless I go into a very undesirable neighborhood. My salary is forty-five dollars where I am; this leaves me fifteen dollars a month for all my other expenses. I have lived a great deal cheaper, 'tis true, for the past two years, because I felt compelled to; but I have not been comfortable. I am quite sure that the board I should receive in a family of liberal means will be a vast improvement on my present arrangement; and as I am out of debt now, I can afford to make myself a little more comfortable. See if I don't save money out of twenty dollars a month, and live well, too!"

"Have you any idea where you will go?"

"I have no fear about getting a place, for all the employment bureaus report that the demand far exceeds the supply in my line. But I have a special place in view, which I intend seeing about to-morrow, and will let you know the result. I think it is right, though, to say that I don't expect you to visit me as you have always done, for I can understand that it might be unpleasant to you. I confess that the idea of giving up our pleasant association has been the greatest obstacle to my experiment; but I can't go on injuring a roomful of children by poor teaching."

"Give up our association!" exclaimed Grace, in astonishment. "Helen Howard, have you gone daft? Do you suppose that I am going to let anything come between me and my best friend? As soon as you become domiciled I am coming around to see how you are faring. Perhaps you may make a complete convert of me. Who knows?"

Helen's answer was a low "Thank you," and a warm pressure of the hand placed in hers.

"Really, Miss Howard, I scarcely know what to say,—your application has taken me so by surprise. You will agree with me that it is a very unusual thing for a young lady to voluntarily relinquish such a position as you hold, for one so much more menial." The speaker was a handsome, refined-looking lady, and her dress and surroundings indicated wealth.

"Do you consider it degrading or menial to do your own work, as you tell me you have been forced to do for some days, on account of incompetent help? Then why should it necessarily be menial for me to do the same work for you? But we need not discuss that point now. I understood you needed a good cook, and I am willing to undertake the work, if you wish my services. I am satisfied I can please you, for cooking is one thing I thoroughly understand."

"I am more than half inclined to take you at your word," replied Mrs. Ogden, with a perplexed air, "for I am worn out with ignorant, careless servants. You can't begin to know how I have been tried in the last few months. Each newcomer has been worse than her predecessor. I verily believe my last girl hardly knew her left hand from her right foot. But,—well, I will be frank with you, Miss How-



ard,—I should not know how to treat you if I engaged you to do my work. Of course, if you put yourself in a servant's place, that is your own affair; but I am afraid it would be embarrassing to me to have you in such a place."

"Not unless I make myself presuming, Mrs. Ogden, which my good sense will surely prevent. Why should it embarrass you more to give your orders to one who can understand and carry them out, than it would to give them to one who can do neither? I simply ask that you treat me with the same courtesy that you would any other work-woman. On my part, I promise to do my work faithfully, and to try just as hard to please you as though I did not know a word of arithmetic or algebra. I am willing to leave all things to adjust themselves, and I don't think we shall have any trouble."

"Well, Miss Howard, I will try the arrangement for a month. If at the end of that time things do not adjust themselves to suit, I shall tell you so candidly, and you can consider yourself at liberty to seek another engagement. I will show you your room, and you can stay now, or come later, as you choose."

"Thank you. I think I would better go and have my trunk sent, and then return so as to have a little time to arrange my clothes before dinner;" and Helen bowed herself out of the handsome room with as much grace as though she had been a fashionable caller, instead of a newly engaged cook.

"Margaret Ogden," remarked that lady to herself, as she, too, left the room, "you have either done a very wise or a very foolish thing this morning. Which it is, remains to be seen."

As the days passed and she found that brains in the kitchen had brought order out of chaos, that her meals had never been so temptingly prepared, and that all things moved on so easily, she began to think she had, at least, not done a very foolish thing; and by the time the month's probation was out, and she found that her personal supervision was no longer needed in order to have her work properly done, and that, in fact, it was useless to issue orders where everything was anticipated, she gave herself up to the conviction that she had done a very wise thing indeed.

As for Helen, she had the satisfaction of knowing that her work was well done, and that the matters Mrs. Ogden had feared would prove unpleasant were gradually adjusting themselves, as she had predicted. She had a comfortable room where her privacy was never intruded upon, she had more leisure than she would have had as clerk in any establishment, and she had the security and protection of a home.

The family soon learned that their wishes were none the less consulted because they had a refined woman as a household servant, instead of a mixture of ignorance and coarseness. In fact, Mrs. Ogden was heard to declare to a friend that it was much more comfortable to know that her cook spent her spare time in reading the last magazine instead of gossiping over the back fence with her neighbor's help.

As the influence of Helen's quiet, unobtrusive manner became thoroughly felt, she became more a trusted friend of the family than a hired dependant; and few would have suspected that the intelligent, lady-like girl, who could frequently be seen in the parlor with the family, to whom the children always turned for assistance in entertaining their friends, was none other than the conscientious, brave-hearted girl who presided in the kitchen as gracefully as she did wherever she was thrown.

"Go to Miss Howard," "Ask Miss Howard," became household words; and when, at the close of a year, Grace Blair attended the marriage of her best friend to the eldest son of Judge Ogden, she acknowledged that almost the impossible had been achieved, and an intelligent, cultivated woman had been taken at her true worth, in spite of having rendered what the world dubs "menial service." As for the judge's son, he insisted that he had taken the most effective way to keep the cook in the family. ALLIE B. LEWIS.

## Home Art and Home Comfort.

### Some Pretty Boxes, and How to Make Them.

ANY bright boy or girl with a little mechanical ability and some perseverance can make the pretty and ornamental boxes here illustrated. The materials are simple and inexpensive,—perhaps can be found in the attic;—and as the boxes are both useful and decorative, they will be acceptable presents for the fast approaching holiday season.

It is surprising, sometimes, to know what a number of pretty and convenient things can be made from comparatively worthless scraps, such as pieces of wood, odd bits of old sheet-iron stovepipe, the bagging used in packing furniture, ordinary floor-matting, and some tacks of different sizes with odd-shaped heads. A few simple tools with which to manipulate the different materials are also necessary. For working in wood a hammer, saw, plane, and square will be required; to cut the stovepipe iron, a stout pair of odd shears; and you will need a carpenter's small awl to punch holes in it through which to drive tacks.

Design No. 1 is a suggestion for a wood-box to stand by an open fireplace. Oak, ash, mahogany, or other hard woods will be very desirable for this; but if they are not easy to obtain make it of pine wood, which you can purchase at any carpenter shop, or, perhaps, there is a large box or a few boards somewhere about the house that can be pressed into service. The wood should be at least three quarters or seven eighths of an inch in thickness, and free from knots and sappy places.



NO. 1. WOOD-BOX.

A good size for this box is twenty inches high and sixteen inches square, outside measure. The front should be about five inches shorter than the back, and the sides rounded off at the front, to meet it. The boards should be neatly joined, and the box put together with slim steel-wire nails about three inches long. Glue may also be used in the joints to insure a tight union. After the box is made the nail-holes and all seams at the joints should be filled with putty, and then it should be treated to several coats of paint of some desirable shade. When the paint is dry, the box is to be bound with iron straps fastened on with upholsterers' large, brass, oval-headed tacks; they can be purchased at any hardware store, and the heads should be about one half or five eighths of an inch in diameter, with a shank sufficiently long to take a good hold in the wood.

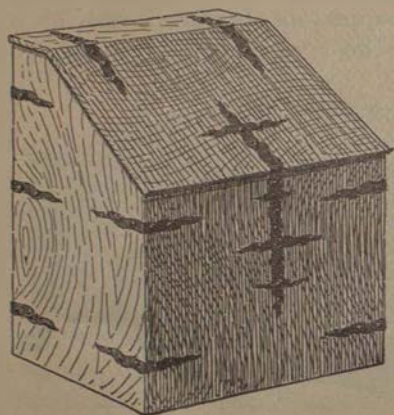
With a pair of stout shears cut strips one inch wide from a piece of stovepipe, and bend into straps for the corners; the ends of a strap should be cut off to a point, as the drawing shows, and they should be from six to eight inches long. Two or three large-headed tacks to hold the end of a strap in place will be sufficient on a side, and give it a good appearance. Cut the design on the front of the box from the stovepipe, and fasten it in place with nails of two sizes, as shown in the illustration.

When the iron parts have all been applied, they, as well as the tack-heads, are to be treated to a coat or two of good black paint. A fine black paint for iron or metal can be easily



made in the following manner: Purchase at a paint-store a small can of ivory black, ground in oil; it will be thick, like vaseline or jelly, and must be thinned to the consistency of milk with Japan dryer and spirits of turpentine mixed together,—one part of the former to two parts of the latter. This black when applied to metal will dry with a flat or dead surface, entirely without gloss, and will prove a very superior coating for iron; two coats will be sufficient for metal that is to be kept indoors, but that which is exposed to the weather will require four or five thin successive coats. Be sure that one coat is thoroughly dry before applying another; and to obtain the best result use a soft hair brush.

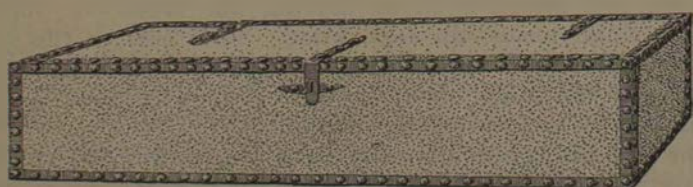
A very pretty combination of colors for this box would be to paint the woodwork a rich olive-green, the iron straps black, and leave the brass-headed tacks their natural color. Another pleasing combination, and very popular now in all furnishing, is to make the box of mahogany,—or paint it a dark claret-red to represent mahogany,—and have the straps as well as the nails of brass.



NO. 2. WOOD-BOX.

Design No. 2 is a suggestion for another wood-box, but with a cover. It is to be made and decorated in a manner similar to the first; but owing to its having a lid it will necessarily have to be made higher to accommodate sticks of wood of ordinary length with the cover closed. Twenty-four inches will be a good height, and eighteen inches square will give generous proportions. The iron straps, instead of being cut with straight edges, should be irregular and pointed at the ends, to lend them an antique appearance.

The hinges that fasten the lid to the box should be screwed securely in the joint; ordinary brass or iron ones that can be purchased at any hardware store will answer the purpose. The straps are to be pushed up against the projecting backs of the hinges and tacked in place; in this way they appear



NO. 3. GLOVE OR NECKTIE BOX.

as if a part of the hinges, while in reality they have nothing to do with them.

A suggestion for a pretty glove or necktie box is illustrated in No. 3, and while it may seem difficult to make it is in reality very simple. A few pieces of thin board, such as is used for soap-boxes, will be just the thing for this box. They will be about three-eighths of an inch thick; and if one or both sides are rough, plane them smooth. Make your box fourteen inches long, five inches wide, and three and one-half inches high, not including the lid; these are the outside dimensions, and the lid will add about half an inch to the height, making the total about four inches.

Have ready some bagging or tapestry cloth, cut to fit the box, and with Lepage's liquid glue fasten it all over the sides, ends, and top of the lid; press it firmly with the fingers, and smooth it down well so there will be no humps nor uneven places when the glue is dry. Paint this bagging

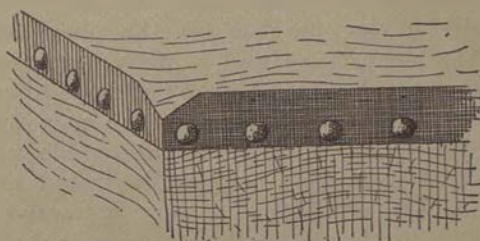
with two or three coats of olive green or other desirable color; and, when it is dry, bind the edges with thin sheet-iron fastened with oval-headed tacks, the heads being about one quarter of an inch in diameter.

The strips of binding iron should be an inch wide, but when bent and fastened on an edge of the box only half an inch of iron will show on a side. At the corners, cut from the binding strip a V, as shown in No. 4, taking care to cut it so it will be just one half the



NO. 4. DETAIL OF BINDING.

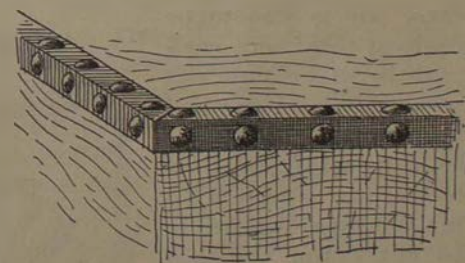
width of the metal, and so that the bottom of the angle will be on a line with the corners of the box. With upholsterers' tacks fasten the metal all around the top or bottom, as seen in No. 5, and with a light wooden mallet or a tack-hammer bend down the standing edge of the metal so



NO. 5. MITERING A CORNER.

it will lie flat on the top of the box. The sides of the V when the metal is beaten down will come together and form a miter (see No. 6), and the strip that is lapped over is then fastened down with tacks driven at regular intervals, to line with those around the side; in this way a very neat joint will be obtained without having to lap any of the metal parts over each other. It will be much easier to drive the tacks if holes be punched along the strips at even spaces, with a small awl.

The hinge-straps and hasp are to be of the thin sheet-iron also, and fastened with large-headed tacks; after which all the metal parts should be treated to several coats of black, as described for the iron-work of No. 1. The box may be lined with Canton flannel glued to the wood, and a cord or chain is to be made fast to one end of the box and lid to prevent the lid from falling over backwards when raised. A large oval-headed tack should be driven under each corner of the box for it to rest on, and these prevent it from scratching a bureau or table-top on which it may be placed.

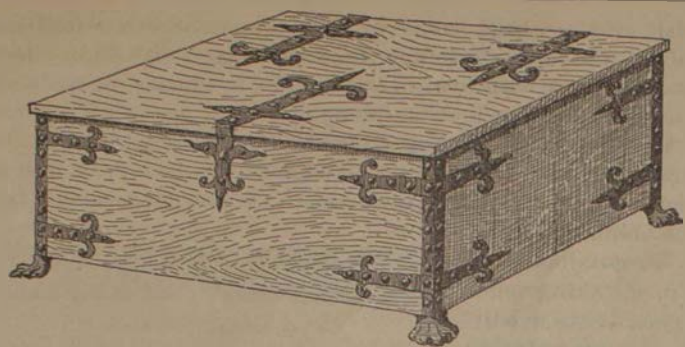


NO. 6. A MITERED CORNER.

An idea for a handkerchief-box of antique appearance is illustrated in No. 7, and if made of antique oak and bound with iron straps the effect will be very pleasing. A good proportion for this box will be eight inches square and three and a half inches high, not including the claw feet, which will raise it up another inch. The sides should be of wood about a quarter of an inch in thickness; the lid, of the same kind of wood, three eighths of an inch thick; and the bottom, of pine or white-wood, three eighths or one half an inch in thickness.

The sides and bottom are to be well glued and nailed together, and if they are of oak the grain of the wood should be filled with a wood filler. This may be purchased at a paint-store, and should be rubbed on the wood with a rag. When all the surface has been gone over, and the filler thoroughly rubbed into the grain of the wood, it should be left to dry well, and then the box should be shellacked or varnished. The iron binding and straps may then be applied with large-headed tacks, as shown in the drawing. They are





NO. 7. HANDKERCHIEF-BOX.

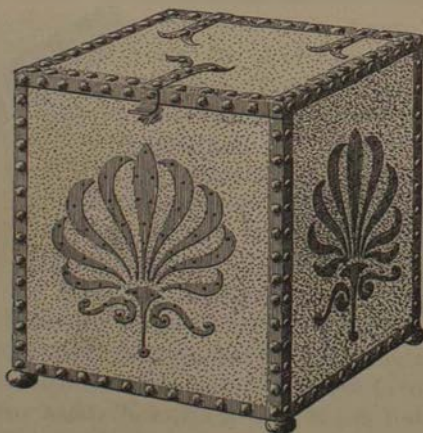
to be cut from thin stovepipe iron with a pair of stout shears.

If the curved end of a strap should be so small that it will be found impossible to cut it with the shears, then do it with a small cold-chisel and an old flat-iron; hold the flat-iron bottom up between your knees, on this lay the piece of sheet-iron, then with the cold-chisel and a light hammer cut out the desired parts. At a hardware store purchase four small brass claw-feet, and screw one fast under each corner; then these, with the other metal parts, should be painted black.

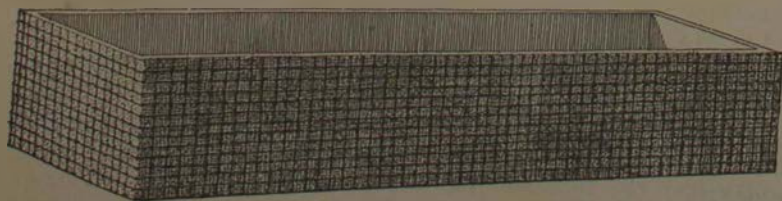
A pretty idea for a cuff-and-collar box is illustrated in No. 8, which if made nicely will form a very attractive bureau or table ornament. It should be about seven inches square and eight or nine inches high including the ball feet under the corners; and it can be made of thin pine or white-wood boards, one quarter or three eighths of an inch thick, securely glued and nailed together.

The outside of the box is to be covered with burlaps or bagging and painted as described for the glove-box, after which the edges are to be bound with thin iron, fastened on with large-headed tacks. The design in the center of each side is also to be made of thin iron; each part is to be cut out separately and applied to the box with small, oval-headed carpet-tacks; the hasp and hinge-straps also are to be cut from the thin iron and fastened with strong tacks; and to finish the metal nicely it must be treated to several coats of the black paint. The balls under the corners, serving for feet, can be of metal or wood; in the latter case they may be turned at a shop where they have lathes for the purpose, but if brass claw-feet are preferred they may be used instead.

This box will look well painted olive green or dark orange with black iron trimmings, or it will be very effective in mahogany color with the trimmings of brass. The inside of the box and cover should be lined with Canton flannel of some desirable color, such as cream white, light terra cotta or pearl gray, which should be securely fastened to the wood with liquid glue.



NO. 8. CUFF-AND-COLLAR BOX.

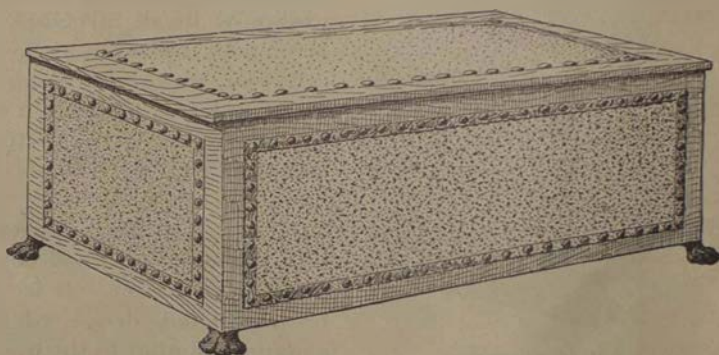


NO. 9. WINDOW-BOX.

A very attractive and artistic window-box for flowers is illustrated in No. 9. The simple materials employed for it are a few pine or white-wood boards, some fish or lawn-tennis net, a can of paint, and some steel-wire nails of various sizes; a loose zinc lining will also be necessary, as it would not do to place wet earth in a wooden box, for the moisture would cause the wood to swell and warp and spring the joints open.

The length of a window-box must necessarily conform to the width of the window it is to be placed near; it should be two or three inches shorter than the actual length of the window-sill, and generally seven or eight inches wide; while six inches, outside measure, will be deep enough to contain most any plant of medium size.

First make a box, the desired length, width, and depth, of pine or white-wood, three quarters or seven eighths of an inch thick; the wood may be rough on the outside, but



NO. 10. WOOD-BOX.

smooth inside. Fasten it together securely with long steel-wire nails; and, after putting up the holes and cracks at the joints, paint both the outside and inside any pretty light shade, such as cream or ivory white, pearl gray, light sepia, or a delicate pea green. Warm rose-pink is also a desirable shade for this purpose, and two or three coats will be sufficient to cover the wood thoroughly and protect it from moisture.

Then obtain some fish or tennis net, and give it several coats of very dark brown or black paint, which will stiffen it; when dry, stretch it evenly over the outside surface of the box, and fasten it on by driving fine steel-wire nails—having small heads—in each knot. This part of the work will be somewhat tedious, but the result when finished will repay for the time spent, as the box will form a very handsome bit of interior decoration.

The zinc lining can be made by a tinsmith to fit the box snugly, and should be provided with several waste-pipes in the bottom to carry off surplus moisture; these pipes may extend through holes made in the bottom of the wooden box, under which a cup may be placed to catch drippings.

Design No. 10 affords another suggestion for a wood-box, to be constructed of any hard wood having a pretty grain. The padded panels on the sides and top are of leather fastened on with large-headed tacks, or upholsterers' nails. A pleasing combination is to make the box of oak with an antique finish, having the panels of dark green leather fastened on with black iron-headed nails; the claw feet should be black also, to correspond with the nails. If destined for a room finished in mahogany make the box of cherry or mahogany, with panels of reddish-colored leather, fastened on with large, brass-headed tacks; the feet should be of brass also.

Good proportions for this box to accommodate ordinary sticks of fire-wood are thirty inches long, eighteen inches wide, and sixteen inches deep, not including the claw feet, which will raise it up an inch or two.



The leather with which to pad the sides and top can be purchased at any large upholsterer's or fancy-leather supply house, or at a carriage factory. It should be the same quality and kind that carriage seats and backs are covered with. The richly embossed Japanese leather touched up with brilliant color and dashes of gilding is also very handsome for this purpose, and it can be bought now in the large dry-goods shops. Leather gimp can also be bought, and will be found very serviceable to bind the

edge of a leather pad; the nails are to be driven through this gimp, as it forms a band on which the heads of the nails will look very well.

The suggestions here given may be varied infinitely, and adapted to boxes of every kind, shape, and size, as also for purposes not mentioned here; and in the unusual diversion of certain materials to new and hitherto unheard-of uses, ingenious people will be stimulated to inventions of their own.

J. HARRY ADAMS.

## Sanitarian.

### The Breath of Life.

**B**REATH is life. In it lie health and strength in full measure. The more breath we have and use, the stronger and sweeter is our life, physical, mental, and spiritual. Most of us do not know how to breathe, or, knowing, do not use our knowledge. It is true, we all know we cannot live without breathing; but few realize the vital importance of breathing to our full capacity, and of making that capacity as great as possible.

"As easy as breathing" is so common an expression it has almost passed into a proverb. But, like some other proverbs, it is very misleading. Breathing is not always easy. It ought to be; but it happens oftener than most people would imagine that the ability to breathe deeply is lost. This is especially noticeable in the case of the consumptive. He dies simply for lack of sufficient breathing capacity.

An eminent physician discovered that consumption always begins at the top of the lungs, but could not satisfy himself as to the cause. Another, studying on the same lines, noted the significant fact that out of three thousand cases examined by him, not one closed the vocal cords in respiration; and he claims that the beginning of pulmonary consumption may always be traced directly and primarily to this failure to close the vocal cords. The reason, once understood, is very simple. The air goes first to the base of the lungs, and if the vocal cords are not closed it escapes too rapidly, leaving the apex of the lungs unpurified; and so this part is first to become diseased. The stomach and liver, also, are injured, as they do not receive the pressure necessary to the healthful performance of their functions, the pressure depending on the resistance of the expiratory muscles below when the trachea is closed above.

In view of this, the assertion that few people close the vocal cords in ordinary breathing seems rather alarming. It is not probable that consumption results except when there is predisposition to the disease. But it is a fruitful source of trouble, a direct progenitor of debilitated muscles, irritable nerves, and mental depression; therefore, it is well for all who value health, happiness, and usefulness, to take measures to form a habit of full, natural breathing. If the power be limited, it may, and should, be systematically cultivated. Instruments have been invented which are helpful, but they are by no means essential. Weak lungs, stomach, heart, muscles, nerves, may all be immeasurably benefited and strengthened by daily practice in deep breathing.

The first essential is plenty of fresh air. The next is to make sure that nothing restricts respiration in the smallest degree. The clothing must be carefully arranged with this

object in view. The prevailing fashion of woman's apparel does not take into account the necessity for breathing at all, much less breathing with freedom. The cavity containing the lungs is in shape somewhat like a cone, the small end upward. The usual dress-body is fashioned to fit a cone with the small end downward. But the lungs cannot be inverted; and in compressing the lower and larger part to suit the dress, we lessen their capacity and hamper their action, thus working serious injury, not only to the lungs, but to the whole organism.

It is not enough that the clothing should be "not tight." The slightest pressure will hinder the full expansion of the lungs. This is especially true with a weak or sick person. If the muscles pushed out in respiration meet even a slight obstruction, there is a sense of fatigue. Next time less effort is made; and so, by insensible degrees, the expansion becomes less and less, until, at the obstructed point, none exists. The breathing of women who have always worn tight clothing causes no perceptible movement at the waist. Noting this, certain narrow-visioned physicians have gravely asserted that it is natural for a woman to breathe differently from a man, that while his natural breathing, like that of animals, is abdominal, woman breathes from the upper part of the chest only,—a most absurd conclusion, but also one of sad significance.

So, if you wish to bring the respiratory apparatus into good working order and increase its power to fill the lungs and vivify the blood with life-giving oxygen, the first thing to do is to abandon your tight corset and along with it all rigid belts, bands, and whalebones. If a corset be worn, it should be so loose as not in the least to restrain the muscles; but for warmth, a soft, loosely fitting waist may be substituted. All the clothing must be as light as possible, and everything that can should hang from the shoulders, with no pressure about the waist, no weight on the hips.

In passing, let me say that no one need fancy she is going to "look like a fright" when dressed in this way. There are several beautiful and graceful styles of dress which allow perfect freedom of the lungs and of the waist muscles. In these, a woman of taste and ingenuity may make herself look, not a "fright," but a "picture." They do not, however, admit of the sharply outlined, taper waist and closely drawn belt. These must be renounced. But even if the hour-glass form were a beauty, which it is not, it would be a small sacrifice to make to health, strength, and increased usefulness and happiness.

With the preliminary, but important, matter of clothing satisfactorily settled, we are ready to breathe. If very weak,



lie down on an easy couch,—lie flat on the back. See that the air is fresh, but avoid a draught. Draw in a long, slow breath, letting the diaphragm and abdomen expand as fully as possible. Then by a contraction of the diaphragm—a quick drawing in of the muscles over the stomach—force the air into the upper part of the lungs, and hold it there a moment or two before allowing it to pass up into the throat. This is done by a contraction of the vocal cords, and is not usually difficult. But if the cords will not close, and the air is not readily controlled, close the lips and hold the nose for a moment, which will prevent the air from all leaving the apex of the lungs. With practice, the vocal cords will come under perfect control.

Some have difficulty in establishing the abdominal breathing, especially those who have been in the habit of breathing entirely from the chest. But when the clothing no longer forms an obstruction, this will gradually right itself. The natural mode of breathing asserts itself most readily when one is lying down, therefore that position is recommended for the daily practice, which should be persistent, but also very gentle. Do not allow yourself to become really fatigued, and be careful not to make the lungs ache. If one deep breath brings weariness or dizziness, stop with the one breath; but try again when fully rested. The upper part of the chest

will gradually expand, and in time will round out beautifully.

The careful practice of deep breathing will cure consumption in its incipency, if not in the later stages. It will bring fresh vitality to any organ not incurably diseased. It will enrich the blood more than any preparation of iron or cod-liver oil. It has greater power than any anodyne to soothe and restore exhausted nerves. It will round the throat, straighten the shoulders, fill the chest, give a sparkle to the eyes, a color to the cheeks. Those who like to sing will rejoice to find their voices gaining marvelously in strength and purity of tone.

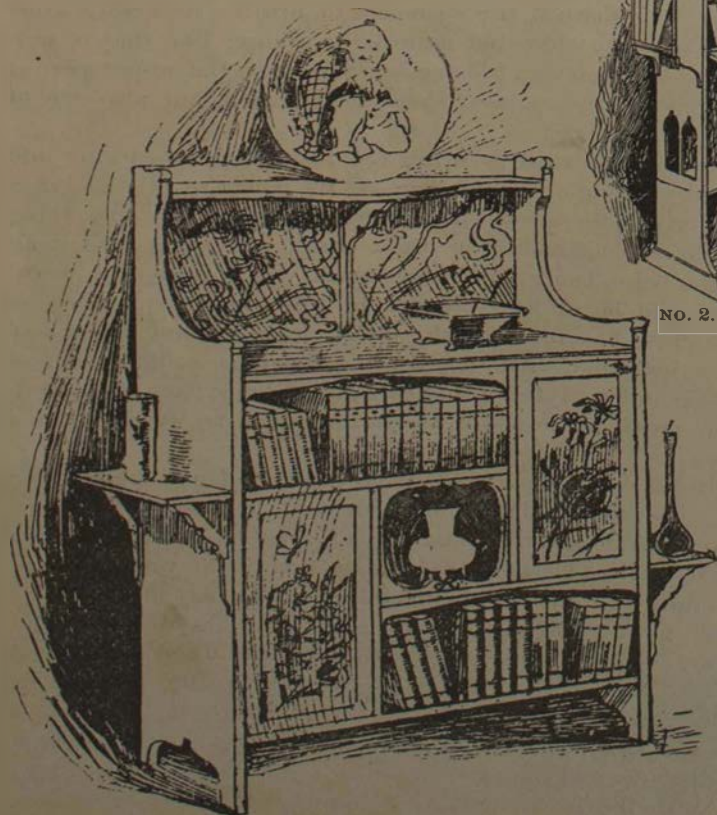
This remedy is one of God's good gifts, and is free to all. Perhaps, for human nature is strangely perverse, this is one reason why it is so little appreciated, so seldom used. We are all given to seeking after "some new thing," especially if it be costly. Let us then be wise and learn to live simply and naturally in the pure air and sunlight, where there is life, health, and happiness for us in every breath. A renewal of physical life is not all we gain. With this may come, and often does come, a quickening of spirit and intellect before undreamed-of. But here we touch on mystery; for who can tell what life is, whence it comes, and how?

HELENA KORTE.

## Household.

### Convenient and Artistic Furniture.

WITH the fall cleaning and renovating all over, and her house cozily arranged for winter comfort, the housekeeper can turn her thoughts and attention to new



NO. 1. CABINET.



NO. 2. WRITING-DESK.

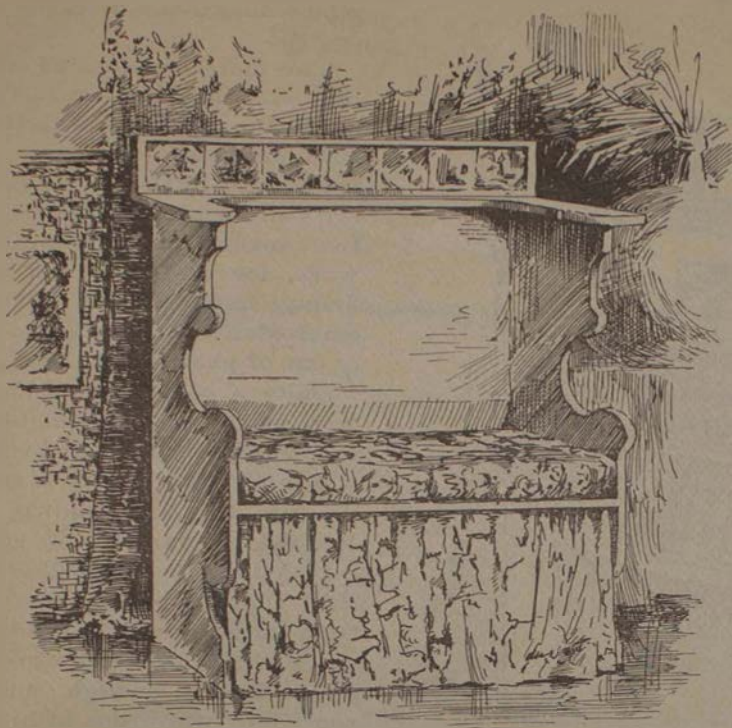
devices for increasing the attractiveness of home. She will find corners, here and there, where space can be made for convenient additions to the furnishing of different rooms; but, if she be wise, she will proceed slowly and deliberately in her choice, making sure, first, that the proposed acquisition will not only fill a perhaps hitherto unfelt want, but also contribute something, if only a mite, towards beautifying the room.

In these days it is no longer necessary to consider only the utilitarian purpose of a piece of furniture; for, even if the buyer be restricted to the smallest outlay possible, economy is no more served by purchasing ugly things than pretty ones. So simple a thing as a table, nowadays, can be made to contribute its portion towards giving an

artistic appearance to the room in which it is placed; and many pieces of furniture that were luxuries a decade gone are now, in tasteful, but inexpensive, forms, within the reach of most people. 'Tis not so long since a cabinet was a coveted article of furniture not to be compassed without the expenditure of a large sum of money; but now, together with the writing-desk, it finds its place in many modest homes.

Most of the illustrations here given are of articles so simple in design and construction that they can be executed at home by anyone possessing a little skill in handling tools. The large cabinet illustrated—No. 1—is a combination of cabinet and book-shelves, and is a very ornamental as well as convenient piece of furniture. Good dimensions for this are four and a half feet high by three broad and fourteen inches deep; but the size is best determined by the place where it is to stand. Any wood can, of course, be used in its construc-





NO. 3. HALL OR CHIMNEY SETTEE.

tion; but the nicer the wood the handsomer the finished piece of work will be, and it should harmonize with the finish and furnishing of the room. If common pine or white-wood be used it can be stained any desired color, or enameled. Pyrography is very effective for the decoration of the panels, or they may be covered with Japanese leather. If you wish to display some handsome bits of bric-à-brac without exposure to the dust, it will be advisable to fill the door panels with glass.

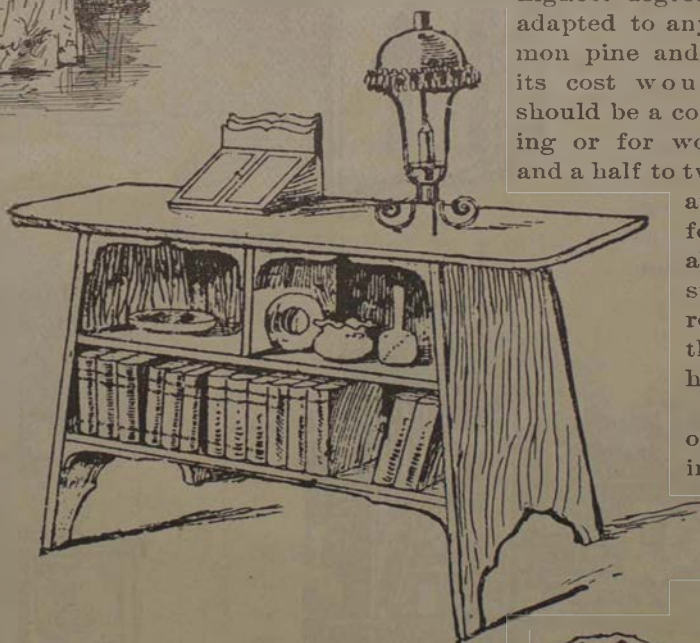
A simple but very convenient little writing-desk is shown in No. 2, for which space could be made in almost any room. Perhaps some bright and energetic boy will be encouraged at sight of it to go to work and make one like it for his sister's Christmas present. There is nothing about it that would prove difficult for one who loves to handle tools. Desks of this simple style are usually finished in oak or cherry, or enameled, ivory white and delicate colors to match furnishings being in especial favor for young girls' rooms. The size, of course, may be varied to suit any room; but they are seldom deeper than ten inches, and often are only eight. Twenty-two inches broad by forty-two high is the average size. The tiny book-shelves at the sides will be found very convenient for the pet volumes or works of reference that one likes to have at hand when writing. This little desk is also commended for the guest room, as it is quite large enough to afford the convenience necessary there, and will be thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by the thoughtful visitor.

The handsome settle—see No. 3—is suitable for the hall or any chimney corner. Oak naturally suggests itself as the most desirable wood for this stately, old-time bench; and its construction is simple in the extreme. It should be, at least, sixty inches high and thirty-six long, with a breadth of eighteen to twenty inches. The back, above the seat, should be of one solid board, if possible; otherwise the boards must be very neatly dovetailed together. The front edges of the side pieces can be varied to suit individual fancy; but as

illustrated they afford a cozy resting place for the head, curving away below to an arm and offering a convenient grasp for the extended hand.

The tiles which ornament the top can be purchased at any china or house-furnishing shop, or where the business of grate and chimney-piece fitting is carried on. If you chance to have gathered enough for the purpose during a summer outing, this will be a delightful way to use them. Those of the Profile, or Old Man of the Mountain, and other scenes in the Franconia Notch, which tempt every visitor to the Flume or Echo Lake, could not be turned to better purpose, as you would have them before you in just those idle moments when their pleasant suggestions of past pleasures would help you to live them over again.

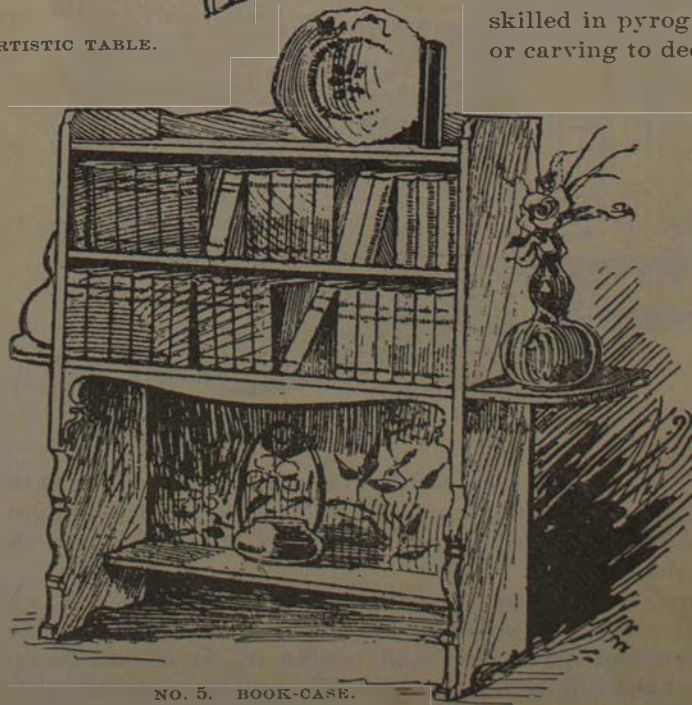
What a surprise this artistic table—see No. 4—would have been to our grandmothers, whose rooms were lumbered with heavy marble-topped affairs, seldom affording the smallest perch for anything beneath the table-top, and with frames so elaborately carved that it was a day's work to dust them! Convenience, beauty, and utility are combined in this to the highest degree, and the table is well adapted to any room. Made of common pine and stained in oak or cherry its cost would be very trifling. It should be a convenient height for writing or for work,—from twenty-four and a half to twenty-seven inches high,



NO. 4. AN ARTISTIC TABLE.

and from thirty-six to forty inches long. It is also a convenient and suitable style for a dining-room side-table, but for that use should be made higher.

Two attractive styles of open book-cases are shown in Nos. 5 and 6, which can be easily made at home, or constructed by the village carpenter at small expense. If there is nobody skilled in pyrography or carving to decorate



NO. 5. BOOK-CASE.

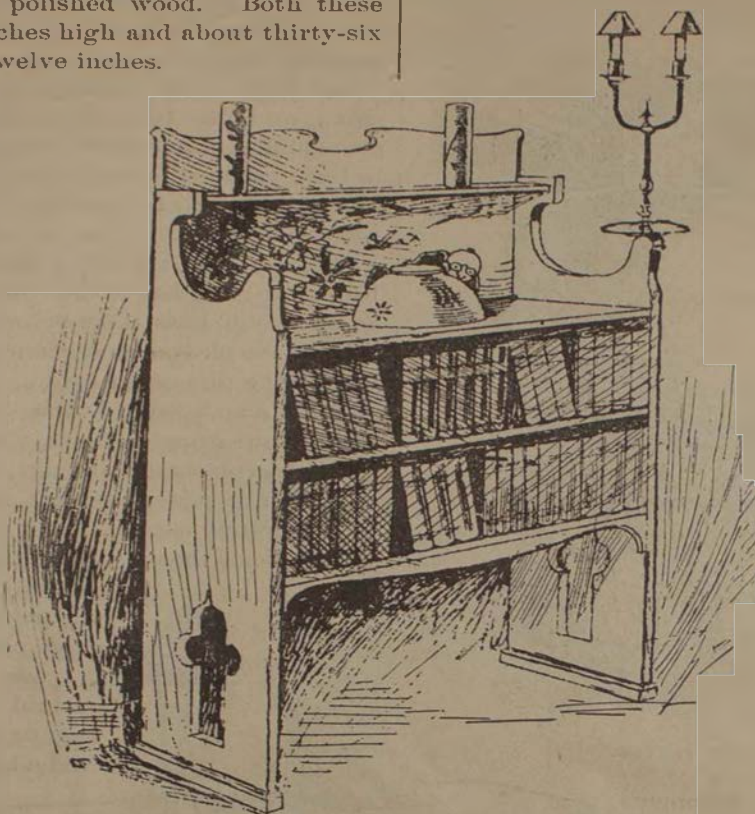
the panels, leave them plain. Don't paste pictures on them expecting they will, under the varnish, look like painting or inlaying. The effect will be tawdry in the extreme, and not



comparable to a simple, highly polished wood. Both these cases are from forty to sixty inches high and about thirty-six long, with a depth of nine to twelve inches.

If anyone in the family has been doing the Venetian bent iron work, instructions and illustrations for which were given in DEMOREST'S for May, 1894, the worker can contribute a candelabrum of that ornamental and effective work for the corner of No. 6, for which nothing more suitable could be found in the shops.

Very gratifying to an artistic eye is the charming design shown in No. 7, which combines a delightfully low and broad couch with a cabinet and book-shelves, as well as brackets for bric-a-brac, and a falling leaf for a tea-table. Many conveniences are united here in a small space, without the least suggestion of crowding. The cabinet and shelves, though forming part of so elaborate a design, will be recognized, on close inspection, as very simple in construction.



NO. 6. BOOK-CASE.

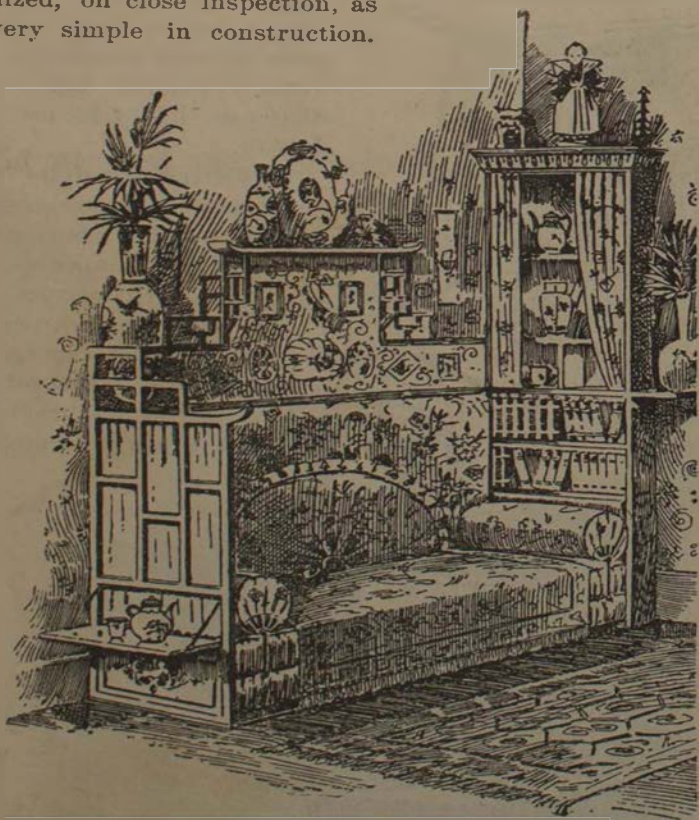
whole design can be easily executed.

The more cushions of varying sizes and shapes for the couch the better; and the Oriental effect will, of course, be heightened by the use of Eastern stuffs and embroideries for their covers. Berlin tapestry-work, for instance, and the dainty Louis Quinze ribbon-embroideries would be entirely out of place.

Quite a commodious bookcase, affording also sheltered and safe receptacles in recesses for choice bits of fragile porcelain, is shown in No. 8. From fifty to sixty inches is a good height for this, and the breadth may be from twenty-seven to thirty-six inches. Ten to twelve inches is deep enough; but if you have certain sets of books you wish to place on the shelves, be guided by their size; and, in the arrangement of the shelves, it is well to consider the height of the

books you intend to place upon them.

Ornamentation with brass or iron, directions for which are



NO. 7. A COZY CORNER.

It is merely a plain case without fancy cutting, finished at the top with a picture-molding. The more irregular the arrangement of the shelves in the upper part, *à la Japonaise*, the better the effect.

A low, broad box, properly filled and cushioned and covered with a rug, could be used for the couch, with another rug stretched across the wall behind it. It should be fastened at the top by a narrow picture-molding, above which brackets and shelves could be arranged as in the illustration, or in any other artistic grouping which suggests itself to the inventive mind. If the Moorish grill-work or the rattan-work now so generally employed can be obtained, the



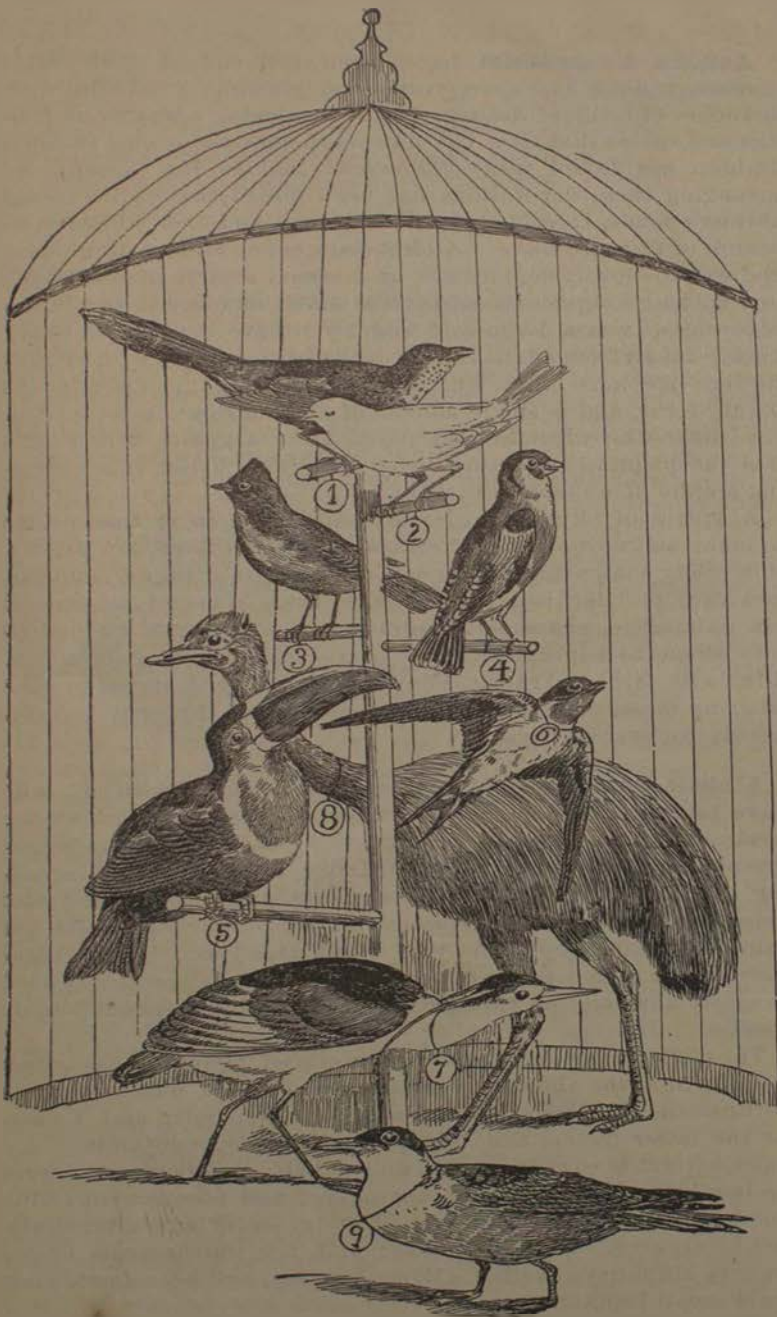
NO. 8. BOOK-CASE.

given in "Home Art and Home Comfort" in this number of DEMOREST'S, may be employed to advantage on some of these pieces of furniture.

E. A. FLETCHER.



Puzzles.



AN AVIARY ANAGRAM.

The following numbers in their regular order from 1 to 42 spell a poetical quotation describing the songs of birds. In the order in which they are here given they spell the names of the birds in the above illustration. To solve the puzzle, substitute for the numbers the letters forming these names, and you will find the quotation.

1.  
36, 31, 25, 39, 40, 21.
2.  
42, 33, 26, 27, 25, 14.
3.  
23, 41, 22, 38, 37, 24, 40, 32.
4.  
20, 12, 11, 13, 2, 34, 16, 42, 8.
5.  
17, 37, 19, 42, 18, 16.

6.  
40, 5, 1, 28, 29, 37, 4.
7.  
16, 6, 20, 8, 7, 21, 32, 35, 12, 26.
8.  
3, 9, 10, 15.
9.  
30, 32, 35, 26.

THE FARMER'S PUZZLE.

A farmer once in a generous frame of mind divided some pears among his three sons. To the eldest, John, he gave a number represented by two letters of the alphabet; the second son received three less than John, the number being represented by John's with a letter prefixed; the number of pears given to the youngest son was represented by the number given to John, with the letters transposed, and he received two more than John had. How many pears had each of the farmer's sons?

A SCATTERED MAN.

SOME of the peculiar places in which to find various parts of the human body, by taking the double meaning of the words:

1. Imbedded in a board.
2. Fastened to a kite.
3. At one end of a river.
4. In an artist's studio.
5. In a school-room.
6. On the trunk of a spruce tree.
7. On a corn stalk.
8. In a military parade.
9. In a tool chest.
10. In a blacksmith's shop.
11. On a saddle.
12. In a prison.
13. Marked on a measure.
14. On almost any tree.
15. In a war camp.
16. In an impudent fellow's actions.

ENIGMA OF NINE LETTERS.

- 3, 9, 2 signify a sheltered place.  
 6, 7, 5 " " method of locomotion.  
 8, 4, 1 " " trap.  
 The whole is a useful modern invention.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

I. Seven.

II.

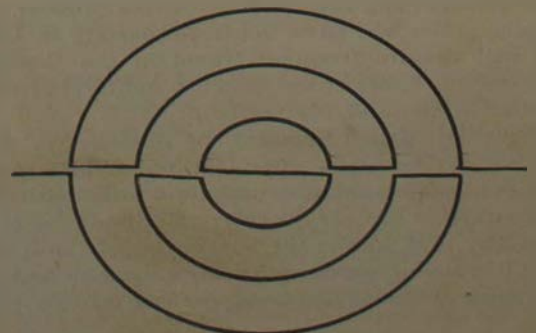
0 0	0 0	0 0
0 0	0 0	0 0
0 0	0 0	0 0
0 0	0 0	0 0
0 0	0 0	0 0
0 0	0 0	0 0

III. Demorest's Magazine.

IV. We two in Europe—Wee 2 in Urope.

V. Auburn.

VI.





## What Women Are Doing.

**Mme. Virginia Demont-Breton**, a French artist of distinction, has just been honored with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

**Miss Helen Peel**, a granddaughter of the famous English statesman, has emulated Mrs. Peary by taking an Arctic voyage from England to the Kara Sea.

**Miss Tompkins**, of Kentucky, a very clever young woman who has been acting as purchasing clerk for the United States Supreme Court, has been appointed assistant marshal of the court.

Three young Turkish women have recently arrived in France in order to go through a regular course of medical training at French universities. One of them is the daughter of a pasha.

**Miss Pauline Whitney**, daughter of ex-Secretary Whitney, is as much at home in *la belle langue* of France as in her mother tongue. She writes French poetry, and contributes to the leading French periodicals.

**Mrs. William Harvard Hart** is providing a magnificent new home for the old library of Troy, N. Y. The plans include, besides the reading-room, magazine and newspaper rooms, and three large art-galleries, a stock-room that will accommodate one hundred thousand volumes.

**Mrs. Theresa Viele**, formerly a Miss Griffin, has just been decorated with the grand cordon of the Chefehat by His Majesty the Sultan of Turkey, in reward for "services rendered to the Ottoman Empire" by the paper read before the Literary Congress at the Columbian Fair at Chicago, on "Turkey and the Religion of Islam."

**Miss Bacon**, a young Englishwoman, enjoyed a most fascinating and exhilarating outing last summer. She cycled from London to Scotland, returning through Wales and the Lake district, a distance, in all, of twelve hundred miles, alone; was gone two days less than a month, and the total cost of her holiday was fifty dollars.

**Miss Comstock**, of Green Castle, Mo., is probably the youngest bank officer in the country. She entered the bank at Green City in March, 1889, as assistant cashier and bookkeeper, and proved herself so efficient that when the owners of that bank organized another at Green Castle, in September, 1892, they made Miss Comstock president of the old bank and cashier of the new one.

**Mrs. Chika Sakurai**, the brilliant Japanese woman who visited Chicago last autumn as a delegate from Japan to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is the founder of the first school in Tokio for the Christian education of the native women. The new departure is said to have revolutionized the whole system of education for women in Japan. She was afterward the principal of the Presbyterian school for girls at Osaka.

A young woman of Oregon has accomplished what the most experienced fanciers have been unable to do; that is, the domestic propagation of the Denny pheasant. She has tamed the wild young chicks so that they are willing to feed among domestic fowl and do not try to escape to the woods and fields. She has four pheasant hens in captivity, and puts their eggs under a domestic fowl.

**Miss Annie M. Reynolds**, of North Haven, Connecticut, is the first World's Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association. She is a Wellesley graduate and special student at Yale, is an accomplished linguist, and an active worker in various philanthropies. She will have her headquarters in London, but her duties will require frequent travel on the Continent; and her first official work was at the August conference of Y. W. C. associations in Neuchâtel, Switzerland.

**Mrs. Katherine Tupper Prescott**, of Boston, has worked her way into the foremost ranks of sculptors. While she excels in portraiture she has also a dainty and vivid imagination, and some of her ideal subjects are very lovely. Her *bas-relief* of Paderewski is one of the best known of her portraits; and its absolute fidelity as a likeness, together with the exquisite delicacy of the handling, render it one of the most perfect cameos in modeling extant.

## Chat.

Autumn dinner-tables have been resplendent with wild-flowers, trailing blackberry-vines and glowing woodbine, with branches of brilliant autumn leaves furnishing a wealth of foliage and colors that rival the flowers themselves. This sensible fashion has found many followers; and to the pleasure of arranging these decorations has been added that of the tramp through fields, forests, and country lanes, and over hillsides, in search of treasure trove. A birch-bark canoe filled with golden-rod was the lovely centerpiece on a recent seaside dinner-table; and another unique one, which was much admired in the White Mountains, was a large and slightly irregular piece of heavy bark,—taken from a fallen tree,—overgrown thickly with exquisite fern-like moss, from which, here and there, grew clusters of dainty ferns, and a single bunch of that curious floral marvel, the silver-white Dutchman's pipe. Only a genius would have had the inspiration to turn to so admirable a use this charming trophy of a mountain tramp.

A square of birch-bark, lapped and folded in at the corners to make an impromptu basket, and filled with ferns, is a decoration easily compassed if you are in a mountain region, and far-and-away prettier than a silver *jardinière*. Where birch-bark is not obtainable, coarse marsh-grasses or rushes can be plaited into shape to conceal either a grape-basket or tin pan, which, filled with ferns and cardinal flowers or goldenrod, thrust in sand or damp moss, makes a charming centerpiece that will keep its beauty for several days.

Athletic exercises continue to grow in favor with all who have leisure for their enjoyment, and the zest with which the swellest folk pursue them now proves that fashion is no longer synonymous with folly. Indeed, Dame Fashion herself is taking an active hand in all outdoor sports, and is aforehand with helpful suggestions for costumes suitable for various games and exercises; and every votary who would stand well in her graces strives hard to become an expert in one or more, working as hard to attain that end as though the bread of life depended upon success.

The old Scotch game of golf—pronounced "gowf"—has grown steadily in favor through the past season, and numbers many enthusiastic followers at Southampton, Newport, and Lenox. At the latter place, the new golfing course, containing nine links, stretches over two miles and a half. An instructor went up from New York to coach beginners; and now the Golf Club numbers over thirty members. That graceful and aristocratic sport, archery, is popular, too; and the tournaments of the archery clubs have excited a lively interest, and been made elaborate social functions.

Bicycling has taken a firm hold upon all classes of people, both young and old; and now that society has decreed it good form for women to ride the wheel, it is only a question of time when everyone who can will have her wheel. The stateliest and most regal of society's dames have risked humiliating tumbles, and thrown dignity to the wind while learning to ride the bicycle; but no mishaps daunt the daughters of this generation. Difficulty but spurs them on; and this season has seen many accessions of women to the cyclists who have made "century" runs.

Literary culture is to be pursued in New York this coming winter with an ardor that will out-Boston Boston. Already plans and programmes have been made that promise a positively maddening rush of lectures, readings, and recitations, upon every topic under the sun. You must no longer invite your friends to an "At Home;" it must be to hear Prof. Wiseacre discuss the "Origin of Man" or "The Builders of the Tower of Babel." No more light and frivolous *vaudeville* entertainments will while away the weary hours; instead, authors will give first readings of magazine stories, theatrical stars will give dramatic recitals, a famous French writer will read extracts from his own books. Some salons will be musical, delving into its origin, evolution, etc., and others artistic; and nowhere will there be anything frothy or trifling, *pour passer le temps*.



# 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.

## The Insatiate Pole.

In the loss of the *Miranda*, which was abandoned in a sinking condition in Davis Strait, West Greenland, August 23d, Arctic exploration counts yet another victim. Fortunately, Dr. Cook and his party did not undergo the tragic fate of the *Jeanette* and *Proteus* adventurers; but it was merely a matter of luck, since, badly navigated as she must have been, the *Miranda* was good enough to sink in waters and at a season which gave the explorers a chance for their lives. She had already suffered a bad shock before she was driven upon the sunken rock which closed both her career and that of the expedition. As an exploring trip it ended feebly and foolishly, with honor to nobody; and, indeed, something nearly approaching disgrace for the navigators who were so careless as to cast away a well-appointed ship, not among the merciless bergs and glaciers of a high latitude, but upon a shoal in free water, not even in sight of an "ice-glint." The utility of the search for the North Pole has often been questioned, and certainly such waste of material and such needless peril of life as were involved in the loss of the *Miranda* furnish strong arguments to the opponents of polar exploration.

## Japanese Military Skill.

Though still somewhat behind the English and Americans as gunners, their recent engagements with the Chinese prove that the Japanese are rapidly approaching the highest standard of modern artillery practice. In their days of isolation, when it was all but impossible for a Caucasian to enter the Japanese territory, some Hollanders at Nagasaki secretly taught two officials, named Egawa and Takashima, the primary lessons in the art of military tactics. The fact was discovered, and the two men were imprisoned, with a perilous prospect of losing their heads. Fortunately for them, however, Commodore Perry's fleet appeared at the critical moment, and they were liberated. After this, musketry and cannon practice became the fashion. Egawa and Takashima were appointed instructors in gunnery and military tactics, and from that period dates the supremacy of the Japanese in military matters over all other Orientals.

## A New Wandering Heir.

The death of the Comte de Paris closes a career honorable in itself, though for political reasons it may have been a source of anxiety to a large proportion of his countrymen. He was a good and worthy man, intelligent and brave, but, fortunately, no politician, or France would have been a monarchy to-day. Had he possessed the foresight, the knowledge of men, and the aptitude for taking advantage of events which go with the genius of statecraft, there were three several times during his life when he might have seated himself upon the throne without a struggle, almost without opposition. His son, who now becomes the wandering heir to the shadowy scepter of the Bourbons, appears, from his public utterances, to be even more harmless than his father, while openly professing his kingly aspirations. An enemy who betrays his aims when powerless to execute them need not be feared; and though the spirit of monarchy still survives in France, it is ineffectual, for the new wearer of the *fleur de lis* is evidently not one of those phenomenal characters who amalgamate broken parties, create power, and seize dominion by mere force of will. Republican France has nothing to fear from the present Bourbon. The wheels of her progress are still firmly on the tracks, with no danger signal in sight.

## An Epidemic of Investigation.

The investigations which have been so long going on in several departments of our Government, national and municipal, and which are by no means yet completed, have almost taken the form of an epidemic. The wave, too, seems to have gone around the world. Starting with the miserable Panama scandal in France, one of the meanest, saddest stories ever told of sinful humanity, it swept into England and Germany, and even Italy and Spain felt the influence. Egypt, in its unclad misery, is a perennial scandal. In Russia there was just a hint of official turpitude, when the dungeon doors closed with a crash, and the writhing victims were heard of no more. China, too, is falling into modern ways, and appoints its boards and committees to examine into the conduct of its public servants. The Viceroy has lost the yellow robe, and may lose his head; the Lord High Admiral has lost his button, and his command, as well. The United States, however, seems to have developed the infection in its most advanced form. The soiled linen of the national legislature having been put to soak, the metropolis establishes

its public laundry. The Lexow Committee has uncovered such moral filth, such awful rottenness, that the gorge rises at it. Bribery in its lowest and most degrading form; brutal disregard of every principle of honor and justice; sneering defiance of the rights and the will of the people; the most open support of every species of crime; extortion of blood money from the unfortunate, and of heavy percentages of the proceeds of shame and immorality; a complete and complex system of official rascality with roots penetrating, cancer-like, into the very vitals of our civilization,—these are some of the horrors which have thus far come to light. Indeed, there seems to have been no kind of criminality which the New York police have not fostered—instead of opposing—for the sake of pecuniary profit. The evil seems hopeless. How shall we check it? What can we do to crush it? Our various societies for the suppression of this, that, and the other wrong, can do no more than skim the edges of the vast cesspool; and we have even had instances of questionable dealings among the *attachés* of these very organizations. Have we retrograded in civilization? Or do we advance only by spirals that return upon themselves before they take the next onward sweep? There lies the one gleam of light in the darkness. The path is crooked, it leads over sharp stones, through briars and swamps beset with venomous serpents and savage monsters; our feet are clogged with mud; we are torn and bleeding and very weary; but the star still goes before us in the gloom, and we follow it. The world does progress, after all, though with painful slowness, and Michael is stronger than Lucifer.

## Moon-Blindness.

The possibility of this affliction has been strenuously affirmed and as strenuously denied. Many experts in diseases of the eye have brushed the question aside as the merest superstition of ignorance. On the other hand, thousands of old soldiers attribute their loss or defect of sight to sleeping in the moonlight. So firmly was this belief established in the army during the late war, that where the exigencies of the case permitted, the utmost care was taken to shield the face from the pernicious influence of the moon. A case is now reported of the captain of a vessel, who, sleeping upon the deck of his vessel in the full rays of the moon, became totally blind and all but cast away his ship. The report is made in evident good faith; and the history of the case, together with physical examination, seems to allow of no other explanation.

## Progress in Japan.

Japan has been called the "United States of the East," and in some respects the title does seem to apply. The rapid advance of the Empire in the practical and useful arts is little less than marvelous, even when compared with our own wonderful growth in that direction. For example, little more than a decade ago there was but a single spinning-mill in the country. The latest official statistics show that there are now thirty-eight in full operation, running nearly four hundred thousand spindles, and representing a capital of ten to twelve millions of dollars. This is progress indeed, and worthier than expending blood and treasure in the acquisition of foreign territory.

## Forest Fires.

If criminal carelessness and, as is charged, criminal intent are yearly to cause the destruction of millions of acres of our valuable timber, the laws enacted from time to time by our legislatures are worse than useless, and serve only to bring the law-making branch of our government into contempt, unhappily, only too well deserved in many instances. To pass stringent measures for the prevention of the cutting with the axe of a thousand acres of forest land, for example, while ten million acres are being swept out of existence by the stupidity of an engineer (perhaps we should blame the railway company rather than its employé), or the vicious act of some incendiary scoundrel selling his honesty and manhood to lumber trusts who wish to destroy the abundance of our natural products in order that their wares may bring higher prices in the market (such is the charge made),—to pass laws of such a sort, while the wholesale destruction goes on, is folly too sad for ridicule. Those who have had the widest opportunities for studying the subject aver positively that this frightful waste can be checked by proper laws and proper safeguards. Those who look upon the subject with indifference should remember that our agricultural supremacy, our wheat fields, our national existence, nay, even our very lives—given time enough for the evil to hatch its brood—depend upon the rain-gathering influence of our forest plains and hills. Strip these, and the country will become a desert. So science declares, and so experience has proved in the Orient.

## Milk-Poisoning.

Cow's milk is perhaps the most important single item of human diet. A considerable proportion of children feed upon it from birth; and even those who are nourished according to the laws of nature depend upon cow's milk largely during the earlier years of their existence. Moreover, it enters into the food of adults in enormous quantities, daily, in one shape or another. When the susceptibility of milk to taint from heat, and to reception of germs fatal to young children and dangerous to adult life is considered, it would appear that the use of milk should be attended with every possible precaution, the first of which should be the most absolute cleanliness. The utensils which convey the milk from the cow to the consumer should be scrupulously scoured and scalded after each time of using.



An investigator in New England speaks of milk-cans, sent upon trains and containing milk for use in cities, as being sour, dirty, and disgusting. He says: "In the first place, the empty cans are received at the depot, and fortunate is the first-comer who has his choice of the least dirty, for they are all sour; some of them must have been standing so several days, and are simply disgusting. Occasionally they appear to have been put to other uses in the household. It is the work of the woman on the farm to clean the cans; and she works hard at it, scraping the bottoms, if they are bad, with an iron spoon. The supply of water is likely to be scanty in hot weather; it is drawn from a well near the house, and, even with the greatest care, it is not always possible to get into the crevices of a worn or mended can." He goes on to say that many small purchasers, families, etc., get milk from twenty-four to thirty-six hours old; that milkmen should use more care in cleaning their cans before returning them,—when they clean them at all;—and that farmers and dairy-men too frequently use polluted water in washing out their receptacles. Dairy-men and milk-dealers are apt to forget that milk is an animal fluid, extremely liable to swift and dangerous changes, germ growths, and the power of absorbing morbid elements. There is no doubt that thousands of infants and not a few grown persons die yearly from impure milk. Laws compelling the most absolute cleanliness under heavy penalties should be made and strictly enforced.

#### Quicksands in Architecture.

Heretofore the erection of an edifice over a quicksand has been one of those problems in architecture which has been regarded as nearly insoluble. The sinking of huge crates of cemented stone, the driving of piles, and the setting of steel boxes by atmospheric aid, have been, at best, questionable methods, and in many instances have failed of their purpose. A young German scientist seems at length to have hit upon the solution. He has invented an engine whereby a number of perforated pipes are driven into the body of the quicksand. Through the sieve-like holes of the pipes he forces, with powerful pressure, a quantity of dry, finely pulverized cement into every portion of the quicksand. When the sand is wet, the dry cement unites with it, and, shortly setting, in natural course, converts the whole mass into a solid block. When the sand is dry, a stream of water is made to permeate the loose mixture of sand and cement in sufficient quantity until the requisite union takes place. Thus a shifting, dangerous, unstable body is converted into the most enduring and solid foundation conceivable, upon which enormous bearing-stones may be placed with perfect surety of their remaining where they are set, without danger of settling under the weight imposed upon them.

#### A Cheap Phonograph.

A German scientist, Herr Koeltzow, has invented a phonograph which makes its records upon a preparation of soap. A cylinder costs only seventy-five cents, and will record more than two hundred and fifty thousand words, there being a device whereby a thin layer can be peeled off the cylinder when the surface has been covered. Thus the cost is really little, if any, more than a sheet of ordinary writing-paper. Considering the objections on economical grounds heretofore obtaining against the phonograph as a commercial aid, Herr Koeltzow's invention will give to the instrument the useful position intended by the original inventor.

#### The Largest Diamond in the World.

The "Kohinoor" and the "Great Mogul" diamonds have been dethroned from their imperial seats by the discovery of a monster gem in one of the mines at Jägersfontein, Cape Colony, Africa. The lucky finder was a mine inspector, Edward Jorgansen by name. The stone is of the purest water, is so shaped that it will lose comparatively little in cutting, and is estimated to be worth about five millions of dollars. This estimate is made by scientific modern scales, and not by the empirical methods, amounting to mere guesswork, which have given to some of the famous old jewels values ranging from one million to infinity. Experts have pronounced it the finest diamond now in existence above ground.

#### Friction on the Hulls of Vessels.

The constant effort of ship-builders has been to so plan the lines of the hull as to obtain a minimum of friction against the water while in motion. The less friction, or, in other words, resistance, the greater speed. It is now proposed to reduce friction by forcing air through the plates of a vessel below the water-line, thus forming a species of narrow atmospheric cushion between the water and the hull. This plan, it is claimed by the inventor, subdivides the resistance, and gives the ship a speed largely in excess of that now to be obtained from the most perfect lines combined with the most powerful engines.

#### Russian Passports.

The new Russian passport law is a distinct advance toward more modern ideas in the Czar's dominions. The old law was an intolerable burden, not only upon natives, but upon foreigners doing business in, or visiting, the empire. A man was never certain of his liberty for an hour. The conditions of the law themselves were sufficiently barbarous. But their worst feature was the opportunity afforded to every official, from the governor of a town down to the pettiest *attaché* of the multitudinous police and detective force, to extort bribes, wreak personal revenges, exercise the small dignity of office, and, in numberless ways, to make the life of the native or the foreigner a burden to

him. The traveler, for no explicable reason, might find himself a prisoner, along with the lowest malefactors, in a filthy guard-house, from which he could only extricate himself by liberal donations of roubles to a whole regiment of rascals clad in some sort of authority. As for the native, it too frequently meant roubles or Siberia, on charges perhaps never even formally made. The new law, though it would not be borne an hour in America or England, is so long a step in progress that one may almost feel confident that it is the first round in the advance toward an era of liberal ideas and genuine enlightenment.

#### The Growth of a Great Industry.

Fifteen years ago the existence of vast deposits of coal and iron in the mountains of Georgia and Tennessee was little more than suspected. A few superficial veins, here and there, had been worked by local operators, with scant capital and primitive machinery. The results were not encouraging. The crude methods employed reduced the profits to a minimum. The region was a sort of *terra incognita* to the outside world; the prospector, the mining engineer, and the speculator had not penetrated its fastnesses. But one of those grand and sudden transformations characteristic of American enterprise has converted the unproductive wilderness into a veritable Eldorado. The whole district is now honeycombed with shafts, and bristling with the chimneys of foundries, forges, and smelting furnaces, whose smoke lies in a changeless cloud over the valleys. Hundreds of toilers delve in the pits and galleries, and trains laden with mineral wealth steam away in every direction over the country. Chattanooga, once only the designation of a celebrated battleground, and Birmingham have become centers of a great industry, already rivalling the world's oldest and most noted mining *entrepôts*. At the present rate of development, considering, too, the practically inexhaustible stores of coal and iron, in the most profitable association possible, this region promises to march in the van of American mining enterprise within a decade.

#### Anti-Vaccination.

A recent authority, writing from the widest possible experience, makes an attack, all the more forcible from its moderation, upon the practice of vaccination. His arguments, backed by clearly arranged and well-evidenced facts, are such as to compel the thoughtful reader at least to doubt, if not actually to throw aside, the old theories. He was in charge of a war prison, with many hundred men under constant observation, among whom an outbreak of smallpox caused him to make an especial study of the disease, and of vaccination as a possible preventive. Starting as a disciple of Jenner, he finished as an opponent. He cites one very startling case of a woman who strongly objected to vaccination, but was compelled to submit, and died in a short time of blood poisoning, directly traceable to the wound in her arm. This is but one of his many instances. He points out the danger of introducing, artificially, animal matter into the blood, at all times; the absolute impossibility of knowing the character of the virus ordinarily purchased and used; the probability of infecting the system with disease germs which may develop long afterward in unsuspected forms; and that the suffering caused young children by the lancet (in the present writer's own experience, an infant died of blood-poisoning after six weeks of painful illness) is beyond computation. From the scientific standpoint, the assertion that the decrease of smallpox is due to vaccination is questioned, on the basis of our highly improved sanitary conditions, our better knowledge of the disease, and wiser pathological methods. Taken together, the opponents of vaccination present by this champion a very strong case; and it behooves us to make sure that in the practice of this so-called preventive agency we are not doing damage rather than service, and that the apparent beneficial results are not due to causes wholly apart from vaccination, which, indeed, the latter may obstruct rather than aid. "When doctors disagree," etc.

#### Glass Houses.

Recent experiments with waste slag from glass-factories prove beyond question that the material is the very best possible for building purposes. It is run into blocks of convenient size and shape, which are laid in cement mortar. The cement incorporates itself with the surface of the glass, uniting the blocks into one homogeneous mass. The glass may be tinted to any color, and the mortar being similarly tinted, the wall can be made of a perfectly uniform hue and appearance, without joints or seams. The wall thus laid is impervious to moisture, a bad conductor of heat and cold, and practically indestructible. Nearly all building material now in use is, if metal, subject to oxidation; if stone or brick, to infiltration of damp and the expansion of frost, or the slow gnawing of microscopic mosses. A glass wall is free from these sources of decay; and, indeed, it is difficult to imagine anything except an earthquake or an explosion that would destroy such a wall. Objects made of glass are exhumed from very ancient ruins in perfect condition, with the exception of a change of color, due to some slow chemical process, probably, in the vast length of time. The material has, besides, the advantage of cheapness; and, even were it compounded especially, which it would have to be were it to come into common use, and the demand exceed the supply of waste slag from the glass-factories, it could still be manufactured cheaper than cut stone, good brick, or iron. Yet another advantage is the wide scope for ornamentation. The glass blocks could be made hollow, if necessary, reducing weight when desirable, with little reduction of strength.



## Harvest Festivals.

**W**HEN the fruits of the earth are all garnered, and Nature, his own inclinations, and all things, indeed, seem to cry a halt to man's incessant labor, what is more natural, in the unwonted interval of leisure, than that we should turn our thoughts to rejoicings and festivals, and

adapt it to any architectural requirement, as for decorating a rood-screen, choir stalls, etc. Narrow strips of some green fabric wound around the frame will render it quite invisible beneath the vines and fruits.

The screw-eyes will be found useful as points of attachment, not only for the flowers and foliage, but also for the water-supply with which to keep all fresh. Where it is impossible to fasten or conceal the usual tin vessels, small

bottles, slipped in green bags, can be hung back of the frame or among the vines. Additional strength can be given the framework by securing a lath to the bottom of the uprights; but this is unnecessary when it leans against the stalls or is fastened to them.

Where the arches of the church are circular, a strong wire can be bent around the pointed apex, just touching the points of the triangle, the two sides of which should be covered with green-foliaged vines, reserving all bright color, in leaves and flowers, for the semi-circular arch, which will thus stand out in conspicuous relief.



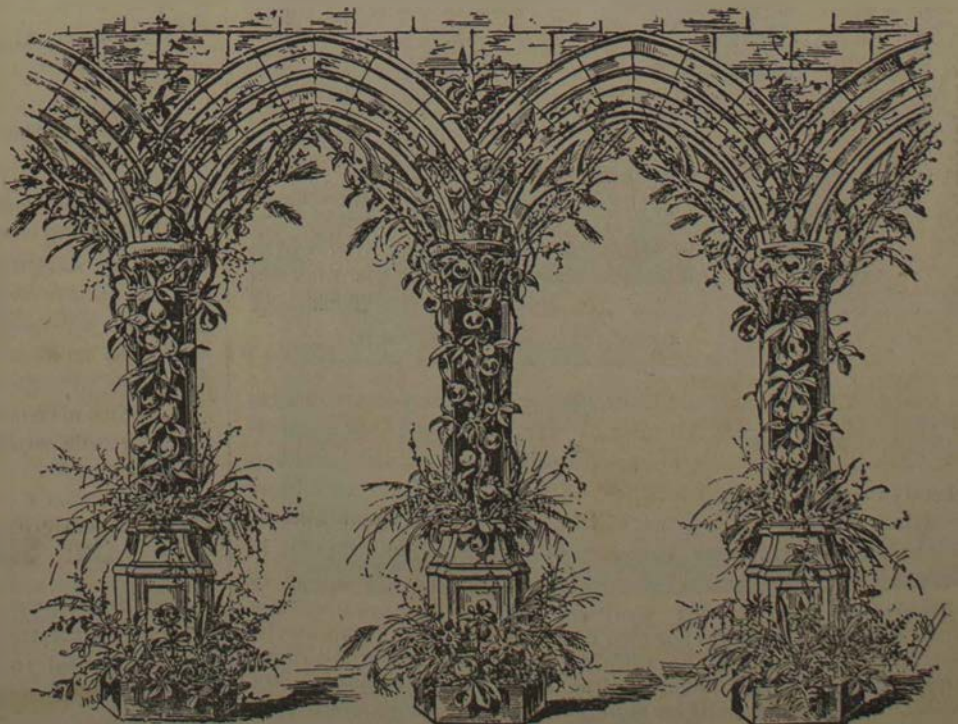
DECORATION FOR POINTED ARCHES.

give outward expression to the gratitude we ought to feel for Nature's bounteous gifts?

For many years it has been the custom in some Episcopal churches to make our national Thanksgiving Day services a harvest festival, which is most appropriate, and keeps alive the real signification and original purport of the festival in old colony days. In the country parishes of England the harvest festival takes place in the late autumn, and all unite, as at Christmas-tide, in decorating the church. All the fruits of Mother Earth are appropriately used at this time for decoration; and, until you have tried it, you would never dream how charming are the effects produced by the grouping of rosy-red apples, purple grapes, melons, glowing pumpkins, and sheaves of golden grains, with hop-vines and brilliant sprays of Virginia creeper. The late flowers, too, can, of course, be used; and the abundant foliage of gayly tinted autumn leaves softens and mellows the whole.

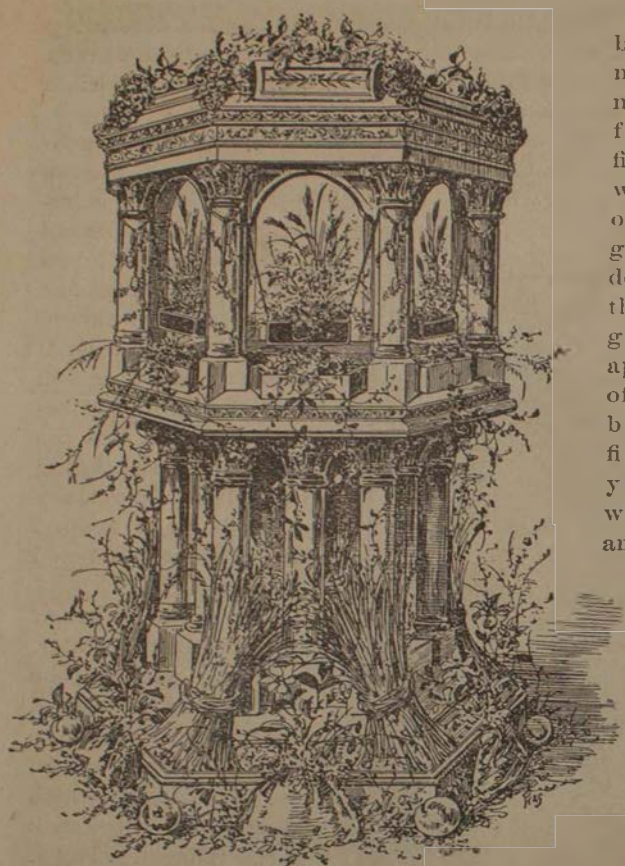
A very easily constructed framework can be made of thin laths to support the decorations of arches, as shown in the illustrations. Two pieces of wood about twelve inches long, fastened together at the top with a screw-eye, form a pointed arch; and at the other extremities, uprights of the desired length should be attached. The wood can hardly be too slight. Add another apex, then another upright, and so on till the desired length of framework is obtained. It can be varied slightly, as need arises, so as to

All the heavier parts of the decoration should be grouped at the base of columns, and about the pulpit, lectern, and font. Sheaves of golden wheat should be massed with potted plants; and they can be stacked at intervals on the chancel steps, bound around with the brilliant woodbine. Festoons of bright red apples strung on cord can be used effectively, and look very well hung from the beak of the bronze eagle so frequently forming the lectern.



DECORATION FOR CIRCULAR ARCHES.





DECORATED PULPIT.

work of decoration on columns. These are but suggestions that can be varied infinitely.

For a marble font nothing is more beautiful than to fill the basin with sheaves of different grains, bordered around the edge with grapes and apples; one of oak would better be filled with yellow and white chrysanthemums and brilliant autumn leaves. Tall stalks of corn can be most effectively used as the groundwork of decoration on columns. These are but suggestions that can be varied infinitely.

E. A. F.



### The Demorest Magazine Portrait Album.

HAVE you provided yourself with a Demorest Magazine Portrait Album? If not, why not? By neglecting to do so you are missing one of the greatest opportunities of your life, one you will regret more and more as time passes. Filled with the magnificent portraits of celebrities of all eras that are published each month in DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE, it will prove a treasure-house of pleasure and profit for yourself and future generations. Each album has panels for two hundred portraits; and as the portraits are part of the regular contents of each number, they really cost you nothing, but their money value is over \$200. The Album will be sent you for fifty cents, including transportation. Send for one without delay.

## Thanksgiving Day.

THE cold gray sky broods dark on field and hill,  
The singing children of the woods have fled,  
The hermit thrush's golden chime is still,  
The happy haunters of the grass are dead;  
The world is hushed with numb November's chill.

But in the spacious farmhouse, lo! the glare  
Of the hospitable hearth, and on the board  
The rich abundance of Thanksgiving fare,  
The year-long savings of the housewife's hoard,—  
A harvest-home, though all the fields are bare.

Here sits the graybeard sire, and at his side  
The youngest of his line, a prattling child;  
And there the husband by the new-made bride;  
And next the low-browed lily maiden mild,  
The soldier son, stern-featured, eagle-eyed.

From far they come by many parted ways  
To meet once more beneath the ancient roof,  
Dear ever with the love of childhood's days;  
And here again life's severed warp and woof  
Are joined, and time's swift wing a moment stays.

And memory makes the old man young again,  
He tells the oft-told tale, the outworn jest.  
Outdoor the snow falls fast on hill and plain,  
The distant church-clock tolls the hour of rest.  
And thanks are offered Heaven,—not in vain.

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

## "Sweet Idleness."

(See Full-Page Gravure.)

THE poets of old talked of "The pains and penalties of idleness," and exercised their muse in stringing many rhymes to prove the dire disasters that follow upon idle hours:

"For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

But in our day there is a growing recognition of both the necessity and the benefit of that *dolce far niente* which brings healing and strength to exhausted nerves and brains.

The graceful damozels of our beautiful full-page gravure for this month, who linger in "Sweet Idleness," are studying from the snail his philosophy of life. The original is from the easel of Mr. Perugini, who married the younger daughter of Charles Dickens. Both husband and wife are successful artists, and occupy an enviable position in London's artistic world.

## Our \$100 Prize for Photographs.

THE \$100 prize offered by the publisher of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE for the finest collection of photographic views has been awarded to Mr. Alvaro Adsit, for those sent with the article "A Day on an Ice-Field," published in the Magazine for last July.





OUR NEW PREMIUM FOR 1895.  
A Great Work by a Great Master.

## Our New Premium for 1895.

### DE LONGPRÉ'S ROSES.



BLACK-AND-WHITE representation of a colored picture gives, at best, only a hint of its beauty; and the above does no more justice to our superb premium for 1895 than a pen-and-ink sketch does to a beautiful girl in the pride and splendor of her youth. Indeed, in this magnificent group of roses, glowing in their rich ruby tints, sunlight gold, and dawn-hued pink, there is a sweet suggestion of pure maidenhood. De Longpré is the most celebrated of modern flower-painters; and this wonderful picture of royally splendid roses is his *chef-d'œuvre*. As if just plucked and carelessly thrown together, they lie before you, glistening with the dew and freshness of early morning. This superb painting (the price of which was \$350) has been reproduced so exactly that the artist himself could not tell his own handiwork from our reproduction; and one of these exquisite oil-pictures will be given to every subscriber to DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for 1895. The picture is 16½ x 24 inches, one of the very best sizes for wall decoration, the size known among art-dealers as "the gem." And a "gem" you will find it in every way.

Each year, in presenting its subscribers with these magnificent premium pictures, DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE has sought to surpass its record. Our old subscribers do not need to be told that we have always done so; and they will find our new premium superior to all that have gone before. New subscribers will also receive one of these grand pictures. And this is not all. With each number of the Magazine, we publish a superb reproduction of a beautiful oil or water-color picture, by a celebrated artist; therefore in subscribing for DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE you not only subscribe for the best of magazines, but for a gallery of the loveliest pictures extant.



"JUST MY PIE."  
In Gilt Frame.

Hereafter, the price for either a gilt or white-and-gold frame for the Magazine pictures (inside frame measurement 8½ x 11½ inches) will be 25 cents. Frame "Just My Pie" and hang it in your dining-room.





# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

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

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—NOVEMBER.

## PATTERN ORDER,

Entitling holder to a Pattern, will be found at bottom of page 71.

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

THIS month and in future the directions for each pattern named in the Pattern Order will be printed on the envelope containing the Pattern, which will also bear a special illustration of the design.

VERY sumptuous are the house-gowns and all those prepared for social functions this winter, while gowns for street-wear, shopping, walking, and traveling, will be marked by severe simplicity. The question of drapery is most decidedly answered by its almost entire absence from all imported models.

The new fabrics are so rich and beautiful in color and texture that all trimming is superfluous on them, and there will be even fewer trimmed skirts worn than last year. However, as the ingenuity of the modiste must be exercised in some way, she varies this monotony, now and again, by the addition of panels on one or both sides of the skirt, or by an arrangement of plaits which serve for the introduction of bows, rosettes, large, ornamental buttons, and appliqués of passementerie or lace.

The corsage becomes more and more a work of art, and the labor lavished upon it would formerly have made a whole gown. Yet, in the most successful of these artistic creations, the elaboration is so cunningly concealed that the effect is simple, and only the initiated appreciate the skill of both designer and worker. Sleeves, also, are most intricate in construction, and consume enormous quantities of material. But the fashion is really not extravagant, for it is no longer *de rigueur* that the sleeve either match or even harmonize with the skirt or corsage. Many sleeves are draped and wound about the arm in intricate folds and puffs that defy imitation, and are the despair of the sleeve-maker whose task it is to make a pair alike. Some droop at the top letting the greatest fullness appear at the elbow, while others stand out enormously from the shoulders. For street-wear the *gigot*, full and large at the top, but fitting the forearm closely and extending well down onto the hand, is the approved model. Those of house-gowns and for all dressy occasions are shorter than heretofore.

A charming house and carriage gown is of dark blue faced-cloth over cherry silk which shows through the cut-work embroidery, a vine of which extends from waist to hem on the outside of the fipple folds in the back and at intervals around the front and sides. The skirt is seven yards wide, and the cherry silk underskirt is lined to the waist behind, and above the knees in front and on the sides, with horsehair crinoline. It is finished around the bottom with a band of black satin ribbon headed by gold galloon, but this is hardly seen even when the wearer moves. The corsage has a yoke and sleeves of black *mousseline de soie* over cherry silk, and the full blouse front of blue cloth is embroidered like the skirt, and also slashed over the bust to admit accordion-plaited *mousseline de soie*.

A beautiful heliotrope *crêpon* gown has a perfectly plain skirt. The full front and part of the back of the corsage are of striped moire,—light heliotrope and delicate green,—and the draped sleeves, which extend to the collar band in plaits fastened by jeweled buttons, are of *crêpon* with tiny cuffs of the moire.

For dressy gowns, more round, full waists are seen than all others. They are box-plaited or slashed or trimmed with appliqués in open designs through which a lining of contrasting color is seen. Accordion-plaited *chiffon* enters largely into the construction of these waists, and yokes of embroidery or lace are distinguishing features. Vandykes of guipure extend up from the girdle or down from the yoke, and between the slender points the plaited *chiffon* ripples out. Ribbons, also, especially in rosettes and coquettish bows, are used abundantly on the corsage, and they simulate the slashed waists, being beaded or spangled on the edges, and sewed across the yoke, with edges just touching, hanging thence to the girdle, over which they droop a little in the fashion of the French blouse. Plaited *chiffon*, *crêpe*, or lace is placed beneath, over a lining of contrasting color, and ripples out between the ribbons.

Combinations of gray and black, and black and white, make up some of the smartest gowns, and are sure to continue in favor through the winter; while black gowns of richest fabrics, relieved by a little color, continue to hold their own against every attempt to displace them. The new color, *bleuet*, in many shades, both delicate and intense, combines charmingly with black, and is much used for the very popular stock-collar, the girdle often matching it, and the



two forming a becoming relief to otherwise severely simple black gowns of *crepon*, silk, or alpaca.

The reign of the buckle has but just begun, and jewelers, quick to seize this appropriate object for the goldsmith's art, are displaying most fascinating ones for the neck in antique scroll designs set with precious stones. Some dainty things are studded solidly with seed pearls, and all are more modest in size than the Rhinestone and paste buckles which were sprung upon us last spring, and which clasped half the throat.

Our thanks are due Stern Bros. and Mme. O'Donovan for courtesies shown.



**A New Autumn Coat.**  
THE "STRATHMORE."

features being a return to moderate fullness in the skirt, which is usually cut in one with the waist, greater length,—some coming below the knees,—and absence of the very wide, full, and elaborate shoulder-trimmings of last season. Our model—the "Strathmore"—is shown in black, brown, and blue Meltons, and other heavy cloths. The garments are simply stitched on the edges, and fastened with horn, rubber, shell, and pearl buttons. They fit the figure snugly, having the usual seams in the back and one dart in front.

### For Dressy Functions.

A RICH dinner or reception gown of steel-gray moire with black polka-dots, trimmed with jetted lace. The corsage is the "Rosevane." It is slightly pointed, both back and front, and fitted trimly with the usual seams; the wide

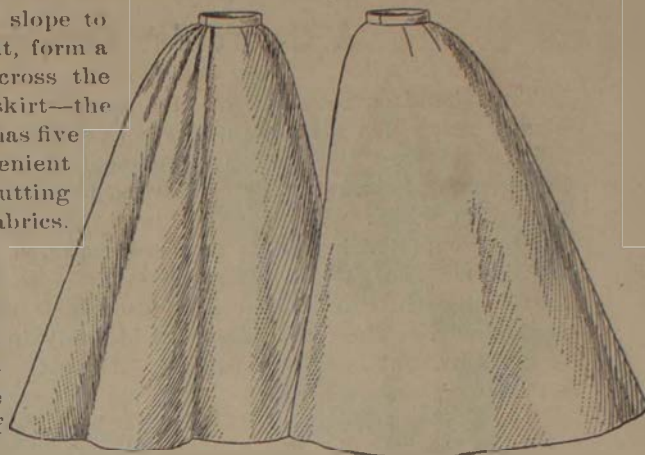
### A New Autumn Coat.

COATS continue to dispute favor with loose wraps and capes; and this must be expected so long as large sleeves and full shoulder-trimmings are worn. There is but little change in these from last season, the most marked



**For Dressy Functions.**  
ROSEVANE CORSAGE. GILBERT SKIRT.

revers, which slope to a point in front, form a deep collar across the back. The skirt—the "Gilbert"—has five gores of convenient width for cutting single-fold fabrics. A panel of jetted lace with black satin rosettes at wide intervals trims the right side of the skirt.



**A New Skirt.** THE "ORMOND."

### A New Skirt.

SKIRT models continue to be of very convenient form and great variety, so it is a simple matter to suit every material. Adaptations and variations of the circle skirt are still in great favor with some. For rich gowns the *godet* folds in the back will continue to be used, and all the shapes and styles bear this resemblance to one another: they hang without fullness in front, flare a little on the sides, and are very full in the back. Our new skirt—the "Ormond"—has but three breadths, and is therefore specially adapted for

double-fold fabrics. The front is very wide,—cut with a fold of the goods in the centre,—and the back breadths meet in a bias seam behind, which gives a graceful flare. The feminine mind is quite indifferent on the

subject of crinoline or no crinoline, and is about equally divided. Some women will not have an inch of it in their gowns, while others have all the back



**A Smart Fur Coat.**  
THE "ASQUAM." (See Page 52.)

terlined; promise by facing of crinoline. vas is very cloth skirts being sim- the gown



## A Smart Fur Coat.

(See Page 51.)

THIS handsome coat is of the new fur, caracal, which closely resembles astrakhan, but is as soft and pliable as velvet. The pattern is commended also for heavy, rough cloths, and the velvets, plushes, and rich silks which will be much used for visiting toilets, completed by skirts of black moire, velvet, or *crépon*. The pattern—the “Asquam”—has the usual seams in the back, and is fitted in front by single darts. The skirt flares considerably in the back seams, but is not so full as last season's umbrella skirt.

## An Attractive House-Waist.

THIS is a style that can be varied according to the wearer's inclination, and made very simple or very elaborate by the omission or addition of trimming. All the fancy silks, *crêpes*, and *crépons* are suitable for it. The yoke can be made of lace, passementerie, or velvet; or bands of insertion can be put on in the form of a yoke. The pattern—the “Ingalls”—is fulled both back and front over a fitted lining. The back is like the front, and shoulder-straps fastened by rosettes have the effect of holding the lower part in place. A plaited ruffle of *chiffon* covers the standing collar.



An Attractive House-Waist.  
THE “INGALLS.”

## For Autumn Visits.

A SMART gown of heliotrope-and-black *crépon*. The skirt is the “Ormond,” a new pattern, especially adapted to wide,

double-fold goods, as it has but three breadths,—a very wide front one and two in the back,—all gored, and fitted to the waist across the front and over the hips with darts. It is gracefully full in the back, and flares easily on the sides.

The corsage—the “Eastnor”—is fulled over a fitted lining, and has a plain yoke. The only trimming is a free use of black satin ribbon: it girdles the waist, falling in long ends on both sides, bands the yoke, and forms the full neck-band, which is a feature of many autumn gowns. Fancy velvet could be used for the yoke of this gown, and it would also be pretty covered with jet or butter-colored lace.



For Autumn Visits.  
EASTNOR WAIST. ORMOND SKIRT.

ONLY the smallest bonnets and toques are in good form for evening wear. A yard of ribbon with a feather, aigrette, or bunch of roses, will make a pretty bonnet.

this arrangement, which makes it an admirable pattern by which to remodel an old gown or combine short remnants. The chemisette and vest could be made of one material, as plaited *chiffon* or India silk, or black net over a color.



A Stylish House-Waist.  
THE “VIDENOR.”

For the theater and first cool days are short triple capes of cloth or velvet, the deepest cape reaching only to the waist, and all very full.



## Autumn Hats.

No. 1.—Gray felt hat, trimmed with black velvet, and black pompons spangled with steel.

No. 2.—Black felt round-hat, trimmed with clusters of ostrich-tips, two blackbird's wings, and velvet folds.



1. Gray Felt Hat.

## Smart Corsage Garnitures.

No. 1.—A stylish shoulder-cape of silver-gray *chiffon* mounted to leaf-like points of steel-and-jet passementerie, and finished on the edge with embroidered *chiffon*



2. Black Felt Hat.



3. Plaited Beaver Plaque.

ruffles. It extends straight across the back.

No. 2.—An arrangement of white lace and ribbon which can be added to any plain corsage. A becoming color of ribbon should be chosen, and the band around the throat matches



4. Theater Hat.

No. 3.—Walking-hat made of a large beaver plaque plaited to a *bandeau* to fit the head. A large white sea-gull with folds of gray velvet forms the trimming.



3. A Graceful Garniture.

wider lace be used it can be laid in soft folds over the bust.

No. 3.—A graceful corsage-trim-  
ming which can be added permanently or made adjustable. The materials are heliotrope *crêpe*, with pearl passementerie for the edges of the revers, and Bruges lace. The *crêpe* forms a full vest, and the lace and revers are brought down under the arms behind. The girdle and neck-band may be of heliotrope or white ribbon, as is most becoming.

2. Garniture of Lace and Ribbon.

No. 4.—  
Theater-  
hat. A

huge, jetted bug forms the slight foundation upon which wing-like bows of black gauze with a few loops of rose-red ribbon are mounted. Strings of rose-red ribbon.





## Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 54.)

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





### Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 54.)

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



MANY skirts of fancy silk or *crêpon* are completed with *chiffon*-draped waists.

LARGE girls, from twelve to fourteen, wear small-low-crowned round hats, trimmed with many rosettes or loops of ribbon, and stiff *coq* feathers.

THERE is a marked absence of revers from the dressiest waists, yoke effects being preferred. All revers are smaller and confined to tailor-gowns, coats, and jackets.

LITTLE folk of four or less wear the quaint Normandy bonnets of shirred bengaline, or else very large soft beaver or felt hats trimmed with cream-white satin ribbon.

THE short fur jacket of sealskin or Persian lamb, buttoning in front or opening over a full vest of velvet and reaching only to the waist, is distinctly smart, and will not become common.

## Descriptions of the Designs on the Supplement.

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

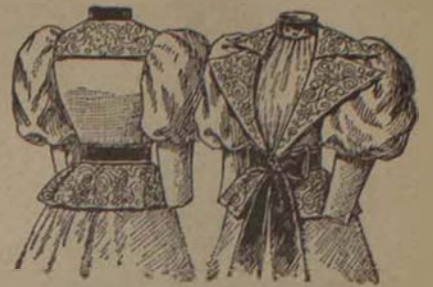
THE designs on our Supplement are selected from the most reliable foreign sources, and also represent popular fashions here. They furnish suggestions for draperies, trimmings, combinations, etc.,—in fact, for every detail of the fashionable toilet,—and the models are so practical, and in many instances 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.—Traveling-wrap of Scotch plaid reversible cloth, trimmed with fur.
- 2.—Diamond-set brooch with pink pearl in center.
- 3.—Golf-ball stick-pin.
- 4.—Scarf-pin with large black pearl.
- 5.—Blue faced-cloth gown trimmed with blue-and-gold *soutache*, and opened in the front to disclose underskirt or dark red silk.
- 6.—Betrothal ring set with pink pearls and diamonds.
- 7.—Visiting-gown of blue-gray moiré, trimmed with insertions of black lace underlaid with white satin.
- 8.—Bow-knot brooch set with sapphires.
- 9.—Brown *crêpon* house-gown with girdle of black satin ribbon, and revers drapery of *beurre* lace.
- 10.—Back view of No. 9.
- 11.—Gold merry-thought brooch set with pearls.
- 12.—Gold-cloak of double-faced cloth, dark blue with bright plaid.
- 13.—Princess cloak of black *velours du Nord* trimmed with chinchilla fur.
- 14.—Gold brooch set with pearls and diamonds.
- 15.—Gold brooch set with diamonds and emeralds.
- 16.—Walking-gown of moiré Persian lamb, with waistcoat and revers of sealskin. The short jacket will be a favorite fur garment, with skirts of cloth, *crêpon*, or silk.
- 17.—Diamond-set coronet brooch.
- 18.—Graceful house-gown for middle-aged or elderly women, of black moiré, or any fancy black or dark silk. Bands of inch-and-a-half black moiré ribbon embroidered on the edge with beads or spangles trim the waist.
- 19.—Linked-hearts brooch set with moonstones surrounded with pearls.
- 20.—Walking-gown of black-and-white checked homespun, with black velvet waistcoat.
- 21.—Visiting-gown of bottle-green velvet, trimmed with mink tails. A bertha of Venetian guipure and a girdle of ivory satin fastened by a Rhinestone buckle complete the costume.
- 22.—Heliotrope and black *crêpon* over changeable taffeta of same colors, with revers and plastron of heliotrope velvet, and bows of black satin ribbon.
- 23.—Gold brooch set with diamonds and sapphires.
- 24.—Tan-colored faced-cloth, trimmed with bands of passementerie and mink tails; revers of brown velvet.
- 25.—Visiting-gown of fancy moiré, trimmed with guipure insertion.
- 26.—Gold brooch set with emeralds, pearls, and diamonds.
- 27.—Visiting-gown of gray *crêpon*, with bodice of accordion-plaited white *chiffon* under jetted lace. Girdle of black moiré ribbon.
- 28.—House-gown of silk-and-wool novelty cloth; sleeve-puffs, girdle, and stock-collar of harmonizing silk, and bertha of *beurre* lace.
- 29.—Walking-gown of gray covert cloth trimmed with heavy *soutache*, plum-colored satin vest.
- 30.—Sealskin coat.
- 31.—Gold brooch and pendant set with moonstones and pearls.
- 32.—Pearl-set brooch.
- 33.—Coat of *velours du Nord* with collar and cuffs of caracal.
- 34.—Visiting-gown; skirt of black-and-white striped silk, and corsage of accordion-plaited white *chiffon*; revers of Venetian guipure underlaid with black satin; stock-collar of American Beauty red *crêpe*; girdle of black satin.
- 35.—Dinner-gown of striped gray moiré, with steel trimming.
- 36.—Gown of mixed *crêpon*—blue and red—with trimming of *beurre* lace and blue satin rosettes.
- 37.—Pearl-set bow-knot brooch.
- 38.—House-gown of brown *crêpon* trimmed with black passementerie and guipure lace.
- 39.—Tailor-gown of bottle-green cloth, trimmed with black braid and cord.
- 40.—Black velvet wrap with collar of gray moiré, trimmed with feather bands.
- 41.—Reception-gown of fancy *glacé* silk; girdle of jetted passementerie and sash of Pompadour ribbon.
- 42.—Visiting-gown of green-and-black striped silk, with panels of cream satin and trimming of passementerie. Wrap of *velours du Nord* trimmed with jet.
- 43.—Betrothal gift. Pendant or brooch of linked hearts set with diamonds.
- 44.—Rose-colored *crêpon* tea-gown.
- 45.—Gold brooch set with diamonds and pink pearls.
- 46.—Visiting-gown of black moiré with hairline stripes of *bleuet*; full corsage of *bleuet chiffon* under jacket of black-velvet; sleeve-caps to match skirt.
- 47.—Walking-gown of gray-and-black plaided wool.
- 48.—Black-*crêpon* reception-gown, trimmed with Venetian guipure.
- 49.—Walking-gown of puce-colored faced-cloth.
- 50.—Dinner or reception-gown of black moiré trimmed with Venetian guipure.
- 51.—Evening-gown of cream-colored *chiffon* over rose-colored satin, and trimmed with *beurre* lace.
- 52.—Mouse-colored velvet gown trimmed with bands of jetted white satin.

## Standard Patterns.



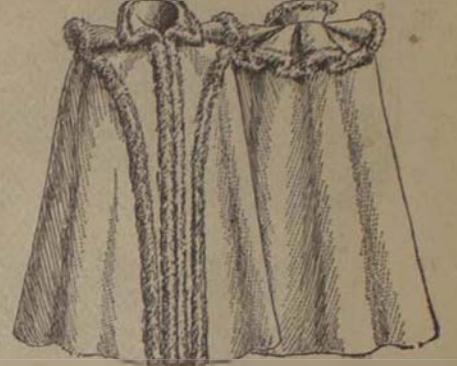
Percival Basque.



Drucelia Basque.



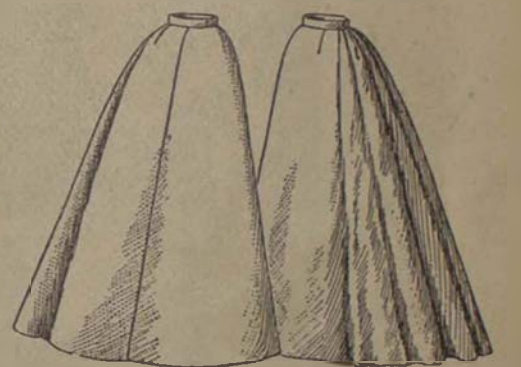
Muscovite Top-Coat.



Apsley Mantle.



Melrose Jacket.



Gilbert Skirt.



Charlton Waist.



Marko Waist.



Laurens Coat.



Falicita Dress.



Cythila Coat.



Gladwold Jacket.

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.

## For Warmth and Comfort.

THIS cozy coat is so jaunty and comfortable that we commend it to mothers for the standard garment needed for everyday use. It is of heavy *bourette* cloth, nut-brown in





**For Warmth and Comfort.**  
MAVIS COAT.

### Simple and Becoming.

A PRETTY corsage for simple home evening-gowns of cashmere and challie, which are also useful for little visits, and concerts or the theater. The full "baby" waist is completed by a velvet yoke of harmonizing or contrasting color, and the sleeve-puffs match the yoke. Brocaded ribbon or rich passementerie may be used for the girdle, collar, and sleeve-bands. This is very pretty made of mastic-colored cashmere combined with olive-green or sapphire velvet and Persian ribbon. The pattern—the "Thyrwell"—is in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.

color, and fits the figure trimly in the back, where there are the usual seams, all flaring in the skirt to give sufficient fullness. The double-breasted fronts are without darts, which is a convenient fashion for little folk, as the garments are not so soon outgrown. The double shoulder-capes give great warmth, while adding little to the weight; and they can be made removable, so as to be left off on warmer days. The pattern is the "Mavis," and it is in sizes for ten and twelve years.



**Simple and Becoming.**  
THYRWELL WAIST.

### Serviceable and Warm.

HEAVY, blue-gray Melton is the fabric of this cozy coat, enveloped in which it would be impossible for Jack Frost's stinging arrows to reach the sensitive little body. Service and comfort are the pronounced features of the style, though the full plaits in the skirt, the circular shoulder-caps, and the hood give it quite a smart air. The pattern—the "Kenneth"—is fitted to the figure in the back, where the skirt is put on in box-plaits; and the fronts—all in one piece—are laid in plaits at the neck. This model is commended for everyday wear and for long journeys by land or sea. The pattern is in sizes for six and eight years.

### An Autumn Frock.

CHANGEABLE, silk-and-wool novelty goods is the fabric of this cunning little frock. Its bright color, blue and red with red polka-dots, is toned down by insertions of black lace. The full skirt—which may be lined or unlined, according to personal fancy—is gathered to the round waist, which is



**Serviceable and Warm.**  
KENNETH COAT.

plaited, both back and front, over a fitted lining, and laps, surplice fashion, in front. The little shoulder-cape extends across the back. The pattern—the "Inchvale"—is suitable for the fancy silks and dressy wools used for dancing-school gowns and informal visits. It is in sizes for eight and ten years.

### A Neat School-Gown.

SERGE, cashmere, and all the light-weight wools are suitable fabrics for this attractive little gown. The original is of nut-brown cashmere, trimmed with fancy braid in the Persian colors. The straight, full skirt is gathered to the "baby" waist, which is fulled—both back and front—to a fitted lining; and the shoulder ruffle meets in the back as



**An Autumn Frock.**  
THE "INCHVALE."

in front. The pattern—the "Perdita"—is in sizes for six and eight years of age; it is commended also for the heavy cotton fabrics which are worn in the South most of the winter.



**A Neat School-Gown.**  
THE "PERDITA."



## The Stupendous Curse of Alcohol and Imperative Necessity for Prohibition.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

OUR civilization is now in the throes of a monster struggle which threatens the very foundation of the government, and the danger of defeat lies in our being misled, cheated, and deluded by apathy and insensibility, from which we must arouse with alacrity if our country is to be saved from anarchy and destruction. Nothing now can save the country from the desolating curse of alcoholic poisoning but a moral and political revolution, which must come soon. Patriotism, inspired by high and noble desires for our country's welfare, justly demands the vigorous policy of Prohibition. The toleration and legal protection given to the malignant moral cancer of alcoholic poison show the government's base betrayal of the people's interests; this is seen in the vile use made of the sovereign power delegated to the government for the protection of the life and health of its citizens. This power is now being ignominiously used and prostituted by the government to encourage its worst enemies in destroying the virtue and property, even the very lives, of the people. Certainly, no moral turpitude or injury can equal this for enormity, and there is no treason so dangerous as this subserviency of the government to the liquor traffic. It is worse than acquiescence in the crime and injury, or even being accessory to it; it is actual participation in the diabolical work of enticing people to their destruction.

And who but the voters are most responsible for this? This is the all-important question now before the country, and it cannot be much longer ignored or evaded. Moral principles must be applied to the machinery of politics in government, and the people must be made to realize their own duplicity, as well as the treachery of the liquor fraternity. It is their votes that make the government, therefore all the real responsibility rests on the voters.

The avalanche of political power that is to hurl this monster evil of alcoholic poison into an abyss of annihilation, it may be, a Hades of retribution, is coming,—must come! We must wipe this terrible incubus and curse off the face of the earth, if we would have immunity from this foulest, vilest, and most prolific source of crime and degradation that the world has ever endured.

Our success in this emergency will largely depend on the application of moral force and practical methods. We must have faith and courage to believe that a combination and determination of the people to oppose this monster injury, with all the force of a vitalized conscience and a concentrated purpose, will prove an effective whirlwind of energy to send this curse into a sea of oblivion. And this can only be done at the ballot-box, when the people become inspired with heroic moral principles.

Very often first impulses, pride and passions, the fallacy of perverted reasonings, through moral delinquency, will lead people into a labyrinth of danger and difficulty. The sequel may be a tornado of evil consequences that will sweep all virtue and material interests into a vortex of destruction.

The mental and moral obliquity that now overspreads our whole country, together with the awful crimes, the misery, and the damaging consequences of alcoholic poisoning in the community, are illustrations of this reasoning.

It does not require much thought or moral sense to learn these facts, if we contemplate the unfathomable depths of degradation to which this curse has brought the people,—jeopardizing all their material interests. It is a standing menace to every phase of mental, moral, and religious progress. Nor is it possible to fully realize, or give an

adequate idea of, the terrible misery, the destitution, and the blackness of the crimes that now pervade society, and all brought about through this appetite for alcoholic liquors and the inordinate cupidity that sacrifices its victims.

No character is too high, no cause too sacred, and no influence too good, to be entirely free from this contaminating, desolating curse.

Gaunt destitution and misery in thousands of homes; cruelties, tears, and agony brought upon numberless faithful wives and helpless children; brutal and bloated semblances of manhood, and examples of lost and degraded womanhood; horrible acts of criminal violence and debauchery,—these, in conjunction with outrages that, if we could witness them, would make the blood run cold with horror, are the daily and hourly results in all our large cities, and all is the direct outcome of this hideous vice.

Nor can we fathom the national loss which is included in the destruction of property that this toleration and vicious indulgence in intoxicating liquors occasions; besides, there is the enormous tax on the resources of industry, which now paralyzes and destroys the vital energies of the people to such an extent that every business, trade, and profession is demoralized by it, and hard times are inevitable.

This would be more apparent if we could but transfer these hard-earned, and worse than wasted, resources of the people into the regular channels of trade,—if we could have the two thousand millions which the liquor traffic costs the people, distributed for the necessities and luxuries of life. This would bring a healthy, successful business revolution to astonish the world. It would set the wheels of our industrial machinery revolving with such an increased velocity that all departments of trade and commerce would require a double force to run them.

The demand for productions of all kinds would make such a pressure upon our industrial resources that wages would rapidly advance, money would flow freely into all the channels of trade, in such an abundance that all our ordinary facilities and opportunities would be stimulated with an extraordinary amount of enterprise, and business prosperity would necessarily follow.

This activity would call for all the resources of the people to supply the new and increased demand; so that everybody would be in a state of exultation over the good times, and there would be new confidence, new enterprises, and a brilliant development of successful business interests everywhere. Capital and labor would join in a fraternal embrace. Strikes and lockouts would become obsolete, as all would act in harmony, fostered by universal prosperity.

This is no mere chimerical idea or overdrawn picture of what is sure to occur when Prohibition becomes the settled policy of the nation. Prohibition of the liquor traffic is just as certain to make prosperous times and boom all the trade and industrial interests of the country, as the sun is, through its light and heat, to bless the world with its genial influence.

No intelligent person with a conscientious mind can evade or dispute these facts, or fail to be influenced by them; and it will be only those who promptly and decidedly act on the line of entire Prohibition who can free themselves from the charge of personal responsibility for the loss the country suffers, or the horrors that the liquor traffic produces.

All this goes to prove that we must have Prohibition to secure the benefits of universal prosperity and the moral renovation that will surely follow. But if we refuse to avail ourselves of this source of redemption from this frightful curse, if through our political opportunities we fail to secure Prohibition, if we indulge in the vain hope that any "moderation," any license, any governmental control, or moral suasion only, or any other temporizing or dallying with this



fiendish enemy of all good will suffice, we may be sure that an avalanche of crime, pauperism, debauchery, and a general demoralization of every department of our present civilization will surely follow, carrying our country down in a gloom of death from which there will be but little hope for a resurrection; therefore we *must* have entire Prohibition through political action.

The liquor traffic is now intrenched in politics, and it is there we must meet it; so unless the people, in the majesty of their political power, are aroused to combine in one grand, united phalanx of opposition, and through the virtue there is in the ballot hurl these autocratic despoilers, this piratical horde of unscrupulous liquor-dealers and their sympathizers and abettors, into an abyss of annihilation, there is nothing left but certain anarchy and destruction for our country.

The moral revolution and the grand results of Prohibition can only be brought about by the united effort of an earnest, determined people, with their combined will and purpose, without compromise, concentrated and crystallized into votes at the ballot-box.

This makes an imperative necessity for a distinctive Prohibition party,—a party composed of conscientious and determined voters,—a party not only combined to secure just law, but a party with moral and political power to enforce the law for entire Prohibition, without compromise or conciliation.

## Food For Reflection.

(A speech delivered by Mr. JOHN G. WOOLLEY, before the Cincinnati, O., M. E. Conference, Sept. 6, 1894.)

If my heart were the speaker today, you should not want for eloquence. I was born into this church, in this conference, as were also my father and my mother. The bones of my grandparents lie in this soil. Here my school-days began and ended; here I found and married the bravest woman in the world.

From Collinsville, my birthplace, to Wilmington, has been a long journey, terrible in its wastes and losses, awful in its disappointments and perils, unspeakable in its heartaches; but I have come back,—back from traveling in far countries, back from riotous living, back from husks and shame and swine.

I did not offer myself to speak to you. Your committee invited me to come and say something about the saloon. It was not easy to come; but if it had been much more difficult I should have accepted the invitation, for with respect to the cause for which I am so glad and proud to stand, or any noble labor, almost the nearest thing to victory is the Methodist Church. As touching myself personally, I know of nothing more like fame than being counted fit to direct, for a space, the thought and prayer of the Cincinnati Conference upon this greatest reform of these greatest days.

## LONG STORY BUT ENDS WELL.

I will get about my errand directly. If I speak with unconventional plainness you will be patient with me, for my heart hurts; and you would not wonder if I were to tell you all. I will not; it is a long story, pitiful, sinful, but it ends well,—a great point in a story.

I have the advantage, or disadvantage, of not knowing how a single man in the conference votes. But the matter is political, and I, for one, am very glad of it, and hope and expect that it will perplex, derange, and engross politics until the right wins; for of the future peace, prosperity, and perpetuity of this country, "other political foundation can no man lay than is laid in Jesus Christ," the infinite victim and enemy of the liquor traffic.

## THE DRINK DEVIL ON A HIGH MOUNTAIN.

The time seems inauspicious for a calm survey of the subject. The country is feverish, the great parties are on tiptoe, one in expectation of victory, the other in apprehension of defeat, and

the saloon has votes to let, and the candidate or party that gets them must insure or ignore the life of the saloon.

The drink devil has taken the Republican Christian up into a very high mountain and shown him the electoral vote of all the Northern States of the Union, and said, "All these things will I give you if you will simply ignore me in politics." And he has appeared to the Democratic Christian in the wilderness, faint, hungry, and confused, and said, "All you have to do is to say the word, and the saloon vote, the rocks and shards and wreckage of the blackest wilderness and woe of life, shall be loaves and fishes and spoils and power for you." And he has taken labor to the brink of ruin and said, "Cast thyself down and tempt capital to play the angel and fly to succor you."

## CONSCIENCE POLITICALLY VOICELESS.

This happens at a time when conscience is politically voiceless except in the dwarfish and sharp-tongued Prohibition party, which makes it difficult for me to speak frankly and yet avoid the charge of being a promoter of a party propaganda. I am not that, as you shall see; but I intend to speak the plain, unvarnished truth without fear or favor of any man or any party.

The naked truth is an awesome thing if one is unaccustomed to it or of a prudish turn, and there is something in our political atmosphere that makes many excellent people so skittish that it is well-nigh impossible to get them to stand while it passes; and others get used to it so easily that they seem scarcely to see it at all. On this account I am constrained to be as plain as poverty, as unpartisan as alcohol, and as unsectarian as sin.

There is great confusion as to what is partisan. Doubtless if one were to speak in Tammany Hall from the text "Thou shalt not steal," he would be thought offensively partisan,—and perhaps it would be so.

## TRUTH LIKE A LIMITED EXPRESS.

Let us, to begin with, be perfectly frank and very charitable; but let it be the understanding that this train will run into anything that is "on the track." Truth crosses the highways of this world "at grade," neither burrows nor balloons, rings no bell, blows no whistle, has no flagman, semaphores, block-systems, nor colored lights; and if your party balks today on a crossing, you would better dismount, no matter though it be "a thoroughbred" with a matchless "record," or, if you get your feelings hurt, lay it, in simple justice, to your own contributory negligence.

The track is laid; I did not lay it. The wire is overhead; I did not stretch it. I lift up my soul in silent prayer as a trolley, turn on the current for all there is in it of light and power, set the rheostat wide open, and throw the crank away.

## A THREADBARE BUSINESS.

I should offend against your intelligence, insult the church of our fathers, and prove my personal inadequacy for this task so graciously assigned and this privilege so gratefully acknowledged, if in this presence I should spend a minute in the threadbare and obsolete business of denouncing the liquor traffic. Compared to that it were a thing of deep philosophy to carry coals to Newcastle. One can almost pity the saloon, it is so unanimously despised; and there is no depth of its awful work that the Methodist Church has not sounded. There is no wound that it has made into which the Methodist Church has not tried to pour its precious sweet wine and oil.

## METHODISTS CHANGE COLOR ON ELECTION DAY.

There is no need to go back of the record. "The liquor traffic can never be licensed without sin;" that is the Methodist interpretation of the voice of God, and the finest sentence in the language of this reform,—so far. Of the colors she flies and her status upon the technically moral aspect of the subject, the Methodist Church may well be proud. No Methodist man deals in the drink except some very careful or very negligent physician, some belated druggist or greedy pharmaceutical hypocrites, and our homes are clean, in the main. No alcohol sacrament, so far as I know, jeopardizes a redeemed drunkard in a Methodist Church, but on election day the "visible church" becomes "invisible," and drowns like a chameleon upon the bar of a saloon; for



saloons are creatures of license, licenses are creatures of law, laws are creatures of legislatures, legislatures are creatures of political parties, and the parties that stand for license, or non-intervention, contain ninety per cent. of the Methodist vote.

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH DISSECTED.

Now if I were going to use any anæsthetic, here is the place to administer it ; for I am about to say something very disagreeable. It is easy, tempting, in fact, to say handsome things about the attitude of the Methodist Church upon this subject, but it is time the truth be spoken. We have for so long called it a Prohibition Church that we have almost come to believe it ; as we cannot afford to believe a lie, let us take an account of stock and get at the "truth in the inward parts."

First.—The corporation, that soulless, bodiless, ineffectual phantom, the legal fiction that has no voice but its seal, and can speak only into warm wax, while sincerity means *sine cera*,—without wax,—the technical "Church," that might, by some defective notice or other functional lapse, die and be dead a thousand years and its closest adherent never suspect the fact, that is for Prohibition.

Second.—The woman membership, the motherhood, wifehood, sisterhood, the chief at suffering and praying and paying, the industrially efficient but politically submerged and voteless four-fifths of the church, that is for Prohibition.

And last and least, the small, active, ineffectual, pestiferous minority who habitually throw their votes away, that is for Prohibition.

But the great, practical, influential, respectable, masterful, voting Church is the unswerving, intolerant, unreasoning, incorrigible patron of license, in moral, legal, political, civil, and criminal effect.

I should be a great fool, by making this statement, to cancel my welcome among you and banish any hope of good by my coming, if it were not true ; and though it be true I am well aware I shall hardly escape the accusation of malignity to the Church, but I really honor her and you by going straight at the bones of the subject.

#### A SUPPOSED ENEMY OF THE CHURCH.

I speak the simple truth when I say that if the average Methodist man were to go gunning for the enemies of the Church he would be rather more liable to shoot a Prohibitionist than a saloon-keeper. I ought not to assert that carelessly, but I do it by a process learned from my mother, many years ago, under circumstances so impressive as to admit of no doubt of its fundamental correctness. When I came home undrowned, but with my hair wet, and my shirt wrong side out, and testified at the inquest that I had not been near the river, she invariably held, upon the weight of the evidence, that while I had been mercifully preserved by a kind providence from a watery grave, there were basic defects in my method of approaching truth. Her system had its drawbacks, doubtless, but I know from private advices not to be gainsaid, that she rarely arrived at an untenable position.

#### SINNING UNDER PROTEST.

Our splendid declarations are the compositions of extreme men against which the spirit and traditions of Methodism forbid the more conservative to fight, but do not express the real present sentiment of the body, which is, approximately, this : The liquor traffic can never be licensed without sin, but, on the other hand, the Republican party can never be kept alive without license ; therefore sin under protest, but stay with the majority, "for if any man sin he has an advocate with the Father," "for it must needs be that offenses come, and woe unto him by whom they come ;" but once they have come, license the villain until you can kill him by his own vote. That, as I understand it, is a kind of ecclesiastical echo of the Republican party ; and it is contemptible for the Methodist Church to be an echo of anything but the voice of God.

#### FALSE ASSUMPTION.

It improves a resolution to have the resolvers *mean* it. There are several answers to this : First, That the Methodist Church does mean what it says, but that its deliverances must receive a reasonable interpretation ; that it is impossible immediately to

promulgate or enforce the right in this behalf ; that while the Republican party is not openly committed to Prohibition, but is, speaking in general terms, a license party, it yet contains a great majority of the Prohibition sentiment, and has done more than any other party for that cause in a local way ; that its general trend and outlook are in the direction of ultimate Prohibition ; that Democratic success is a thing greatly to be dreaded, not only on this one account, but on many others ; and that, therefore, the real, sincere meaning of the resolutions, as well as the plain duty of the Church, is to maintain the somewhat, though insufficiently, advanced position of the Republican party, by its votes, until by its precepts it can build up the public sentiment to the height of covering at one stride the distance between the high-priced harlotry of Republican party virtue and the sanctified purity of Methodist desire. That, in short, the business of the Church is to educate the Republican party to Prohibition, and I say frankly, I think that might be done ; but not with such a teacher. *A Christianity that consents when sinners entice it will never convert them from error.* A judge who takes bribes openly can never hope to bring about a pure judiciary ; and putting the whole subject on the single basis of education, I say that a Christian man—clergyman or layman—is guilty of abominable impudence in teaching the world in general to vote the way he does not in particular. A Republican preacher can lead his flock no higher politically than Republican politics, and that is no higher than a dramseller can reach standing flat-footed. The utmost of a Democratic preacher's power, politically, is to make Democrats. The man who is to teach Prohibition to the world must be a Prohibitionist, brain, brawn, and ballot. And the great problem for the church is to get fit to preach Christ to the political parties.

Here is food for reflection. Do not be angry at me ; it is not worth while. Think it over. The weight and brains and votes of the Methodist Church, from the bishops to the last class of probationers, is in favor of the Republican party ; and the Republican party's nightmare is the dread of growing too decent to be congenial to saloon keepers. My charge against it is not perfidy so much as superfdy, or, in other words, not so much that it has betrayed the Church as that it has won and deserved the abiding confidence of the liquor traffic.

#### REPUBLICAN PARTY FOR LICENSE.

Every Republican platform this autumn declares or will declare for a licensed saloon in terms as clear as language can invent ; for in the light of blazing property fired by drink-crazed mobs, and flaming hell fire of drink curling around the pyres of martyred loves and pillaged homes, in the light of our criminal records, the reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, the teachings of the schools, the voices of the pulpit and the press, the agitations of the salvation army and the temperance societies, the petitions of the people, aghast at the copartnership of piety and piracy under license laws, silence in a platform is only another spelling of saloon.

Every Republican State ticket this autumn, and the national ticket two years hence, will nominate in a blank space—white in the glare of campaign *flambeaux*, but black as Erebus in the white light of truth—its perennial but nameless candidate, the saloon.

#### WILL NEVER VOTE THAT TICKET.

Vote for it if you will, and I'll not rail at you ; but, God helping me, you shall never again say you did not think about it. And as for myself, I make no claim of being cast in an heroic mold, but I would let this right hand rot in stocks or be gnawed off by rats before I would vote for it.

I say nothing about the Democratic party ; it bids openly and above-board for the support of the criminal classes. But whichever party of the two mounts the people's throne, the double-faced bawd of modern Babylon—the liquor traffic—does the civic purple too, and carries on her damnable commerce in the very sittings of the courts of law.

#### GENERAL FISK'S HEAD ON A CHARGER.

Prophets of God have come and gone, and lain in the horrid limbo of public obloquy, and gone to political and social death for meddling with the hideous concubinage of crime and power. Upon election days the saloon, eldest-born daughter of the



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

**Rambler**  
BICYCLES.

ONE MILE  
**WORLD'S 1.51 RECORD!**

FLYING  
Good bearings and "fastest tires on earth"—  
"G. & J. PNEUMATIC TIRES"  
THAT'S THE SECRET.

Catalogue free at any Rambler agency.  
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., CHICAGO.  
Boston. Washington. New York. Brooklyn. Detroit.

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

THE ONLY COCOA  
WITH RICH CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

**PHILLIPS'**  
DIGESTIBLE **Cocoa**

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



**Linden Bloom Souvenir Booklet**  
"How to Choose  
and use Perfumes,"

Interests and instructs in Toilet Culture. By mail 4 cents, including free sample Face Powder.

**For CHRISTMAS GIFTS**

Send \$1, \$1.50 or \$2 for large cut glass bottle of "EASTERN STAR" Perfume. Single ounce 50 cents, by mail or of Druggists.

**FOOTE & JENKS, Perfumers, Jackson, Mich.**

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

scarlet consort, dances before the sovereign, who, blazing with lust and the delights of power, calls the dancer and says, "Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt and I will give it." And she replies, instructed by her mother, "Bring me the head of a Clinton B. Fisk upon a charger." And the voting Church, except a handful of despised fanatics, attend the executioner, and do his bidding, and cry, "Long live Herodias!"

Do you resent my saying that? It is easy to settle. Look at this State. You have here Republicanism and Methodism, both at their best, and the top-notch of your progress makes the State accessory, both before and after the fact, to every saloon in Ohio.

#### THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Let no one say I malign the Republican party. I do not. I think it has been honest and braver than the voting Methodist Church, in proportion to its professions. It has never claimed to be in sympathy with the Church's resolutions, and has simply gone its way, using nothing more than the finesse that was necessary to its end,—office,—and not contrary to political morality upon its lowest planes.

It is a humiliating thought that the parties who require to keep the saloon and the Church together with them have to bait the saloon, but the Church follows; and that while we put Prohibition at the front of our political creed, we inhibit it to a party that will not touch it. I make no charge against the Republican party. If I say a woman is no gentleman, I make no criticism, but state a fact.

(Continued on page 60.)



## What Leads You

to use the imitations of Pearlina? Some trifling prize, cheap prices, or because the grocer or peddler says "same as" or "as good as?" What do these amount to, if your things are ruined in the

washing? They may be. And you can't see the damage that a dangerous washing compound is doing, until

the damage is done; with the poorest, that takes some time. With these imitations that nobody knows about, you have to take your own risk. Be on the safe side, and use only the original—Pearline. Millions of women can tell about that. Ask some of them, and satisfy yourself. Get their experience.

Send

it Back

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

362

JAMES PYLE, New York.

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



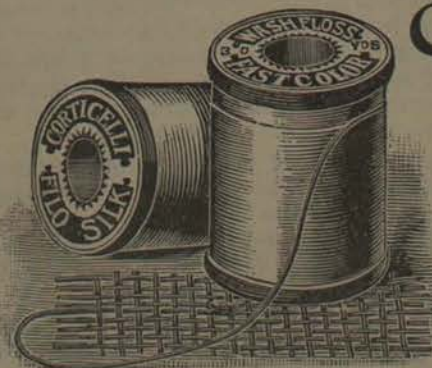
ONE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

## Beautiful Shades Of Light

all about 50 shapes and 200 styles of exquisite silk lamp shades free for a stamp—A book of superb engravings.

BOSTON ART LAMP SHADE CO., 1 West Street, near Washington Street, Boston.

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



## Corticelli Filo Silk.

This variety of Wash Silk is popular on account of high lustre and beautiful dyes. Being loosely twisted, the best way to buy it is on spools which keep the silk clean and prevent shop wear and fraying. In this way you save time and money by avoiding waste and inconvenience, at the same time improving your workmanship. Corticelli Filo Silk is put up on spools or in skeins as buyers prefer. Awarded the Gold Medal and Special Diploma of Honor at the California International Exposition, 1894.

"Florence Home Needlework" for 1894 is now ready. Subjects: Corticelli Darning, 22 new designs; Knitting, Crochet and Correct Colors for Flowers. Send 6c., mentioning year, and we will mail you the book, 96 pages, 90 illustrations.

NONOTUCK SILK CO., FLORENCE, MASS.

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



PEOPLE  
IN ALL  
LANDS  
BUY IT.

## Harkinson's World-Famous Kitchen Cabinet Table

IS THE QUEEN OF ALL INVENTIONS, as it has places for everything. And the most wonderful appliances for the work of the kitchen. The world has never had anything like it. It makes a charming Wedding, Birthday or Christmas present.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR AND ORDER IT FROM

THE HARKINSON KITCHEN CABINET TABLE CO., 315 N. 2d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

## NOT FOR CUCUMBERS EXCLUSIVELY

For it's good for  
all the work it  
will do—A thing  
of use and  
beauty—  
Plated to  
wear four  
generations.

It's stamped  
**W. F. ROGERS.**

our flat-ware trade mark. — Made  
by Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co., Wallingford, Conn.

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



## PRIMLEY'S California Fruit CHEWING GUM.

THE SWEETEST THING ON EARTH.

*Sweetens the breath, aids digestion, prevents  
dyspepsia. Take none but PRIMLEY'S.*

Send five outside wrappers of either California Fruit  
or Primley's Peppin Chewing Gum and 10 cents, and we  
will send you BEATRICE HARRADEN's famous book  
"Ships that Pass in the Night." Write for list of 1,700  
free books.

J. P. PRIMLEY, Chicago, Ill.

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

## MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



Ask your Physician his opinion  
of it. For infants and adults.

Scientifically compounded, not  
made of starch or rice flour, which  
injure the skin. It softens,  
beautifies and preserves the  
skin. Relieves Prickly Heat,  
Chafing, etc. An excellent Tooth Powder; delightful after  
shaving. Decorated Tin Box, Sprinkler Top. Sold by Drug-  
gists, or mailed for 25 cents. Send for Free Sample.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

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

## MANDOLINS AND GUITARS

with Metal Fingerboard.  
Powerful Tone.

\$30.00 instrument for \$15.00. On ap-  
proval. Send stamps for catalogue.

THE WOLFRAM GUITAR CO., COLUMBUS, O.

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

(Continued from page 59.)

Your Republican leaders are not Prohibition-  
ists. Senator Sherman certainly is not. Govern-  
or Foraker is frankly opposed to it, and has de-  
clared in favor of "eternal regulation."

The Methodist Church ought to demand a party  
that a saloon-keeper could consistently hate, and  
candidates that would scorn to win an office by  
stifling an honest thought, intelligent enough to  
see an enemy, and brave enough to meet him.

### A PLACE FOR CHRISTIAN POLITICS.

I have no pet theories as to the necessity of  
new parties; but Christian politics must have some  
place to stay and some means of expressing Meth-  
odist piety in continuous pressure. Natural gas  
has great capacities of illumination, but is apt to  
blow itself out. Church resolutions are like that.  
What we want is a burner. "No man lighteth  
a candle and putteth it under a bushel." If he  
does, people think him a fool; and if he should  
justify his conduct by offering to prove that it  
was a true, standard, perfect bushel, they would  
be sure he was.

### NEW BIRTH OF OPPORTUNITY.

Churches are locks in the river that proceeds  
forth from the throne of the universe. Men build  
them, but the engineering and motive power are  
divine. They are the immovable and imperish-  
able gateways up to new levels. While there is  
channel and sea-room all is plain sailing, straight  
ahead or up the winding convolutions of the rent  
and storm-swept earth; but when the hills dip to  
the water's edge and block the future, and make  
further progress impossible to any prow, then  
comes the crucifixion of endeavor, and after that  
the miracle of the lock, and resurrection power,  
and the new birth of opportunity, and a new  
earth and heaven of aspiration.

Judaism lifted the world out of the bed of the  
Nile up to a place where Egypt's cats and paltry,  
purring gods could not survive or follow. Catho-  
licism lifted it again up into the foothills of  
Europe. The Reformation mounted another rise;  
Methodism was up from that, and the irrepres-  
sible crystallization of young Christian life into  
unsectarian working union is up from Methodism,  
and the highest thing in sight.

### UNFETTERED CHRISTIAN FREEMEN.

That lock is ready, our ship of state has entered  
it, it is but one turn of the wheel to a new world;  
but we are against a sheer wall, and the infinite  
hydraulic potency of God's everlasting hills frit-  
ters away into the low-lying marshes to the rear.  
The lower gates are open, and so there is no  
power from above. Our servant, the Republican  
party, refuses to shut them,—it is hard, wet work,  
—and the Democratic party does the like. It is  
idle to stand on deck and curse these impudent  
old servants; they have served us well before  
now, and under new conditions might again.  
But now, we independent, unfettered, Christian  
freemen must form a party to lay our shoulders  
to the gates that open down stream, and shut  
them hard and fast, so that God can flood the  
mighty basin and lift America straight up until

(Continued on page 62.)

**A MODEL COMMUNITY** in Southern  
**FLORIDA** amidst 25 clear lakes; high,  
rolling pine lands, free from  
malaria, swamps and freezing.  
No race problem, because no Negroes. "Start Right,  
No Temperance Question—No Liquor." "Keep Right."  
500 Northern people; Church, School, P. O., Stores,  
etc.; 80 homes and families located the past year; 600  
acres planted in PINEAPPLES, LEMONS, ORANGES,  
GRAPES, ETC. 1000 tracts already sold, many resold at  
100 to 400 per ct. advance. \$2 and upwards per mo.  
accepted. Cheap Hotel Board, cheap lumber,  
cheap transportation. Full information in our  
Florida Homeseeker monthly, 50 cts. a year.  
Sample Free. The Florida Development  
Co., Avon Park, Fla., or 99 Franklin  
St., N. Y.

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

## GARTERS

Any Color  
Elastic

Mounted in  
Solid Silver



Sent by Insured Mail on  
Receipt of Price

\$1.75

Per Pair

This is one of our specialties for the coming  
Holidays, and is without exception the most  
stylish and best made garter ever manufactured.  
Send for our Fall Catalogue, now, containing  
hundreds of illustrations of the latest produc-  
tions in Jewelry, Silver Novelties, Watches,  
Diamond Jewelry, etc. It will save you hours  
of hesitation in selecting a gift.

Jewelry and Silverware worn or passé  
accumulates in every household. We will  
purchase YOURS for its intrinsic or melting  
value (we assay monthly), or will credit your  
account in exchange for more serviceable ar-  
ticles. Send by registered mail or express.

**J. H. JOHNSTON & Co.**

Established 1844

17 Union Square, New York

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

ESTABLISHED 1851.

## SIEDE'S FURS.

INDUCEMENTS FOR EARLY BUYERS.

ALASKA SABLE CAPES, \$50 to \$100.

PERSIAN LAMB CAPES, \$25 to \$100.

MORAI ASTRAKHAN CAPES, \$5 to \$15.

SIBERIAN SEAL CAPES, \$9.99 to \$29.99.

The above capes are all full skirt and from 85 to 105 in.  
circle. Silk lined, large collars and from 24 to 30 in. long.  
Seal Garments and Repairing of Furs at Low Prices.  
Catalogue mailed free.

**ROBES, RUGS,** and all other kinds of Furs  
on hand at reasonable prices.

14 West 14th Street, New York.

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

## WANTED!

**A MILLION LEAKY ROOFS.**

"Old Grumble" says more than half in the suburbs  
are of that kind. We are roof Doctors, and write pre-  
scriptions. We invest ten cents, one two-cent stamp,  
and three minutes time for the benefit of anybody who  
writes for a specialty that cures. Sent FREE, if requested,  
anywhere between the two oceans. Address  
SPECIALTY D, Box 3, Jersey City P. O., New Jersey.

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



**L. SHAW'S**

Skeleton Bang

IDEAL WIGS and WAVES.

Natural curled, feather-light, life-like,  
beautiful; from \$3.00 up.

**WAVY HAIR SWITCHES.**

All long convent Hair, \$5.00 up. COCOANUT BALM, Com-  
plexion Beautifier, makes the skin as fair and soft as a child's.  
\$1.00 per box. All MONTE CRISTO beautifying preparations  
and hair dyes (all shades). New Edition "How to be Beautiful,"  
sent free. L. SHAW, 54 W. 14th St., New York.

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

Send  
**\$2.00**  
for a large  
**FUR  
RUG**

5 1/2 ft. long by 33 inches  
wide. Made from selected  
skins of the Japanese Ango-  
lia. Long, soft, silky fur.

The colors are Silvery  
White, Light Grey, and Dark  
Grey. We also have a  
beautiful Glossy Black  
Fur Rug at \$3.00. Same  
size, comfortable, luxurious,  
elegant. For Parlors, Recep-  
tion Halls, or Bed Rooms.  
Sent C. O. D. on approval if  
desired.

**THE KRAUSS,  
BUTLER & BENHAM CO.**  
73 High St. Columbus, O.

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



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.



## POINTS ABOUT THE EQUIPOISE WAIST.

- It is stylish and comfortable, a rare combination.*
- It embodies the true hygienic principle of support from the shoulders.*
- The bones can be removed without ripping the garment.*
- It fits as if made to order.*
- It will wear longer than any other waist (or corset) made.*
- It is recommended by physicians and teachers of calisthenics.*
- Its best recommendation is its enormous sale, constantly increasing.*

The **EQUIPOISE WAIST** is sold by leading merchants throughout the United States. For ladies, White, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$3.00; Drab, \$2.50; Black, \$3.00; Silk Pongee, \$4.00. Misses, White, \$1.75. Children, White, 60c. Infants, White 75c. Note—The ladies' \$1.75 is not boned. Send for our book on Sensible Dressing, mailed free. Address

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, 551 Tremont Street, Boston.



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

## "The Best of Everything"

is the material used in  
the preparation of

# Franco-American Soups.



Sample can of soup sent (postage prepaid) on receipt of 14cts.  
Don't forget our Plum Pudding, sample can 14cts.

**Franco-American Food Company,**  
P. O. Box 150, New York.

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



**WHICH ONE SHALL WE SEND YOU?**  
EACH CATALOGUE IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

Auto Harps. *Auto Harp Music.	Flutes. *Flute Music. Clarinet. *Clar. Music. Guitars. *Guitar Music. Harmonicas. Violins. **Violin Music. ***Violin Bows. ****Violin Cases. Violin Repairing.
Accordions. Banjos. *Banjo Music. Cornets. **Cornet Music.	

\*Separate Catalogue devoted to Music only.  
\*\*Two Catalogues devoted to Music only.  
\*\*\*Refers to Bows only.  
\*\*\*\*Refers to Violin Cases only.

**C. E. STORY, 26 Central Street, Boston, Mass.**

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



## If you are Going to Build ... a HOME

and will send us your name and address, and state what priced house you want, **WILL SEND FREE** a copy of our Beautifully Illustrated Book of Residence Designs entitled "ARTISTIC HOMES," how to plan and build them. Contains designs of many Beautiful Homes, also designs for laying out and beautifying your grounds. This book will make you familiar at once with all the latest ideas and styles. Enclose two 2c. stamps for mailing.

**GEO. F. BARBER & CO., Architects,**

**Knoxville, Tenn.**

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

# Does Your House Need Painting

INSIDE OR OUT?

WHEN BUYING **HOUSE PAINTS** ASK FOR  
**Masury's Pure Linseed Oil Colors,**  
IN PASTE OR LIQUID FORM.

**THE BEST IS ALWAYS CHEAPEST.**

Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. DURABILITY LESSENS COST OF LABOR.

Send for Catalogue to

**JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,**

NEW YORK:  
POST OFFICE BOX 3499.

CHICAGO:  
MASURY BUILDING, 191 MICHIGAN AVE.

BROOKLYN:  
44 TO 50 JAY STREET.

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

(Continued from page 60.)

she can push her noble keel into the twentieth century and toward industrial, social, moral, intellectual, and spiritual liberty, her apparent destiny.

### CHRISTIANS SHOULD VOTE UP.

For such a course we owe no apology to any party or any man. If either Jesus Christ or your great governor must be temporarily disappointed, let William McKinley stand down. Voting is a relative thing: to vote a Democratic ticket would be up for some voters; to vote a Republican ticket would be up for some people. But if the Methodist declaration be true that "the liquor traffic can never be licensed without sin," then for any Methodist to vote the Republican ticket as it stands today throughout this blessed land is to vote down; and I, for one, decline to do it.

### PROHIBITION PARTY BEST IN SIGHT.

Unless something new be devised the case is between the Republican party on the one hand, and the Prohibition on the other. If you should hold against one of these in the resolution of this conference, you ought to hold for the other or offer something new. My own opinion is that the Prohibition party is the best thing in sight to serve us, for we must get as quickly as possible to such per cent. of the voting registration as to have a place on the official ballots under the prevalent and growing Australian system; and the third party, as it is called, has now a quarter of a million time-tried and fire-tested men to start with, and an organization very excellent in its way. It offers, I am well aware, no very hilarious prospect of speedy victory, but all beginnings are difficult.

## 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.**

"MIRIAM."—There are series of cooking classes and lectures every winter in New York. Watch the newspapers for advertisements of them.—Get Miss Parloa's Kitchen Companion.

(Continued on page 63.)



**D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER,**  
For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athlete or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. of floor room; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 40 engravings, free. Address, D. L. DOWD, Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, New York.

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



**DON'T GAP**  
DRESSED made with the LEONTIN DRESS FASTENER close like a seam; open by a single movement; serves for hooks and eyes and whalebones combined; worn with or without corsets; HIGHEST MEDAL awarded at World's Fair, Chicago, 1893. Sample, 30c. Write for free catalogue. Address LEONTIN MFG. CO., 453 Oakwood Ave., Chicago.

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



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 62.)

"MISSISSIPPI SUBSCRIBER."—For a "china wedding," decorate the house with chrysanthemums of two colors, white with yellow or with pink. Use abundant foliage, vines, and ferns, with the flowers. If you can have large blue-and-white china jars and vases to hold the flowers, the effect would be beautiful. Study boldness and freedom in arrangement, and don't mass the flowers. For the table, mound up a low bed of sand on a large platter, and fill it full of chrysanthemums with their own foliage, standing well up above the sand, as if growing, and surround them with ferns, which may droop and trail upon the table. A white gown would be the most suitable for the twenty years' bride of thirty-five. Have the two dates, 1875-1895, at the top of the invitation. For anniversary weddings read answer to "Edragi" in Demorest's for March, 1894.

"A SUBSCRIBER'S DAUGHTER."—A young woman who puts on mourning for her fiancé should wear it one year; then for six months wear black relieved with white and gray, before putting on colors. Under all circumstances personal feeling governs the length of time black is worn.

"A WESTERNER."—Advertise the braid of long hair you wish to dispose of, or apply to some hairdresser in your nearest city.

"VIRGINIA."—The Atlantic Highlands of New Jersey, and Staten Island are the only places filling your conditions,—high, near the ocean, and free from malaria,—that are near New York; but Shelter Island, off the eastern shore of Long Island, is very charming.

"MOLLIE."—Read recent Fashion Reviews about accordion-plaiting. In most large towns there is someone who does the plaiting. You could surely have it done in Louisville.—Our picture-frames are—as plainly stated in every reference to them—only in size for the full-page pictures in Demorest's Magazine.—Competition for the best collection of photographs closed August 1. It was for views illustrating some subject of general interest, not family pictures.

"S. A. K."—A "medium size" fits a waist-measure of from 22 to 26 inches; and "large," from 26 up.

"WAUCOUSTA."—Signature already used. Demorest's has so many "subscribers" that we would be glad if our correspondents would choose more distinctive signatures.—William Cullen Bryant's home was at Roslyn, L. I., when he died.—We have frames only in the size advertised.

(Continued on page 64.)



### The Hartman Sliding Blind.

Greatly improved and very popular, slide up and down in a window like sash, easy to move and stay where placed. Artistic, neat and very convenient—a delight to the ladies. Tens of thousands are in use. Our IMPROVED WINDOW SCREEN allows the flies to pass out and not return—admired by everybody. Send for free circular, or send 6c. in stamps for new 100-page Illustrated Catalogue.

Hartman Sliding Blind Co.  
No. 8 Lincoln Ave.,  
Crestline, Ohio, U. S. A.

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

### LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?

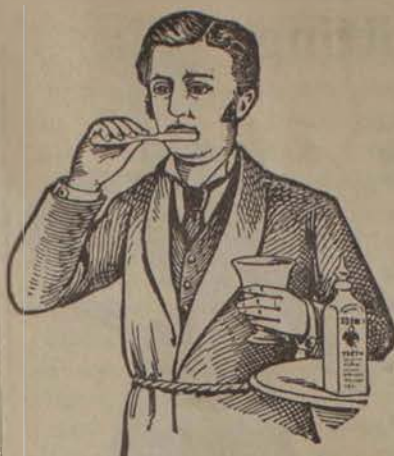


When you can get the Best at Cargo prices in any Quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of premiums given to Club Agents. Good Income made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.

P.O. Box 289.

31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

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



## AN AROMATIC FRAGRANCE

is imparted to the mouth by the use of **SOZODONT**. It is beyond doubt the cleanest, purest and best tooth wash ever offered to the public. No lady ever used **SOZODONT** without approving of its cleansing and purifying properties, and the flattering testimonials that have been bestowed upon it by eminent dentists, speak volumes of praise for its merits.

# SOZODONT

though **EFFICIENT** and **POWERFUL**, is **ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS**, for it contains neither mineral nor acid; it is wholly vegetable in its origin.

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



## AN OCEAN DELICACY WITH A SEA-BREEZE FRESHNESS. McMenamin DEVILED CRABS & Co.'s

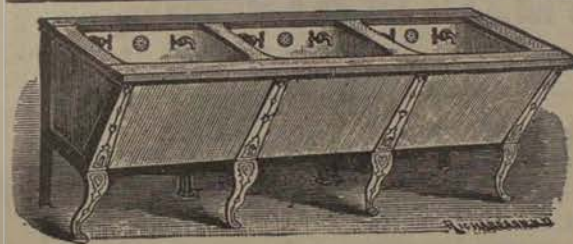
(In their natural shells.) Served at least once a week, they make a grateful change in the family diet.

A DELICIOUS ENTREE. A ROYAL SUPPER DISH.

Can be served hot or cold. Ask your Grocer all about them.

**McMENAMIN & CO., Hampton, Va.**

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



## Solid White Crockery Stationary Wash Tubs and Sinks.

Get the best. Do not risk your health by using materials that will leak, absorb, decay and become infectious. Our solid White Crockery Wash Tubs have stood the test of fifteen years, and are **unrivaled**, being **imperishable**, well glazed and non-porous.

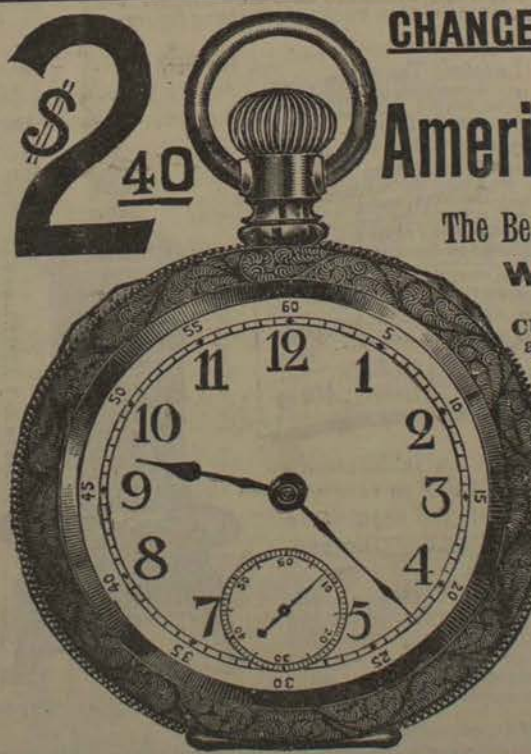
Send for price-list and catalogue.

**STEWART CERAMIC CO.,**

312 Pearl Street,

New York.

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



## CHANGE OF TARIFF AND ITS RESULTS. —AN—

# American Gold-Filled Watch

IN APPEARANCE, AND

The Best Timepiece in the World for the Money!

**WARRANTED FIVE YEARS.**

**CUT THIS OUT** and return with your name and address and we will send this beautiful Watch, Ladies' or Gent's size, to you by express. You examine it at the express office, and if you think it a bargain and the finest watch you ever saw for the money, pay the express agent our **Special Sample Price, \$2.40**. We offer this watch at this extraordinary low price as an inducement to introduce it, and we hope to receive your order by return mail, as this ad will not appear again. The watch is beautifully hand engraved by our own experienced workmen, has enamel dial, jeweled balance, oil tempered hairspring, stem wind and stem set, and all the latest improvements that go to make a watch desirable and reliable as a timekeeper. **FREE!** With every Watch we send, absolutely free of charge, a beautiful Gold Plate Chain and Charm. Send your order to-day, while this offer holds good.

**EASTLAKE MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
Corner Adams and State Streets,  
**CHICAGO, ILL.**

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



**Highest Award**

**WORLD'S FAIR.**

**SKATES**  
CATALOGUE FREE.

**BARNEY & BERRY, Springfield, Mass.**

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

**IF** YOU WISH TO PURCHASE DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS NOT CONTROLLED BY A TRUST OR COMBINATION, send 10c. postage, which will be deducted from first order, and we will mail **Free** samples of perfect

# WALL PAPERS

8 cent White Backs.....3 1/4 cents per roll.  
15 cent Best Lustres.....7 cents per roll.  
30 cent Embossed Golds.....14 cents per roll.  
30 cent Heavy Felts.....16 cents per roll.

PAPER HANGERS or dealers write for large books—by express—and discounts.

**KAYSER & ALLMAN** 932-934 Market St., and 418 Arch St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.



## Stylish and Perfect-Fitting Tailor-Made Suit,

as illustrated, lined throughout with silk and trimmed with fur, cut to measure and made to order, No. 100,

**\$27.00.**

Black Coney Fur Cape, satin-lined, made to order, \$6.00

By buying direct from the manufacturers you save at least 30 to 50 per cent. We are manufacturers, and make cloth, plush and fur garments to order for less money than they can be bought ready made.

We will mail you our Fall and Winter Catalogue, which illustrates Cloth Capes as low as \$3.00;

Cloth Jackets as low as \$4.50;

Tailor-made Suits as low as \$8.75;

Plush and Velvet Jackets, Wraps, Newmarkets, etc., etc., with a collection of cloth and plush samples to select from; a measurement diagram and a tape measure, on receipt of four cents postage.

Our collection of samples comprises all the newest fabrics and shades in cloakings and suitings.

We sell plushes, cloths and fur trimmings by the yard.

We guarantee fit and finish.

We make garments from ladies' own cloth.

We pay express charges.

As to our responsibility, we refer to DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE. Ladies in the vicinity are invited to visit our salesrooms.

## THE HARTMAN CLOAK CO.,

Branch, 310 to 318 Sixth Avenue.

21 Wooster Street, New York.

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



No. 100.

(Continued from page 63.)

"A SUBSCRIBER."—There has been no Demorest Purchasing Agency for many years, and Demorest's Magazine makes no purchases for anyone.

"Mrs. W. P."—Capes will be as much worn this winter as last, and must continue in favor as long as the very large sleeves and full shoulder-trimmings are in vogue.

"Mrs. F. A. F."—It is entirely a matter of personal taste and feeling whether or not *crêpe* be worn in mourning. None but widows wear it for any length of time; and many do not put it on at all, wearing, instead, veils of nun's veiling. —Black-bordered stationery is used while wearing mourning, and the depth of the border is narrowed as the dress is lightened.

"M. E. M."—*Gladiolus* is pronounced gla-di-o-lus, the accent being on the second syllable. —*Cyclamen* is pronounced cyc'-la-men; accent on the first syllable with the y short.

"E. K."—Please send your address and a stamped envelope. Every operation mentioned in "The Transformation of the Ugly Club" was actually performed.

## Cleanings.

WALL-PAPER AND LIGHT.

WHILE everyone knows that a light paper on the wall is much more cheerful than a dark one, not many realize the very great difference in their power of refracting light. A scientist has recently studied the problem, and reduced the results of his investigation to a demonstration so practical that the facts must penetrate the most obtuse and obstinate brain: A room finished in black would require one hundred candles to produce the amount of light that fifteen would in a white room. Between these extremes come many degrees: A room whose walls are covered with dark-brown paper requires eighty-seven candles; with blue paper, seventy-two candles; with yellow paint, sixty candles; while a room finished entirely with clean deal boards will need but fifty. It will be seen by this that the ends of household economy will be best served by choosing delicate tints which nearly approach white in their refracting power; as, pearl-gray, rose, pale blue, cream, and canary color.

ALMOST A MISSING LINK.

PROFESSOR HIRAM GREGORY describes a rather wonderful tribe of monkeys which live in the mountain regions of China and seem fairly human in some of their acquirements.

(Continued on page 65.)

## President Lincoln

used to say that you could fool some people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all of the time. This explains why people come back to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

At the annual fair of the American Institute, in New York, the only invention that has specially invited the attention of the public and the judges is the Beveridge Automatic Cooker, which is a clever combination. It is an exceedingly simple and admirable discovery, and is sure to be adopted by housewives. See their advertisement in another column.

Imitations are invariably made of cheaper materials and sold when possible because the dealer makes a larger profit, and they will not give the satisfaction that the original does. When you wish the perfection of toilet powders for infants and adults, be sure to get "Mennen's" Boreated Talcum Toilet Powder.

DO YOU WANT A BARGAIN? DO YOU WISH TO SELL?  
**MAGIC** LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE  
HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

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

## "Chautauqua" Oil Heater FREE WITH A COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP

Warmth and cleanliness are vital to good health. By actual experience only can you conceive the comfort our handy, portable heater gives. It quickly dispels chill or dampness in sitting-room, bath-room, chamber or nursery; will boil a kettle or fry a steak. Heats a large room in coldest weather. Handsomely nickel plated. Central Draft, Round Wick, Brass Burner. One gallon kerosene lasts 12 hours.

YOU USE  
THE SOAPS  
AND  
THE HEATER  
THIRTY  
DAYS  
BEFORE  
BILL IS DUE.

### THE COMBINATION BOX CONTAINS

100 BARS "SWEET HOME" SOAP. \$5.00  
ENOUGH TO LAST AN AVERAGE FAMILY ONE FULL YEAR. FOR ALL LAUNDRY AND HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES IT HAS NO SUPERIOR.  
7 BARS WHITE WOOLLEN SOAP. .70  
A PERFECT SOAP FOR FLANNELS.  
9 PKGS. BORAXINE SOAP POWDER. .90  
CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE FABRIC. SIMPLE—EASY—EFFICIENT.  
4 DOZ. MODJESKA COMPLEXION SOAP. .60  
EXQUISITE FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN. A MATCHLESS BEAUTIFIER.  
1 BOTTLE 10Z. MODJESKA PERFUME. .25  
DELICATE, REFINED, POPULAR, LASTING.  
4 DOZ. OLD ENGLISH CASTILE SOAP. .30  
4 DOZ. CREME OATMEAL TOILET SOAP. .25  
4 DOZ. ELITE TOILET SOAP. .25

1/4 DOZ. LARKIN'S TAR SOAP. .45  
INFALLIBLE PREVENTATIVE OF DANDRUFF. UNEQUALLED FOR WASHING LADIES' HAIR.  
1/4 DOZ. SULPHUR SOAP. .45  
1 JAR MODJESKA COLD CREAM. .25  
SOOTHING—CURES CHAPPED SKIN.  
1 BOTTLE MODJESKA TOOTH POWDER. .25  
PRESERVES THE TEETH, HARDENS THE GUMS, SWEETENS THE BREATH.  
1 PKT SPANISH ROSE SACHET POWDER. .25  
1 STICK NAPOLEON SHAVING SOAP. .10  
200,000 FAMILIES USE IN A YEAR.  
THE ASSORTMENT OUR BOX PROVIDES.  
THE CONTENTS IF BOUGHT AT RETAIL, COST—\$10.00  
HEATER WORTH AT RETAIL, 10.00  
ALL FOR \$10.00. HEATER YOU GET THE GRATIS. \$20.00

HEIGHT, - - 3 FEET.  
DIA. OF DRUM, 8 1/2 IN.  
WEIGHT, - - 30 LBS.



ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS.

After trial you pay the retail value of the Soaps alone. All middlemen's profits are returned to you in valuable premiums, so well bought as to save you half the regular retail prices. The Larkin plan saves you half the cost. The manufacturer alone adds VALUE; every middleman adds COST. The publishers of this paper know every claim is sustained by the facts.

Many people prefer to send cash with order—it is not asked—but if you remit in advance, you will receive in addition to all extras named, a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment same day order is received. The publishers also know that your money will be refunded without argument or comment if the box or HEATER does not prove all expected. Booklet illustrating ten other premiums, including the famous Chautauqua Desk, free upon application.

Write your order like this, TO-DAY—while you think of it, or cut this out and sign it:

"You may ship me, subject to thirty days' trial, ONE COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP, with extras, etc., and the CHAUTAUQUA HEATER.

If after thirty days' trial I find the Soaps and the Heater entirely satisfactory and as represented, I will remit you \$10.00, if not, I will notify you goods are subject to your order and you must remove them, making no charge for what I have used."

Name, \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation, \_\_\_\_\_ Street No. \_\_\_\_\_

P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State, \_\_\_\_\_

ESTAB. 1875. INCOR. 1892. THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

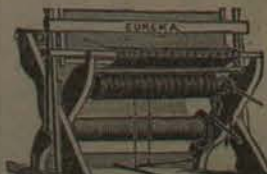
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## A "Yard of Poppies" FREE.

Send us 25 cents for a six months' subscription to INGALLS'S MAGAZINE, and we will send you a "Yard of Flowers," in all their beautiful colors, FREE. Mention which we shall send you, Poppies or Pansies. Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass., Box K.

## A "Yard of Pansies" FREE.

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



For the Best and Cheapest  
HAND RAG CARPET LOOM  
and Weaver's Newspaper

in the world, address EUREKA LOOM CO., 3064 W. Main St., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Circulars and sample copy of paper sent free.

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



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.



**WRISLEY'S**  
**Cucumber**  
**COMPLEXION**  
**TOILET SOAP**

Combines the healthful cleansing of pure, sweet soap, with the grateful emollient qualities of CUCUMBER JUICE.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE AT 10 CENTS, WHILE IT IS EQUAL TO THE HIGHEST GRADE SOAPS. IF YOUR DEALER HASN'T IT SEND 12 CENTS FOR FULL SIZE SAMPLE CAKE BY MAIL.

**ALLEN B. WRISLEY, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.**

Manfr. of High-Grade Toilet Soaps and Florentine Perfumes.

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

**HAPPY CHILDREN**



Because their clothes look new and neat. An old frock or suit can be changed into a new one by a ten-cent package of

**Diamond Dyes**

and they come in more than forty colors, and are made for home use. The method is easy and the result permanent.

Sold everywhere. Direction Book and forty samples of dyed cloth sent free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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

**CLSC**  
**CHAUTAUQUA**  
**READING CIRCLE.**

A definite course in English History and Literature, Modern Art, Geology, and Europe in the XIX. Century

Don't waste time in desultory reading. Take up a systematic course for the coming winter. Keep abreast of the times. Chautauqua offers a complete and helpful plan. Over 200,000 enrolled since 1878.

John H. Vincent, Dept. 5, Buffalo, N. Y.

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

**DO YOUR OWN PRINTING**  
Saves money! Makes money printing for others. Type-setting easy, printed rules, Stamp for catalogue, presses, type, cards, etc., to factory.  
**KELSEY & CO.,** Meriden, Conn.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from page 64.)

He says: "These animals know how to make pottery, and considerable proof has been shown to convince the natives that the monkeys are also adepts in the art of making wine. Not very long ago a large body of these monkeys passed a certain village in crossing from one mountain to another. The children of the village clapped their hands and shouted at the spectacle; and this so frightened the monkeys that they took their young in their arms and disappeared as fast as their legs could carry them. Being thus encumbered in their flight, they let fall a number of earthen vessels, some of which held a quart. On being examined they were found to contain two kinds of wine that had been made from mountain berries. The natives say that the wine is made by the monkeys in the summer and then stored away for use in the winter when the water is all frozen."

**COMPARATIVE WEALTH OF CHURCHES.**

A RECENT writer says that "the wealthiest denomination in the United States, if we estimate denominational wealth according to the average value of the church edifices and sites, is the Jewish. The next is the Unitarian, the third is the Reformed (Dutch), and the fourth the Protestant Episcopal. The average value of the churches of Reformed Jews is \$38,839; of the Unitarian, \$24,725; of the Reformed (Dutch), \$19,227, and of the Protestant Episcopal, \$16,182. The Episcopal Church is, however, much more widely distributed than any of the other bodies named. The Jews are almost entirely in the cities, and the Reformed Jews also are largely so; but the Episcopalians are found not only in all the larger cities, but are represented in all the States and Territories. This fact adds to the significance of the high average value reported for its churches. Its ministers, like those of the Presbyterian Church, are well cared for. It makes no separate return for ministerial salaries; but by correspondence I have gathered these facts."

**A NEW DEPARTURE IN ENGLAND.**

For many years it has been the custom in Portsmouth, England, for small boys and

**MONEY MADE**  
selling Beveridge's Automatic Cooker. Best cooking utensil. Food can't burn. No odor. Saves labor and fuel. Fits any kind of stove. Agents wanted, either sex. Good Pay. One agent sold 1730 in one town. Write for terms. **W.E. BEVERIDGE, Baltimore, Md.**

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

**INVALIDS.** If you can't find at SARGENT'S what you need in all such things as Rolling, Reclining, Carrying and Commode Chairs, Tricycles, Invalids' Lifts, Beds, Back Rests, Bed Trays, Tables and Invalids' conveniences generally, you may as well give it up. Write, stating just what you want. No charge. Address **Geo. F. Sargent Co., 814 Broadway, New York.**

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

**A Winning Smile**  
Loses half its charm with bad teeth  
**Arnica Tooth Soap**  
WHITENS AND BEAUTIFIES  
Removes Tartar, Arrests Decay, Hardens Gums, Perfumes Breath  
The most convenient and perfect dentifrice. Sold by all Druggists  
MADE ONLY BY **C. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAGO**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

An indispensable requisite for all persons of taste.  
**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**  
**FLORIDA WATER**



A PUNGENT AND REFRESHING PERFUME. RECHERCHE IN CHARACTER AND OF GENERAL APPLICATION FOR TOILET USE.

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

Nearly Two Million  
**World's Fair Visitors**

saw the wonderful factory exhibit of The Libbey Glass Company, showing the complete process of

**Cutting Glass**

The Libbey Company are acknowledged to be the most skillful cutters of glass in the world. The purity of color and brilliancy of their glass have put their wares ahead of all others. To say that other cut glass "is as good as Libbey's" means the highest claim that competitors aspire to. Every genuine piece of their goods carries this trade-mark:



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

**Music Boxes**  
Play 1,000 tunes. Changeable disks. Send 2 cent stamp for illustrated catalogue U.  
**Sander Musical Instrument Co., 212 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**Silk.** Waste Embroidery (25c per 1/2 oz.) 100 crazy stitches in every package. Address **BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SILK CO., 15 Union St., New London, Conn.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

# Dabrooks' Jouvan Lily

"The Triumph of the Perfumer's Art."



Delicate, lasting, possessing the refreshing perfume of this most delightful flower. Our booklet, "Perfumes and Their Uses," free.

WILLIAMS, DAVIS, BROOKS & CO.,

2638 East Congress St., Detroit, Mich.

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

**DURKEE'S SPICES SAUCES EXTRACTS**

**OF PERFECT PURITY AND EXQUISITE FLAVOR**

**AWARDED GOLD MEDAL COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.**

**YOUR DURKEE'S CROCKER**

**ORIGINAL SALAD DRESSING**

**NEVER SPOILS FOR SALADS, COLD MEATS ETC.**

**KEEPS THEM.**

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

**BUTTERMILK. BUTTERMILK. BUTTERMILK.**

**If you have ever used**

**Buttermilk Toilet Soap**

You know what a pure Soap is, and what it means to be clean, sweet and happy.

**Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co., Chicago.**

At all dealers, or by mail 12c.

**BUTTERMILK. BUTTERMILK. BUTTERMILK.**

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



**FREE** to any person this ever-lasting **ROSE PIN**, two inches long, color of real rose, and worn as a bouquet, ribbon pin or scarf pin. Send advertisement in a letter with name and address to **LYNN & CO., 48 Bond Street, New York City.**

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

(Continued from page 65.)

girls to go about on "Hospital Saturday" with money-boxes, collecting offerings for the hospitals. They made a house-to-house visitation throughout the old town; but this year a new and charming idea was started, which might be copied in our own country with success. About three hundred ladies proffered their services for collecting, and the town corporation supplied about forty large Japanese umbrellas and bell-tents, which were placed in the most advantageous positions and used as stations. The ladies, all attired as hospital nurses, with white caps and aprons, patrolled every quarter of the town, collecting contributions from private houses, shops, etc., as well as from the passers-by.

## A BICYCLE TOUR.

THOSE wonderful singers, MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke, are recent additions to the ranks of cycling tourists. They have been enjoying in company a bicycle ride of over five hundred miles in France. They went from Paris to Mont Dore, where they stayed a month; and before returning to this country they will go to Poland for a brief visit.

## THE ODDEST COLLECTION IN THE WORLD.

MRS. PARKS-WORRALL, of Watertown, Conn., has passed her life in making a remarkable collection of curiosities, which fills two of the rooms of her tiny cottage. It consists largely of picture frames and photograph holders. There is not a patch of ground for miles around that Mrs. Worrall has not searched for contributions to her singular hobby; and she has possessed a genius for discovering uses for the most impossible things. There are flowers made of birds' eggs, of feathers, of snake skins, of bones, of varnished potatoes, and of quartz; tables of turtle skin, corn husks, and birch bark, and picture frames of every conceivable material,—bugs, claws, many-colored clays, etc. One frame, for example, contains nine thousand nine hundred and seventy-six nails of various domestic and foreign animals, arranged in a fanciful design. This unique collection is to become the property of the city of Thomaston upon the death of Mrs. Worrall.

## FOR BABY'S COMFORT AND HEALTH.

Too frequent and over feeding are the most prolific sources of baby's rejection of food, and

(Continued on page 67.)

**SEW LESS** The invisible mending tissue Brown, Black or White. Sheet 9x36 inch, 50c. package, postage paid. Mends Silks, Woolens, Dresses, etc. Hot-Water Bags, 2-qt. size, \$1.00 each; Ladies' Long Rubber Gloves, \$1.25 pair; 2-qt. Fountain Syringe, \$1.00 each. Agents wanted.

Mrs. A. GAIL, Box 114 W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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



**LADIES** without previous business experience are making immense sales of **Mme. McCABE'S CORSETS AND WAISTS**. Send for agents' terms.

**St. Louis Corset Co., St. Louis, Mo.**

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



## ELECTRIC TELEPHONE

Sold outright, no rent, no royalty. Adapted to City, Village or Country. Needed in every home, shop, store and office. Greatest convenience and best seller on earth.

**Agents make from \$5 to \$50 per day.**

One in a residence means a sale to all the neighbors. Fine instruments, no toys, works anywhere, any distance. Complete, ready for use when shipped. Can be put up by any one, never out of order, no repairing, lasts a life time. Warranted. A money maker. Write **W. P. Harrison & Co., Clerk 10, Columbus, O.**

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

Don't neglect your children's teeth. Care for them constantly. The best dentrifice is



## RUBIFOAM FOR THE TEETH

It is peerless for children. Its delicious flavor wins them. It keeps the teeth white and strengthens the gums.

25 cents. All Druggists.

Sample vial free. Address

**E. W. Hoyt & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

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



## DO YOU EVER

think of the pleasure, amusement, instruction and profit to be derived from the use of a Stereopticon or Magic Lantern? It can be made a source of never-ending usefulness in the home, in the school, in the church. Write for our catalogue of stereopticons, free to all who mention this journal.

**McIntosh Battery and Optical Co., Chicago.**

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



## Non-Breakable Corset Waists and Corsets.

THE FINEST IN THE WORLD. Small investment leads up to a good business. Lady Agents wanted in every city and town. Price-lists and Art Journal free.

**RELIANCE CORSET CO., Jackson, Mich.**

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

## Delightful Reading



Big books or little books held in just the right place, at just the right angle—lying down or sitting up. Dictionary handy—don't have to put down your book and get up to look up unfamiliar words. Racks for several other books; place for the lamp—writing table, too, if you like. A silent but delightful companion for the home or office. Thousands in use, and in almost every country in the world. A good Holiday Gift for parents or children, pastor or friend. Illustrated catalogue free. We also make holders for Webster's, Worcester's, The Standard and Century dictionaries.

**HOLLOWAY READING STAND, CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO.**

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

**METAL CEILINGS**

Suitable for Residences, Offices, Stores, Schools, Hospitals & Churches

Can be applied over old plaster without removing same

Give Measurements for estimate

**N.Y. METAL CEILING CO.**

21 ST. ST. AND 13 TH AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y.

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

**LADIES WANTED to WRITE at HOME.** \$15 weekly; no canvassing. Reply with stamp. **Miss Fannie Felknor, South Bend, Ind.**

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



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

## BEST & CO



### The Boy Who Wears

Our Rugby

Suspender Waist

has perfect freedom of motion; his trousers fit him perfectly, yet he never tears a button from his waist—never tears open a button-hole or rips out the inside waist bands of his trousers. Price, 75c.



Catalogue showing the advantage of purchasing everything for children, where their outfitting is made a special business, will be sent on application—so full of illustrations that it almost takes the place of a visit to the store—postage, 4 cents.

60-62 West 23d St., N. Y.

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

### Dainty Holders for Pillow Shams

Sent post-paid for 25c. The cleverest device ever invented for holding Pillow Shams securely in place without injuring the daintiest fabric.

The Baxter Clip Co.,

Box 934. Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

### Fashionable Cloaks



To dress in style and save money is what interests all shrewd buyers. We are large manufacturers, and by purchasing from us you save the retailer's profits.

We cut and make every garment to order, thereby insuring a perfect fitting and neatly finished wrap.

Our New Winter Catalogue illustrates JACKETs from \$4.25 up; Fur CAPES from \$5 up. NEW MARKETS, SUITS, PLUSH CAPES and CHILDREN'S GARMENTS, all of the most fashionable designs. We will send our catalogue, together with a choice assortment of cloths to select from, and a simple method of taking measure, on receipt of 4 cents postage.

CLOAKINGS and SUITINGS sold by the yard. We pay all Express charges. City patrons are invited to inspect our goods.

THE LIBERTY CLOAK CO.,  
635 and 637 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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

### CANVAS YARNS AND EMB. MATERIALS.

All Thread or Fabric in Cotton, Wool, Silk or linen for Emb. work, Emb. Books, Stamping Powders, Crochet Moulds, Lustrous Crochet Threads; largest variety in the city, also all Cross-Stitch Emb. Materials. Send stamp for price-list. PETER BENDER.  
(ESTABLISHED 1890.) 111 East 9th St., N. Y.

### BEADS AND LACE BRAIDS.

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

(Continued from page 66.)

consequent wet bibs, which should be kept dry, if it requires a change every five minutes. Baby should sleep fifteen hours out of twenty-four; and, after four months, should not be fed oftener than four times in the twenty-four hours; as, at seven o'clock in the morning, at noonday, at five P. M., and, lastly, a small quantity of sterilized milk in the bottle at half-past six, to go to sleep on. Don't stifle him with clothes, but don't leave neck and arms bare; and don't bury him under as many wrappings when sent out for a summer's airing as though it were midwinter. Keep the sun out of his eyes, and give him plenty of air. You may give him meat broths when two years old, but never a bit of meat till he is nearly three, and then only once a day.

### JAPANESE ICES.

THE national ice of Japan consists of sweet beans served with hailstones, and a Japanese belle rivals her American cousin in the amount of these which she can devour with a relish. The frozen dessert, however, which approaches nearest to our ice-cream is perfumed snow. Very many fruit and flower scents are used for this, the latter being as popular with them as vanilla and chocolate are in this country.

### AQUATIC PLANT LIFE.

THE autumn show of pond lilies in the parks and squares of our large cities has been unusually fine this year. Very great attention has been paid in Washington for the past decade to domesticating foreign and even tropical varieties of these beautiful flowers, and the show in the White House grounds would be hard to excel anywhere. Most beautiful of all is the *Victoria Regia*, with leaves six feet in diameter, looking like enormous trays, and, strengthened by their heavy, beam-like ribs, capable of holding a well-grown child. The flowers, which open just above the water, are fifteen inches in diameter, and turn from white to a delicate pink. Nearly all the fountains in the public squares of New York are beautified with a tropical growth of rare aquatic plants; and prominent in every group is the noble lotus, which bears its stately and fragrant pink blossoms aloft on stems from three to four feet above the water. The lotus ponds of Central Park have made luxuriant growth, and are now attractive features of the park from midsummer to late autumn, here and there

(Continued on page 68.)

### JUMPING BEANS

They hop, skip, jump, slide, turn somersaults almost incessantly from August to May. Wonderful product of a Foreign Tree. Greatest curiosity to draw crowds wherever shown, on streets, in shop windows, etc. Just imported. Everybody wants one. Full history of Tree and sample **Jumping Bean** to Agents or Streetmen **25 cents**, post-paid. 3, 60c.; 6, \$1; 12, \$1.50; 100, \$10. Rush order and be first. Sell quantities to your merchants for window attractions and then sell to others. Quick Sales. Try 100. Big Money. Agents: **Herald, No. 483, J. B., Phila., Pa.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



### PEACE AND COMFORT FOR TENDER FEET.

To lady sufferers—No Breaking in. Fine, soft, undressed Kid Seamless Shoes. Fit like a glove. Buttons \$3.00; Lace, \$2.50; Spring, \$2.00. Sent, postage free, to any address on receipt of price. Also enclose the number of length and letter of width stamped on lining of your old shoe. Fully appreciated by martyrs with bunions, corns or invalid feet at sight. **W. G. MOREHEAD & CO.,** successors to F. PESHINE, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

### A Brand of the Famous



"S.H.&M."

(Trade Mark.)

Look carefully for the trade mark, "S. H. & M." and don't be deceived when told that some other is "just as good."

Ask your dressmaker.

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

\$25.00

UNMATCHABLE BARGAIN!

Sent C. O. D., privilege of examination. EX. PAID

FIRST QUALITY

ELECTRIC  
SEAL CAPE,

Heavy Satin Lined, 27 inches deep, 92 inches sweep.

Write for Our Fashion Plate and Catalogue of

FURS AND CLOAKS

FREE!!!

PARISIAN CLOAK CO., 113 NORTH HIGH ST., COLUMBUS OHIO...  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

### "B & H" Lamps



are made in largest variety of artistic styles; all have the **Double Centre Draught**, giving most perfect light.

**Best Dealers everywhere** sell them, as they always give entire satisfaction. Take no other.

Every Lamp stamped "B & H" Send for our Little Book.

**BRADLEY & HUBBARD Mfg. Co.**  
NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.

Factories—Meriden, Conn.

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

### A NEW ART

Bartholdi's New System Painting, no drawing required. Taught by mail. Ladies, decorate your homes. Any one can learn to paint canvas, china, tapestry, portraits, or sketch from nature rapidly. Inclose 10c. for catalog and samples.

**BARTHOLDI'S ART SCHOOLS**, East Hampton, L. I.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in its columns, or ask information concerning them, will oblige the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.

(Continued from page 67.)

offering the artist's brush as alluring bits as the famous lotus ponds of Japan. An everyday scene in Union Square, which rests tired eyes, is that of the saucy sparrows taking their daily baths on the great lily pads in the central fountain, or perching themselves saucily on a lotus seed-pod and drinking the spray as it falls in a shower over them.

#### LION VERSUS HORSE.

A CURIOUS, but little known, fact is this: If a lion and a strong horse were to pull in opposite directions, the horse would pull the lion backward with comparative ease; but if the lion were hitched behind the horse, and facing in the same direction, and were allowed to exert his strength in backing, he could easily pull the horse down upon his haunches, or drag him across the ring, so much greater is his strength when exerted backward from the hind legs than in forward pulling.

#### THE WEIRD FLAG OF CHINA.

A JAPANESE merchant in New York City gives the following tradition of the origin of the weird and gaudy national flag of China: "The body of the flag is a pale yellow. In the upper left-hand corner is a small red sun. Looking intently at the sun is a fierce Chinese dragon. The dragon's belly is a brilliant red and white, and his green back is covered with stiff knobs. He is standing on his two hind paws and the left forefoot, and the feet are five-toed and slightly hooked. His long, five-forked tail stretches away in the rear. The dragon's neck is arched back. His mouth is wide open, and he looks as if he were about to try to swallow the red sun.

"That is just what he is trying to do, and that is the symbolism of the flag," the Japanese merchant said.

Then he explained that the Japanese flag has a white body, and in the center is a large red sun, with rays radiating in all directions. About 1,000 years ago the Chinese made war on Japan and prepared a grand invasion. To symbolize their anticipated victory they adopted their flag of today. They took the sun of Japan and made it small and put it in front of the dragon's mouth to express the idea that the Chinese dragon would devour the Japanese. It happened, however, that the Chinese fleet, conveying an army of 100,000 men, was wrecked on its way to Japan by a great storm, and all but three of the 100,000 perished.

(Continued on page 69.)

#### HOW TO MAKE MONEY. INCUBATOR ON TRIAL



TRY IT BEFORE YOU BUY IT. Highest Award World's Fair, N.Y. State Fair, 1894; Canadian Exhibition, 1894. Judge of Incubators at World's Fair says: "If I were going to buy for myself I would give the Von Culin the preference."  
BOOK, INCUBATOR, 5 Cts.  
Von Culin Incubator Co.,  
Box 6, Delaware City, Del.

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

#### At 1/4 Price

Watches, Guns, Buggies, Harness, Sewing Machines, Organs, Bicycles, Farm Tools, Safes, etc. List FREE.  
CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

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

#### AFTER THE BALL

This famous song and ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN OTHER LATEST SONGS OF THE DAY including "TA-RA-BUM-DE-AY," "COMRADES," "LITTLE FISHER MAIDEN," ETC. Words and Music, postpaid, only Ten Cents. GEM NOV. CO., 258 Frankfort, Ind.

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

#### Housekeepers value

**STERLING SILVER INLAID**  
Spoons and Forks on account of their wearing qualities.



Guaranteed for 25 years.  
Patented.  
Silver is inlaid in the back of the bowl and handle, then the article is plated entire.  
For sale by all jewelers. Made only by  
**THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.**  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

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

#### THE STANDARD "Dripless" Strainer.

No drip to soil table linen. No wires to clog spout. No falling off. Nickel-plated. Sent on receipt of 25 cents.



**STANDARD STRAINER CO., 34 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City.**

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

## LADIES,

UPON RECEIPT OF YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS I WILL SEND YOU A SAMPLE CAKE OF MY NEW TOILET-SOAP TO ENABLE YOU TO THOROUGHLY TEST ITS MERITS. ADDRESS  
**H. B. FOULD, 218 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.**

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

## 850,000 GRAPE VINES

100 Varieties. Also Small Fruits, Trees, &c. Bestrooted stock. Genuine, cheap. 2 sample vines mailed for 10c. Descriptive price-list free. **LEWIS ROESCH, Fredonia, N. Y.**

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



#### Delicate Cake

Easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. 30 styles, round, square and oblong. 2 layer tins by mail 30 cts. Circulars Free.

Agents Wanted. **Richardson Mfg. Co., 1 St., Bath, N.Y.**

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

#### The St. Claire Corset and Corset Waists.

Made only to order. Secure Comfort, Style and Grace by sending for complete directions for measurement. Order what you want. You will get what you order from  
**THE ST. CLAIRE CORSET CO., 163 State Street, Chicago.**

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

#### THE MARY JANE DISH-WASHER

is guaranteed to wash dishes better than by hand, in 1/4 the time. There is no slop, no muss, no broken dishes, no wetting the hands. Thousands sold; suits all. Circulars free. **J. K. Purinton & Co., Des Moines, Ia.**

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

## \$19.50 DEMOREST Sewing Machine.

Warranted for Five Years.  
Full Set of Attachments with every Machine  
100,000 SOLD IN TEN YEARS.

The only High Grade SEWING MACHINE sold for \$19.50  
**HOW CAN WE DO IT? Because we MAKE THEM and SELL DIRECT to the PUBLIC.**  
If you have any doubts about them giving satisfaction ask us to send Testimonials received from ladies residing in your vicinity who have used them.

SENT ON TRIAL. Demorest Sewing Machine Company,  
Ask for Catalogue of other styles. 155 West 23d Street, New York.

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

## \$1,000 in PRIZES WALL PAPER

Divided into 4 1st prizes of \$150 each, and 4 2d prizes of \$100 each will be given for best designs for

Send 2c. for complete detail information. Designs must be entered before Nov. 15, 1894. Designs not awarded prizes will be returned, or bought at private sale.  
No matter where you live, don't pay retail prices for wall paper. We make a specialty of the mail order business and sell direct to consumers at factory prices.

**SPECIAL FALL PRICES:** Good Paper 3c. and up. Gold Paper 4c. and up.

At these prices you can paper a small room for 50c.

Send 10c for postage on samples of our new fall paper and our book "How to Paper and Economy in Home Decoration," will be sent at once, showing how to get \$50 effect for \$5 investment.

If you want paper next spring send 10c. postage, now, and we will send samples of these prize designs March 1st, '95. Explain what you want. Send to nearest address.

**ALFRED PEATS, DEPT. 3.**  
30-32 W. 13th St., NEW YORK. 136-138 W. Madison St., CHICAGO.

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

#### An Art Education at Home \$4 FOR 15 MOS.



(SPECIAL OFFER FOR 1894-5.)

Send this (Demorest) adv. and \$4 before January 1, 1895—this is essential—and you will receive, for 15 months (beginning with any issue)—with all color plates and other supplements and working designs.

## THE ART AMATEUR

the best practical art magazine, teaching

Regular price \$4 a year. Established 1879 The Art Amateur was the only art periodical awarded a medal at The World's Fair. Its exquisite Color Plates suitable for framing as well as copying; continue one of its great attractions. Lately, they have been officially introduced into the Chicago High Schools as Painting Studies, by order of the Board of Education. They have been so used for many years in leading American and Canadian Art Schools.

Those who prefer it, instead of receiving

OIL PAINTING, WATER COLOR, PASTEL AND CRAYON, ILLUSTRATING, CHINA PAINTING, PEN DRAWING, PYROGRAPHY, TAPESTRY PAINTING, DESIGNING, MODELING, WOOD CARVING, EMBROIDERY, ETC.

## THREE MONTHS FREE

may have as a premium 12 Extra plates of The Art Amateur Color Studies and Pictures. State if you prefer Landscape and Marine, or Flowers and Fruit, or Figure and Portrait, or Animal, or assorted subjects; or extra China Painting Designs.

Specimen copy of The Art Amateur (with all supplements) and the manual "Painting for Beginners," (64 pages), sent for 25 cents (regular price 60 cents). Address **MONTAGUE MARKS, 23 Union Square, New York.**

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



#### Duplicate Whist.

The Tokalon Method is the BEST for straight WHIST.

Complete with Playing Cards, Score Cards, Counters, etc., \$1.75, \$2.25 and \$3.25 per set.

**Clark & Sowdon, 342 W. 14th St., N.Y. City.**

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

## BOOKS

RARE, POPULAR and USEFUL. Fiction, Poetry, Juvenile, Scientific, Dictionaries, Cook Books, etc. German books for students of the German language. Prices lowest ever known.

Catalogues of English and German books FREE.

## 1000 Books Distributed FREE

among our customers. Full information sent with catalogues and circulars. **M. C. BURKEL, Bookseller, 479 Nelson Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.**

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

#### HOW Ladies may obtain a PERFECT-FITTING DRESS WAIST.

Instructions mailed free. **MRS. H. J. MORRIS, 413 6th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

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



Readers of Demorest's Magazine who order goods advertised in

ESTABLISHED 1851.

**34,000 SOLD.**

**VOSE PIANOS**

**ARE UP TO DATE.**

UNSURPASSED IN  
TONE, TOUCH, SCALE,  
ACTION, DESIGN,  
MATERIAL, CONSTRUCTION.



CATALOGUES AND  
INFORMATION  
FREE.

**Vose & Sons Piano Co.,**

174 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

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

**SO**

on woven wire  
mattress.

on the  
"IDEAL" Spring Bed.



Any wonder so many are wakeful and nervous. The "IDEAL" rests the body and brings refreshing sleep. Our booklet free. All dealers sell it.

FOSTER BROS. MFG CO., 5 Clay St., Utica, N. Y.

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

**THE IMPROVED  
BIAS CUTTER  
and TRACING WHEEL.**

Sample by Mail  
25 cts.

Of great convenience  
to ladies.

**SELLS AT SIGHT.**

**AGENTS WANTED.**

**The New England Novelty Manfg. Co.**  
24 Q Portland St., Boston, Mass.

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

**FLEXIBONE  
MOULDED**

**POSITIVELY**  
—A—  
**BODY-SHAPED  
CORSET.**

RECEIVED MEDALS AT WORLDS AND COLUMBIAN EXPOSITIONS

**FITS WITH GLOVE-LIKE NICETY.**

**DOES NOT SQUEEZE — BUT — EMBRACES PERFECTLY.**

STAYED WITH UNBREAKABLE FLEXIBONE.

EVERY CORSET WARRANTED.

**CORONET CORSET CO.**  
JACKSON MICHIGAN.

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



by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Magazine.



Poor Fido, won't you take some of Mamma's Figaro licorice, it cured her cold.  
To get **Pure Spanish Licorice**, Sticks and Pellets, ask for and insist upon getting the

**FIGARO LICORICE**,  
made in Zaragoza, Spain. No foreign or gritty adulterations in the Figaro. Try this licorice, you will use no other. Send 3 two cent stamps for large sample to the  
"FIGARO" IMPORTATION OFFICE, 3 Union Sq., N. Y.

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



The Leading Conservatory of America.  
Founded by Dr. E. Tourjée. CARL FAELTEN, Director.  
Illustrated Calendar giving full information free.  
New England Conservatory of Music, Boston.

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

## MONEY HOW TO MAKE IT QUICKLY

From Small or Large Amounts.  
Information Free. Write the PUBLIC STOCK & GRAIN EXCHANGE, Pittsburg, Pa., or DELANEY & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 118 Rialto (Board of Trade Annex), Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. Highest references. (Mention this publication.) Cut this out.

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



**5 Two Cent Stamps** buys this lovely Battle-Axe Pin.

Solid Sterling Silver, 925-1000 Fine, or Rolled Gold Plate, (6 for 50c.) Address,  
**C. W. LITTLE & CO., 32 Cortlandt St., N. Y.**

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

## THE CONSTITUTION.

An eight-page monthly, published for the promotion of constitutional liberty and justice, and the prohibition of the liquor traffic. Single Yearly Subscriptions, 10 cts.

10 Yearly Subscriptions, 6 cts. each per year.

20 Yearly Subscriptions, 5 cts. each per year.

## HOW TO GET SUBSCRIBERS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

### GRAND MISSIONARY WORK.

See that every neighbor or family that you can reach has the privilege of subscribing to **THE CONSTITUTION**.

Encourage your children, wife, and family friends to take subscriptions.

In this way you will be able to reach every family within the sphere of your influence, and to bring the truth and obligations on this great question of Prohibition directly before the minds of your whole neighborhood.

Remember, none will refuse to subscribe when you tell them that they will receive an eight-page paper, got up in good style, with interesting reading, for a whole year, sent post free to their address for five or ten cents.

Address **W. JENNINGS DEMOREST**,  
10 E. 14th St., New York.