

# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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## A WINTER IN AN OASIS.

BY MARGARET SEYMOUR HALL.

WHEN I announced that it was my intention to winter in the Sahara, my friends remarked that I was insane; and there were moments afterward that I had occasion to dwell upon the sound judgment and clearness of observation which characterized the opinion. Their arguments were that it was a hot, sandy place, where I should be in danger alike from fever and from the possible uprising of fanatical Moslems; mine was that I had heard diverse views, and that the only way to find out what the desert really looked like was to go and see

at length flattened itself out to a respectable surface from which to view the harbor and town of Algiers.

The railroad takes you from Algiers for a two days' journey southward—not a very rushing train, as it uses twenty-three hours, with a stop overnight at a little station called El Guerrah, in making a distance about as far as from New York to Washington; but, after all, when you come to think of it, the surprising thing is, not that it should be slow, but that it should exist at all, going right down into the very heart of the desert. After pass-



VIEW TOWARD THE SOUTH FROM BISKRA.

LOADED CAMELS FROM THE SOUTHERN OASIS ON THE WAY TO THE BISKRA MARKET.

it for one's self. The end of my argument was that I went to the office and bought my ticket.

Then ensued ten days at sea. There were eight beautiful ones upon the Atlantic, where each day the sunshine grew stronger, the ocean a deeper blue, and where one morning we saw the lovely Azores and snow-crowned Pico. Then the old lion of Gibraltar took us into his grasp for a few hours, after which we re-embarked for two rough days across the stormy Mediterranean. But the eleventh morning broke clear and calm, and the deck

ing a prosaic stretch of French farms, the train gently meanders southward through Kabylia, once a Christian land, then Mohammedan, and now "confiscated," as the guide-book politely puts it, and given to emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine. Little Kabyle girls sit along the roadside to keep watch over the crops, and here, as elsewhere, shout and wave to the passing train, which is, probably, the one excitement of their lives. They are pretty olive-skinned creatures, partly aboriginal, partly Roman, and traces of the conquering people still can be



found in their speech and customs. Their dress is extremely picturesque and gives them a quaint and charming appearance.

From Kabylia the peculiar, vivid coloring of the African hills begins to appear, as we go through wild cliffs and gorges, with little Kabyle villages perched aloft on the crags and black Arab tents pitched upon the plain below.

El Kantara Pass is, as its name signifies, the real gate of the desert. It is a great gap in the Aures Mountains, which, but for this, stretch across the whole landscape like a great wall from left to right; and, when you go through, you feel that you have left Western civilization and its standards behind on the other side of the wall, and have come out upon another and an altogether different world.

Biskra, our final stopping-place, consists of five small oases in a group and two neighboring ones, Gaddecha and Filiah. The largest oasis, which was our stopping-place, holds four hotels and a strongly built French fort, as well as the Arab khan and market and the quarter assigned to the Ouled Nails, a tribe of wandering dancing-girls, who go from place to place, living sometimes in towns, sometimes in tents. A few are young and pretty, but the poor

creatures look, for the most part, like little heathen idols painted and hung all over with silver ornaments and rags of tinsel. Their home is an oasis far to the southwest, and, strange to say, only the women ever leave it; the men stay at home.

With the M'Zabis, on the contrary, the men go about trading, while the women, who are said to be the most beautiful in the Sahara, remain in their homes and are never seen save by those few who travel to one of their seven desert cities. The M'Zabis claim descent from Moab, and are a sharp, clever set, so that there is an Arab proverb that it takes seven Arabs to deal with one Jew, and seven Jews to overreach one M'Zab.

The market is a lively scene; camels are always coming in from north, south, east and west, and bringing queer, barbaric wares, weapons, rugs from K erouan, jugs and cups from Dahomey, hats from Timbuctoo, and even sometimes cushions and knives from the Touaregs, a race of fierce brigands, who veil their faces like women, and are the terror of the traveling caravans. These primitive Dick Turpins, who live in a southern oasis, never come far north and are seen only occasionally at the oasis of Ouargla for trade, so that their wares are scarce—a



LITTLE KABYLE MAIDENS.





THE GATE OF THE DESERT.

blessed thing, I felt, when I was once offered a small box made of human skin.

As a rule I found the oasis Arabs a simple, lovable race; far more so than those of the large cities, where they seem to have lost their own native virtues without having, as yet, gained others to replace them. I only once saw in Biskra a case of that violent ill-treatment of animals which afflicts one constantly in Algiers and Con-

stantine, and the men seemed kind to their children and pleased with any attention shown to them. One day in front of my door I met a tiny thing of about three, hopping and skipping along, attired in a very short burnoose. One hand was in his father's, and in the other was tightly clasped some hidden treasure. He was such a funny little fellow that I stopped to speak to him, whereupon he buried his head deep in the folds of his father's gondura



A SIGN OF SUMMER.



until only his short brown legs were visible. The father, evidently deeply mortified, admonished him severely in guttural Arabic; and the poor baby, nerving himself to the effort, emerged from the cloak, marched up and solemnly dropped into my outstretched hand his cherished possession—the shiny knuckle-bone of a sheep. With equal solemnity and expressions of heartfelt gratitude, it was returned; and there was an adjournment to a neighboring booth, where the friendship was cemented by a Rhamadan cake, a compound of meal and molasses peculiar to the season.

There are many to whom such a life as we led would be tiresome. Tourists came sometimes, and left after a few days, wondering what we could possibly find to keep us.



AN OULED NAIL.

But, for me, the place never lost its charm: the beauty of the landscape, with its shades as intense and varying as the ocean; the passing of the caravans; all the details of the strange life of the unchanging Arab race. And then, as we always said to each other, we had the festival of Haid Sghrir, when the whole Mohammedan population went temporarily insane. Not the Mohammedans only, but the joyous sons of France, always ready to improve an occasion for a fête, added their brass band to mingle with native tom-toms, so that for days the "Marseillaise" disputed for a hearing with the "Qu'ran" (Koran). At dawn we were awakened by bugles and cannonading from the fort, and from then on to the close of the feast we were never without music of some sort or another. A Marabout banged on a drum and yelled to an admiring circle; Sou-

dan negroes performed grotesque gyrations to a primitive bagpipe; Ouled Nails writhed to a weird chorus of war-whoops; Dervishes intoxicated themselves by endless repetitions of the name of Allah, and the M'Zabis exploded gunpowder with a whole-souled joy worthy of my native land.

Our hotel was built around a courtyard, with a gorgeous crimson bougainvillea growing all over the railing. The chambermaids were two Arab boys, each dressed in voluminous white trousers, embroidered jacket, and red fez with flowing tassels. Their occupation in life was to hang over the front railing and look into the street below; but they snatched a few moments, from time to time, to devote to our rooms, and the work progressed, by easy stages, into the middle of the afternoon, though it was generally thoroughly done in the end—the red-tiled floors scrubbed daily and our possessions set out in straight rows. The little fellows were invariably smiling and amiable, but great chatterers. As they rarely separated for more than a few minutes we used to think their stock of conversation would give out in time, but they never met without exchanging mysterious confidences, followed by peals of laughter.

Next to our house-servants in our esteem came our driver, whom we called The Pink Maltese, for the excellent reasons that he was both Maltese and pink. He wore pink leather boots, a pink blouse beneath a white sleeveless outer garment, a pink burnoose, and, being naturally of a fair complexion, was turned a permanent pink from the sun. There are a number of emigrants from Malta in Biskra, and why they should regard a remarkably heavy fur cap without a visor, and with absolutely no protection for the face or neck, as an appropriate headgear for the Sahara, I am at a loss to conjecture. Tyrant fashion rules even in the African desert!

The principal excursion within a day's drive is to the shrine and mosque of Sidi Okba, the great hero, the George Washington of the Arab race, and one of the most remarkable conquerors of any time or people. With a small band of followers he subdued North Africa from the east to the Atlantic, into which, so the story goes, he spurred his horse, swearing that the waves alone stopped his conversion of the whole earth to the faith of Allah. As it was, he stamped out the last remnants of Christianity, so that the land relapsed for ages into Oriental fanaticism.

We started across a scene of weird desolation. Far out in front of us lay the broad plain, dotted with tufts of scrub, and with droves of camels grazing about over it. To an unbotanical mind the vegetation seems to be divided roughly into two families, a fat, puffy variety and a gray, thorny variety. On this last the camels feed and fatten, though it is a woody, stiff substance, and a stranger always takes it for firewood when he sees it tied up in fagots in the market.

An occasional Bedouin passed us, always courteously giving greeting, and we met one splendid old Kaid on a fine thoroughbred "mehawri," a racing camel. As we





"CHILDREN PURSUED US WITH CRIES OF 'SORDI, SORDI!'"

drew near the oasis we were beset by crowds of brown children, who pursued us with shrieks of "sordi, sordi," plunging recklessly and turning somersaults under our horses' feet.

The town is the usual collection of mud walls and huts beneath date palms. Sheep and goats share the accommodations with the people, and are often to be seen skipping about upon the housetops. Rather better than the others is the house of the Kaid, who possesses a pleasant strip of garden, wherein are orange and lemon trees, and the remains of an old Roman altar, bearing an inscription "To the Unconquered God." Even away down here did the brood of the old Capitol wolf build their lairs.

The mosque is, of course, whitewashed—all Orientals

have a passion for whitewash—and tiled extensively in blue and yellow. On one side of the porch of entrance is a school of Arab children gabbling the Qu'ran (Koran) under the influence of a long bamboo switch in the hands of a sleepy teacher. A little further on a group of men were squatted around a professor of theology, who was holding forth most eloquently. Each of his audience held a small Arabic book, and the lecturer expounded with plentiful gesticulation. I would have given something to know what subtle textual criticism was inspiring his eager flow of language. Every now and then his voice rose to a shriek as he hammered away at his congregation.

The inside of the mosque is covered with straw carpets, and we were obliged to stop and remove our shoes. It



STREET OF THE OULED NAILS IN BISKRA.





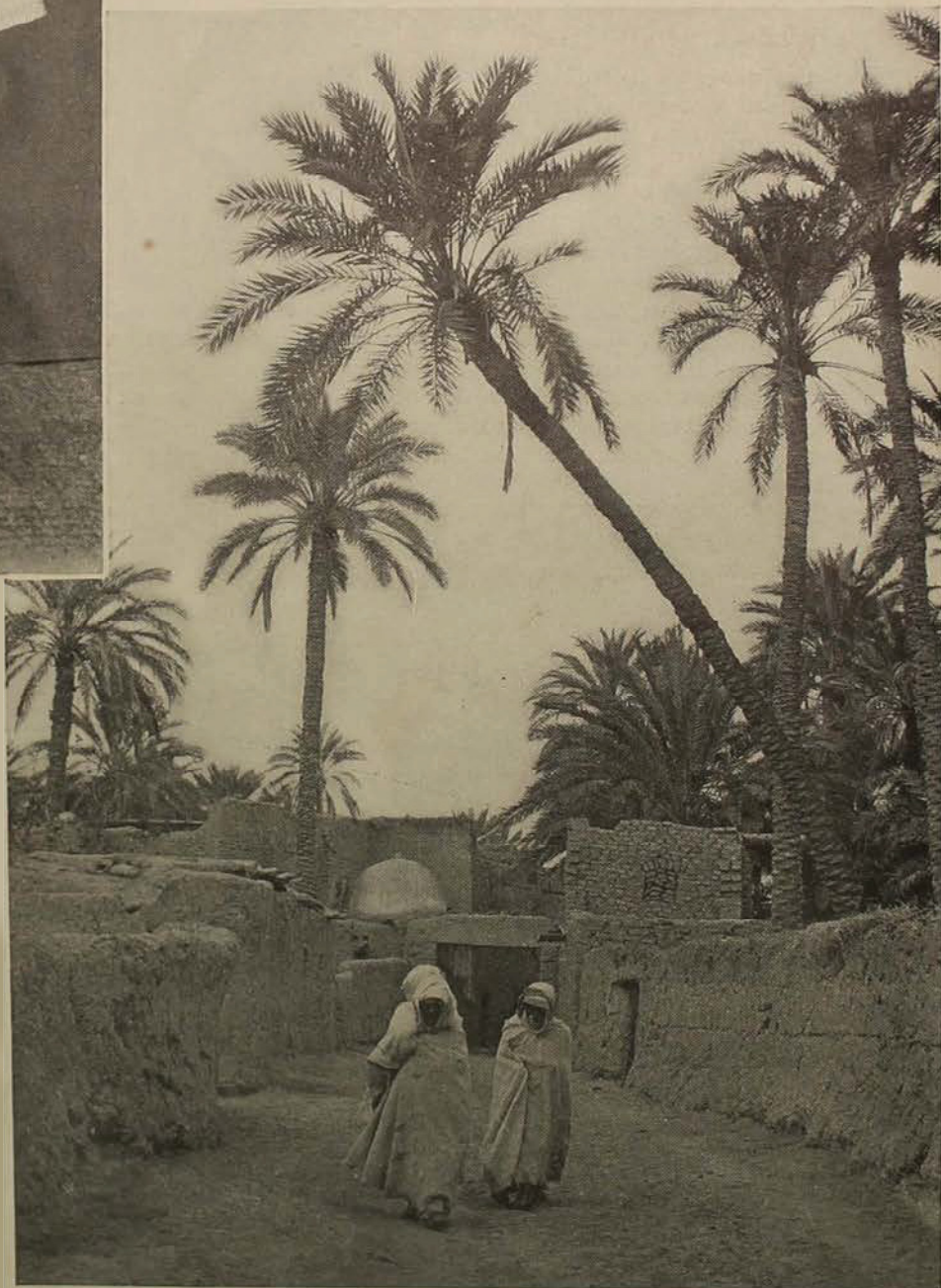
A. TOUAREG.

was full of pilgrims, who looked far from pleased at our appearance, though we were careful to speak in whispers and to move cautiously. One old fellow in a green turban scowled at me fiercely, then suddenly relaxed into a pleased smile as something tickled his fancy, possibly the thought of the ages of endless torment which await my sinful Frankish soul.

The niche toward Mecca is most beautifully inlaid, finer even than the mosques of Cairo. Beside it stands the finely carved pulpit. The tomb of the hero is in the centre of the building, and has, on one of the pillars, a Kufic inscription, the oldest in Africa, perhaps in the Mohammedan tongue. "This is the tomb of Okba, the son of Nefa," it says, and only adds: "May God have mercy on him." Not a word of his valor or great victories; no bid for posthumous fame. After all, what better could we give our noblest, or what other prayer could our greatest ask?

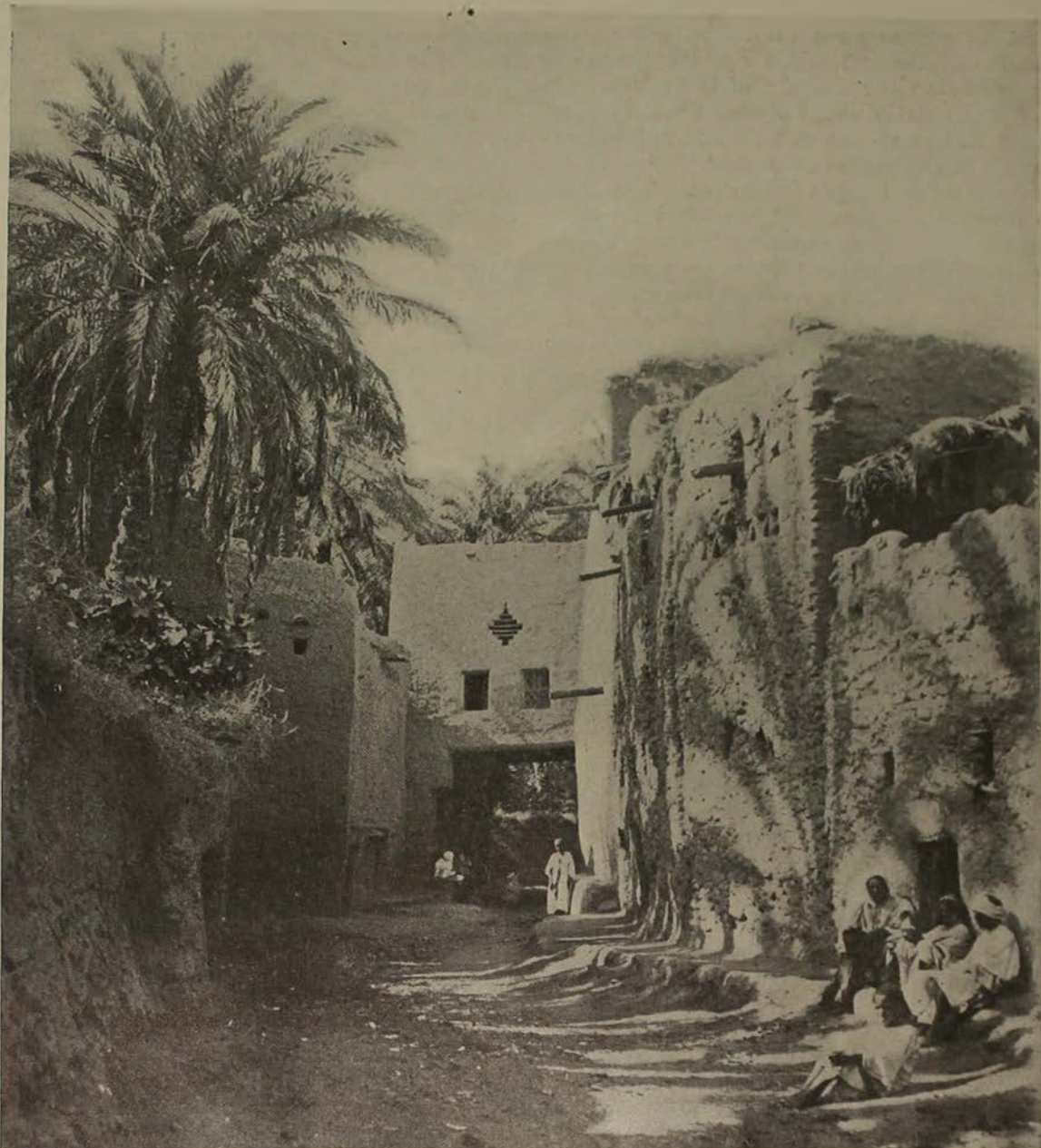
Our second expedition was to Chetma, which I think the loveliest possible oasis. The streets are cleaner, the houses larger, and the people better mannered than in any others I visited. There are two tiny mosques, but not much to draw travelers; and the inhabitants are still kindly and hospitable and unspoiled by that greed which, alas, comes with the advance guard of civilization. We galloped into the town, twisting through the narrow lanes at such speed that it was a marvel we ran over none of the men sleeping beneath the walls. The central square was full of natives lying about, playing at games with bamboo and stones, a sort of combination of jack-straws and checkers. The handful of bamboo was tossed into the air, and the fall determined the moves. Another game of stones is called "woman," but I could never fathom it. All these men love simple games, and, if I ever go again, I shall carry a supply of "pigs in clover" and similar toys.

I wish I could say how pretty it all was: the light and shade, the arching palms, the vivid color of the children's clothes, the white-robed, handsome men. Only one of



SIDI OKBA.





A STREET IN CHETMA.

them seemed to object to us, a black fellow, who hurled voluble curses, but someone explained that he was crazy.

Outside the village is a bubbling spring, where we stopped beneath a grove of dates. To get to it we had to ford a stream, and, as our horses had been put up in the Kaid's garden, the Arabs took off their yellow slippers, tucked up their gonduras and carried us across. They wanted to sling us over their shoulders like sheep, but we showed them how to make what children call "a chair," with hands interlaced. This was an entirely new idea, and it took them some time to catch it, but, when once learned, they were delighted with it, and kept bearing each other to show the new accomplishment. Numbers of pretty children followed and encamped on the other side of the pool to watch us. The alcohol lamp and kettle were a tremendous surprise—water boiling without fuel. I think it was held to savor of magic.

One of the men could talk a little broken French, and kept up a running conversation. "You come from England? England is always cold." "No, we came from much farther; the other side of the world."

"Farther than Tlemcen? Farther than Fez?"

Then we tried to explain. He could go to the end of

the country, and then there was a great sea. This was new, but he was too polite to question it.

Well, beyond the sea there was a great country—America.

He nodded, joyfully. "Yes, he had heard of it—we had had a great fantasia—some Arabs had gone there."

This was the Chicago fair, whose name has spread, I verily believe, to the confines of the Mohammedan world, by that strange word-of-mouth process by which news travels far and fast. Then he went on to amplify. America, he said, was all flat; there were no mountains; and we were ruled by an Agha who was black.

The flatness we could account for, thinking of the journey across Western plains, but what our steward figures in their minds as our sovereign I shall never know. His ignorance, after all, was not much greater than that of the French clerk in the Biskra post-office. I had an important letter to mail, and, feeling quite out of the world, I asked him if it would not be better to register it. His reply was that it would, of course, be perfectly safe in Africa, but he could not answer for the United States; perhaps the people of New York would not be able to read the address, and it might go astray there.



This was said in perfect good faith and without the slightest intention of sarcasm, and I could only wonder whether it represented the amount of his information concerning all the outside world beyond French dominion, or whether he had visions of tribes of red Indians bearing our mails on the backs of buffaloes.

Arabian hospitality still exists in Chetma. The Kaid was ill with fever, which prevented him from receiving us, but our guide invited us and introduced us to the women of his family, explaining that, as they were pure Arabs (therefore aristocrats), they were never allowed to go abroad unveiled like the negroes or poorer women. His mother was a witch-like person, dressed in blue cotton, with henna-dyed nails and hair, but her manner was the perfection of stately courtesy. There was nothing to

show but a few rooms of sun-dried clay, a bowl of cous-cous, some straw mats, and a garden with half a dozen palms, but the good old soul was most cordial and kissed our hands gracefully at parting. Indeed, when I asked them to come to America and see my house, they thanked me with such perfect seriousness and gratitude, that I felt ashamed of my own lack of sincerity.

But Haid Sghrir became a thing of the past, and its moon waned to a thread. Soon the heat seemed to grow intense, and we began to discover in ourselves a liking for blue glasses and the shady side of the lanes. We were the last visitors, and at last we, too, had to journey northward, back through the desert gate, leaving one little Saharan town hidden in its palms behind the mountains, to dwell in memory like a fantastic dream.



## BOBBIE McDUFF.

By CLINTON ROSS.

(Continued from October Number.)

### IV.

#### A BREWER'S HEIR.

IN this wise we came to Paris, my patron saying not a word, nor giving me so much as a glance, even when the two scarlet-coated fellows went to the leaders' heads; I, a man in a dream, borne toward I knew not what—and yet feeling that my fortune could be no worse, and so we passed through the city, and came at last along the Avenue des Champs des Elysées and to the Avenue de l'Alma and the court of the hotel. I was to learn later that these were the streets.

My gentleman was drawing off his gloves, and I had descended.

"Peters!" he called, when a keen-eyed, broad-shouldered fellow, a head-groom, answered:

"Yes, sir."

"You are to give McDuff——"

"Smith, sir," corrected, with a sudden rush of false pride.

"I thought you told me——?" he said, turning curiously.

"Yes, I told you truth. It was my real name. The name, that is, by which I was formerly known."

"Oh, I understand," he said, watching me. "You prefer to bury your past. Come; I like your face even better. I'll see what you can do."

"I prefer the horses," I said.

"Well, Peters, you are to give this gentleman a view of the stable. Find out what he knows about horses."

Now Peters touched his hat to me.

"Ah, he sees the difference," said my patron. "No matter, Peters. Come with me, sir."

And I followed him into the hotel.

"I don't know how to thank you," I began.

"It's curious, isn't it?" said my young gentleman. "You are worth better things than a groom's place. Now let me make you a loan."

"You are very impulsive," I said, smiling; and it's tremendously good of you. But I can't——"

"You can't, eh? Gad! I've made no mistake, after all."

"I can't repay you."

"I sha'n't mind if it be for some time," he added. "You're rather surprised. Wait. I haven't introduced myself. I'm John Dort."

Suddenly I remembered that financial name. All the stories I ever had heard of him—of his lavish expenditure, of his big stables, of how his father, the second of the line, had married a lady of the Daltons; of his sister, the young Countess of Berringer. Dort's beer you can buy the world over; and the Dort fortune is one of the great English possessions.

Why should I refuse that good offer? A man must have help, as I have said, at some time or other; and now I looked him in the face.

"You are offering a stranger a deal of kindness."

"I'll risk it. Let me lend you, say, twenty pounds?"

I wondered what I should do when the twenty pounds were gone.

"I will accept your offer—a sixty-days' loan," I said at last.

At the moment there was a rustle in the hall, and a lady, young, tall, and fair, entered, swinging her hat. She looked at me with surprised blue eyes; and I looked at her for a brief moment.



"I beg your pardon," she said to my patron; "I thought——"

"Oh, come in, Mary. There's nobody here, only——"

He hesitated, looking me over again.

"My sister, Lady Berringer, Mr. McDuff."

I bowed my prettiest.

The young lady gave me her hand. It was long, slender, and I had an odd impulse of wanting to hold it.

"I am glad to know you," Lady Berringer said. I envied the earl, and then I remembered that Berringer had been killed on the hunting-field. She had brought to Berringer enough of the brewery money to restore his estate.

"Your brother is very good to me," I managed to say.

"Ah, he is good to everybody except himself," she said, smiling. "I am glad, Jack, that you're back. Prince Kracikof insists on my appearing at the Russian embassy to-night."

"Oh, confound him! How can you tolerate him, Mary?"

"He's very nice."

"Why can't women tell the difference?" John Dort retorted, rather impatiently.

"You dear Jack, don't you know that half the fun of life for women is in experiment?"

"Sometimes I think you can take care of yourself, Mary, and again I think you can't."

"Oh, you dear fellow!" she said, advancing and putting her hands on his shoulders. I envied him that moment. She seemed a sweet, charming woman. And I grew suddenly jealous of Prince Kracikof, whom I never had seen. And what right, indeed, had an adventurer such as I to be jealous of anyone under heaven?

"Well, well, Mollie, I'll go. You always know how to gain me——"

She made a little bow, and smiled, too, on me.

"I hope we may meet again, Mr. McDuff," and she was gone. But I couldn't be rid of the impression she had left. I contrasted her for a moment with Marietta, the gypsy. Why should I think of Marietta?

"No," said I, returning to the subject. "I prefer a place in your stable to a loan. Grant me that, Mr. Dort; you have been already so kind."

"Then I'll hand you over to Peters, as I intended," he said, touching a bell.

"If you'll give me that chance," I replied, bowing.

"And—sir——" I hesitated. "I wish you would explain to Lady Berringer that I am only a man in your stable."

"Why," he cried, "what a deal of pride the fellow has! She's my sister, man, and you're a gentleman. You do not take a servant's place in my household."

When I think of all I owe to John Dort, of his rare kindness in this extraordinary adventure, I feel that naught I ever may do can repay what I owe to him and his.

That day I began my career in the great brewer's grandson's Parisian stable. I know something of horses, I have said; and I soon found myself interested. At least, in however humble a capacity, I was now earning my livelihood. I wrote, the first day, to Jim Colchester, telling him I must have some time on my loan; and to Mrs. Carter, not letting that good woman know the condition to which I had been reduced. I wrote as if everything were well with me, as indeed it was. John Dort treated me always as an equal, and consulted me again and again on the subject of our common interest—horses. They were his, to be sure, but he made me feel they were mine as well. And I often saw Lady Berringer, herself, always gracious, and giving me her hand as if I were indeed her equal.

"My brother has told me, Mr. Mc—no, Mr. Smith—how he found you. There's a mystery about you, I believe. Well, it was risky of Jack to take you up——"

"Yes, it was," I acknowledged, while the groom brought out Lady Mary's wheel.

"Ah, it has proven all well, I think," she said. "Thank you ever so much."

There had entered a half-dozen others, a Count de Saint Dernier, Lord Duesdale, some young ladies, and behind the others, Dort, talking to a tall, handsome blonde man—a clever, charming, urbane face, holding a world of experience. With his single eye-glass he was scanning a horse a groom was showing.

Suddenly this tall, admirably-tailored person turned the glass on Lady Berringer and me. The glass fell, and he turned pale as if he had seen a ghost, while he seized Dort's shoulder, with a whispered explanation.

"Have you seen a ghost, Prince Kracikof?" Lady Mary asked.

He was still staring at me.

"I thought I had, Lady Berringer," he said. And then I shot at him a look of keen dislike. This was the Russian, then. How strong, how successful, he appeared!

"Smith," John Dort called to me, "Prince Kracikof."

"Ah, Mr. Smith," the Russian said. "Hem—glad to know you. Mr. Dort tells me you are the head of his stable."

"He has been kind enough to make me so," I said. His English was excellent. The Russians, speaking a tongue so extraordinary, in contrast with those of western Europe, mouth others with surprising facility.

But he drew me aside rather awkwardly for so clever a man.

"What is your real name?"

"I choose to be known as Smith," I said, looking him squarely in the face. Instinctively I knew that we were enemies, and should so continue; and he powerful, and I a nobody, subsisting then through an English gentleman's whim of charity. He turned brusquely.

"Oh, well," he said.

"Are you ready?" John Dort was asking.

And they were on their wheels for a spin in the Bois and through the court; and as I stood watching, I saw this Kracikof by Lady Berringer's side, and I was angry for some reason.

"Who is Prince Kracikof?" I asked of Peters, the head groom. The prince had asked who I was. I did not remember ever having seen him in New York.

"His Highness is a very great prince in Russia, sir—and in Italy, they say."

"How old do you fancy his Highness may be, Peters?" I asked. The prince was one of those men who are fair and unwrinkled at sixty.

"They say he is fifty, sir. But he doesn't look thirty-five."

"No," I said. "But Lady Berringer!"

"Ah, you've noticed that, sir."

And then I remembered what I was saying. So I went about my duties, still possessed by that unreasonable anger. Peters gave me deference enough; and indeed my place, as I have said, was pleasant by John Dort's good consideration.

You who may read this account of my adventures will know by this time that I am far from being a clever fellow. I made, when I tried in South Africa, a poor enough financial bungler, and you now know how the case was when I had money; how I trusted it to others, and how that trust was betrayed—I do not believe intentionally, I have stated; and you know how I could not turn my hand to





"I OFTEN SAW LADY BERRINGER, HERSELF, ALWAYS GRACIOUS AND GIVING ME HER HAND."



anything more skillful than a sort of head groom's position. And now this matter of Prince Kracikof's—whom I never before had seen—recognition left me perplexed. A cleverer man might have answered the question, although I doubt it. I, at least, failed completely; but I was convinced—any stupid soul could have seen so much—that it had to do with my resemblance to my father. Carter, my guardian, often had remarked that. And who was this Russian who paled when he saw me? A man of fifty, he might have known my father. Had I not been foolish not to have asked whom he thought I resembled? But the man had excited my anger—my repugnance. If it were not too late to put the question, I knew well enough that I should not, at least, to him. But that very afternoon came another surprising case of recognition from the same resemblance to my father. And why should all of these people notice the likeness? Why should they be startled by it?

I need not explain that already in the three weeks I had been in Paris I had run across several of my New York acquaintances, who recognized me and asked me how I was prospering. And, thanks to John Dort's advances, I appeared at least decently dressed. At that time I still felt the gambler, who enjoys his to-day, expecting fortune's favor to-morrow.

Some errand took me in the afternoon to the Rue de Rivoli, and I was opposite the garden of the Tuileries when a brougham, with two men in plain black livery, drew up to the curb. From the window projected the head of a man near seventy—a thin, ascetic face, diplomatic and worldly—with a certain expression inspiring confidence.

"Monsieur," he cried, plainly to me.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I saw you passing; you resemble so much—"

"Who, monsieur?" I asked, remembering Prince Kracikof.

Instead of replying, the other asked eagerly: "What is your name—may I ask?"

"Robert McDuff."

"*Bon Dieu!* And you were forbidden to come to Europe?"

"I knew it; and why?"

"I can't tell you," he said. "But I am your friend—your father's friend, Mr. McDuff. And—" He paused. "No, not now. Here is a card."

And I read, on a mourning card, "M. Felix Miranda, 10 Avenue Carnot." "Mr. McDuff, will you call there to-night—say at eight? My time is now taken up; but I must see you."

"But the resemblance?" I cried. Tell me, Monsieur Miranda."

"I will tell you all I can—all I may, in honor—to-night."

He called to the coachman, and, leaning forward, extended to me a long, slim, black-gloved hand, pressing mine.

"Au revoir, and at eight—remember."

"Thank you; I will, monsieur," I said in strange excitement which I carried back to the hotel on the Avenue de l'Alma. My patron sent for me immediately.

"McDuff," said he, "who are you?" Here was the question again.

"I don't know, Mr. Dort." And I added: "Then Prince Kracikof has asked again?"

"He asked you?"

"Yes."

"But your name is not really McDuff."

"It's the name my father gave me—the name he bore in America.

"Kracikof seemed to recognize it."

"Ah!" said I; "then he knows?"

"And what does it mean?"

"I wish I knew," I said.

But his kindness, his interest, led me to explain. I told him absolutely all I knew of myself, from first to last.

"It's strange," he said. "But I'll help you if I can."

"And who may M. Felix Miranda be?" And I told him of that meeting.

"I don't know at all," he said. "But—yes, I would go."

I knew he could and would help me. But I began to feel inclined to help myself if I could get a clew to my mystery. I was not destined to find it that evening at No. 10 Rue Carnot. At the east of the Arc de Triomphe was a closed cab. As I passed, the door opened and Peters, John Dort's head groom, called:

"Mr. Dort wishes you, sir. Will you step in here with me, and I'll drive you back."

"I just left the Avenue de l'Alma," I said, in astonishment.

"I don't believe he knew that, sir. He told me to wait here for you."

I asked him the time, not having a watch myself.

"Ten minutes of eight."

It was then ten minutes to my appointment with M. Felix Miranda. Yet, possibly, John Dort had discovered something. I stepped into the cab by Peters' side, when there came a stunning blow, and I knew, in a dark interval, no more of my perplexing matter.

## V.

### ANOUSHKA AND MARIETTA.

I lay on a rude cot in a dungeon-like room, I knew not where. I, indeed, was scarcely conscious; and then the reality of an aching head recalled me to myself. Had Dort connived at this? And why? I had told him my strange story. He had told me the questions Prince Kracikof had put about me, and now this seeming friend's servant had helped in my abduction. I remembered I had asked Peters about this Prince Kracikof; and now I thought the fellow's face knavish. I had told Dort of my appointment with M. Miranda, whoever he might be. I had been abducted to prevent my meeting this M. Miranda. If Dort were not in the affair himself he at least had told Kracikof of M. Miranda, while this Peters was his servant. And then I remembered the honest, boyish face. I could not believe it of him. At least I would not return his many kindnesses by so much as a distrustful thought. And then, he was Lady Berringer's brother. I could not believe that of her brother. The countess's charming face made that impossible. And yet, distrust—the whole color of the adventure again suggested; why had Dort taken me up so readily at Fontainebleau? Did he know? And if he knew, what did he know of that strange resemblance which pursued me like an evil fate? Yet again I refused this hypothesis. It was not M. Miranda, because they had wished to prevent my meeting him. And who was it save Kracikof, the Russian? I decided it was he—that he was pursuing me for some reason which had led my father to provide for a career in America—to forbid European visits.

I had followed this course of reasoning for some time before I finally was curious enough to examine my dungeon. For it certainly was like an old-time dungeon—a little vaulted chamber; a grayish light was admitted through a small, oblong, and barred aperture near the ceiling. I judged that the room was about fifteen feet high, and this put it out of the question for me to look out. At one side was a heavy iron door. The only furniture were the cot, a table, and a wooden stool. And all was strangely still until I heard the scamper of a rat. My head ached fearfully, and



I saw that the blow had been given at the base of the brain, after the way of the sand-baggers. But where I was, I could not conjecture. I was like a prisoner thrown into the Bastile, and it did not seem possible that this was the last decade of the nineteenth century. And then I thought of robbery. But my purse was there, and—I clapped my hand to the chain that I had worn about my neck. The jewel-studded miniature was gone. I no longer could look on that dear face. They had taken it from me, my most valued—actually and sentimentally—possession. I think I began to curse; to cry out on my fate. That miniature of the charming dark-faced lady was the single link leading to my past. Every other bit of evidence had been swept away. Stay, there was the other, of my face and figure. Would they kill me? And then anger began to get the better. They had my body, but not my soul. And then "they" became resolved into Kracikof; my instinct led me to believe he was behind all this.

How long I remained with these reflections—going over them again and again—I cannot guess. The vaulted room was darker at least; and I had been waylaid at eight the previous evening. I must have been there twenty hours, or more. And then came steps, far away, nearer—the clamp of nailed boots. There were several—no, two. Bolts clanged, and the door was thrown open. A huge man stood there, with a mass of shock red hair; and behind him another, shorter, dark, pistol in hand. They evidently feared me. What had they to fear?

"Well?"

The answer came from the shaggy man with the eyes of a mastiff's ferocity and devotion to a master. I did not understand him.

"Slav," I muttered to myself, placing this as another link in the chain of evidence against Kracikof.

The fellow showed grinning teeth, calling, "Anouchka! Anouchka!"

Down the dark passage came a lighter footfall, and there appeared a red-faced, buxom, and rather pretty bare-armed girl, bearing a tray, which she set down, looking at me and then dropping her eyes before the tall fellow's fierce attention. She said something in the tongue I did not know.

"You know French," I said to them. "Why am I here?"

The girl addressed the man as "Iakof;" I made out that much. But Iakof shrugged his shoulders and closed the door. I jumped up from my position on the cot. The bolts were being drawn. The steps retreated and all was still, and I was alone with my dinner, for which I found some appetite. And then the place grew dim, and a great blackness settled over me and my spirit. But the morning came, and twice a day the same routine: the shaggy Iakof at the door with the dark man behind; Anouchka's appearance with the tray and the pint of red wine; my appeals, now despairful, and again authoritative. But they seemed to understand no French.

In repeating this story I feel that few will believe it possible that such an experience as this of mine could be in Paris, or near it. I could not be sure that my prison was in the city; for I might have been carried a considerable distance. Yet I now know it possible enough for a powerful man to hire others to do him such a service; and these people, Anouchka, Iakof, and the dark fellow were as devoted as in the old servile days. For I was more and more convinced that these were Russians, and that Prince Kracikof's hand was indeed in it.

And so days passed—I forgot how many—and my spirit wore itself out; and I longed for the open with the fierce desire of one who feels that without it he may lose both mind and body.

Yet there was some change in that uneventful round. If I had no event save that visit twice a day, there soon came a difference in Anouchka's expression. I one afternoon caught her eyes on me with a great pity; as I looked up she dropped her gaze and appeared to Iakof inattentive enough. What was she to Iakof? And I saw suddenly that she feared him. Could I not induce her in some way to carry a note for me? I might invoke the American consul, or simply address the police; or possibly, M. Miranda. But was not M. Miranda in the plot? Well, I could write to Dort. And then distrust of him returned. But it was all absurd. I had no pen, no pencil; and Anouchka would not dare, under Iakof's eye. And, after all, did I not fancy the pity?

And despair held me, and dreary days passed.

But one night I awoke to hear a rustle in the passage. A pencil of moonshine reached through the little grated aperture. Had I really heard aright? And then the rusty bolts grated. I was up, my heart beating. Hope returned, and I slipped on my clothes, while a head was projected and a voice said:

"Hist, m'sieur!"

"Anouchka?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

"And you understand French?"

"I pity you, m'sieur. But hurry."

I was in the dark passage.

"And Iakof?"

I felt her shudder, for I had caught her hand.

"He may kill me."

"And you do this for me, Anouchka?"

"I could not see you die in there."

"Yet Iakof is your husband?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

"And your master?" Iakof's master?"

"Our father the prince."

"Ah, I know that. But why did he bring me here? Where are we?"

"In the country—far from Paris."

We were standing there in the passage, and I was holding the girl's hands, and then I leaned forward and kissed her. You might have done the same, when a woman had braved for you all she did for me that night.

"They will wake. We must not wait," she said in a smothered voice.

The passage led to some steps, which we climbed slowly. At the top was another door opening into a large room, which we crossed to an outer hall. And we were by a great door, which swung open creakingly, admitting a flood of moonlight. Before me lay a broad stretch of country-side. How sweet the air; and how strength came back into my heart!

"Down that path," said Anouchka. "Directly you will reach the park gate."

"And Anouchka?"

"I remain——"

"But they?"

"I cannot leave Iakof, even should I fear him."

Something sounded in the hall like a stealthy step.

"Run, m'sieur!" Anouchka cried.

And I turned and ran, stopping to look back at the old château, which the moonshine had restored; and two men were outlined in the doorway, and I heard loud, excited voices and imprecations in Cossack. And then came a shrill cry—yes, Anouchka's. I stopped. Again the girl's cry rang out with shrill entreaty, which I could not endure, and I turned back. I felt equal that moment to Iakof and all the others. But it was Iakof I met squarely in the path. He paused, the moonlight on his face, de-



claring his surprise. And then ne sprang on me. But rage gave me strength.

"This for the blow you gave Anouchka—and this."

He was strong, and I weakened by that long confinement; and yet I had the better of him, when two others joined him. I had him on his back by this time, holding him and choking him, and turning an eye to the two, and feeling that I was fighting not alone for myself, but for Anouchka. But, with the two others, it had gone ill with me had there not come unexpected aid. Out of the bushes sprang a man and tripped one of those approaching and caught the other. The man who had been tripped, instead of attending to his comrade, picked himself up and came toward Iakof and me. I looked up at him and was aware of the cruel eyes of the fellow who had been Iakof's assistant in the round of visits to my dungeon. I did not dare to lessen my grasp of Iakof, and as it was, the newcomer brought me a blow on the temple.

Again I came to consciousness, in a jolting wagon, with a voice I seemed to remember.

"A little patch of land, love,  
I'll plow for you,  
And red flowers with lavish hand  
Here sow for you."

The clear, exquisite soprano rang on my ears, and my eyes opened on Marietta, the gypsy of Fontainebleau.

"You're in the stroller's wagon, m'sieur," she said, looking down at me out of those black eyes so like those of the lost miniature.

"You're like her, Marietta."

"Yes; like her," said the girl.

"My mother."

"Yes, I know; I'm like your mother."

"And how did I come here?"

"Petruchio brought you."

"And Petruchio, then, was my champion?"

"Yes; Petruchio. He managed all three and brought you here to us. But you must not talk, m'sieur."

"But Anouchka?"

"What do I know of your Anouchkas?"

Petruchio himself looked through the corner of the curtain.

"Eh, m'sieur, are you well?"

"That's you, Petruchio; I'm obliged."

"Hump! I know how to wrestle."

"So I perceive, since you have left three on the field. And why did you do this for me?"

"The red scar makes you one of us, m'sieur."

"My mother had it."

"And those before your mother, m'sieur."

"And who was my mother, Petruchio?"

"Your mother, m'sieur."

And he would say no more; but Marietta kept on with her song, looking down on me with the enigmatical black eyes. Suddenly the wagon stopped and a woman's wrinkled face projected at the back. Marietta lifted my head very gently on to a pile of rugs, when I tried to raise myself.

"M'sieur, you are badly hurt. You must let me care for you."

Suddenly she leaned over, and I felt her hand cool on my forehead.

(To be continued.)

## GOLF: AN ADOPTED SPORT.

BY MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

THE recent golf tournament, played in Manchester, Mass., for the Ladies' Championship of the United States, which brought together hundreds of athletic men and women from all parts of America, evoked a sufficient amount of enthusiasm to settle conclusively any question as to the popularity of this newly adopted sport.

Although the years are but few since a New York belle declined to take part in a game on the famous St. Andrew's course in Scotland, because "she was not muscular enough to swing a caddie," the fall of 1897 recognizes the ancient and royal game of golf as the most popular outdoor sport in America. For five hundred years golf has been the Scotch national game. It has molded Scotch character, invaded Parliament, been the pastime of kings and queens, and a thorn in the flesh of the clergy. It is now less than five years since the sport was first transplanted to American soil, and already our golf links are the largest and our scores the smallest—for a

golfer's pride is in inverse ratio to his score; our clubs are of home manufacture; we have learned to treat caddies with proper deference and respect, and to pronounce golf with a total disregard of the presence of the letter "l." There are many obstacles to be overcome in order to win success as a golfer, but the greatest of these is to acquire the habit of saying "gawf" in a guttural tone with a Scotch accent; this once achieved, the various strokes, positions, etc., of the game may be regarded as the merest details.

It is to the credit of the American girl golfer that she has acquired the "details" along with the essentials of the game, and that in connection with the proper accent she has learned to play with a swift, brilliant stroke, is as deadly a putter as the average man enthusiast, and is rapid and accurate in all her work.

One and all of the above fine points are exemplified in the playing of Miss Beatrix Hoyt, who at the recent games



MISS HOYT AT THE FINISH OF A PRETTY DRIVE.





MISS HOYT, DRIVING.

at Manchester won the championship in ninety-seven strokes over an eighteen-hole course. This breaks the record among women golfers in America, and entirely disproves the criticism of the old Scotch caddie, who "couldna bear to see wimmin-folk on the links; for, mon, they play the game for plesure."

The first tournament for the woman's golf championship of the United States was played on the Meadowbrook links in October, 1895, and won by Mrs. Charles S. Brown, one of the first American women to learn that a caddie is the boy who carries the clubs and not one of the implements of the sport; an error of judgment which is possible, however, even in England on the very borders of golf-land. It is only a few months ago that an English paper announced that Mr. Balfour—a famous golfer—"had received from his constituents, in token of their appreciation of his services to them, a full set of silver-plated caddies."

In 1896 the second national woman's tournament was played over the Morristown course, Miss Hoyt winning the championship, as well as a thousand-dollar vase presented as a perpetual trophy to the United States by Mr. Robert Cox, Scotch Member of Parliament, whose wife has been three times woman champion of Great Britain.

It was at the 1896 tournament that Mrs. Arthur Turnure, also of Shinnecock, won her golfing spurs. She played against twenty-five of the best women golfers in America, and her score fell but little below that of Miss Hoyt.

Miss Hoyt, who is now woman champion of the United States for the second time, is just seventeen, and has been a member of the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club since it was started in 1891. The finest work done by this remarkably clever little player is in her brilliant driving; each stroke is swift, accurate and reliable, and delivered with terrific force. Miss Hoyt's playing is characterized not so much by ease and grace of manner as a determination "to hit the ball, hit it hard, and hit it every time;" which is a

truly American characteristic, and a very desirable one in a game which is "always fechtin'—fighting—ag'in a mon."

Miss Sargent, who is champion of the Essex County Club, the battle-ground of the recent tournament, did the most serious "fechtin'" which Miss Hoyt had to encounter in her battle to retain the Cox trophy. Her second most formidable antagonist was Miss Margaret Curtis, a school-girl of thirteen, and one of the most brilliant players in Manchester-by-the-Sea.

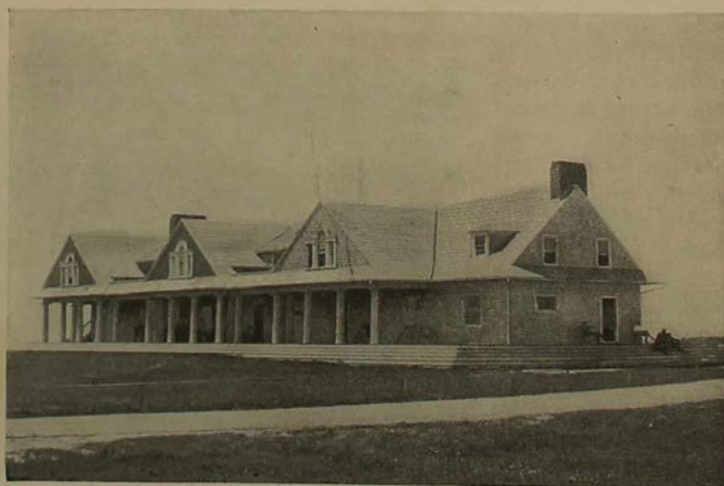
In order to win the woman's international golf championship, Miss Hoyt would now have to test her skill against Miss Edith Orr, who won the ladies' golf championship of Great Britain, at Gullane, Scotland, in May, 1897. Miss Orr won her title from a field of one hundred and two, the list including fifty-five English, thirty-seven Scottish, and ten Irish ladies. She learned her game as a child upon the celebrated links of North Berwick, and has played constantly for years at Machrihanish, Nairn, and Dornoch. Her driving swing is rather short, but her iron play and putting is deadly, and she plays all her strokes with the unconscious ease and certainty which can only be acquired in the plastic period of youth. An older sister was the silver medalist at this same meeting, and it is said that there are no less than six other young ladies

in the Orr family who are all devoted to the game, and who play it well. There is also a brother who is a noted golfer. Truly this is a noble muster even for the native heath of the "Royal and the Ancient," and Scotland may, perhaps, be justified in resting quietly upon her Orrs for unnumbered future honors in the world of feminine golf.

In spite of the recent rapid success of golf in America the first reception of the game in the land of its adoption was not a particularly cordial one. The great American public found two immediate reasons for disliking it; it was English, and it was easy or looked so. The sporting world insisted that it was non-athletic; the New England farmer said, "he'd be stumped if he could see how a big man could amuse himself playing with such a little marble"; the college-boy declared that it was just shinny, and a slow kind, too; and one and all



MRS. ARTHUR TURNURE.



SHINNECOCK HILLS GOLF CLUB-HOUSE.



refused to regard it with a meek heart and due reverence.

But the golf links were started in spite of adverse criticism, and the men who went to scoff remained to play. Today the United States Golf Association has on its roster seventeen associate and seventy-two allied clubs. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested in land and permanent improvements; there are two periodicals devoted exclusively to the game, and there is a thriving intercollegiate golf association, composed of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania. In spite of the usually enormous expense in laying out a golf course in America, there is to-day scarcely a watering-place of note in the country that does not boast a golf club and at least a nine-hole course, for the benefit of as enthusiastic a corps of members as could be found on the links at "Auld Reekie," Scotland. So popular has the game become that public links have been laid out in the parks about New York and Boston, and permits are eagerly sought after for every hour's time from daylight to sunset.

It is said that there are no finer links in the world than those over Shin-neck Hills—"A golfing Eden" it has been called, with its furzy hills in sight of the ocean, its sand-bunkers and hazards and fine stretches of rolling land. The Tuxedo links are a more sporty course, full of dangerous gullies and temptations to unguarded utterances. The Essex County and Myopia clubs have the finest courses in the vicinity of Boston. The difficulties to be encountered on the former links are said to have been the means of introducing a certain directness of speech which has been heretofore lacking in the Boston vocabulary.

The Morristown Club, one of the oldest and best organized in the country, was founded in 1893 by women, and is still exclusively under the control and management of women. It has at present a membership of five hundred. Men are admitted as associate members and are permitted to play over the course, but not during the championship games.



MISS BEATRIX HOYT WINS THE TOSS

There are many fine links in and about the Chicago suburbs. The course at Wheaton, laid out over rolling prairie land, is said to be the largest in the world. During the past two years a spirit of strong rivalry has existed between the expert players of the Onwentsia and

Chicago golf clubs. To settle the question of their relative skill a series of three match games have been played this season, which were rendered especially interesting by the fact that the national champion for 1896, H. J. Whigham, was opposed to the 1895 champion, C. B.

Macdonald. The final struggle took place at Wheaton, the Chicagos winning a brilliant victory, Whigham falling before the astonishingly clever play of Macdonald.

The National Golf Championship games were played this year on the links of the Chicago Golf Club, September 14-18. At the time this magazine went to press the honors were not yet decided.

The St. Andrew's Club at Yonkers, which has recently had a new course laid out at Mount Hope, is the oldest golfing club in America. The new links, consisting of eighteen holes over a two-mile course, promise high-class golf of a most exciting character.



MRS. ARTHUR TURNURE ABOUT TO DRIVE.



Photograph by Parker.

THE MORRISTOWN CLUB-HOUSE.





*By Courtesy of the Chicago "Elite."*

C. B. MACDONALD, EX-AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION.



MR. H. J. WHIGHAM MAKING A DRIVE.

game in America is the cost of first laying out the course. The sandy coast which girdles England and Scotland is by nature an ideal theatre for golf, requiring but little expenditure of time and money; but that perfect combination of grass-land and dunes does not exist in this country, and to simulate it requires a sum of money that is not within the reach of the average village athletic or social club.

In comparing the American with the English score it is well to remember that few American men and women have learned the game in youth, which the Scotch regard as almost an essential to perfect dexterity and skill, and that there are scarcely a dozen men, and not a half-dozen women in this country, who have played the game for five seasons running.

As to a distinctive American style in golfing, it does not exist. That the game in America has absorbed some of our national characteristics is but natural. The American drive is more direct, and the approach is more emphatic, if less judicious; indeed, throughout the game there is a general air of briskness and almost frivolous light-heart-

The Saratoga Golf Club was organized in 1896. The links, covering over seventy-five acres, possess many natural advantages. The first annual tournament was held this past summer, August 24-27, open to all associate and other members of the United States Golf Association. The three handsome prizes, two of which were offered by Saratoga hotel men, were won as follows: The Grand Union Hotel Handicap cup, value two hundred dollars, by Dr. H. Van Rensselaer, of Albany; United States Hotel cup, value two hundred dollars, by J. Ried, Jr., New Haven; consolation cup, value one hundred dollars—offered by the club—by H. M. Levingston, Jr., Saratoga.

The great obstacle to the general introduction of the



ON THE SARATOGA LINKS. HOLE NO. 5.





ONWENTZIA CLUB-HOUSE, LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS, WHERE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES WERE PLAYED.

edness that are certainly not characteristic of golf on the Scotch dunes. In Scotland the "St. Andrew's swing" is the golfing style par excellence; in America a golfer's style is his individual method of doing what he undertakes with the greatest comfo: to himself and with the greatest effectiveness in the undertaking. Any sort of imitation is considered bad style.

But then America has the advantage, or disadvantage, of being free from golfing traditions. The game in this country is a mere matter of cultivating an all-seeing eye, a dexterous hand, and a suitable vocabulary, and is in no way hampered with precedents established by King James back in 1553, or by the golfing eccentricities of Mary, Queen of Scots.

To the genuine Scotch golf-lover the game is not a sport, but a study. It is woven into the history and literature of his country; the rules and regulations of the game are to him as cast-iron as his putter; levity on the course shocks him as it would in the kirk-yard. Indeed, his golf is a sort of religion to him. ♦

"Heaven! Ah, it's heaven, mon, but it's na' gawf," is the real sentiment, if rarely expressed, of the true Scotch golfer.

Holland is said to have been the birthplace of this most fascinating sport; though the loyal Scot will not admit the tale, and points with pride to the decree in Parliament which, over four hundred years ago, proclaimed that "fut ball and golf be utterly cyst down and nocht usit." The reason for this stern mandate being that archery, at that time a part of the necessary training of a soldier, was being neglected because of the attractions of the game of golf; an attraction which still holds undisputed sway over every grade of Scotch society. And the Scotch caddie is no mere

burden-bearer, an animated club-rack as in America; he is the golfer's friend, philosopher and guide, the trusted counselor, whose word is law and whose satire is a spur to better and higher golfing deeds.

In Scotland the game is not confined to the wealthier classes; it is a part of the physical training of nearly every child, and rare indeed is the sight of a village green without a putting hole. Besides being the joy of Scottish child-life, it is the recreation of the staid college professor, is deemed consistent with the dignity of a member of Parliament, and is the one deviation from the straight and narrow path trodden by the old-fashioned Scotch clergy. That there are hazards in the game, apart from the sporting ones on the links, for the clerical soul to encounter, in the tendency of the natural man towards unspiritual language in those tantalizing moments when a hole is halved, or a ball driven into a bunker, seems in no wise to lessen the fascinations of the game to the Presbyterian mind. The humor of this is well brought out in the story of an old Scotch clergyman who had had rather a hard day on the links with a ball so absolutely perverse as to call forth, in an unguarded moment, a torrent of tumultuous expressions on the evil ways of inanimate objects.

Following which outburst the old divine was heard to sigh deeply and remark, "Ah! weel, I mun gie it up." "What!" exclaimed his friend, "give up golf?" "Na, na, mon; not golf, the meenisterie."

The science of the game, rather than the mere athletic joy of it, is what most appeals to the Scotch people. When old Tom Morris, the caretaker of the St. Andrew's links, and one of the finest golfers in Scotland, was once asked what the principle of the St. Andrew's game was,



FOLLOWING THE PLAYERS ACROSS THE RAILROAD TRACK.



he replied tersely, "Never to make a bad shot." And he might have added, or a lucky one—that is, a shot of pure luck. "My, but yon was a lucky play; ye didna' desairve it," is his method of characterizing all mere strokes of good fortune.

"It is not the game that bothers me so much as learning the *language*," is an expression of opinion by an American girl in Scotland, which has found an international echo in the hearts of bewildered golfing novices. For the benefit of all despairing amateurs, as well as for those who are as yet utterly guiltless of golfing lore, a brief "golf quiz" is here inserted:

A "caddie" is the man, boy or girl, who carries a bag of golf clubs over the course, who directs the play of the amateur and criticises the play of the expert, a sort of a combination of an express-wagon, professor and con-



"THE HILL" ON THE SARATOGA LINKS.



H. J. WHIGHAM TAKING HIS BALL FROM THE HOLE.

science in one, usually, unattractive whole. "Clubs" are the implements of golfing warfare, which are never called "sticks," and which to the uninitiated look all alike and are the source of much confusion and embarrassment.

The "driving-ground" is where the game starts.

The "tee" is a little pinch of dirt or sand about two inches high upon which the ball is placed. From this advantageous height the player drives the ball with a



WATCHING THE BALL ON THE DRIVE FOR THE HOME HOLE.



wooden club as far as he can toward a small hole, in as few strokes as possible.

The "holes" are small, tin-lined depressions in the smooth green, of which there are either nine or eighteen, placed over the course at distances varying from three to five hundred yards.

The "ball" is of gutta-percha and about the size of a walnut.

The "driver" is a club with a thick wooden foot strengthened with horn; this is used to strike the ball from the tee.

The "brassy" is a wooden club much like the "driver," except that it is soled with brass.

The "cleek" is a club which has an iron face, put on at an angle to the wooden handle, and is the club most used by women.

The "lofter" is much like the cleek—exactly like it in the eyes of the amateur—and is intended to lift balls over ditches, streams, and bunkers, and is attached to the handle with a sharper angle than the cleek.

A "niblick" is a cup-shaped club of iron to extract balls from bunkers.

The "putter" is a club used for sending a ball into a hole after it has been lofted upon the green. It is of iron, heavy and straight.

A "hazard" is a break in the ground artificially constructed to increase the difficulties of the game.

A "bunker" is a "natural hazard."

"Watch the ball" is the most important injunction for the golfing novice, especially for women, who in the early stages of the game display an unfortunate tendency to close their eyes just as they prepare for a drive.

As a rule, women are not muscular enough to drive well, but excel in putting, so that they can often make up for a bad drive by careful, accurate work on the green.

And the pleasure of the game—the reward for the exertion, the disappointments, the scratches, the tears, the loss of temper, and the snubs of the cad-die!

The reward is manifold. It is found in the training of mind and body to work in perfect unity, in the delightful companionship of family and friends, and in the splendid physical condition that is a sure result of continued pursuit of the



MISS EDITH ORR, THE ENGLISH CHAMPION.

gutta percha ball over miles of hills and meadows. Golf is a panacea for the most exaggerated case of "nerves."

It teaches self-control and patience; it chastens the spirit while it invigorates the body; it is unquestionably a stumbling-block in the pathway of the haughty, but to the meek it often brings unexpected success.

Its attractions and rewards are equally great to the gouty old gentleman, the athletic youth, and

the fragile maiden; a true golf standard of excellence is mental and physical rather than financial, and its tendency is toward a broad democracy of spirit; for on the links the best golfer is the best man.



NO. 1—GRAND UNION HOTEL HANDICAP CUP. NO. 2—UNITED STATES HOTEL CUP. NO. 3—CONSOLATION CUP.





# JEAN ARMSTRONG'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

IT was very singular, but, without any reason for it, I was so sleepy I could not go on with my work. It was not ten o'clock in the morning—for I looked at my watch, and it wanted exactly ten minutes of ten—and I had a dozen things to do, but my brain was whirling, my eyes were dazed and smarting under their heavy lids. There was nothing for it but a nap.

I asked Lily to waken me at a quarter after ten, and lay down on the couch. My head sank into the cool, soft pillow, and my eyes closed in delightful relaxation of mind and body, but—where was the sleepiness? Pell-mell, there rushed upon me a crowd of fancies, memories, cares, and plans. Scenes long vanished, books read in childhood, people I had never cared for, plans I could never carry out, debts I had never been able to pay, and bills I had never been able to collect, one after another and all together swept through my mind like a whirlwind.

"I shall not get a wink of sleep before Lily calls me," I was thinking, when a car-bell rang sharply somewhere in the distance.

Instantly, with wonderful distinctness of outline and vividness of coloring, I saw before me a deep, green hollow, like a dry ditch lined with short, thick grass. On the left bank, a high paling, broken in two or three places, but newly painted. On the right bank, a railway track and a long train, suddenly arrested, the engine steaming and smoking, quivering and panting, in impotent rage at the delay. Between the fence and the train, the hollow crowded with people, swarming up and down the steep, grassy banks, pushing, grasping, falling over one another in a tumult of excitement. Behind the train, at a distance, a fringe of woodland.

It was one peculiarity of the scene that, with one exception, every person in it wore dark clothes and kept his face turned or hidden from me. It was another peculiarity that while a breathless stillness made itself felt, everything was in active, lifelike motion.

The one exception of the crowd was a tall man close to me, wearing a scarlet shirt, loose at the throat and blown out balloon-wise, as though he struggled up the bank in the teeth of a stiff breeze. Reaching the track before the engine, he turned upon me a white, defiant face, looked me full in the eyes, and rushed away round the engine, behind the train. And, although I could not see even his shadow or hear a sound, I felt him to be running with incredible swiftness and lightness toward the fringe of woodland.

"It is twenty minutes past ten," said Lily, from the head of the couch.

I rose at once and sat down at my overladen desk. The last finished page was scarcely dry, and the next awaited me with an unfinished thought broken off in the middle of the first line. I read over the sentence, dipped my pen in the ink, and sat idle. In vain I tried to force my thoughts into the channel already dug for them. Neither upon that nor upon any other subject save one could I reason or reflect, and in spite of myself I would go over and over that absurd and uncalled-for lightning flash of fancy. It was not memory. I had never seen anything like the scene in which I seemed to have just taken part. I began to sketch it with my pen upon the blank page, at first idly and half mechanically, and then with growing interest and precision. The fence, the hollow, the train—again and again I tried them. Now the one, now the

other, now reproducing more and more carefully the gaps in the fence, now deepening the shadows in the curve of the train—for I realized as I recalled it that there was a curve. Once or twice I faintly outlined the figure of the man, and then, with a few bold strokes, there he stood, upright and defiant, yet a coward to the very heart. My success startled me.

Lily suddenly sprung up with an exclamation. It was our brother William, coming in pale and agitated. He was still almost a boy.

"Where do you come from? What has happened?" we demanded in a breath.

"From New York," he answered. "There has been an accident. Let me sit down."

He certainly looked as though he needed to sit down. We busied ourselves in making him comfortable.

"Are you hurt?" asked Lily.

"No, indeed," he answered, rousing himself. "It was not exactly an accident. It was not the train at all. It was—a murder."

The involuntary tremor of his voice told us more than the words. In the pause which followed, we looked at each other and waited.

"It was about twenty miles out," he said, presently, "near Glen Arden. The train was just coming round the curve. The engineer saw a little boy on the track waving his hands frantically and wringing them. The train slowed up and stopped just before it touched him. He was crying and screaming something about his mother, and pointing to a house near the track. Some of the quickest of them—everybody was out of the train as soon as it stopped—started off on a dead run. But they were too late; she was dead when they got there."

The poor fellow's cheek paled at the mere thought of what they saw.

"Were you one of them?" I asked.

"Not one of the first. But I ran as soon as I saw the others running. It was a pretty little house. There was a piano in the parlor, and the table was set with silver, and all like that. She—she was lying at the foot of the stairs, all in a heap. All crushed—beaten! She had the most beautiful arms—thrown up as though to keep off the blows. The blood was everywhere. They said it was still warm when they touched her."

"Oh, William, don't tell us any more!"

"There is no more to tell."

"But, who was she? Who did it?"

"Who did it! That's what no one knows. The poor little fellow says it was 'Jim, who used to live there.' But 'used to' with a child may mean one month or twenty. They could get nothing more out of him while I was there. The train could not be delayed, and I came on. There was nothing for me to do. And Leslie thought I had better. He was there. What a fellow he is! He went right in and took the lead, and helped everybody understand it. He staid."

I am engaged to Leslie—David Leslie, M. D.—and I agree with William. He is *such* "a fellow" that even to hear of him changed the face of everything and "braced me up" to the horrors of William's disclosures.

"Hallo! What's this!" cried William, leaning across my desk for his mail in the rack. "Why, this is the very spot! Where did this come from?"

"It's nothing," I answered, bewildered and startled—I



had forgotten all about it until that minute. "It is only some of my scrawls."

"But, I tell you it is the very place!"

"Nonsense, Will!" said Lily, getting out her lorgnette and coming to look over his shoulder. "She has been scratching and scrawling, half asleep, all morning. Your nerves—why, good gracious me! Jean, what does it mean?"

"I—I don't know!" I cried, half frightened and half angry. There was something uncanny about it, and I am Scotch.

"The very spot," repeated William, who could not recover from his surprise. "There—I crawled through that place in the fence. The house is about here," he continued, dreamily pressing his finger on a spot a little to the left and above the line of my sketch.

"I did not see the house," I said, involuntarily.

"See it!" echoed Lily. "What are you talking about?"

"I don't know, I tell you! Don't ask me until David comes. I won't talk of it. Lily, it is time William had some lunch."

Lily put down the paper and left the room. So did I. In my own chamber I sat down and thought, or tried to think, but, indeed, I was too disturbed. This thing opened up possibilities, taken in connection with other things, for which I had no liking. Much as I loved David Leslie, entirely as I trusted him, I had no intention of yielding myself to his stronger will. And I would not assist him to "experiment" with or without my consent. What else did it mean—this strange, double existence, of which I had been conscious, dimly and vaguely, two or three times before? In a less marked degree, I had been conscious of it—of seeing places where I had never been, yet which I recognized in my mind's eye when David described them as he had seen them. Was it—what was it?

It was late in the day before I was called down-stairs. Lily, William, and David Leslie were standing at my desk, intently studying the sketches and scrawls of the morning. They turned to meet me, David coming a step or two in advance, and offering his hand with a welcoming smile.

"He knew it the moment he saw it, Jean," said William. "You see, it is more than my fancy. It is wonderful."

"I want to understand it," said Lily. "That is, if I can. Did you dream it, Jean?"

"I was not asleep," I answered. Then, looking him in the face, I said to David: "But, *I saw it*—I did, indeed!"

He put his arm around me, and I found I was trembling. I burst out crying.

"David, I will not stand it! I cannot bear it! You will make me—make me—*hate*—you."

There were three separate, distinct, and unmistakable exclamations of amazement, followed by emphatic silence.

"My dear girl!" said David Leslie, in his strong, quiet, manly way, "you surely do not think of me as connected with this most singular occurrence? So help me, Heaven!"—there was no doubting his solemn truthfulness—"I am as ignorant of its meaning as yourself. What did you think I knew of it?"

"I thought—I was afraid it was hypnotism—or something like that," I answered from the shelter of his shoulder, ashamed of my fears.

"You must tell me exactly what it all means," he said, very gravely. "I will tell you if there are any grounds for such an idea."

"I say, Jean, who's this?" interrupted William, who had taken up another sheet of paper from the desk. "Does this belong to the other?"

"It is the man who ran away," I answered.

"The who?"

"The man who ran away. The tall man in the red shirt."

David turned toward me.

"Where did he run?" he asked, in a singular, intense manner.

"He ran between the crowd and me down this bank and up that," tracing the line with my finger. "He stood just here and looked at me. Then he ran behind the engine and away across the fields to the woods here. He ran like the wind." I had spoken as directly, simply, and carefully as possible.

"My dear," said David, very quietly, "you have seen the murderer. It may be you have given a clue to his capture."

"Oh, David!" I cried. "Oh, how could I? It cannot mean anything."

"It's a pretty clear account of things, I think," said William.

"I do not know what to think," said David, getting up from the desk and standing, as was his custom when very much in earnest. "If you had been on the spot you could not have made a more exact sketch, you could not have given an idea of what occurred more graphically. As for the man—the suspected man was tall, we judged from the child's description, and wore a red shirt, loose at the neck. He must have been in the house when the train stopped. The question has been, where did he go? Up the road? Down the road? From the house to the woods in the direction away from that you have indicated? Not a trace of him has been found in any of the three courses. I—I—cannot but think he did what you seem to have seen him do—come boldly amongst us and make off before our faces while we were altogether occupied with his victim. Jean, tell me again, and as exactly as possible, the whole story."

I told him, Lily and William listening. When I finished he sat down before the desk. He had stood while I was talking.

"Will," he said, "I think we had better let Benton hear this. Will you take him a note? He'll come anywhere to meet me, when he might object to going with me to see another person."

William was off in five minutes. We sat talking of the matter until his return. Nothing could be explained, and David was as much in the dark as I was.

Mr. Benton, the detective, came back with William. David told it all over to him, and he took up the sketches with a benevolent, yet mildly skeptical smile.

"Of course, doctor, these things do happen sometimes, but as a general thing they don't amount to much. Now, this—"

He never finished that sentence. After some minutes he laid down the paper with a long breath.

"She's hit the nail on the head this time," he said, emphatically. "I know that man. It's Jim Reeder. By this time he's in New York. But we'll have him here before long; and we may thank you for it, madam."

He was very respectful and pleasant, but to this day he thinks of me as "a lady clairvoyant." I know it, for he has tried to interest David in two or three "cases," with the view of getting "something out" of me that would throw light on them.

I cannot tell how many times we went over the story of the poor thing with whose sad fate I was so singularly connected. During the next few days the papers were full of it, and told so many and such contradictory stories that they served to disguise the truth as impenetrably



as any one could wish. David had to go out there again in the interest of the Commonwealth. He said it was a pretty little nest—simple enough, but comfortable and home-like, where the poor creature had tried to make a shelter for her wronged and innocent child. Heaven grant there may have been in her poor heart some longing effort to find herself a “home not made with hands” in that land to which she passed so suddenly and horribly on that dreadful day! There has never been any certainty as to the truth of her story.

It was about two weeks later that David and the detective called on me together.

“Well, madam,” said Mr. Benton, as soon as I had greeted him, “we’ve got him at last. It was Jim Reeder, sure enough.”

A sudden faintness struck me, and I sat down and looked at David. I felt afraid of what had been done through me. Some awful power seemed to enslave me.

“He never left New York,” went on Mr. Benton, briskly; “but it wasn’t very easy to find him there. We brought him over last night.”

His voice dropped on the last sentence as though he was not so sure of himself. David spoke then.

“Jean, we would like you to see him. Mr. Benton, moreover, has a desire that he should see you. Will you come with us?”

I did not say so, but I, too, wished to see him. I wished to convince myself that it was the man I had seen in that strange experience. I went with them at once.

I do not know exactly what they call the place into which I was taken. There was quite a number of people there, some officials, and some visitors like myself. I always shudder at the thought of those prison walls, that grating door, those hopeless corridors. That day I thought only of the man whom I feared—yes, feared! I had helped to bring within those walls, a strong and vigorous, eager and hot-hearted, yet, to all intents and purposes, a dead man.

David drew me a little aside and spoke to me in a low voice.

“Presently,” he said, “several men will pass through here to that door in the corner. One of them will be Jim Reeder. If you recognize him make no sign.”

The door opened. I glanced up with a beating heart and throbbing pulse. The third man was Jim Reeder.

He was well and handsomely dressed, but there was no mistaking him. Tall, slight, fair, and young—young as myself, and not the typical villain in any outward manner: But, if there was ever any doubt in the minds of his captors, it vanished forever when we stood face to face.

He came in with a light, easy step and an indifferent expression. The next moment he saw me, he met my eyes, and stood like a statue where they caught his.

“Who are you?” he said, in a monotonous, deadened voice, not like a questioner with an interest in the reply. “I never harmed you. I—oh, for God’s sake, men, keep her off—keep her off!”

He put up his hands in a curious, trembling way, ironed as they were. The next instant he dropped where he stood, foaming in convulsions.

“That’s all right!” said Mr. Benton, hurrying up to us. “This way, madam. In here, doctor. I was looking for something. This is about it. He’s satisfied. And he’s about scared to death, too.”

David had occupied himself in finding a chair for me, and Mr. Benton hurried away and came back in a minute with water and a flask and a fan.

“She’s a little bit shaken, doctor. They generally are here, no matter what brings them. A little of this, now. And some air. You see, we have to do a fraction of doctoring ourselves. Don’t mean to take your practice out of your hands.”

He laughed. David smiled in a preoccupied way, and I roused myself to put an end to the light, joking way. It was horrible to me. I think now it was an evidence of Mr. Benton’s good sense. He had probably learned that nothing will so quickly and thoroughly bring a woman to her senses as any trifling with what is to her of solemn import.

Then David questioned him. Mr. Benton had not told him why he wished his prisoner to see me. He now explained.

“Well, he carried himself pretty high all along. He took the arrest very easy, asked no questions, didn’t seem at all scared nor worried by it, and, in fact, did put on a very fair face. And his *alibis* were all square enough at first. But I hadn’t a doubt of my man—I feel pretty sure now—any time in the whole business. I was sure of him up to the notch after he let out something about a dream he’d had, and how queer things turned out sometimes. He didn’t tell *me*, but I had a first-rate fellow on the lookout with him, and they got confidential the first night. It seems he had a dream about some woman, which he knew meant trouble of some kind. And he mentioned, madam, that the lady in the dream wore a white dress, with a little blue shawl round her neck and crossed over her waist. The day I saw you—the day you told me about what you had seen—you wore a white dress and a little blue shawl over your shoulders and crossed like *this*. It wasn’t a usual dress with the ladies I had seen, and I noticed it. So did he. There’s no doubt about it, there has been some kind of outside work going on which we don’t understand. There’s been, as you might say, a double dream, and you’ve divided it. And it’s very near ended all Jim Reeder’s dreams. He’ll find the rest of it pretty stern reality.”

David and I came home in silence. It has always been a subject we approach with reluctance and seriousness. It has never been explained. Like many another of the same kind, it never will be explained here. David Leslie is a good, good man. I have perfect faith in him, and I know he means what he says when he denies the attempt to influence me through “will power,” or any other power save that of love. I dare not tell him so, but, all the same, I believe that I never would have had this experience if he had not been on that train and in the very heart of that distressing affair. I was there in spirit because he was there. But the thing never occurred again—I suppose because all my will power was on the alert to prevent any such subversion of it.

Jim Reeder died in prison before his trial. I am truly thankful for it. David did all he could for him, and he hopes he repented of his past. But he never confessed, and never admitted any knowledge of the woman, nor of the child who, brought to see him, was never sure that it was “Jim, who used to live there.” The detective has no doubt to this day. So it rests.





# PHIL MAY, ARTIST AND HUMORIST.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

With Illustrations from "Gutter-Snipes."—By Courtesy of Macmillan & Co.



PHIL MAY, DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

latter's work may at first appear in the conservative pages where we have been accustomed to enjoy the inimitable polished satire of his predecessor, it must be admitted that May, and not Du Maurier, is the true seion of the race of humorous draughtsmen made illustrious by Cruikshank and Leech. Du Maurier was an

It would be difficult to conceive of a more striking contrast in pictorial individualities than that afforded by the late George Du Maurier, the author of "Trilby," and his successor on *Punch*, the exuberant and vivid Phil May. Yet, however incongruous the

years ago Mr. May made a tour of the world, via New York and Chicago. While here he met his great American contemporary, the late Bernhard Gillam, and a warm personal friendship sprang up between the two artists.

The style of Phil May is so peculiarly individual that his work needs no signature to identify it. His pictures look like what they are, in many cases—first drafts, done straight away in pen-and-ink from the model or the real-life subject that has attracted the artist's fancy. The gain in freshness and animation by this method of working is obvious, but it requires exceptional mechanical facility as well as technical knowledge. These qualities Mr. May has assiduously cultivated, and developed to a degree that only a practiced observer of his work can fully appreciate. In addition to his accuracy of touch and line, he gets into his pictures an amount of "color," a wealth of tints and suggestion of values, that distinguishes him among his black-and-white contemporaries.

It is, of course, the humorous side of life that Phil May accentuates; but his humor is founded on sincerity, clean and wholesome in its taste of selection, often sympathetic and tender in sentiment.

The characteristic sketches presented herewith are reproduced, by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan, from Phil May's latest book. From the dedication, to a fellow-artist, is taken the annexed auto-portrait of Mr. May himself. The volume consists of fifty original pen-and-ink drawings of "gutter-snipes," the gutter-snipe being the London slum-child, whom May depicts with unflagging zest and humor. "Water-works" is in his most rollicking mood; while "'Orrible and Re-voltin' Details!" is a thrust at the sensational newspaper of the day, not peculiar to London.

May's intimacy with the London street types that he so felicitously pictures is living and



PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

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THE FIRST SMOKE.

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exotic; May is British to the very marrow of his bones. The talent of Du Maurier was in a large sense literary; that of May is primarily graphic. If a literary simile may be permitted, one was a Thackeray, the other is a Dickens.

Phil May is still a young man, but his drawings have a world-wide vogue. For a dozen years past, at least, they have been conspicuous in the English illustrated periodicals, notably *St. Stephen's Review*; and the reputation thus acquired has gradually crystallized into fame. Three





WATER-WORKS.

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"ORRIBLE AND RE-VOLTIN' DETAILS, SIR!"

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LOST

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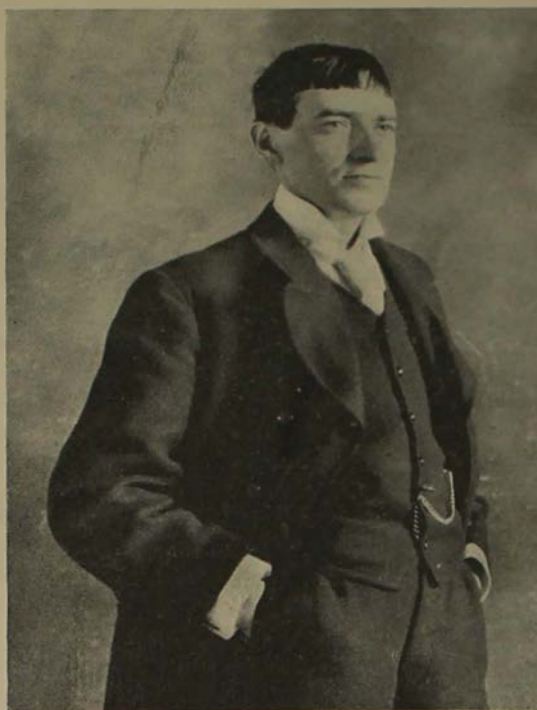
FROM "GUTTER-SNIPES," BY PHIL MAY.—BY COURTESY OF MACMILLAN & CO.



personal. He fraternizes with them, a character among characters. When J. L. Ford, our American serio-comic writer, was in London last summer, he circulated about the city under the congenial guidance of the artist. On one occasion as they hailed a cab they were surrounded by a small mob of those street nomads who never miss the slightest pretext for levying contribution upon the passing crowd. They capered about the two gentlemen, making great ado as if to help them safely into the vehicle, while in reality doing nothing but obstructing the way, and furnishing a living tableau of pertinacious importunity. Phil May tossed one of them a sixpence

"Why throw away your money, May?" protested Ford, "That's the way you spoil the town."

"Not at all, my dear fellow,"



PHIL MAY.

replied the *insouciant* May, as the cab rattled off. "He was honestly entitled to that tip—he touched one of the wheels, you know."

There is an anecdote afloat in English "humorous" circles to the effect that a Royal Academician, in conversation with Whistler, the painter, asked in speculative mood, "What may be the future of British art?" And the irrepressible one answered, "Phil May"

Knowing the prolific genius of Phil May, we may reasonably assume that the ever-welcome supply of these supplementary book-portfolios of his will not cease as a result of his new and distinguished engagement. For, as Du Maurier, who ought to know from long experience, once remarked, "Man cannot live by *Punch* alone."

## THE STORY OF A CORRESPONDENCE.

By PRISCILLA LEONARD.

"COLORADO SPRINGS, April 1st, 189—

"MY DEAR MR. MILLER:—I promised you once—it was quite a while ago, to be sure, but then it was a promise—that, some day, I would write a letter to you. To-day seems a good time to do it. I am in very blue spirits, and decidedly irritated against life in general. The thermometer is ten below zero, and the avenue is filled with racing clouds of dust. Here, in Colorado Springs, when the wind blows, everybody quarrels with life, and I am no exception. And as you used to be a very bracing person to quarrel with, the idea of writing to you seems a happy one, even after four years.

"I take for granted that you are still in Philadelphia. Philadelphia is so unlike Colorado Springs! People live in Philadelphia—they spend whole existences there, and are buried there when they die. Here, in Colorado Springs, people visit; they don't live. In four years everybody changes; one's whole visiting list fades away like a dream, and changes, like a kaleidoscope, into an entirely new set of acquaintances and intimates. I have had thirteen intimate friends, at least, since I last saw you. Thirteen dear friends in four years, and all lost to me now forever!—is not that a striking reminder of the transitoriness of life? One is in Mexico, one in Rome, one in a convent at Paris, two in New York, one in India, one in Louisiana, one on the Nile, two in Chicago, and three have died. Everybody who does not die here goes away, before long, to the ends of the earth, as you see. In comparison, Philadelphia must be a place of solid and enduring social relations. I am in the mood to-day to envy the rooted security of a Philadelphian!

"Do you remember how you used to laugh at my father's investments in mining-stocks out here, four years ago? Well, they have turned out a stroke of financial genius, after all, and made our fortune. It is rather exciting being rich—and rather dull, too. And now, having kept my promise most generously, to the extent of six pages, it is time to stop. I hear you echo the sentiment—but I am, notwithstanding, cordially yours,  
ISABEL BROWN."

The young man smiled as he laid down the letter on his desk, amid the business papers that crowded it. "She was a bright girl," he said to himself, "but I never thought she would write that sort of a letter. Too impersonal, somehow. She writes a very pretty hand, though." Perhaps it was the four years' perspective into which the attractive acquaintance of a summer at Macki-

nac had receded, that gave this effect to his mind. At any rate, he remembered her as she was that last afternoon, when they stood in the old fort, looking over the houses of the picturesque, gay-colored little town, to the blue lake water beyond. They had not been impersonal at all that day, but very much the opposite,—and he had realized since, more than at the time, how very near he had been to being in love with her, and how much one week more of intimacy might have meant to them both. How he had hoped that she would write—though she had only smiled at his request, and promised that some day she *might*. He had not forgotten, and he had really never liked any other woman so well. And now she had written. Why? Was it just one of those inconsistent little impulses of hers that he had found so charming four years ago—or did it mean more? The only answer to that question, manifestly, was to answer the letter at once. And though the business correspondence was attended to promptly that day, yet a summer afternoon, and a speaking pair of dark eyes, were more in the writer's thoughts than was at all necessary.

It was surprising, after his answer was sent, and the correspondence began thus tentatively, how soon it grew and thrived, and increased. Miss Isabel Brown's postman, hastening along the wide and dusty avenues of Colorado Springs, brought at shorter and shorter intervals, longer and longer letters from Philadelphia; while Mr. George W. Miller's desk in the large city offices of that wealthy firm of which he was junior partner was never long without a specimen of Miss Brown's handwriting. It was a revelation, at both ends of the line, how much one could put on paper for a sympathetic reader, and how intimate a knowledge one gains of a special correspondent, from week to week. Mr. Miller soon learned that he had never really known a girl before—that is, never understood



one—and that Miss Brown's opinions, Miss Brown's tastes, Miss Brown's individuality, exactly and continually satisfied and delighted him; while Miss Brown felt that she never could have believed that George Miller could develop such attractive traits and such a thoroughly congenial set of ideas and aspirations. They were a revelation to each other—first a monthly, then a weekly, then almost a daily, revelation. It matters not how often such a discovery is made, in each new case it is equally astonishing and suggestive, and leads inevitably to the further discovery that letter-writing has its limits, and needs the supplement of personal intercourse to perfect its delights. Will any one be astonished to learn that, six months after Miss Brown's first letter arrived in Philadelphia, Mr. George W. Miller himself arrived at Colorado Springs, one September morning, with three of Isabel's last letters in his inside vest-pocket, and a pre-occupation so great that he paid no attention to Pike's Peak at all? Isabel, on her side, was not in the least surprised when he was announced at No. — Cascade Avenue, for his last letter—well, she was quite ready to welcome him, and prepared to descend the stairs without any symptoms of astonishment, except that her heart was beating with most inconvenient quickness, and her cheeks were as red as the heart of a June rose.

This being the state of the young people's feelings it is somewhat strange to be obliged to chronicle that when Miss Brown entered the drawing room, and Mr. Miller rose eagerly at her approach, they should have stood looking at each other as if turned to stone. For fully two minutes not a word was interchanged; then the lady, with a gasp, sank down in the nearest chair and covered her face with her hands, while the young man, bending over her, murmured awkwardly:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Brown—is it Miss Brown?"

"Yes, it is!" returned the girl, sitting up defiantly, her blue eyes ablaze and her slender figure full of angry grace. "What right have you, sir, to ask me such a question, when you are masquerading under somebody else's name yourself?"

"I was baptized George Wharton Miller," returned the young man, with equal bitterness, "and my parents are therefore responsible for the 'masquerading.'"

"Wharton?" cried Miss Brown. "I never heard of you before! I never wrote to George Wharton Miller—the right name is George *Washington* Miller!"

Mr. Miller sat gravely down in the nearest chair—she was certainly distractingly pretty—and regarded her with a return to his Philadelphian calmness of manner.

"Your letter was addressed to George *W.* Miller," he said, slowly, "and the postman made a natural mistake, since our firm is the most important of the name. Probably there are ten George Washington Millers in Philadelphia. But that doesn't explain how Miss Isabel Brown, of Colorado Springs—"

"Oh—why, of course—I never thought," cried the young

woman, embarrassment succeeding anger—"that is, of course, I thought your answer was to me; but my cousin, Isabella Brown, used to live in Colorado Springs until two years ago, when she—she married, you know, and went to live in Chicago. I never thought, of course—oh, isn't it dreadful! And where is George Washington Miller—he ought to be in Philadelphia, somewhere!"

"I dare say he is, at this moment," replied George Wharton Miller, with increasing mastery of the situation. "And I don't see anything to do but to leave him there, and leave Miss Isabella Brown, that was, in Chicago, and think no more about them. Our correspondence has been with each other, after all, you see, and not with them."

"Oh!" said Isabel. "But—but I've known George Miller, really, for years—it was easy to write to him."

"I don't believe," said the other George Miller, judicially, "that you know him half as well as you know me."

Miss Brown blushed. She did not look angry at all, and was, decidedly, prettier than ever—much prettier than Isabella had ever been. Had he really known Isabella at all? No, certainly not; Isabella had never corresponded with him.

"I am sure," he went on, rather stumbingly this time, "that I know you better than I do any other woman in the world. Haven't I told you—well, just everything, in my letters? And you really cared, you know—you said so. It's the personality, the—the soul, that goes into a letter. We know each other, and I—why, I can't let you go, just because I'm not acquainted with you! Don't you see—don't you feel—"

"Yes," said Isabel, faintly. "But—but—you're such a perfect stranger, you know!"

And then, suddenly, a mirthful twinkle sparkled in her blue eyes, a distracting dimple hovered in her cheek, and she began to laugh—an irresistible, contagious, musical laugh, which swept the young man along in its merry current till he finally joined in heartily. They laughed until the tears came to their eyes; they could not stop; the inexhaustible perfection of the joke opened before them in new waves of merriment. It was a laugh of deep and sympathetic comradeship; and when they ceased, exhausted with mirth, and looked into each other's eyes, it was as if they had known each other for years.

"But wasn't it queer," said Isabel, an hour or so later "that Isabella should have met you at Mackinac, and I should have been there later that season, with your namesake in the party? Do you know, I always wondered why you referred with so much *empressement* to Mackinac, because—I actually snubbed him, most unkindly, that summer. My letter was really a kind of tardy apology to him—and he never got it."

"Do you wish he had?" said George.

"When I am better acquainted with you, perhaps I can tell," said Isabel, with a demure smile.

And George knew, then and there, that the letter had come to the right address—for him.

## THE POLAR QUEST.

UNCONQUERABLY, men venture on the quest  
And seek an ocean amplitude unsailed,  
Cold, virgin, awful. Scorning ease and rest,  
And heedless of the heroes who have failed,  
They face the ice-floes with a dauntless zest.

The polar quest! Life's offer to the strong!  
To pass beyond the pale, to do and dare,  
Leaving a name that stirs us like a song,  
And making captive some strange Otherwhere,  
Though grim the conquest, and the labor long.

Forever courage kindles, faith moves forth  
To find the mystic floodway of the North.

RICHARD BURTON.



## T. B. ALDRICH, POET AND WIT.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH has two separate and distinct reputations, besides that of having been born lucky. He is known to the public as a poet and *littérateur*; and then there is his personal and mainly private reputation, among a wide circle of acquaintances, as a wit. Mr. W. D. Howells, his friend and predecessor in the editorial chair of the *Atlantic Monthly*, said of him lately: "He is a wonderfully fascinating talker, and is not only a poet of high merit, but a man with the keenest appreciation for humor. His conversation is always brilliant, and I have sometimes felt that he was the wit-tiest man I ever knew."

Mr. Aldrich has been accused of the characterization of Boston as "an abandoned literary farm;" but this must be a mistake, as he still resides there, and visits New York only to be photographed, and to drop in upon his friends gathered at the Players Club. The placid surface of social intercourse there is always rippled with a wake of good sayings after his departure. But, then, the motto of the Players is Edwin Booth's felicitous paraphrase of Shakespeare's epitaph:

"Good friend, for friendship's sake forbear  
To publish what is gossip'd here."

There is no great indiscretion, however, in recalling that when Aldrich was entertained by the Tile Club, and called upon for a speech, he began by saying, diffidently: "Why am I selected for this paralyzing honor? I have little or nothing in common with you horny-handed sons of *tile*."

Speaking of another club, membership in which meant little more than paying dues and participating, at long intervals, in a kind of combined business meeting and cold supper, he inquired, plaintively, "Why pay thirty dollars for a salad?"

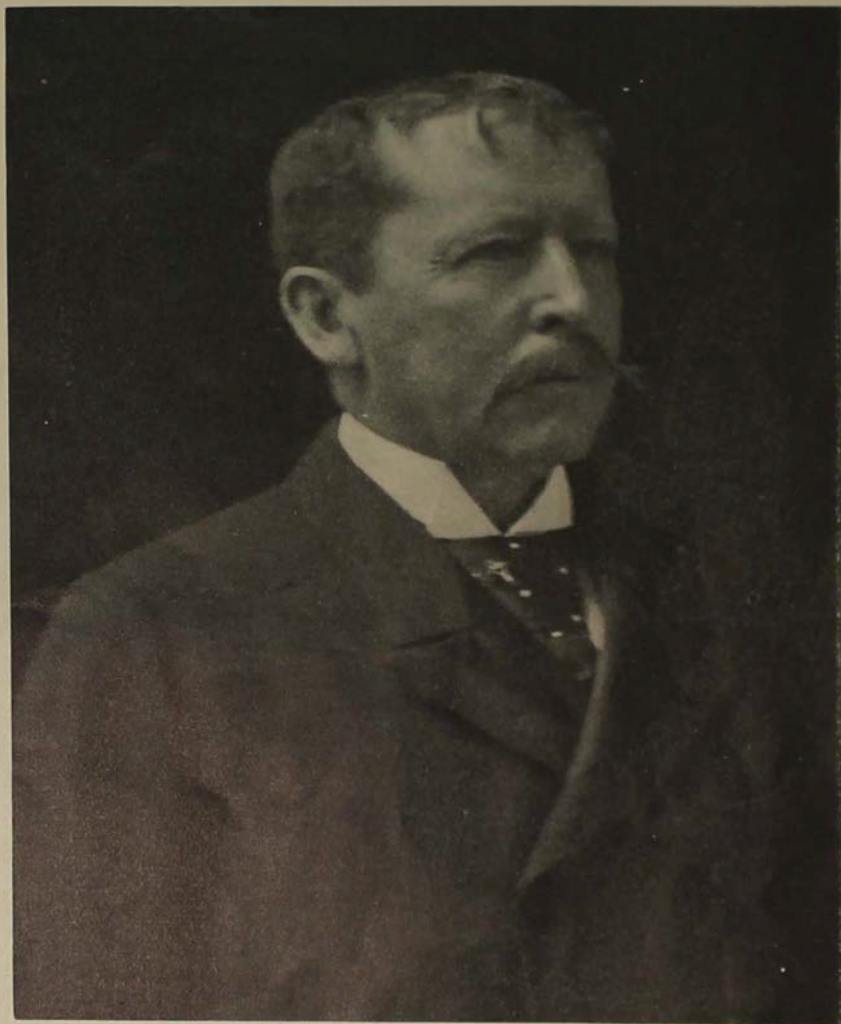
Aldrich and Howells were both editorially associated with *Every Saturday*, a Boston eclectic magazine published by Mr. Osgood in the early 'seventies. After its demise, when the editors and the publisher chanced to meet, Aldrich affected to see restraint and embarrassment in the latter's manner, and said: "It seems so unnatural for him not to be paying us a salary!" About this time the *North American Review*, apparently affected in material bulk by the fluctuations of literary fortune, shrank from its once portly size to an alarming thinness of less than half an inch. "Why," exclaimed Aldrich, "it looks as if Destiny had sat upon it!"

Witticisms are generally at somebody's expense, and many of them, from the point of view of human kindness, were better left unsaid. This reflection happily does not apply to the characteristic scintillations of Mr. Aldrich; yet one saying of his has a self-accusing tone, as well as a gentle philosophy: "People often complain that they think of things afterward, which they wish they had said at the psychological moment. That is not the case with me. I always say the things, and then afterward wish I hadn't."

Perhaps the severest test of a man's wit or humor is in his susceptibility to a joke when it is "on" himself.

An odd experience came to Mr. Aldrich through his editorship of a certain New England literary magazine. A young woman of Boston, who to day has a high reputation

in literature, sent poem after poem to him, which were regularly declined with thanks. At last, roused to resentment by what seemed to her the persistent unfairness of the editor, the rejected one planned a novel but rash revenge. She constructed a poem in close imitation of Aldrich's manner and sentiment, signed his name to it, and sent it to a Boston newspaper, in which it promptly appeared. Aldrich saw the verses, so signed, and was dumbfounded; for they seemed even to him to be his own, and yet he had not the faintest recollection of having written them. When he found out the truth of the matter he determined to leave that young woman severely alone—she still continued sending verses to him—and began returning her



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

manuscripts marked "Unread." But she was resolved to get into the magazine, nevertheless. Accordingly, she induced an influential friend—who, the legend saith, was no less a personage than the late Dr. T. W. Parsons—to convey to Mr. Aldrich her apology and another poem. The editor was prevailed upon to accept both, and subsequently "made friends" with the invincible sister of the Muse. The joke, in this case, was on Mr. Aldrich, and he took it rather gracefully.

The portrait which accompanies these rambling notes is an authorized photograph by Cox, of New York, and was taken six years ago. That would make Mr. Aldrich fifty-five years old at the time, but he does not look it. His juvenile appearance, in fact, is a matter of common remark among his friends, and he explains it as being "a habit acquired in early youth."

HENRY TYRRELL.



# JULIA MARLOWE-TABER.

BY HARYOT HOLT CAHOON.

It is the forceful, sympathetic individuality of the womanly woman that first impresses you as you greet Julia Marlowe-Taber.

It is the earnestness of purpose, the buoyancy of youth, the joy in living to do the things one loves to do, that is conveyed to you directly as she grasps your hand. Instinctively you feel that here is a woman who would have succeeded in anything she had undertaken.



JULIA MARLOWE.

beautiful? No—not beautiful, but a very honest face, illumined by a spirit that seems to tell you it loves to dwell within its chosen temple. It is the face of an optimist that believes all things are possible. The eyes are gray;—or, are they hazel? Well, they are expressive, kind eyes, that grow larger and darker as you look into them, and they denote the alert mind that grasps with their glance.

There is a bright, naïve expression in Mrs. Marlowe-Taber's face that suggests rollicking comedy; but there is also a thoughtful earnestness that seems to say, "I lend myself with sympathy and understanding to the tragedy of human existence." This is all outside of the plane on which she stands as an artist. She has no mannerisms that thrust her dramatic relations upon you. When we met I felt her to be the capable, successful woman; when we parted, an hour later, there was an extra spring in my step, for I felt that I had found a friend.

Julia Marlowe's growth to her present position as an exponent of Shakespearean characters, and to the prominence she has attained in other plays, has been a very gradual and normal one. She differs from the usual American actress, who returns home from a foreign tour with the stamp of London approval upon her, challenging the Anglo-maniacal critic to smile upon her. Although Mrs. Marlowe-Taber was not born in this country, she is certainly an American through adoption and in spirit. "I have never played outside of my own country," she said.

She is just as tall as artist Gibson's girl. The face



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JULIA MARLOWE AS "JULIET" IN THE FIRST ACT OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."

"I was born in the lake district of England, in Cumberlandshire, eight miles from Keswick, in the village of Caldbeck. I came to America with my parents, at the age of five years. We proceeded at once to the State of Kansas, but after two years spent there we moved to Ohio, and located finally at Cincinnati. I attended the public schools there until my twelfth year, when I joined a juvenile opera company, which gave 'Pinafore,' 'Chimes of Normandy,' and other operas of like character.

"I was christened Sarah Frances Frost, but was called, when a member of the above-mentioned organization, Frances Brough (the latter being a family name). After my appearances with the children's opera I was permitted to play a child's part in 'Rip Van Winkle,' and the season following small parts in a company which gave classic drama in the West. After these experiences I retired from the stage for the purpose of study, which I pursued in New York for three years continuously, making my metropolitan debut under the name of Julia Marlowe in the character of *Parthenia* in 'Ingomar.'"

Three years ago Julia Marlowe was married to Robert

Taber, who was at that time the leading man in her company. That her marriage has been a most happy one, and that she is the loving, sensible wife, as well as the successful artist, no one can doubt. Since her marriage Mrs. Taber and her husband have played together, supporting each other in the leading rôles of a number of plays, and have apparently been as successful in their business partnership as in their domestic life.

We talked about the advisability of linking the stage with domestic life. "No general rules can be marked down," she said. "Everyone must act for himself. To some artists, marriage proves detrimental to study and progress; while to others it must always be an inspira-

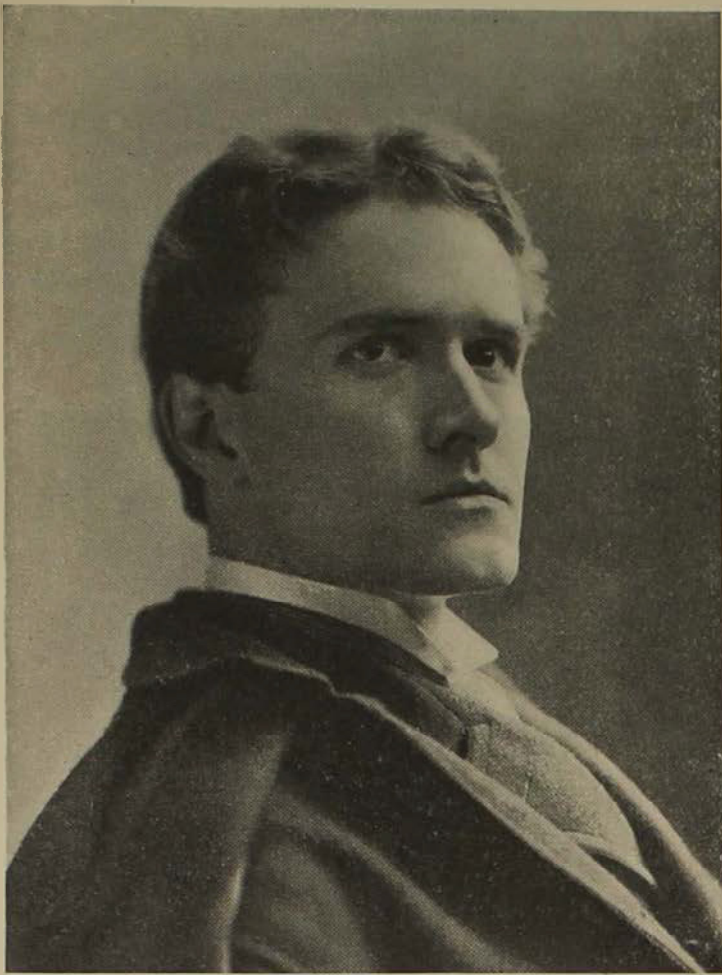


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JULIA MARLOWE AS "PARTHENIA" IN "INGOMAR."

tion. Our home is at Stowe, a few miles from Burlington, Vermont. Mr. Taber's family resides there all of the time, and we go when we can. This year we traveled nine months, and then spent our three months' vacation in Europe. We have great reunions at Stowe now and





ROBERT TABER.



JULIA MARLOWE AS "BEATRICE" IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

then, for they all look forward to our coming. The place is a dear old farmhouse, and when we have any time for domestic life we turn our footsteps thither. Mr. Taber is now in London, where he is arranging for a new play in which he will star this season. This was the line he

marked out for himself at the time we were married, and marriage has in no wise dwarfed his ambitions.

"Which character do I love the best?" I think I love *Imogen* the best of all. 'Cymbeline,' as a play, appeals to me very strongly, although it could never be so popular



Copyright, 1896, by B. J. Falk.  
JULIA MARLOWE AS "LYDIA LANGUISH" IN SHERIDAN'S COMEDY OF "THE RIVALS."



Photographed by Morrison.  
JULIA MARLOWE AS "PRINCE HAL" IN SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY IV."





The New York Photographic Company,  
ROBERT TABER AS "ROMEO."

as 'Romeo and Juliet,' that greatest of love stories."

Mrs. Taber speaks very modestly of her own attainments.

"Laurels are not easily won," she said; "I think the public has very little idea of the toil, the drudgery we encounter. I believe there is no goal so far distant as not to be reached by the traveler who advances steadily, with patience. When I was a little girl I had grand notions of being a great tragedienne some day, but my friends were most discouraging.

"'What! A tragedienne with a pug nose?' they would say. 'Impossible!'

"My nose was a great trial. I recognized it as the one insurmountable obstacle to my career. One day I called upon our family physician and confided my misgivings to him, and even consulted him about some possible surgical operation that would transform my turn-up nose to a more desir-

able shape, and thus remove the block to my future career. He was vastly amused, but he gave me no encouragement to believe that my hopeless little nose would ever be prolonged to the beautiful, long, straight nose of the tragedienne. For years I tried to remedy the defect myself. I pressed that juvenile nose down and held it there, but it never stayed put, and just refused to be anything but a most uncompromising *retroussé*.

"But I have lived to learn that even a pug-nose cannot block a career," she added, while a smile chased around her face, lighting and framing it in a marvelous way.

"I have the firmest belief in the appreciation of the public and



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JULIA MARLOWE AS "JULIET" IN THE FOURTH ACT OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."





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ROBERT TABER AS "CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE" IN  
"THE RIVALS."



Photographed by Byron.

JULIA MARLOWE IN HER LATEST PLAY, "FOR BONNY PRINCE  
CHARLIE."

its ability to decry and applaud merit," she said. "I have found my critics severe sometimes, but kind withal, and when I succeed in living up to the spirit of the character I am interpreting, I find them quick to grasp my meaning. It isn't the lines; anyone can learn the lines. It is the power to throw the subtle suggestion to the audience so that the audience may understand even without the lines—that is what the artist seeks to accomplish."

Mrs. Marlowe-Taber is still in her early twenties. The great Duse speaks of her as the hope of the American stage. That she will fulfill the promise, there is every reason to believe. Indeed all things seem possible to one so wholesome in mind, body, and purpose, so full of truth and magnetism, so versatile in talent, so patient and untiring in study, with a temperament that is responsive, sympathetic and optimistic, and who possesses above all the modesty and humility of genius.

## THE MAN WHO CLEANS THE STREETS.

(See Full-page Picture of Col. Geo. E. Waring.)

THE career of Col. George E. Waring as street commissioner in New York City under the present administration has been so remarkable that it has gained for him much more than a local reputation. Until he took office, some two years ago, the streets of no American city had ever been kept even decently clean. Some of the smaller cities were cleaner, to be sure, than New York, while others of the great cities were in much worse condition. It had even come to be believed that it was not possible to keep an American city clean in the same way that Paris and London

and Vienna are kept. The writer has heard Americans say that this matter of street-cleaning was a European trick that Americans were incapable of learning.

But Colonel Waring has shown that all of us were wrong. He has cleaned the streets; he has defied the political conspirators who have attempted first to control and then to circumvent him, and his success is an achievement which should make every American feel proud and all to feel hopeful. What this man has done other men can do. There is no satisfactory reason to-day why all American cities should not be entirely clean.



# OUR GIRLS

## ECONOMICAL HOMING-PIGEONS.

By J. CARTER BEARD.

THE expedition of Herr Andrée who went by balloon in search of the North Pole, has awakened an interest in homing-pigeons, inasmuch as he took with him a number of pigeons, and only through them will he be able to communicate with us until he has made a safe return. Some pigeons have already been captured in the northern part of Sweden, which are believed to have come from Andrée and to have brought the report that he had passed 82 degrees. Whether this is true or not it is interesting to know that he has with him on his strange voyage such a means of sending back some word of his fate.

The great and entirely unnecessary expense attending the keeping, training, and breeding of homing-pigeons has without doubt deterred many a bright boy and girl from this most interesting and delightful occupation—an occupation that unites pastime, use, and profit to an extent that, so far as my knowledge extends, is shared by no other.

Much popular misconception exists on the subject. A very prevalent idea is that a letter, generally one of ample size, is attached to the bird's neck by a ribbon and the pigeon is sent out to any given destination, and afterward sent back carrying a return message. The fact is, a homing-pigeon will only prove available as a messenger when taken to a distance and sent back to its home. It is its attachment to the locality where it was raised that

makes it possible to employ its power of flight for any useful purpose. Another delusion, much favored by books and dealers, is that it is not only better, but absolutely indispensable, that some particular breed or expensive variety of pigeon be selected to train as "homers."

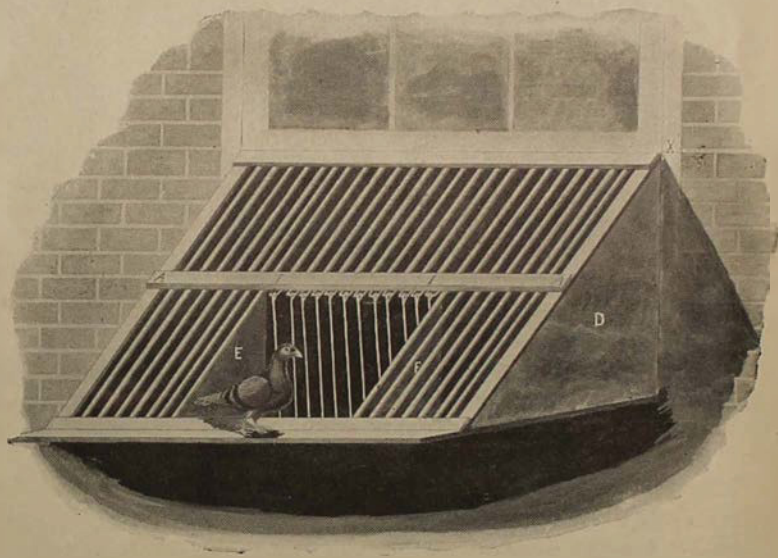


FIG. 2.

This is not at all necessary. If you already have a pigeon-loft and keep the common sort of birds, you may begin your training at once.

The higher the pigeon-loft the better. It should, if possible, not be placed in the immediate vicinity of trees. The elevated position gives the birds opportunity to become familiar with the surrounding country. The loft should open into a cage called an area. Instead of the complicated and expensive affairs usually described and recommended, this may be very simply made.

Construct a frame some four feet square, of slats, as you would an ordinary chicken coop (No. 1, Fig. 1). A transverse horizontal support of perhaps 4 inches in width and one-half inch in thickness, AA, is fastened midway between the top and the bottom of the frame. Upon this the slats are secured, leaving an open space a foot and a half square in the middle

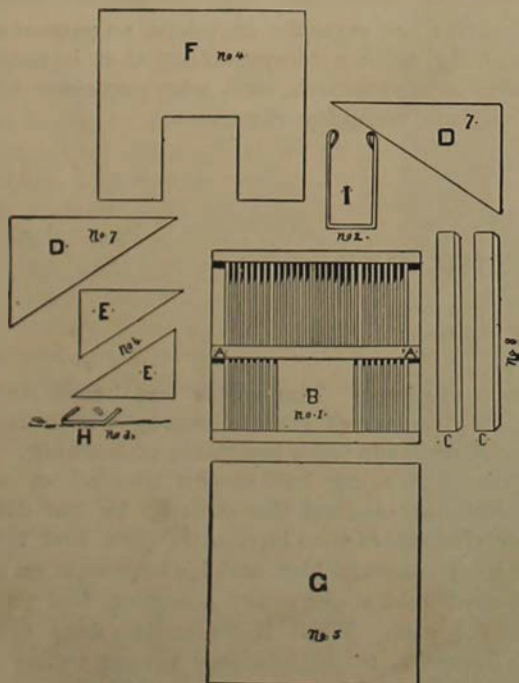


FIG. 1.

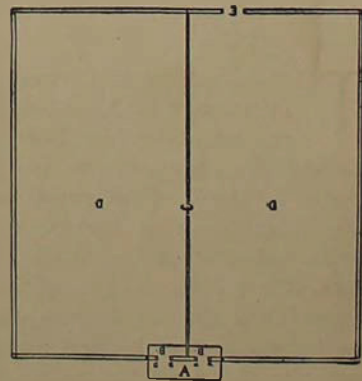


FIG. 3.



beneath the transverse support, as at B. Make the inner triangles E E, seen at No. 6, height  $17\frac{1}{2}$  inches, width  $17\frac{1}{2}$  inches; then the larger triangles, D D, No. 7, 35 inches high and 35 inches long. The back of the area is shown at F, No. 4; the opening is of the same size as that at B, No. 1. The platform G, No. 5, is that upon which the coop or area is placed, and forms its bottom. The dimensions are four by five feet, allowing half a foot to project in front and at the back. C C are support braces to be placed under the area. Bend stout wires at right angles, as shown at I, No. 2, and hang them on little staples or hooks or double-pointed tacks, H, No. 3, fastened in the transverse support, A A, No. 1, and as is also seen at I I, Fig. 2. Similar entering wires, as they are called, are attached to the opening in the back, E, No. 4. When not required, these wires can be fastened back out of the way. The wires are made a little too long to swing both inward and outward. They rest upon the

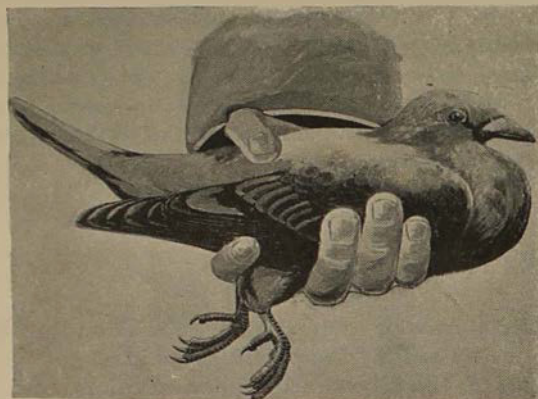


FIG. 4.

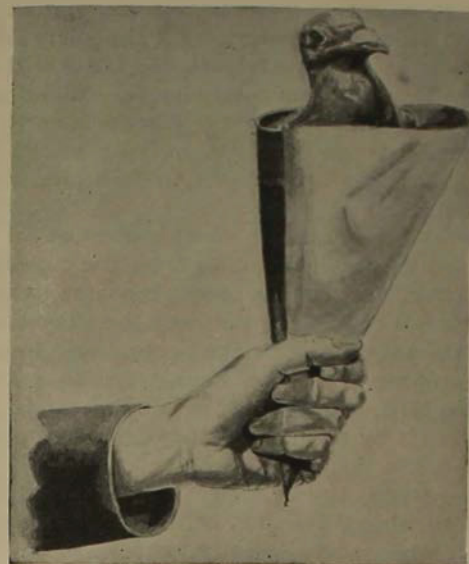


FIG. 5.

a brief flight. When thoroughly familiarized with their surroundings in the vicinity of their loft, they may be allowed a little wider range.

Their real training should not begin before they are five or six months old. They should first be tossed up about a hundred yards from the loft, and, after this has been repeatedly done, from double and afterward treble the distance. This should be done early in the morning, before they have eaten, and on fine, clear days. They should be

bottom or platform with a slant inward, so that they can be lifted by pushing inward, but not outward, as is the case with the door of a mouse-trap. The object of this arrangement is obvious; it allows the pigeons to enter, but prevents them from leaving, the area and loft. On alighting upon the ledge in front of the doors, which is the part of the platform (F, No. 4) that extends in front of the cage, they have but to push the swinging wires to get home; but when any birds are to be caught they are driven from the loft into the area or cage, from which the doors opening inward prevent their escape and make their capture easy and expeditious. The manner of putting together the parts described is shown in Fig. 2, where the principal parts are lettered, to correspond with Fig. 1. There need be no exact dimensions given for the loft, as its size will depend upon the number of birds kept and the convenience of their owner. Only it is better, of course, not to crowd whatever space you have available for the purpose. In the accompanying diagram, Fig. 3, the apartments, D D, are separated by a partition; for it is often necessary to keep certain birds separated from the others. The door C opens from one apartment to the other, while the apertures at G G and H H lead from the inner platform B B to the area at A. The birds can thus be let in or out either apartment as desired. The door by which access is obtained to the loft is shown at E.

As soon as the young homers are able to get about they should be let out into the area, from which they can see and become familiarized with their immediately surrounding neighborhood, after which preparation they may be allowed out with one or more old birds in the evening, just after feeding. They will then not fail to return after



FIG. 6.



tossed in every direction from their lofts, and the distance cannot be too slowly increased. As the distances gradually increase it is well to release old birds with them, as the former will guide them safely home. When the neighborhood for five miles in every direction is thoroughly known by the birds another five may be added, until, by easy stages, the birds are taught to fly home from much greater distances.

If held in the bare hand, the best and most secure manner of holding a pigeon is shown in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 4). Let its breast rest upon the palm of the hand, the tail projecting between the thumb and forefinger, and the legs between the second and first fingers, the thumb coming over the back. Another and better way to hold a bird, especially if it is to be carried any distance by hand, is by inserting it, tail first, in a paper cone, as in Fig. 5.

Messages should be written upon very thin paper, wrapped close about the leg, or, better, the quill of the middle tail-feather, and secured by thread or small rubber bands, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 6).

Hens should not be flown during the breeding season, or until two weeks have elapsed after they have hatched their broods. Cocks may be flown one week after their broods are hatched. The name and address of the owner should be stamped on the broadest of the wing (flight) or

tail feathers. A rubber stamp may be used, the feather being backed by several thicknesses of blotting-paper upon a solid support.

Although it is impossible in the space afforded for the present article to give even the briefest directions for any regulations that will apply to pigeons in general with respect to food, care, or breeding, but only such exceptional rules and adjustments as apply exclusively to homing-pigeons, it is so important an element in the possibility of success that it seems absolutely necessary to add a caution in respect to keeping the loft sweet and clean. Too much attention can scarcely be given to this. The floor should be covered with sand, sawdust, or tan-bark, the last to be preferred. This should be renewed at frequent intervals, and the corners of the place well scraped out with a trowel or a scraper. Suspend in the loft a few open-mouthed bottles of bisulphide of carbon, as it is very efficacious in driving away insects. The vapor is highly inflammable, so it is not advisable to bring a light near the necks of the bottles. If the foregoing directions are faithfully followed, together with such others as apply to pigeons in general, which can be learned of any pigeon-fancier, the owner can confidently expect a measure of success proportional to the size of his flock and the time he gives it. The work of training, though slow, is most interesting.

## DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

**I**F you have not provided yourself with our Portrait Album, prepared especially to contain the portraits which we publish each month, you are missing an opportunity which you will regret more and more as time passes.

The value of a collection of portraits such as we are issuing, eight portraits in each number, is incalculable. Each portrait is authentic; those of contemporaries being reproduced from the latest procurable photographs, while those of older date are taken from the best recognized sources. Such a collection, obtainable in no other way, should be jealously preserved. We have therefore published them uniform in size, upon pages without reading matter on the backs, so that they can be removed from the Magazine without injuring it in any way; and to provide for their safe-keeping in a permanent and convenient form we furnish handsome albums, designed to hold



two hundred portraits each, which we will supply at cost price, fifty cents each, transportation paid.

The pages of the album are of heavy calendered paper with a colored border as a margin for each picture, and there is a descriptive title-page. The cover is of embossed muslin, with a handsome embossed title on the back. A space is provided at the back in which to insert the short biographical sketches that are published in each Magazine to accompany the portraits; and these sketches undoubtedly impart an additional value to the portraits. If you have an album and it is filled, send your order for another at once and avoid delay. Or, if you have none, send for one, and start your collection.

Any of the portraits that have been published since June, 1895, may be obtained by purchasing the numbers of the Magazine containing them.

## THE FAIRY PREACHER.

I HEARD wind-elves in frolic pass  
As down the orchard path I strode,  
And saw amid the swaying grass  
The pulpit of the preacher-toad.

Alas! I never set my tread  
Within these aisles at dusk or dawn,  
But that I found the preacher fled,  
And all the congregation gone.

Yet some day at the service-time  
I'll catch the fairy pulpiter;  
Then how the cricket-choir will chime!  
And what a sermon I shall hear!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.



# HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

## CHINA PAINTING.

USEFUL DESIGNS, WITH INSTRUCTIONS IN THE SELECTION OF COLORS.

**W**E present this month three designs for china decoration, by Henry Bradford Simmons, with a brief description of the scheme of coloring for each.

The motive of the design for a cup and saucer, given on page 761, is the familiar yellow Scotch rose one so often finds in an old-fashioned garden.

This design may easily be adapted to any shape of cup and saucer.

The stems of this variety of rose are of a rich, red brown,

successfully decorate a biscuit-jar, chocolate-tray and many other pieces.

An attractive scheme of coloring is to paint the flowers of the left-hand stalk in deep crimson shades and the right-hand flowers in a rich pink, while the centre stalk should be in shades of yellow. Do not use too deep a green for the stalks and calyxes of the flowers; remember the coloring of these in nature is very delicate.

Bring out your shadows strong and clear, shading with violet tints.



while the foliage is yellow green. In painting the petals of the rose one should shade from deepest to palest yellow to give perspective, which is so necessary in successful painting. Touch the centres here and there with reddish brown and green. The necessary mineral paints for execution are as follows: Mixing yellow, silver yellow, deep red brown mixed with brown No. 4 or No. 17, grass green, apple green, brown green.

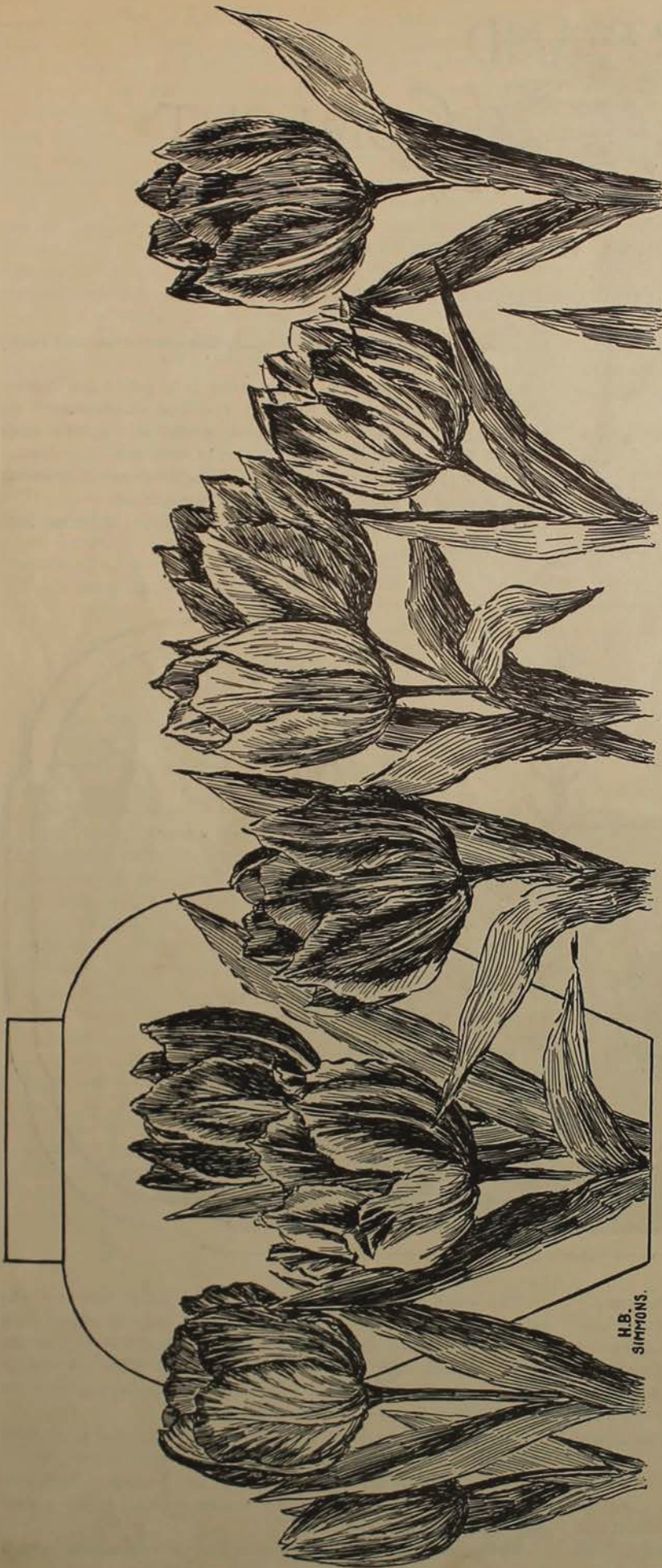
The comb and brush tray, with hollyhock decoration, given on this page, should be treated in a very broad style. Effect is the present aim in china decoration, especially in floral representations. This design will

The background should be tinted to produce a sky effect, but care must be exercised to keep the blues pale. The blue should fade away to nothing at the top of the tray. If one can produce a fleecy cloud effect it will be found attractive. A gold band will greatly improve the piece, acting as a frame to a picture.

The necessary mineral paints for execution are, carmine and deep red brown mixed, mixing yellow, silver yellow, carnation No. 1, shaded with deep, red brown mixed with dark brown No. 4 or No. 17, brown green, apple green, sky blue, deep purple.

Tulips admit of a variety of styles of treatment, and it





is difficult to give a fixed rule for painting them. One can hardly make a mistake in coloring, as there seems to be no limit to the combinations in nature.

This design is for decorating a jar, vase, or biscuit-jar. The arrangement of colors will have to be left to the fancy of the artist. One idea is to paint all the tulips in shades of yellow; another style in shades of pink, or, perhaps, pink with stripes of yellow. Again, one may use the deep reds; but the greatest effect will be produced by painting each flower in individual colors.

All are too familiar with the coloring of these beautiful flowers to need further suggestions. A pale green tinting will serve as a suitable background.

We give the necessary colors for three varieties of tulips:

Dark Red Tulip—Carnation No. 1, shaded with deep red brown, mixed with brown No. 4 or No. 17.

Pink Tulip—Carmine and deep red brown, mixed; shade with carmine and apple green, mixed.

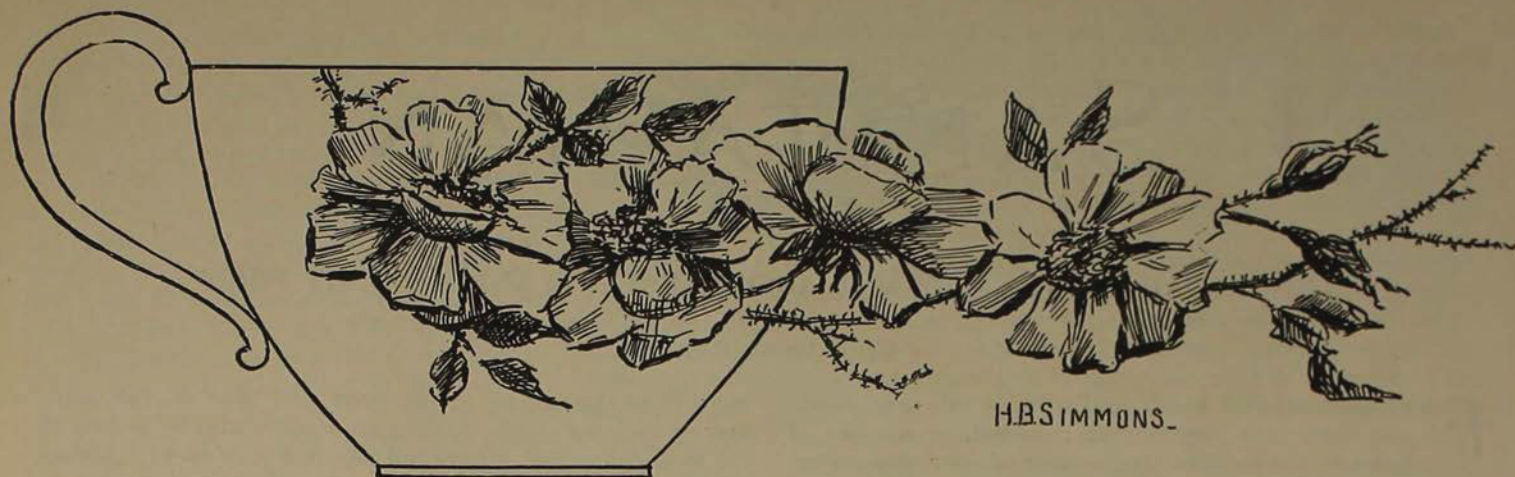
Yellow Tulip—Mixing yellow, silver yellow; shade with brown green. Foliage: grass green, apple green, brown green.

One cannot exercise too great care in the selection of a piece of china for decorating. If a piece be selected with ugly outlines, no amount of labor expended in the painting will ever make it attractive. Again, every piece purchased should be thoroughly examined and the purchaser be absolutely sure that it is free from cracks and flaws; else when the china is fired the cracks or flaws spread and ruin all the work, which is so disheartening. Almost every piece is improved by the addition of gold. In case of a cup and saucer, or a set of plates, a gold band should be used. Take care to shade your work thoroughly, so as to prevent a flat appearance. If you examine the work of an expert you will find everything well shaded, giving a rounded appearance to the objects. Great care must be exercised in laying in a background. The design must be thoroughly dry before the background is started, to permit tooling the colors while stippling. It is a very poor plan to paint the veins in leaves, as only a suggestion is all that is necessary.

A pretty gift is a painted cup and saucer with the cup filled with bonbons. Place over the bonbons neatly a fine piece of tin foil, and tie this down with a ribbon of an appropriate shade to go with the design painted, passing the ribbon under the saucer, so that the cup is firmly tied to the saucer. If one desires to make a more elaborate gift, a silver spoon may be tied in the ribbon bow. Another pretty idea is to lay a dainty pair of silver bonbon tongs upon the tin foil before the ribbon is tied on.

Almost every article for the toilet is found in china for decorating, and one may start a set by giving a mirror or a comb and brush tray as a gift, and adding one or more pieces on different anniversaries until a set is complete. This method will save one for some time the annoyance of constantly struggling





to think of some new gift. Another line of gifts is for the desk. There are china pieces for decorating which are used as corners to blotters; then there are pen-trays, handles in which to insert a piece of rubber for erasing,

Kilns which are heated by oil are now superseding the gas kilns, being much more economical and doing the work quite as well.

In drawing a design on a piece of china one will find it



pen racks, calendar stands, in fact every necessary article to make a desk attractive.

A word of warning should be given in regard to firing. Be sure to take your work to a reliable place. If the kiln is overheated the color is burnt out and all your labor is lost. This is disheartening, especially to a beginner who has spent time and money on some particular design.

necessary to prepare the surface, for the lead pencil will not work on the glazed surface. This is remedied by wiping the piece over with a little turpentine. When the turpentine dries on the china, you will find the lead works beautifully. India ink is also used to outline the design. This burns out in the firing, and one need not fear to use it.



# SANITARIAN

## ANNUAL AILMENTS—A WORD ABOUT FALL FLANNELS AND FIRES.

By J. BELLE FANTON.

FALL weather has come, and with it rain and frost, and colds and rheumatism; indeed, in a score of annual ailments is the winter of our discontent made manifest.

The pity of this annual influx of fall ailments is that in almost every instance they could so easily be avoided. How? Why, by the use of ever so little forethought and common sense. People prepare their houses and clothing weeks in advance for the summer season, but the danger-signals of approaching winter are treated with indifference, if not with contempt. Wide-open windows and doors may be a matter of health in August, but in October, when the current of air brings with it a sting of frost, drafts are dangerous, and especially so to the person who enjoys them most, the busy woman overheated and exhausted with the many domestic duties peculiar to the season.

It has been said that fully one-half of New England country women die of some variety of pulmonary difficulty, brought about by false views of economy with regard to home comforts and proper clothing—in other words, the neglect of flannels and fires.

Here are a few safe rules for women who desire to live long and prosper: Don't sit out-of-doors in the twilight after the first frost; avoid drafts; don't wear gauze underwear in October; don't economize in food in cold weather; don't put off starting fires until the money saved in fuel is expended in a funeral.

### START THE FIRES EARLY.

With the first suggestion of cold weather, which usually comes the first of October, after the heavy fall rains, start fires in open fireplaces, if possible, or in small stoves. Even if the house is not icy cold it is sure to be damp and hence unhealthy; this is especially the case in the country, where the cellars are imperfectly cemented and drainage is faulty. It is a good rule to start a fire the first morning the women of the family appear wrapped in shawls, and the children look blue and are cross at the breakfast-table. Continued exposure to the chill and dampness of early winter, without artificial heat, will in time exhaust the vitality of the strongest constitution, as well as make serious inroads on the sweetest disposition. A thermometer will frequently register the temper of the household as well as the temperature of the house.

### THE FAMILY FLANNELS.

Fires alone, however, are not a sufficient protection against the chilly fall weather. The fall edition of the family flannels is a most important item of health and comfort. Whether newly bought or carefully mended they should be donned early in the season as a shield against the invidious attacks of King Frost. A third set of flannels for spring and fall wear is not nearly so expensive an investment as it might seem. A light-weight combination of wool and cotton is not costly, and there is also to be

considered the saving of the wear and tear on the summer and winter stock, making an equal outlay of money in the long run. But where fall flannels may seem impracticable the additional warmth can be secured from a high-necked, long-sleeved undervest, half cotton and half wool, costing about fifty cents, and worn over the summer underwear.

While on the subject of flannels it is well to call to mind that the best are the cheapest, and the most expensive are very cheap compared with pneumonia or bronchitis. White or gray underwear is preferable to scarlet, as the red dye is sometimes poisonous to sensitive skins, especially to children. Thick flannels should not be worn early in the season; they induce perspiration with the slightest exertion, which followed by the sudden cooling off in frosty weather is often productive of serious colds and more especially rheumatism. Too much clothing is as dangerous as too little.

### HOW TO AVOID SORE THROAT.

Above all things avoid the "muffling habit," the almost universal tendency to bundle up the throat at the first breath of cold weather, which renders it weak and sensitive, and is responsible for half of its annual ailments. If the throat is at all delicate as an aftermath of disease, guard against taking cold by bathing it in cold water and rubbing vigorously with alcohol immediately before going out. A person suffering with any sort of pulmonary trouble should treat both throat and chest in this manner as a prevention against cold throughout the so-called "dangerous" weather. A cold sponge-bath every morning on rising, when the water is dashed quickly over the body and quickly dried, is another sort of prevention, which is worth many dollars of cure.

The woman with the "delicate constitution" is quite out of fashion nowadays, as are her stock-in-trade—low-cut shoes and thin stockings in cold weather. Before it is quite frosty enough for high-topped leather boots, and while one day is still a memory of summer and the next a prophecy of winter, gaiters with low shoes are the most convenient foot-dressing. Heavy, cork-soled boots are preferred to either rubbers or arctics for rainy weather, as the latter overheat the feet and render them extremely sensitive. There are undoubtedly people the world over who feel it their duty to take cold if by any chance they get wet feet. They expect a cold, prepare for it, and usually have it. And it's all the veriest nonsense. Of course to sit for hours in wet garments in a draft is not productive of excellent hygienic conditions; but if a person has been moving briskly about in a storm, even for hours, it is only necessary to remove the wet stockings, shoes and skirts, to bathe the feet in cold water, rub them with alcohol and dry them with a rough crash towel, and then to finish the treatment by drinking a pint of hot water, to do away with the effects of the severest drenching in a half-hour's time.



## THE TREATMENT OF COLDS.

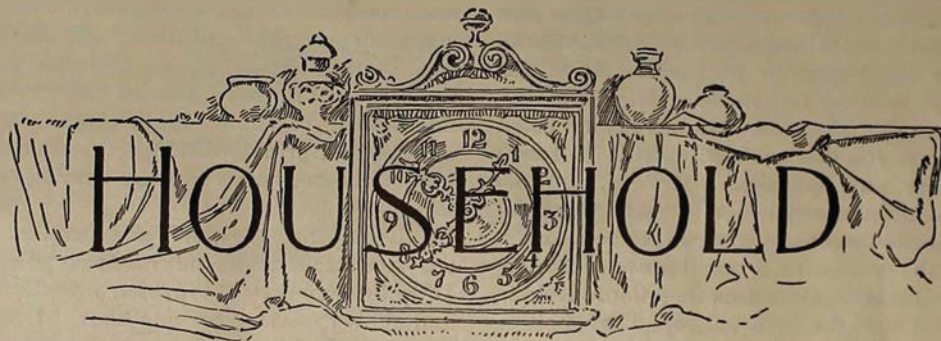
Colds, to be treated successfully, must be taken in the first stages; especially is this true of children. The first symptoms of a cold in the head are chilliness, headache, sneezing and a swollen feeling in the head. Relief will be found in the beginning of the trouble by taking two or three drops of camphor on a lump of sugar or in two tablespoonfuls of water. This dose can be repeated three times, a half-hour apart, but not oftener. A half-pint of hot water three times a day is excellent in any stage of a cold. Unless there are also symptoms of some more serious disorder, as bronchitis or tonsilitis, the best possible tonic is a brisk walk in the fresh air. The hydropathic treatment for a cold in the head is as follows: In the morning after rising and at night before retiring bathe the feet and legs as high as the knees with cold water, then rub them with a rough towel and massage until the skin is red. Take a glass of hot water before each meal, and snuff warm water up the nose frequently during the day.

A simple home remedy for a sore throat is to gargle every fifteen minutes with a solution of salt and water; a teaspoonful of salt to half a tumbler of water. Alcohol in the proportion of three tablespoonfuls to a tumbler of

water is an excellent gargle. The water should be either hot or very cold. If the patient is ill enough to be put to bed, add to this treatment hot blankets, hot water-bags, and a glass of hot milk every three hours during the day. Biliousness, which frequently accompanies fall colds, can be avoided, or, usually, remedied by brisk walks out-of-doors, fresh air in the sleeping-room, and the hot-water treatment already suggested.

Many colds are the result of unhealthy bed-rooms. City people take cold from too much heat, and country people from too little. Plenty of heat in the daytime and fresh air at night is a safe rule. The modern fashion of tucking in the bedclothes until a bed is air-tight is unsanitary, as is any variety of heavy bedclothes. Damp beds and bed-linen are simply suicidal.

When the "melancholy days have come" make the interior of the house doubly attractive. Put up the pretty draperies early in the fall; light the lamp before the evening falls; decorate the sitting-room with brilliant autumn flowers and foliage, not forgetting the open fire—that happy substitute for doctor's bills—and the joys of summer will be soon forgotten in the delights of new music and books and the closer companionship of indoor home life.



## THE THANKSGIVING MENU.

BY ELEANOR M. LUCAS.

**T**HIS Anglo-Saxon holiday is naturally a feast day. Lighter forms of amusements or celebration come and go, but the old-fashioned gathering around the board survives them all.

Thanksgiving is a festivity peculiarly belonging to woman and home. She it was, at its inception in the old Puritan days, who gave it its characteristics of plenteous feasting and gratefulness for present blessings. In those days there were few innovations in which woman's influence was openly recognized as potential, but in the institution of this feast we hear distinctly of the Pilgrim *mothers*, as well as the much-lauded Pilgrim fathers.

Less than one year after the landing on the rocky shores of Plymouth, when the Puritans had conquered an ungrateful soil, it was the men and women who "thanked God and took courage," but they did not sing and dance—they ate and gave thanks. That pleasant custom which the Puritans established is part of our inheritance.

The menu here presented is sufficient for a large party, say for sixteen or eighteen persons; for a small dinner it also holds many possibilities, as it is fruitful in suggestions:

- SOUP.  
Ox-Tail.
- SIDE DISHES.  
Canapés de Moelle aux Fines Herbes.  
Celery, Salted Almonds, Olives.
- FISH.  
Filets of Bass, Aurora Sauce.  
Stuffed Potatoes.
- ENTRÉES.  
Spaghetti au Parmesan.  
Sweetbreads, braised. Mushrooms.
- ROAST.  
Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing, Cranberry Sauce.
- VEGETABLES.  
Peas, Cream Sauce,  
Sweet Potatoes, Potato Snow.
- SALAD.  
Lobster Mayonnaise in Celery Gelée,  
Wafers, Cheese.
- DESSERT.  
Pineapple Tart. Frozen Ginger Pudding.  
Assorted Cakes, Fruits, Bonbons, Nuts.  
Coffee.

The above menu will fulfill Beecher's idea, that "a typical Thanksgiving dinner represents everything that



has grown in all the lavish summer, fit to make glad the heart of man."

Of course you will want your decorations to honor this day, but do not overdo them. The prettiest centre-piece for this occasion is a huge silver platter laden with apples, pears, grapes, oranges, and the whole prettily decorated with autumn leaves, typical of the season's bountifulness and change. Perfect sheaves of wheat—emblematic of life's necessities—are artistically arranged in low mounds, at either side, with a few choice red roses—life's luxuries; and tiny bonbon trays in the form of an American flag will accentuate patriotism.

But though the artistic spreading of the table has much to do with the æsthetic enjoyment of a dinner, the success of the feast from the guest's point of view will depend upon the skill displayed in the cuisine and upon the selection and arrangement of the dishes, that the whole may be complete in harmonious effect. A few suggestions and recipes may prove useful to the housewife.

**OX-TAIL SOUP.**—Separate two ox-tails at the joints, wash them and place in a lined saucepan with one ounce of butter. Cut up two carrots, two turnips, one small onion, and one leek; add to the ox-tails and brown the whole. When nicely browned cover with three quarts of water, and let it simmer gently for four hours; add two stalks of celery, a few sprigs of parsley, thyme and sweet basil tied together; add also ten peppercorns with a teaspoonful of salt. At the end of four hours remove the ox-tails, strain the soup and return to the fire. Thicken it with a tablespoon of flour rubbed smooth with a little cold water, add the tails, two tablespoonfuls of mushroom ketchup and a very small glass of port wine. Give one boil, and serve with bread cut into narrow strips.

**CANAPÉS DE MOELLE AUX FINES HERBES** has been termed "a symphony in toast, you know; fried toast." It forms a prelude to the meal, an appetizer, as it were, and consists of marrow on toast sprinkled with "fines herbes."

Have some marrow-bones neatly sawed into convenient lengths, and cover the ends with a small piece of dough, made with flour and water. Over this tie a floured cloth, and place the bones upright in a saucepan of boiling water, taking care there is sufficient to cover them. Boil for two hours, then remove the cloth and paste.

Chop the herbs as finely as possible. Use in the following proportions: a teaspoonful of parsley, half a teaspoonful each of thyme and sweet basil, a tiny sprig of tarragon, the thin yellow rind of half a lemon, and two small shallots.

Make the canapés of the size of a dollar-piece. Use stale bread, and fry brown in hot lard; drain on blotting-paper, spread the marrow thickly over them, give a faint sprinkling of salt and pepper, and dust with the chopped herbs. Serve at once, piled on a white napkin.

**FILLETS OF BASS.**—The fish, to be filleted with advantage, must be large. It is well washed and skinned, then divided down the back, separated from the fins, and with a sharp knife raised clean from the bones. When thus prepared, the fish is divided into neat, flat fillets—six or eight inches long by three or four inches wide. Sprinkle with a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper, and roll into a compact form, and secure with a tiny skewer. Brush the fillets with the beaten yolk of an egg, sprinkle with fine bread-crumbs, and bake in a hot oven for half an hour, dotted with bits of butter. When almost done squeeze over them some lemon-juice. To dish them use a large, round platter; place in the centre a shallow bowl, to contain the sauce. Bank plenty of parsley against the bowl, and place the fillets in a circle around the dish, with a slice of lemon on each fillet.

**AURORA SAUCE** if properly made is a beautiful red, and the whole forms a lovely color effect. For making one pint of the sauce, use the coral of one lobster. Pound it fine in a mortar. Then work it through a fine sieve. Put a large tablespoon of butter into a saucepan, and blend with a tablespoon of flour. When it bubbles add a pint of rich clear broth (you can filch a little from your soup-pot), season with salt and pepper, and boil for five minutes; add the juice of one lemon. If the stock used is not spiced, a clove or two, a few pieces of mace and a shallot must be added. Add the pounded coral, but do not allow to simmer or the color will be injured. A small spoonful of anchovy essence may be added at option. Strain the whole through a fine sieve, and serve at once.

**STUFFED POTATOES.**—Bake some medium-sized potatoes, and when tender, cut a slice from one end. Remove all the soft pulp with a small spoon, and mash smooth. Add to each pint of pulp a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt to season, half a gill of milk, and a quarter teaspoon of finely chopped parsley. Beat all smooth with a silver fork, and at the very last add the white of one egg beaten to a snow. Stuff the skin, replace the lid, and fasten with a wooden toothpick. Place in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. The egg causes the potatoes to puff out, when they present a handsome appearance, and are a delicious accompaniment to fish of all kinds.

**SPAGHETTI AU PARMESAN.**—Drop half a pound of spaghetti into boiling water, slightly salted, and allow to boil until tender. Drain, and place in a deep dish. Beat the yolks of two eggs until thick, add slowly one pint of hot veal or beef broth; place over the fire and stir until it thickens, but do not allow to boil; remove, and add four tablespoonfuls of thick, sweet cream, with a tiny pinch of Cayenne. Sprinkle through the spaghetti six ounces of grated cheese, pour the same over it, stir thoroughly, and serve.

**BRAISED SWEETBREADS** are prepared by removing all the membranous tissue from two pounds of sweetbreads. Drop into ice-water, to which has been added some salt, and allow to remain for one hour. Drain, throw into boiling water and boil for twenty-five minutes. Drain again, and, when cool, lard with tiny strips of bacon cut as thin as wafers. Place in a saucepan with two shallots, one blade of pounded mace, and a tiny strip of lemon-rind; pour over it one half a pint of stock, cover the saucepan, and stew gently for twenty minutes. Remove the sweetbreads to a small platter, thicken the gravy with a tablespoon of flour and strain. Remove every particle of fat from the gravy; add a pint of mushrooms, a very little grated nutmeg, and pour it over the sweetbreads.

**CELERY JELLY** is made by boiling twelve of the outer stalks of celery with two calf's feet, an onion, a sprig of parsley and thyme in one quart of water. Boil gently for four hours in a closely-covered pot. Strain through a jelly-bag, let it become cold and remove all the fat. Render it partly liquid. Take a large bowl with a fluted bottom; place in it a smaller bowl weighted down. Pour the jelly in the larger bowl to the depth of an inch or so, and set in a cool place to harden. When firm, remove the smaller bowl; if it is hard to remove, pour into it a little boiling water. Now set the larger bowl in hot water for a few moments, when the jelly may be removed. This will give a ring of clear jelly, beautifully fluted. Place the jelly upon a platter. Fill the centre with a well-made lobster salad, dot the top with hard-boiled eggs cut into dice, and place a wreath of feathery celery leaves about the edge of the platter.

**PINEAPPLE TART.**—If canned pineapple is used, chop it



## ARTISTIC GIFTS

fine and press through a sieve; it  
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baked pastry shells with this, a  
above quantity is sufficient for ty

FROZEN GINGER PUDDING.—Bl  
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add to this five eggs—the yolks  
ately and then mixed—and pour  
cream, made boiling hot; swee  
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this work we make the following offer in the hope that our

to  
colors," by  
instructive work  
own artist and experi-  
teacher. The book is finely il-  
lustrated and is sold at retail for \$1.00.  
It can be obtained through us by any of our readers for  
80 cents. Address,  
DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE, 110 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

## OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

T HE story of the Christmas bells will be the leading  
article in DEMOREST'S for December. There is  
something very pleasant in the thought that the  
Christmas chimes are ringing the world over on that day,  
and some information as to where the great chimes are,  
and what they mean to the people about them, cannot fail  
to interest us all. The article will be illustrated hand-  
somely and in accordance with the spirit of the day,  
joyous and merry, and yet with a sense of something  
serious underlying all.

In the strictly practical part of the magazine there will  
be an article on the giving of Christmas presents, with  
suggestions as to appropriate gifts for everyone and  
illustrated designs for many simple and inexpensive little  
gifts which handy persons can make.

Our Christmas supplement is entirely different from  
anything we have given heretofore. It is a charming  
domestic scene, called "Helping Mamma," and will  
appeal to every mother as well as to those who admire it  
as a work of art. The size is about 16x21 inches which,  
with the oblong shape, makes it an effective piece to hang  
in almost any sort of space. We give herewith a tiny  
print of it which will show the subject, though it gives no

idea of the  
beautiful and  
artistic details  
which are finely  
brought out by  
the use of  
twelve different  
colors. This pic-  
ture will be  
given free with  
the Christmas  
DEMOREST'S to  
every subscri-  
ber, whether  
new or old. To  
those wishing to  
buy single num-  
bers for gifts,  
the magazine  
and the picture  
will be sent for  
twenty-five  
cents.



HELPING MAMMA.



contract, secured by American firms, such machinery.

## importance.

The Fifty-fourth Congress of the ex-  
 ce hundred thousand dollars for the  
 water at San Pedro, California, as-  
 nal importance. The Pacific coast  
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 high water. It will shield an area  
 forty acres, in which three hundred  
 ould safely lie at anchor. The land  
 arbor is four miles long, and on the  
 our thousand three hundred feet. It is  
 to build the breakwater that, should con-  
 ditions demand, ould be joined to the beach at Point Fermin  
 and railroad-tracks could be laid along its top. This would  
 allow wharves to be constructed against its inner side, and  
 would add an additional frontage of about eight thousand feet.

from his first manifestation of the  
 furnished with every means and opportunity  
 series of experiments at Bologna, which were subsequ  
 renewed and continued in England under the superintendence of  
 the director-general of telegraphs, Mr. W. H. Preece, with re-  
 sults likely to be of much importance. The experiments on  
 Salisbury Plain have since been followed by exhibitions in Italy,  
 at Rome, and at Spezzia, the chief naval port of that kingdom,  
 which are regarded with much public attention. A formidable  
 promise, or threat, of increasing the means of naval warfare is  
 supplied by the notion that a gunpowder magazine on board  
 ship might be fired by electric agency from a long distance.

## American Machinery the Best.

All patriotic Americans will be interested to know that the  
 contracts for the Central London Railway have been awarded to American firms. When  
 in operation this will be the largest under-  
 ground electrical railway in the world. That  
 so great a manufacturing center as Great  
 Britain should send to this country for  
 machinery for this enterprise is explained  
 only by the fact that electric traction has  
 attained a more perfect development and is  
 more extensively used in the United States  
 than in any other land.

Several innovations in underground rail-  
 way systems will be introduced into the Cen-  
 tral London road. Each track will run  
 through its own tunnel. At the site of each  
 station the tunnels will widen to a space  
 of twenty-one feet for a length of three  
 hundred and seventy-five feet. As the work  
 advances the passages are to be lined with  
 steel plates seven-eighths of an inch thick.  
 When completed the road will have four-  
 teen stations, which will be reached from  
 the streets by means of electrical elevators.  
 To facilitate slowing down and getting under  
 way the track will rise on approaching a  
 station and fall on leaving it, with a grade

properly to build the breakwater that, should con-  
 ditions demand, ould be joined to the beach at Point Fermin  
 and railroad-tracks could be laid along its top. This would  
 allow wharves to be constructed against its inner side, and  
 would add an additional frontage of about eight thousand feet.

## Is America Growing Less Popular Among Aliens?

In 1882 the incoming flood of immigrants reached the number  
 of 788,992—high-water mark. Since then the tide of aliens  
 seeking our shores has ebbed and flowed until for the year 1896  
 the figures have dropped to 230,832, the smallest number ad-  
 mitted since 1879. The cause for this depression in immigra-  
 tion is to be found in the following facts: the opening up of



THE LANDING-PIER AT SAN PEDRO.



South Africa, Brazil and other fields to the adventurer, the recent hard times and depression in American manufacturing, and more especially the laws restricting wholesale immigration—the refusal of the United States to become the wastebasket of every other nation in the world. The free and unrestricted admission of aliens is no longer an accepted feature of American public policy.

#### Successful Ascent of Mount Rainier.

This past summer the Mazamas achieved the ascent of Mount Rainier—or Mount Tacoma, as it is sometimes called. The height of this majestic peak is fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-four feet, which is very near that of the Alpine Matterhorn. It has a right to both its names. The historical fact of the matter is that the navigator Vancouver, in 1793, named the mountain in honor of Admiral Rainier, of the British navy. Of late years, however, its old Indian name Tacoma has been revived, and ordinary usage seems to be about equally divided between the two.

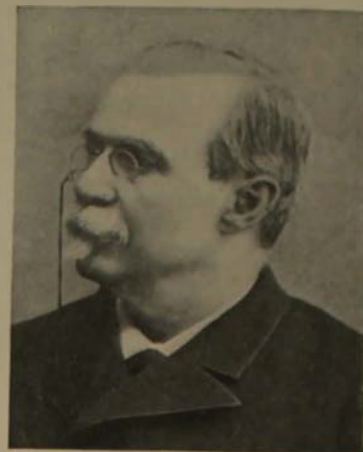
The Mazama party, of about fifty climbers, made in September one of the most successful ascents of the mountain yet recorded; but its triumph was shadowed by the tragic death of one of its most distinguished and enthusiastic members. Professor Edgar McClure, of the Oregon State University at Eugene, fell over a precipice three hundred feet high, and was instantly killed. The accident occurred while the party was returning from the ascent. Professor McClure and his friends were not with the regular party, who made the ascent and descent in safety, using a line. The McClure party used no lifeline, and that recklessness and traveling by night account for the accident. In the darkness the party lost the trail on the Muir glacier. McClure warned his companions to be careful, and started to reach what looked like a pile of rocks, a few feet away. Just then the snow gave way under him and he fell. His body was subsequently recovered. Professor McClure, who was only thirty years of age, was one of the most successful mountain-climbers of the Pacific coast, and was to be made president of Oregon University. He had charge of the government scientific department of the annual mountain-climbing expedition of the Mazamas.

#### Fifty Thousand Electrical Horse-Power at Niagara Falls.

In a very short time, probably within a month, there will be available in the central power station of the Niagara Falls Power Company no less than fifty thousand electrical horse-power. At present there are three five-thousand horse-power generators in operation, making fifteen thousand horse-power in all. In order to accommodate the seven additional five-thousand horse-power generators the power-house at Niagara will be doubled in size. It will be entirely heated by electricity.

#### The Assassination of Canovas.

The assassination of the premier of Spain was deplorable from every point of view. He was the strongest and most powerful man in Spain, and one of the most distinguished public men in Europe. He had held together a kingdom which, without him, probably long ago would have fallen apart; and it is not unlikely that, now that he has been removed, the kingdom will soon lose most of its colonies and again try a republican experiment. At first the Spanish people, in their horror of this shocking murder, will probably be united by a love of country, and partisan animosities will be forgotten. But sooner or later the parties will begin their war on each other, and without the strong directing hand of Canovas there is no telling what may happen. It will probably be Cuba's opportunity, but no Cuban patriot rejoices over the cowardly assassination. This kind of dastardly work is becoming all too common in Europe, and it is unquestionably time that something radical should be done to stop it.



ANTONIO CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO.

#### Scientific Uses of a Kite.

It is said that experiments are about to be tried with kites to assist in discovering the conditions of high altitudes. A camera will be attached to the kite, and the shutter will be worked by an electric automatic device. In this way photographs will be taken of the tops of the most inaccessible cliffs. It is also proposed to utilize kites as a means of climbing to the tops of places which even the most experienced tourists have failed to reach. Kites may be made strong enough to lift a light person to a great height, or they may be so handled in the wind as to draw a line over some point; and by means of this, other lines sufficiently strong to carry weight can be pulled over. An expedition of six persons from Princeton University are about to undertake a trip to New Mexico for the purpose of such explorations. It is not too much to expect that before many years the kite will prove to be the explorer's best friend, as the recent improvements in what was a childish toy have demonstrated that the lifting and sustaining capacity of a properly-constructed kite is little less than marvelous.



VIEW OF MOUNT RAINIER, FROM THE CITY OF TACOMA, WASHINGTON.



## IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS AND ART.

IF Hall Caine follows out Browning's advice and "writes for glory and a little gain besides," he must be eminently satisfied with the results of the publication of "The Christian." The first check received by Mr. Caine as a mere advance on the English royalties and book-rights alone was \$40,000. The American publishing house has not as yet announced the scope of its check, and French and German publishers are still to be heard from. As for fame, probably no one other book has ever in so short a time been so extensively reviewed, so admired and so adversely criticised, with what justice each reader must decide for himself; that the book is earnestly written and will be earnestly read the world over, are perhaps the only two facts on which all critics agree.

In "Everybody's Fairy Godmother," Dorothy Quigley won her first literary standing by setting forth in a quaintly attractive fashion the pretty conceit that the universal fairy godmother is Love. This fall she sends out to the public a little volume entitled "Success Is for You." The book is practical without being stupid, and instructive without being a bore, and carries added weight when one remembers that Miss Quigley fought her way to success in New York, alone and unaided through all the hardships and deprivations that accompany the first stages of the career of an unknown journalist. A woman who has written bravely and sweetly and at times brilliantly when she was occasionally forced to a choice between her manuscript paper and her dinner is apt to write intelligently on the question of success from every point of view.

It is interesting to know what one successful, brilliant man thinks and says of another equally successful and possibly more versatile genius. Henry James knew Du Maurier personally, was his warm and admiring friend. Speaking of his life, in the September number of *Harper's*, James says: "It was the completest, securest, most rounded artistic and personal life. He was happy in the fact that throughout he was justified of every interest, every affection, every trust." To his latest novel, "The Martian," he gave, according to this biographical sketch, "his greatest care, making it a labor of many months."

Henry James dwells especially upon the wit and imagination that would enable a man to sketch along prescribed lines something at once funny and beautiful, twice a week, year in and year out, which was Du Maurier's fate during the many years of his association with the London *Punch*.

Hamlin Garland, who has been called Bret Harte's successor in the field of realistic Western fiction, has just had published a collected edition of his stories, in three volumes: "Wayside Courtship," "A Spoil of Office," and "A Member of the Third House." Mr. Garland is in no wise an imitator of Bret Harte, beyond the fact that he selects for his stories characteristic Western types; but his frontiersman is the man of 1897, the very essence of modern frontier-life, as interesting as but wholly different from the prevailing types of fifteen or even ten years ago. Mr. Garland's reproductions are not wholly of life on the borders of civilization. He also writes of the growing West, the West that has grown too rapidly to be symmetrical; of a civilization that is muscular, but not always graceful. In "A Member of the Third House," he deals with the problem of a young man, a lawyer and a reformer, who, unfortunately, falls in love with the charming daughter of a most disreputable father, who is the particular object of his missionary zeal.

In the recent discussion on the literary value of dialect, James Whitcomb Riley has gone on record as saying that

"dialect is character." Conceive of Barrie and Maclaren giving their tales of Scottish life in English modeled after the style of Lord Macaulay. Conan Doyle contends that it is not so much a question of dialect or no dialect as it is of good or bad dialect. "The value of local type," he says, "depends entirely upon the power of the writer to make it significant of universal traits." Rob the world of all its stories written in genuine dialect, and much of the best humor and pathos in fiction will be lost; for it is the humor and pathos of a people living close to nature which cannot be translated into another language.

A more absolute vindication of the uses of dialect in American fiction could hardly be desired than is furnished by Mary E. Wilkins, in her latest novel, "Jerome, a Poor Man." The New England hero develops from a sensitive boy to a narrow-minded man, whose sense of duty without a sufficient ballast of logic robs his life of affection and happiness, and converts his love into a melancholy secret, which he carries to his grave.

How completely Mr. Barrie lives the life of his characters, as he creates them from hour to hour, is well told in his recent memoir of his mother. "It is my contemptible weakness," he writes, "that if I say a character smiled vacuously, I must smile vacuously; if he frowns or leers, I frown or leer; if he is a coward or given to contortions, I cringe or twist my legs until I have to stop writing to undo the knot. I bow with him, eat with him, and gnaw my moustache with him. If the character be lady, with an exquisite laugh, I suddenly terrify you by laughing exquisitely." And the real point in this quotation is not so much that Barrie is an actor as well as a writer, as that real success depends largely upon a man's self-absorption in every detail of his work.

Mark Twain, who is resting in Switzerland after putting the finishing touches on his new book, "The Surviving Innocent," has cabled to friends in this country that "the recent reports of his death were greatly exaggerated."

No one is quite sure just what has brought about the present Dickens craze; but one and all acknowledge that they are reading, or writing, or talking about Dickens. The newest London editions of the great novelist's works are to be illustrated by Phil May, of the London *Punch*, and Charles Dana Gibson, of the New York *Life*.

It is with a distinct consciousness of pleasure and profit in store that one reads of a recently published volume of birds and flowers, of woodland melody and perfume, which was both written and illustrated by the late William Hamilton Gibson. "Eye Spy; Afield with Nature Among Flowers and Animate Things" is the title of these last leaves from the portfolio of this artist-naturalist. It was impossible for Mr. Gibson ever to become pedantic; his sympathies with nature were too strong, too direct; hill and dale, woodland and meadow, are all one marvelous story which he but tells again with absolute sincerity, simplicity, and a never-failing charm of pen and brush. There is no detail so lowly that it escapes his notice; each bird, flower, and insect is faithfully considered and described in untechnical language. Mr. Gibson had a wonderful faculty for bringing what artists call "atmosphere" into his work. If he described a flower he was not content that you should know it only botanically, but in his description he brought grace and sunlight and perfume. "Eye Spy" is a book to make children like outdoor life, and like it intelligently. It is a book for the invalid shut in from her favorite haunts, and for the busy man whose heart is true to the beauty of his early country home.



# ABOUT WOMEN.

MRS. FANNIE O'LINN is the first woman attorney to argue a case before the Nebraska Supreme Court.

MISS BESSIE O. POTTER received the second prize in sculpture for her statuettes exhibited in the Woman's Building at the Tennessee Centennial.

THE LITERARY WOMAN is not the exception but the rule in France. It has been computed that there are two thousand one hundred and fifty women authors and journalists in and about Paris, one-half of whom are novelists.

CIVIL ENGINEERING is a profitable occupation and not a difficult one for women. Miss Meldora Ice recently received the first diploma ever given by the University of Illinois to a woman for completing the course in engineering in that college.

MRS. DICKENS, widow of Charles Dickens the younger, has just been granted a small civil-list pension by the English government. England is unique in that she occasionally recognizes genius, and even the memory of genius, financially.

THE HEROINE OF THE KLONDIKE just at present is Miss Bessie Lassarge, aged nineteen, who has gone alone to the gold-fields, hoping to "strike it rich" enough to pay off the mortgage on a little cottage in Tacoma, Wash., where her invalid mother lives.

MISS SHIDZU NARUSE, a tiny Japanese lady of high degree, has been removing a few national shackles. After studying English in Kobe College, she graduated as a trained nurse in the missionary hospital at Doshishi, and is now studying at the training school for nurses in the New York Hospital.

AUSTRIA is slowly raising its Oriental ban against women. The University of Vienna has just, for the first time in its history, conferred the degree of doctor of medicine on a woman. Fräulein Possanner, of Ehrenthal, is the distinguished lady who has by her perseverance and talent won recognition from the most conservative body of professional men in the civilized world.

THE BELIEF holds in America that royalty is nowadays a somewhat difficult and confusing profession; an opinion evidently not shared by the literary Queen of Roumania, who in no wise permits her crown to interfere with her pen. Apart from a series of "problem" novels, translations and poems, her poetic *nom de plume* of "Carmen Sylva," has appeared over opera librettos in four different languages, in French, German, Swedish and Roumanian.

THE "AMERICAN GIRL" has been especially honored during the Queen's Jubilee. Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, wife of the English Secretary for the Colonies, and daughter of W. C. Endicott, Mr. Cleveland's first Secretary of War, as an evidence of the favor in which Queen Victoria holds her, has received from Her Majesty the gold instead of the silver Jubilee medal. The gold medal was conferred, as a rule, only on royal personages.

MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN of the better class are never seen by any man outside the members of their immediate family. A physician who visits them makes his somewhat limited diagnosis from a little brown hand thrust through a small aperture in a heavy curtain, and prescribes as best he can. A better state of affairs is coming about in Bosnia, where the Mohammedan women are to be supplied with physicians of their own sex. The first woman to be appointed is Dr. Theodora Krayewska, a Pole by birth. Her appointment comes under the head of army surgeons, therefore she is compelled to wear a uniform. Her rank is equal to that of a captain in the army, and she draws the same salary as an officer of that rank. She is obliged to travel through the entire district to look after sanitary conditions, and to insist upon compliance with the sanitary laws on the part of the population.

# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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Beginning with the December number, DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE will be issued on the 20th, instead of the 15th, of each month, thus giving more time for latest London and Paris styles.

# MIRROR OF FASHIONS



## REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—NOVEMBER.

A PATTERN ORDER will be found at the bottom of page 793. 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.

### FASHIONABLE COLORS AND COLOR COMBINATIONS.

THE fall openings in the large New York shops have revealed the following facts: the colors are brighter, the materials richer, and the styles more bizarre than for many seasons past.

To be sure the fashion of a one-toned brilliant-colored costume without a touch of black or white no longer prevails; yet the bright colors are still with us, gorgeous as autumn foliage, though invariably toned down with some variety of black braid, passementerie, fur, or jet. Where black is not used different shades of the same material are combined, as tan, golden brown and seal brown; gobelin blue, mazarine blue and bluish-white; and so on through every possible color-scheme. All-black costumes will scarcely be used in wool goods at all, and when the darker-toned materials are employed their sombreness is relieved by facings, pipings, and linings of some vivid hue. Purple costumes

have entirely gone out, and the mantle of their popularity seems to have fallen on the new petunia color, an exquisite shade of deep red, which is invariably made up with black. A petunia serge gown is trimmed with elaborate black satin ribbon appliqué; the fronts of the blouse are of réséda green satin, and the entire costume is lined with réséda green silk. The shirt waist worn under the blouse is either black or réséda green silk striped with black satin. The large toque is all of black and petunia color.

Brown will be much worn in combination with yellow, gobelin blue or tan, and finished with the invariable touch of black, in either braid or fur. Narrow bands of black astrakan will be used in profusion on all kinds of wool costumes, and with all varieties of color-schemes.

### THE NEWEST SKIRTS.

The amateur dressmaker will rejoice to know that the skirts are growing scanter, not measuring over four and a half yards at the hem. The exaggeratedly wide skirt is a thing of the past for street wear, though occasionally used for evening gowns of a dressy description. The new skirt is rarely cut with more than five gores; the front and side breadths are much straighter, fitting tight over the hips, and all the fullness is drawn well



A CHARMING HOUSE-WAIST.  
THE "SINCLAIR."

(See description page 775.)

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See Pattern Order for 41 Patterns on Page 793.



to the back, where it may be either gathered or laid in two narrow box-plaits. Nearly all skirts are trimmed in some fashion, and an occasional double-skirt is seen; but the latter is still considered eccentric rather than fashionable. While the train is coming in for house-gowns, street-suits are made decidedly short, clearing the ground at least an inch, and many of them two inches, all around. A narrow facing of haircloth is still considered necessary in the short skirt; and, by the way, it is a good idea to shrink haircloth before using it, and thus avoid that unsightly puckered appearance which sometimes follows the first drenching

THE NEW AUTUMN JACKETS.

Fashionable designers have not as yet committed themselves to any one conclusive style of winter jacket. For autumn the blouse effect, even in outside wraps, predominates over all others. There is a tendency toward increasing the length of jackets, and among some of the Paris models are seen the tight fitting, double-breasted coats with the skirt reaching nearly to the knees, which were so fashionable some five years ago. A glimpse down Fifth avenue, on a bright, cool morning, proves, however, that the short, fly-front coat and the short, close jacket have not as yet lost their popularity in New York.

THE NEWEST TRIMMINGS.

The general effect of gorgeous coloring and rich materials extends to the winter line of trimmings. Jet will be extensively used, but exclusively on silk, velvet, and satin; while for handsome cloth gowns the trimmings are of silk and wool. Entire jet blouses and boleros in most elaborate designs of roses, clover-leaves, and daisies are intended for dinner gowns and rich visiting toilets. For evening wear cut-steel, pearl, and jeweled passementerie in close harmony with the colors of the dress will be much used, and these colored passementeries are not necessarily an expensive trimming as they are apt to be durable and are used spar-

ingly. The simplest, most stylish trimming for a wool dress is a ready-made braid set, which this season includes skirt and waist trimmings, and comes in every conceivable variety of colors. A very smart finish for a tailor-dress is to stitch over every seam a half-inch-wide bias band of black satin. On the front of the jacket a stylish effect can be obtained by carrying out some conventional braid-work design in the satin bands. Clusters of satin bands set on the waist and sleeves a half-inch apart also make a chic trimming for any plain tailor-suit.

HOUSE-GOWNS.

As the season for pretty tea-gowns approaches, gowns that are pretty for a home breakfast or for a cozy perusal of the newest books by an open grate-fire, novel designs and combination of colors are heralded from Paris. The very latest fashion in these most useful garments is a tea-gown with a blouse effect made over a fitted lining. A soft, wide girdle hides the plaiting at the waist-line, and broad revers on the waist and skirt conceal the buttons. Cashmere, Henrietta, nun's veiling and China silk are the most desirable materials for any sort of negligé gown.

SOME OF THE SMARTEST GOWNS in the fall openings are of Irish poplin and silk moreen. Plain colored poplin skirts will be used this winter for dressy street wear with velvet jackets the same shade or in some harmonious contrast. These jackets are trimmed either with fur or jet. A black poplin skirt, with a black velvet jacket trimmed with chinchilla fur, is an especially pretty winter costume for a rosy-cheeked brunette. A black velvet "picture hat" rolled back from the face, Gainsborough-fashion, and adorned with flaunting plume completes this toilet.

NEARLY all of the new waists, and even outside jackets, are belted in at the waist-line. Leather or metal belts are not much used with outside jackets; a girdle of fur, braid or jet is considered more stylish for any sort of a wrap.



Imported by James McCreery & Co.

STYLISH CALLING COSTUME.  
CALVÉ WAIST. JUBILEE SKIRT.  
(See description, page 778.)

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See Pattern Order for 41 Patterns on Page 793.



### A FASHIONABLE AUTUMN CALLING-GOWN.

EMBROIDERED cloth gowns will be much in vogue for dressy occasions in the late fall and early winter seasons. The embroideries are either done directly on the material before the dress is finished, the pattern being outlined as for any fancy work, or the embroidered effect may be simulated by passementerie sets put on with coarse embroidery-silk. A dark green hand-embroidered broadcloth is shown in the "Puritan" waist, which is the newest design of the surplice-blouse. The front pieces of this pattern, which are without fullness at the shoulders, are brought down and crossed a few inches above the waist-line and then allowed to droop over the belt, after the fashion of all the latest Parisian waist models. The bands that edge the green cloth surplice and the deep collar which extends over the shoulders to the sleeves, are of myrtle green velvet. The embroidery on waist, sleeves, and skirt is a narrow black silk braid in a fleur-de-lis pattern. The stock and jabot, which form the vest, are of embroidered cream mull or satin. An excellent model for the skirt is the "Winthrop," given in September DEM-

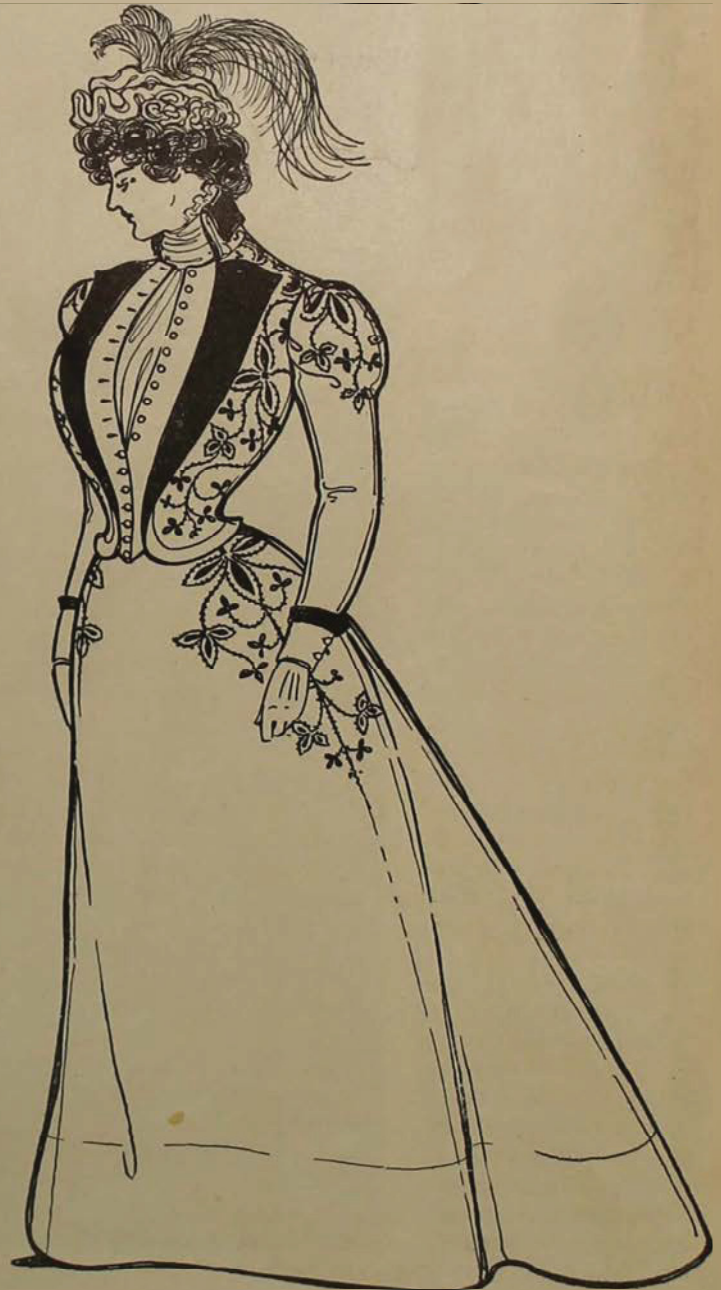
OREST'S. When checked or striped material is used for this design the embroidery should be omitted, as it is effective only on plain colors. With this suit is worn the new style of turban with wide, flaring brim, and a Tam o' Shanter crown. The crown is of cream satin embroidered with black silk braid, the brim is of green velvet, and the tips are black. These turbans are made to order to match the gown, and are carefully fitted to the hair by the milliner. The deft-fingered amateur can easily make a turban out of the remainder of the dress trimmings, thus limiting the expense to the purchase of a canvas hat-frame and a bunch of tips.

### A FANCY TAILOR-WAIST.

It is needless to say that the new, fancy-trimmed tailor-waist is a Parisian conceit. It is shown in a stylish combination of brown, black, and white, in the Juno waist. This pattern, which fits snugly some two inches below the waist-line, will be equally effective in brown cheviot, lady's cloth, or English serge. The embroidery, in the



A FASHIONABLE AUTUMN CALLING-GOWN.  
PURITAN WAIST. WINTHROP SKIRT.



A FANCY TAILOR-WAIST,  
THE "JUNO."

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See Pattern Order for 41 Patterns on Page 793.



form of passementerie sets of black silk braid, is applied on the fronts of the plain, tight-fitting waist, on the tops of the upper part of the coat-sleeves, and on the front seams of the skirt. The straight, clerical vest, which is left open from the neck nearly to the waist-line, is of tan cloth, and the inner vest and stock are of cream mull or India silk. The revers and rolling edge of collar and cuffs are of black velvet. Either the Winthrop or the Sutherland skirt pattern already given in DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE may be used with the Juno waist. This stylish street costume is equally effective in some one-color scheme, say all in browns, or in blues, or greens.

**A STYLISH STREET BODICE.**

THE bodice-waist, which is really a gimpe and a high-pointed bodice, is an excellent design for a costume made of two contrasting colors. The "Stedman" is a most attractive pattern for this style of garment. The bodice is cut high over the hips, and is sharply pointed at the shoulders. The bodice, skirt, and circular epaulettes should be of one material, and sleeves and gimpe of an-

other; hence this pattern is especially useful in the renovating of a last winter's gown. It is quite possible to cut the bodice from last season's sleeves; while a fresh, new look is gained in the purchase of some pretty silk or velvet for gimpe and sleeves. Take, for instance, a last winter's navy blue serge: cut the skirt down narrower, have the new material a rich green and blue plaid silk, and trim waist and skirt with bands of black astrakan.

**THE NEW DOUBLE-BREADED JACKET.**

ALTHOUGH many of the most stunning of the fall Parisian suits are cut with the jaunty, short jacket reaching but a few inches below the waist-line, English tailors are sending over jackets reaching half-way to the knees and cut with the broad double-breasted effect in place of the fly-front so much worn for several seasons. The Melrose jacket, which illustrates the new English style, is cut with loose fronts, but tight-fitting under the arms and in the back. The collars and lapels are broader than in the past, and the sleeves are the snug tailor-sleeve now used with all outside jackets,



A STYLISH STREET BODICE.  
THE "STEDMAN."



THE NEW DOUBLE BREASTED JACKET.  
THE "MELROSE."

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**THE VERY LATEST SLEEVES.**

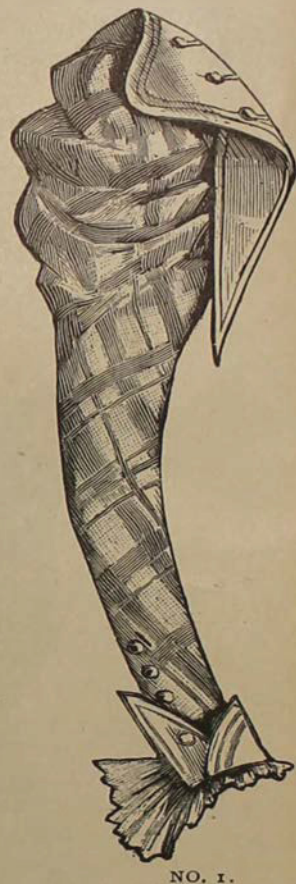
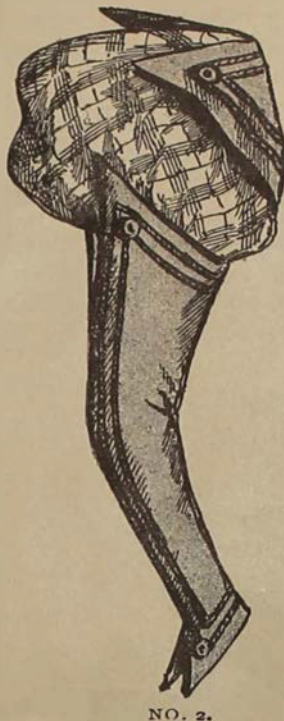
HERE is a group of the newest designs in sleeves. The "Plançon," No. 1, is a stylish model for a tailor-suit or, indeed, for any variety of wool gown. The severe style of the epaulettes and cuffs, with their military trimmings, renders it less appropriate for use with dressy costumes than the "De Vere," No. 2, which is especially effective where a combination of materials is desired. In using this pattern make the lower part of the sleeve, the cuff, and shoulder points of some dark material, introducing the more elaborate goods in the puff. No. 3, the "Eames," is a simple pattern and one equally



useful for silk, satin, or light-weight wool goods. It is really a coat-sleeve, cut rather full at the shoulder and held in a double puff by braid or passementerie trimming.

**THE NEW RUSSIAN BLOUSE.**

THE Russian blouse is cut plain on the shoulder and full at the waist-line. It may open at the throat for a chemisette, or fasten with a high stock; it may be trimmed or plain, full or scant—it is still the Russian blouse if it but fastens at the left side, droops over the belt, and is worn with a soft girdle. In the ultra-fashionable design, as in the "Karénina," there is a circular frill below the waist-line, which renders the garment more appropri-



ate for street wear. This pattern is especially pretty in dark gray whip-cord, trimmed with clusters of half-inch-wide black velvet ribbon. The soft, crush belt and the revers are of velvet, and the skirt, cut from the "Winthrop" pattern in September DEMOREST'S, has a garniture of clusters of velvet ribbon. The chemisette is of white duck or satin, finished with a frill of lace. An exceedingly chic hat to match this costume is in black and white. A mixed black and white velvet braid is edged with a fold of black velvet; the crown is covered with a band of white satin ribbon, on which are set rows of narrow black velvet. The same ribbon is bunched under the rim, which is raised slightly at the right side. Five rich ostrich plumes, two in white and three in black, complete the trimming.



NEW RUSSIAN BLOUSE.  
THE "KARENINA."

THE dressy shirt-waist this season will be made in pale colors, silk poplin and satin being the preferred materials. In satin the latest shade is oyster-shell, which is a chalk-white dappled with a pearly gray, exactly the color of the inside of an oyster-shell. A shirt-waist of this unique shade is worn with a skirt of black silk poplin or of black accordion crêpe de Chine. All the new shirt-waists are made very full over the bust, and many of the French importations are shown with a blouse effect, front and back, and occasionally, when of satin or silk, with a circular ruffle below the belt.





PRETTY BLOUSE FOR A SLENDER FIGURE.  
THE "CLINTON."

PRETTY BLOUSE FOR A SLENDER FIGURE.

OF making of blouses there is apparently no end this season. In one design or another they are in vogue for every occasion, from a reception gown to a bicycle suit. An exceedingly stylish model of this most popular style is the Clinton blouse, made of two materials, plain goods and plaid, and finished with a short, rather scant, circular frill below the belt. The frill is cut in four pieces, and edged with braid; a similar braid edges the trimming on the front and shoulders of the blouse. From the neck to the bust the blouse flares open to reveal a pretty chemisette of some light silk or lawn, and a high rolling-collar finishes the neck in the back.

A CHARMING HOUSE-WAIST.

(See Page 770.)

A PRETTY house-waist in cashmere, nun's veiling, or china silk is the "Sinclair." The box-plaited front and slightly full vest are both trimmed with a ribbon applique. The pointed chemisette and stock are of fine, overlapping plaits. The back of the waist is plain, except for the slight fullness drawn in at the waist-line and the plaited choux which finishes the stock. The sleeves are laid in small plaits nearly to the shoulder, where the fullness is allowed to droop in a graceful double-puff. Bands of satin ribbon serve as belt and sleeve trimming, and the skirt, for which the "Winthrop" in September DEMOREST'S will be quite appropriate, is also strapped at the hem with three rows of satin ribbon.

DOUBLE-BREADED BLOUSE.

THE fashionable double-breasted effect in the blouse is sometimes achieved by cutting the right front-piece with a broad rever which fastens over the left front with two large buttons or rosettes of narrow ribbon. A stylish waist of this description is shown in the "Phyllis," which is really a fitted blouse. Although made separate from the lining, the full number of back and side pieces are cut, which makes the blouse fit perfectly across the shoulders and under the arms, and yet droop as fashion dictates over the belt. The waist, skirt, and sleeves are trimmed with inch-wide bands of bias satin, and the high Medici collar is finished with narrow satin bands. The ultra-fashionable, flaring mull bow is worn at the neck.

THE FASHIONABLE COIFFURE is elaborate and involves a considerable knowledge of hair-dressing to bring about the desired effect, in either one row of broad puffs extending from the crown of the head to the nape of the neck, or in two rows of narrower puffs, which entirely cover the back of the head, and are extremely unsightly, unless done with the utmost care.

CASHMERE IS HAVING a special vogue this fall, possibly because it is not injured by pressing, and the present fashion of innumerable tucks demands the use of the flat-iron.



DOUBLE-BREADED BLOUSE.  
THE "PHYLLIS."



## A PRETTY GIRLISH WAIST.

SOFT, shirred blouses, broad revers, and full vest effects are considered in excellent taste for young girls, to whom any sort of a plain waist is unbecoming. A graceful style of waist for a girl from fourteen to sixteen is the "Sylvia." This waist, which is especially appropriate for the sensible girl who does not wear corsets, is a full, round blouse over a fitted lining, and shirred on a short yoke of lace or embroidery. Broad revers roll back from the front of the blouse, extend over the shoulders in a deep, sailor collar, and reach below the waist-line in front, in pointed tabs. Any variety of wool goods, whether checked, striped, or plain, is pretty made up in this fashion, with a trimming of some deep-toned velvet. The new "Medina" pattern given in October DEMOREST'S is the popular seven-gored skirt for girls, and can be effectively trimmed with bands of two-inch-wide velvet ribbon to bring it in harmony with the waist.

## NEW GYMNASIUM BLOUSE

THE blouse is the particular fashion-fad of the hour, and for street wear is trimmed and decorated out of all



NEW GYMNASIUM BLOUSE.  
THE "GALACIA."

semblance to the genuine sailor-waist; the real blouse, however, is not superseded; it is merely set apart to be worn in the gymnasium, on the wheel, for walking, golfing, tennis, and school. It has the advantage of being stylish without a corset, and is thus especially adapted to the growing girl. The "Galacia" is the very newest style of loose blouse for girls from fourteen to sixteen. This pattern also comes in small sizes for women, and is very popular for any sort of athletic sport. It can be cut without a lining, and can be fulled on a band at the waist-line, or hemmed for an elastic; the latter is the better plan, if it is to be worn without corsets.

The large sailor collar and shield can be made of the same material, or a harmonizing color. Navy blue and white, red and black, and tan and brown are all pretty combinations. If but one color is employed, trim the collar, shield, and cuffs with narrow black or white braid.

## A PRETTY AFTERNOON FROCK.

OPEN-WORK grenadine is scarcely a fall fabric, yet these thin meshed materials are evidently going to be used for semi-dressy occasions until the beginning of winter. The "Genesta," a frock suitable for a girl of from ten to twelve, is of open-mesh brown wool-grenadine over green silk. The full, loose blouse is trimmed at the yoke with bands of green satin ribbon. The frills which droop over the shoulder-puff of the coat sleeves are prettily trimmed by half-inch ribbon being run through the meshes of the



A PRETTY GIRLISH WAIST,  
THE "SYLVIA."



grenadine. The full, round skirt is finished in a similar manner. A sash of two and a half inch green satin ribbon encircles the waist, and is fastened at the back with a rosette and long ends.

QUAINT FROCK FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

THE old-fashioned Mother-Hubbard frock, full and short, simple but dainty in effect, is coming in again for little children. A pretty model, which can either be cut all of one material, or be worn with separate guimpe and sleeves, is the "Prospero," designed for a child of from two to six. This pattern is very effective, with the body of the frock, the sleeve-puffs, and shoulder-frills made of some soft, checked wool goods, trimmed with bands of dark velvet, and with the guimpe and sleeves of white lawn, cambric, or silk. When a separate guimpe is to be worn, the lower edge of the shoulder-puff should be gathered in a band fitting the arm snugly, or made over a plain lining.

A DAINTY CONFECTION IN RED AND WHITE.

THE rage for checks has invaded even the nursery. A very simple but captivating manner of making up a check frock for a child of four, six, or eight is given in the artistic illustration of the "Gretchen." This pretty little home frock is all in red and white. The waist is of the short, full, Kate Greenaway style. A tiny jacket front goes into the seam over the shoulders and under the arms. The back is full and blouse-like. The frock is



QUAINT FROCK FOR A LITTLE CHILD.  
THE "PROSPERO."

cut with a round, "baby" neck, and the sleeves, which extend but little below the elbow, are made of three full, overlapping ruffles. The jacket and waist are trimmed with a cluster of five bands of red velvet "baby-ribbon," and the jacket is edged with a narrow frill of fine, white lace. The ruffles are bound with the red ribbon, and rosettes of it finish the neck and waist at the back. The skirt is without gores, full, round, and finished with a six-inch hem.

FEATHERS, LONG AND DROOPING, will adorn the most elaborate of the fall millinery. Ostrich plumes, ten and twelve inches in length, that curl over the brim of the hat and rest on the hair, are an extravagant fad for which the picture hat is responsible.



Imported by Lord & Taylor.  
A PRETTY AFTERNOON FROCK.  
THE "GENESTA."



Imported by Best & Co.  
A DAINTY CONFECTION IN RED AND WHITE.  
THE "GRETCHEN" FROCK.





A SIMPLE CORSET COVER.  
THE "JAYNE."

#### A SIMPLE CORSET-COVER.

CORSET-COVERS to be worn under tight-fitting waists are made without tucks, ruffles or furbelows of any description, except a narrow edge of lace or embroidery on the neck and sleeves. In the "Jayne" pattern the new style of puffed sleeves is given. The puff does away with the necessity of using any stiffening in the upper part of dress sleeves, and is especially desirable for a figure with narrow, sloping shoulders. This pattern can also be used for stouter women, without the puff, a lace edging being sewed around the armhole.

#### STYLISH CALLING COSTUME.

(See Page 771.)

PLAIN cloths will be much worn for rather dressy occasions this fall. The very smart suit shown in our illustration is of dark wine-colored ladies' cloth,

trimmed with narrow black braid and a shade of velvet exactly matching. The Calvé waist is cut perfectly plain, and is trimmed down the front with five rows of soutache braid. Wide galloon forms the trimming at the bottom and sides of waist. The elaborate fichu and stock are of white appliqué on white satin. Velvet can be substituted for the white materials, or the fichu can be omitted altogether. The sleeves are cut with the long cavalier points over the hand, button to the elbow, and are trimmed with two clusters of the soutache braid.

Although skirts are much scantier than for several years past, the new circular skirt, fitting close over the hips, widening at the knees, and with a broad, graceful flare at the hem, is numbered among the distinctive fall styles. The "Jubilee" is the new five-gored, circular skirt, measuring but four and a quarter yards at the hem and fitting over the hips without a wrinkle. An effective trimming for this skirt is from eight to a dozen rows of quarter-inch soutache braid or narrow satin pipings set on from four to six inches apart, according to the number of rows. The new skirts for home wear, or for any dressy occasion, are cut to touch the ground, and for visiting or carriage toilets a suggestion of a demi-train is once more in vogue.

#### STYLES FOR SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

Children's school frocks are a matter of importance just at this season, hence a word of advice: Do not select cheap, flimsy materials, or ugly colors. It is quite possible to help train a child's art instinct in her dress. Expensive materials are not desirable; but a good quality certainly

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See Pattern Order for 41 Patterns on Page 793.



is, and so are bright, becoming colors. Dresses should be cut a certain, prescribed length, according to the age of the child. At two, little girls wear their skirts to the instep; at three, the skirts are shortened to the knees, and from that age they are lengthened an inch every year. Very young girls do not wear lined skirts. A deep hem or facing finishes the round skirt; but after ten years, when the skirt may be cut with gores, linings are used to give a proper hang to the garment. Sleeves and waists require good, strong lining, while lighter stuffs will be better for the skirt. After fifteen a girl's dress should reach to her ankles, and a braid facing is necessary to protect the edge. The best materials for school wear are serge, chevot, tweed, cashmere, homespun, and brilliantine. Rich, warm-looking colors should be selected, varying according to the complexion and proportions of the child. Bright plaids will be much worn by school-children this season, as will be the new mahogany color, bright mazarine blue, brown combined with red, and navy blue with white. Black should never be worn by children, and pale colors are absurd, being at once costly, perishable, and untidy. Separate skirts and shirt-waists are not desirable for children under twelve years, and it is a much healthier plan to fasten the waists to the skirts until a girl is fourteen or fifteen, when corsets may be donned without injury to the figure.

HATS ARE BEING WORN very much tilted to one side, a fashion which suits only a young or exceptionally pretty face. One of the newest shapes is called the Otero.

A SENSIBLE SCHOOL JACKET.

A PRETTY, convenient school jacket for a girl from eight to twelve is shown in the "Ingelow," which is a double-breasted reefer, with a broad, rolling sailor-collar. This jacket extends well over the hips, which is a matter of importance in cold, windy weather, and is equally appropriate for fall or winter wear. For extremely cold weather the cuffs and collar should be made of fur or astrakan cloth, and an interlining should be used.

A PRETTY AND INEXPENSIVE WRAPPER.

EVERY school-girl has felt the need of a pretty, simple wrapper, a gown neat and trim enough to wear mornings at home—at home only—and comfortable and cozy for studying in the evening, or to wear when convalescing from a winter's cold. A simple pattern for such a wrapper for a girl from ten to fourteen is the "Nancie." The body of the gown is made with a full front and back on a round yoke, over a fitted lining. Fasten the plaits in the back on the lining, and leave the front loose except for a ribbon girdle at the waist. The slightly full sleeves are finished with a wide turn-over cuff. A frill of lace or embroidery edges the yoke, cuffs, and collar. The wrapper should be made of soft, clinging material that does not wrinkle easily; nun's veiling, cashmere, Henrietta, or light-weight flannel are all equally desirable goods for this sort of wear.



A SENSIBLE SCHOOL JACKET.  
THE "INGELOW."

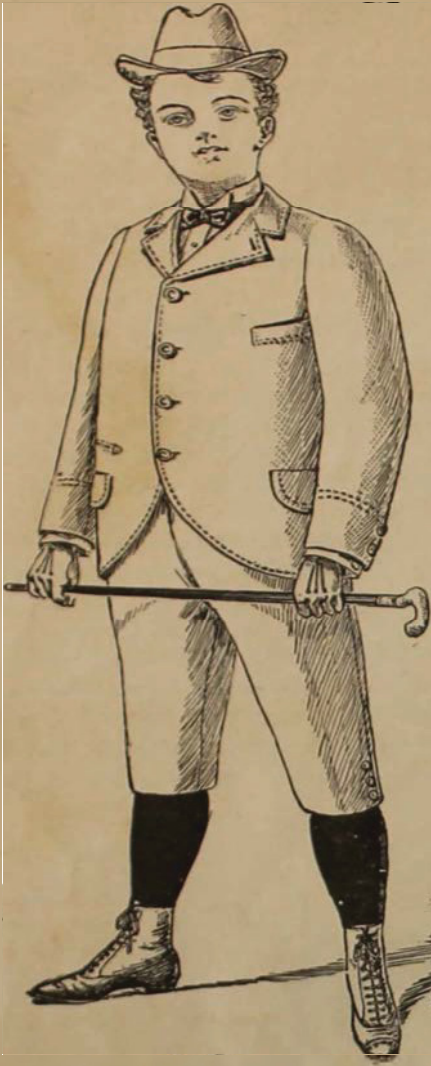


A PRETTY AND INEXPENSIVE WRAPPER.  
THE "NANCIE."



**A NATTY SUIT FOR A SCHOOL-BOY.**

This pattern for a boy's suit is at once practical, stylish, and easily made. The Grant jacket, which comes in three sizes for a boy of ten, twelve or fourteen years, is short and round, and smartly finished with lapels and round pockets. The Sheridan knickerbockers come in sizes for a boy of ten, twelve, or fourteen, and are tight-fitting at the knee. Melton, Scotch tweed, covert cloth, and serge are appropriate materials for boys' suits.

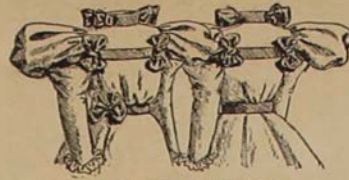


A NATTY SUIT FOR A SCHOOL-BOY.  
GRANT JACKET. SHERIDAN KNICKERBOCKERS.

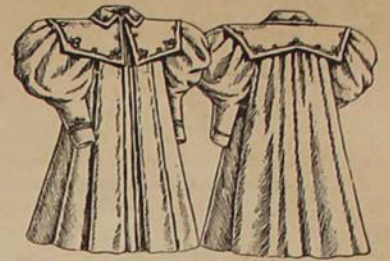
**STANDARD PATTERNS.**

PATTERNS of these desirable models being so frequently called for, we reproduce them in miniature this month in order to bring them within the

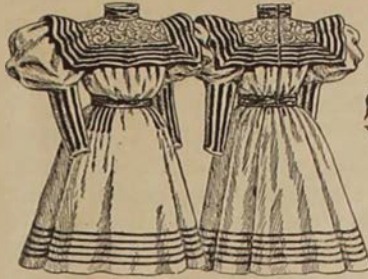
limit of time allowed for selection. It should be remembered that one great advantage of our "Pattern Order" is that the holder is not confined to a selection from the patterns given in the same number with the "Pattern Order," but the choice may be made from any number of the magazine issued during 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.*



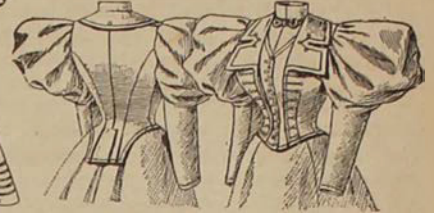
MADELINE WAIST.



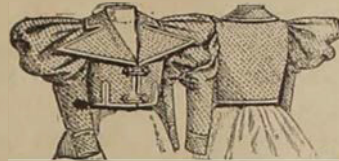
VELMERE COAT.



FRANCENE FROCK.



YATES BASQUE.



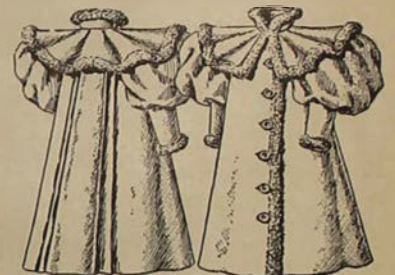
PIERETTE JACKET.



GERALD RAIN CLOAK.



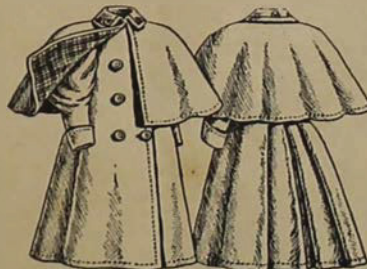
MAVIS COAT.



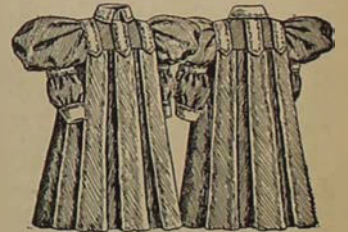
BONNABELLE COAT.



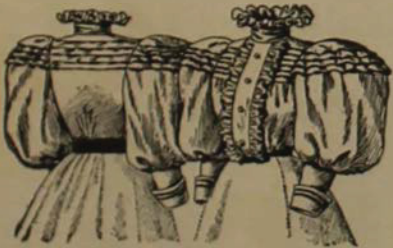
LINTA DRESS.



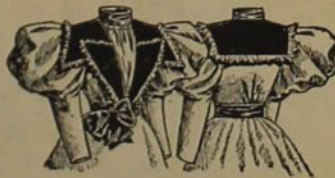
CONSTANTIA COAT.



RUTH CLOAK.



YORKE WAIST.



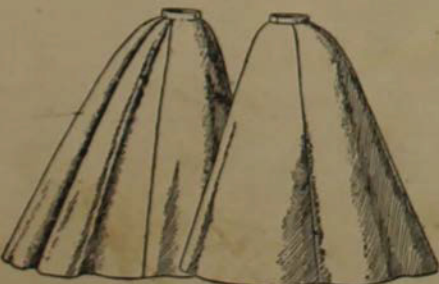
MARJORY WAIST.



FALCITA DRESS.



UMBRELLA DRAWERS.



CARROLL SKIRT.



HIGHLAND COAT.

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## CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

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

"FALL WEDDING."—Flowers are only carried when the bride is in full-dress. If you are to be married either in your traveling dress, or even in a more elaborate "going-away gown," you should carry a prayer-book—one of white leather is preferred with the dressy costume.

"NURSERY."—You will find an excellent model for a school-girl's frock in the "Admiral," in DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE for September. The best wearing materials are storm serge, cheviot, and heavy flannel.

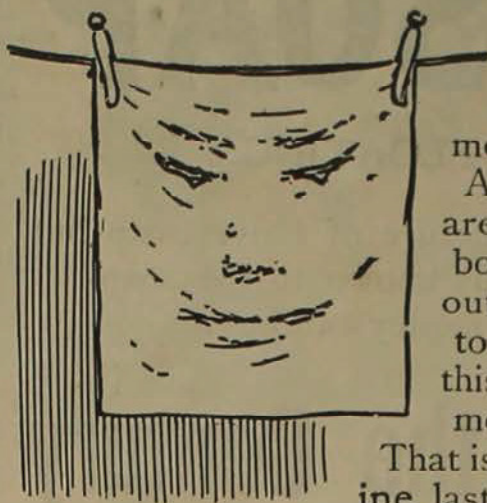
"VERY IGNORANT."—If you wish to take a course of study at the United States Naval School, write to the Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. If, however, you merely wish to have a sailor's training, write to the "Chief Officer" of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y., asking what steps are necessary to be accepted for a three years' cruise on a United States school-ship.

"LEGAL KNOWLEDGE."—No legal steps are necessary to secure a woman's property to her in case of her marriage. Your business signature, however, after marriage, is your husband's surname with your own Christian name.

"INFORMATION."—If you wish to enter a training-school for nurses in any of the New York hospitals, write to the "Superintendent of Nurses" in the hospital you prefer to enter, asking for an application blank, and stating your age, health, and size. It is a good plan to inclose a doctor's certificate and a letter of social recommendation from your clergyman. Except you have a good constitution, a cheerful disposition, and are both patient and amiable, you will not succeed as a trained nurse, which is acknowledged to be one of the most difficult of professions.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Make your navy-blue tailor suit after the model of the Juno waist and Carmen

(Continued on Page 782.)



## Clothes-pins

make some of the holes—but most of them come from rubbing. And no matter how careful you are, the constant wear of the washboard weakens the fabric, thins it out, makes it easy to tear and pull to pieces. You can't help having this wearing process, even with the most conscientious washing.

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Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from Page 781.)

skirt given in this number of DEMOREST'S, having the vest of black moire or satin and the trimming a black ribbon braid-set. A toque of black chenille braid with a white and silver Tam o' Shanter crown and tuft of black tips and a white aigrette, much after the model given on page 713 in October DEMOREST'S, will prove stylish and useful. Wear white suede gloves and black kid boots. Your trousseau would be incomplete without a dressy visiting toilet of either silk or satin. Either the Tuxedo basque or the Frieda blouse waist in October DEMOREST'S would be appropriate and stylish for a so-called demi-toilet. A small, but elaborate bonnet is worn with a costume of this description. It is almost superfluous to add that every trousseau must include the necessary bath-gown of soft wool, the dainty silk and lace dressing-jacket, morning-gowns of silk for bedroom wear, abundant, simple and fine underwear, and shoes, stockings and gloves for various gowns and occasions. It is impossible to suggest just the number of dresses and wraps necessary. Have a chiffon or lace cape, a fall jacket and a winter coat of fur, and dresses according to your means and social intentions.

"GENEVIEVE."—A stylish "going-away gown" for an October wedding would be a myrtle green ladies' cloth heavily braided, after the style given in the Puritan waist in November DEMOREST'S. The skirt should be cut after the Carmen pattern, also given this month. Unless the wedding party is

(Continued on Page 783.)

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

### A Good Child

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.

## DR. FEHR'S CARBOLATED TALCUM POWDER

Softens and Preserves the Skin as no other Preparation does.

There is but one original Talcum Powder—that's Fehr's. Don't allow your druggist to palm off any substitute on you. Julius Fehr, Pharmacist, Hoboken, N. J.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write



# Enameline



**The Modern  
STOVE POLISH.**

**DUSTLESS, ODORLESS,  
BRILLIANT, LABOR SAVING.**  
*Try it on your Cycle Chain.*  
J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

(Continued from Page 782.)

very small the guests will not be seated at the table but in camp chairs, placed back against the wall in order to economize space. Bouillon should be served first in tiny cups, then oysters, creamed, fried, or pickled, and for a third course either a salad or some cold meat, followed by ices, jellies, cakes and coffee.

"THIN SUBSCRIBER."—There are only two practical, healthy ways of gaining flesh and developing the bust: exercise and proper food. The requisite amount of outdoor exercise and the right kind of food will bring some flesh on the most emaciated figure, unless there is some constitutional difficulty which requires medical skill. Some sort of outdoor exercise you must have; it matters little whether it is playing tennis, riding a wheel, driving, rowing or merely walking briskly for at least an hour a day. What is necessary is the particular kind of physical activity that will start the blood circulating, cause the lungs to expand, straighten the spine, and throw the shoulders into place well back of the chest. It is impossible to

(Continued on Page 784.)

**It's Easy for a Housewife**

to decide which article is best, by a home test, and when sufficient for that purpose can be had for nothing, the folly of using inferior articles is evident. If you have Silverware, drop a postal giving your address to "SILICON," 32 Cliff Street, New York, and you will receive, free of all cost, a liberal trial quantity of ELECTRO-SILICON. That means enough to clean all your Silverware. It will tell a brighter story than we can express in words, and the secret of beautiful Silverware will then be yours. We promise you will be well repaid for your trouble.

ELECTRO-SILICON is unlike any other silver polish, and will do what no other silver polish will; such brilliancy as it produces you'll not find outside the silversmith's shop except where Electro-Silicon is used. It is as harmless as the flour you eat and quite as necessary in its way. It's sold by grocers throughout the civilized world, and sent post-paid by the manufacturers on receipt of 15 cents in stamps per box.

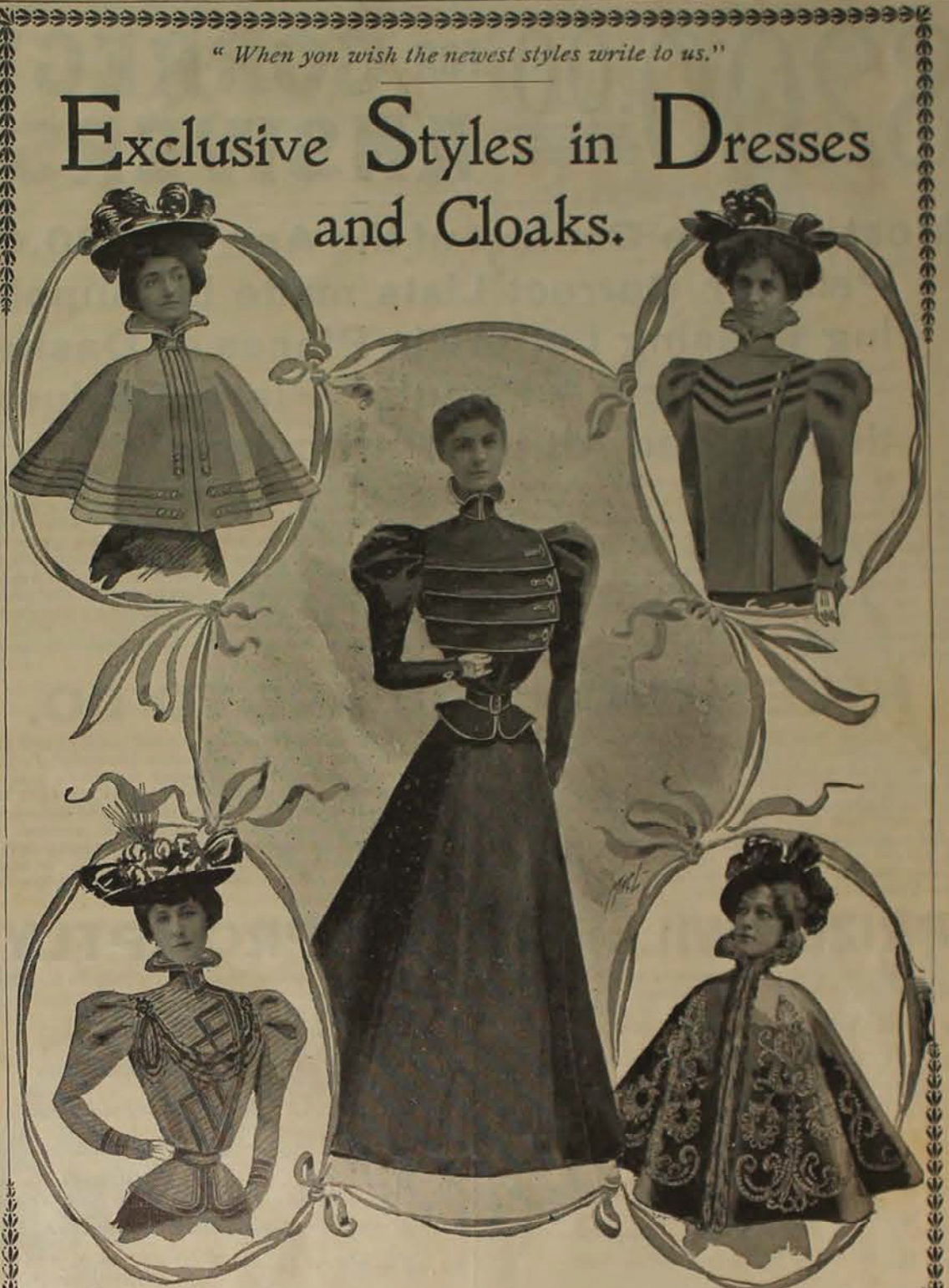
**AGENTS WANTED** LADIES, Send 25c. for new invention to prevent your hat blowing off. G. J. Johnson, Nat. G. A. Bank, St. Paul, Minn. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**THE MME. MCCABE CORSET**



LADIES, Send for Catalogue. Side Guaranteed Unbreakable. LADY AGENTS WANTED. ST. LOUIS CORSET CO. Dept. E, St. Louis, Mo.

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



**T**HERE is an art in dressing well at moderate cost and the secret of a stylish appearance is in the care bestowed on the little details of your costume. In our new catalogue of Cloaks and Suits we show photographs of the garments which the best dressed New York society women are wearing. We make every garment to order, thus giving that individuality so much to be desired. Our styles are exclusive and are made only by us.

To the lady who wishes to dress well at a moderate cost we will mail free our new Winter Catalogue of Cloaks and Suits and a complete line of samples of the choicest fabrics to select from. Our Catalogue illustrates:

- Tailor-Made Suits, \$5 up. Charming Paris Costumes, \$5 up.
- A complete line of New Blouse Costumes.
- Silk and Satin Skirts, \$8 up. Bicycle Suits, \$6 up.
- Riding Habits. Opera Wraps. Newest styles in Jackets, \$3 up.
- Fur Collarettes, genuine sealskin, \$10.
- Cloth Capes, \$3. Velour Capes, \$10.

We also make finer garments, and send samples of all grades. Our line of samples includes the newest fabrics in Suitings and Cloakings, many of them being imported novelties. We also have special lines of black goods and fabrics for second mourning. We pay express charges everywhere. Write to-day for catalogue and samples; you will get them by return mail.

**THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.,  
LADIES' TAILORS,**

119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

ABSOLUTELY PURE, PERFECTLY DELICIOUS

# COLTON'S SELECT FLAVORS

GREATEST STRENGTH OF CHOICEST FRUITS

WESTFIELD, MASS., and NEW YORK.

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



# \$200.00 FOR CORRECT ANSWERS!

**Most Unique Contest of the Age — \$200.00 Paid for Correct Lists made by Supplying Missing Letters in Places of Dashes — No Lottery — Popular Plan of Education — Read All the Particulars.**

In the United States four times as much money is expended for education as for the military. Brain is better than brawn. By our educational facilities we have become a great nation. We, the publishers of *Woman's World* and *Jenness Miller Monthly*, have done much toward the cause of education in many ways, but now we offer you an opportunity to display your knowledge and receive most generous payment for a little study. The object of this contest is to give an impetus to many dormant minds to awaken and think; also we expect by this competition of brains to extend the circulation of *Woman's World* and *Jenness Miller Monthly* to such a size that we shall be able to charge double the present rate for advertising in our columns. By this plan of increasing the number of subscriptions and receiving more money from advertisers of soaps, pianos, medicines, books, baking powders, jewelry, etc., we shall add \$50,000 a year to our income, and with this mathematical deduction before us, we have decided to operate this most remarkable "missing letters" contest.

## HERE'S WHAT YOU ARE TO DO.

There are thirty words in this schedule, from each of which letters have been omitted and their places have been supplied by dashes. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to spell out as many words as you can, then send to us with 25 cents to pay for a three months' subscription to *WOMAN'S WORLD*. For correct lists we shall give \$200.00 in cash. If more than one person sends a full, correct list, the money will be awarded to the fifty best lists in appearance. Also, if your list contains twenty or more correct words, we shall send you a beautiful *Egeria Diamond Scarf Pin* (for lady or gentleman), the regular price of which is \$2.25. Therefore, by sending your list, you are positively certain of the \$2.25 prize, and by being careful to send a correct list you have an opportunity of the \$200.00 cash award. The distance that you may live from New York makes no difference. All have equal opportunity for winning.

## PRIZES WILL BE SENT PROMPTLY.

Prizes will be honestly awarded and promptly sent. We publish the list of words to be studied out. In making your list of answers, be sure to give the number of each word:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. - R A - I - A country of South America.                  | 16. B - S M - - K A noted ruler.                           |
| 2. - A - I - I - Name of the largest body of water.         | 17. - - C T O - I - Another noted ruler.                   |
| 3. M - D - - E - - A - E - - A sea.                         | 18. P - R - U - A - Country of Europe.                     |
| 4. - M - - O - A large river.                               | 19. A - S T - A - I - A big island.                        |
| 5. T - A - - S Well-known river of Europe.                  | 20. M - - I N - E - Name of the most prominent American.   |
| 6. S - - A N - A - A city in one of the Southern States.    | 21. T - - A - One of the United States.                    |
| 7. H - - - - - X A city of Canada.                          | 22. J - F - - R - - N Once President of the United States. |
| 8. N - A - A - A Noted for display of water.                | 23. - U - - N A large lake.                                |
| 9. - E - - E - - E - One of the United States.              | 24. E - E - S - N A noted poet.                            |
| 10. - A - R I - A city of Spain.                            | 25. C - R - A A foreign country, same size as Kansas.      |
| 11. H - V - - A A city on a well-known island.              | 26. B - R - - O A large island.                            |
| 12. S - M - E - A well-known old fort of the United States. | 27. W - M - - S W - R - D Popular family magazine.         |
| 13. G - - R - L - A - Greatest fortification in the world.  | 28. B - H - I - G A sea.                                   |
| 14. S - A - L E - A great explorer.                         | 29. A - L - N - I - An ocean.                              |
| 15. C - L - F - - - I - One of the United States.           | 30. M - D - G - S - A - An Island near Africa.             |

In sending your list of words, mention whether you want prize money sent by bank draft, money order or registered mail; we will send any way that winners require. The *Egeria Diamond* is a perfect imitation of a *Real Diamond* of large size. We defy experts to distinguish it from real except by microscopic test. In every respect it serves the purpose of *Genuine Diamond of Purest Quality*. It is artistically mounted in a fine gold-plated pin, warranted to wear forever. This piece of jewelry will make a most desirable gift to a friend if you do not need it yourself. At present our supply of these gifts is limited, and if they are all gone when your set of answers comes in, we shall send you \$2.25 in money instead of the *Scarf or Shawl Pin*, so you shall either receive the piece of jewelry or the equivalent in cash, in addition to your participative interest in the \$200.00 cash prize. This entire offer is an honest one, made by a responsible publishing house. We refer to mercantile agencies and any bank in New York. We will promptly refund money to you if you are dissatisfied. What more can we do? Now study, and exchange slight brain work for cash. With your list of answers send 25 cents to pay for three months' subscription to our great family magazine, *Woman's World*. If you have already subscribed, mention that fact in your letter, and we will extend your subscription from the time the present one expires. To avoid loss in sending silver, wrap money very carefully in paper before inclosing in your letter. Address:

**JAMES H. PLUMMER, Publisher,**  
22 & 24 North William Street, New York City, N. Y.  
Mention Demarest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Don't omit the second cover advertisements.

**OH!** ILLUSTRATED Circular FREE, descriptive of the best **LADIES' TAILORING SYSTEM** on earth. Rood Magic Scale Co., Chicago, Ill.  
Mention Demarest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 783.)

develop the bust when the shoulders are allowed to droop, the chest to sink in, and the lungs permitted to evade half their legitimate labor. If outdoor sports are impracticable, walk at least an hour a day. Wear loose-fitting clothes, low-heeled, broad-toed shoes, and a wrap that is light and warm. Walk with head erect, chest distended, and with hands clasped behind the back. Take a long, swinging stride from the hips, with a springy step. Breathe slowly, filling the lungs to their utmost capacity at every breath; exhale the air with equal care. Breathe as though it were a duty. On reaching home take a cold sponge bath, and rub the neck and bust first with alcohol and then with sweet oil or mutton-tallow; the second rubbing can be left until retiring if preferred. Limit your food to a fattening diet: cereals of all kinds, bread, fruit, vegetables, plenty of milk, and a sufficient amount of rare meat to keep the complexion

(Continued on Page 785.)

## THE FINISHING TOUCH

To a well-made gown is

# FEDER'S POMPADOUR SKIRT PROTECTOR.

(Covered by United States and Foreign patents.)



It embellishes the most artistic creation of the Parisian modiste, or the home dressmaker, and satisfies the craving for a dress binding that is neither clumsy nor easily soiled. Far superior to the innumerable braids, cord, velveteens and cheap substitutes. It outwears the skirt, but is easily removed and put on a new one.

### Important!

In buying *Pompadour* binding take notice, for your protection, that the name *Feder's* is stamped on every yard.

At all Dry Goods Stores, or write to

**J. W. GODDARD & SONS,**  
98-100 Bleecker St., New York.

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

## LeMesurier Artists' Colors



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

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

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

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

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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 Demarest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



**CO** \*\*\*\*\*  
**BAZAAR** Hygienic Shoes  
 Children




700 Illustrations  
 for children's wear and  
 THEY D... the "Children's Store" is the  
 them, for 4 cents postage.

**The Clinton 23d St., N. Y.** \*\*\*\*\*  
 IS POSITIVELY THE BEST \*\*\*\*\*  
 Has a perfect Guard that prevents cloth  
 coll. Can be hooked and unhooked from  
 Don't turn brassy, being super-nickeled.

Beware of Imitations.  
 Made in Nickel-Plate, Black, Rolled Gold, Sterling Silver  
 On receipt of address, samples of our Clinton  
**FREE** Safety Pin, our new "Sovran" pin and a  
 funny colored animal book for the children.  
**OAKVILLE COMPANY, Waterbury, Conn.**

(Continued from Page 786.)  
 the crown of the head to the nape of the neck. For evening wear it should be dressed either very high or very low, as is most becoming to the wearer and is best suited to the style of gown.—Fashionable visiting cards should measure two and three-eighths by three and three eighths inches; and although not of stiff pasteboard, are considerably heavier in texture than those of last season. Have your address in the right-hand lower corner and your day "at home" in the left-hand lower corner. Cards should always be engraved, never printed.—An appropriate gift to make the gentleman to whom you are engaged would be a cuff and collar box of leather, a silver match-box, a Japanese paper-knife, or a favorite book—in fact, any inexpensive article that would have a personal value and interest to him.

"THE LATEST."—The short bicycle skirts are gaining in favor. Eight inches from the ground is now considered a conservative length. Corduroy will be in favor for fall and winter bicycle suits, but it does not wear as well as serge.

"MAINE."—The plants best adapted to window gardening are geraniums, begonias, oleanders, palm, calla, chrysanthemum, primrose, azalea, jasmine, fuchsia, and cacti. In arranging plants for the window aim always to have the view from the room pleasing. Drooping vines are very effective in pots placed on swinging brackets at the sides of the windows.

"MRS. H. H."—The portraits of King Humbert and Queen Margherita of Italy have not as yet been used in the Portrait Album. They will, however, appear within a few months.

NO STITCHING  
 in the Elastic

The  
**Velvet Grip**  
 Cushion Button  
 HOSE  
 SUPPORTER

NEVER  
 SLIPS  
 OR  
 TEARS

Best  
 Take-Up yet  
 devised.

Holds Securely on  
 any kind of Hosiery

OF ALL DEALERS  
 Sample Pr. by Mail,  
 25c.  
 Catalogue Free.

George Frost  
 Company  
 551 Tremont St.  
 BOSTON, MASS.

Look for the  
 name  
 stamped  
 on every loop  
 'Velvet Grip'



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

(Continued from Page 784.)  
 clear. Before lunch and again at night spend ten minutes in breathing exercises. Stand erect, with hands clasped behind, and inhale all the air possible very slowly, expelling the air in the same fashion, until the lungs have been thoroughly bathed in oxygen. Dumb-bell exercises for ten minutes twice a day will tend to develop the chest; but it is less efficacious than wheeling, tennis or rowing. Walking is, however, an excellent developer of muscles, especially walking against a stiff wind.

RED CAPTIVE.  
 The Woman  
 who once wears  
 always  
 wears—

**Braided Wire**  
 BUSTLES AND FORMS

Nothing else  
 so improves the  
 figure and the set  
 of the stylish gown.

LIGHTEST AND BEST



**LAUGHING CAMERA, 10c.**

The latest invention in Cameras. You look through the lens and your stout friends will look like living skeletons, your thin friends like Dime Museum fat men, horses like giraffes and in fact everything appears as though you were living in another world. Each camera contains two strong lenses in neatly finished leatherette case. The latest mirco-maker on the market; creates bushes of sport. Catalogue of 1,000 novelties and sample camera 10c., 3 for 25c., 12 for 90c. mailed postpaid. Agents wanted.

**ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,**  
 Dept. No. 12, 65 Cortlandt St., N. Y.



MY! OH MY!!

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

**Dr. Jaeger's**  
**SANATORY UNDERWEAR**

The Standard of  
 the World.

allows the skin to breathe freely, at the same time absorbing its exhalations, leaving the body dry and warm.

IMPERIAL 75¢  
 EMPIRE 25¢  
 COMBINATION 75¢

THE WESTON & WELLS MFG. CO.  
 1110-1116 Noble St.,  
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Having Braided Wire,  
 We have them,  
 Price and we will mail them.

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

**PRIZES**

For Children  
 from 6 to 60.  
 1st prize, \$50.  
 2d prize, \$25.  
 3d prize, \$15.  
 10 Prizes of \$5 each to the next ten, and 12 prizes of \$1 each to the next twelve.

ALL CHILDREN LIKE TO DRESS DOLLS  
 These prizes are offered as an incentive to clever work in dressing CRYSTAL DOLLS. These Dolls are pictures made in outline on celluloid, fitting over forms underneath which are to be covered with bits of silk, ribbon, or cloth, cut from patterns furnished, making a fine effect as of a live person. Instructive, entertaining, and fascinating, and have been termed "THE KINDERGARTEN OF DRESSMAKING." Sent, including transparent doll, three pattern sheets, three form cards, with full instructions and colored pattern to show the idea.

TRY FOR A PRIZE.—Contest is open until March 1, 1898. Price by mail, large size, 2 1/2 x 6 1/2, 35 cts.; small size, 2 1/4 x 4, 20 cts. Patented May 28, 1895.

**WHITEHEAD & HOAG CO.,** Doll Dept., Newark, N. J.



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

Dr. Jaeger how big some sins  
 gives you a has committed them  
 with

**MOUNTAIN DIAMOND**

RING 50 CTS  
 PIN 25 CTS

1-karat size, set in a substantial scarf-pin or stick-pin or shirt stud, by mail, postpaid, 25 cents; ring, 50 cents (give size). "The nearest approach to the real Diamond ever sold." That's our opinion; if it's not yours, "your money back."

This remarkable offer is made so that we may know you and be able to send our Catalogue of Indian Relics, and other wonderful Curios, the products of the Rocky Mountain region. Address: H. H. Tamme Curio Co., Denver, Col.

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

**MENNEN'S** BORATED TALCUM  
**TOILET POWDER**

for infants and adults. A specific for prickly heat and chafing. Delightful after shaving. Recommended by all physicians.

At druggists or by mail—price 25 cts. Sample free. Take no substitutes.

**Gerhard Mennen Co.,**  
 579 Broad St., NEWARK, N. J.



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

**TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,**

102 Fulton st., New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first-class. Dealers supplied. 62-page illus. cat. free.

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.



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**AN "Up-to-Date" Book For Embroiderers.**

Just Published. Entirely new Features.

It shows our enormous stock of Centrepieces, Dollies and Stamped Novelties. Over 200 separate patterns are described and 135 Engraved Illustrations display them to the eye.

**Something entirely new is our series of Colored Illustrations,**

Reproducing exactly in their natural colors the Pansy, Double Rose, Wild Rose, Sweet Pea, Easter Lily, Orchid, Nasturtium, Bachelor Button, Clover, Buttercup, Chrysanthemum, Violet, Pink, Daisy, Apple Blossom. These Colored Plates have more than the money's worth of ideas for experienced embroiderers and they make shading easy for beginners.

Send 10c. and ask for "Our '97 Book."

**THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,**  
15 Union St., New London, Conn.

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

## GLEANINGS.

PIGEON ROUTE FROM ALASKA.

The first carrier-pigeon, of the hundreds taken to Alaska, to reach its destination alighted on the cote in Robert Uhlman's yard in East Portland, Oregon, early in September. On its leg was a slip of paper containing the following lines :

" ON THE SUMMIT OF CHILKOOT PASS,  
" August 25th.

" To Robert Uhlman, Portland :

" We are all well and in good spirits. Tell everyone you know not to come here this winter.  
THOMAS CAIN."

The pigeon was completely fagged out and at first refused food, but was finally induced to enter the cote. The distance from Portland to the summit of Chilkoot Pass by the water route is 1,071 miles.

A WARNING WORD ABOUT CLUBS.

Here is a word of advice from one of the most prominent club-women in America :

" Women, do not waste your force among too many clubs. With all my heart I believe in clubs and in the wonderful good they are doing in the interests of reform

(Continued on Page 789.)

**Put Neither Money  
Nor Trust in the  
Wasteful Substitutes for**



**Buy the REAL THING,  
No matter what the clerk says.  
It LASTS and LOOKS BETTER  
Than any other Skirt Binding.**

**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.

**Dainty Women Want**

undergarments that feel best and fit best—a perfect foundation for style.

**YPSILANTI HEALTH UNDERWEAR**

fits close to the lines of the figure—a warm and healthful one-piece garment.

Sold in all large towns and cities. Booklet free.

**Hay & Todd Mfg. Co., YPSILANTI, MICH.**

"Never rip and never tear, Ypsilanti Underwear."

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

**FRENCH DECORATIVE ART,**  
Or SHORTHAND PAINTING. Full directions, sample design transferred and complete outfit containing Transfer Medium, Brushes, Roller and an Assortment of Pictures mailed on receipt of One Dollar. Agents Wanted.

**MADISON ART CO., Madison, Conn.**

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



**TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES**

THE STANDARD MACHINES FOR Sale or Rent at Half MANUFACTURERS' PRICES. EACH MACHINE FULLY GUARANTEED. SHIPPED WITH PRIVILEGE OF EXAMINATION. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

**Typewriter Emporium, 202 La Salle St. CHICAGO.**

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.

**THE COVETED STYLE**  
can be given your gown by judicious use of inexpensive and popular

## FIBRE CHAMOIS



There is nothing like it to obtain just the correct reproduction of this fall's fashions—the sleeve puffs, the lapels, the skirt and the distinct effect that the thoughtful and better-gowned women most appreciate. A costume in which the skirt and waist are interlined with FIBRE CHAMOIS, will not become defraichie, the skirt will always hang in graceful, elegant folds if Fibre Chamois is used in place of canvas or other stiffening material; the lapels, puffs of waists or jackets will forever remain crisp and new if Fibre Chamois is used as foundation. Although soft and pliable, Fibre Chamois retains the desired "set" for the gown, whether cheap or costly. A perfect protection during the varying temperatures of the Fall season.

BE CAREFUL that you get the proper weight: No. 10, for silks and light materials, No. 20, for the heavier goods; No. 30 in place of canvas.

SOLE SELLING AGENTS **J. W. GODDARD & SONS,**  
98-100 Bleeker Street, New York.

**Ladies' Parisian Skirt Pattern** will be mailed FREE to dressmakers sending business card to  
**AMERICAN FIBRE CHAMOIS CO., 412 Temple Court, New York.**

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

## NUBIAN FAST BLACK LININGS WILL NOT CROCK

Either in Percale, Sateen, or Silesia, for Waist or Skirt. Positively unchangeable and of superior quality.

*Nubian Fast Black* Stamped on Every Yard of the Selvage.

A DIFFICULT point to grasp: The end of an eel's tail.

**PRINTING OUTFIT 10c.**

Sets any name in one minute; prints 500 cards an hour. You can make money with it. A font of pretty type, also Indelible Ink, Type Holder, Pads and Tweezers. Best Linen Marker; worth \$1.00. Mailed for 10c. stamps for postage on outfit and catalogue of 1000 bargains. Same outfit with figures 15c. Outfit for printing two lines 25c. postpaid.

**Ingersoll & Bro., Dept. No. 12, 65 Cortlandt St., New York.**

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

**LITTLE GIANT TYPEWRITER** price \$100

INTERCHANGEABLE TYPE PLATES. WILL WRITE IN BOOK, ON PAPER, PACKAGE, ANYTHING.

FOR SALE IN STATIONARY AND DEPARTMENT STORES.

SENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS ON RECEIPT OF \$ 1.15

Simplex Typewriter Co. 26 East 13th St. New York

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



# ESSEX

## Flower Food

TEN CENTS

Feeds ten plants ten months.

Essex Flower food imparts vigor to house plants. How they thrive in winter is no longer the florist's secret.

If your dealer does not have the ten cent package, it will be mailed to you for eight cents stamps by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO. Gloucester, Mass.

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

**AGENTS MAKE** FROM \$5.00 to \$10.00 per day selling Automatic Music Teacher.



Transposes and plays correctly in any key, no knowledge of music required. Send stamps for automatic music. Agents complete outfit, \$3.00. **AUTOMATIC MUSIC TEACHER CO., 600 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

# 20 LBS. OF FAT.

Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Salt Reduced Gracie Emmett and Improved Her Health and Form.



GRACIE EMMETT.

Gracie Emmett has been missed from the stage. She is to return to the footlights, and will renew her former triumphs. Here is the story of her temporary retirement in her own language. It is brimming over with healthful suggestion. "The Salem," Charlestown, Mass., May 14, 1897. Messrs. Loring & Co., Boston, Mass. Gentlemen: I have taken Dr. Edison's Obesity Salt and Pills with marked success. They have reduced my weight from 145 lbs. to 125 lbs. in six weeks, and I feel grateful to you, as I was compelled to abandon my stage career on account of my appearance. Now I am in good health and I look years younger than before using your remedies, and can depend on my speaking good word for the treatment. **GRACIE EMMETT**

at all times. Thankfully yours, (Signed) **GRACIE EMMETT**  
No other medicines required. Dr. Edison's Pills and Salt take the place of all female remedies and regulators. Obesity Salt, \$1 a bottle. Obesity Pills, \$1.50 a bottle. Obesity Bands, \$2.50 and up. No "tonics," "nervines," "arsaparillas," or other medicines required. Obesity Salt, \$1.00 a bottle; Obesity Pills, \$1.50 a bottle; Obesity Bands, \$2.50 and up. We send free "How to Overcome Obesity." For advice about obesity, rupture or any other disease, our New York or Chicago Medical Department. We forward promptly. No printing on our envelopes.

## LORING & CO., Dept. 117

3 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.  
42 W. 22d St., New York City. 56-62 Wabash Ave., Chicago.  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## LITTLE FOLKS

A new beautifully illustrated 32-page magazine for baby up to the 10-year old. Send your own and friends' names for sample and premium list. S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, 64 Pope Building, Boston. **Liberal Pay to Agents**

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

**Parker's Arctic Sock, Best for RUBBER BOOTS.**  
Absorbs perspiration. Recommended by Physicians for house, chamber and sick-room. Made in Men's, Women's and Children's. Ask shoe dealer or send 25c. with size to **J. H. PARKER, 103 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.**



Room 7. Take no substitute. Parker Pays the Postage. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## FREE ATTENDANT SERVICE

AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N.Y.

Ask the man with the **RED CAP** to carry your bag and show you to your Cab, Car, or Elevated Train.

**This service is FREE**  
the New York Central pays him for it.

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(Continued from Page 788.)

and education and for the advancement of women. But with some women, clubs have grown to be a fad, and the woman's aim is to belong to as great a number of clubs as possible, instead of to do some special good work in any one.

"It is no uncommon thing for one woman to belong to four or five clubs, and there are many who claim membership in six or

(Continued on Page 790.)

## To Show Your Heels

To other skaters wear the **Barney & Berry Skates.**

**Highest Award World's Fair.**

Catalogue Free.  
**BARNEY & BERRY, Springfield, Mass.**

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

**LADY OR GENTLEMAN** with \$2,000 capital, or \$100 a month, wanted as managing partner of Landscape School for American Art Students now in operation in France. Address, R. F. FOSTER, 2029 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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

# NO-BAG TOBACCO

can be offered than the sale of over a million No-Bag Cigarettes. All authorized to sell under a guarantee to cure. How quickly No-To-Bac kills the desire for tobacco. Pure and rich, tingling with new life and energy. The old man in feeling is made young again. **No-Bac, a Booklet with Written Guarantee of CURE.** **ANG REMEDY CO., Chicago, Mon**



\$1.60; 4 blades, \$1.85.  
80c.; 3 bl., \$1.25; Boys' 2 bl., 75c.; Carpenters' 3 bl., \$2.00; Texas, 2 heavy bl., \$2.00.  
Each personal photo, 25c. extra. **Finest novelty on the market for Christmas.** A WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFT. What can be more practical? It will be a constant reminder. **COMPANY, 19 BAR STREET, CANTON, OHIO.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**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 emblems, 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.

**PROJECTING NOVELTIES**  
"VIVE MARVEL" Two in One.  
"GRAPHOSCOPE" \$75.00.  
Complete Picture Machine.  
PHONOGRAPHS, GRAPHOPHONES, RECORDS, FILMS. Also **MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.** **HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.**  
Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**Writers Wanted** to do copying at home. Law College, Lima, Ohio. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

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



### Cures all Fevers—Including Yellow-Fever!



(Trade Mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.)

# OXYDONOR "VICTORY"

(Trade-Mark, Registered Nov. 24, '96.)

## The New Life Giver, For Self-Treatment.

Gives vigorous health by instilling Oxygen from the air into the system, and cures all forms of disease without medicine or electricity. Cures all Fevers—including Yellow-Fever—in a few hours. Applied as in illustration. Get the Genuine, made by the Discoverer and Inventor, **Dr. H. Sanche**. Large Book, "Grateful Reports," containing over Four Hundred Certificates of Self-Cures, sent upon application.

COUNCIL CHAMBER, BRUNSWICK, GA., Jan. 24, 1894.  
This is to certify that during the Yellow-Fever epidemic of 1893 the Oxydonor "Victory" was used on patients who had been officially announced by this Board as suffering from the prevailing yellow plague, and that said patients were officially discharged as fully and entirely recovered. Reports confirming the above will be found on file in the office of the Board in this city. **LAWRENCE C. BODER**, Acting Secretary of the Board of Health during epidemic of 1893.

### YELLOW-FEVER.

This is to certify that during the Yellow-Fever epidemic of 1893 the Oxydonor "Victory" was used on patients who had been officially announced by this Board as suffering from the prevailing yellow plague, and that said patients were officially discharged as fully and entirely recovered. Reports confirming the above will be found on file in the office of the Board in this city. **LAWRENCE C. BODER**, Acting Secretary of the Board of Health during epidemic of 1893.

### PARALYSIS.

I became much interested in the Oxydonor, because I know it saved my life and brought me up from a paralyzed cripple, weighing 135 pounds, to an active man, weighing now 192 pounds. **GEORGE H. LATHROP**.

Write for full information.

## DR. H. SANCHE & COMPANY,

261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 61 Fifth Street, corner Fort, Detroit, Mich.  
Canadian Office: 142 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. 82 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

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

(Continued from Page 789.)

eight, or even more. How can any one woman find the time to attend all the meetings, to say nothing of performing the special duties she undertakes in accepting a club membership?

"If a woman's club means anything, it means union, systematic work, and a combined effort in some special direction, and it needs the best strength, the thought, and vital force of its members to make it a success. No woman can give these in half a dozen different directions.

"Therefore choose your club and your club work—that which appeals to your nature most strongly, and in which you feel you can do the most good. Having chosen, devote yourself to that work, and do not lessen its value or weaken your own ability by undertaking more than one woman can ever accomplish."

### INEXPENSIVE AMERICAN RULERS.

We are said to be the richest nation on earth, yet our President's salary is but

(Continued on Page 792.)

Those of our readers who admire fashionable and well-made dresses and wraps will be interested in a book of fashions which has recently been issued by The National Cloak Company, 119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York. The title of this dainty little volume is, "My Lady's Wardrobe." It illustrates, describes and prices all of the latest creations in fine costumes, jackets and capes for winter wear. The firm issuing this book keep no ready-made garments, but are Ladies' Tailors, and consequently make every garment especially to order. We have heard the workmanship and fit of their costumes and wraps very highly commended. Although their styles and materials are exclusive, their prices are very reasonable indeed, ranging from \$5.00 to \$30.00 for dresses and suits, and from \$3.00 to \$25.00 for capes and wraps. A copy of "My Lady's Wardrobe," together with a full line of samples of the latest suitings and cloakings, will be mailed free to any of our readers who will write for it.

# THE Keeley Cure

**Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using** Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes.

### ADDRESS THE KEELEY INSTITUTE at either

- Toronto, Canada.
- West Haven, Conn.
- Dwight, Ill.
- Plainfield, Ind.
- Kansas City, Kansas.
- Portsmouth Building.
- Crab Orchard, Ky.
- New Orleans, La.
- 3507 Magazine St.
- Portland, Me.,
- 151 Congress St.
- Winnipeg, Manitoba.
- Lexington, Mass.
- Detroit, Mich.,
- 59 Washington Ave.
- Minneapolis, Minn.
- St. Louis, Mo.
- 2809 Washington Ave.

Keeley Catechism sent on application

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your

## The United States Government

has adopted the Keeley treatment in the Soldiers' Homes and in an institution for exclusive use of the Regular Army. Seven States have legislated for the application of this treatment to worthy indigent inebriates.

It is a fact, known generally by well-informed persons, that inebriety, morphine and other drug addictions are DISEASES, not simply habits, and to be cured they must receive medical treatment.

The method of treatment originated by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley is used only at institutions for the treatment of disease.

## SAVE 1/2 YOUR FUEL

By using our (stove pipe) RADIATOR. With its 120 Cross Tubes, ONE stove or furnace does the work of TWO. Drop postal for proofs from prominent men.

TO INTRODUCE OUR RADIATOR, the first order from each neighborhood filled at WHOLESALE price, and secures an agency. Write at once.

ROCHESTER RADIATOR COMPANY, 57 Furnace St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



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# CORD



### GOFF'S Angora BRAID

# CORD EDGE

Will outwear any other facing on the market. It has a pure worsted cord dyed to match the braid. Will not show when worn, like cords containing a cotton core or centre. The stitching runs through the cord, fastening it securely to the braid, so that it cannot drop down as in other makes. Angora Cord Edge will not fray out like twisted or braided cords. Makes a neater finish on bottom of skirt. It is put up on spools of 36 yards each, one spool in a box. The spools are so fastened into the box that the braid can be pulled off or rewound easily and quickly. Any length mailed at 5c. per yard, any shade.

D. GOFF & SONS, Pawtucket, R. I.

# EDGE

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



NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC

NO-TO BAC

# Stop Naturally!

NO-TO BAC

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.

NO-TO BAC

### That's Tobacco at Work on Your Nerves.

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

NO-TO BAC

### 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

NO-TO BAC

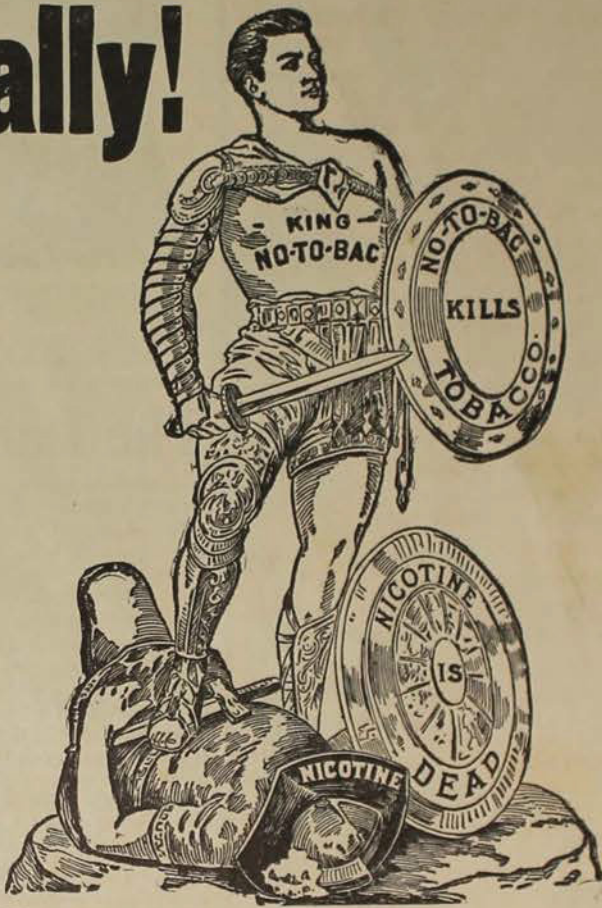
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NO-TO BAC

# 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

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NO-TO BAC



(Continued from Page 790.)

\$50,000 a year. It was only \$25,000 from 1789 to 1873. The royal family of England costs the British people, in round numbers, \$3,000,000 annually. Of this sum, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, the Queen receives \$2,000,000 a year, besides the revenues from the Duchy of Lancaster, which amount to a quarter of a million. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland receives \$100,000 a year for his services and expenses, and the Prince of Wales \$200,000 a year. The President of France receives \$240,000 a year for salary and expenses, an enormous salary, when it is remembered that the republic is sweating under a stupendous national debt of over \$6,000,000,000—the largest debt ever incurred by any nation in the world. Italy can have ten thousand men slaughtered in Abyssinia and still pay her King \$2,600,000 a year. The civil list of the German Emperor is about \$4,000,000 a year, besides large revenues from vast estates belonging to the royal family. The Czar of all the Russias owns in fee simple 1,000,000 square miles of cultivated land, and enjoys an income of \$12,000,000. The King of Spain, little Alfonso XIII., if he is of a saving disposition, will be one of the richest sovereigns in Europe when he comes of age. The state allows him \$1,400,000 a year, with an additional \$600,000 for family expenses.

"A THRIFTLESS NATION."

It is but a few short months since Ian Maclaren was amongst us winning our hearts, and incidentally our dollars—and now, with a swollen bank account, he is reproaching us because of our extravagance. "Thriftless," he calls us, in a recent article

(Continued on Page 793.)



For 1898 Price 10c.

**CORTICELLI HOME NEEDLEWORK.**

Special New Designs for Tea Cloths Centerpieces, Doilies and Photograph Frames; including 27 Colored Flower Plates, reproduced in natural colors, showing just how to embroider all the popular flowers, giving colors of silk and direction of the stitches used for each design. A great help to beginners. All the embroidery stitches described and illustrated. Also rules for knitting Bicycle and Golf Stockings. The Colored Plates alone are worth the price of the book. Send us 10 cents. Write to-day. **Nonotuck Silk Co.,** 31 Bridge St., Florence, Mass.

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

**The Larkin Soaps**

The 30 Days Trial Begun



The Whole Family supplied with Laundry and Toilet Soaps for a year at Half Price. Sent Subject to Approval and Payment after Thirty Days' Trial.

IT IS WISE ECONOMY TO USE GOOD SOAP. Our soaps are sold entirely on their merits, with our guarantee of purity. THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES USE THEM, and have for many years, in every locality, many in your vicinity.

**The Larkin Plan**

are yours in a premium, itself of equal value **Steel, Brass-Trimmed Bed.** Metallic beds add beauty and cheerfulness to the chamber, while they convey a delightful feeling of cleanliness that invites repose. They harmonize perfectly with furniture of any wood or style. Brass top rod at head and foot, and heavy brass, gold-lacquered trimmings. Very strong and will last a lifetime. Malleable castings, will never break. Detachable lignum-vitæ ball-bearing casters. 4 feet 6 in. wide. 6 feet 6 in. long. Head, 4 feet 5½ in. Foot, 3 feet 2½ inches high. Corner posts are 1 inch in diameter. The Bed is the Article of Furniture Supreme: In it a Third of Life is Passed.

If, after thirty days' trial, the purchaser finds all the Soaps, etc., of excellent quality and the premium entirely satisfactory and as represented, remit \$10.00; if not, notify us goods are subject to our order. We make no charge for what you have used.

If you remit in advance, you will receive in addition a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment day after order is received. Money refunded promptly if the Box or Premium does not prove all expected. Safe delivery guaranteed.

Many youths and maidens easily earn a Chautauqua Desk or other premium free by dividing the contents of a Combination Box among a few neighbors who readily pay the listed retail prices. This provides the \$10.00 needful to pay our bill, and gives the young folk the premium as "a middleman's profit." The wide success of this plan confirms all our claims.

Booklet Handsomely Illustrating 15 Premiums sent on request.

**THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.**  
Estab. 1875. Incor. 1892. Capital, \$500,000.

saves you half the regular retail prices; half the cost. You pay but the usual retail value of the soaps and all middlemen's profits

One premium is **A White Enameled Bed.** Metallic beds add beauty and cheerfulness to the chamber, while they convey a delightful feeling of cleanliness that invites repose. They harmonize perfectly with furniture of any wood or style. Brass top rod at head and foot, and heavy brass, gold-lacquered trimmings. Very strong and will last a lifetime. Malleable castings, will never break. Detachable lignum-vitæ ball-bearing casters. 4 feet 6 in. wide. 6 feet 6 in. long. Head, 4 feet 5½ in. Foot, 3 feet 2½ inches high. Corner posts are 1 inch in diameter. The Bed is the Article of Furniture Supreme: In it a Third of Life is Passed.

**Our Great Combination Box.**

Enough to last an Average Family one Full Year.

This List of Contents Changed as Desired.

- 100 BARS "SWEET HOME" SOAP. . . . \$5.00  
For all laundry and household purposes it has no superior.
- 10 BARS WHITE WOOLLEN SOAP . . . . .70  
A perfect soap for flannels.
- 12 Pkgs. BORAXINE SOAP POWDER (full lbs.) 1.20  
An unequalled laundry luxury.
- 4 BARS HONOR BRIGHT SCOURING SOAP, .20
- 1-4 DOZ. MODJESKA COMPLEXION SOAP, .60  
Perfume exquisite. A matchless beautifier.
- 1-4 DOZ. OLD ENGLISH CASTILE SOAP, .30
- 1-4 DOZ. CREME OATMEAL TOILET SOAP, .25
- 1-4 DOZ. ELITE GLYCERINE TOILET SOAP, .25
- 1-4 DOZ. LARKIN'S TAR SOAP .30  
Unequaled for washing the hair.
- 1-4 DOZ. SULPHUR SOAP . . . . .30
- 1 BOTTLE, 1 oz., MODJESKA PERFUME .30  
Delicate, refined, popular, lasting.
- 1 JAR, 2 ozs., MODJESKA COLD CREAM .25  
Soothing. Cures chapped skin.
- 1 BOTTLE MODJESKA TOOTH POWDER .25  
Preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, sweetens the breath.
- 1 STICK WITCH HAZEL SHAVING SOAP .10
- THE CONTENTS, Bought at Retail, Cost . \$10.00
- THE PREMIUM, worth at Retail. . . . . 10.00
- All for \$10. (You get the Premium you select, gratis.) \$20

From The Independent, New York. The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co. make our readers a wonderful offer. Not only do they give you a box of excellent laundry soap and toilet articles of great value, but they also give each purchaser a valuable premium, and we personally know they carry out what they promise. The Watchman, Boston, says: We have examined the soaps and premiums offered by the Larkin Co. They are all they say. A man or woman is hard to please, who is not satisfied with such a return for their money.

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

**350,000 FLORAL HOMES**

are visited monthly by PARK'S FLORAL MAGAZINE. It cheers and brightens and beautifies wherever it goes. You'll enjoy it, as others do, if you love flowers, or grow but a few plants. 50 cents a year, or 10 cents for 3 months' trial, with these premium garden or window bulbs.

- Double Tulp, early, fine golden yellow.
- Single Tulp, early, rich carmine red.
- Crocus, red, white, blue and striped.
- Spanish Iris, sweet, orchid-like flowers.
- Triteleia uniflora, white, star-like flowers.
- Double Daffodil, pure white, scented.
- Jonquill, large-flowered, yellow.
- Ornithogalum, Bethlehem Star.
- Saxifraga, fine, double, white blooms.
- Scilla, Wood Hyacinth, lovely blue.

These 10 easily-grown bulbs, with culture, PARK'S BULB LIST, and PARK'S FLORAL MAGAZINE 3 months, all for 10cts. For club of two (20 cts.) we add a red, white, blue, pink, azure or bluish Hyacinth, or all six for club of six (60 cts.). Ask your friends to join you. Order now. This adv. will not appear again. Address **GEO. W. PARK, 36, Libonia, Pa.**

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### THE LADIES' WORLD

is the best, cheapest, brightest and most practical ladies' magazine published in America. Each issue contains from 20 to 28 large pages, size of *Harper's Bazar*, and is enclosed in a handsome cover, printed in colors. Its departments embrace Fiction, Poetry, Special Helps, Housekeeping, Out-of-Doors, Artistic Needlework, What to Wear, Family Doctor, Boys and Girls, Mother's Corner, Etiquette and Home Decoration. It publishes original matter only, and its contributors are among the best of the modern writers. In order to introduce our

**3 MONTHS 8 Cts.**  
FOR

magazine into thousands of new homes where it is not already taken, we will send it three months—including Thanksgiving and Christmas issues—to any address, prepaid, for 8 cents in stamps. This small sum will not pay us for the advertising, to say nothing of the magazine, but we are so firmly convinced that if you will give it a trial you will want it continued, we take this means of placing it before a large army of new readers, and expect to reap our reward in the future. Send along the stamps and give it a trial. You will be more than pleased with your small investment. Address  
**S. H. MOORE & CO., 23 City Hall Place, New York.**

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

(Continued from Page 792.)  
in the *Outlook*, "and far removed from the thought of saving." He shakes his head and says the following things, which we may ponder over and we may resent :

"It may be allowed us to have a doubt whether this prodigality is for the good of individual character and the firm up-building of a people. Does it conduce to stability and self-restraint to be quite indifferent about to-morrow, and to reserve nothing of to-morrow's earnings? Have not the farmers

(Continued on Page 794.)

### STERLING SILVER and SOLID GOLD BY MAIL.



You can save one-third by buying goods direct from the makers. Send for Catalogue D; contains everything in gold and silver.

The articles illustrated are given as samples of our prices.  
SCISSORS, Embroidery or Manicure, Sterling Silver handles, 85 cents.  
STERLING SILVER THIMBLE, 20 cts.  
EMERY Sterling Silver Mounted, 25 cents.

Money will be returned if desired.

**BAIRD-NORTH CO., GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS.**  
DEPT. B. SALEM, MASS.

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

## \$5000 REWARD FOR ANY FAILURE. HAIR ON FACE

Neck and Arms removed in 3 minutes by **MME. A. RUPPERT'S DEPILATORY.**



Mme. A. Ruppert

The above offer is bona-fide. Mme. Ruppert will pay to any one having hair on any part of the person that her wonderful Depilatory will not remove in 3 minutes without injury to the skin five thousand (\$5,000) dollars. Mme. Ruppert refers any one interested as to her financial responsibility to the publisher of this journal. Mme. Ruppert's Depilatory is wonderful in its action, immediately dissolving all superfluous hair from face, neck, arms or any part of the person. It acts like magic. One application removes entirely all disfiguring hair inside of 3 minutes. Every bottle is guaranteed or money refunded.

Its application is so simple that a child can use it without the slightest injury. Mme. Ruppert has placed this wonderful **DEPILATORY** within the reach of all. A bottle will be mailed to anyone in plain wrapper on receipt of \$1.00, although the price of a first-class preparation of this kind should be much higher. Mme. A. Ruppert's **Face Bleach** has been for many years a familiar household word. Most every one knows directly or indirectly of its great merit for the removal of Freckles, Tan, Sallowness, Blackheads, Pimples, etc. It has not even a competitor worthy of the name. Face Bleach sells at \$2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together for \$5.00. Sent only by express. Mme. Ruppert's book, "How to be Beautiful," sent free on application. Address in confidence, **MME. A. RUPPERT, 6 East 14th Street, New York City, N. Y., or 155 State St., Chicago, Ill.**

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

### 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.

## \$150.00 CASH FREE

STASESETUSEM  
TANIRUP  
GEKEARARS  
RERTTO  
NHIDOP  
BALMDAHEH  
YOLPIAM

We herewith give a list of jumbled words from which can be made the names of seven of Uncle Sam's new warships. They are easily transposed when you know how to do it. For instance, the word RERTTO is "Terror." Try it. We will give:

First Prize in Cash—\$50.00 to ten persons first sending correct answers.  
Second Prize in Cash—\$50.00 to the next 20 persons sending correct answers.  
Third Prize in Cash—\$50.00 to the next 50 persons sending correct answers.  
Fourth Prize—Kombi Camera to each of next 25 persons sending correct answers.

Should more than the required number send correct answers, the awards will be made according to date letter is mailed, hence it is advisable that your letter should be among the first. You can win one of these prizes if you are quick and use your brains. The above rewards are given free as an inducement to read **New Ideas**, a handsome 16 page illustrated journal covering an entirely new field. It gives information about the latest inventions and progress in science, illustrating the most striking novelties for business and household use. Its subscription price is the only cheap thing about it. Send answer to-day!

**OUR CONDITIONS**—You must send with your answer 25 cents (stamps or silver) for a Six-Months' Trial Subscription to **New Ideas**.

### ALL SURE OF A PRIZE.

Aside from the prizes above named, we will give a special prize to such persons whose letters fail to reach us in time for the Cash Prizes, or who do not correctly answer the list, provided that 25 cents in silver or stamps be sent for a six-months' subscription to **New Ideas**. These special prizes are awarded along the line of **Novelties, Music, Decorative Art, History and Fiction**. Be sure to state in letter which you want. This contest will close Tuesday, Nov. 30th, and names of prize winners will be announced in Jan. number of **New Ideas**. Address,

**New Ideas, Sta. K, 177, Philadelphia, Pa.**

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

### NO CANVASSING OR PEDDLING!

Ladies wishing to make money in a quiet and refined way can find the means of so doing by addressing, enclosing a 2c. stamp, **THE HAZELTINE CO., 2 Law Building, Toledo, O.**

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

### Note the New Pattern Privilege.

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: ~~Albertine Basque, 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.

## PATTERN ORDER.

Name, \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and Number, \_\_\_\_\_  
Post-Office, \_\_\_\_\_  
County, \_\_\_\_\_ State, \_\_\_\_\_

- Puritan Waist, 34, 36, and 38 Bust.
- Juno Basque, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
- Calvé Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
- Sinclair Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
- Karénina Blouse-Waist, 34, 36, 38 Bust.
- Phyllis Blouse-Waist, 34, 36, 38 Bust.
- Stedman Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
- Clinton Blouse-Waist, 34, 36, 38 Bust.
- Melrose Jacket, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
- Galacia Gymnasium Blouse, 34 and 36 Bust.
- Jubilee Skirt, medium and large.
- Jayne Corset Cover, 34, 36, 38, 40 Bust.
- De Vere Sleeve, medium and large.
- Eames Sleeve, medium and large.
- Plancon Sleeve, medium and large.
- Galacia Blouse, 14 and 16 years.
- Sylvia Waist, 14 and 16 years.
- Nancy Wrapper, 10, 12, 14, 16 years.
- Grant Coat, 10, 12, and 14 years.
- Sheridan Knickerbockers, 10, 12, and 14 years.
- Genesta Frock, 10 and 12 years.
- Ingelow Jacket, 8, 10, and 12 years.
- Grethen Frock, 4, 6, and 8 years.
- Prospero Frock, 2, 4, and 6 years.
- Yates Basque, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
- Yorke Waist, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.
- Carroll Skirt, medium and large.
- Gerald Rain Cloak, medium and large.
- Madeline Waist, 14 and 16 years.
- Marjory Waist, 12 and 14 years.
- Highland Coat, 8 and 10 years.
- Pierette Jacket, 12 and 14 years.
- Ruth Cloak, 4 and 6 years.
- Francine Frock, 8 and 10 years.
- Umbrella Drawers, medium and large.
- Mavis Coat, 10 and 12 years.
- Constantia Coat, 8 and 10 years.
- Velmore Coat, 6 and 8 years.
- Bonabelle Coat, 2 and 4 years.
- Linta Frock, 4, 6, and 8 years.
- Falcita Frock, 4 and 6 years.

Remember to send 4 Cents for each Pattern!

Two of these patterns by sending 40 PATTERNS ON ONE ORDER.



# 7 Lovely patterns

**E STERLING INLAID I-E**

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at the wearing points before plating



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NATURAL ENOUGH.

**MR. WHIFFLE (reading)**—"The Empress of Austria suffers from insomnia."

**MRS. WHIFFLE (meditatively)**—"Well, no wonder. I'm sure if I was an empress I'd be so proud of it I couldn't sleep a wink."



**FREE TO BALD HEADS.**

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(Continued from Page 793.)

traded recklessly on the virgin resources of the soil? Have not the forests been providently cut down? Is there not everywhere a certain want of prudence and management which cannot minister to moral strength and material wealth?" And then Dr. Watson recommends a return to the habits of the Puritan living. If, however, Americans had been addicted to Puritanical ways during the spring of '97, Major Pond would not have cleared \$40,000 from Dr. Watson's American lecture tour.

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EVERY lady who will drop us a postal card will have sent her, free of charge, our catalogue, which gives an accurate description of the latest fall and winter styles of tailor-made suits, jackets and capes, together with samples of goods, which include a large variety, and among which something will surely be found to please the most fastidious. We have been making a high grade of ladies' garments for 15 years, and our reputation is well established. In buying goods of us you are able to secure them at even lower prices than if purchased ready-made, and you are sure of a perfect fit and finish, for we cut, fit and make all of our garments at our own premises and under our direct supervision.

**Our Specialties**—Tailor-made suits, \$5.00 up; new - style jackets, \$3.00 up; our popular embroidered or strapped seamed capes, \$2.40 up; seven-gored skirts, with full pleated or shirred back, \$3.00 up.


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is secured by using the Improved Washburn Fasteners

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The simplicity, yet bull-dog tenacity, of this little article makes it the ideal fastener.

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TUBBS—"I flatter myself that honesty is printed on my face."

GRUBBS—"Well—er—yes, perhaps—with some allowance for typographical errors."

**WALK ON LAMB'S WOOL—WEAR**



**Wiley's "CAPITOL" Insoles.**

Sold everywhere or sent postpaid for 25 cts.

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## PATTERN ORDER

FOR USE IN ORDERING PATTERNS ILLUSTRATED IN ANY NUMBER OF

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Published during the last twelve months.

COUPON IS GOOD ONLY WHEN SENT WITH **FOUR CENTS** FOR EACH PATTERN, BEFORE **DECEMBER 20th, 1897.**

Address: **Demorest's Family Magazine,**

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,

110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## REMEMBER

FOUR Cents in Postage Stamps FOR EACH Pattern ordered, your Correct Address in full,

the Correct Description of the Pattern you desire by marking, as directed list on the other side; or if not in this number, then write on the same and size of the pattern desired, which must be selected from a ring the last twelve months.

that this "Order" cannot be used after December 20th, 1897.

that all patterns ordered must be accompanied by a coupon the date of which has expired.

[SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

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