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THE COLONIAL DAMES OF AMERICA.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY.



MRS. WILLIAM B. STEVENS,
Vice-President of Pennsylvania Colonial Dames.



MRS. CRAWFORD ARNOLD,
Founder of Pennsylvania Society
of Colonial Dames.



MRS. HENRY G. BANNING,
President of Delaware Colonial Dames.

THOUGH organized as short a time ago as May 19, 1892, the National Society of Colonial Dames of America now enrolls over two thousand five hundred members, with State Societies in the thirteen original Colonies and the District of Columbia, and twenty-three Associate Societies, or branches, in the same number of non-Colonial States. The Society's history is a brief one, yet already it records a vast amount of accomplished work along patriotic and historic lines, and the organization has done much toward awakening interest in true Americanism.

Two Societies of Colonial Dames exist: the original one, founded in New York, May 23, 1890, and the National Society, the subject of this sketch, the inception of which was brought about by the formation of a State Society in Pennsylvania at the residence of Mrs. Crawford Arnold, in Philadelphia, on April 8, 1891. Mrs. Arnold, because of the many qualities which fitted her to be a leader in such a historic movement, was asked to organize the Society, which she did with the co-operation

of many other women prominent in the Quaker City; but to the late Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, the historian, is due the honor of first conceiving the idea of a feminine Colonial society. She drew up the constitution for the first Society of Colonial Dames, and the same one was adopted by the National Society, with which Mrs. Lamb was in full sympathy as it carried out her intention of combining many State Societies into a national body.

After the founding of the Pennsylvania Society, the most important meeting was one held in Wilmington, Delaware, May 19, 1892, at the home of Mrs. Henry G. Banning, when the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America was formally organized by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws, and by the election of officers. Besides Pennsylvania, the other original States there represented by delegates were Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey, which had already incorporated State Societies. This first meeting of the Society was a delightful as well as an important one, and Mrs. Banning's fine old mansion, rich in Colonial furniture, was an appropriate



MISS SUSAN B. SPOTSWOOD,
First Vice-President of the Delaware
Society.

place for such a gathering. After two important business sessions and a delightful reception, the meeting was adjourned, to be convened in Washington, D. C., January 11, 1893, at the house of Mrs. Beverly Kennon, a descendant of Martha Custis, afterward Mrs. George Washington. Virginia, Rhode Island, and the District of Columbia that day joined the National Society; and in April, 1894, the other seven Colonial States came in. Since that date twenty-three branches have been organized in non-Colonial States, and the end is not yet.

The work of this Society is historical, educational, and patriotic. The preamble to its strong and impressive constitution states: "Whereas, History shows that the remembrance of a nation's glory in the past stimulates to national greatness in the future, and that successive generations are awakened to truer patriotism and roused to noble endeavor by the contemplation of the heroic deeds of their forefathers; therefore the Society of Colonial Dames of America has been formed, that the descendants of those men who in the Colonial period, by their rectitude, courage, and self-denial, prepared the way for success in that struggle which gained for the country its liberty and constitution, may associate themselves together to do honor to the virtues of their forefathers, and to encourage all who come under their influence to true patriotism, built on a knowledge of all the self-sacrifice and heroism of those men of the Colonies who laid the foundations of this great nation."

The members endeavor to teach that in America we are but one people, have but one flag, and but one interest,—the honor of our nation. The objects of the



MISS ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON,
Historian of the Pennsylvania Society.



MISS ELIZABETH D. KNIGHT,
Registrar and Historian of the
Delaware Society.

organization are to collect and preserve manuscripts, traditions, relics, and mementoes of past days; to preserve and restore buildings connected with the early history of our country; to diffuse healthful and intelligent information concerning the past; to create

a popular interest in our Colonial history, and to stimulate a spirit of true patriotism as well as a genuine love of country.

To be eligible for membership, a woman must be descended in her own right from some worthy ancestor who came to reside in an American colony prior to 1750, and rendered efficient service to his country during the Colonial period. All services must have been rendered before July 5, 1776. No descendant of an ancestor who accepted protection from the British during the Revolution-

ary War, or who failed to maintain an honorable record, is eligible for membership.

All the State Societies have adopted the constitution of the National Society, but each has its individual by-laws and seal. The insignia, or badge, is the same for every member, no matter to what State she belongs. Rhode Island is the only State Society that, in addition to the national emblem, has a badge of its own. The national insignia consists of a small disc with a centre of light blue enamel and the figure of a Colonial Dame in gold, modeled in relief. Around the blue enamel is a circle with the words "Colonial Dames of America" in gold letters. Surmounting the disc is an eagle in gold, and diverging are twenty golden rays arranged in four groups. Twelve stars of blue enamel tip the twelve central rays, and these, with a single star placed below the disc, are emblematic of



MISS EMMA G. LATHROP,
of the New Jersey Society.

the thirteen original States. The badge is worn on the left breast, suspended by a bit of buff and blue ribbon from a golden bar bearing the name of the State to which the wearer belongs; though, as a mark of distinction, officers or ex officers of the National Society are allowed to wear the badge on a ribbon around the neck.

The National Society meets once every two years in Washington, D. C., when the national officers are elected, and other necessary business transacted. Every State Society sends delegates, whose expenses are borne by the parent association. This biennial is regarded as a gala season by the "Dames," for, although a great amount of hard work has to be accomplished, a delightful social treat is offered by the hostess society, the representatives of which exert themselves to provide pleasures of all descriptions for their distinguished visitors, that the short stay may be a memorable one.

The State Societies meet annually for the election of their own State officers, each society being a separate organization in no way connected with the sister societies, except through the relation borne to the parent association. The initiation fee and dues vary with the varying by-laws. No annual sum is paid to the National Society, but when the latter holds its biennial it taxes the component societies to meet its needs.

In the non-Colonial States, the Associate Societies, or branches, are organized a little differently, though in the main they are governed by the same rules and regulations as the State Societies. The leading officer of a branch association is not termed president, but

warded to her, and this must be filled in with much exact information. She must prove, by documentary evidence, her lineal descent from her ancestor of Colonial times, no tradition being considered. Old histories and lineage books are brought into play, as well as court and church records and family Bibles. Dates of all marriages must be given, and births and deaths also, if possible, though these are not positively required.

The candidate is required to make out her application blank in the name of one ancestor only; but when she is safely landed within the charmed circle she may fill in as many supplementary papers as she cares to, and if her claims are proved correct she may have put to her credit in the Society's archives all the Colonial forefathers she can prove worthy and famous. Some members have as many as fifty of these notable an-

cestors, and the record of their achievements constitutes valuable history. Indeed, the impetus given to historical research by the formation of this and kindred patriotic orders is proving of much value to scholars and historians on the lookout for new and authentic data; and especially for the genealogist are the records of interest, as great care is taken regarding the accuracy of all names and family lineage. The year-books, being prepared by the different State Societies, will make their store of personal information easily accessible.

The National Society's President is Mrs. Howard Townsend, of New York City, a representative American woman and an honor to her country because of her strength and beauty of character and her



MRS. ROSA WRIGHT SMITH,
Secretary of the District of Columbia
Society.



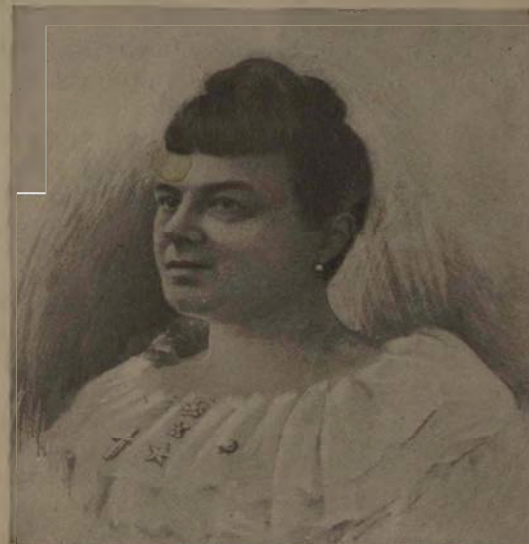
MISS EUGENIA WASHINGTON,
Registrar of the District of Columbia
Society.

chairman; and the members enter on the services of progenitors who lived in any of the Colonial States or the District of Columbia.

There is much formality and etiquette observed in the admission of members. Each member has the privilege of inviting two candidates a year to join. A candidate does not apply for entrance; she must wait until invited by one member and indorsed by another. Then, if acceptable to the Board of Managers, her application paper will be for-



NATIONAL INSIGNIA.



MRS. JOSHUA WILBOUR,
Registrar of the Rhode Island Society.

intelligence. She was Miss Justine Van Rensselaer, daughter of Stephen Van Rensselaer, known as "the young patroon" of Albany. Two famous progenitors were General Philip Schuyler and Philip Livingston, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Towns-

end is also President of the New York State Society of Colonial Dames, the Mount Vernon Association, and the Daughters of the Cincinnati.

Pennsylvania is regarded with a certain amount of

reverence as the leader in the formation of the National Society, and the name of the founder of the State Society, the late Mrs. Crawford Arnold, is remembered with love and respect. She was a philanthropist as well as a social leader, inheriting her progressive and charitable proclivities from a long line of public-spirited ancestors, including such names as the Whartons, Hollingsworths, Carpenters, and Gilpins.

Two other official representatives of Pennsylvania are Mrs. William B. Stevens, its first vice-president, and the historian, Miss Anne H. Wharton, the latter well known in the world of letters by her writings on Colonial subjects. She is a member of one of Philadelphia's most prominent families; others of her progenitors, besides the Whartons, being the Redwoods of New England fame, the Allisons, and the Hollingsworths. Mrs. Stevens is the great granddaughter of Zebulon Butler, famous in King Philip's War, and the daughter of Judge John W. Conyngham.

The Pennsylvania State Society has always maintained its character for energy and wisdom. Its members have instituted the celebration of Flag Day, June 14, 1777, in the schools, and generally throughout Philadelphia. They have also succeeded in gaining possession of Independence Hall, which will henceforth be the permanent headquarters of the Pennsylvania Society, the Society of Colonial Wars occupying part of the building. A large number of portraits of Washington have been presented to the public schools, and prizes have been offered to the girls of the high schools for essays on historical subjects. This is one of the largest of the State Societies, numbering about five hundred representatives. Last year ten meetings of the Society were held, and eighteen meetings of the Board of Managers, which record gives an idea of what a

busy coterie of women the Pennsylvania Dames are.

Delaware was the next State to organize, the initial meeting being held at the home of Miss Spotswood, in New Castle, in November, 1891, although the society was not legally incorporated until May 10, 1892. It is, and always has been, an energetic society, whose women are known for their good judgment and their willingness to assist the patriotic cause. One of the most interesting events of its

career was the commemoration of the landing of William Penn at New Castle in 1682.

The President of the Delaware Society, Mrs. Henry G. Banning, who has held her position since the Society's inception, was one of the earliest and most active movers in forming the National Society. She comes from the distinguished family of Rodneys, the first of whom came to America with William Penn in 1682. Miss Susan B. Spotswood, Delaware's first vice-president, is lineally descended from Sir Alexander Spotswood, Governor of the Colony of Virginia. Delaware's historian and registrar is Miss Elizabeth D. Knight; her Colonial progenitor, Giles Knight, came over in the good ship *Welcome* in 1682, and was for years a member of Pennsylvania's Provincial Assembly.

Although Delaware ranks next to Pennsylvania in the matter of organization, Maryland was legally incorporated first, the date being December 29, 1891. Baltimore has always been its head-centre, and many of the nation's most noted early settlers are represented on the enrollment list.

The New Jersey Society, incorporated April 7, 1892, has been full of good works. A reading-room, well supplied with magazines and other publications, has been established in Trenton, and a fine library of historical and genealogical volumes is being collected. This sister society was also

incorporated before that of Delaware though organized after the latter. Miss Emma G. Lathrop is a prominent representative of the New Jersey Dames, and also holds the office of historian to the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She claims eligibility through twenty Colonial forefathers, among them good old John Ogden, the Pilgrim and patentee.

On May 20, 1892, was incorporated the Society of the District of Columbia, with headquarters in Washington, which city is chosen to a certain extent as the home of the National Society. Besides a historical and patriotic purpose, this Society has a literary side, and many of its members wield a facile pen. Its regulations for



MISS ANNIE VANE JONES,
Corresponding Secretary of the Georgia Society.



MRS. THOMAS S. MORGAN,
Vice-President of the Georgia Society.



MRS. WILLIAM W. GORDON,
President of the Georgia Society.

admission are iron-bound, and only twelve new members are allowed entrance each year. Good practical work is constantly being carried out, noticeably the offering of prizes to the boys and girls of all the District's public schools, and to the pupils of private academies. Its officers are well known in Washington social and philanthropic circles. Miss Eugenia Washington, the registrar, is a descendant of Colonel Samuel Washington, the youngest brother of General Washington, and is the possessor of many precious Washington heirlooms. Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith has been the corresponding secretary since the first. She is the daughter of General Wright, of Civil War fame, and a direct descendant of the New England Chapmans, Griswolds, and Aldens.

The Virginia Society is an important one in old associations and present achievement, as the Old Dominion was among the leaders in the history and traditions of the country's earliest settlement.

The President, Mrs. William Russell Robinson, has filled her rôle with wisdom and grace since the Society's formation. She is a woman of great personal charm, and exemplifies her

work. The Society's registrar, Mrs. Joshua Wilbour, has also been a leader in the Daughters of the American Revolution. One of her great progenitors was the pioneer settler Roger Williams.



MISS MARY VAN BUREN VANDERPOEL,
of the New York Society.

The two other New England Societies which joined early, those of Massachusetts and Connecticut, keep the even tenor of their ways without much ostentation; but occasionally they attract general attention to themselves by some noteworthy episode, such as the Loan Exhibitions lately held in New Haven and Hartford.

The New York State Society was incorporated before that of Connecticut, and was legally recognized on April 29, 1893. New York City is the head-centre, and there reside most of the members and the leading officials. The first public appearance of the society was at the unveiling of the

Nathan Hale statue in City Hall Park, New York City, when it sent a delegation of thirty ladies to evince its patriotic fervor, who stood in rank with the men and women of like organizations. Their next step was a course of six lectures on various phases of Colonial history, delivered by Professor John Fiske, of Harvard University. The proceeds of these lectures were given to the poor



MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR,
of the Virginia Society.

through the East and West Side Missions for Women, as the society desires above all things to be helpful to the weaker sex, and counts philanthropy among the tenets of its creed. A piece of praiseworthy work is the "Calendar of Wills," lately published by the New York Dames, which has already proved of intrinsic value to lawyers. The "Calendar" contains the records of old wills and deeds, and its preparation was an arduous task.

In addition to the regular meetings of a social and historic character, occasionally some noteworthy entertainment is given. One year it was a loan collection of Colonial and Revolutionary relics, when many priceless heirlooms were exhibited. Last season



MRS. LEVI P. MORTON,
of the New York Society.

heritage from Samuel Jordan, gentleman, who was a member of the first General Assembly of James City in 1619. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, though a resident of New York, still retains her charter membership in the Virginia



MRS. EDWIN H. WOOTTON,
of the New York Society.

organization. She claims both Knickerbocker and Southern lineage, and comes of the family of Bacons to which belonged Nathaniel Bacon, "the rebel," who struck the first blow for American freedom. This Society is busily engaged in copying the most noted of the State's parish registers. These records are now in charge of the Theological Seminary of Virginia at Alexandria, and are in a bad condition from age and hard usage. Already the register of old Christ Church has appeared in book form, and is on sale. It contains the list of marriages, births, and deaths registered in Christ Church, Middlesex County, Virginia, between the years 1663 and 1767.

Little Rhode Island has a flourishing Society which is always doing something to put into practice its aims and to sustain the interest of the members. It has placed a tablet upon the spot where Roger Williams and his five colleagues landed at State Rock, on the western shore of Seekonk River. A year-book has been published, and prizes are offered for Colonial literary



MRS. WILLIAM RUSSELL ROBINSON,
President of the Virginia Society.

it took the form of a Colonial breakfast, given at Sherry's, to which the officers of all the patriotic and genealogical organizations, of both sexes, were invited. The rooms were decorated for the day in true Colonial fashion, with rare old furniture and ornaments loaned for the occasion. Prominently displayed were an original portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart, and a dainty writing-desk, the gift of Washington to the fair Anne Stuart on her wedding-day, when he gave the bride away to General Philip Church. The ices were served in Continental cocked hats of buff and blue, with tri-colored rosettes.

One of the latest undertakings of the New York Society is the care of the old Van Cortlandt Mansion, or Manor House, at Kingsbridge, placed in the hands of the Colonial



MRS. CLAYTON GILES,
Second Vice-President of the North Carolina Society.

Charleston, in the home of Mrs. Ernest H. Pringle, the first and present secretary, where they continued to meet for the first year, but now a room is rented for the purpose. This is furnished in old Colonial style, the articles being lent or given by the members. It is open daily, is popular with the members, and is a cheery rendezvous, with open fire, comfortable chairs, and reading matter always at hand. Last year a fine Colonial Loan Exhibition was held for two weeks. This season a Puritan Tea proved a very enjoyable function. The Society's President is Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel, whose book "Eliza Pinckney" has lately

appeared in Scribner's Colonial Series.

The Georgia Society was organized in 1893 by Mrs. William Washington Gordon, its President, but it was



Dames by the city authorities. It is the intention of these feminine patriots to restore it and convert it into a museum for historic relics.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton, Mrs. Edwin H. Wootton and Miss Mary Van Buren Vanderpoel are three typical New York Dames, all women of great personal attractions and unusual intelligence. Mrs. Morton comes from the distinguished family of Livingston; Mrs. Wootton from the famous Carters, Aldens, and Grinnells; and Miss Vanderpoel is descended from Governor Bradford and Thomas Williams of Boston "tea-party" renown.

South Carolina entered the National Federation November 16, 1893. Its initial meeting was in April of the same year, when twenty ladies met in



MISS MARY S. KINGSBURY,
Historian of the North Carolina Society.

not incorporated until January 24, 1894. Its short career has already been marked by good deeds along educational lines, and it is pledged to help the Sons of the Revolution in erecting a monument to Georgia's founder, General Oglethorpe. Mrs. Gordon is also vice-president of the National Society and is a woman possessing splendid executive ability. Georgia's vice-president, Mrs. Thomas S. Morgan, is a handsome woman of blonde type, and has been an arduous worker for many good causes. She is descended from the Berrian family, also from the Strykers, Waddells, and Eatons. Georgia's corresponding secretary, Miss Annie Vane Jones, is in direct line from the old New England Mather stock. Her Colonial ancestor is Colonel Humphrey

Atherton, and far back she comes from several royal houses, those of Alfred the Great, Ferdinand III. of Spain, and others.

The New Hampshire Society, incorporated March 8, 1894, was organized the year previous by its President, Mrs. Arthur E. Clarke, of Manchester. This State Society is limited to seventy-six members, and the limit is already nearly reached.

The last State Society to enter the fold was North Carolina, incorporated March 24, 1894, but it has made good use of its time. Its first and present President, Mrs. George Wilson Kidder, was the organizer, and under her guidance the society has chosen for its special work the raising of a monument to the memory of Cornelius Harnett, a distinguished Colonial citizen who laid down his life for the Old North State. For this end the Society gave a kirmess, which lasted a week. Not long ago this Society organized a social and literary club which meets once a week to study Colonial history, that of its State being among the oldest, for the first English settlement in America was at Roanoke Island, in 1585, where a couple of years later was born the first white child of English parents, little Virginia Dare.

Mrs. Kidder possesses beauty of face and fine mental



MRS. JAMES ROBERT MCKEE,
Chairman Indiana Colonial Dames.

calibre. She belongs to one of the oldest families in the Cape Fear section. Her ancestor, Sir John Seamans, was Governor in 1665. Mrs. Clayton Giles, the vice-president, bears the reputation of being one of the handsomest women in North Carolina, also one of the most charming. She is a descendant of Sir James Wright, Colonial Governor of Georgia. North Carolina's historian, Miss Mary S. Kingsbury, counts among her ancestors many famous men of early days,—Governor Richard Bennett, Colonel William Randolph, Richard Bland, and others.

Among the non-Colonial States, the chapters in Illinois, Wisconsin, Colorado, and Tennessee, are particularly zealous, though all are showing much interest in helping the patriotic cause, and all have a voice in the National Council which meets in Washington. Mrs. James Robert McKee, daughter of ex-President Benjamin Harrison, is chairman for Indiana, and is continually giving proof of her patriotic fervor. She is lineally descended from Benjamin Harrison the famous signer of the Declaration of Independence, and from a number of other loyal men who have always served their country faithfully and without reproach.

CAROLYN HALSTED.

THE AWAKENING.

I will take heart again; the spring
Comes over Sehome hill,
And like tall, splintered spears of gold
The firs stand, soft and still;
Happily in its moist, brown throat
Chatters a loosened rill.

Below, across the deep blue sea,
With glistening, restless wings,
The seagulls cleave the purple air
In white and endless rings;
Somewhere within an open space
One of God's own larks sings.

The ferns push delicate-fingered palms
Out of the dimpled hills;
The wild blue violet's perfume
Along the pure air spills;
There is a breathing, faint and far,
From dark throats of the mills.

The spider flings a shining thread
From dewy blade to blade;
A wren swings on a cheery branch,
Near me, yet unafraid.
The glittering frosts have taken rout
Before the red sun's raid.

The warm breath of the waking earth
Curls up from myriad lips,
And who has loved and lost now drinks
In deep and trembling sips,
With memory's passionate pulse astir
From heart to finger-tips.

Behold! the earth is glad again,
And she has taken heart,
And in her swelling, fruitful breast
God's new love-flowers start.
(Lord, may I not take courage, too?
I and my old self part?)

Yea, when the birds grow dumb again
With sweet delights that thrill
Their rapt and innocent souls till they
Have not desire nor will
For song, or sun, or anything
But passion deep and still,

I will go into the dim wood,
And lie prone on the sod,
My breast close to the warm earthbreast,
Prostrate, alone with God,—
Of all his poor and useless ones
The poorest, useless clod;

And I will pray (so earnestly
He cannot help but hear):
"Lord, Lord, let me take heart again
Let my old faith shine clear!
Let me awaken with the earth,—
And leave the old dreams here!"

ELLA HIGGINSON.

AT THE DOOR OF THE PEW.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

MRS. JOHN INGRAHAM was a miserable, frightened woman, though the other members of the congregation among whom she was worshipping were far from suspecting the fact. There was no expression of trouble upon her pretty face. Her gown was exquisitely dainty and fitted to perfection. Her bonnet could not more unmistakably proclaim itself Parisian unless the bit of stamped silk on the inside of the crown had been set among the light puffs outside. Her feet, for which Mrs. Ingraham owned to an affectionate weakness, were shod in kid as soft as her gloves, and her little heels were as French as her bonnet. As she sat in the pew with her uncle and aunt she was an object of curiosity to half of the flock collected at afternoon service in the village church. This was the first visit she had paid them since her childhood, which was, however, not very far back.

The old clergyman droned through the service slowly. He was distinctly "Low Church," and it grated on Mrs. Ingraham's nerves when he kept turning his back on the altar at times which her "Anglican training" taught her to think improper.

But it was not this which rendered her miserable. There was not even a summer breeze blowing; the church was alive with fluttering fans, yet her hands and feet were as cold as ice. And the reason for all this lay in the fact that she had turned her head and seen her husband standing in a pew behind her. As an orthodox churchwoman, the sight should properly have given her pleasure; but Mrs. Ingraham's knees knocked under her in her dismay, and she nearly sat down in the middle of the Psalter.

If it had been announced to the congregation that a runaway wife was seated in their midst, few would have suspected Mrs. Ingraham as the individual; and yet such was the case. Some days before, on returning to his home, Mr. Ingraham found a letter from his wife lying on his dressing-table, through which he learned that she was by no means certain that their six months of wedlock was not a wretched mistake, and that she had found it necessary to go away and think over the matter alone; she would leave no address, and it was not worth while to attempt finding her. Yet here they were under the same roof, and, in spite of her brave front, Mrs. Ingraham was horribly frightened.

Through the rest of the service she knelt and stood and sat mechanically. If she offered up any prayer, it was that the trembling of her hands, which made the letters of her prayer-book dance before her eyes, should not be obvious to anyone else. All the while her brain was feverishly busy thinking out a plan of action; but the prayer of thanksgiving was over and the blessing spoken before she could come to any decision. She lingered on her knees so long that when she rose most of the congregation had swept out of church, and her uncle and aunt were on their way down the aisle. Then her heart sank; for, without looking directly, she could see that her husband was still present, standing at the door of his pew. The aisle was so narrow her garments must almost brush him as she passed.

Mrs. Ingraham fought and conquered her impulse to make a sudden rush for the door. She walked down the aisle with her usual slow, graceful step. Her head was perhaps a trifle too superbly carried, and her eyes fixed a little too straight ahead. Three more steps and she was just opposite him; four, and—what had happened?

Something caught her foot and held it with vice-like firmness. She was rooted to the floor.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" said her husband's voice, and with self-hatred she felt the blood surge to her face. She looked longingly at her uncle's broad back disappearing through the doorway. No help offered anywhere. She realized that she must face her deserted husband.

"My stopping was not voluntary," she said coldly, "Something has caught my boot."

The tremulousness of her voice enraged her; she struggled frantically to free herself, but only succeeded in wrenching her ankle so severely that the pain brought tears to her eyes.

"Isobel, you will injure yourself; stop struggling. Let me see."

He knelt down beside her.

"Your heel has caught in the register. It cannot be pulled out in this way."

There being no escape, she was obliged to submit to his aid. He gently unbuttoned the gaiter.

"Do I hurt you? Have you sprained your ankle?"

"No."

"Now slip your foot out. Then I can work the boot free."

A dignified carriage when one foot is clothed in a high-heeled boot and the other in a stocking is not easy to accomplish, and Isobel Ingraham felt this keenly as she limped away and sat down in one of the old-fashioned box-pews. The church was quite empty now, except for herself and her husband.

In a few moments he entered the pew, holding the unlucky shoe in his hand. He had knelt down and begun to draw it on her foot before she realized what he was doing. Then she drew back hastily.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Ingraham, looking up at her. "I thought as I took it off—"

"Be good enough to give it to me," she interrupted, haughtily, holding out her hand.

"I don't think I will yet," he answered. "Isobel, tell me what all this is about."

"You speak as one having authority," she replied, satirically, attempting to rise.

He laid his hand on her arm and prevented her.

"You cannot possibly walk without your boot," he said, and at this, overcome by conviction of her own helplessness, Mrs. Ingraham's proud spirit broke.

"Oh, give it to me, you have no right to keep me here!" she cried.

"I have every right, and I shall keep the boot till you answer my question."

A step sounded in the rear of the church, and as her ear caught it, the last vestige of Isobel's dignity fled.

"Someone is coming," she whispered, despairingly.

"I hear steps,—oh, indeed I do,—pray, pray, let me go!"

She caught her husband's arm with both hands imploringly.

"Jack, dear Jack, give me my boot!"

The footsteps drew rapidly nearer, still Mr. Ingraham did not move.

"They are coming up this aisle," she gasped, and then suddenly flung herself on her knees by his side, crouching into the corner of the high-backed pew and dragging him down with her. The footsteps passed them on their way up the aisle. Mrs. Ingraham held her breath and closed

her eyes. If they should be discovered now, and in this position!

The steps passed them again on their way down, and then died away.

Mr. Ingraham rose and lifted his wife to her feet.

"What was all this for, Isobel?" he asked.

She looked at him indignantly.

"I didn't want to be caught in that way."

"In what way? Was there anything improper in being seen with your husband kneeling at your feet? I don't suppose the people here know how you have treated him. No; your guilty conscience demoralized you. I suppose now I may put on your boot."

Mrs. Ingraham sat down quite meekly and let him do as he would.

"Every other button will do," she suggested, nervously, but her husband began carefully buttoning each button with his fingers.

"Do you remember the last time I did this for you?" he asked. "You were tired, and I brought your boots down to the library; you recollect I put them both on for you then, and you said——"

Mrs. Ingraham interrupted him hastily.

"I am afraid you are having a great deal of trouble with no button-hook. I wish I had a hair-pin to offer you, but——"

"But you only wear shell pins. I know most of your little habits, Isobel. You interrupted my story. You said——"

"Never mind what I said," cried Isobel, desperately. "It is all over now."

He stooped suddenly and kissed the small foot he held in his hand.

"You know that is untrue," he said.

"Mrs. Ingraham started to her feet with a gasping breath. She tried to speak; her lips quivered and she burst into tears.

The next moment she was in her husband's arms and he was kissing her tearful face.

"How dare you!" she cried, thrusting him from her with vehemence. "How dare you insult me so?"

He drew back.

"Insult you! Isobel, do you know what you are saying?"

"I am saying nothing which I do not mean."

"Insult you, insult my wife by kissing her? I swear by all that I hold sacred I will never kiss you again until you ask me!"

"I ask you to kiss me! Never while I live. My strongest wish is that I may never see your face again."

Without a word he turned and left her. Isobel could hear his step echoing through the empty church. It was all over. She had her wish, and faint and sick she sank into a seat.

"Am I going to call him back?" was her agonized thought, and presently she believed that she must have done so; for he had returned and was standing by her.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you, but the door is locked."

Mrs. Ingraham turned her face from him, lest it should speak too plainly.

"Your imprisonment cannot last long, as your aunt must soon miss you."

She looked up startled.

"She will not miss me at all. I told her I should go to my cousin's after church, and that I might spend the night."

Mr. Ingraham appeared unconcerned and said nothing.

"The windows," suggested Mrs. Ingraham.

"They are twenty feet from the ground. There would be no advantage to you in my attempting them, except by a broken neck."

"You know that I do not wish that," said Isobel, softly. Her husband ignored, or did not hear her.

"There might be another door in that little room where the clergyman dresses," he said.

"The sacristy," murmured the advanced Anglican.

"Thank you," said Mr. Ingraham.

And then she could have bitten her tongue out. She went with him to investigate, but the only door in the sacristy was the one leading into the church.

"The only thing left to do is to open the window and call until someone comes," said Mr. Ingraham.

His wife grew red and white in the same moment.

"If you have any respect whatever for my feelings you will not," she cried. "I would die under it."

"Under what?"

"The talk, the questions—the——"

She ended with a shiver. Her husband turned and looked her full in the face.

"Come here with me," he said.

He led her back to the pew they had been sitting in before.

"There's something which I want you to explain to me," he began. "If you cannot stand the talk which might be caused by our being found locked up in a church together, how do you expect to sustain the tumult which our separation will raise?"

Mrs. Ingraham's eyes grew troubled.

"No one need know," she said, quickly. "I have not even mentioned it to my aunt."

He looked at her curiously.

"Are you quite sure?"

"Perfectly sure. You know I would not discuss family troubles with anyone. It would be neither dignified nor Christian."

"Nor worldly," he added, dryly. "But don't flatter yourself with the hope of secrecy. The world will not only suspect, but will ask for reasons, and supply them if none are given. Do you suppose your father and mother will be content not to know? I pass over myself."

"I should tell them, of course."

"And will you so far honor me as to tell me what reason you mean to give them?"

She hesitated a moment, and then answered unfalteringly: "Incompatibility of temper."

"Incom—— Isobel, have you lost your mind?"

"I understand perfectly what I am saying."

"Incompatible! When did you begin to find this out? When was I ever anything but considerate of you?"

"Do you call the way you met me to-day considerate?"

"I had nothing whatever to do with it. I neither made your boot nor the register. On the contrary, I have often told you I disapproved of the heels you wear. They are dangerous. Perhaps you may believe me after this experience. What else have I done?"

"Why, you know very well that even my friends are not congenial to you. Mary was everything to me at the time of my engagement, staying with me through it all as she did. And how do you speak of her?"

"I wish that you would not speak of our engagement as if it were a surgical operation. Do you mean to say that I was inconsiderate then?"

"N-no."

"But the question now is, what has gone wrong in our married life?"

"Everything. You have never understood me. We are not suited."



From a Drawing by Alice Barber Stephens.

"SHE WAS IN HER HUSBAND'S ARMS AND HE WAS KISSING HER TEARFUL FACE."

"I don't mean to claim that I have always understood you, nor that I understand you now; but you know that I have loved you as tenderly as man ever loved woman."

"You don't seem to see that that is just the point. I do not believe that men can love women understandingly. There is too much marriage and giving in marriage. The world would be better if there were none at all,—if——"

"I thought I forbade your reading the 'Kreutzer Sonata.'"

"It was a criticism of it. You know I have never read what you told me not to."

She had drawn her gloves from her hands and was claspings and unclaspings them nervously as she talked. Her husband looked down at them.

"Where is your wedding-ring?" he asked, suddenly.

"I have taken it off. Why not, when it had become a mere badge of bondage?"

Mr. Ingraham started to his feet.

"And you can say this to me! You can say this deliberately to the man who has been your husband, whom you have loved (for I know that you have loved me), and who has loved you with every thought of his heart. Commend me to a woman for brutality."

He turned away and began pacing the aisle with hasty steps, which gradually grew slower, and at last he sat down again by his wife's side. When he spoke it was evident that he was controlling himself with an effort.

"There has been enough of this," he said. "There must be a clear understanding between us. That you have some reason other than the insufficient one you have given, I know. Now, what is it? I have never known you to tell an untruth. Look me in the eyes, Isobel, and be as true with me as I have ever been with you."

The light had been failing rapidly and the church was now almost dark. The husband and wife saw each other's faces dimly.

During his appeal Mrs. Ingraham sat with her lips parted, her breath coming quickly. Her whole attitude suggested relenting, but at his last words she drew herself together, and her lips were set rigidly when she spoke.

"We are not suited," she repeated, coldly.

"Am I to understand, finally, that this is your only reason,—that this is all you have to say to me?"

She could feel rather than see his eyes fastened on her, and her own fell as she answered:

"That is my only reason."

"Then there is nothing further for me to do or say. If it be any comfort to you to know it, though you have gone through the misery of finding yourself mistaken in your husband, I assure you the pain is no less keen to find yourself mistaken in your wife. That knowledge is but a few minutes old to me. You have had a longer experience and can be calmer. Our being together now can be only pain to both; but I can go no further than the next room, as yet."

He was leaving her without even a farewell. She sat silent, watching him wretchedly. He was walking about in the gloom collecting cushions from various pews and piling them into one. He took off his coat and laid it with them.

"I think you can sleep there comfortably," he said, briefly. "There is a coat if you grow cold."

Before she could answer his figure was swallowed up in the darkness. Then she heard a door shut and knew that she was alone with the cold comfort of these coals of fire he had heaped upon her. The first thing Isobel Ingraham did was to cry bitterly. She laid her head down on her husband's coat and sobbed miserably for an hour. By that time she was as thoroughly unnerved as wretched-

ness and physical weakness could make her. Then it was that she sat up, shivering and trembling, to think matters over calmly,—to decide if there were any points where she might have been to blame. (And here I would like to state, for whom it may interest, that to stay within reach, and yet leave a woman alone, in tears, and a trifle chilly, is a move worthy of Solomon.)

A little later, Mr. Ingraham, sitting in the sacristy, heard a small, subdued voice calling him. He rose and opened the door to find his wife standing before it. There was the sound of recent tears in her voice.

"Jack," she said, "I have come to tell you——"

He walked toward her, and as he did Mrs. Ingraham drew back with a little cry of alarm.

"Is it you?" she faltered.

He was draped in a black garment which fell from his shoulders to his feet. At her cry he threw it off.

"I forgot," he said, "I found the thing in the *sacristum* and put it on for warmth."

And Mrs. Ingraham neither corrected his pronunciation nor told him that the "thing" was a cassock.

"Will you get your coat?" she said, in the same subdued voice. "I will sit here and wait for you. I want to tell you everything."

Instantly on his return she began speaking with nervous rapidity.

"I have been thinking it all over and over, and I see now how wicked I have been. I lied to you. I did have a real reason for leaving you, and you had a right to know it. I should have made up my mind to forgive it, but I was so wretched."

"You must remember that I am still so," said Mr. Ingraham, "and that I do not yet know for what I am being forgiven."

"I am a great coward," said Mrs. Ingraham, piteously.

Her husband bent quickly toward her, but then, as he as quickly drew back again, she had to struggle on unaided.

"It was at Mrs. Dodge's domino party. After you left, the fancy seized me to follow and surprise you. I found an old domino, and you know what happened—that awful half-hour on the stairs!"

Mr. Ingraham attempted to speak, but once fairly started she rushed on:

"Don't interrupt me; let me finish now. I recognized you at once. It was like an awful dream. I can remember each little detail,—every word you said. I could even see the careful stitches I had put in the rosettes on your shoulder. I felt that they were mocking me. And through it all I was foolish enough to be most cruelly hurt by your not even recognizing me when—when you kissed me."

Her theory of forgiveness seemed about to vanish again in the sense of her wrongs. Her voice rose excitedly.

"When I told you the next morning that it was I you had been with, why did you try to deceive me further? I caught your look of horror. I saw you control it before you said, 'My dear child, did you suppose I would not know your foot among a million?' Such a shameless effort to play on my vanity! How *could* you? Of course I pretended that I believed you,—I was too proud not to. And the awful part of it all was its being so ridiculous. To be jealous of one's self! Again and again I grew hysterical as I thought of it, and if I could laugh I knew what the rest of the world would do. I struggled on for days, and then I could stand it no longer. When I left you I vowed that you should never know why,—that no one should ever know. And now I have told you everything."

His voice came to her through the darkness wonderingly.

"And do you mean that, believing all this, you called me?"

"Yes."

"And that you are saint enough to be willing to come back to me?"

"There is no sacrifice or saintliness in it. I shall make a penance of telling no more falsehoods."

His hand sought gropingly for hers and closed over it.

"Isobel, do you know where I spent the evening of that accursed domino party?"

"You know I do. How can you?"

"In the library playing whist with old Dodge. No; do you let me finish now. An accident happened to Joe Mitchell's domino, and I lent him mine. It was Joe whom you sat with on the stairs. He thought you were—well, no matter who. He was in the seventh heaven, poor fellow! I, being his confidant, knew what had happened the moment you spoke to me. I posted off to blast Joe's hopes, and tell him to hold his tongue,—that you thought it was I, and there was no reason for your ever knowing the truth. You are too good an actress, Isobel. I was positive you believed in my recognizing you from the first, and thought the whole affair a joke. I knew it would make you wretched to discover that it was Joe you had been with."

"Wretched! I don't care a jot. I should kiss Joe now if he were here. Oh, why didn't you tell me?"

"Why not? Why didn't *you* tell *me*? Perhaps it is just as well that we each have something to forgive."

The moon had risen and now shone in at the high round window facing them. They sat in the light while all the rest of the church was in darkness. Jack Ingraham looked down at his wife's left hand and touched her finger where the wedding-ring had been.

"Where is it?" he asked.

She did not answer.

"You have not destroyed it?"

She colored and hesitated, then drew a ribbon from her bosom. Tied to it, glittering and shining in the moonlight, hung her wedding ring. Her husband took it from her.

"And at the very moment when you scornfully told me you would not wear my ring on your finger you were wearing it on your heart. Oh, Isobel, how shall I ever believe in you again?"

"Couldn't you by marrying me over again?" she asked.

"I should like to begin at the beginning once more."

"I am afraid it would be contrary to the rubrics of which you are so tenacious. Yet why not, when here is the 'time, and the place, and the loved one all together.' We will have a formal church wedding to ourselves, and

give the marriage fee to the sexton who locked the door. Give me your hand."

He took her right hand in his.

"I, John, take thee, Isobel."

He was not quite perfect in his lines. His wife had to correct him hastily to prevent his vowing obedience to her. In her own part there was no need of prompting. He slipped the ring on her finger.

"With this ring I thee wed."

Then he stooped and kissed the circle in place. As he raised his head their eyes met.

"It was the *ring* I kissed," said Mr. Ingraham, significantly, answering the thought in both minds. Apparently his wife did not hear him. He looked down at her smiling. "There is still something which I cannot bring myself to forgive," he said. "Through it all I am fool enough to be most cruelly hurt by your not even recognizing that it was not I when—when I did not kiss you."

Isobel gave him a quick glance and then looked down. When she spoke it was with a shy hesitation which carried him back to the days of their courtship.

"But I am quite sure that it is you now, dear," said Mrs. Ingraham, softly.

* * * * *

When the old sexton came bringing a letter to Mrs. Ingraham's aunt the next morning, he found that lady and her husband sitting at breakfast. He told them that he had accidentally locked up a lady and gentleman in the church over night, and when he opened the door in the morning the lady had given him this note to deliver.

He omitted mentioning the note which the gentleman had given him, and which he was even then fingering lovingly in his pocket.

Mrs. Ingraham's aunt adjusted her eye-glasses and opened the letter.

"Good gracious!" she ejaculated, as she glanced over it. "I was never so thankful for anything."

When the sexton had gone she handed the letter over the coffee-urn to her husband, with a remark which showed that though Mrs. Ingraham might have been discreet, her relatives were not lacking in penetration.

"Read that," she said. "I regard it as a special mercy. I am very glad that you made me write to him about her, my dear. I did think that Isobel had inherited her mother's unforgiving temper."

Her husband spread out the paper on the table before him. It was only two lines of writing, and he read them aloud:

"DEAR DISLOYAL AUNT:

"Jack came down for me last night, and we have gone on a wedding trip. Won't you wish us joy?"

'Ever gratefully yours,

"ISOBEL."

TOGETHER.

OH, the lonely mountains—the crags and heather!
The bodiless wind and the lifted sky!
And, oh, that we two were there together
In the wild, bright solitude, you and I;
The heaven above and the earth below us,
Where no one ever could find nor know us!

Life is a load in the valley places;
We bear it, grieving, though lips be dumb.
Love is a chain in the pent-town spaces;
It is wings on the mountain-top. Oh, come!
Fly to the heights, where the sunset splendor
Lingers latest in kisses tender.

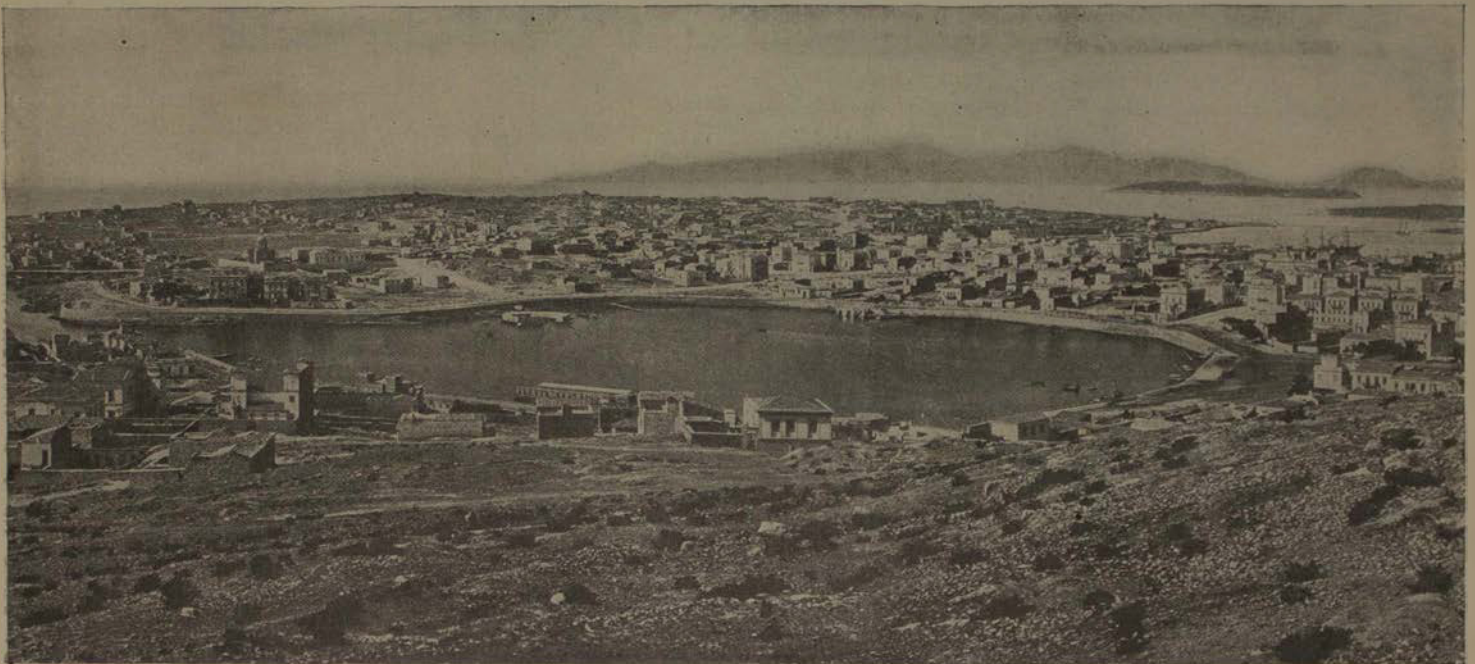
Ah, glad when the last long night is falling,
We two could sink to our last sweet sleep,
With faint spent echoes around us calling,
And silence over us, vast and deep—
Alone, 'mid the crags and the rough, brown heather—
In death's soft darkness, alone—together!
MARY AINGE DE VERE.

GREECE AND THE CRETANS.

THE beautiful island of Crete bears somewhat the geographical relation to Greece that the island of Nantucket does to the State of Massachusetts. It is but twenty miles from the Ionian island of Anticythera,—the Cerigotto of old atlases,—less than sixty from the coast of Greece, and one hundred and fifty from Athens; while the nearest Turkish coast is a point in Asia, south of Smyrna, one hundred and thirty miles away, and Constantinople is five hundred and fifty miles distant. Nature has done everything to make Crete an ideal country, and if it could have the benefit of a good government its people might be as happy and prosperous as any upon the round globe. But misrule has wrought its perfect work here, and the smiles of nature, defeated by the unholy desires and consummate selfishness of man, are but a satyr's gleam of triumph over human suffering and despair.

able. In the most favorable and quiet times they have had to content themselves with promises of reform,—promises only made to be broken; while they daily suffered every indignity and outrage that minds cunning in their invention and unscrupulous in execution could inflict. Under the paralyzing dominion of the Sublime Porte they have had to see their every effort to restore prosperity to their island defeated, and all the benefits of civilization tantalizingly evade them like *ignes fatui*.

This historic island—the Candia of the Saracens—is a picturesque upheaval of grand and sombre mountains and smiling valleys, cradled in the Ægean and Mediterranean Seas. In the wondrously clear air all the colors of nature, of rocks, woods, and flowers, and even Mother Earth, take on an intense vividness of hue. The freshly ploughed fields about Canea are red, and the rocky coast and bare escarpments on hill and mountain side flash upon



MODERN GREECE—PANORAMA OF THE PIRÆUS, THE PORT OF ATHENS.

The rule of the Turk is a rule of stagnation,—when it is not something worse. It has become a truism that the fields trampled by the Turk's steed are ever after barren. The Turkish policy, at least as interpreted by those intrusted with the task of administration, has been, always and everywhere, one of disintegration and degradation, "conservative of savagery and obstructive of progress." This is proved by the history of the Balkan Provinces, where there are traces of ancient civilization in the ruins of once flourishing towns, and of an industrious people whose agriculture was favored by good roads and works of irrigation, but which are now reduced to a state of barbaric desolation and wildness.

The fate of Armenia naturally occurs to every thoughtful mind in connection with the present troubles in Crete; but the difference between their peoples is, it is said, that five hundred years of slavery have made cowards of the Armenians, and two hundred and fifty years of warfare against the Turk have transformed the Greeks, and especially the Cretan Greeks, into fighters of heroic mettle. They have not only their own wrongs but those of generations of ancestors to avenge.

The abuses these people have suffered at various periods at the hands of their Turkish rulers are simply unspeak-

able. The coast is for the most part rock-bound, and, especially on the southern shore, rocky precipices rise two and three thousand feet sheer from the sea, rugged, forbidding, and unapproachable. The northern shore is more hospitable, having several good harbors, and long stretches, as at Retimo, of bright, sandy beach. But here also the cliff scenery is beautiful, spurs of the mountain chain which forms the spinal column of the island jutting into the sea; and the red, olive, and gray rocks, rising abruptly over two thousand feet in the air, stretch for miles together, broken here and there by green valleys which slope down to sheltered harbors, and are surrounded by amphitheatres of hills and mountains.

Classic Mount Ida, the birthplace of Zeus, called by the Cretans of to-day Nidha, or Netha,—and for whose beautiful summit they have still another name, Psiloriti, or Ypsiloriti,—is in the centre of the island, and the dominant peak of all the tumultuous upheaval. For eight months in the year her pinnacle, towering eight thousand feet heavenward, glitters under spotless snow, and adds its peculiar charm to the landscape from every viewing point. On her lower slopes nestle all that remain of the two ancient capitals of the island,—Gnossus, Minos's

home, the site of the present village of Merkri Teikos ; and Gortyna, once a Roman capital, and still famous for its Labyrinth, an intricate chain of tunnels and passages in the caves and grottoes of the mountain-side, which many archaeologists believe to be the Labyrinth of the Minotaur, constructed by Daedalus at the command of King Minos. In all times of insurrection it serves, what

was perhaps its original purpose, as a safe refuge for fleeing people.

Homer's "Island of a Hundred Cities," which once sheltered over a million people, has now not more than three hundred thousand inhabitants, and there are but three towns of any size. Canea, the head-centre of the present troubles, is the largest of these, having had

twenty-three thousand residents before the outbreak. Candia, called Heraklion by the Greeks, is second in size, with a population constantly dwindling, and numbering now only fourteen thousand souls. It was the seaport of ancient Gnosus, and the Saracens when they invaded the island made it their capital, calling it Khandak ; hence the common name of to-day, Candia, which was also at one time given to the whole island. Midway between these two cities, and thirty miles from each, lies the smallest of the three towns, Retimo, having eight thousand residents.

Candia was the capital of the Venetians during their occupation of the island for four centuries and a half, and it has been a city of palaces. Titanic walls, of great breadth and sixty feet high, which cannot be matched elsewhere in Europe, surround it ; but during the long occupation of the Turks, to whom the city capitulated in 1669, after twenty years' siege, decay has slowly been doing its work. The Turk never makes roads, never repairs anything, never encourages prosperity ; so time has done what it could to obliterate the traces of former greatness and wealth.

The whole island teems with historic interest, with mythological legend, and Biblical lore as well ; and Candia is in the very heart of all, where the gods are given a local habitation, and the scenes of their loves and marvelous exploits are pointed out. Only six miles away is Mount Iuktas, the fabled burial place of Zeus ; Gortyna stood on the River Lethe ; not far away Hannibal sought refuge after his defeat at the hands of Scipio ; and St. Titus, fellow-worker of St. Paul and first Bishop of Crete, laid the foundation stone of the cathedral in Candia.

A peaceful and industrious population, protected by a



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CRETAN INSURGENTS AND THEIR PASTOR, WITH TWO GREEK SOLDIERS.

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A STREET SCENE IN CANEA.

wise and just government, could soon transform the island into a flourishing garden. The soil is fertile, and fragrant wild-flowers grow wherever their roots can find a few inches of soil covering the rocks. Aromatic trees and shrubs abound, and the hill villages are embowered in orchards of almond, fig, orange, lemon, and olive trees; hedges of aloes, cacti, and prickly pear form the roadside boundaries; the grain fields glow with scarlet poppies; and the air is perfumed with sweetest odors of growing things, for all the wild-flowers and herbs possess a most uncommon sweetness.

Akrotiri, which will be recognized as the scene of the latest outrage upon

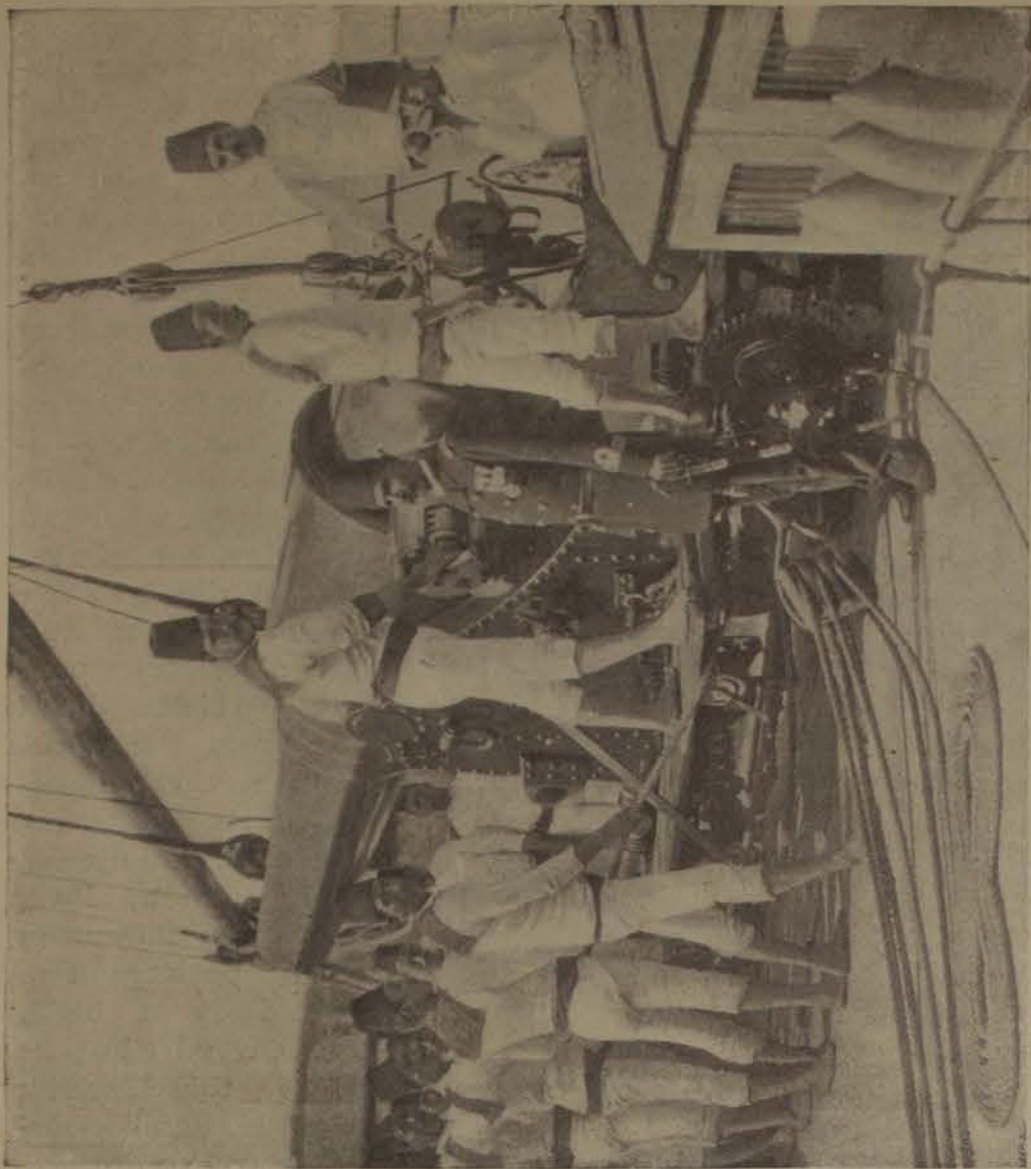
peaceful Christians, reflecting a burning disgrace upon the Allied Fleet, is a rock-bound peninsula of most eccentric shape, somewhat like a tadpole, with a neck, not more than two miles wide, connecting it with the mainland. On the narrow neck is situated the village of Khalepa, a suburb of Canea, where all the foreign consuls reside, and the better class of Greeks and Turks also. The peninsula uplifts itself boldly from the neck, and its northern headland, curving far over to the east, and almost encircling Suda Bay, ends in a mountain range, perhaps two thousand feet high, whose curved slopes are brightened with brilliant masses of scarlet rock. From these heights you look down upon the whole peninsula, perhaps fifty or sixty square miles, dotted with villages, corn-fields, and olive woods. The cultivated parts are sunken fields, the old beds of former water courses, and



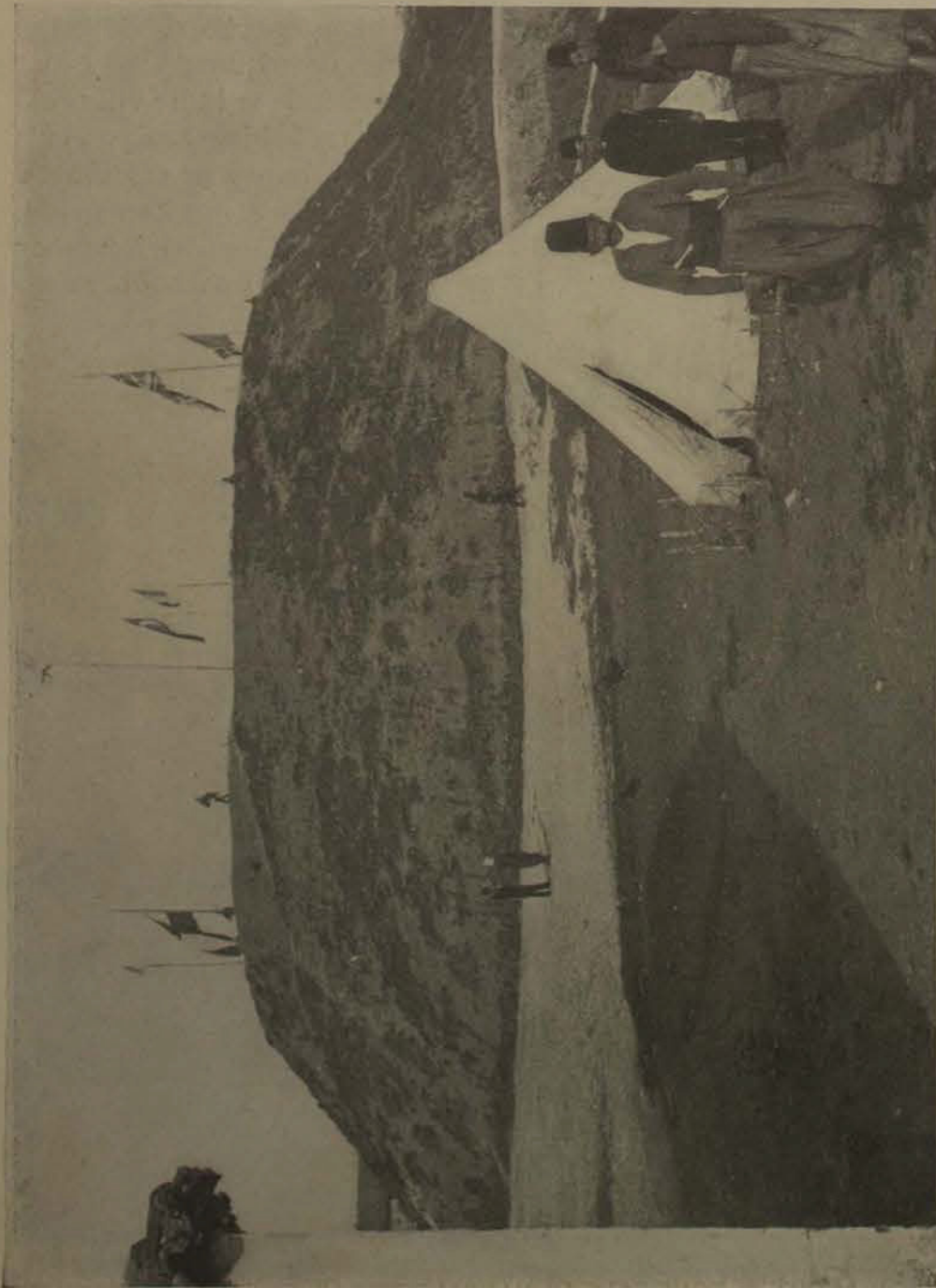
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TURKS ABOUT A FOUNTAIN IN CANDIA.

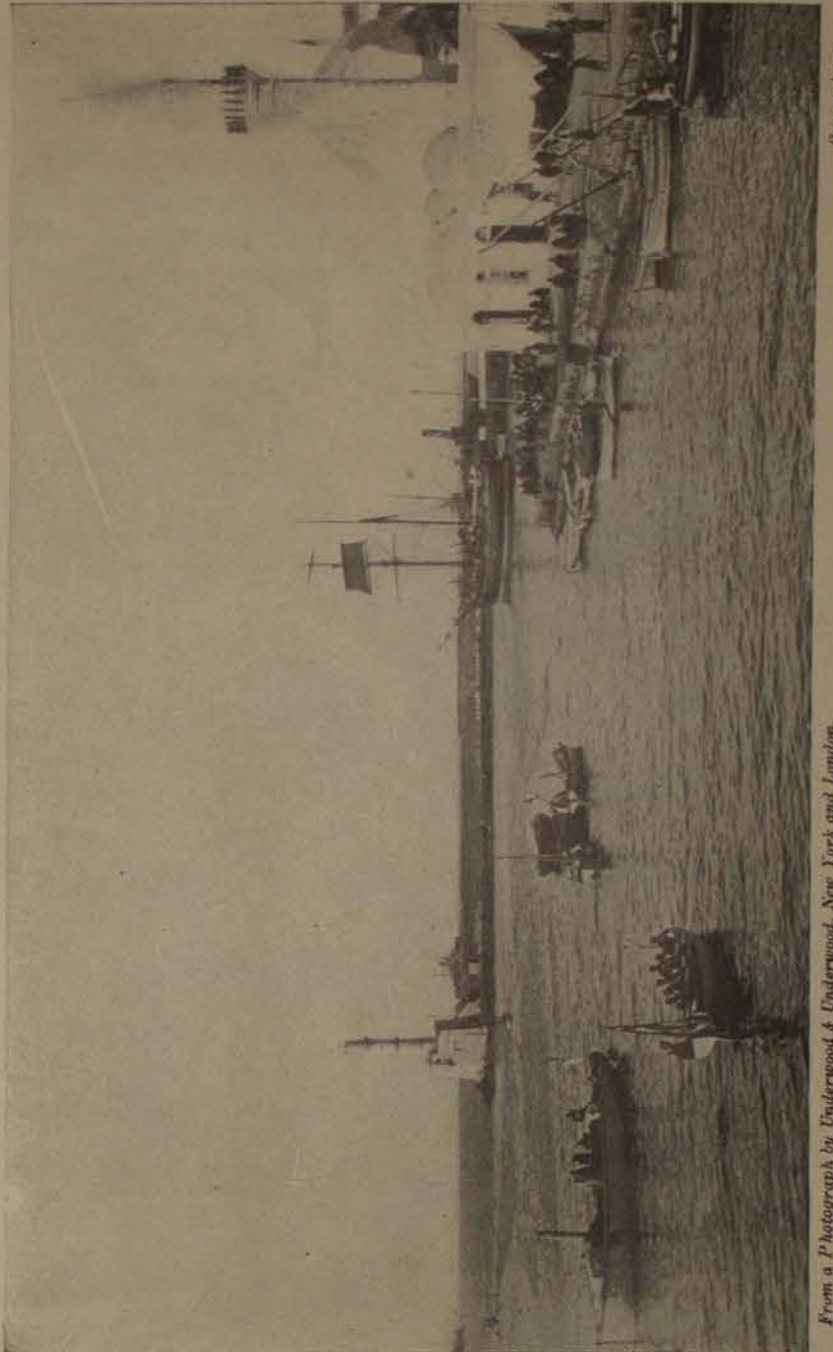


ON BOARD AN IMPERIAL TURKISH IRONCLAD.



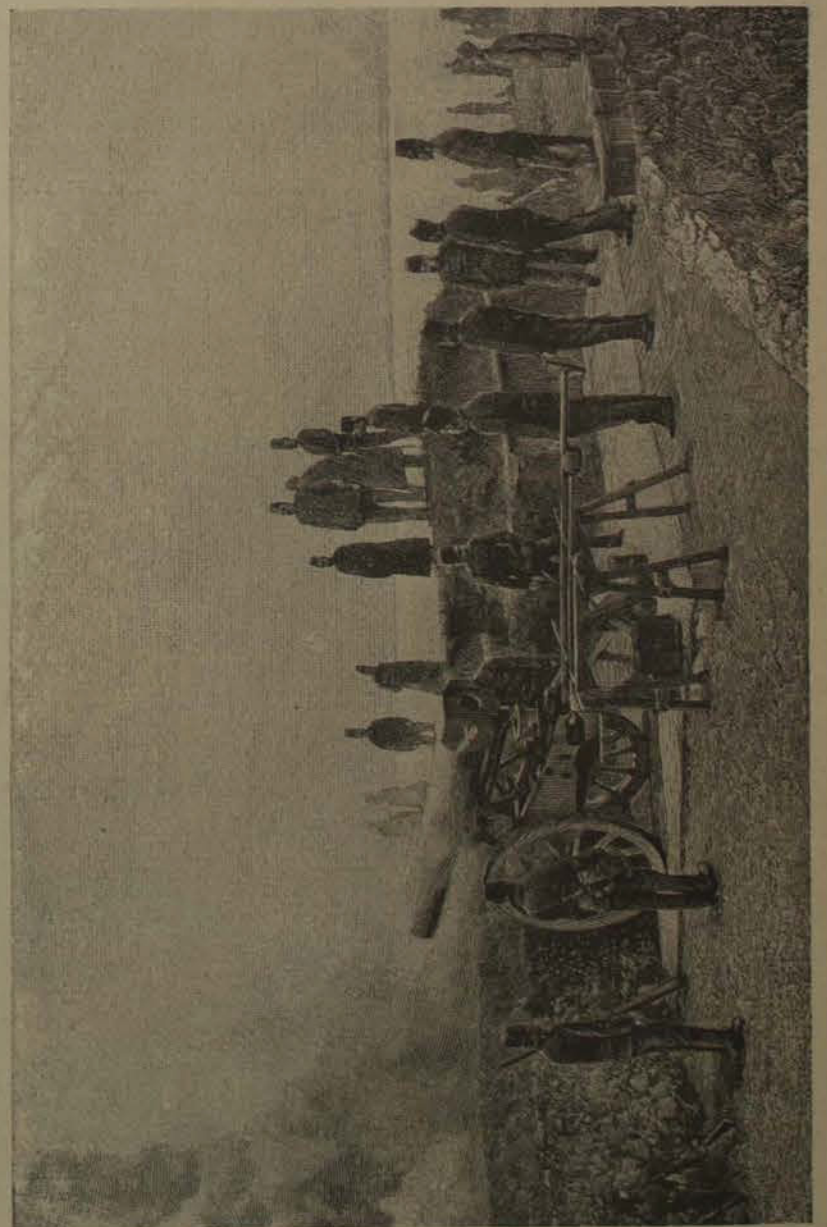
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CANEA, WITH THE FLAGS OF THE SIX POWERS, SURROUNDING THE TURKISH FLAG.

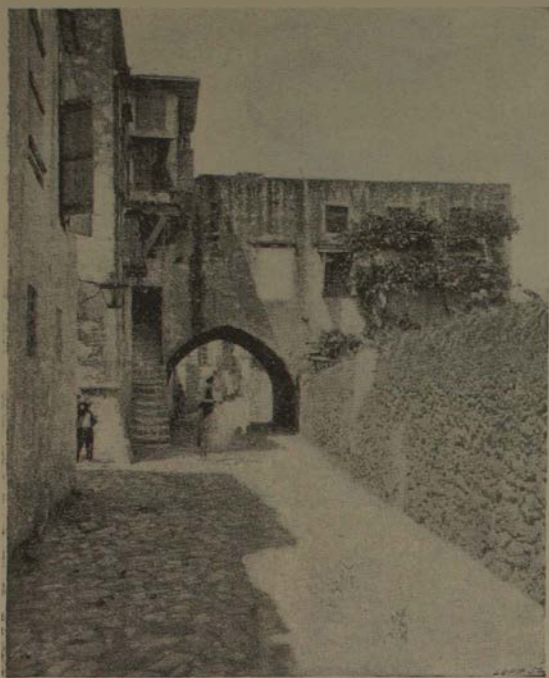


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HARBOR OF CANEA.



TURKISH BATTERY IN THE CITADEL OF CANEA.



A STREET IN RETIMO.

luxuriantly fertile ; but the exposed uplands are mainly vast gardens of wild herbs and flowers. There are myriads of sweet-scented blossoms, balsamic roses, tiny crocuses, anemones, scarlet, blue, and white, orchids,



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STREET IN CANEA AFTER THE FIRE.



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A PLAZA AND FOUNTAIN IN CANDIA.

asphodels, yellow honey-flowers, swarming with bees ; and wild thyme, mint, and other herbs are all as sweet as the flowers. The White Mountains, or Madara Vouna,—the Sphakiotes of the newspapers,—whose inhabitants are the bravest of the Cretans, lie only seven or eight miles back of Canea, and in the clear atmosphere look much nearer, and form only a less fascinating part of the picture than Mount Ida itself.

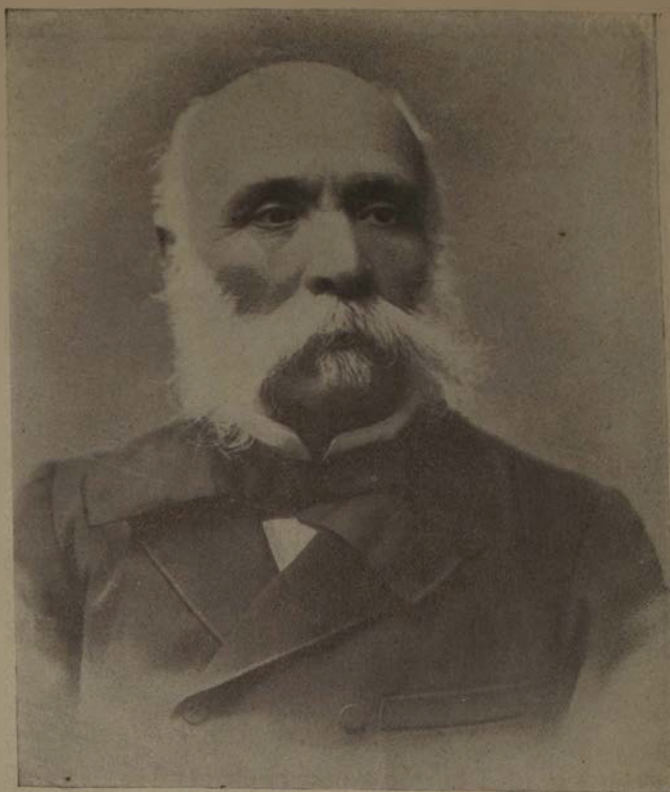
Through the interference of the so-called Christian Powers every heroic struggle of the Cretans to throw off their yoke of bondage has been defeated. To understand the present crisis a brief review of what might have been the turning-points in the history of Crete is necessary. At the time of the Greek War of Independence, in 1828, Crete and Samos, who fought valiantly with their kinsmen, should both have been made part of the new Hellenic Kingdom, and but for the Allied Powers, which have always been marplots, they would have been included. Years of trouble followed Crete's compulsory acceptance of Egyptian rule and



KING OF GREECE.

ultimate return to the Turkish yoke, and finally, in 1866, the islanders themselves addressed this petition to Queen Victoria :

"Long experience has proved that from the manner in which our island is governed, all improvement and all advancement are impossible for this wretched country. We, consequently, entreat your Majesty, and their Majesties the Sovereigns of the two other Protecting Powers [France and Italy] of the Greek nation, to deign to excuse our one wish, viz., union with our brethren of Greece. It is only under this condition that we can be happy and contribute to the advancement of our race."



MR. DELYANNIS, PREMIER OF GREECE.

Continuing, the petition further says : "Crete, if united to Greece, would confer great advantages on the whole Greek race, and would be able to embark on a system of civilization." A petition was addressed to Abdul Azis at the same time, without avail, and three years of horrible war followed.

In March, 1881, Turkey offered to cede Crete to Greece in consideration of the abandonment by Greece of her claims to Epirus ; but at the conference of ambassadors which was to decide the matter,—Greece not being allowed a representative,—through the influence of the English ambassador the proposal was rejected.

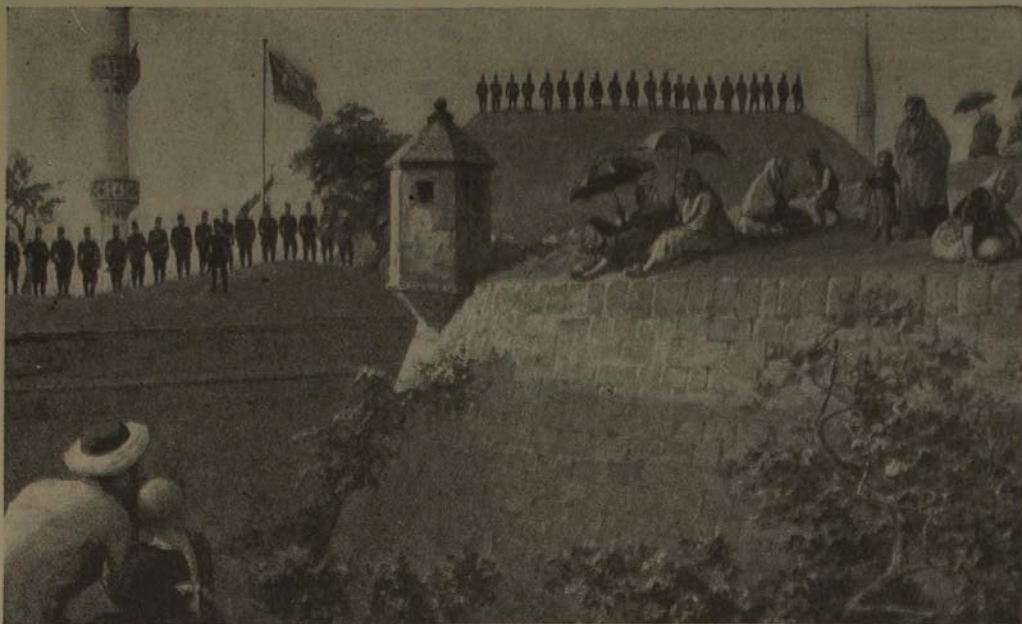


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COL. VASSOS AND HIS SON AT ALIKIANO.



BEROVITCH PASHA, GOVERNOR OF CRETE.



MUSSULMANS IN CANEA CHEERING THE SULTAN BEFORE SUNSET EVERY EVENING.

Coming down to this present trouble, the indignation of the whole civilized world has been roused as never before by the conduct of the Christian Powers, who hovered like huge birds of prey around unfortunate Crete and let dissensions have their way with all the horrors attending civil war,—burning homes, fleeing women and children, massacres, and sufferings indescribable, — until little Greece, with the heart of a lion, espoused the cause of the



GREEK FIGHTING MAN FROM THE PROVINCES.

Christian Cretans and sent Colonel Vassos with troops to their relief. Then, presto! "The integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire" demanded the intervention of the "Great Powers," and the crowning shame of the century is witnessed,—the Allied ships bombarding a Christian stronghold, and British shells protecting the retreat of a Turkish garrison after a *sortie* against these Christians!

In spite of the fact that the blockade of the ports by the Allied Powers has shut off all supplies and prevents the Greek Navy, under command of Prince George, from rendering any aid, Colonel Vassos had in a few weeks pacified the entire Christian population, and re-

Crete would probably have been at peace by this time.

Who believes that if Greece had not come to the support of the Christian Cretans, the Great Powers would not have continued in the same attitude of armed neutrality—shall we call it?—looking on upon the scene with utter indifference, and watchful only that no outside interference should prevent the traditional consummation,—a fight to the death? When the trouble broke out everything was quiet in Canea; three foreign men-of-war at anchor in the bay reassured the Christians. Rumor

says emissaries from Constantinople fanned the fanaticism of the proselyte Mussulmans and furnished them with arms. On February 5, without warning, they fell upon the Christians. Murder and pillage went on under the very noses of the Great Powers; hundreds of people were butchered amidst their burning houses; all the Christians fled from Canea, leaving their possessions to be pillaged by the rabble while the Turkish troops looked on.

A British man-of-war received about two thousand of the poor refugees, and, as soon as possible transferring them to merchantmen, these destitute people, having only the clothes upon their backs, were taken to Greece. The "Powers" afforded no protection on land, however, and on the fifteenth of the month the Greeks

nominal success was possible because of the confidence the Christian Cretans felt in their fellow Greeks; for Greeks the Cretans are, always have been, and always must remain. Four-fifths of the Cretans are Christians, and among the one-fifth who are Mohammedans very many desire union with Greece as strongly as their Christian fellow-countrymen, feeling sure that this radical change is the true solution of their present troubles, and the only one capable of reconciling religious factions and jealousies. When Candamos was captured by the insurgents the better class of Mussulmans appealed for Greek intervention and if Colonel Vassos had been allowed to continue his work of pacification



GREEK FIGHTING MAN FROM THE PROVINCES.

came to the rescue. Following this event the "Concert of Europe," alleging its prerogatives had been interfered with, promptly blockaded the ports. The full infamy of this policy was proved in the conduct of the Mussulman Cretans, who interpreted the protection of the "Powers" as license for renewed assaults upon the Christians, and signalized the event immediately by sacking and burning the governor's palace, a stately Venetian building on the brink of the harbor, and attempting to loot the treasure-house. M. De Guerville, now in Crete, writes: "Europe will soon have done as much harm to this island as Turkey,—yet it is done in the name of peace and civilization."

By how much has the influence of the "Great Powers"—well-named the "Six Impotencies"—availed in Constantinople to hinder one atrocity in Armenia or succor her despairing people? A handful of Greeks, in six weeks' time, did for their Cretan kinsmen what all the

armed powers of Europe have not been able to accomplish for poor Armenia in two years!

So much for diplomacy and the infamous "Concert of Europe" which dictates the conduct of the Powers. Public opinion everywhere has not hesitated to condemn the shameful spectacle and to give its heartfelt, enthusiastic sympathy to Crete and to noble Greece, whose royal family have become objects of the liveliest interest. Their close connection with all the thrones of Europe, Queen Olga being a Russian Princess, grand-aunt of the present Czar; the King, brother of the Princess of Wales; and the Crown Princess, sister of the Emperor of Germany, makes it seem probable that family influence in such exalted positions will avail to find a happy solution of the difficulty without the horrors of a general war, which would make fatal shipwreck of all the plans for the brilliant and joyous celebration of Queen Victoria's long reign.

E. A. FLETCHER.

MORNING IN THE PARK.

IT was a bright morning in early May, and Central Park was at its best; but it was evident enough that Douglas Gray, as he entered the park at its lower and principal entrance, saw nothing of whatever there was of beauty in the scene about him. Apparently he was not happy. He walked along slowly, with his eyes upon the path immediately before him, and with his hands clasped together behind his back.

There were but few people in the paths, and the drives were almost empty, so that his attention to his own thoughts was not diverted by any occasion to observe others, or by any need to preserve himself from harm. He walked on thus, almost without lifting his eyes, past the sorry collection of caged animals which were to be looked at later in the day by so many curious visitors; past the patient donkeys waiting the coming of the nurse-girls with their charges; on through the tree-lined mall and past the terrace, and so came to a bridge crossing a narrow part of the lake, where he paused for a few minutes and noticed, wonderingly, how clearly the trees and the blue sky and the passing clouds were reflected in the dull and almost muddy water. The fresh air and the surroundings had soothed and rested him, and, though not conscious of the reason, he felt less weighted with sorrow, or stronger and better able to bear his burdens, whatever they might be.

He walked on more briskly now, and skirting the Ramble, with its curiously successful imitation of nature's wildness, he presently came to a secluded bench; there he seated himself, and, familiar though he was with all the park, looked about him as though the view was strange and new to him. Indeed, the circumstances were novel, and his mood one unusual to him. Almost at his feet, or separated from him only by the width of the foot-walk, ran the bridle-path, and beyond was the wide, smooth drive. He looked indifferently upon the few drivers with their equipages, and with little interest upon the equestrians who passed before him. But within a few minutes there came along the bridle-path, turning sharply a corner just below where he sat, a young woman on horseback. As she came abreast of him and saw who sat there alone she checked her horse so suddenly that he was thrown well back, to his manifest displeasure, while she herself was almost unseated. To avoid her and her horse the groom who followed close behind was forced to make a quick, sharp turn, but he

did this adroitly, and then, stopping, he waited as patiently as he could at a discreet and proper distance. And Douglas Gray, when the young lady stopped before him in so unwise a manner, rose in alarm and hurried toward her.

"You should not have done that," he said in reproof.

"Oh, good-morning, Mr. Gray!" she responded, with an inflection which, to Gray's ears, perhaps then a little more sensitive and quick to hear offense than usual, had a sound of sarcasm.

"Good-morning, Miss Leith," he returned, though simply, and then repeated, "You should not have done that. It was not safe. Really, Ethel, you are too reckless."

"Thank you. You are very kind," she answered, and then with a quick change of manner she added, impatiently, "It was cruel in you to follow me here."

"Cruel?" he repeated in astonishment.

"Yes, cruel. I did not think you would. I thought—"

"But to follow?" he said, interrupting her. "You are hardly fair. You are on horseback; I on foot. And I was here first, you know. Surely I did not follow."

Miss Leith looked at him quietly for a few minutes, making no response in words, a smile just showing upon her lips as though she was amused but did not wish to show it; but the smile grew, and then she laughed unrestrainedly, and so musically that the singing birds might have been silenced in listening envy.

"Well?" Gray said, inquiringly. He was puzzled, and a little hurt, too; but had he been more acute he would have perceived that her laughter was not in derision of him, and that it was not altogether joyous. The humor of the situation she felt; but the situation itself hurt, too.

"Well?" he repeated.

"It is so absurd," she answered, as she regained her self-control.

"Indeed, Miss Leith," he returned, with a great assertion of dignity in his manner, "you will pardon me if I say that I cannot see what can be so absurd."

"Of course you cannot see, Mr. Gray," she replied with spirit; "but it is absurd."

"Well?" he said again, as she paused. "I hope you will explain."

"I have been so unhappy so long,—ever since last night,—because—because I feared you might have been hurt,—because I did not know what might have been the effect upon you of my—my—"

"Your refusal of me," Gray said, as she hesitated. "It

was a refusal, you know,—a very decided refusal ; and I do not see why——”

“ But you ought to see why,” she interrupted.

“ I was about to say, only, that I did not see why you should be afraid of the word.”

“ Oh !”

“ A refusal it was,” he repeated, “ and as to your reasons, of course I would not ask. Who would? And, for that matter, why should I care to know?” he asked, bitterly.

“ Why, indeed?” she returned as bitterly, and then continued abruptly: “ I am not heartless. I want you to know,—I really do,—all the night long I worried and worried because I feared you had been so wounded. I was very unhappy, and yet—and yet,”—she laughed again before she went on,—“ here you are enjoying all this as if nothing had happened. It was absurd of me, was it not?”

“ Would it have gratified you had I—had I killed myself, say?”

“ Don’t !” she said earnestly.

“ Men have been known to do that, you know,” he pursued ; “ and for less cause than I have, too.”

“ Oh, please do not speak so,” she returned. “ Promise me,—I know you will not—will not do that ; but promise me you will not do anything you should not.”

“ I will do the best I can,” he replied, seriously enough.

“ You are laughing at me,” she responded, passionately. “ You made me think you loved me, too.”

“ I am very glad I did make you think so ; but it should not have been hard,—I had only the truth to tell.”

“ And yet you are here?”

“ Yes, I am here, as you see.”

“ And you don’t mind at all?” she said, petulantly.

“ Ah, yes, Ethel, but I do mind,” he returned, gently. “ Perhaps if I did not mind so much I would not be here. I loved you, and—but—” he said, interrupting himself, and then he continued with a sadness which she, being busy with her horse, which had become restive, did not notice, although she heard his words—“ but I dare say you do not wish that I should go into all that again, do you?”

“ No,” she answered, curtly, annoyed that he should so ask her if he should speak of his love ; and then, in her annoyance—an annoyance he was conscious of, although he could not understand it—she struck her horse and urged him forward so that he began at once a hard run, which carried him and his rider quickly out of sight before she could check and turn him, as she tried almost at once to do. When at last she succeeded, and came back to where Gray had stood, he had turned and was walking away, striking at the plants along the path with his cane, angry and hurt that his wound should have been so ruthlessly and so needlessly opened. But, in truth, it had not gone far, if at all, toward healing.

“ Mr. Gray !” Ethel called, for he was not yet out of hearing. “ Mr. Gray, you had not finished,” she went on as he joined her.

“ ‘ Finished ?’ ” he repeated. “ I don’t know. But I am sorry to have driven you away by speaking of my love. I shall not so offend again.”

“ Oh,” she responded, demurely.

“ Besides,” he continued, at once breaking his promise, “ you have told me that I was able to make you believe that I loved you. Why should I speak of it again?”

“ I don’t know, I am sure,” was all she could find to say.

“ Of course it is all over now. I would like to reassure you, though. You were good enough, you know,” he explained, “ to say that you had been worried. I can only

thank you for your kindness and interest, and say, as I said before, that I mean to do the best I can. I will not be overcome,” he added with determination, “ or let my life be ruined.”

“ It will all be easy enough, I fancy,” she returned.

“ Don’t,” he pleaded. “ Don’t say anything so untrue. It will not be easy.”

“ But you left me so suddenly last night, and—and—” she went on with hesitation and evident embarrassment, “ and you began so soon to forget,—and to be here and interested in other things.”

“ Oh, yes,” he assented as she paused, “ but, at all events, I did not begin to try to forget until you forced me to. And,” he continued, grimly, “ I have not succeeded very well, either. But I will.”

“ Oh, certainly you will. There is no doubt of that. There are so many things a man can be interested in.”

“ Fortunately, a man is compelled to be,—at least, I think fortunately. He has his affairs.”

“ That is just it !” she interrupted, petulantly. “ His affairs, indeed !”

“ Yes,” Gray went on, not heeding, apparently, the interruption. “ And it is fortunate for me that I am compelled to be interested in my affairs, is it not? If my way had all been made for me I could afford to nurse my grief and to make much of it, and I dare say I should. And that would not be good to do, surely.”

“ No, I fancy not,” she answered, doubtfully, and then with a quick change of manner she asked him, “ But why did you leave me so suddenly last night?”

“ There are times when a man cannot retreat too quickly,” he returned, quietly, “ and it seemed to me that I had come to one of them. It was all or nothing with me. I had been your lover so long,—I was your lover, you know. Even though you did not know it, and whether you wanted me to be or not, I was ; and you do know it now. When I could not be that I could not be anything. I have loved you,—how can one tell? When did I first meet you? Ever since then I think I must have loved you, and looked forward, and hoped to win your love and you. I was blind, perhaps, and deluded, but my hope was very real to me. When that was killed, or gone, there was nothing left for me to do or say to you. And I would not urge you ; I would not plead for your love ; I would not tell you that with it to help and encourage me I might win the world. Pshaw ! Although I did think it the one good thing which could come to me in life, I still did not want you to give it to me in pity, or because I wanted it and begged for it. No ; I wanted it only if you could give it to me freely, and as a right. That is all.”

“ Oh, that is——”

“ Except,” he interrupted, “ I want you to know that because you find me, as you said, trying to be interested in all this,”—and with a comprehensive gesture he indicated all the fair view before them,—“ that I do not love you any less or think your love any less good to have and to keep. But,” he went on, grimly, “ we know—I can remember how cruelly a child suffers when he finds he cannot have the moon. But he lives through it. He has to, alas !”

“ Oh, indeed !” she responded, impatiently. “ And then you think you can do without—without the moon?”

“ I must do the best I can.”

“ Oh, I have no patience,” she began ; but interrupting herself, went on, abruptly, “ If only you had been willing to trust me !”

“ Trust you !” he repeated in astonishment. “ I asked you to share all my life with me ; I asked you to share

my hopes. Why, I asked you to be my wife! What stronger evidence of trust can a man give than that?"

"Oh, that!" she said, contemptuously.

"Well, that is of some consequence, though you speak as if it was of none at all."

"A man might ask a woman that because he wanted a wife."

"Yes, he might."

"Or because he thought he owed so much to her."

"Yes, I suppose so; but you know why I asked you," he returned, looking at her curiously.

"I know now,—yes," she answered. "But you know," she went on, impetuously, "you have spoken so often and so bitterly of women who—who hinder their husbands and are drags upon them,—of women who do not help their husbands. As if a woman's sole mission and sole aim should be to help some man!" she added, contemptuously.

"What——" he began, but again she interrupted him.

"And I don't see why a man—men are so strong!—I don't see why a man should need a woman's help. And you have told me so many stories of men whose lives have been ruined by bad or unwise marriages. Oh, I remember everything you have said,—everything."

"But what has this——"

"And you know you have thought me frivolous," she continued.

"Surely——"

"Oh, you have not rebuked me in words, I know," she went on, interrupting him again, relentlessly, "but your manner. As if a girl ought not to be happy and careless and free as long as she can be. Troubles and cares come soon enough!"

"Ethel, for heaven's sake do let me speak! I am trying to understand."

"Well?"

"Do you mean to say that that is why you declined? That you refused me because you thought it would be better for me?"

"Well—oh, don't! You will frighten my horse."

"Oh, bother your horse!" Gray said, warmly. "There is only one thing I ought to do and want to do."

"And that?" Miss Leigh asked, as she tried to soothe her horse, which had started and become restless as Gray had come closer to them.

"Simply take you, and keep you."

"How that would look!" she responded, and continued, "It is very fortunate that I am up here and out of your reach,—now."

Then she gave her horse his head and, urging him forward, began again her long-interrupted ride; but before she came even to where her groom was waiting she changed her intention and turned toward the city. As she passed Gray, who still stood where she had left him, she called to him, "It is so late I ought to go home,—and I am going." And with a long, easy stride her horse soon carried her out of Gray's sight.

As the sun had risen higher a haze had come, softening the outlines of the distant trees, and giving promise that the day was to be a warm one. It was indeed already much warmer, but, nevertheless, as Gray retraced his steps toward the entrance he walked rapidly and far more vigorously than he had in the invigorating air of the earlier morning.

WILLIAM MCKENDRIC BANGS.

A FAMOUS THEOSOPHIST.

MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

MRS. ANNIE BESANT, the famous Theosophist organizer and teacher, comes to us directly from India to make what will be her fourth lecturing tour in the United States. She represented the Theosophical Society at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, in 1893, since which date she has traveled extensively in the East, and has successfully organized a "section" of Theosophists in Australasia.

This peculiarly gifted woman is in her fiftieth year. Her hair is now rather silvery than dark; and what may be called the spiritual expression of her face has become intensified to a degree strikingly suggestive of a life in which contemplation predominates over action. The old-time persuasiveness of speech, far from having waned, is in more subtle force than ever. The limpid clearness of thought and scientific precision of phrase, combined with sympathetic spontaneity, which count for so much in the charm of her discourse, are especially in evidence now that the material side of occultism, so to speak, is the subject of popular exposition. Order, system, and self-control are the mainsprings of her power over others. From her precept and example proceeds an impression of the serene force of the inevitable.

Mrs. Besant, moreover, has the genius of organization. Her successful work in this line began with her collaboration with Charles Bradlaugh, in building up the National Secular Society of England, and included the organization, with Mr. Herbert Burrows, of the Matchmakers' Union, which was the pioneer feminine trade-union of the world.

Her active connection with the Theosophical Society began eight years ago, since which time she has contributed more than a score of published works to the elementary and ethical series of its propaganda, besides lecturing in nearly every country of the civilized globe.

The Theosophical Society was founded in New York in 1875, under the leadership of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, with the co-operation of Col. H. S. Olcott, Mr. W. Q. Judge and others. The cult of Theosophy, being ethical rather than religious, unless in the universal sense of the latter term, involves no specific articles of faith. The scope of the society, therefore, is world-wide, its declared objects being to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, and to revive and propagate the ancient knowledge of the mysteries of the universe and of man's nature as handed down by successive lines of teachers or "masters," embodying the fundamental truths which underlie all religions, philosophies, and sciences. In 1879 the society transferred its headquarters to India, whence its work is mainly directed to-day. The present epoch of its literary activity, however, dates from the visit of Madame Blavatsky to London in 1887. It was two years after, that Mrs. Besant's identification with the Theosophists began. Colonel Olcott has remained at the head of the society since its foundation. The late Mr. Judge was its vice-president. Mr. Judge's somewhat sensational policy, while acting in this capacity, brought upon him the charges of fraud formulated by Mrs. Besant, and the trouble culminated in his secession from the society,



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MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

followed by a large number of the organized chapters, particularly the American ones. Upon the death of Mr. Judge, one year ago, the American branch of his followers chose for their leader and teacher Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, and inaugurated their present "crusade" in Europe and the East. Inasmuch as the secessionists are divided from the original society on a question of policy only, and both are working practically to establish the same ideas, it is still the hope of Mrs. Besant that their differences may be adjusted. In the meantime she continues her work on the old lines, apparently with no reference to dispute or aggression.

"The aim of my lectures," says Mrs. Besant, "is to gain first the serious attention, then the interest and confidence, of a materialistic and somewhat cynical public, in matters

that are not so exclusively occult as has been supposed. To this end I am trying a novel experiment, which consists in illustrating my exposition of certain phases of Theosophy by means of the stereopticon. In this way I project upon the illuminated screen a visible representation of what is called the human aura. The aura may be defined as the effect resultant from the vibration of waves of psychic ether emanating from the invisible bodies clothing a human individuality. It is known to physics that the effects of light, sound, and color, are produced by vibrations. The vibrations are in themselves invisible, and become apparent to the eye only through the medium of materialization. In the same way every human body is surrounded by an invisible psychic cloud of magnetic vibrations, upon which are projected the spiritual and moral

emotions of the individual, in what may be termed chromatic shades, visible to the clairvoyant eye. These auras vary according to the state of development of the individual, just as the colors visible to the material eye vary with the etheric conditions of light. Through countless ages the soul of man has evolved from dull sense toward the infinite fineness of spirit, while his body has evolved through graduating forms from the primeval chaos. This evolution of the soul, and its corresponding effects upon the human aura, is what I endeavor to symbolize in concrete form by my stereopticon illustrations. Naturally, the temptation is irresistible for some newspaper reporters to announce that I am showing ghost pictures. I do not mind this particularly, so long as I can interest my audiences to the degree of persuading them to think upon these

things for themselves. Symbolism is only a tentative effort toward expressing the inexpressible."

Replying to an inquiry about India, in which country she lives during half the year, Mrs. Besant said:

"My work there is the continuance of that so splendidly begun by Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, of turning the heart of the Indian youth toward spiritual ideals. Incidentally I have been enabled to secure important reforms in the education and training of girls, and to abolish from some schools the beginnings of vivisection, introduced through misdirected influences of Western 'progress.'"

"Latterly we have been occupied with more material matters, in the famine and plague-stricken districts. In Bombay, our Dr. Richardson, an Englishman, and two Indian members of our society,—one a Hindoo, the other a Parsee,—have been foremost in helping the sick and destitute. Colonel Olcott himself is working as a member of the famine relief committee at Madras. At their convention in Benares, last October, our Indian branches, of which we have in full work one hundred and eleven, took active measures for aiding the famine sufferers, and, with

the money sent by English Theosophists, are accomplishing good results by their personal labor.

"No one who knows the country," she added in conclusion, "denies the fact that Theosophy has finally stemmed the tide of modern materialism that twenty years ago threatened to submerge India."

Most portraits of Mrs. Besant fail to suggest either the meditative grace of her features in repose, or the winning animation of her smile. Her dress is picturesquely simple, consisting of soft white silk, with the *chuddar*, or shawl, thrown over one shoulder, after the fashion of the Indian women. On the third finger of the left hand she wears the famous signet-ring of Madame Blavatsky,—an Oriental onyx, engraved with the symbolical device of the double triangle and the Sanskrit word *Sat*, signifying the Divine Existence.

Altogether the English teacher presents a noble and impressive personality, with something of the outward semblance of what one might look for in a living champion of the ideal amid a sensual and material age.

HENRY TYRRELL.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF POWER AND WEALTH.

NOTED MINISTERS OFFER SOLUTIONS OF THE GREAT PROBLEM OF THE USE OF WEALTH, AND ALL AGREE THAT WEALTH IS A TRUST, AND SHOULD BE USED FOR THE BENEFIT OF MANKIND.

THE PATRIOTISM OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE REV. W. S. RAINSFORD PREACHES THAT THE WORLD WILL BECOME BETTER WHEN MEN AND WOMEN ARE WILLING TO GIVE UP COMFORTS, TIME, AND INCOME, TO MAKE IT SO.

THE dangerous tendency of the time is the love of money. There are other tendencies of the times in which money plays a part which are truly munificent in their

scope, but we are forced to take account of this particular tendency which constitutes the cardinal sin of the time. Sympathizing men and women look with consternation and dismay on the coercion of a Christian people in the interest of the Turk by the Christian Powers of Europe. What is the explanation of this? It exemplifies the unspeakable selfishness and greed of the world. The Powers have Turkish bonds which must be paid.

But this tendency does not flourish with Eastern civilization alone. It stalks among us, the sin of our day, the great overwhelming threat against our civilization. This mad idolatry of gold transforms not only our social but our moral and political life. In former times the merchant sold his goods and was content with the profits made in the simple process of exchange. Now he knocks at the

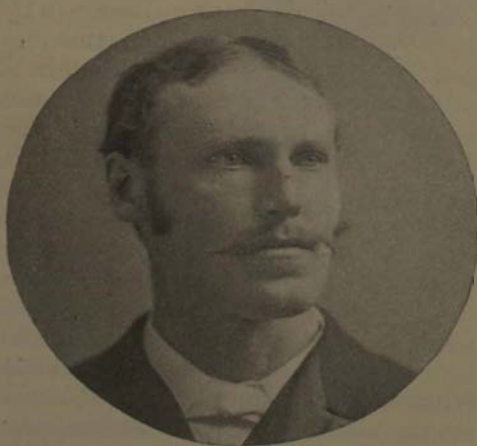
doors of Congress and demands special legislation. The idea of politics now is to use it not for ruling the nation, but for making money. Every class goes into politics for the profitable privileges it will bring. The lobbyist and boss have driven out the statesman. Rings rule instead of righteousness. Good men keep out of politics. We hear this statement frequently made. It was said of a young New York man that because of his high character he was too good to go into politics. Blasphemy! If a man is too good to go into politics, he is too good to serve God. But here again we come to the question of money. The lawyers, doctors, and business men haven't time to go into politics. They must make more money. The multi-millionaire is Bunyan's man with the muck-rake. Behind him stands the angel with the golden crown. We can't believe in the man with the muck-rake.

The money lust warps our press, our business life, our patriotism, our colleges and universities. If Christ does not promote the spirit of patriotic brotherhood, our children will rise up and call us accursed. We need the patriotism of quiet self-sacrifice, which enables men and women to say: "I am willing to give up my comforts, my time, my income, my life, if needs be, to make the world better."

A SOLEMN RESPONSIBILITY.

THE REV. THOMAS DIXON PREACHES THAT WEALTH BRINGS THE OBLIGATION TO BE JUST AND FAIR.

POSSESSION is power, and power is always a trust. Power never was a right. Power in the religious world, power in the commercial world, is a trust, always a trust. You say money means so much power. Might is not right; and the man who says that it is has agreed that the scream of an eagle as it swoops down on its prey, or the howl of a wolf or a jackal, is among the elements divine of righteousness and truth. Is might right? No; but obligations high as heaven come with the exercise of power.



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THE REV. W. S. RAINSFORD.



THE REV. THOMAS DIXON.

the dead of night and taken it away. The fact that he possessed it did not make it his. Possession may be several points in law, but it is not the question of ultimate ownership and right. Possession may be one thing, and intrinsic right another."

I say wealth has no right because of mere possession. It is a trust, and that trust should be carried out.

THE PROPER USE OF WEALTH.

THE REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD SAYS, "LARGE WEALTH GIVES LARGE OPPORTUNITIES."

THE proper use of wealth is the same as the proper use of any bestowal of Providence,—health, ancestry, national-

ity, and the like. That is, wealth should be used in accordance with Gospel teaching and with common sense. It is to be used for the good of mankind, and thus for the glory of God. And while we are not at all forbidden to include ourselves among the individuals for whom it is to be used, we are never to forget our neighbor in its benefits.

Large wealth gives large opportunities, and opportunities for doing good with our possessions are always to be im-



REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

proved, whether large or small.

Wealth must be distributed wisely, or it may hinder instead of help humanity. It is easier to generalize in regard to the use of wealth than to specialize; but money spent for commercial and manufacturing enterprises, giving employment to men and women, for schools, colleges, libraries, sanitariums, and homes for the aged, seems to be properly used, when guarded by wise legislation and guided by strong and fearless common sense.

CHRISTIAN GIVING.

THE REV. R. S. MACARTHUR, D.D., LL.D., BELIEVES THAT GIVING FOR CHRISTIAN WORK IS NOT ONLY A DUTY, BUT A PRIVILEGE AND A GLORY; THAT GIVING IS WORSHIP.

OUR Lord uttered a great truth when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." For this diamond truth we have to go to the Acts of the Apostles. The great

Teacher seems to have expressed the sentiment with frequency. It was well known to the disciples as a divine axiom. For some reason, however, it is not recorded in the Gospels. Doubtless but a small proportion of what Christ said and did is recorded. In Paul's tender speech at Miletus, to the elders of the Church at Ephesus, he enforces duty by quoting these wonderful words. His own life was governed by this law. The very fact that this sentence is not in the Gospel history, but mentioned by Paul as it is found, gives it an added charm. It is time that the Church of Christ learned to believe this truth. It is absolutely true! Few believe it. Here, as elsewhere, only they who do the divine will know the divine teaching.

It is more blessed because of the influence of giving upon the giver himself. Giving for Christian work is not simply a duty; it is a privilege. The very fact that this sentence is not in the Gospel history, but mentioned by Paul as it is found, gives it an added charm. It is time that the Church of Christ learned to believe this truth. It is absolutely true! Few believe it. Here, as elsewhere, only they who do the divine will know the divine teaching. It is more blessed because of the influence of giving upon the giver himself. Giving for Christian work is not simply a duty; it is a privilege. It develops manhood. It makes the giver a taller, broader, deeper man; it puts him into sympathy with his fellow-man the world over; it makes him tenfold more a man. Many men are moral dwarfs who might be moral giants. They live in the malarial valleys of their own mean and selfish natures, when they might breathe the mountain air, and bask in the divine sunshine of noble deeds. They sing their *Miserere*, born of selfish withholding; they might sing a *Te Deum*, inspired by generous bestowment. Such men are to be pitied; they are also to be condemned. Did not our religion prevent, we would despise them. No man has a right to be a moral dwarf; no man has a right to commit moral suicide. Every man ought to be as manlike as possible; every man ought to be as Godlike as possible. God is the eternal giver; did He cease to give, He would cease to be God. They who cease to give, cease to be Godlike. The Dead Sea is the Dead Sea because it always takes in, and never gives out. The man who refuses to give for Christ and His cause becomes soon a dead man. Think of a church made up of such men!

God pity a warm-hearted, Christ-loving man who happens to be the pastor of such a people! Such a church needs training. But it seems almost hopeless to attempt to train men and women who have grown old and rich in wicked withholding. To make Christ's blessed words enter into human experience, the religious teacher must observe three things:

I. He must begin with Christians when they are young in years and in the Christian life. A willingness to give for Christ's cause must be demanded when persons are received into the Church, as an evidence of conversion. When converted, we profess to give all to Christ in joyous, absolute self-surrender. We then become the glad slaves of Jesus Christ. Self is dethroned; Christ is enthroned. We, as dead, are buried with Christ in baptism, and are raised to walk with Christ in newness of life. How can you be Christ's and lack the mind of Christ? Though rich, He became poor. He knew the blessedness of giving himself.

II. The religious teacher must begin with Christians when they are comparatively poor. If they are not taught to give when relatively poor, they will not give when absolutely rich. Strange as it may seem, the accumulation of wealth often closes and hardens the heart. It is the loss of money which, in many cases, opens heart and hand. Such is the ingratitude of many that the more God lavishes his benefits upon them, the narrower and meaner they become. The problem of the millionaire is a recent problem. Until recently we had very few millionaires. Their entrance into society gives rise to grave questions. It is a cause of gratitude that some of them

are giving generously for education, for missions, and for Christian work generally. They realize the force of the old French proverb "*Noblesse oblige*." But some very rich men have not yet learned this lesson. A man recently died leaving ten million dollars to his family and ten thousand to all causes of charity round the globe. Another left eight million dollars to his family and not one dollar to any charitable, missionary, educational, or other cause of any sort. Such men were not prepared to die. They both were Churchmen; they professed to belong body, soul, and estate, to Jesus Christ. Such conduct dishonors Jesus Christ. But still it must be admitted that the chief difficulty in the Church is with the rank and file. The comparatively poor must be taught to give. In some churches, which have a wide reputation for giving, it is supposed that the few rich members do all the giving. That is a mistake.

Every man, woman, and child is taught to give. Poor women and girls do give. Take out all the contributions of the rich, and the balance would be greater than the totals in many churches of greater wealth.

III. The pastors must insist on giving from high motives. It is blessed to give because of the good which others receive. It is blessed to give when Christ is honored. Giving must be worship. It is often as much a pastor's duty to take a collection as to administer baptism or the Lord's Supper. All giving which ministers to a worldly spirit, is utterly beneath the dignity and glory of Christian service. When the Magi laid their gifts at the feet of the infant Jesus they taught the world by example. Giving is worship. The pastor should supply needed information, present the cause himself, and urge the highest motives; then some, in many churches, will learn that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

SOCIETY FADS.

SPRING luncheons, among the elect in society, have been the means of introducing many delightful new dishes, for fashionable appetites are ever craving some novel and stimulating relish by which to stave off satiety. At a delicious midday meal, given recently, the first particular innovation appeared in the serving of the soup. A *bouillon*, clear and brown as a dark topaz, was deliberately poured, by the two flunkies in waiting, from tall, slender, silver pitchers, into each guest's two-handled *bouillon* cup. After this unique performance a silver platter of strawberries was passed, and the hostess, by way of silent explanation to those who might be uninitiated, scooped out a spoonful of the fruit and popped it right into her cup of smoking hot liquid. Several of the women gasped gently, but on bravely following suit found that the strawberries increased tenfold the flavor of this initial course. The second surprise came with the salad, as a big fringed damask napkin, folded or rolled into the shape of a cornucopia, was passed, holding the most deliciously delicate-looking little brown rolls. When broken in bits the entire bread was found permeated with highly spiced meat, minced very, very fine. This was explained as *pain à la Russe*, for in the kingdom of the Czar the bread and meat are always taken thus together. Lastly, the women were called upon to exclaim over a great platter of fruit,—pears, peaches, apples, apricots, and nectarines,—each and every one bearing, in green, white, or red, the initials of the hostess. The mystery of the beautifully outlined letters was explained by the head of the table, who orders her fruit from a grower who makes a specialty of covering the ripening fruit with paper on which any design is cut, thus leaving the pattern marked in the skin as the sun falls on it and brings the peach or pear to perfection.

ALREADY one of the new improvement societies among fashionable hostesses has been started, and it promises, with its many enticing features, to hold its charm through the summer, and rather cast into the shade musical clubs, literary classes, and current-topic luncheons, that usually attract the interest of the summer-cottage sisterhood. This time, latent intelligent interest has been side-tracked into natural history, and in a really delightful way. A number of smart women have decided they wish to know something regarding the flora and fauna about their coun-

try homes, and they are organizing themselves into classes to study and observe, under the guidance of able specialists. For example, there is the Bob o' Lincoln Chorus. This is formed of a dozen wives of millionaires, who yearn to secure some knowledge of the names, habits, songs, etc., of the birds in their own gardens. They have obtained a lot of books by Audubon, White, Burroughs, and Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, and one day in every week they meet, hear a talk from their professor on ornithology, and he or she, as the sex of the professor may be, takes them off on a little tour, bird-nesting. Everybody takes notes, then a luncheon follows, with all sorts of appropriate souvenirs and decorations. The members of the chorus vow never to wear wings in their hats, and every meeting of the band is to be named after the special bird studied on that occasion. The Bob o' Lincoln Chorus will be hard pushed by the botanists, who call themselves "The Rose Leaves," and have already had a dogwood-blossom day, a fern day, and will in August have a poppy day; while in June there is to be a wonderful rose luncheon.

THE gayest little turnout that is destined this summer to adorn and enliven the fashionable driveways of the seaside resorts and streets of the villages near which the great country-houses are built, is the coster's cart. An American woman, of vast social distinction, was one of the on-lookers at a quaint show held annually in London before royalty, that of the coster carts, with their sleek donkeys and drivers in coats of many bright buttons. Then and there, with her Royal Highness the Duchess of Fife looking on, the American woman not only bought the prize-winning donkey and cart, but persuaded the rosy costermonger to give up his business and cross the seas as one of her retainers, whose special duty it would be to keep cart and donkey in prime condition and drive its mistress about the country roads, or play the part of groom while she handled the ribbons. The enterprising coster, plainly discerning the butter on his bread, closed with the offer at once; and, to make a long story short, every lady of quality is now longing for an imported cart, donkey, and coster, in spite of the high tariff, though the custom-house officers may be a little puzzled to know just what rate of duty ought to be levied on these queer little equipages.

MADAME LA MODE.

ATHLETIC GAMES FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.



IN this day and generation women and girls have wakened so fully to the realization of the benefit to be derived from proper exercise, that all who can possibly command the leisure take it in some way, be the weather fair or foul, as regularly as they take their daily food. It has been an easy lesson to learn that the exercise which could be combined with the form of a game gave an added zest to the interest, for the stimulus of competition stirred the mental faculties to as great activity as the physical

powers; and consequently invention has been rife in devising new games and variations of old ones.

All winter long many of these games have been played in gymnasiums, and whenever or wherever the weather made it possible the golf player has wielded her clubs on the links. With the coming of warm weather the added incentive of being in the open air has increased the vogue of all the well-known athletic games, as well as the demand for new ones.

BASKET-BALL.

Basket-ball has the same fascination for girls that the game of foot-ball has for their brothers, and though it is far from being so brutal a game as the latter, there is just that element of personal conflict and struggle which trains all the faculties to alertness, presence of mind, and courage

baskets, or hammock-nets of cord, eighteen inches deep, suspended from metal rings eighteen inches in diameter (inside measurement), and placed ten feet above the ground at either end of the playing surface, which should be a rectangle containing some thirty-six hundred square feet. The baskets are held in position by supports extending six inches from a flat perpendicular and rigid surface at least six by four feet. The object of the game, of course, is to pocket the ball, one team endeavoring to throw into one basket, their opponents into the other. The floor, or space, is divided into three equal parts,—the centre, where the playing begins, and the two ends.

According to the rules, teams for match games shall consist of five players, unless otherwise agreed upon. But with the entire surface of a large gymnasium at hand, or a good bit of ground in the open, ten or more players may play on a side without mixing things up or interfering with the proper running of the game.

Where teams of five play, the two "forwards," or "homes," station themselves near their opponents' basket, so as to endeavor to catch the ball whenever it fails to go into the basket, and either try themselves to throw it in, or pass it out to "centre" for a try. These forwards are usually medium-sized and of great quickness of foot and judgment, while the "centre," the most important individual on the team, stands near the centre of the floor and is expected to catch high balls, receive the ball when tossed up by the referee, shoot for field-goals, and make clever passes to the forwards for tries. In a team of five, the captain is "centre;" and where the team numbers ten, there are four "centres," three "homes," and three guards.



A "HELD" BALL—PLAY STOPPED BY THE REFEREE.

in self-defense. It is the most thoroughly live game that the American girl has ever played. So great an interest in this game was aroused during the past winter that teams for practice were formed in most gymnasiums, and the early spring witnessed many lively contests between rival teams. It is fast taking such a footing that ere long we shall probably be having tournaments with challenge trophies as the reward of the contests.

As its name implies, the two goals of the game are

The two guards, whose station is by their own basket, defend it as best they can from the assaults of the opposing two forwards and centre.

The referee, who, as in foot-ball, is judge of the ball, deciding when it is in play, to whom it belongs, and when a goal is made, starts proceedings by blowing a whistle, which means "Play ball." He then tosses the ball—a leather-covered sphere thirty inches in circumference—up in such a manner that it will drop near the centre of the field.



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A FREE THROW FOR THE BASKET—THE PENALTY FOR A FOUL COMMITTED BY OPPONENTS.

running and either tries to throw a goal or pass the ball to her partner forward.

Then an opposing guard gets the sphere and with lightning quickness throws it nearly the length of the playing-ground, and in a twinkling the scene of battle changes, the players dancing, running, dodging, and passing the ball with dazzling brilliancy of execution. Finally, the ball lands in a basket and stays there. This means two points for the throwing side; and the game proceeds by the act of the referee in throwing up the ball at centre.

The match game consists of two halves of twenty minutes each, with a rest of ten minutes between halves; and the team scoring the greater number of baskets in the forty minutes of play wins the game.

The game is rendered particularly clean by the rules, which provide penalties for many improper acts, such as (1) striking the ball with the fist; (2) kicking it; (3) carrying ball while in bounds; (4) holding ball with anything except hands; (5) carrying ball out of bounds; (6) holding, striking, tripping, pushing, or shouldering an opponent; (7) rough play generally; (8) interfering with a free throw; (9) addressing officials by any player not captain; (10) intentionally delaying game; (11) remarks about officials by players. Some teams have in addition the following: No one may hold the ball more than thirty seconds; no one may run with the ball; no one may leave her allotted division of the floor; no one may bound the ball more than three times; and no one may "grab" the

ball from another. The infraction of any of these rules is a foul, and three fouls count one for the other side.

When a foul has been made the opposite side gets a free throw for the basket at a distance of fifteen feet from a point on the floor directly beneath the centre of the basket, measured towards the opponents' goal. While a foul is called for such unnecessarily rough play as striking an opponent, a second offense of this kind means disqualification. Then, too, the mere fact that only captains can have a word to say to the officials renders the game free from distressing arguments. This may be very hard on the girls, but it prevents quarreling.

It must be first touched by one of the centres, who shall have been previously indicated to the umpires. Violation of this rule constitutes a foul. The umpires (there are two of them) judge the actions of individuals, calling all fouls and disqualifying players in strict accordance with the letter and the spirit of the rules.

The game then proceeds in some such manner as this: The centre on team "A" having sprung high in air on the toss of the ball by the referee, very deftly catches it; then, on the instant she comes to earth she dodges her opponent, at the same time passing the ball to a forward, who, having caught it on the run, immediately stops

THE RIBBON CHASE.

A new game that won great favor among fashionable folk during the past winter at the roller-skating rinks is the ribbon chase. Roller skating, by the way, has been the indoor pastime for spring, and will continue in favor through the early summer.

The implements of the game are three posts, of brass or wood, made to stand erect, and each about five feet high. From the tops of these posts flutter gayly colored ribbons, arranged in such a way that each can easily be detached as the skaters glide swiftly by.

The object of the sport is to secure a number of these ribbons, a prize being provided for the one who captures the most, provided she has also carried off the white ribbon; to do this is the test of skill. From each post hangs one long white ribbon, together with the colored ones, but no one is allowed to touch the white ribbon until the others have been taken off, and then not until a signal from the leader, which comes when all are merrily flying around; to wheel quickly is perhaps necessary, as

teams, is the ideal number; each player has her pins or clubs. The object of the game is to bowl over, by means of the ball struck with the stick, the pins of the opposing team; this is called winning a goal, and counts one.

Two innings, of thirty minutes each, constitute a game, and the team winning the more goals in this time is the winner of the game. If, at the end of the second thirty minutes, the teams are tied, a deciding goal is played.

The pins or clubs are set up just far enough apart to allow the ball to pass through. There is no special rule in regard to setting out the field, that being regulated by the space at command; the larger the field the greater the difficulty to score, and therefore the more skill required. On a large field there is more opportunity to move around and for open play. If two teams of four players each make up a game, there must be eight sets of clubs, sixteen in all. Each player stands by her two clubs, which are about two and one-half inches apart. The eight sets are arranged in a large circle, equidistant



PUTTING BALL IN PLAY AFTER "HELD" BALL—THE REFEREE TOSSES BALL UP AS AT START OF GAME AND AFTER EACH BASKET.

the post may have been just passed. One rule of the game, which, by the way, is not burdened with many rules, is that speed must not be slackened in passing the posts, and that the ribbons must be taken off while the skater is "on the wing," or not at all. First and second prizes are provided, and prizes for men as well as for the girls. If a number take part in the ribbon chase, more than three posts may be required.

PIN HOCKEY.

We have had hockey on ice and hockey on bicycles, played by women and girls as well as men and boys, and both games have been vastly popular. A variation of the pastime—pin hockey—is now in vogue, and a lively game it proves, suitable for the house or the lawn, and for old or young.

A smooth floor, uncarpeted, is necessary in the former case; a flat, hard surface, a dirt court, well rolled, if the game is played outdoors. A rubber-covered ball, sticks, resembling hockey sticks, and candle pins are the requisites of the game. Failing candle pins, Indian clubs may be substituted. Four or eight players, divided in two

apart. Four sets of clubs are of one color, and four sets of another; they are arranged alternately.

The game opens with a toss-up for first play; a player of the side winning the toss puts the ball in the centre of the field and drives it to one of her team, with a light knock; this player in turn sends it off in the direction of an enemy's pin, striving, of course, to bowl it over. The one who starts the ball is not allowed at the outset to make a drive for an opponent's pin. The game goes along as fast as possible. When a pin or an Indian club goes over, one point is scored, and then there is a wait until the pin is again set up. Each player, stick in hand, stands by her pins to guard them from disaster; they may be protected from the attack of the ball by the stick or the body. One guards, not only her own pins, but those of any member of her team, who, for the time being, has left her pins unguarded while in pursuit of the ball. When a pin is down, not only must it be reset, but the ball put in play, as at the first, from the centre.

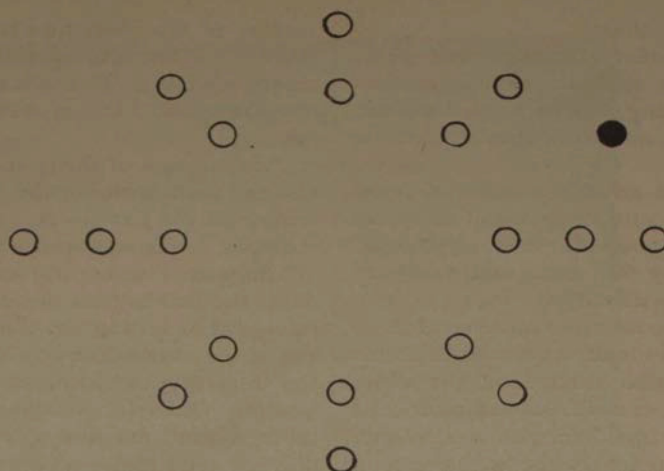
It is deemed a foul when any player touches the ball with her hands, or when the ball is kicked for goal, or when the pins are displaced in any other way than by

the batted ball. When a foul occurs, the ball goes to the opponents, and a goal cannot be made on the first play after a foul. Not only must each player guard her pins from overthrow, but try to keep the ball from the opponents. There is little time for thinking, quick play being necessary; therefore pin hockey is voted the liveliest sort of pastime.

THE CHILDREN'S GAME OF TIERCE.

Tierce is a capital game for outdoors, and any number can play it. Standing by twos and threes, the players form a circle, with one member of the party outside, who must on no account be allowed to enter the circle.

The diagram illustrates the position taken by each



POSITIONS FOR THE GAME OF TIERCE.

of the players at the commencement of the game.

The object of the outside player is to touch the outermost one of three, wherever three are together. But when she attempts to touch that one of the three, that player darts into the circle, and stands inside two of the others; they thus become three deep. The outside one of these three instantly becomes the object of pursuit, but she also slips away, if she can, behind another pair. Thus the pursuer is led all round the circle, which she cannot enter, always trying

to touch an outside one of three. The moment the three become two, the pursuer has nothing more to do with them. Any one of three who is touched instantly changes place with the pursuer and becomes pursuer in her turn.

SEASONABLE IDEAS FOR FAIRS AND SALES.

PROBABLY there will never come a time in the history of church work when the fair will become an unnecessary adjunct. At the first glance it seems the easiest way of coaxing shekels from the pockets of the public for the necessary sum to be raised toward some special purpose or charity. But, whatever its object, only the few who take the burden of the toiling and grinding on their shoulders ever know how much work and thought and energy it takes to realize even a modest sum that is, perhaps, after all, only a drop in the bucket.

It is the prevailing idea that people never receive anything proportionate to the value of their money at a fair, and a good many consider it a sort of boredom, to which they reluctantly lend their presence, and where they grudgingly open their pockets, solely as a matter of duty. Some new ideas, then, that have a little of the vital essence of variety about them, may be welcome to those who have to plan such entertainments, as well as to those who attend, clamoring for their money's worth.

The "Culinary Fair," which appeals more to men than the usual fair or charity sale, has for its basis—as do most culinary affairs—a cook-book. To edit and compile a cook-book may seem, to the uninitiated, a formidable undertaking; but it has been found, from experience, that the work can be so divided as to become really an easy matter. The labor of collecting the receipts should begin early, and different committees be appointed to obtain them. For instance, there is a committee for soups, one for fish, one for entrées, vegetables, jellies and preserves, pies and cake, desserts, breads, and beverages. It is the duty of the committees to obtain from their friends every possible well-tryed and reliable receipt. By so doing they not only advertise their book, but interest outsiders enough to buy it; which means money, and so success. The name of the contributor of each receipt is appended, as a sort of voucher. Naturally, gathering the receipts from so many sources, there will be many for the same dish. From these the best two, or possibly the best three, should be selected. When all these are gathered they are written out, plainly and correctly, ready for the printer.

Write on one side of the paper only, leaving a wide left-hand margin. Arrangements must be made with printer and binder to print the book in good readable type and bind it neatly in a serviceable oil-cloth cover, as cheaply as possible.

Another committee might be appointed to solicit advertisements, to be placed in the back of the cook-book, and from which it is possible to clear enough money to pay for the printing and binding. Offer the book at as moderate a price as is possible, for it is more profitable to sell a great many at a low price than a few at a high price.

Another feature of the fair is the supper, which is advertised to be served from six until eight o'clock. At this supper are served relishable viands and dainties, substantial enough to take the place of the usual evening meal. There should be some specially tempting things made from the cook-book receipts. If the housekeepers who are interested in the success of the fair would refuse, with Spartan firmness, to provide dinners at home upon the fair nights, the money coffers might be made considerably heavier.

The supper must, of course, be limited to the appliances at hand, and simple enough to be cooked upon gas-stoves, if necessary.

MENU.

Creamed Oysters.	Cold Chicken.
Sweetbreads and Mushrooms.	
Cold Tongue.	Salmon, Chicken, or Lobster Salad.
Olives.	Salted Almonds.
	Pickles.
Rolls.	Biscuits.
Gingerbread.	
Assorted Cake.	Fruit Jellies.
Tea.	Coffee.
	Bavarian Cream.
	Chocolate.

The above, subject to infinite variations, is a simple menu, yet substantial, and suited to children as well as adults, and not too difficult of preparation. The supper should be served by some of the young ladies, and may be charged for at so much a person; but a less wasteful way is to write out menu-cards and serve all *à la carte*, charging a moderate price for each article.

So much for the supper. And now we come to the stalls. In a conspicuous corner stands the "Pickle and

Preserve Table," groaning with its freight of glistening sun-made jellies, preserves, sweet and sour pickles, and all the delicious things that the good housewives take such pleasure in "putting up" every year, and that the less fortunate ones will be only too glad to be able to purchase.

Then there is the table of the Young Ladies' Cooking Club, on which they may sell anything and everything eatable, providing it is made with their own fair hands. As an offshoot, they can also have a "Pancake Table." Here, enveloped in white aprons, and wearing jaunty cook's caps, one cook mixes up the batter, while the other, on the ever-useful gas-stove, cooks the cakes to a delicate brown before the eyes of the waiting applicant. This is always popular; maybe for the same reason that the pancake windows of a big city restaurant always have a crowd before them, but more likely, in this case, on account of the dainty cooks themselves. A close rival is the "Rarebit Table." Here, in a couple of chafing-dishes, are concocted those savory, alluring delicacies that tempt even the dyspeptic out of his customary way. They are served quickly, on hot plates, at small tables near by.

On the "Cake Table" are found any number of plain and fancy cakes, and in the midst of them the cake of honor,—the Share Cake. This is some extraordinarily large and rich cake, which some good cook has donated, and for which a number of little girls sell shares throughout the fair until the last night, when the lucky winner is presented with it. Or it may be in the fashion of a bride's or a birthday cake, with a ring, a thimble, and a piece of silver money stirred into the batter,—or cleverly inserted from the bottom after the cake is baked,—and be sold by numbered slices, to be cut on the last night.

The children's pleasure is considered at a booth bearing aloft a large placard on which is printed, boldly:

"Won't you come and have a try
At silly Simple Simon's pie?"

As one pie would not suffice, a number of them are prepared in milk-pans, or any large flat dishes, with a frill of crinkled tissue-paper tied around to hide their exterior. In the pans are inexpensive trinkets, tiny china dolls, marbles, and toys, such things as delight the hearts of children, and tied to each is a string. A piece of yellow tissue-paper is pasted over the pan for the top crust, and through small holes in this the strings are passed, so that each child, upon paying his nickel for his "piece of pie," pulls one of the strings and draws out his prize. Several of these pies may be made ready, and it is wise to have paste, paper, and some extra toys, in case of an emergency.

A "Lemonade Stand" is an absolute necessity at every fair. It is a magnet to the children, and can be made very pretty if some amateur carpenter can be found to knock a few boards together for a well. A pretty Rebecca in costume stands inside it to "draw" the lemonade. This may be placed invitingly near the "Candy Table." Here can be purchased delicious home-made candies, piled daintily on trays and plates. Something new in the way of sweets is made of dates and salted almonds; the stone of the date being removed, the almond is inserted in its place, and the whole is rolled in coarse granulated sugar. "Peas in a pod" are made in the same way with salted peanuts. Salted almonds, peanuts, and pecans are easily prepared, and are most enticing done up in small boxes and tied with ribbon.

But,—above all things,—everywhere and anywhere let the ubiquitous cook-book appear; and if a great many copies of it are not sold, after such an enticing array of eatables, it will be a good deal of a wonder.

Essentially a summer and seashore affair is the "Yacht Sale." It is held on a good-sized yacht, or a flotilla of small yachts anchored abreast, not far from the shore. The dingies are manned by young girls in natty sailor-costume, as oarsmen,—to use a double Hibernianism,—who charge a certain sum for ferrying each individual out to the yachts, which sum pays also for admission to the sale.

On the tables are found all manner of fancy articles, decorated as largely as possible with nautical emblems. Pipe-racks, tobacco-jars, magazine and log-book covers are salable trifles, and the yachtsman's housewife—illustrated and described in DEMOREST'S for December, 1894—is very appropriate; while pillows and cushions for yacht uses are universally attractive, and never fail to appeal to yachtsmen. Cooling drinks and ices are served in a breezy corner of the deck by pretty maids arrayed in sailor blue and white.

The "Collegiate Fair" tells its own story, and is particularly successful in a college town. Everything dear to the hearts of college students is here for sale. Again a "Pillow Table" must always be in evidence, for the college youth vies with his sister at Vassar in the number of these comfortable arrangements that he can pile in a corner of his couch. Let them be as fanciful as may be, provided their colors emphasize the combinations known as "college colors." College men have even come to look with critical eyes upon lamp-shades; none are so fluffy or so plain but they find willing purchasers, even those of Yale blue, although particularly trying to the complexion, having their starch advocates. Pretty candles in holders and topped off with shades are equally in demand; while freshmen are supposed to be susceptible to gas-globe shields in the form of a gay little ballet-dancer in tissue-paper gown of their own college color. Small books of chafing-dish receipts are fitted with brown linen covers, and have embroidered upon them, in the inevitable colors, such pertinent legends as: "A little learning is a dangerous thing," "Knowledge is of two kinds," "Read, learn, and inwardly digest." Photograph frames can be disposed of by dozens. Very popular are the long, narrow ones containing spaces for half a dozen photos. Then there are the flags. They may be of any size, shape, or material, have they but the magic colors, with the name of the institution, whose insignia they are, emblazoned upon them. Ribbons should be attached to the front edge of the flag so that it may be tied easily to a cane, to wave victoriously at inter-collegiate games and foot-ball matches, or in a case of defeat be as easily folded very small and thrust into a pocket. Couch-covers that have the college "yells" cut in generous, readable letters and applied around the edge, border fashion, bring good prices, and are not so tedious to make as would at first appear, if the letters are stitched on by machine. Denim is effective for these, using the reverse side for the appliqué; and here again the college colors can be used, the crimson of Harvard and the light blue and white of Columbia being both effective and artistic. The Greek letters of the college societies are also turned to advantage with truly Oriental effect for ornamenting divan cushions or covers. In fact, there is scarcely a limit to the ornamental and useful articles that make delightful the room of the college student.

Circumstances will very probably prevent an exact realization of the foregoing ideas, but they will serve as suggestions which may be amplified and varied indefinitely by the bright and ingenious women and girls who are always brought to the front in every such undertaking.

EDITH MARIE ALLEN.



OUR GIRLS

REPORTING A COMMENCEMENT

WHEN I look back I wonder how I dared to do it; but I was determined to attend the great Commemorative Anniversary. My home was separated from my *alma mater* by the distance of several States, and I had not the fifty dollars wherewith to compass the trip. It occurred to me that I might pay my way by writing better reports than the average newspaper man.

After my services had been politely declined by all the great metropolitan journals, I finally received encouragement from one of the dailies in the college town. The pay would be nominal, but the paper could furnish railroad passes. The editors were rather doubtful about intrusting the responsibility to a young woman, but if I could beat the rival sheet in the matter of *alumnæ* personals and college news, in short, if I could write a report from the inside, I might try.

It was in a state of palpitating uncertainty that I took my seat in the car that pleasant June morning. The sun was barely up. It was six o'clock in the afternoon when I reached the college town after undergoing for hours a rain of cinders and a temperature of 150° (apparently). The station was crowded with people, many of them students, eagerly awaiting friends.

"You are lucky to get a place to lay your head," I heard one say. "The hotels were engaged months in advance. An ordinary Commencement is nothing to this."

I felt secure in the address of a private house, said to adjoin the college grounds. The expressman could not find my trunk. We finally decided it must have been left at one of the junctions where there were two stations, owned by competing roads, and five minutes to change trains.

"They never do hustle the baggage along with the passengers," said the expressman. "Never you mind, marm; it'll be here in the morning, and I'll cart it right out."

I was hot, weary, begrimed, and without a change of raiment. The stores were closed by this time, and I could not even buy a shirt-waist. The Commencement concert came at eight o'clock. I must pay a flying visit to the newspaper office to report my arrival and get instructions.

It was after seven when I took the street-car to hunt up the mansion of my prospective landlady, Mrs. Shannon, of Alleghany Avenue. I knew no such place in my student days, so I went straight to the college lodge. Tired and worried, as I was, I felt a thrill at the sight of the old familiar evergreen hedge, not seen for seven years, the great brick building overrun with creepers, and the group of girls in their pretty light gowns walking under the elms on the campus.

If I had not found the gardener, a friend of my undergraduate years, I might have spent the evening looking for Mrs. Shannon's residence. The lady in question dwelt among untrodden ways, entirely off the car route,

and, though near to the remote rear of the college grounds, about three quarters of a mile from the main entrance. By the light of the setting sun I could see that the lower windows of her unpretentious abode were filled with an assortment of garments dangling from lines, which left me in doubt whether my landlady had hung out a colored washing or was keeping a small variety store. Mrs. Shannon proved to be a tidy little Irishwoman. The place must be clean and respectable, I thought, or the committee would not have sent me here. I was somewhat reassured when I found the mothers of two of the graduates were my fellow lodgers. "We are as well off as half the people," they told me.

I was barely in season for the concert, and had no time to hunt up a supper table (Mrs. Shannon furnished only rooms). The hall was filled with brilliantly dressed people, and despite my protests a graceful usher escorted me to a front seat. I fancied my nearest neighbors glanced curiously at me, especially after I produced a writing tablet, a score of sheets of brown paper, and half a dozen sharp pencils. My ignorance of music would fill volumes, but I wrote industriously till the last note died away.

The proprietor of the paper was attending the concert that night, and had offered to take my "copy" in, as there was no other way of sending it. We walked over to the new gymnasium in order that I might copy the *alumnæ* registration, for nothing sells a paper like names. My elderly escort seemed greatly impressed by the gymnasium apparatus, for this was before the present feminine interest in athletics.

"I had no idea that women could do such things. Is this what you mean by the higher education?" he said, looking up at the swinging bars and the rope ladders.

The events of the next three days seem like a brilliant phantasmagoria. I was on the road constantly. I wrote my reports sitting in windows, on steps, leaning against a tree or a car-seat. At times it seemed to me that my pace was a thousand words an hour. It was the only time that I have ever been accorded unlimited space in print. My office wanted the very utmost that I could send. I did not actually go to bed with my clothes on, but I wore them all day without change. There was no other way. My trunk was not discovered till the last day, when it was found on a rear platform of the college laundry, where it had been dumped two days before.

I left Mrs. Shannon's residence early in the morning, and usually found my way back about midnight by the light of the fireflies. I do not think I had any regular meals; the irregular ones took all the time I could spare. There was such a succession of banquets and receptions that I lived in a sea of salads and ices. My work would have been easier if I had not known so many people. A college woman in journalism was a novelty then, and I had to be among the *alumnæ*, but not of them. It was hard to make

my friends understand that I could not answer a succession of kind inquiries when I was writing for dear life to take down all the after-dinner speeches.

And yet amid all the rush some events stand out in my mind like stereopticon views. There was Class Day, when, after the exercises in the chapel, the music, the history, and the oration, the long senior procession, all in flowers and fluttering silks and muslins, marched over the white canvas path across the lawns to the class-tree. The juniors followed, bearing on their shoulders the great daisy chain with which they encircled the class while the burial of the records took place. It seemed like some antique Greek fête.

"I have seen some of the finest spectacles in this country," said a gentleman near me,—“Class Day at Harvard, great entertainments in Washington, flower festivals on the Pacific Coast,—but I never saw anything prettier than this.”

I envied him the chance to enjoy it, but I looked only long enough to assure myself that the red-haired senior orator wore Nile green *mousseline de soie* with Jacqueminot roses, while her brunette junior opponent was brilliant in a yellow organdie with satin ribbons. It may seem frivolous to describe gowns, but in no other way can you give color to a scene.

My duties took me back to the nearly deserted college, where the trustees' meeting was still in session. My chief had told me that nothing was so difficult to get as this, and it was extremely important. Nobody could tell when the board might adjourn. I took up my seat on the main staircase, resolved that the august body should not escape without my knowledge. I felt like Casabianca, only he was not worried by knowing that all sorts of other interesting events were going on which he could not be in. The meeting had been in session since eleven o'clock that morning, and from present prospects it bade fair to continue interminably. I waited and waited. The college began to fill up again, and the bells rang for dinner. No movement. At length the door opened; there was a hum of voices; the meeting had adjourned.

The first group looked so hungry that I did not venture to accost them. The next gentleman had an immediate engagement with the President. Several others had by this time got away, and I felt that my chance was going. I made a bold rush for a benevolent clergyman. He feared he could not remember very accurately, but if I would walk down to the lodge with him he would tell me what he could. Blessings on the dear man! The car was just starting, and I rode into town with him. He submitted to my inquiries with the most saintly patience, and made every effort to give me help. By the time I got back to college, Chinese lanterns on the lawn and strains of music informed me that a great reception had begun. I bribed a kind-hearted classmate to tell me who the distinguished guests were and what the hostesses wore, and thus obtained the privilege of staying away.

Commencement Day was dignified and imposing. There was no end of notabilities,—half the college presidents east of the Mississippi, and the Vice-President of the United States. I strained every nerve to take down the senior

eloquence and the strong and scholarly address of the college President. Before the ceremony of presenting the diplomas was concluded I had to escape by a side door, dispatch my copy, and rush over to the gymnasium for the *alumnæ* luncheon.

No occasion of the week was more interesting than this. The beautiful gymnasium had been planned and built entirely by the graduates. The lunch was a time of great good cheer, and then followed a long and brilliant programme of toasts. I am never so proud of my college as when I hear her graduates in after-dinner exercises. I caught about two columns from the lips of the speakers, and as none but *alumnæ* were admitted to this affair, I had the satisfaction of beating the other paper completely. That night there was another big reception, which I viewed from afar.

Commemoration Day was the crown of the whole week, but it came near being my undoing. By this time I was fatigued in brain and body, and as I sat under the huge tent on the campus, listening to the enchanting music from one of the great opera orchestras, and heard the students' cantata, especially composed for the occasion, my attention involuntarily relaxed; and when the orator of the day, that ideal knight, George William Curtis, arose, I was so entranced by his silver speech that I quite forgot my vocation. I looked about and saw that the New York reporters were not taking notes, and concluded that advance copies of the address had been sent to all the papers. It is never safe to take anything for granted. I had to pay dearly for my enjoyment of that speech.

Immediately upon the conclusion of the Commemoration exercises, and while the guests were hastening away in view of an approaching storm, the great banquet of the week, given by the trustees to the *alumnæ*, was announced. The graduates were seated by classes, and the hall was crowded. The after-dinner speaking proved the brightest, and also the most extended, of the series. We were so closely seated that I could not get my arm free to write; besides, the darkened sky and the heavy rain made it difficult to see. I resolved to trust my memory, which is usually equal to a load of two or three hours.

This last festivity closed about seven o'clock. I was standing in a doorway wondering if I could wade across lots to Mrs. Shannon's residence, when a young man from the office approached. They wanted the full text of Mr. Curtis's speech, and he inquired why it had not been sent in earlier. My mind was dazed. For the next four hours I beat my brain and, sitting by Mrs. Shannon's kerosene lamp, I wrote down all that I could remember. At midnight the young man drove out, risking his own and his horse's safety in the rain and blackness, and took away all that I could compel my brain to yield.

Summary: For my labors during three and a half days I received the sum of five dollars; Mrs. Shannon's recompense for the time I had been under her roof-tree took four of this. I had my car-fare furnished, but all the inseparable incidentals, trunk expressage, crossing between stations, lunches by the way, and other things, added to my *alumnæ* dues, cost me about fifteen dollars. Still, I am always glad I went.

C. N. HATHAWAY.

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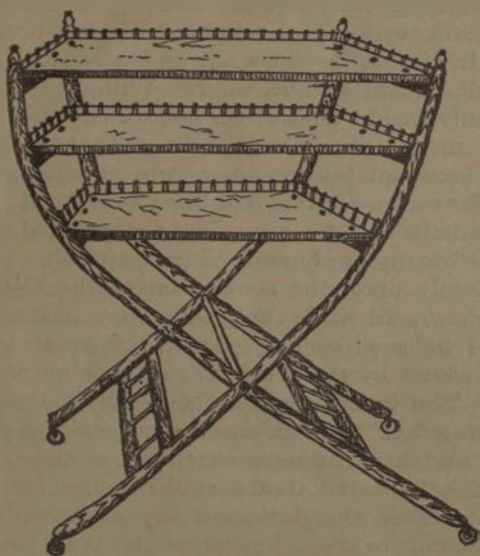
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HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

THE USEFUL CAMP-CHAIR FRAME.

THE camp-chair frame, if bought unfinished of the manufacturer, costs but a trifle, and may be used as a foundation for several useful pieces of furniture for the home. Among the articles that suggest themselves are a newspaper rack, a standing work basket or bag, an infant's basket, a five-o'clock tea-table, a sheet-music holder, a stand for a *jardinière*, and a movable dictionary-holder.

If the frame be of hard wood it may be given one or two



SHEET-MUSIC HOLDER.

coats of linseed oil, which will slightly darken it and bring out the grain of the wood, after which it may be varnished, rubbed smooth with fine sandpaper, and varnished a second time. Stained woodwork is very effective, and wood-staining is easily done. Artists' oil-paints, which come in tubes, can be used, and American colors are quite as satisfactory as the more expensive imported ones. Raw sienna gives a rich yellow stain not unlike satin-wood; raw sienna and Prussian blue combined produce a soft moss-green; a pale, tender blue may be obtained by using a very little Prussian and Antwerp blue thinned with oil or turpentine; while the much-admired Delft blue is produced by subduing the Prussian blue with a trifle of cork-black. A soft, warm gray may be obtained by using ivory-black and a little madder lake.

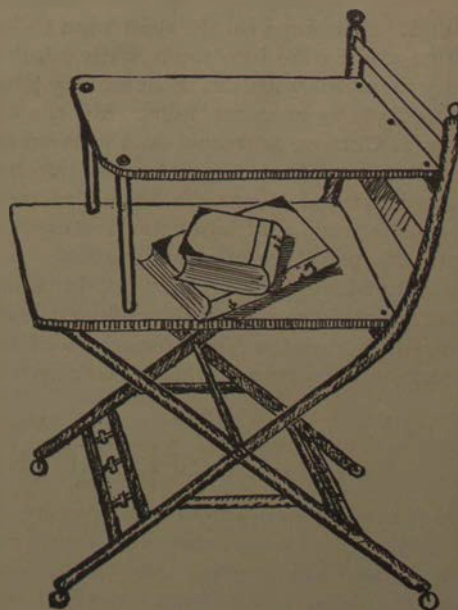
White or light-colored woods are more satisfactory for staining than darker woods. If the frame be made of soft wood the surface should be "filled" with some good wood-filler before it is stained. Wood-filler may be bought cheaply at a paint-shop. The soft wood frames also look well when painted with enamel paints; these paints come in black, white, and colors. Brass mountings, such as castors, screw-heads, tips for the tops of the posts, chains, and spindle-work, will add to the attractiveness of the furniture it is proposed to make. The newspaper-rack shown in the illustration had for a foundation a fifteen-cent camp-stool frame. Being of soft wood, it was

treated to a coat of wood-filling, then stained a dull green, made of Prussian blue, raw sienna, and a little cork-black. When the stain was dry the surface was covered with the prepared beeswax, such as is used for waxing floors, and rubbed to a fine lustre with soft cloths. The castors, tips, screws, and chains were of brass.

A strip of dull green enameled cloth, a yard and three-quarters long and wide enough to reach across the frame, served for a scarf in which to lay the magazines and journals. The scarf was lined with yellow China silk, and the ends were finished with a green-and-yellow linen fringe. Felt or denim might be substituted for the enameled cloth, and the ends could be embroidered in spool-sized scallops with embroidery silk, instead of being fringed. If further ornament be desired, a row of autumn-tinted maple-leaves, cut from velvet, might be appliquéd across each end. The scarf should be fastened to the frame by brass-headed nails.

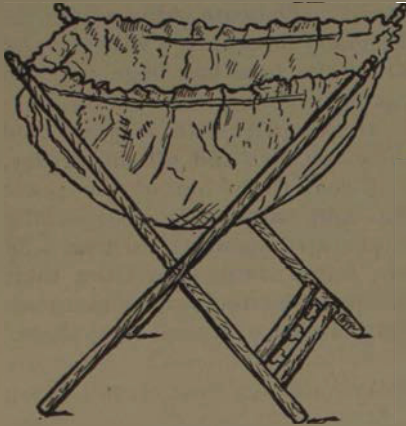
The frame for the work-bag was painted first with a priming coat, and two coats of enamel paint were subsequently added. The color was a medium shade of blue; perhaps Delft blue would better describe it. The bag was simply a piece of art denim eighteen inches square, having a design of white chrysanthemums on a Delft blue ground. The edges of the cloth were turned over for a heading, and a shirr made into which a drawing-string was run. The bag was firmly secured by its four corners to the corners of the frame, below the brass tips, after being drawn up to the proper size. The brass tips used for this and the newspaper rack were such as are used on the ends of curtain poles.

The baby's basket is hung in a camp-stool frame enameled white; the tips to the posts and the screw-heads are nickel, and small white castors are used instead

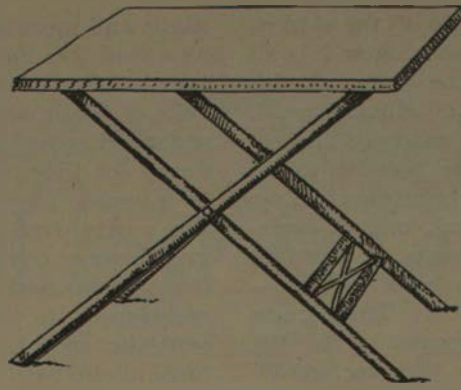


MOVABLE BOOK-HOLDER.

of brass ones. The basket, which should be a square willow one provided with lids opening in the middle, is first lined with sheet wadding, which is covered with delicate pink silk, and a full ruching of satin ribbon finishes the top. The lids are also lined with wadding and silk, and bows of wide satin ribbon decorate the corners.



WORK BAG.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA-TABLE.

An oak frame was used for the tea-stand, and a top of polished oak having an ogee edge was placed firmly upon the legs, which were also polished. The movable book or dictionary holder will recommend itself to people who like to pile their

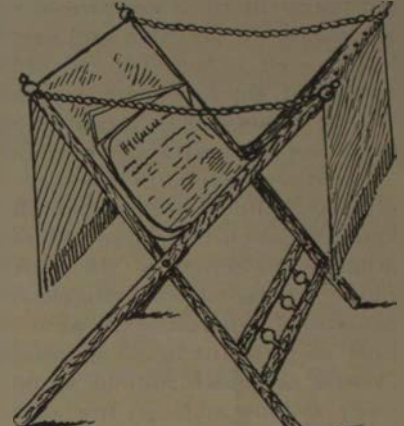
reference books in a chair near their writing-table. A hard-wood frame should be used for the holder; and braces across the sides, and the rungs in front and back make the frame strong enough to support an unabridged dictionary and several smaller volumes besides. Brass rods support the upper shelf at its front edge, while the back edge is nailed to the top-bar in the chair-back. The lower shelf rests upon the legs of the frame, much as the chair-seat would. Nuts and screws hold shelves and frame firmly together, and large castors are added so that the stand with its burden may be easily moved about the room. It is also convenient for the veranda in summer.

shelf on three of its sides; the rod connecting the crossed legs of the chair is of brass, as also are the screw-heads and the spindles between the rungs connecting the legs. This holder would be very attractive if finished in white enamel, or stained green and polished.

The stand for a *jardinière* is made much like the tea-stand. Of course it should not be so large, so a smaller camp-stool should be selected. The top need be only ten or twelve inches square. This top may be ornamented with a brass or wooden spindle-rail about its upper edge; or pendent ornaments in sawed or carved wood may be affixed, fringe-like, to the corners and sides of the top.

It is of the greatest importance that the frames of all these pieces of furniture should be made firm and substantial by braces, screws, and nuts.

CHARLOTTE WHITCOMB.



NEWSPAPER RACK.

SANITARIAN

TOILET HYGIENE.

THIS is the time of the year when, more than ever, we should find a literal warning in the old adage, "Beauty is but skin deep;" for 'tis very, very true that a rough, freckled, and blotched skin will spoil the loveliest features, while a beautiful, fine, and pure one gives a charm to the plainest face. As to what constitutes a fine skin, however, the standard of taste has changed enormously in the last decade, and no sensible woman or girl strives to attain or to retain a delicate, lily-white skin, emblem of fragility.

To the athletic woman, she who loves out-of-door sports, and everything that makes for health, we owe this improvement; and Fashion proved herself for once a good genius when she espoused the pursuit of health with such fervor that weak nerves, fainting fits, and chronic invalidism became something to be ashamed of instead of marks of delicate refinement. The athletic girl's skin is clear, and fine or coarse in texture according to physical

peculiarities, and also according to her diet; but there is a rosy glow in her cheeks from her swiftly coursing blood, which her grandmother never enjoyed, and would very probably have considered an unfeminine exhibition of vigor.

Not all skins, however, bear exposure to sun and wind with like impunity. If only a good coating of rich brown "tan" results, it is something to be proud of, for the "nut-brown maid" is having her innings; but when the skin glows a fiery red for days together, or freckles pepper it over in motley shades, it becomes of the first importance to alleviate this condition, and to take such precautions as will mitigate the evil.

Such skins really need the protection of harmless powders when exposed to sun and wind, and the use of certain lotions and creams will in some cases render the skin less sensitive. The protection and care must begin with the bath, for absolute cleanliness of the whole body must be

a foundation tenet in all rules for the care of the skin as well as for health. If the skin be rough and coarse it is all the more important that the bath water be softened with borax, or with the dainty perfumed bags of almond meal, orris-root, and oatmeal. These bags are made of cheese-cloth, about four inches square, and the powder to fill them is prepared in the following proportions: Two pounds of almond meal, three of oatmeal, one of orris-root, and a half-pound of old Castile soap, scraped to a powder; mix thoroughly, and fill the bags lightly,—don't stuff them as you would a pincushion. They are to be tossed into the bath and used like a sponge. After the flesh is well lathered from rubbing with the bag, gentle friction of the face with a camel's-hair complexion-brush will be beneficial to a coarse and oily skin, and a stiffer brush can always be used to advantage over the whole body.

Toilet vinegars are another delightful addition to the bath, and their use is especially commended during hot weather, when their spicy odors and cooling effect greatly enhance the benefit of the bath, and linger most refreshingly. Being also astringent in their action, their continued use will refine the skin. Of equal benefit and almost as pleasant to use is the simple tincture of benzoin, a bottle of which should stand beside the borax-box on every toilet-stand. A few drops in a basin of water,—enough to make the water look a little milky,—every time the face is washed, will do much toward refining enlarged pores, counteracting abnormal oiliness, and whitening the skin; and the subtle, spicy odor is much more agreeable than any perfume. The following is one of the best formulæ for aromatic toilet vinegars: Glacial acetic acid, one pound; rectified spirits, two ounces; pure camphor, two ounces and a half; oil of cloves, one drachm and a half; oil of rosemary, one drachm; and a half drachm each of bergamot, cinnamon, lavender, pimento, and neroli; mix in a closely stoppered bottle, agitating until the whole of the camphor is dissolved. It is better to let this stand several weeks before using.

HOW OFTEN TO BATHE.

As to the frequency of baths and their temperature, only general rules and advice can be given. If the bath, either hot or cold, is followed by a feeling of comfort, it is beneficial; but if lassitude or chilliness results, there is something wrong, and the advice of a physician should be sought. Advocates of the cold bath, who enjoy it and feel invigorated after its use, must remember that it can not be depended upon as the sole means of cleanliness. Cold water, though it absorbs foul gases freely, has almost no affinity for solid dirt, and if hard or salt, none whatever; consequently perfect cleanliness requires frequent hot baths. During hot weather a good rule, which agrees with most people in ordinary health, is to take a cold dip or sponge bath in the morning,—followed, of course, by a brisk rubbing with *loofas* or a Turkish towel,—and a hot bath at night, using soap freely, unless a bath-bag or a saponaceous bath-powder be used. Where the hot bath is found too relaxing, a lower temperature,—about 95°—should be tried; and if this does not agree with you, try sponging the body off with tepid water; then lather it well, and rub thoroughly with a *loofa* or bath-brush, following with a cold plunge. Not less than three cleansing baths a week should be taken by those exposed only to the average accumulations of dust and dirt; and according as exercise or occupation requires it the bath should be more frequent.

CARE OF THE COMPLEXION.

It is equally a mistake to wash the face too frequently, or not to cleanse it thoroughly when it is washed. Baths

night and morning are about all that agree with a good skin, and it is hazardous to its beauty and texture to bathe it either immediately before or after exposure to wind and cold, or when very warm from exercise. For special treatment following severe burning, see "Sanitarian," in DEMOREST'S for June, 1896. The most thorough bathing should be given at night, with hot or tepid water, for it is fatal to the purity and beauty of any skin to retire at night leaving its pores coated with powder and atmospheric impurities, to say nothing of those which the skin may have endeavored to throw off itself. Delicate skins which resent the use of soap can usually be cleansed with almond meal or the bath-bag. When the face has been exposed to much grime and dust, as in traveling or bicycling, it is very beneficial to rub it thoroughly with a pure cold cream, which has an affinity for dirt and all impurities, and with gentle rubbing will coax them out of the pores more effectually than soap and water. It is especially effective in removing "make-up" paints, powders, and stains, and will prevent any harm to the skin from their use. Soap and water are quite ineffectual, as many an amateur player can feelingly testify.

SOME COLD CREAMS.

Only the best cold creams should be used; the cheap ones are made entirely of animal fats, whose tendency is to coarsen the skin. A simple cream, which can be easily made at home, thus insuring its purity, is as follows: Four ounces of almond oil and one ounce each of white wax and spermaceti; melt in a *bain-marie*, and stir together as the mixture warms; when it is a smooth mass, remove from the hot water and stir in, as it cools, an ounce of fragrant water,—violet and orange-flower are both good. Lettuce, cucumber, and iris creams are made as above, with the addition of four tablespoonfuls of their respective juices, pressed from the fresh vegetables or flowers. They are especially efficacious in bleaching tanned skins, and healing those irritated by dust and boisterous winds. The cream should be put in small jars and covered closely to prevent absorption of impurities and evaporation of the perfume.

When going out on the water or for a long walk or ride in the sun and wind, much discomfort can be avoided by rubbing the face and throat with cold cream, wiping off all that is not absorbed by the pores, and dusting over any simple face-powder,—one containing neither lead nor bismuth. It makes a protecting coat which prevents irritating dust from entering the pores, and greatly mitigates the burning of both sun and wind.

Our grandmothers' cosmetic, almond milk, is easily made at home; like every form of almond preparation, it is whitening, healing, and softening. Blanch the almonds, and bruise them in a mortar, adding, slowly, distilled water in the proportion of a half-pint to one ounce of blanched almonds; add a spoonful of granulated sugar to prevent the separation of the oil from the water, and when thoroughly incorporated strain through a gauze sieve or a piece of flannel. Bitter-almond milk made in the same way was a freckle remedy in great repute among the Greek and Roman ladies before the Christian era. Still another freckle lotion, the means for which can be found in many a country dooryard, is to grate a teaspoonful of horseradish into a cup of sour milk; cover it and let it stand for six hours before using, then bathe the affected parts with the lotion twice a day. If an uncomfortable burning ensues, allay the inflammation with a soothing cream, rubbing it in very gently.

MARCIA DUNCAN, M.D.



HOUSEKEEPING UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE PARTHENON.

PERHAPS the most picturesque housekeeping in the world, as seems eminently proper, is in the land which has given us our most beautiful ideas of art, the grandest sculpture and unsurpassed poems,—the little kingdom of Greece, which is just now attracting so much attention. Greek art and Greek history, brave deeds and great heroes, battles and victories, by force of constant association in our mind with the name of that little country, make it assume a lofty or very belligerent aspect, strengthened by the present events which are bringing it into modern prominence.

But it has a very quiet domestic side not often noticed; and Mrs. Anastasia Kalleiophracis, though her housekeeping is most primitive, is an attractive little body, and her surroundings are as picturesque as she. When she makes her rare trips to the market, she perchance passes by the ruins of the ancient market-place,—“The Temple of the Winds,” with its carved figures, centuries old, and its Doric columns,—to one of the little modern markets, where hang branches of orange-trees full of fruit, much more attractively displayed than in the board box of our experience; or she can purchase for a bit of money some oranges or lemons from a queer little basket-laden donkey, who looks like a moving pyramid of fruit, with long ears and tiny hoofs.

Passing by temples and statues, whose like has never again been created, she indifferently makes her way over to a *laiterie*, a tiny stall, where she does not even buy her penny's worth of milk in prosaic style. Even the favored residents of New York City, with its inspectors and well-watched shops, cannot be so sure that the pump has not played an important part in their milk supply, as we in Greece can be that ours is pure and unadulterated; for there, every morning and evening, in the narrow alleys or out on the broad avenues and shaded streets of noble Athens, come

every little while a flock of black and brown goats (or semi-occasionally a cow), driven by a peasant, who stops at the doors of regular customers or at the request of any chance one and milks the desired quantity into the receptacle provided, receives his payment, and drives his little flock on to repeat the performance. Rattling milk carts and tin cans would seem like a travesty on this pastoral poem.

’Tis said,—

“We may live without poetry, music, and books,
But civilized man cannot live
without cooks.”



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE WINDS.

Alas, how often civilized women wish we could! But the problem of living could be so simply solved if we could or would follow Greek fashions. A few olives, rice, milk, or a simple soup and coarse bread created the valiant warriors of former times, and still sustain those who to-day, from the attitude they have taken, seem in no way inferior to their noble ancestors; and the “masses,” as Gladstone would designate them, are satisfied and nourished at little expense of time or money.

Rice is here, as in so many Oriental countries, a ubiquitous food; but even so simple and cheap a dish can be made a work of art, and a simple soup is quite a poem when manipulated by a Greek maiden. One of these dishes, which can be tasted at every little creamery or *laiterie* along

the streets of Greece, and even as far off as Constantinople and Egypt, and which is served as a dessert at the pretentious restaurants, is made as follows:

Take ordinary rice and boil it as usual until almost done; drain off the water; then add a sufficient quantity of milk so that it will, after it has boiled until thoroughly done, form a creamy mass; sweeten it enough while cooking to make it quite rich. Serve it cold in shallow platters, with cinnamon sprinkled over it in an attractive pattern, and you have something that is pretty, cheap,

and delicious. Of course it is all the better, and still more Greek, if cooked entirely in milk; and if milk is plentiful I would advise that method in preference, though the other way is also excellent. Both my husband and I were so fond of the soup that I also ascertained the ingredients of that; and while possibly it may not be a peasant dish, it is at least the common food of the masses, and I will take this opportunity to hand over the receipt for it to those who would like a new soup that is light and deli-



RUINS OF THE PARTHENON.

cately flavored, inviting in appearance and taste, just a pleasant suspicion of sourness rendering it specially desirable for a spring and summer dinner or luncheon.

Make a good *bouillon* soup in the ordinary way, by letting the soup meat simmer most of the day, seasoning it to taste. Add the juice of one lemon and let it boil, and just before it is served add two well-beaten eggs, stirred in thoroughly.

A hint for serving radishes in Greek style is appropriate for the spring menu: in this fashion they are partly peeled and cut down at the tops, then nestled among and under their own damp, green leaves, where they keep fresh and moist, and whence hunting them out affords a mildly exciting and interesting amusement between the courses.

As in this spring-like atmosphere Mrs. Anastasia and her family live mostly out of doors, her housekeeping does not bother her much. Even her bread is baked outside in a queer stone oven, and as one of these serves for several houses, a kind of co-operative housekeeping, one may often see the women bearing trays of dough to this spot to be baked; and this gathering-place offers advantages for a good gossip that quite cast into the shade the average sewing society or quilting party among their American sisters.

What a picturesque scene it is under those beautiful skies, the "classic hills" clothed with green, the fresh grass and spring flowers, anemones of size and color such as we never dream of, all at a time when New York shivers in ice and snow; the Areopagus and Mars Hill in the distance, and close at hand some women waiting for their bread to bake, while others are washing just outside their doors, all in garments as picturesque as their native scenery. One is in a dark skirt, pink underwaist and broad crimson sash, over which is a brown sleeveless jacket cut away and heavily embroidered, while her head is partly covered with a gay handkerchief; and another has a heavy white skirt and waist, the sleeveless jacket is gaily striped, and the handkerchief is yellow and red in odd designs.

These peasant women seem to carry all their wealth upon their persons; for, though extremely poor in every other way, they often possess suits valued at one or two hundred dollars, a thousand francs being a common price for a holiday costume. They are all made in the same style, and that never changes; so their owners do not even have to bother about alterations or cutting over; and the utter uselessness of fashion papers, even if their cost could be obtained, is apparent. All that Anastasia junior or senior feels called upon to do is to add something more of beauty to her dress of everlasting, ever-washable material, which has descended to her all the way through half a dozen generations.

The dresses described above are only everyday work clothes. Our Greek housekeeper would be quite ashamed to pose in them for an American sketch. If you want to see her really dressed, gaze upon her glories on a festal day or on Easter Tuesday when she and all her neighbors go up to the Acropolis, believing that that little ceremony will bring them luck for the year; for the Athenians of to-day are just about as superstitious and as ready to hear some new things as those of Paul's day, and really, though outwardly converted to Christianity, there is almost as much idolatry as in olden times, only that now there are shrines and churches on the mountain peak dedicated to "St. Elea" instead of to the goddesses.

But to return to our friend Anastasia as she toils up the grassy slope of the Acropolis. Just take a good look at that white skirt heavily embroidered about the bottom in a broad, close pattern with glossy silk in numberless shades of rose and pink, the white sleeves heavy with rich gold embroidery, the jacket of brown and cream color, and the blue and lace apron; and your soul will be moved to such envy and desire of possession that, like me, you will rush to bargain, but to bargain vainly, for the entire costume.



RUINS OF THE GATE OF THE AGORA, OR OIL MARKET.

The home of this attractive creation is by no means so fascinating, and yet it has a quaintness of its own. It is, in most cases, a plastered hut of two rooms. The front room is almost entirely occupied by a loom, on which is some unfinished material; green fir-branches, for fuel, are heaped up in the rear; some of the few household articles are on a shelf, but most are on the floor, which is carpetless, and paved with small cobblestones. If it is cold, an artistic brass brazier filled with glowing coals gives out heat enough to satisfy the contented residents. The inner room is larger, and boasts of a window with a seat

(Continued on page 481.)

IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS AND ART.

CHESS is Count Tolstoi's latest hobby, and it is said that the tables in his house are nearly all marked out as chess-boards, and even the dogs and other family pets have received the names of chess-pieces,—Rook, Knight, Pawn, etc.

THE LATE DR. COBHAM BREWER did not complete his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" until he was in his eighty-fifth year. He worked his way through Cambridge University, and came out, not only free from debt, but with one hundred and fifty dollars in cash.

DEAN FARRAR's book of reminiscences, "Men I Have Known," is soon to be published. The papers composing this volume have appeared in periodical form, and, on the whole, they are exceedingly amusing. Dean Farrar knew Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Stanley, Darwin, Tyndall, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, and many other celebrities.

BREEZY summer reading is furnished in an attractive book containing three nautical stories by John R. Spears, "The Port of Missing Ships," "Skipper of the Nancy C." and "Story of a Second Mate," the first story giving the title to the volume. Each is a characteristic study characteristically told, and all will be thoroughly enjoyed by lovers of the sea. Macmillan & Co., of Fifth Avenue, New York City, are the publishers.

HENRY RUSSELL, the composer of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," is the oldest living English composer, having been born in 1812. He has composed more than eight hundred songs. His "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" is played by the Guards' drum-and-fife band when a British regiment leaves for abroad, and "A Life on the Ocean Wave" was adopted in 1889 by the Admiralty as the special march of the Royal Marines.

THE MUSEUMS OF ART in Paris now remain open an hour and a half longer than heretofore. A number of artistic societies having drawn up petitions to this end, it was decided by the Minister of Public Instruction that in future the Museums of the Louvre and Luxembourg should be open to the public from 9 to 5 o'clock in the summer, the Gobelins and Sèvres manufactories from 12 to 5, and the Cluny Museum and the Museum of Versailles from 1 to 5. In winter they will be closed half an hour earlier.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE reached the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth on April 3d, and the celebration of that event, under the auspices of the Lend-a-Hand Society, was a memorable one in New England. Dr. Hale, as Ian Maclaren said of him on returning to England, is the last survivor of the big American literary men of his earlier days, and few literary men have lived so large a life of usefulness. He has been busy with heart and brain for half a century or more, much of the time under high pressure, and he is the one really great Bostonian of the day.

THE MOHAWK POET, Tehahionwake, or, as she is less musically known to the public, E. Pauline Johnson, is a daughter of Onwayushon, once the head chief of the Mohawk division of the Iroquois; and has lately come from her home in Canada to begin a tour of the Western States, reading her poems, sometimes in full native costume, which includes a scalp and a necklace of bears' claws. In spite of these ferocious accompaniments, Miss Johnson is described as a pleasing and intellectual woman, who has been educated by an Indian nurse and an English governess, and who went to England three years ago and got her first book of verses published under the name of "The

White Wampum." She was introduced in London by Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

MISS LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY, whose name is signed to some of the most graceful poems in our current literature, and to various prose writings of equal distinction though not so well known, is personally familiar to Bostonians as "a slim young woman with winning gray eyes and a happy face." She lives with her mother in Auburndale, makes pets of St. Bernard dogs, and has a fad of collecting souvenirs of great authors. Miss Guiney is a devout Catholic, and is the daughter of Colonel Guiney, of gallant record in the Civil War. Her natural literary tastes have been developed by a classical education, the influence of which is clearly apparent in her writings. Withal, Miss Guiney is extremely modest. She is fond of out-door life, and is wholesome in all her tastes, without the least affectation of modern decadence.

OUTSIDE of Harvard University, where he used to be a student, and Johns Hopkins, where he used to be a teacher, the retirement from the navy of Simon Newcomb, the superintendent of the "Nautical Almanac," has attracted most attention in Europe, where he has long been regarded as an illustrious scholar. No other American in the last thirty years has received so many honors from foreign scientific and learned societies. Professor Newcomb won his spurs in the last generation, when, at the age of twenty-five years, and fresh from the scientific school at Harvard, he computed the orbits of the asteroids. It was a brilliant piece of work, and it ranked him at once with the leading mathematicians of the world. He is now sixty-two, in prime mental condition, and his old university, Johns Hopkins, is trying to get him back.

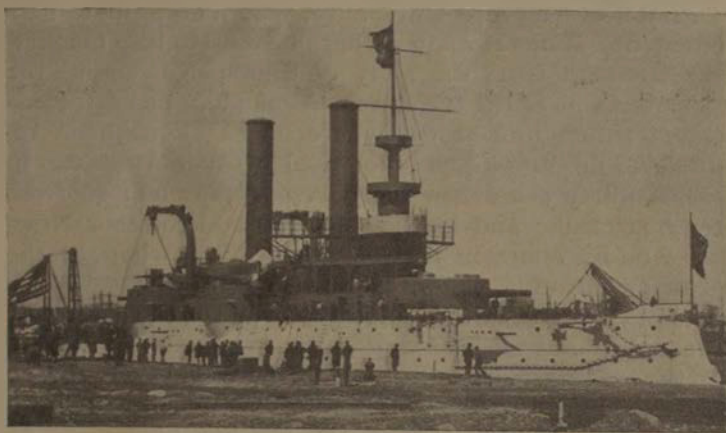
AFTER THE DELUGE of Napoleonic matter which has come from the press in the last twelve-month it is pleasant to record that able pens have been busied in writing "true stories" of the life of our own George Washington. These contributions to "The-Father-of-His-Country" literature are "George Washington," by Woodrow Wilson, "The True George Washington," by Paul Leicester Ford, and "A Virginia Cavalier," by Mollie Elliot Seawell. Though Miss Seawell's book, as its name implies, is a romance, it gives us a vivid picture of Washington's boyhood, which was as remarkable as the manhood into which he was growing, and the responsibilities of which he had to bear when only a boy in years. Taken all together these books give us just the facts everyone should know, and in that brief and attractive form in which information must be clothed in order to be accepted by the crowded, rushing world of to-day.

WILLIAM MORRIS was a tremendous worker, giving himself with the most extraordinary concentration to whatever work was in hand. His beautiful poem "The Lovers of Gudrun" was written in twelve hours; it was begun in the dawn, at four o'clock, and when Mr. Morris rose from his desk at four in the afternoon he had written seven hundred and fifty lines. He enjoyed life intensely; and when remonstrated with for the fearful pressure he put on himself was wont to laugh and say that it was rust, not work, which killed men. Morris was a broad-shouldered, vigorous man, with the look of a sea rover. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was fond of calling him "Topsy" on account of his bushy hair. He rarely appeared in "literary circles," hating all gatherings of blue-stockings. What he liked was "to do something," and it fretted him to sit long or even to listen long.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

Our Latest Peace-Preserver.

Bravely goes on the work of our splendid United States Navy, in helping to preserve peace by preparing for war. The most recent battle-ship for our rapidly growing force has been finished, and in her trial trip off the New England coast she showed up in great fashion and developed a speed of one knot more per hour than the contract specified as the minimum. As this great naval fighting-machine, the *Iowa*, seemed to be satisfactory in other regards, remarkably free from vibration, and also a very steady sailer, it is quite certain that in a little while the government officials will take her off the hands of the builders, the Cramps, of Philadelphia, and a little while thereafter put her in commission.



Copyright Photograph by C. E. Dolles.

THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA."

It was stipulated that the *Iowa* should have a speed of not less than sixteen knots during a four-hours run. On the 7th of April a distinguished party of naval officers and citizens boarded the ship, which was at anchor near Boston light. The course for the trial run was practically the same as that used in previous speed tests. The buoy, however, marking the starting-line, was six miles nearer Boston, or about southwest of Eastern Point below Gloucester; the end of the first leg was nearly abeam of Cape Ann lights, the usual starting-place. Her highest speed was 17.41 knots, and her lowest 15.85, but the average was a small fraction over seventeen knots. This won for the Cramps a bonus over the contract price of two hundred thousand dollars. The *Iowa*, when in fighting trim, will be the strongest American battle-ship, and probably also the strongest fighting-machine afloat.

A Sectional Lens for Great Telescopes.

A new telescope has been ordered for the astronomical observatory on Mt. Lowe, near Pasadena, Cal., that will not merely be twice the size and power of the largest telescope now in existence, but in its construction will represent such a radical departure as, if successful, will open a new epoch in astronomy. Indeed, it is promised that high-power telescopes, such as now entail the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, will become so cheap that every high school and educational institution in the country might afford to own one. The basis for these extraordinary predictions is the fact that the new telescope for Mt. Lowe will be simply an assemblage of small telescopes, which in their combination will have the same power as an immense glass of the same aggregate objective. As everyone is aware, the cost of a lens increases very rapidly in proportion to its size. The 42-inch objective for the new Yerkes instrument, which has just been completed, cost \$18,000, cast in the rough alone. The grinding and polishing may have cost twice as much more. Another fact which is less understood is that the large lens which forms the objective of a telescope is not a magnifier, but a light gatherer. The magnification of the

image is done by the eyepiece. It was this fact, together with the immense cost of lenses of very great size, that led an ingenious German inventor, now living in Chicago, to the idea that instead of an objective formed of a single large lens he might make the latter in sections, so to speak, and accomplish the same result and even much more.

To put it concretely, his idea was that he might take a quantity of small lenses, say from three to six inches in diameter, and assemble these in exactly the same shape and curvature as one lens, and so build a telescope of practically any size desired. He did this successfully in a small instrument, and now an order for an instrument with an objective six feet in diameter has been placed with him by Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, the founder of Lowe Observatory.

Cost of the Mississippi Levees.

The great floods, which have once more carried ruin and disaster throughout the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, seem to be no respecters of persons and their vested rights, nor does the magnitude of the government and its resources appear to appal them. Deeds and transfers count for nothing when the boundaries of counties and States are swept away over night, to say nothing of whole farms that go with them.

In all this havoc the existence of such artificial barriers as levees, dams, fascines, buttresses, and walled channels, seems to have served only to keep the anxious river-dwellers in suspense before giving way and adding to the fury of the pent-up element. Yet these barriers have been under construction since the beginning of the century, and since the beginning of the century the national government has appropriated millions and millions of dollars, the sum total of which actually exceeds the number of souls counted in this country. Every year the River and Harbor Committee of Congress is asked to devote its quota of millions from the annual appropriation on that score to the Mississippi River Commission, with its corps of army engineers, yet the results are so meagre and hopeless that one of the commission chiefs, in a recent report to the government, advised it



A CAVE-IN ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

to keep its money in the Treasury vaults rather than sink it in the resistless floods of a mighty river, as the gold of the Nibelungen was sunk of yore.

During the last ten years some forty millions of the government's money have thus been spent, but the improvements have been so temporary in their nature that, in the opinion of the experts, at least four hundred million dollars more are needed to make a good job of it. After that, they think, forty additional millions should be spent each year to keep the finished works in good repair.

A Modern Critic.

Ferdinand Brunetière, of Paris, who is visiting the United States to lecture at the Johns Hopkins University and elsewhere upon literature, is undoubtedly the foremost living French critic. He is an influential member of the French Academy,



FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

and, some years since, succeeded Monsieur Buloz as editor of the historic *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for two generations past the chosen literary vehicle of nearly all the great writers of France. Monsieur Brunetière may be called in the Emersonian phrase a "representative man" of modern intellectual Europe. His latest characteristic expression voices the current reaction against "realism," materialism, and unbelief, proclaiming, in his vigorous and austere language the "bankruptcy of science." It is a noteworthy fact that this proclamation followed closely upon his first visit, two years ago, to the Pope, whom he regards with the enthusiasm of a devotee. Yet Monsieur Brunetière is an ag-

nostic born and bred, and to-day cannot be called a believer, but rather a philosophical advocate of the social and ethical necessity of religion. In his strenuous dispute of the arrogance of science as arbiter of modern civilization, the great French critic has long looked with curiosity toward America; and it will be interesting to learn the results of his comparative observations, in coming from the Old World capitals, Paris and Rome, to our New York and Washington.

How Levees Are Made.

The Mississippi levees are one of the modern wonders of the world; and their construction has developed into a science. First, heavy barges are swung out from the banks and securely fastened and anchored, to provide safe moorings for the broad, weighted willow and cable mats, which are designed to regulate and deflect a current of water running from two to four miles an hour. To hold these boats and the mattress as it is woven and sunk into the water from the barges a network of thick wire cables is needed, often extending some thousand feet from the barges to the shore. The mattresses are woven on specially designed weaving-barges, from willows and underbrush fastened together by means of poles and wires, much after the manner of giant baskets. After the weaving, the mattresses are stiffened by crib-work of willow poles, the top cribbing serving as a support for the heavy layer of stones by means of which the mattresses are sunk into their proper place on the river bed, sometimes eighty feet below the surface. Many of these mats are three hundred feet in width, and measure more than twelve hundred feet in length, covering areas of from four to eight acres. Additional strength is given by a number of wire cables, and by cross-cables holding the so-called mats to the shore. After the mattresses have been sunk, the river banks, which had to be graded down to facilitate the work, have to be revetted with layers of stone rip nearly a foot deep, to prevent them from washing away with the next flood. Naturally the construction of each of these mats costs thousands of dollars, for the work can be done only during the low-water season. Sometimes the next flood destroys it all. Sometimes, though left unharmed by the flood, which passes over it, it rots away in its stagnant water; sometimes it actually deflects the swift currents of the river. In that case it lasts some four years, when the strain proves too much, and immediate repairs have to be undertaken to save from sure destruction what has already been accomplished.

Around the World in a Month.

When it became possible for the globe-trotter to get around the world in eighty days, this feat was considered sufficiently remarkable to have the journey dramatized. Now apparently it will soon be possible to accomplish this feat in thirty days. Just how this is to be done is explained by the *Germania*, Milwaukee, which says:

"In the year 1900 the Trans-Siberian Railroad will be completed and it will be possible to get around the world in thirty days. This railroad, which extends from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, a distance of 3,600 miles, and from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok on the Pacific Ocean, a distance of 7,500 miles, will be the longest railroad system in the world, and fully twice as long as any of the Pacific systems in North America, which hitherto have been the longest. Large sections of this road east of the Ural mountain chain, and westward from the Pacific, have already been completed, and the rest is being pushed rapidly." At present the quickest route and shortest time are the following:

	Days.
New York to Southampton.....	6
Southampton to Brindisi.....	3½
Brindisi to Yokohama, via Suez Canal and India.....	42
Yokohama to San Francisco.....	10
San Francisco to New York.....	4½
Total.....	66

After the completion of the Siberian road the journey can be made in the following manner:

	Days.
New York to Bremen.....	7
Bremen to St. Petersburg (railroad).....	1½
St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, at 30 miles per hour....	10
Vladivostok to San Francisco.....	10
San Francisco to New York.....	4½
Total.....	33

Tesla's New Discoveries.

After many months of silence, Nikola Tesla, the wonderful electrician, recently announced three discoveries that he has made. One will revolutionize the present methods of electric lighting, will exert a tremendous influence upon a hundred different things, and will open to the investigator an infinite number of highways of research, and will end, Mr. Tesla says, in bringing about that sought-for end of all electricians, the transmission of information through space without the agency of wires now needed. The second discovery is that of a new and more powerful source of the Roentgen rays. The third, and Mr. Tesla says this will be the most important and interesting to scientists, is the identification of the Roentgen with the Lennard rays.

Mr. Tesla has exhibited a new and perfected apparatus which he calls electrical oscillators, a novel kind of transformers based upon a discovery made by him six years ago which enabled him to produce from ordinary currents, direct or alternating, electrical vibrations of many millions per second. These vibrations were desirable for the attainment of many practical results, the most important being the present system of lighting. This system is inefficient and expensive, and to produce the same or better results upon lines of economy requires enormous electrical vibrations, which Mr. Tesla has been able to secure by his new apparatus. By the use of these vibrations a vacuum tube may be made to emit a powerful light and furnish a lamp that is practically indestructible.

These vibrations can be used in many other ways for the economical production of things necessary to mankind. Mr. Tesla announces that the manufacture of ozone and other chemical products now attained by costly processes may be done economically and cheaply by them; and by the use of these currents it is possible to manufacture fertilizers by using no other agent than merely mechanical power such as a water-fall or steam. Their use in the transmission of power is also very probable.

Electrical Plants in the United States.

Few people realize the magnitude to which the electrical industry has grown in the United States. In electric lighting alone there are more than 10,000 plants in operation, and the combined capital employed is more than half a billion dollars. At least \$100,000,000 is invested in electrical appliances used in mining, and about \$15,000,000 in electric elevators. One of the most important developments in this branch of science has been in the direction of electric railways, in which nearly a billion dollars capital is employed. Altogether the combined capital invested in all electrical enterprises in the United States is \$1,500,000,000, exclusive of that employed in the manufacture of electrical machinery, which is at least half a billion more.

ABOUT WOMEN.

MRS. J. C. SHAFFER, of Evanston, Ill., is to present a marble bust of Miss Frances E. Willard to the Northwestern University, of which institution Miss Willard is an alumna.

WHEN the inquiry was made at the White House as to what title would be given to President McKinley's mother, it is said that a member of the household answered, "She would prefer being called Mother McKinley."

A NEW ZEALAND matron carries her sixty years so lightly that she thinks nothing of riding on her bicycle one hundred miles in a day, and since she first became a cyclist has covered, in all, some five thousand miles.

MME. MARCHESI, known the world over as a teacher and trainer of prima donnas, does not allow her pupils to ride a wheel. She contends that the bent-over position injures the chest and lungs, and, consequently, affects the voice. Still, most of the noted singers are devoted bicyclists, and Calvé, Melba, and the De Reszkés are especially good riders.

MRS. EUGENIE ST. JOHN, of Kansas, the woman suffragist and preacher, will soon go to Europe for the purpose of studying municipal government in the Old World cities. Mrs. St. John says that government by men has had a test for centuries and has proved a "dismal failure." She will collect material for a number of lectures on economics and questions of government, which she will deliver on her return to this country.

By the terms of her will the late Miss Mathilde Blind leaves a legacy of five hundred dollars per annum to Catherine Hueffer, and the remainder of the income of her estate to her mother for life. Upon the deaths of the two legatees the capital sum is to be held in trust to found a scholarship in English, Foreign, or Ancient Literature at Newnham College, Cambridge, to be called the "Mathilde Blind Benefice."

MRS. MARY A. COSTA is cashier in a bank in San José, Cal. Her husband is the principal moneyed man in the bank. Mrs. Costa is an expert cashier and manages the business of her department admirably. She is a born business woman, and loves her work; but she is a devoted home-keeper as well as cashier, and her house is said to be as charming and homelike as if she spent every moment in it.

ONE HUNDRED WOMEN of the Warren Avenue Congregational Church, of Chicago, this spring earned \$1 each for the church. At a meeting each one told what she did. One shaved her husband; another got five cents whenever she got up before her husband; another offered to wash for her son, and got \$1 for letting the shirts alone; another assessed her husband \$1 for a shine. Still another got the money by not singing a song. One woman starved her husband till he paid up.

THE TEXAS PRESBYTERIAN UNIVERSITY, the new school of that denomination recently chartered in the great State of Texas, was founded as a memorial of the semi-centennial of the admission of the State into the Union. Like all the great schools now being founded, the institution is to be co-educational, and what gives a peculiar interest in it to women is the fact that to a woman belongs the honor of starting the movement for its endowment. The first subscription to it was made by a woman, and the largest subscriber thus far is also a woman.

MISS LAVINIA DEMPSEY has established a gold medal, valued at \$100, to be awarded annually in either Barnard or Columbia College for the best essay on some topic of American history. The medal applies to members of the senior class. Miss Dempsey has established the medal in memory of her mother, and has called it the Lavinia Carleton Hublitzell Prize. The entrance examinations for admission to Barnard College as special student now permit the substitution of either an elementary science, with French and German, or higher mathematics, in place of the required work in Greek.

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MIRROR OF FASHIONS

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—JUNE.

A PATTERN ORDER will be found at the bottom of page 493. Any number of patterns can be obtained on the order by sending four cents for each pattern. Write name and address distinctly.

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

INFINITE variety of cut and trimming and masses of brilliant color make our streets and every assemblage where women predominate a shifting kaleidoscope that rivals the gayest garden. Street dress was never more brilliant, and all the canons of propriety and suitability are violated every day in the parade of conspicuously dressy gowns which can be appropriately worn only in carriages and for social occasions. Even the tailor-made gown has been invaded by the frivolity of embroidery and lace as well as color. The eye turns gratefully from all this garishness to restful glimpses here and there of black and soft monotonous; and hence all-black gowns, dark shades of heliotrope and blue, and soft grays are taking on new distinction.

The prophecy that the jacket craze would, from its very overdoing, be short-lived is not fulfilled. There is such a persistent fondness for both that and the blouse that when they are not worn together, the one over the other, they are sometimes united, a drooping blouse front having a jacket-back. Jacket suits are the dressiest of the tailor-gowns, for not only is the jacket cut in countless fanciful ways, but the blouse worn beneath it is often a compound of rich fabrics and richer trimmings. Plain cream-white satin, tucked in groups running across the figure, or banded with velvet ribbon, is among the plainest of these; Venetian guipure over white or colored satin is still in favor; white moiré and Liberty satins in all colors,

plaited, or tucked and trimmed with insertions of lace or jeweled passementerie, make dressier ones; and after these are a multitude of thin stuffs, embroidered *chiffons*, lace nets, and silk-embroidered batistes, which are plaited and tucked and lace-frilled to the highest note of elaboration. Girdles and stock-collars of bright velvet or satin often complete such gowns, and their linings are of the same bright hue. A tan-colored cloth which has a narrow band of braiding around the foot of the skirt is lined with yellow silk, and has a girdle and stock-collar of orange velvet. A dark blue serge is lined with American Beauty taffeta; the blouse waist crosses to the left in surplice fashion, and turns back from the throat in wide revers which are faced with velvet matching the lining; four bands of embroidery like an insertion, in red, white, and gold, run round the lower part of the waist, and outline a jacket in the back, pointing up in the centre.

The season's vagaries in color permit a dark blue gown to have a blouse-front of pea-green taffeta and a girdle of dark heliotrope velvet; and the same license makes it possible for a woman to select a green straw hat wreathed with purple passion-flowers to wear with a tailor-gown of Russian blue cloth. These things are chronicled, however, only as an awful example of waiting pitfalls, with an earnest entreaty not to go and do likewise.

It will be gathered from the above that the summer girl is nothing this season if not brilliant. Bright silks, bright ribbons, and bright flowers are heaped upon her with lavish hand; the *frou-frou* of silk ruffles heralds her approach, and as far as the eye can see a bit of vivid color identifies her. For this reason open-air *fêtes* and all outdoor social gatherings are extremely brilliant functions, and these occasions offer the appropriate and suitable opportunity for wearing the gayest possible



A CHARMING BATISTE GOWN.
EDGARITA CORSEGE. HUGUENOT SKIRT.
(See Page 472.)

gowns. Some of the prettiest of these are made of the new bareges, which come in many delicate *fade* colors with all-over *chine* designs, and polka-dotted *mousselines de soie*. The latter are in every conceivable combination of brilliant colors; the dots are embroidered with silk, and the patterns are eccentric dashes of color upon color as irregular as the waves of the sea. Shades of yellow with a little black and white is one of the most quiet and delicate of these; and the showiest, which needs a tall, brilliant brunette to carry it off, has splashes of flamingo red upon waves of blue and green, suggesting nothing so much as flights of that gorgeous bird in a tropical forest.

All these sheer fabrics are made over silk linings, and by the choice of these the colorings can be accented or subdued, so it is not a matter to be settled without due deliberation. As a rule the most brilliant color needs to be subdued by the absence of that color from the lining, the yellow muslin looking best over ivory white, and the one with dashes of flamingo red, over blue and gold; a red-and-white muslin looks better, however, over red than white, because the pattern blends better with the ground when the former is used. All these gowns are trimmed with full ruffles at the foot, and occasionally there are four or five ruffles put on at intervals, trimming the skirt to the knees or higher, but these remain the exception, as do also the skirts flounced or ruffled to the waist. A brilliant red organdie is a revival—with modern improvements—of the "upper skirt," which was just half the length of the lower one. In this red gown both skirts are sun-plaited, and the upper one slightly overlaps the under; the half-low corsage is accordion-plaited and worn over a lace *guimpe*.

Why it is desired that women should clothe themselves in red in the hottest months of the year has not been explained, and we can only chronicle the fact that red is regnant. Moreover, it is but just to acknowledge that in this mad carnival of color the all-red hats actually look quiet beside some of their companions. Every description of washable cottons from zephyr gingham to repped piques can now be had in red. The piques are made up in outing suits with Eton jackets, and are trimmed with black or white braids.

The heavy linens are offered in many attractive colors, and are especially desirable in French and in Russian blue. A smart gown of French blue linen has a blouse waist cut low at the throat to show a *guimpe* of ivory satin, and finished at the neck with chain-stitch embroidery in a guipure design; points of the same work run up from the waist, giving the effect of slashing, and similar points about three-eighths long, running down on the skirt, are its only trimming. A soft black sash is tied in a great *chou* at one side of the front.

The inclination to revive trimmed sashes continues, and some of taffeta, about six inches wide, reach nearly to the foot of the skirt and have a dainty frill all around of narrow Valenciennes.

Our thanks are due Messrs. B. Altman & Co., and Simpson, Crawford & Simpson, for courtesies received.

A GARDEN-PARTY GOWN.

THE lovely gossamer fabrics of the season lend themselves with fascinating effect to the manipulation of fluffy flounces and ruffles; and these elaborate trimmings are appropriately confined to them and to soft or thin silks. Our illustration shows a smart gown of pale green organdie trimmed with plat Valenciennes. The plain foundation skirt is cut by the slip pattern of the "Anawanda," described in another column, and it is hung over a slip of green taffeta cut the same shape. The flounces are from five to six inches wide, according to the length of the skirt, and they overlap from an inch to an inch and a half. The full blouse of white *mousseline de soie* or fancy gauze has a fitted lining of the taffeta. The long puffed sleeves can be of the *mousseline de soie* or of organdie like the jacket; the fronts of the jacket are completely covered with frills of lace, and six rows are carried across the back,



A GARDEN-PARTY GOWN.
STROWBRIDGE JACKET-WAIST. ANAWANDA SKIRT.

leaving a plain space only across the shoulders. Lace-edged ruffles of the organdie trim the tops of the sleeves, and can be sewed to the jacket if the sleeves match the blouse. The girdle and stock-collar are of pansy-colored Liberty satin, harmonizing with the fancy straw hat, which is trimmed with lilies of the valley and green ribbon. The patterns of the blouse and jacket are given together as the "Strowbridge."

OF EMBROIDERED MUSLIN.

ONE of the most popular modes of trimming skirts is shown in this fleecy summer gown. This effect of a low trimming in front rounding up quite high in the back is carried out in a multitude of forms, with flat garniture, as rows of ribbon or insertion, and many narrow frills and plaitings as well as with the deep flounce. The muslin skirt, a pale heliotrope sprigged with violets, is hung over a slip of lilac taffeta, and the pattern—the "Anawanda"—includes both the slip and the outer skirt. The gored slip has five breadths and measures about three yards and a half at the foot. It is unlined, and finished with a hem or facing from six to ten inches in depth. As a rule the ready-made slips have only a narrow hem, and no stiff facing; some are trimmed with one or two narrow knife-plaited ruffles, and some have a *balayouse*. If a stiff facing is used it should in turn be faced with silk, as otherwise it will wear the petticoats frightfully. The deep flounce on the muslin skirt is headed by lace insertion, and finished at the foot with a lace-trimmed ruffle. The corsage—the "Norna"—is fulled over a fitted lining; in front there is a puffed yoke banded with insertion, and a lace-edged ruffle falls half-way to the waist. The sash is of black Liberty satin, knotted in front. The stock-collar is of the same, with a ruffle of lace above it.



OF EMBROIDERED MUSLIN.
NORNA CORSAGE. ANAWANDA SKIRT.

Drawn by Abby E. Underwood.



Drawn by Abby E. Underwood.

CHILD'S SUMMER COSTUME.

STELLA GOWN.

A CHILD'S SUMMER COSTUME.

THIS charming little frock is of pink organdie trimmed with lace and embroidery. The straight full skirt is finished with a wide hem, set on with embroidered beading. A fitted lining holds the fullness of the "baby" waist in place; the yoke of tucks and insertion is straight in the back, and the ribbon-run insertion which crosses over the shoulders ends at the waist line under rosettes. The sleeve and shoulder-ruffles are trimmed with lace. The hose match the gown, but the slippers are black. The picture hat has a crown of pink chip; two wide frills of lace surround the crown and form the brim, and the only other trimming is pink ribbon in soft bows and loops. On white muslin and lawn frocks bright ribbons are used, but with the colored ones, black velvet is most used. The pattern is the "Stella," in sizes for eight, ten, and twelve years.

BLOUSE suits share popularity with the Eton jacket for children and young girls, especially for outing use. Among pretty combinations is a gray cravenette suit which has a V shield of blue India silk laid in fine tucks, and a plaiting of the silk as well as a linen collar is provided for the neck. One blue serge has a shield of white silk banded with many rows of blue *soutache*; and another has a red silk shield, and the deep shoulder-collar, which is square across the back, is lined with the same. Many girls like to have the blouse, when of serge or flannel, without lining, and wear it over a shirt-waist of *Habutai* silk.

A RED-AND-BLUE COMBINATION.

THE fabric of this becoming gown is *moiré tringaline*, one of the beautiful new semi-transparent fabrics of which it may almost be said we have an *embarras des richesses* this season. *Moiré tringaline* is both *moiré* and changeable, and comes in many lovely combinations in which two bright colors are so deftly blended and veiled with hair-line stripes of black that the effect is quite subdued and wholly charming. Our model gown is of red-and-blue mixture, and it is mounted over a slip of American Beauty taffeta. The skirt is the "Sutherland," having seven breadths, and measuring a little over four yards at the foot, where it is finished with a narrow band of iridescent spangled passementerie. The corsage—the "Lorimer"—has a little fullness at the waist in the back, but is plain across the shoulders. It is entirely veiled with a beautiful ribbon-and-spangle net—one of the novelty trimming fabrics—in black. The square neck is filled in with white *chiffon*, and the bodice fastens at the left side of the square; the popular surplice effect is suggested by a full *jabot* of lace which follows the outline of the square neck on the left side, and falls below the bust. The *chiffon* stock has a frill of lace, mingled with bows of *chiffon* in the back, and the girdle is of plaided ribbon matching the gown. The red straw toque is a mass of shaded malines and poppies, relieved by an aigrette of black plumes.

A SMART GOWN.

(See page 471.)

THE scheme of color in this dressy gown is black and green, the fabric being black grenadine over a slip of green taffeta. The whole gown is trimmed with many rows of *mousseline de soie* frills headed by narrow passementerie. The silk muslin is doubled for the frills, and not very full. Gauze ribbon can be used in the same way, and, though the first cost is greater, it is much less work to put on. The skirt is a new "bell" or circle pattern—the "Nardissa"—having a narrow apron front, and measuring about four yards and a half at the foot. The silk slip should be cut by the same pattern. The corsage—the "Silvestra"—is without fullness in the back, and the arrangement of the trimming is shown in the illustration. The fullness of the front is laid in plaits, and droops only slightly from the fitted lining; knife-plaited ruffles of *mousseline de soie* trim the shoulders, and a fichu effect is given by the ruffle of *Lierre* lace which falls beneath the knife-plaitings and is finished with barb-like ends in front, being clasped there by Rhinestone ornaments and a fold of green *miroir* velvet, which is used also for the girdle and stock collar. Fancy and plaided taffetas are used under transparent fabrics, as well as the plain and changeable ones, but the latter are the most popular. Contrasts

in color are also the usual thing, and, except in deep mourning, black fabrics are seldom mounted over black. It is, however, a very good plan with a black grenadine to mount it in a separate band from the slip, and thus be able to wear it over black as well as color. Blue is made over green, deep cerise, or American Beauty; green over golden brown and yellow; and heliotrope over many changeable hues in which green or rose-color is prominent.

OF GREEN CANVAS.

(See Page 472.)

THE new canvases are in a great variety of attractive weaves, all of which are so open as to show the silk lining distinctly; and in consequence they are extremely popular fabrics as a medium for the striking and novel combinations of the season. The smart gown illustrated is a rich grass green, of very open mesh, and lined with yellow and violet changeable silk. The skirt is the "Huguenot," having nine narrow gores, and measuring less than five yards. It is entirely a matter of personal choice whether the lining be attached to the outside or made as a slip. Knife-plaitings of green silk, finished on the edge with pansy-colored "baby" ribbon and headed by yellow, trim the skirt and corsage. The "Keronis" corsage is one of the popular surplice styles; it has a little fullness at the waist in the back, but is plain across the shoulders. The neck is cut out slightly to disclose a guimpe of guipure over ivory satin, and the stock-collar is of the same, with a plaiting of *mousseline de soie* above. Narrow black velvet ribbon bands the upper part of the plain sleeves, and the belt is also of velvet. The surplice front fastens with hooks under the trimming, and the jeweled buttons with loops of velvet ribbon are only for ornament. The hat is a narrow-brimmed purple straw, with a full ruche of violet malines surrounding the crown, and further trimmed with green ribbon and white plumes. A similar gown of blue canvas is lined with American Beauty taffeta, and a brown one with heliotrope.



A RED-AND-BLUE COMBINATION.
LORIMER CORSAGE, SUTHERLAND SKIRT.

A NEW SLEEVE.

(See Page 472.)

FOR combinations of materials this model is especially pretty, but it is also used for dressy gowns of *étamine*, canvas, and cashmere, with both tight sleeve and drapery of one fabric. The long sleeve is often of *mousseline de soie* or lace, puffed or tucked the whole length of the arm; and the drapery will then be of ribbon, silk, or lace. With bolero waists the drapery usually matches the jacket, and the long sleeve is like the blouse-front or under part of the waist. The pattern is the "Hera."

are used, and some very conspicuous plaids. The best taste selects the pretty fancy-patterned or changeable taffetas in colors harmonizing with the skirt, and black or brown satins for the nicest of these waists; and for lighter weight, the neat Habutai stripes, which launder as well as cambrics, and the new silk-striped batistes and mohairs. The latter fabric is as transparent as a grenadine, and requires a lining of lawn or plain India silk.

FOR CLOTH OR SILK.

(See Page 474.)

THE model from which our illustration is taken is a gown of gray *étamine* lined with rose-and-gray plaided taffeta, and the same silk is used for the plaited ruffles which trim the waist. The skirt is without trimming. The double-breasted blouse is plain across the shoulders, but has a little fullness all around the waist. The stock-collar is a tie of the plaided silk which passes round the neck from the front, crosses in the back, and the ends tie in front in a square bow. A linen collar is worn with it, or else a ruffle of muslin or *chiffon*. The pattern—the “Brunonia”—is commended for separate waists of fancy silk and it is also a very smart style for simple gowns of serge and cashmere, which are very useful and convenient ones for cool summer days.



A SMART GOWN.
SYLVESTRA CORSAGE. NARDISSA SKIRT.
(See Page 470.)

NEW SHIRT-WAISTS.

(See Pages 472 and 474.)

OF the making of shirt-waists there is still no end, and though the changes in style are very slight there are variations which give the season's distinctive touch. The passing of the large, baggy bishop-sleeve really makes as great a change as its incoming did last year, and, in consequence, a two-year-old waist looks more up-to-date than one of last season. The “Hildegard” has a square yoke in the back, and the fullness is mounted to it in side-plaits as it is in front. The sleeve is a modified *gigot* fitting the lower part of the arm easily and having becoming fullness at the top. The neck is finished with a band, to which a linen collar can be buttoned, and over which a ribbon stock can also be worn. Linen cuffs are worn with the collar, and frills of lace or muslin finish the wrists with dressier neckwear. The pattern is in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years, and in two sizes for ladies.

The “Norrice” has a novel yoke, rounded in the back and coming well over the shoulders so that it shows in front as in a man's shirt. The fullness in the back is laid in box-plaits,—a double one in the centre, and single ones on each side. There is a box-plait in front and the fullness is gathered to the yoke. The sleeve is an extremely modified bishop, having very little fullness at the wrist, where it is finished with a cuff of the same. All shirt-waists are finished at the neck so they can be worn with or without linen collars. *Moiré velours* in every bright color, as well as black and white, is made up in these negligée styles, but it is so handsome a fabric that it is extremely unsuitable; satins, also, in all bright colors



A SMART GOWN.
SYLVESTRA CORSAGE. NARDISSA SKIRT.
(See Page 470.)

A SUMMER WRAP.

SHOULDER-CAPES have grown more fluffy, if that were possible, since sleeves have diminished in size, and it is not possible to put too many ruffles on them nor to make the edges too full. Countless yards of plaited *chiffon* and satin-striped gauze are lavished upon these dressy and becoming wraps, and almost everything in the form of garniture enters into their construction. Changeable



OF GREEN CANVAS.
KERONIS CORSAGE. HUGUENOT SKIRT.
(See Page 470.)

silks and black satin or moire are used for the foundations, and where the silk yoke shows, as in our model, it is usually overlaid with *motifs* of rich passementerie or lace, or completely covered with lace-appliqued *chiffon* or guipure. Black moire with iridescent passementerie, plaited *chiffon*, and heliotrope moire ribbon are used in the model wrap. The plaited *chiffon* is set upon the yoke in full box-plaits,—from three to five times the length being allowed,—and a ruffle of heliotrope and black changeable taffeta, pinked on the edge, supports it beneath. Loops of the ribbon run down from the neck between *motifs* of passementerie and fall loosely upon the *chiffon*. A very full ruche of plaited *chiffon* finishes the neck, fastening under a bow of heliotrope ribbon. The pattern is the "Daffodil."

We do not furnish patterns for any designs not named in the Pattern Order.

A CHARMING BATISTE GOWN.

(See Page 467.)

ALTHOUGH batiste shares popular favor this season with many other lovely transparent fabrics, the silkily fine ones are still considered very smart; and as the plain stuff lends itself admirably to the fluffy trimmings which the modiste's fingers have an extravagant longing to lavish upon everything, it is not surprising that some of the most admired gowns are of this attractive material. The charming gown which we illustrate is hung over a slip of dark red silk, which is finished at the foot with two narrow overlapping frills, one of red and one of brown silk; they are pinked on the edge, and there is also a *balayouse* of the silk. The "Sutherland" and "Anawanda" patterns are commended for the slip skirt, but any gored pattern which flares well at the foot and is not too wide will answer. The batiste skirt is the "Huguenot," described in another column. The seams are put together with black lace insertion, Chantilly or French; the plaitings are finished on the edge with red "baby" ribbon, and a row of insertion heads the upper one. The corsage—the "Edgarita"—is fulled over a fitted lining of red silk; knife-plaited *mousseline de soie*, of a lighter shade than the silk, fills in the front, and the red silk revers—which form a deep, scalloped collar in the back—are veiled with black *mousseline de soie* richly embroidered with spangles mingled with lace appliqué. Knife-plaitings of the batiste finish the edge, and the puffed sleeves are trimmed with insertion. Girdle and stock-collar of black satin.



HERA SLEEVE.
(See Page 470.)



NORRICE SHIRT-WAIST.
(See "New Shirt-Waists," Page 471.)



A SUMMER WRAP.
DAFFODIL CAPE.

FANCY TAFFETA WAIST.

A SIMPLE and becoming design is here illustrated, which is equally adapted for separate waists or to complete gowns of fancy silk, *étamine*, or cashmere. It is also extremely suitable for house-gowns of mourning fabrics. The fullness in the back is laid in side-plaits, turning toward the middle, from the shoulders to the waist; the front fastens on the left side, under the arm, and on the shoulder seam. Loops of velvet ribbon with Rhinestone buckles make a pretty finish for the surplice folds, and the belt and stock-collar are also of velvet. This is so simple that it can be appropriately worn to complete a tailor-gown instead of a shirt-waist. The pattern is the "Céleste."

HER SUMMER SUIT.

(See Page 479.)

THE little "Empire" reefer has been very popular all the spring in light-weight cloths and serge, and for warm weather is made of the corded piqués. The model illustrated is of pale blue piqué trimmed with lace-patterned Hamburg embroidery and insertion. The plaited sacque part is mounted to a shallow yoke, avoiding the bunchy effect of the fullness on the shoulders, which is entirely covered by the deep collar. For the mountains and seashore dark red serge and cheviot are much liked for these little garments. Patterns for two, four, and six years.

Becoming little bonnets like the one shown are worn by small girls all the year round in fabrics or colors to match or harmonize with their out-door wraps. Our little model bonnet is of pale blue piqué combined with all-over

embroidery, of which the tiny crown-piece is cut, and trimmed with Hamburg insertion and ruffles; the little cape is made of the same embroidery, and blue ribbons tie the bonnet beneath the chin. The pattern is the "Etha," in sizes for two and four years.

TWO EVERYDAY FROCKS.

(See Page 479.)

THE first figure shows a simple design for washable cottons and light-weight woolens like challie and cashmere. The model gown is a red gingham with a hair-line stripe of black and white. The gored skirt has an apron front and side gores, fitting around the hips with but little fullness; and the back can be cut in one or in two breadths, according to width of material and convenience. A fitted lining holds the fullness of the waist in place, and in front there is a full vest of tucked white muslin or of light red Chambery. The latter is braided with black braid to match the finish of the skirt-hem and the sleeve-ruffles. This pattern—the "Allix"—is commended for the corded piqués and heavy linens which are popular this season. It is in sizes for eight and ten years.

The companion figure shows an admirable design for seashore and mountain gowns of heavy linen, duck, or serge. The model frock is of Russian blue linen. The skirt can be made by any gored pattern, or it can be gored in the front and on the sides and straight in the back. The fitted lining of the sailor blouse can be omitted if desired, and a chemisette of tucked linen or cambric worn instead to fill out the V shield. The blue linen has a lining of blue-striped galatea, and the collar is of the same. The blouse pattern is the "Linda," sizes for twelve and fourteen years.



FANCY TAFFETA WAIST.
THE "CÉLESTE."

SUMMER MILLINERY.

By the close of spring Madame Fashion, with the aid of her votaries who choose and discard, has settled upon certain modes which are considered good style; and the most fastidious cannot complain this season, for we have a wide range of lovely ideas to choose from.

The best models for hats are neither large nor small, and almost every material is employed. Many crowns are of silk or other material that is a contrast to the straw brim. All kinds of straw braid are used, except perhaps those with a mixture of chenille, which looks heavy in summer. As to ribbons, there is an endless variety of stripes and plaids, gauzes, moirés, changeable taffetas, and fancy weaves; and among the novelties are those of grass linen edged with satin stripes, and some of straw canvas. Rhinestone and fancy ornaments are lavishly used, and feathers, wings, and flowers are in about equal favor.

One of the most popular styles among smartly dressed women is the black straw hat shown as No. 1 in the illustrations. The brim is quite narrow across the back, and entirely covered with about a dozen black roses. The turned-up sides are trimmed with ruches of the straw; a plain band of velvet encircles the crown, relieved in front by a large Rhinestone ornament; and two black ostrich tips and a full aigrette are placed upright at the left side. The hat is made of a very glossy straw, however, and looks anything but sombre.

Another very good example of the season's style is a gray hat, No. 2. The straw shape is merely a low crown with moderately wide brim, but the arrangement of the trimming gives it much character. Three quarters of a yard of gray taffeta is cut in half lengthwise, and the two strips are joined; these are loosely covered with gray *mousseline de soie*, and taking the four edges together are gathered and plaited so as to form a large puff which encircles the hat about twice, and entirely fills up the space between the crown and the brim. Two pair of gray wings placed on top of the crown, and eight white roses under the brim at the back, are the only other trimmings, so the hat may be considered a very inexpensive model.

Another pretty hat, which it is



HILDEGARDE WAIST.

(See "New Shirt-Waists," Page 471.)



FOR CLOTH OR SILK.

BRUNONIA WAIST.

(See Page 471.)

easy to evolve from a hat of last year's shape with a brim of moderate width, is No. 7. The brim is trimmed with three pair of black wings. A yard of geranium pink taffeta has the corners rounded off, and is gathered all around the edge and attached to the base of the crown. The puffs and drapery of the silk are then arranged and secured in place by stitches, which must be as dainty as possible and all made from the inside of the crown. If you wish to arrange the puffs with pins before sewing them it must all be done from the inside, in order to prevent pressing down the silk. Five large black roses, sewed to a bandeau like the one illustrated in the April magazine, are placed under the brim in the back, raising it a little, though it is not stitched to keep it up. This is the rule with all hats of a similar shape.

For a tall young girl who has a very large face No. 3 will be found very becoming. This is of coarse green straw; the brim curves downward a little, like an inverted saucer, except at one place on the left, where five dark green feathers are gracefully arranged. The puffing around the crown is quite unique. Straw Batavia cloth (which costs about \$2 a yard), in green, is used for this. Three quarters of a yard, cut as described for the gray hat (No. 2), is trimmed with three bias bands of green velvet, which are shirred near each edge and have fine wires run through them. Velveteen in a fine quality may be used for this purpose, and a quarter of a yard, cut bias, will be found sufficient. The strip of Batavia thus trimmed is crushed about the crown in irregular loops and puffs, nearly concealing the brim.

No. 5 is a sailor hat of this season's shape, trimmed with a shaded green taffeta ribbon four inches wide, edged with a narrow gauze ribbon of cream color with a delicate pattern in rose and green shades. A strip of three yards is required to make the plaiting, and when put on the hat it is simply finished with a band of straw caught at the base of the crown. Two yards of broad green moiré ribbon form the bow, which is composed of four ends and two loops. The particular novelty of this bow is that for every end which stands upright there is a corresponding one, a continuation of it, which is carried over and under the brim. The centre of the bow is tied

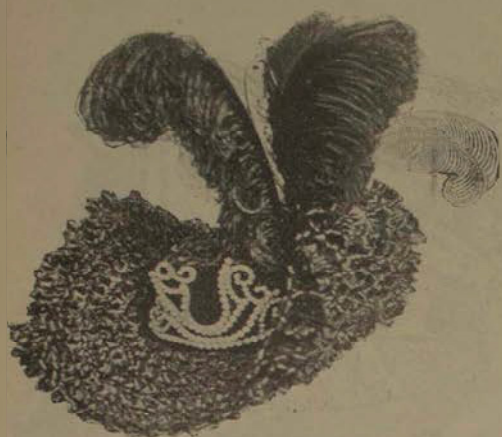
around with a graceful knot, and some small roses with foliage hide the place where the ribbon is fastened under the brim.

As an example of flower trimming, No. 6 is a very charming hat trimmed with roses. The wire shape is first covered with Batavia cloth, and then the brim has rows of fancy black braid, drawn up on very fine wire or with a stout thread, sewed on in little ruffles. About six yards of braid are required, as the rows are set far apart on the wide brim. The braid is brightened with jet sequins sewed through it. The ribbon used on this hat is a bright green

yards of lace and four yards of plaited *chiffon* will make the fluffy edge. This is suited for a little girl from four to ten years old, and should fit well down over the head, but no ties are worn with it. For an amateur the easiest way to make this would be to first get the shape of the crown in bonnet net, and then form the straw crown from that beginning with the row which outlines it and gradually narrowing till you reach the peaked top. It will take about five yards of straw braid one inch wide. If a gauze ribbon is used instead of batiste it should have a plain silk ribbon of contrasting color beneath it.



No. 2.



No. 1.



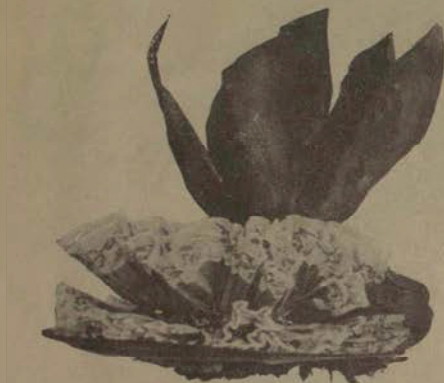
No. 3.



No. 4.



No. 6.



No. 5.



No. 7.

SUMMER MILLINERY.

nium pink six inches wide; two and a half yards are sufficient. A bouquet of pink roses is arranged *en aigrette*, and behind it are four high loops of the ribbon; three shorter ones fill up the space near the brim. The high band which encircles the crown is made of bonnet net, wired at both edges, and requires two widths of the ribbon to cover it. The brim is not raised at all at the back; in fact, it corresponds perfectly with the front and droops downward a little.

For children the designs are very charming and dainty. The hat illustrated (No. 4) has a crown of glossy bronze-colored satin straw. A ruffle of cream-colored lace over a full plaiting of pink *chiffon* surrounds the edge. Batiste ribbon with stripes of pink and brown satin forms the rest of the trimming, and fully three yards are used. Two

yards of lace and four yards of plaited *chiffon* will make the fluffy edge. This is suited for a little girl from four to ten years old, and should fit well down over the head, but no ties are worn with it. For an amateur the easiest way to make this would be to first get the shape of the crown in bonnet net, and then form the straw crown from that beginning with the row which outlines it and gradually narrowing till you reach the peaked top. It will take about five yards of straw braid one inch wide. If a gauze ribbon is used instead of batiste it should have a plain silk ribbon of contrasting color beneath it.

FASHIONABLE PARASOLS.

THERE are no particular changes to chronicle in the shapes of parasols, but they are made of all possible

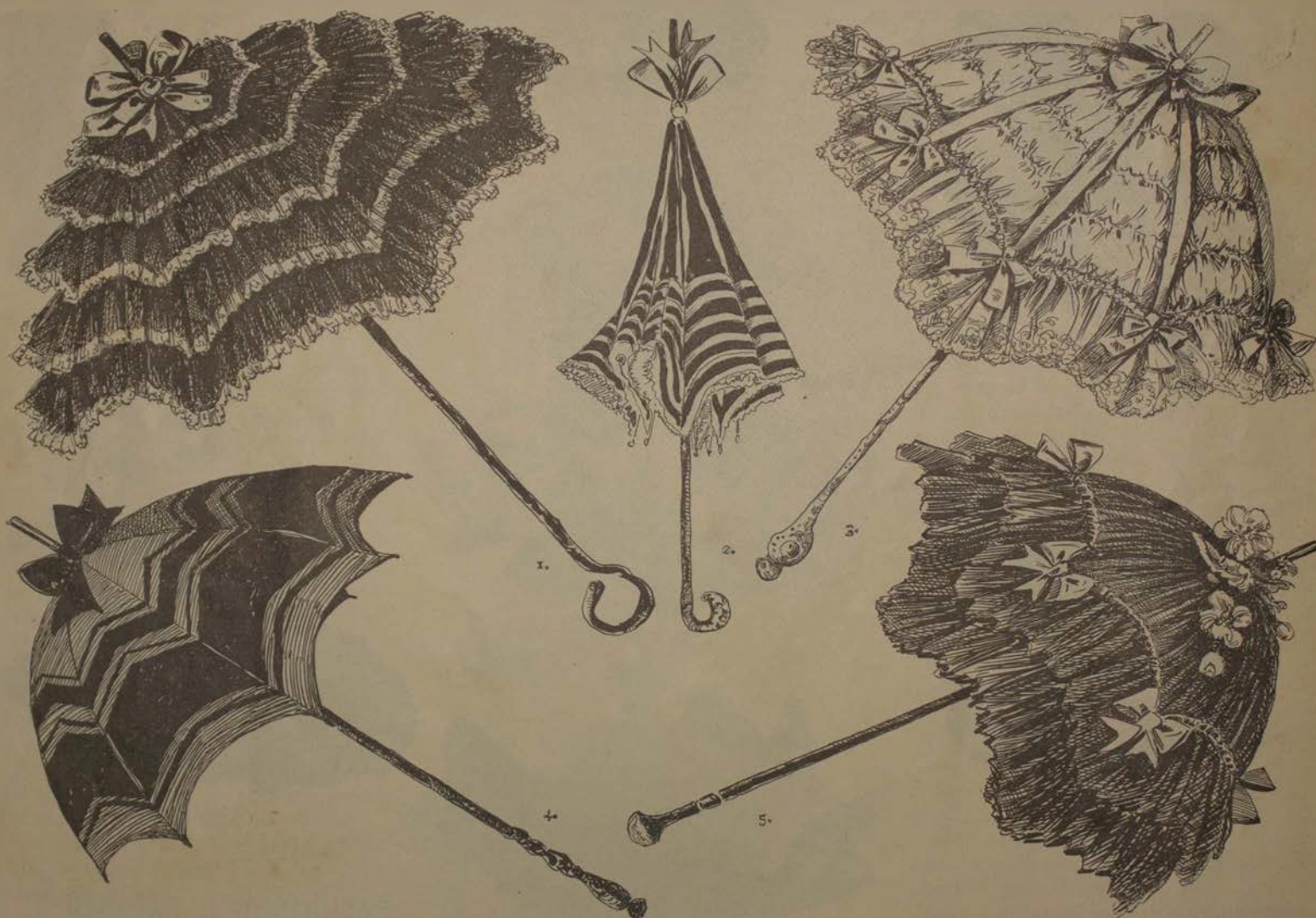
fabrics, and the styles of trimming them are legion. The only dressy ones that are untrimmed are coaching parasols; all the pretty taffetas are used for these,—figured, changeable, and checked,—but the handsomest are of *moiré velours* and satin, in all the brightest hues of the rainbow. Dressy ones for the promenade and carriage are a billowy mass of *chiffon*, gauze, and lace, in puffs, accordion plaitings and ruffles. Even artificial flowers are heaped upon these with only a less lavish hand than upon hats, and ribbons also are an important feature. Parasols of silky and sheer batiste with bright silk linings are beautifully embroidered or enriched with *appliqués* of lace mingled with embroidery of iridescent

spangles and metal threads. Transparent fabrics and thin silks are also made in the new sun-plaitings, which radiate from the centre, and are named "Sunburst Parasols."

With a little leisure and a supply of satin-bordered gauze ruffling or knife-plaited *chiffon* it is an easy matter to transform a faded or slightly worn parasol into a thing of beauty; and our illustrations are expressly chosen with a view to giving some hints for such remodeling. For No. 1 any black parasol which has become worn, or a colored one which has faded, could be used. It is simply covered with graduated frills or plaitings of black *chiffon* edged with yellow Valenciennes lace. A bow at the top, of either black, white, or colored satin ribbon, conceals the place where the last frill is sewed on; often also a bunch of violets or poppies relieves a black parasol, or

and it can be made over one of the cheap white silk unlined parasols so common for several seasons; but can of course be carried out in all black, or either white or black over a color. It should first be covered with puffings of *chiffon*, net, or fine white muslin. Then a full frill of lace or *chiffon* with a dainty little heading is sewed round the edge. The straps of white satin ribbon, each finished by a bow, are fastened only at the ends. A large bow of wider ribbon is tied at the top, and a lining of soft white silk should be added. Many fancy silk parasols are lined with *chiffon* put in with slight fullness, and showing below the edge in a double ruffle. If this is nicely carried out a most charming result will be the reward.

No. 4 shows a plain model capable of being used in many ways. The one in the cut was navy-blue silk. The



FASHIONABLE PARASOLS.

a flower harmonizing, like the ribbons, with a colored lining, is used. This design would be very lovely if the frills were of white *chiffon* or muslin edged with black lace, over a white foundation.

One of the prettiest of this year's parasols is shown in No. 2. It is of black satin lined with pale pink silk, a tiny gathered ruffle of which just shows on the outside. Five rows of pink satin ribbon are run round the parasol, and a bow of wider ribbon of the same color finishes it at the top. The ribbon and lining may be of any other color. This could very easily be made at home, by adding the lining and ribbon to any black parasol. Unlined parasols have ribbons inside covering the frame.

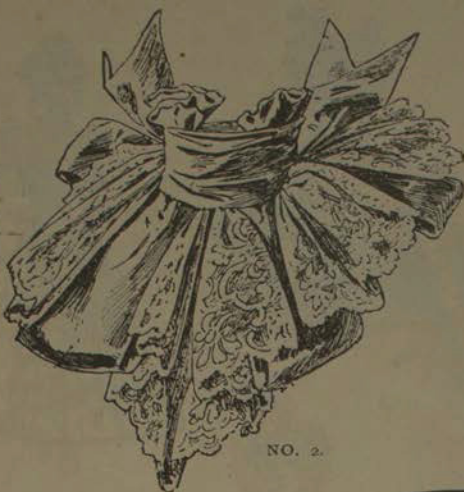
The original of the puffed parasol, No. 3, is pure white,

Vandykes are made by laying on satin ribbon of different widths. It would look very well if plaid ribbon were used over any plain color, or, in case the parasol were of figured silk, the ribbon might be plain, of a harmonizing color. If one were skillful enough to do it, this would be an effective way of trimming a black sunshade with crape.

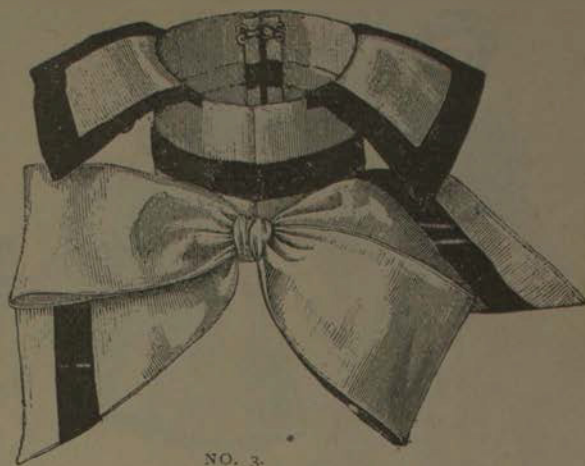
No. 5 shows one of the popular combinations of black and red. For this also a worn black foundation can be used. It is covered with black *chiffon* sewed on very full and drawn down in an accordion-plaited effect. Two full, plaited ruffles are set on, with a bow of poppy-colored ribbon at the upper points, and a bunch of poppies on top. This would be suitable for half-mourning if bows of black ribbon were substituted for the red ribbon and flowers



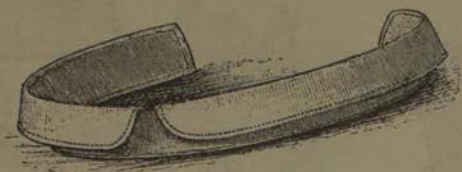
NO. 1.



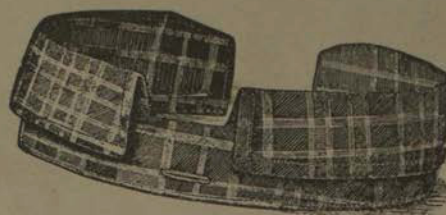
NO. 2.



NO. 3.



NO. 4.



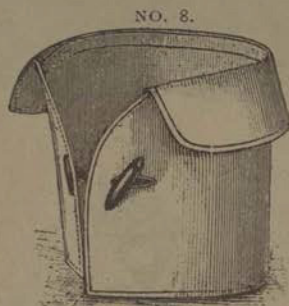
NO. 5.



NO. 6.



NO. 7.



NO. 8.



NO. 9.

FOR THE NECK.

FOR THE NECK.

A SIMPLE SERGE FROCK.

(See Page 479.)

No. 1.—Linen collar with tucked points of linen, which flare out around the top like flower petals; satin stocks and Windsor ties are worn with it.

No. 2.—Stock-collar of American Beauty ribbon and ivory lace; loops of ribbon alternating with jaboted bits of the lace fall below the collar all around the neck.

No. 3.—White satin stock trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Made also in colored satins.

No. 4.—Linen turn-down collar, worn with stock.

No. 5.—Collar of plaid gingham, open in the back.

No. 6.—Linen collar with stock to be tied in front.

No. 7.—Stock-collar of ribbon and lace.

No. 8.—Linen cuff to match Nos. 4 and 6.

No. 9.—Stock of plaid silk with full jabot of lace.

For serge and any of the plain, light-weight woolen fabrics this is an attractive and practical model. The frock illustrated is of dark blue serge, trimmed with fancy braid in red and blue, and the full blouse is of Indian red silk checked with blue. The Eton jacket is just short enough to show the braid-banded belt all around; and the deep collar is trimmed with the same braid, and lined with silk. The gored skirt is unlined, and finished at the foot with a hem. The pattern—the “Battista”—is suitable for piqué, heavy linen and duck; and dressier gowns for church and afternoon visits are made of cashmere or *étamine*, with velvet or satin ribbon trimming. It is in sizes for ten and twelve years.



Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 480.)

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

BOYS' SAILOR SUITS.

(See Page 480.)

DARK BLUE SERGE is the standard fabric for these sailor suits, but they are also made in cloth and flannel of the same color; and very handsome "Middy" suits are made of white serge and cloth, trimmed sparingly with *soutache* in gold, red, or blue. For the knee-trousers suit—the "Juan"—almost every fabric that a boy can wear is used. Soft, fine cassimeres in gray, brown, tan, and Russian blue, make the nicest of these suits, and they are of course also made in white serge and cloth. Russian blue is trimmed with black or white braid, and usually has a white V shield; tan and gray are trimmed with brown, and brown with black and occasionally with dark red.



A SIMPLE SERGE FROCK.
THE "BATTISTA."
(See Page 477.)

For hard everyday service there are a great many mixtures in cheviots and tweeds that dispute favor with the always popular navy-blue serges, and satisfy the demand for novelties. The "Juan" sailor suit illustrated is of gray cassimere trimmed with brown *soutache*, and the V shield, of the same fabric, has an anchor embroidered in brown and gold. Brown silk or smoked pearl buttons finish the outer seam of the trousers at the knees. The pattern is in sizes for four, six, and eight years.



CHILD'S PETTICOAT.

"The "Middy" suit is of navy-blue serge with a blouse of white flannel. The edges of the little jacket are bound with mohair braid, and a few rows trim the sleeves. The collar and V of the blouse are trimmed with



TWO EVERYDAY FROCKS.
THE "ALLIX." LINDA BLOUSE.
(See Page 473.)

blue braid. White suits of this style are also made of heavy duck and coarse linen; and the smartest "Middy" suit has a blouse of palest pink taffeta, worn with white serge trousers. The pattern is in sizes for eight and ten years.

CHILD'S PETTI-COAT.

THESE little petticoats have straight breadths and are sewed to the well-shaped waist, which fits without confining the child in the least. The slight weight is carried entirely by the shoulders, where it belongs, and the arm-holes must be so fitted as to leave the child's arms perfect freedom of motion. The bottom of the skirt is finished with tucks and insertion and one or two ruffles of fine embroidery or lace. Plain lawn ruffles are preferred to coarse-patterned embroideries. The pattern is in sizes for two, four and six years.



HER SUMMER SUIT.
EMPIRE REEFER. ETHA BONNET.
(See Page 473.)

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.—Silk-striped batiste gown, with *guimpe* and sleeves of lace trimmed violet *chiffon*.

2.—Tea-gown of pearl-gray *crêpe* over yellow silk, trimmed with Venetian guipure and yellow ribbons.

3.—White organdie gown, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

4.—Flowered taffeta gown with corsage of plaited *chiffon*; the sleeves match the skirt.

5.—Reception-gown of moiré grenadine, trimmed with an appliqué design in silk and passementerie.

6.—Evening-gown of Liberty gauze, trimmed with many rows of insertion and lace ruffles.

7.—Tailor-gown of tan-colored whip-cord, trimmed with brown mohair braid, and lined with cerise silk.

8.—Green *étamine* gown, trimmed with narrow passementerie which simulates a fine braiding pattern done with black silk



BOYS' SAILOR SUITS.
THE "JUAN." THE "MIDDY."

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

soutache. The plain corsage beneath the jacket is of green-and-gold taffeta, crossing in surplice folds in front.

9.—Garden-party gown of red *crêpe* combined with guipure over white satin.

10.—Reception-gown of embroidered batiste, with corsage of all-over embroidery of an open lace-like pattern; the tight sleeves are unlined, and the shoulder ruffles are of silk or *chiffon* matching the lining.

11.—Gown of heliotrope *étamine*, trimmed with embroidered velvet, three panels of which ornament the front of the skirt.

12.—Victorian gown made in plain taffeta, grenadines, and organdies; a fichu of Duchesse point together with *motifs* of the same trims the corsage.

13.—Walking-gown of blue linen, trimmed with Hamburg insertion; black satin stock and girdle.

14.—Garden-party gown of figured organdie, trimmed with *point de Paris*; lace-trimmed sash of Liberty *chiffon* in a harmonizing color.

15.—Tea gown of violet Liberty satin, trimmed with lace and embroidery.

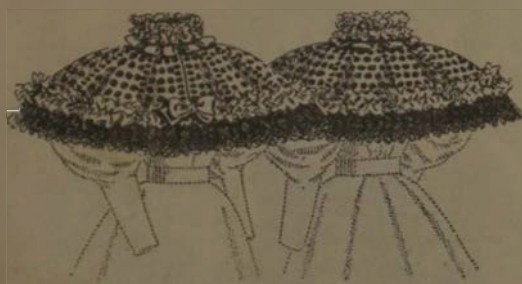
HATS for small girls frame their faces in billowy ruffles of lace, plaited muslin or silk, and ribbon; and ribbons used to trim them have fancy straw braid sewed on one edge, which holds the loops erect.

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

STANDARD PATTERNS.

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

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



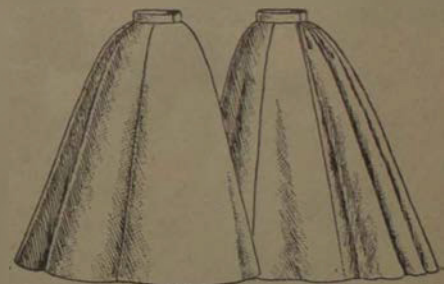
ALTA CAPE.



ELAINE DRESS.



JESSIE FROCK.



AMITY SKIRT.



ARIOLA FROCK.



KILDA DRESS.



CHILTON WAIST.



SAILOR CAP.



ALIDO REEFER.



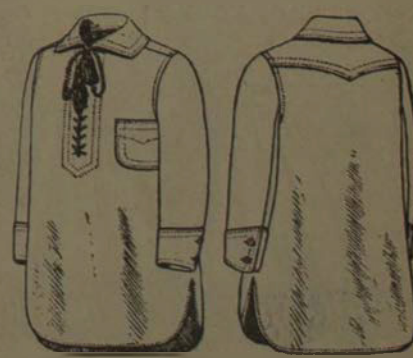
JACINTH CAPE.



DELICIA WAIST.



ELLALINE DRESS.



YACHTING OR TENNIS SHIRT.



HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

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

R. P. HALL & CO., Props., Nashua, N. H.

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HOUSEHOLD.

HOUSEKEEPING UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE PARTHENON.

(Continued from Page 462.)

so deep as to suggest wonderfully thick walls. It affords a convenient resting-place for the graceful water-jars in common use, and beyond this and some tiny stools, the place is guiltless of furniture, as tables are conspicuous by absence, and blankets serve as beds.

But one can afford to be indifferent to the interior of one's house when one lives in a climate of spring and summer temperature, and can do one's eating and washing and cooking in the shadow of the world-famed Parthenon, or in sight of historic Salamis, or the olive grove near which Mil-tiades was born.

Of home life there is none, in any sense, sad to relate; for the masculine part of the community spends every night and part of the days at the clubs and coffee-houses, and can be seen at all hours at the numerous little tables on streets or green, eating, drinking, smoking, or playing games, and the poor little wife at home has only her gay clothes and her gossip for occupation. The wonder is that she keeps out of mischief as well as she does.

The word housekeeper is a misnomer throughout this article, for the Greek wife and mother does not keep her house nor keep to it much; but, after all, as they know of nothing different or better, their free, careless life seems to suit them very well, and they are happy in it and pine

(Continued on Page 482.)



This is what
a prominent physician says: "I have given my own children the benefit of very careful study in the matter of absolute cleanliness in bottle feeding. I have studied the so-called easily-cleaned nursing bottles, and I long ago came to the conclusion that a little Pearlina would render ordinary nursing bottles the safest utensils of them all. I firmly believe that children properly fed and cleanly fed will avoid the majority of the difficulties which they encounter during the first two years of life. I believe that if every feeding bottle was washed with Pearlina, many innocent lives would be saved."

Surely, this is a matter to interest every mother. Nothing so thoroughly cleanses as Pearlina.

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As the workman is known by his tools, so the housewife is known by her methods. Nearly a million brilliant housewives know the best method of cleaning Silverware. They use

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ELECTRO-SILICON
POLISH

another million would if they knew its merits. We're looking for those who do *not*, are you one? If so, simply send us your address and you'll soon join the army of wise ones. **It's unlike any other silver polish.**

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FRENCH CORSETS.

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EVERY PAIR MADE IN FRANCE
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MARQUE DÉPOSÉE

These celebrated Corsets are the leaders in corset fashions, fit perfectly and assure elegant shapely figures. They give unqualified satisfaction.

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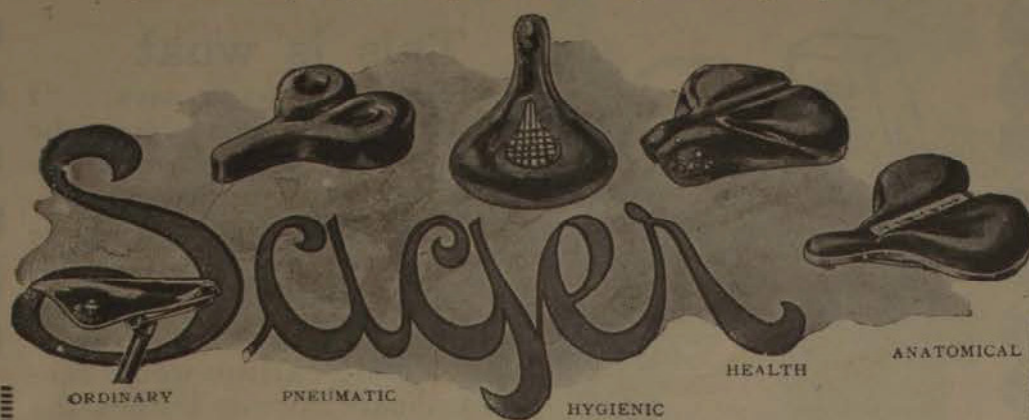
A NOVELTY in the handle, which is beautifully transparent, and underneath one side can be placed name and address, and on reverse side your personal photo, or some member of the family or friends, celebrities, society or trade emblem, machinery, live stock, etc. The **KNIFE** is made of the best razor steel, blades hand forged, tested and warranted for six months to be free from defects; German silver tips and brass-lined.

SENATOR STYLE. 2 blades, \$1.20; 3 blades, \$1.60; 4 blades, \$1.85.
The workmanship and finish are unexcelled. Ladies' 2 bl. knife, 80c.; 3 bl., \$1.25; Boys' 2 bl., 75c.; \$1.75. Razor, novelty handle, finest steel and guaranteed, \$3.50. Each personal photo, 25c. extra. **Finest novelty on the market for high-grade advertising.** Send stamp for circulars. Agents wanted. Cabinet photos from latest negatives of Pres. McKinley, wife and mother; each, 35c.

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Come in 5 forms of 14 various dimensions, interchangeable with 7 graded springs, giving 60 styles to choose from, shown in the new Illustrated Catalogue, sent free.

The Racer
pleases all
fast riders.



Made of the finest materials the world produces
by the

Sager

"Makers of Most of the High-Grade Saddles." ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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

(Continued from Page 481.)

for nothing greater. They sigh not for man's privileges nor his dress, they know nothing of "rights" and care nothing for votes, and it may be many a century before Madame Kalleiothraxis adopts a bicycle; but things move so swiftly and unexpectedly nowadays that we may even see that picturesque female astride a wheel, gliding past the affrighted and disgusted Dianas and Venuses.

What I have drawn for you here is a picture of the common class and peasant life; but all that has been said in regard to home life and religion applies equally to the more favored class who live in the beautiful cream marble dwellings which are covered with luxuriant vines, and whose door-yards are dotted with orange and lemon trees. No other such city as Athens in her unique beauty and style exists to-day, with her ancient ruins, her antique and modern classic architecture, and her marble walks and broad boulevards bordered with green grass and noble shade-trees.

ETTA BECKMAN DONALDSON.

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.

"C. D."—The birth-stone for January is the garnet, which "insures power, grace, and victory to the wearer;" the guardian angel of the month is Gabriel, and his talismanic gem, onyx; the flower is the snowdrop. February, the amethyst, whose sentiment is deep love, and the power to prevent intoxication is attributed to the gem; the guardian angel is Barchiel, whose talisman is the jasper; the flower is the primrose. The bloodstone, signifying courage and wisdom, is given to March; the guardian angel is Malchediel; talisman, the ruby; flower, ipomœa and violet. April's birth-stone is the diamond, emblem of innocence; preserves peace, and prevents storms; the guardian angel is Ashmodel, and his gem, the topaz; the flower is the daisy. The emerald is appropriately given to May, with the hawthorn for the flower;

(Continued on Page 483.)

Strength in the Wheel.



The delicate woman is unfashionable—the woman of to-day is seeking health and strength—spring cycling is open to everyone—the most delightful and invigorating of all exercises. Thoughtful purchasers reap a rich reward in

\$100
to all alike. **COLUMBIA BICYCLES**
STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

Hartford Bicycles, Next Best, \$60, \$50, \$45.

Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer,
by mail for one 2-c. stamp.

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Your Children cured of Red-
wetting. Sample free.
Dr. F. E. MAX, Bloomington, Ill.

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advertisements.

Don't Worry Yourself

and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

Wherever You Are



on the dining car, in the cafe, touring awheel, avoid the danger of changing water—drink

HIRES Rootbeer

CARBONATED.

Drives away thirst, dispels languor, increases your health, adds materially to the enjoyments of life. It's always ready for drinking, and those who know its benefits are always ready to drink it.

Sold by all dealers by the bottle and in cases of two dozen pints. See that HIRES and the signature, Charles E. Hires are on each bottle.

A package of HIRES Rootbeer extract makes 5 gallons. Sold as formerly, by all dealers.

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and return it to us with 10c. for a year's trial subscription to new 64-col. Illustrated Magazine just being boomed, and we will publish Your Name Free in our Agents Directory. You will get bushels of Papers, Cards, Magazines, Novelties and Music from Publishers and Manufacturers who want agents. All for 10c. (This firm is reliable.—Ed.) Addr. The Columbian, 3 Otis St., Boston, Mass.

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

(Continued from Page 482.)

Amriel is the guardian angel, and the carbuncle his talisman.

"June, with health and wealth and many happy years,
Wears an agate lest her sunshine turn to tears."

The guardian angel is Muriel; his gem, the emerald; the flower is the honeysuckle. July's glowing heat is typified by the ruby, signifying charity, dignity, and divine power; and it protects its wearer, born in July, "from love's doubts and anxiety;" the guardian angel is Verchiel, whose talismanic gem is the sapphire; the water-lily is the month's flower. August has the sardonyx, which prevents misfortune, and insures conjugal felicity; the flower is the poppy; the guardian angel Hamatiel, and his gem, the diamond. In different ages and by different peoples, September has been given the chrysolite,—which gladdens the heart of its wearer,—the sardonyx, and the sapphire, protecting its wearer from diseases of the mind, and typical of constancy, truth, and virtue. Tsurriel is the guardian angel for this month, the jacinth his gem, and the morning-glory the flower. An old rhyme says:

"October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And Hope will lull those woes to rest."

The beautiful stone signifies hope, innocence, and purity; Bariel is the guardian angel, his gem, the agate; and the flower is fruit and flower in one, hops. November's stone is the topaz, "Emblem of friends and lovers true." Adnachiell is the guardian angel, his talismanic gem, the amethyst; and the flower is the royal chrysanthemum. December has the turquoise and holly for her gem and flower; if born in this month,

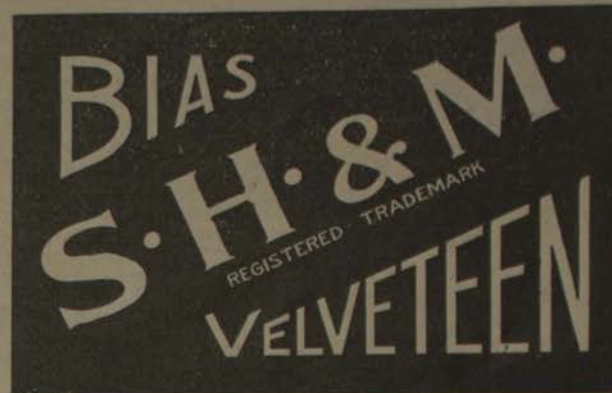
"Place on your hand a turquoise blue:
Success will bless whate'er you do."

Humiel is the guardian angel of the month's children, and his talisman, the beryl.

(Continued on Page 484.)

"Charms Strike the Sight, But Merit Wins the Soul."

THAT accounts for
the great
success of



Which has the charms of style and elegance, the merit of wearing well and fitting every skirt edge perfectly.

Look on the back for the letters S. H. & M. It's the only way to tell the genuine.

If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

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

LADIES I Make Big Wages —At Home—

and want all to have same opportunity. The work is very pleasant and will easily pay \$18 weekly. This is no deception. I want no money and will gladly send full particulars to all sending 2c. stamp. Miss M. E. Stebbins, Lawrence, Mich.

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



NEAR THE POLO GROUNDS.

MRS. STILPHENS—"What we Newportians are in love with is the absolute air of freedom about the place. You can come and go as you like."

MR. KLINDERS—"I've noticed it. Why, out in Joliet we'd no more let those three convicts out to break stones without a guard than we'd fly!"

Our Special Offer to Lady Readers of Demorest's Magazine.



This beautiful Dress Hat of fine fancy braid, elegantly trimmed with plain all-silk or fancy Dresden ribbon, imported French monture of fine flowers, and steel, gilt, jet or Rhinestone ornaments any color desired, a charming creation, which positively could not be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$3.25.

**NOTHING NEWER,
NOTHING FINER, NOTHING MORE STYLISH.**

In order to promptly gain the business acquaintance of yourself and friends we will send you one of these beautiful stylishly trimmed hats, securely packed, upon receipt of but \$1.00 if accompanied by this advertisement and the full addresses of ten of your most stylish lady acquaintances. Send dress sample and state your own age and complexion. No extra charge for making any changes desired in the style of trimming or shape of hat. One of our large illustrated catalogues showing 300 newest Parisian and American styles and a sample bottle of HONEYSUCKLE COMPLEXION FLUID absolutely free with each order.

If you would like to start a millinery store of your own and become an independent business woman, we will start you. If you are interested in starting a millinery store enclose 5 cents stamps for mailing large illustrated catalogue and full information. Address:

E. NEWMAN & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Milliners

2703 and 2705 Franklin Ave., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from Page 483.)

"E. M. T."—Line your lace-striped black surah with green-and-gold, or heliotrope-and-green, changeable taffeta, or if that is too expensive, with ribbon-cloth in green or heliotrope. Use the "Ayme" pattern, in this number, for your baby boy's frocks.

"TEXAS."—There is such latitude now in the choice of fabrics that, provided it is made in a pretty fashion, your Bedford cord will look very well. Trim with the moire or with velvet ribbon. Shirt waists are worn with cloth skirts of every description. Your letter was just too late for an answer in the May number.

"L. A. R."—Directions for the preparation of figs as a laxative were given in Sanitarian,—"Medicinal Properties of Fruits," in DEMOREST'S for February, 1897.—The addresses for two Exchanges for Woman's Work—12 East Thirteenth Street, and Madison Avenue, corner of Fifty-seventh Street—in New York City were given in these columns of DEMOREST'S for December. We have no

(Continued on Page 485.)

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Stop Naturally!

Tobacco users, think a moment of the state of your body, run a few steps and you're exhausted.

That's Tobacco at Work on Your Heart.

Hold out your hand and watch it tremble, trifles irritate you. Can't think steadily and have an all gone feeling without tobacco in your mouth.

That's Tobacco at Work on Your Nerves.

Your vigor, the power to do the right thing at the right time, is slipping away.

That's Tobacco at Work on Your Manhood.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away

when you can easily and forever destroy that nerve-craving and eliminate nicotine from your system with No-To-Bac. Are you one of the tens of thousands of tobacco users who want to stop and can't for a day without actual suffering? To you we say truthfully you will find relief in



NO-TO-BAC Guaranteed Tobacco Habit Cure.

What better proof can be offered than the sale of over a million boxes in three years. Buy from druggists anywhere, they are all authorized to sell under a guarantee to cure. Written guarantee sent on request. Start today and see how quickly No-To-Bac kills the desire for tobacco, steadies the nerves, increases weight, makes the blood pure and rich, tingling with new life and energy. Gloomy days will be gone; the sunshine will be brighter. The old man in feeling is made young again and—happy.

Sample of No-To-Bac, a Booklet with Written Guarantee of Cure mailed free. Address

THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.

85

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

(Continued from Page 484.)

address of those outside of New York, and can only repeat the advice given at that time: Letters addressed simply to the Woman's Exchange without street address would probably reach them.—The Society of Decorative Art, East Thirty-fourth Street, also receives work on consignment, and sells it under similar conditions as the exchanges.

"M. E. P."—We know of no home method for cleaning chenille portières except with naphtha, and they are so bulky that it would be an extremely arduous task and results doubtful. It is far better to send them to a regular cleaner who has all the proper appliances for manipulating such things, and the skill to try other means of removing stains if the first one fail.

"M. S."—Moire is still much worn and combined with everything. Make a plain skirt of the figured silk and use the moire for a jacket—the bolero is dressier for a silk gown than an Eton—and sleeves; under the jacket have a plain corsage of yellow, green, or heliotrope silk, draping the whole front with embroidered or jetted net or chiffon. The "Alfredo" and the "Merlin," in the May number, are good models.

"BOX 391."—See Fashion Reviews and Correspondence Club in DEMOREST'S for April and May for information concerning commencement-gowns. A sun-plaited skirt of white India silk, Liberty satin, or China *crêpe*, would also be suitable, and extremely becoming to a "tall, fair young girl." Make the waist as described for one of Swiss muslin on page 409 of the May number. Other pretty models for it are the "Helme" and the "Vania Jacket-Waist," in the April number; for the latter make the jacket of inch-wide ribbon and lace insertion, and the sleeves and blouse of the skirt fabric, banding them with lace insertion.

"J. P. C."—We do not reply by mail to Correspondence Club questions. An accordion-plaited black grenadine skirt worn over a taffeta slip—either white or black—and completed by a bolero of black silk overlaid with rich passementerie with a blouse front of black-and-white gauze would be a handsome costume for a young lady in mourning to wear at a day wedding, and useful throughout the season for receptions and other social functions. When accordion-plaited skirts are spoken of now, sun-plaiting—as described in recent Fashion Reviews—is understood, and they are among the smartest worn.

"MRS. E. H. C."—Your sample is a *crêpe* though the fabric has lost popular favor, but the market was flooded with so many of them they are still worn. All possible information about the cut and making of skirts has been given in recent reviews. You will have noticed effects are no longer in vogue, and there is no interlining. The shape of your skirt is all right, but it should not hang in stiff folds back.—Wear your pink cashmere waist with black silk skirt, and get a changeable or feta or a green mohair to wear with the skirt.

(Continued on Page 486.)



Offer No. 1.—This elegant roomy library oak bookcase, elaborate hand carvings, extra antique finish, high, 8 ft. 6 in. tall, 36 in. wide, 18 in. deep, lock \$15.00.

Offer No. 2.—This regular \$25.00

OUR \$5 GIFT

If, like dry goods merchants, we could mail samples of our goods, we'd soon revolutionize the present system of selling furniture. Too bulky for mailing, yet we must get samples out somehow. In no other way can we prove that our plan of selling the product of our big factory direct to the user means a saving in cost of 25 to 50 per cent. You won't believe so strong a statement on our mere say-so. We must demonstrate it. It is our purpose to do this. Read the following remarkable offer.

Our price for any article shown below is from \$5 to \$10 under retail value. These are fair samples of our goods and prices. We want to place one of these samples in your home, and don't want a cent of pay for 30 days. Take your choice. In addition we'll send, absolutely free, an elegant quadruple silver-plated teapot, exactly as shown in the accompanying photographic illustration, warranted to wear for 10 years. With every one of them we send the manufacturers' 10-year warranty. We hope you won't mistrust the value of this grand souvenir just because we're giving it away. We guarantee it to be worth at least \$5 retail. It doesn't belong to the cheap class of plated goods.

Orders will be accepted from readers of this paper with the understanding that bill will be due in 30 days from date of shipment, if goods are fully equal to our representations and satisfactory in every respect; if not, furniture and teapot to be held subject to our order, and we'll pay return transportation charges.

PLEASE NOTE.—This being an introductory offer, made solely with the view to advertise our victorious plan of factory-to-house shipments, we don't wish to ship more than one of these samples (with the teapot) to the same person, nor can we hold this offer open long. Better order to-day, NOW, while you think of it. We want YOUR name on our list of permanent customers. In ordering, all that's necessary is to say you're a reader of this paper, that you accept our Sample Offer No. 1, 2, 3, or 4, as the case may be, and give full shipping directions.

Shipments may be made from our Chicago warehouses or from the factory. Purchaser pays freight from the factory.

Offer No. 3.—The combination sofa case, tastefully in high just

THE CHINA CLOS

142 W. 42d Street, New York

CHINA, GLASS, and POTTERY for COUNTRY FLOWER POTS, \$1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 7.00. ENGLISH GLASS VASES FOR L. STEMMED CUT SYRUP JUGS, PLATED AMERICAN CUT-GLASS TUM

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter



BABY WARDRO

PATTERNS articles—long cloth, tions for making, material, etc., sent 25 cents. A package for Expect and a copy of my paperhood sent free. Send silver or stamps.

MRS. C. P. ATSMA, Bayonne. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter.



(Continued from Page 485.)

green and white check. Do not make it fancifully like the pink; a mohair or alpaca should be made by any new shirt-waist pattern, and silk could be made the same, or by any of the pretty models in this or the last number of DEMOREST'S.

"QUERO."—The kind of shoe you describe would be difficult to find. Write to any of the department stores and describe what you want. No business addresses can be given in this column. —Yes, the "Florizel" sleeve would be pretty for a dotted Swiss muslin.

"HEATH."—The lines you quote are from "Little Boy Blue," by Eugene Field. You will find it in the volume of childhood poems entitled "With Trumpet and Drum." Being copyrighted, of course we could not print it here without permission from the publishers. It was written in memory of the poet's little son.

"MRS. C. L. P."—Place any suitable bric-à-brac on the cabinet top of your organ, but do not drape the shelves. All soft pretty drapery stuffs are used upon mantels, but the painted and embroidered plush and velvet things are seldom seen. The best place for a clock of the style you mention is on the chimney-piece. If you wish it to stand in a room where there is no chimney, put it on a substantial looking bracket, without drapery.—A heavy flat molding of antique oak with a narrow gilt molding on the inner edge is a suitable frame for your engraving of the horses' heads.—For waving the hair there is a crimping iron with wooden handles which is heated in the gas and manipulated just like a curling iron. It is, however, a little difficult to wave one's own hair with it.

"JUDY."—The card envelopes are used when cards are sent by mail or messenger instead of being left personally.—There is no change in forms of introduction. A gentleman is introduced to a lady, and a young woman to an older one. The circumstances attending the introduction usually suggest some graceful or gracious remark as a preface, and it is of the utmost importance that the names should be distinctly spoken.—Eton jackets are not worn as wraps, but they are worn in the street without them; and for several seasons past they have been made of sealskin, Persian lamb, and Ermine, so they were warm enough for the coldest weather.

GLEANINGS.

SIGNS OF LONGEVITY.

Signs by which a person's chances for long life may be judged are thus stated by a recent New York authority: The head should be square or round, and wide behind the ears. The eyes should be deep-set and wide, not oblong and narrow, for

(Continued on Page 487.)

MINUM CHAIN GUARD FOR LADIES' BICYCLES Light, Strong, Ornamental.

No more torn or greasy dresses. No troublesome lacing. No accidents. Infinitely superior to old style guards. Weight only 7 oz. Fits any wheel. Sent prepaid anywhere in U.S. on receipt of \$1.00. CIRCULARS FREE.

MASS WORKS, 145 Kinzie Street, CHICAGO.

Send Magazine in your letter when you write.

**RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY TROUBLE,
OLD AGE, ETC.**

are caused by the lime in the water we drink.

BUY A STILL

of F. E. BROWNE,
Los Angeles, Cal.,
Distill your own drinking water and save doctor's bills.

Send for Circular. Price, \$2.65.
Delivered anywhere.

Send Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 486.)

such eyes denote degeneracy and weakness. The brow should be ample and slope back slightly from an absolute perpendicular. The mouth should be full and well set,—a small mouth is a bad sign,—and the chin should be square and firm. This last is important as showing that the proper balance exists between the intellectual and the animal functions. A man or woman with a nose that is wide and full through its whole length and has open, easily dilating nostrils, probably has good lungs and a good heart, and will get far more out of life and live longer than a person whose nose is pinched and whose nostrils are narrow. The long, slender hand indicates a degeneration from strength, and its owner is not apt to reach an advanced age. Narrow-headed people usually have narrow hands. The hand that gives promise of a long life is the one with a square, broad palm, with large joints and short fingers. Another characteristic of long-lived persons is the presence of large bones.

BABY-SHOW PARTIES.

There is everything in a name, but there is more in the above name than is at first understood. It is the newest and altogether the most appropriate designation for a form of entertainment which has given a good deal of amusement during the past year or more, and has been variously designated "A Photograph Party," "Counterfeit Presentments," "A Daguerreotype Party," etc. As soon as the hostess has made out her list of guests, she writes little notes, to be sent with the invitations, requesting the guests to send her the earliest pictures they have of themselves. They must bear no names but have some private mark by which the owners can identify them. The hostess numbers them, and on the evening of the party has them arranged in some effective way—on screens, panels, etc.—in one room. Little booklets, like catalogues or ball programmes, with pencils attached, are in readiness; these can be made quite pretty, and the blank leaves within bear just the numbers of the pictures. It is the task of the guests to name them; and a prize is awarded to the one who identifies the largest number, as also a consolation prize to the one whose bewilderment is most complete. Of course there is room for a great deal of sport, for the bouncing baby who grew into a dainty, fragile woman is more apt to be connected with the athletic young man, and it's a chance if the homeliest infant has not developed into the prettiest girl in the crowd.

NATURE-STUDY FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Nature-study, or seeing familiar things in a new light, is a valuable factor in education. How many people can explain, so that a child can understand, why water puts out fire, why some young squash plants bring their shells out of the ground on their backs and others do not; or show the difference between a leaf-bud and a fruit-bud of the apple; or tell from whence all the house

(Continued on Page 488.)

Tailor-Made Suits

\$5

WE have recently made some exquisite Tailor-Made Gowns and Travelling Dresses for leading New York society ladies and prominent actresses who are famed for their good taste in dressing. They will wear these garments at the fashionable watering places this summer. Photographs of these ladies and the costumes are shown in our new catalogue of suits and dresses. We will mail it free, together with samples of the latest suitings to select from, to any lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost.

We make every garment to order, thus giving that individuality and exclusiveness for which our costumes are famed. Our catalogue illustrates:

Tailor-Made Suits, \$5.00 up. Separate Skirts, \$4.00 up.
Misses' Suits and Dresses, \$4.00 up. Crash and Duck Suits, 4.00 up.
Silk, Satin and Moire Velour Skirts, \$8.00 up. Bicycle Suits, \$6.00 up.
Suits and Dresses for Travelling, \$5.00 up.

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

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

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 the Cheapest.** Our paints differ from most others, in that they are better and go further. **Durability lessens cost of labor.** Send for Catalogue to

JOHN W. MASURY & SON, Manufacturers,

NEW YORK:
 Post Office Box 3499.

CHICAGO:
 Masury Building, 191 Michigan Avenue.

BROOKLYN:
 44 to 50 Jay Street.

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

An editor writes: "TOKOLOGY should be in the hands of every woman. It is unequalled in its practical scientific advice to women."

Mrs. L. N. A. writes: "If I knew I was to be the mother of innumerable children it would have no terrors for me, so great is my confidence in the science of TOKOLOGY."

TOKOLOGY

ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., 277 Madison St., Chicago.

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



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

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

BEST ART TOOL Address **AirBrush Mfg. Co.**
 1025, Rockford, Ill.

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

Don't omit the second cover advertisements.

How to EARN a GOLD WATCH



We want to introduce our TEAS, SPICES and BAKING POWDER.

JUST GO AMONG YOUR FRIENDS and sell a mixed order amounting in total to 50 lbs. for a Gold Watch (Waltham or Elgin) and a Chain; 175 lbs. for a Ladies' High-Grade Bicycle; 75 lbs. for a Boys' Bicycle; 100 lbs. for a Girls' Bicycle; 200 lbs. for a Gentlemen's High-Grade Bicycle; 50 lbs. for a Decorated Dinner Set; 25 lbs. for a Solid Silver Watch and Chain; 10 lbs. for a Solid Gold Ring; 25 lbs. for an Autoharp; 8 lbs. for a pair of Barney & Berry Skates; 15 lbs. for a pair of Lace Curtains; 10 lbs. for a Camera; 90 lbs. for a Sewing Machine; 25 lbs. for an Autoharp.

We pay the express or freight if cash is sent with order. Send address on postal for Catalogue, Order-sheet and particulars.

W. G. BAKER (Dept. N), Springfield, Mass.

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

BOYS AND GIRLS can earn pocket money in spare moments; also handsome present to each. Send name; no cash required.
F. A. Staynor & Co., Providence, R. I.

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

(Continued from Page 487.)

flies come? The world is full of such common things, about which people do not inquire. Yet such subjects can be made very interesting to children, and they can be taken up in the schools, not as an added recitation, but as a rest exercise once or twice every week to relieve the monotony of the school-room, and later be made the theme for a language exercise. Here are two important faculties that may be brought into exercise,—accurate observation and the power of expressing definitely what is seen.

The College of Agriculture of Cornell University has, under the Nixon or Agricultural Extension Bill, undertaken to assist, free of expense, all teachers who wish to introduce this work into their schools. All parents and teachers interested in this work are asked to send their address for more detailed information to the Chief Clerk, College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y.

THE POTPOURRI JAR.

The never-failing delight of a rose or *potpourri* jar is known only to its fortunate possessor; yet it is so easy to prepare one, and, once prepared, so easy to keep at the point of perfection, that the wonder is they are not more frequently enjoyed. The rose-leaves should be gathered in the early morning, and tossed lightly on a table in a cool,

(Continued on Page 489.)

Lablache Face Powder



makes the complexion soft, smooth, and beautiful; nourishes the sensitive nerves and brings the natural bloom and freshness of a healthy skin. It is the most Perfect Face Powder and Greatest Beautifier in the world. Take no other.

Flesh, White, Pink, and Cream tints.

Price, 50 cts. per box. Of all Druggists or by mail.

BEN. LEVY & CO., French Perfumers,
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

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

**DIXON'S
GRAPHITOLEO
No. 692.**

Lubricates every pin and pivot, as well as the chain and sprockets of your bicycle.

It will pay you to send 15 cents for sample.

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

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

DRUNK FOR TWENTY YEARS.

A correspondent writes: "I was drunk on and off for over 20 years, drunk when I had money, sober when I had none. Many dear friends I lost, and numbers gave me good advice to no purpose; but, thank God, an angel hand came at last in the form of my poor wife, who administered some of your medicine to me without my knowledge or consent. I am now saved, completely transformed from a worthless fellow to a sober and respected citizen."

This marvelous remedy will be mailed in plain wrapper with full directions how to give secretly, on receipt of one dollar, by the Renova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, New York City, or they will gladly mail full particulars free.

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

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



**LIGHTENS
THE
ILLS
OF
HUMANITY.**

**CANDY
CATHARTIC
CURE CHRONIC
CONSTIPATION**

Please buy & try
A BOX OF
Cascarets TO DAY

10-25-OR 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS.

SAMPLE & BOOKLET MAILED FREE

The Sterling Remedy Co.
CHICAGO, NEW YORK.

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

(Continued from Page 488.)

MALE COMFORT

is secured by using the
Improved Washburn Fasteners
as applied to
BACHELORS' BUTTONS, HOSE SUPPORTERS, CUFF HOLDERS, DRAWERS' SUPPORTERS, PENCIL HOLDERS, NECKTIE HOLDERS, EYE-GLASS HOLDERS, KEY CHAINS.

The simplicity, yet bull-dog tenacity, of this little article makes it the ideal fastener.

The wonderful utility of these various articles makes their purchase a necessity where their great merit is understood.

Any of above sent postpaid on receipt of 10c., except Aluminum and Phosphor-Bronze Key Chains, which are 25c.

FREE! Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue sent on request.

AMERICAN RING CO.,
Dept. D, Waterbury, Conn.

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

BEST & CO

LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR



Tan Shoes

if the right kind, are the best

for Summer Wear. We have one, made from the finest imported stock, that has given the greatest satisfaction to our customers.

Babies', sizes 2 to 7, \$1.14; heavier sole, for first walking shoe, sizes 4 to 8, \$1.35. Children's, sizes 7 to 10½, \$2; 11 to 2, \$2.50.

How to Clothe the Children
in the latest New York styles, at the least cost, no matter where you live, is told in our **700 Picture Catalogue**. Sent free for 4 cents postage.

60 & 62 West 23d St., New York

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

WALL PAPER

Write to the largest wall paper house in U. S. for samples—mailed free. From 2½ cts. to \$8½ a roll—8 yards. Our prices 30 per cent. lower than others.

KAYSER & ALLEN, PHILADELPHIA.
932-934 Market St. 418 Arch Street.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

Blair's Pills

Great English Remedy for
GOUT and RHEUMATISM.
SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.
Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

airy place, to lie till the dew has evaporated, then put them in a large glass jar, sprinkle salt over half-inch layers of the leaves. can be added to from morning to morning till enough leaves for your purpose have been gathered, letting them stand in the jar for ten days after the last are put in, still the whole every morning. Have an ounce of each of cloves and allspice, coarsely ground, and as much stick cinnamon, broken and shredded fine with the fingers; transfer the rose-leaves to another jar, and scatter the spices, mixed together, in layers; cover the jar tightly, and let it stand in a dark place for three weeks, when the stock will be ready for the permanent jar. Whatever this jar is, be sure it is provided with a double cover.

Have ready a quarter of an ounce of mace and half an ounce each of allspice and cloves, all coarsely ground—or pounded in a mortar—half of a grated nutmeg, half an ounce of cinnamon, broken in bits, one ounce of powdered orris-root, and a quarter of a pound of dried lavender-flowers. Mix these together in a bowl, and proceed to fill the rose-jar with alternate layers of the "stock" and the mixture of spices, etc. A few drops each of several essential oils—rose geranium, bitter almond, and orange-flower are good—should be dropped upon the layers as you progress, and over the whole pour an ounce of your favorite toilet-water or fine cologne. This is sufficient to fill two quart jars or one very large one, and it will keep for years; from time to time various sweet things may be added to it, as a few tuberoses or a spray of heliotrope. If the jar be left open for a half-hour every day it will fill your rooms with a delicate, indefinable, spicy fragrance, very refreshing and delightful, and unlike any other perfume. The aromas of the different spices are so mingled and blended that each one is modified, and the blend must be appreciated to be in any way appreciated.

WHEN THE FORK WAS INTRODUCED
Venice is about to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the first use of the fork for table use. Its adoption belongs to the Venetians, who, at the wedding of his son, until three hundred years ago, used only the silver fork and a gold spoon. It reached France, while it was first service in England.

A GIANT OF THE REDWOOD
A redwood tree which stood down in the State of Virginia, was 100 feet in height, or about 100 miles. To the point where it branched out was 220 feet in circumference. If the tree were cut, it would make 96,344 cubic feet of lumber, or enough for the construction of eight coast-guard cutters, each containing seven hundred tons. The tree is said to have

ELECTRIC LUSTRE STARCH
collars, shirts, skirts—everything starched. LOOK JUST LIKE NEW. Requires no boiling. Saves time, labor, and trouble.

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This is an old dress, but no one knows that, for its color is new and fresh. It has a few stitches are all it cost.



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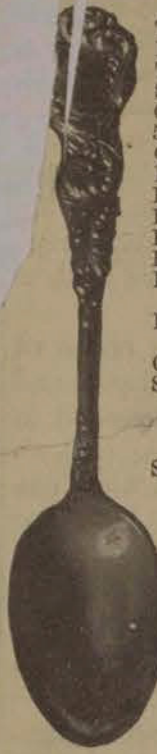
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Samples of colored cloth, free.

ALUMINUM GOLD.**New—Useful—Beautiful.**

Newly discovered gold-metal makes the most ideal tableware. It is constantly in use at the Waldorf Hotel and the Hotel Waldorf, of this city is considered the finest hotel in the world. Its exact color of 14-k. gold; is the same throughout; will in consequence last indefinitely. All appearances your table will be set with solid imitation goods are on the market. See that the mark, Waldo H. E. is on each piece. To insure the beauty of the metal, wash clean in warm water, and dry thoroughly, using the polish necessary.



	1/2 DOZEN.	DOZEN.
Tea Spoons.....	\$1.75	\$3.45
Dessert Spoons.....	3.00	5.75
Table Spoons.....	3.45	6.85
Sugar Shells, each, 60c....		
Coffee Spoons.....	1.75	3.20
5 O'Clock Tea.....	1.75	3.55
Orange Spoons.....	2.15	4.25
Berry Spoons, each, \$1.55		
Forks, Dessert.....	3.00	5.75
Forks, Medium.....	3.45	6.85
Forks, Oyster.....	2.65	5.00
Knives, Butter, each, 70c.		
Knives, Medium, hollow		
handle, steel blades	6.00	11.00
Knives, Dessert, hollow		
handle, steel blades....	5.50	10.90
Child's Set, three pieces, per set...	1.30	
Sugar Tongs, each.....	1.25	

PACKED IN FINE LINED CASES.

Sugar Shell, one in box.....	\$0.85
Coffee Spoons, six in box.....	2.20
Orange Spoons, six in box.....	2.65
Berry Spoon, one in box.....	1.80
Oyster Forks, six in box.....	3.15
One Orange Spoon and one Wis-	
sell Silver Orange Knife, in box	1.55
Butter Knife, one in box.....	.90
Sugar Shell and Butter Knife,	
one in box.....	1.55
Sugar Tongs, one in box.....	1.55
Child's Set, three pieces in box..	1.65

Sample Tea Spoon will be sent for 30c., or a Sugar Shell for 60c.

Initialing will be done on any of the flatware we offer, at 4c. for each letter. A small box of polish, suitable for Gold-Aluminum, will be sent for 10c., or a larger one for 15c. We can also furnish "Putty Paste," for cleaning and brightening any solid silver or plated ware, for 15c. per box. Delivery will be made by registered or insured mail at the prices given.

The prices given are for the goods alone, delivered in insured mail. Should you wish to renew, or become a new subscriber, and will make an order in conjunction with your subscription and at the same time remit \$1.50 additional, and you will be entitled to a subscription for one full year. We reserve the right to withdraw this offer at any time and without notice.

OPTICAL GOODS.

The Standard Telescope is an instrument that we can recommend. It measures 16 1/2 inches when drawn out, 6 inches when closed. When properly focused it has a magnifying power of 12 diameters; that is to say, a tree or house seen with this telescope at a distance of 6 miles will appear as it would to the naked eye if it were only half a mile away.

Price, delivered, \$2.40.

This "Reading Glass," with a diameter of 3 inches, is made of the finest quality improved lens, with handsome nickel frame and ebonized handle.

RECOMMENDED.

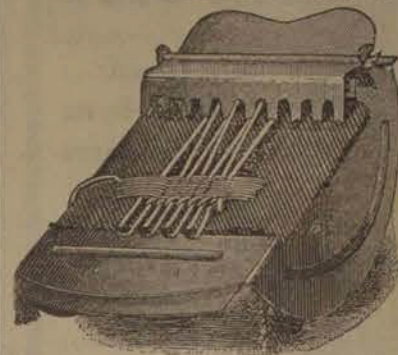
This electro-medical apparatus is operated by dry battery, thus dispensing with acids, chemicals and liquids, and is first-class in every particular. All of the metal parts are nickel-plated, with finely finished case, two conducting cords, two nickel-plated handle electrodes, one rosewood handle, one sponge holder and foot plate with each apparatus. We can recommend it to steady, strong or mild order easily, and is equal to all others in finish and efficiency. Extra dry plates complete for use, by express charges.

THE IMPERIAL DARNING MACHINE.

MENDS ANYTHING. GOES IN ANY PART OF A STOCKING.

Price, 25 Cents.

LIKE A SMALL LOOM.



PAT'D DEC. 8, 1896.

This cut gives you but a faint and imperfect idea of one of the best and most useful inventions of modern times. With this little machine you can make a large darn in two minutes against twenty in the old way, whilst by it the darn is woven right into the cloth, leaving no lumps, thicknesses, or botches in the garment, the new part produced thereby in the stocking, sock, underwear, or any of the various fabrics, which you may have been mending, being entirely uniform and having an artistically finished appearance with all sides exactly alike.

It mends table-cloths, curtains, and fine silk goods equally as well, and is so simple that a child can use it. Don't ruin your eyes and spoil your temper darning by hand when for 25 cents you can get a machine to do it for you. We know many people would like to make neat darnings, but it takes so long by hand, and is so tiresome and wearying. Remember this is no toy, but a well-made, correct, and scientifically adjusted machine. It will be forwarded to any part of the United States on receipt of 25 cents.

If you don't darn yourself, some one else has to, and if it is the Help, think of the time you can save in getting her one. She could get through a much larger amount of work, and her mending would be far more satisfactory. Thousands of them are now helping womankind in their home work, and many a husband to-day has to thank this modern invention for lots of solid comfort and neatly mended underwear, socks, &c.

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The quality of this music is the very best. The composers' names are household words all over the continent. None but high-price copyright pieces, or most popular reprints. It is printed on regular sheet-music paper, from new plates made from large, clear type, and is in every way first class, and worthy of a place in your home.

Remember—That the quality of this sheet music is the best. That the music is sent to any address, postpaid. That all the little details are up to the standard. That the vocal pieces have full piano accompaniments. That the instrumental pieces give the bass as well as melody. That it is equal to any music published.

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- Annie's Love. Duet. Jos. Winters.
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- Flossie. Waltz Song. A. M. Cohen.
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- The Bridge. Words by Longfellow. Carew.
- An Outcast. Character Song. J. J. Fritz.
- Ben Bolt, of "Trilby" fame. N. Kneass.
- 'E Dunno Where 'E Are. Comic. F. Eplett.
- Keep the Horseshoe Over the Door. J. P. Skelly.
- Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. J. P. Knight.
- Lurline; Do You Think of Me Now? H. M. Estabrooke.
- Ave Maria (Cavalleria Rusticana). P. Mascagni.
- Juanita. Ballad. T. G. May.
- Mission of a Rose. The. Song. F. H. Cowen.
- Sweet Long Ago. The. H. M. Estabrooke.
- By Normandie's Blue Hills. H. Trotere.
- For the Colors. H. L. Wilson.
- True to the Last. S. Adams.
- Love Ever Faithful. P. Bucalossi.
- Come When Soft Twilight Falls. Schumann.
- Beautiful Face of Jennie Knott. F. Reissmann.
- That Word Was "Hope." W. Nutting.
- Little Boy Blue. H. M. Estabrooke.
- Easter Eve. Sacred. C. Gounod.
- Mother's Cry. A. P. Adriance.
- Musical Dialogue. Duet. E. M. Helmund.
- Precious Treasure. L. Weiler.
- When the Roses Are Blooming Again. J. P. Skelly.
- Old Glory. National Air. J. H. Woods.
- Your Mother's Love for You. K. Koppt.
- The Vicar of Bray.
- For You We Are Praying at Home. H. M. Estabrooke.

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Postage paid at the prices given.

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DEMOREST PURCHASING BUREAU.

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SPECIAL REMEDIES.—There are certain prescriptions now universally used in special cases, and these can now be had in pill form as follows:

- 150 malarial pills, to be used when quinine fails or the patient cannot take it, \$1.00.
- 250 pepsin tablets, to aid digestion, \$1.00.
- 250 skin pills, to remove the causes of pimples, boils and similar eruptions, \$1.00.
- 200 tonic pills, for nervous prostration, for the overworked and overworn, \$1.00.
- 200 diarrhoeal pills, not more than two being required to effect a cure, \$1.00.
- 150 nervous pills, for those made cross and irritable by nervous debility, will calm and soothe the nerves, \$1.00.
- 150 kidney pills, which gently stimulate that organ and relieve the urinary troubles of old and young, \$1.00.
- 250 cold tablets, which, if taken in season, will break up any cold that can be caught, \$1.00.

SPECIAL REMEDY SAMPLE CASE. containing 50 each of above eight remedies and 20 headache pills, will be sent for \$1.25.

CATARRH.—Those suffering from catarrh are greatly relieved and often permanently cured by spraying the nasal passages with water in which one of the standard catarrh tablets has been dissolved. Price of box, containing 50 of these tablets, 50 cents.

WORM MEDICINE.—The best worm medicine in use—half grain each of santonin and calomel, in tasteless tablets, 50 cents per 100 tablets.

COUGHS.—One of the best cough mixtures is now put up in tablet form. Each box contains a teaspoonful of the mixture.

(Continued from Page 492.)



—button your collar.



MIXED DRINK.



"FILLING OUT A CHECK."

(Continued on Page 494.)

BLINDNESS PREVENTED. THE ABSORPTION TREATMENT.

"A Heaven-sent Blessing."

NO WAITING TO BE BLIND! NO KNIFE! NO RISK!

The New York Observer, says:

"Among the grateful patients we find the Rev. B. N. Palmer, D.D., of New Orleans, La., well known to our readers. Dr. Palmer, some two years ago, noticed his eyesight failing, and consulted Dr. Knapp, of New York, and Dr. Pope, of New Orleans, who diagnosed the case as atrophy. After being under treatment one year, they pronounced his case hopeless, and further treatment was abandoned. On July 24th, 1896, one eye being nearly sightless and the other failing, he consulted E. H. Bemis, Eye Specialist, of the Glens Falls, N. Y., Sanitarium, remarking that he had 'nothing to lose, and a great deal to gain,' as cataracts were forming which would make blindness sure, and the little sight left was only available with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. On September 7th, six weeks after commencing the absorption treatment, the strong lens had been laid aside; and the glasses discarded years ago now enable him to read again, to the great surprise of himself and friends."

DR. PALMER says:

"His theory is rational, based upon the self-restoring power of nature herself. Medicine cures only by rousing a peccant organ to the performance of its duty, when disease is thrown off and the patient recovers. The eye, he thinks, should form no exception. His aim, therefore, is to stimulate the eye, promote its secretions and increase the circulation, thus revitalizing the eye and enabling it to fulfill its functions; it throws off all the troubles and repairs its own waste. His method is simple, safe, in no way unpleasant."

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

"The history of the Bemis Sanitarium and its advance by marvelous strides is due to Edward H. Bemis, Eye Specialist, whose marvelous success makes his name familiar to thousands all over the United States and in many foreign lands, and God speed him."

Pamphlet free, explaining the cause of impaired vision and diseased eyes and their treatment at home by mail, or at our Sanitarium, by the absorption treatment, which has given relief to thousands becoming blind. Address

BEMIS SANITARIUM, Glens Falls, N. Y.

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prevents excessive perspiration and entirely removes the attendant offensive odors of the armpits, feet and body. Refreshing and delightful. Makes an oily, greasy skin soft, clear and white. Send 10c. for test sample, or 50c. for full size by mail in plain sealed package. Descriptive booklet free.

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FOR DATE WHEN THIS "ORDER" WILL BECOME WORTHLESS SEE OTHER SIDE.

Run a pen or pencil through the name and size of the pattern desired.

Example: ~~Alberta Reefer~~, 34, 36, 38, 40 Bust Measure. If pattern desired is not in this number, see directions on other side.

Please read other side of this Order carefully.

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Name,

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|---|--|
| 1. Strowbridge Jacket Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 19. Allix Frock, 8 and 10 years. |
| 2. Norna Corsage, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 20. Child's Petticoat, 2, 4, and 6 years. |
| 3. Celeste Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 21. Empire Reefer, 2, 4, and 6 years. |
| 4. Sylvestra Corsage, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 22. Etha Bonnet, 2 and 4 years. |
| 5. Keronis Corsage, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 23. Middy Suit, 8 and 10 years. |
| 6. Edgarita Corsage, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 24. Juan Suit, 4, 6, and 8 years. |
| 7. Lorimer Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 25. Chilton Blouse-Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. |
| 8. Brunonia Blouse, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 26. Alta Cape, Medium and Large. |
| 9. Hildegarde Shirt-Waist, 34 and 36 Bust. | 27. Jacinth Cape, Medium and Large. |
| 10. Norrice Shirt-Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust. | 28. Chilton Blouse-Waist, 12, 14, and 16 years. |
| 11. Daffodil Cape, Medium and Large. | 29. Delicia Waist, 14 and 16 years. |
| 12. Anawanda Skirt, Medium and Large. | 30. Amity Skirt, 14 and 16 years. |
| 13. Nardissa Skirt, Medium and Large. | 31. Ellaline Frock, 10 and 12 years. |
| 14. Hera Sleeve, Medium Size. | 32. Kilda Dress, 8 and 10 years. |
| 15. Hildegarde Shirt-Waist, 14 and 16 years. | 33. Ariola Frock, 8 and 10 years. |
| 16. Linda Blouse, 12 and 14 years. | 34. Elaine Dress, 2 and 4 years. |
| 17. Stella Frock, 8, 10, and 12 years. | 35. Jessie Frock, 6 months to 1 year, and 2 years. |
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| | 37. Sailor Cap, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. |
| | 38. Yachting or Tennis Shirts, 14, 15, and 16 inches neck measure. |

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[SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

(Continued from Page 495.)

Red is a danger-signal on a man's nose, and a woman's hair.

Don't burn your bridge behind you may be coming back.



MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Mel O'Note, the silver-voiced tenor rendered the "Lullaby" song in a manner that carried his small but select audience before him bodily, as it were.

HEAD WORK.



Signora Traghano buys some ice and, as is habitual and most convenient with her, carries it on her head.

(Continued on Page 495.)