

# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

No. 407.

MAY, 1897.

Vol. 33, No. 7.

## SOME CONSTANTINOPLE TYPES.

TO one subscribing to Pope's didactic utterance "The proper study of mankind is man," no city in the world offers so extended a curriculum for the contemplation of racial types as the barbaric, unkempt, conglomerate, incoherent, discordant, thoroughly charming

and every creed of religion, formulated or unexpressed, finds its counterpart. Held together by no cohesive force, save personal interests, each nation clings to its own national traits with jealous care, never amalgamating or intermarrying, but all subscribing most heartily



GROUP OF ZEIBECKS.

city of Constantine. It is a cosmopolitan congeries of men and women, embracing representatives of all the descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japheth; her every shade of color possible to epidermis, every tongue known to human speech, every garment devised for the protection or adornment of the human body, every race familiar to the eth-

to that strong old English platform, "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost."

Prominent among the Christian inhabitants of European Turkey and the capital, not only by reason of their preponderance in numbers, but because of their stalwart individualism, stand the Bulgarians. Formerly the most

formidable and warlike of all the tribes who successively laid waste the empire of Constantine, they are to-day the most peaceful, industrious, domestic, and plodding people of all the empire. "No amount of oppression," says a chronicler, "can render a Bulgarian indifferent to his field, his horse, his flower-garden, nor to the scrupulous neatness of his dwelling; he is agricultural, stubborn, and slow-tongued, but honest, cleanly, and chaste." Phenomenally frugal, and as abstemious in their diet as Daniel and the Princes of Judah, who flourished on pulse and water, their Spartan-like training and simple habits have given them a vigor of temperament that exempts them from most of the diseases to which their Turkish neighbors fall a ready prey. Even the omnivorous plague spares the Bulgarian Christians, who enjoy uninterrupted

The Bulgarian housewives are the most industrious of women. No matter how plain the little hut the peasant woman may call home, it is as neat and cosy as hands can make it. She is never idle, her busy fingers even plying the spindle while looking after her cooking or carrying her goods to market.

Next to the Greeks, the Bulgarian women are considered the handsomest women in Turkey, while their morality is proverbial. Their long, thick hair frequently sweeps the ground in its abundance, the young girls usually allowing their tresses to flow unconfined, unadorned save by a wreath of flowers or a rose, their national flower. For older women, strings of gay-colored metal coins afford elaborate head decorations. These descend from mother to daughter, and are often of great value, sometimes con-



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GOLDEN HORN.

good health, while the Moslem fatalists succumb by thousands.

Keenly alive to the advantages of education, they were among the first to grasp the opportunities presented by those American institutions, Roberts College and the American College for Girls. Books, papers, and schools sprang up among them with the celerity of dragon's teeth, and the Bulgarian girls have kept abreast of their brothers in every respect. In the provinces, where there are no girls' high schools, they attend the boys' gymnasia quite as a matter of fact.

Bright, patriotic, persistent, realizing what they want, and achieving it, not by violence or popular fury, but by a prodigious and stubborn determination that clings quietly but tenaciously to the object in view, they are gradually achieving that consummation long devoutly wished, Bulgaria for the Bulgarians.

taining coins of silver and gold as old or older than Constantinople itself. The national costume usually consists of a shirt and bodice, a cloth tunic and long skirt, while a gay plaid apron gives a fulness of joy that nothing else can vouchsafe. All their clothing is of their own manufacture, even the raising of the wool and flax, the spinning, carding, weaving, and coloring.

Just outside of Constantinople, along the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, live a large colony of Bulgarians employed as milkmen, farm-hands, gardeners, and shepherds. Here they retain their own national speech and peculiarities, refusing to coalesce with their neighbors. Heavy in their merry-making, even the tripping of "the light fantastic toe" becomes with them a solemn ordinance, widely at variance with the graceful Greeks and Armenians, who still keep up the light, graceful windings of the old Ionic dance.



BULGARIAN PATRIARCH.



HIGH-CLASS BULGARIAN WOMEN.

In 1872 the essential independence of the Bulgarian Church was recognized, and to day, instead of the Greek Patriarch, an Exarch of their own choosing stands as the

ecclesiastical and civil head of the Bulgarians residing within the borders of Turkey.

In striking contrast to the peace-loving, domestic Bul-



MIDDLE-CLASS BULGARIANS.



BULGARIAN PEASANT WOMAN.



A YOUNG KURD.



KURDISH WOMAN.

garians, are the Kurds, wild, illiterate, traditional robbers and desperadoes, who swagger about the capital, secure in the protection of the government, which utilizes their natural savagery for the extermination of non-Mussulmans. Calling themselves Moslems, they are undoubtedly pagans, worshipping venerable trees, believing in the transmigration of souls, and engaged in many superstitious practices not sanctioned by the Koran. They are a peculiar race in appearance, tall and gaunt to a degree, with powerful, sinewy frames and strongly marked features, while their active habits give them a strength of body almost herculean. The men wear a cloak of black goat's-hair, and a red cap around which is wound a silk shawl that falls upon the shoulders. Only the aged are allowed to wear beards. Charms and amulets are greatly in demand. All the clippings of their nails and trimmings of their hair and beard are religiously collected by these brave gentlemen and transmitted to their families, when away from home; while a verse from the Koran, inserted where a bit of their sleeve has been cut out, is supposed to preserve their lives during one of their bushwhacking expeditions. Even the lovely Kus Ghileem cur-



A JEWESS.

tains, for whose manufacture the Kurdish women are noted, are nearly always defaced by bits of calico, strips of flannel, or locks of glossy black hair put there by the superstitious weaver to avert the effects of the "evil eye."

The young women are very beautiful, but they fade and shrivel into the appearance of old age while very young. They are very ignorant, a girls' school being unknown among them; while their language, a dialect of the Neo-Persian, has not even an alphabet of its own. As the tenets of their masculine providers are "plunder and finery," the women's dress consists of the gayest possible garments, usually looted from the Armenians' treasured store. Only the women of the highest rank veil themselves.

In 1891 the Sultan, observing the mutterings of the storm that ushered in the demand for Armenian reforms, organized the Kurds into the so-called Hamideh Cavalry, "on the principle," says Dillon, "that prompts rebels and rioters to throw open prison doors and invite convicts to rob and kill the members of the upper classes." Favored by the Sultan, equipped with modern rifles in defiance of Article LXI. of the Berlin treaty, invested with the inviolability of

ambassadors, and paid with more regularity than even the regular army, the Kurds to-day scent every scene of carnage from afar, and count no scene too distant, no atrocity too great, that shall permit them to be "in at the death."

Picturesque, rollicking, reveling, devil-may-care fellows, tough as pine knots, and bristling with weapons, are the Zeibecks, the Dick Turpins of the Orient. Free as their mountain air, they wander in and out of Constantinople, knowing no restraint of any kind, and putting at defiance all law. On the principle of "taking a thief to catch a thief," they are often hired to protect caravans or watch vineyards, and when thus engaged are dominated with a virtuous and laudable pride in their own integrity. Oftener, however, they swoop down in impartial descent on Turkish villages or rich bashaws, frequently appropriating the latter for ransom, afterward effecting a speedy and politic retreat to their mountain fastnesses, where they laugh to scorn the troops sent against them by the government.

Equally picturesque are those modern Ishmaelites the Syrian nomadic merchants, who have come across the solitudes of Syria on horseback or on slow-stepping camels, bringing with them silks and gems and alabaster. Garbed



SYRIAN NOMAD.

in the old Byzantine gown, or *dalmatica*, with their heads enveloped in gold-striped handkerchiefs, they frequent the square, ugly khans fringing the Golden Horn, or the Great Bazaar, until, their merchandise disposed of, they are free to hasten back to their life untrammelled by the restraints of civilization. They are shrewd, proud, ambitious, and fond of display, while their physical development is considered to be nearest to perfection of any race.

Quite another type are the gypsies, or *Tchinganeh*, as the Turks call them, whose huts of broken planks, patched up with rags or paper, defile the inner circle of the Stamboul walls. Low of stature and dark of feature, the bright head-kerchiefs and baggy trousers of gay calico affected by the women lend enchantment to the scene when viewed at long range. "Anything to make a living" is the motto of the gypsy. The men trade horses or rent them out, and rob hen-roosts and gardens with all the *abandon* that characterizes the race elsewhere. The women

sell lavender, herbs, strawberries, hardware, and popcorn; they beat the tambourine and dance after the manner of the Egyptian girls; or with bits of glass, pebbles, and nuts, they describe the past and foretell the future



SLAVE WOMAN SELLING CANDY.



AN ARAB MUSICIAN.

to the credulous Turkish women who would fain know what kismet has in store for them. Sans education, sans religious belief of any kind, and sans morality, yet with all their faults they are gladly welcomed back when the first chill breath of winter sends them scurrying in from their summer wanderings.

While slavery has never been very rigorous in Turkey it is ever present, no Turkish family being so poor as to be unable to claim a black woman slave as maid-of-all-work. Such are, in fact, considered one of the necessities of life. Women have been brought from Africa through Egypt by the slave traffic since time immemorial; and though frequently found sharing the harem of the master with the fairest Circassians, they are more frequently employed as servants. They are not a distinctive race, but are called Arabs. From seventy-five to one hundred dollars is the usual price for one. Every slave is entitled to be set at liberty after seven years' service, when she can exercise her own choice about staying in the family or going out to earn her living. These slave women are experts in the manufacture of candy, their specialty being the spicy sesame.

Among the musicians (heaven save the mark!) who frequent the capital, the strolling Arab players are much

in evidence. Although hailing, presumably, from the broad, free life of the desert, they hardly fill one's ideal of the flashing-eyed Bedouin and his impassioned love-songs immortalised by Moore and Bayard Taylor. Clad in garments whose sole claim to recognition lies in their eminent respectability and utility, provided with a gourd shell as a basis of operations, its capabilities enhanced by two or three strings and a handle, this dark-browed troubadour stations himself in front of a promising window, and picking the strings of his improvised instrument accompanies its eccentricities with a prolonged, weird, and anguish-laden howl of the banshee order:

"Yavouilli, yavouilli,  
R-r-r-r-r-r-r halla, halla,  
Yavouilli, yavouilli!"

Excited by his own vocal gymnastics he redoubles his exertions, vocal and otherwise, grasps all the strings of his instrument, and plucks them till they shriek again in a very luxury of woe.

Perhaps this is a Bedouin love-song. Perhaps the lovely "Nourmahals" and "Rose-in-Blooms" of the desert yield to its impassioned appeals. Who knows? We can only list and wonder,  
EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

## A LOWLY PASSION FLOWER.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

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

### II.

THE barn was lighted with coal-oil lamps, set on wooden brackets, with reflectors behind them.

Their odor, blent with that of perspiration, was anything but pleasant. The floor was strewn with fine shavings from wax candles. The two violinists sat on large dry-goods boxes at one end of the room. They sat with their legs crossed and their heads turned to one side; their eyes were half closed. They were "tuning up."

Still gripping Drusilla's wrist, the young man led her into the march, which was just forming. Her mother smiled proudly upon her from amongst a dozen other mothers sitting in one corner. One could guess, from a look at the faces of the mothers, whose daughters were provided with partners, and whose were not.

"Look-ee!" said Mrs. Peacock, nudging her neighbor with a large elbow. "Here's Drusilla."

"Where at?"

"W'y, right here,—here. She's with Elmer McGoon."

"Oh," said Mrs. Fleming.

"Where's your Henrietta at, Mis' Flemin'? I don't see her on the floor anywheres."

"I do know," said Mrs. Fleming frigidly.

Mrs. Peacock stood up and searched the room.

"W'y, she ain't on the floor," she said, sitting down with a troubled look. "Ain't that too bad! How do yuh s'pose that happened? There seems to be a plenty o' young men. Even that Riley girl's got a pardner,—an' she can't dance for shucks"

"Henrietta wa'n't feelin' overly well," said Mrs. Fleming, keeping her chin up.

"She'll feel better if she gits to dancin'. Oh, there she sets over there all alone. We'll have to ask somebody to dance with 'er."

"She can git a plenty pardners without askin'."

"How?"

"I say she can git a plenty pardners without askin'."

"Oh, can she? All right, then. There's that she-ca'f of a Grandy! If she ain't got on a white *tarl'tan*,—at a dance in a barn! An' a low neck an' short sleeves——"

"Well, she can wear a low neck an' short sleeves; she ain't thin, like Drusilla. She's got a beautiful neck an' arms. I see Elmer McGoon keeps a-lookin' at 'er mighty close. I did hear——"

Mrs. Peacock turned a stern gaze upon her.

"What did yuh hear?"

"Oh, nothin' much. Well, then, I hear that he hangs round 'er good deal. They take walks sometimes along latish in the evenin'."

Mrs. Peacock fanned violently with a palm-leaf; her face was scarlet.

"I always admire to see the grand march," she said.

"Drusilla goes through it so graceful. I didn't ketch what choo said about the Grandy girl, but it ain't no matter. I'd be ashamed to wear my dress that way. Modest girls don't do it."

"Not if they're thin!" cried Mrs. Fleming, with a little shrill laugh.

The grand march ended in a plain quadrille. At its conclusion Drusilla was led, flushed and fanning, to a seat beside her mother. Her partner, after a swift glance around the room, withdrew to one corner, where several young men stood, industriously wiping their necks with their handkerchiefs. The night was warm.

The next dance was a schottisch; then came another quadrille. The schottisch had been a torment to Drusilla. She had had a poor partner, but she could have borne that cheerfully if only Elmer had not chosen Hannah

Grandy. She could not endure the sight of that bare arm on his shoulder and that warm, crimson cheek so close to his lips. And what a red fire was in the girl's black eyes when she lifted the languid lids with their fringe of black lashes! Surely, surely, there was a new fire in the man's eyes, too, as he looked down on the beautiful girl-woman swinging so yieldingly in his arms. The lowliest community has its Delilah.

Drusilla's feet lost their lightness.

The quadrille was better; Elmer was not even in the same set with Hannah Grandy. Then a large card with "Waltz" written on it was hung up. Drusilla's heart commenced to beat again. All the waltzes were hers. But the master of the ceremonies suddenly climbed upon a box and shouted, "Ladies take their choice!"

There was the usual titter among the girls; the young men fell back, smiling, sheepish, and stood awkwardly waiting to be chosen. Then there was a flutter and a scramble.

Drusilla arose and made her way modestly across the room. When within three steps of Elmer, Hannah Grandy flashed past her and slipped her bare, bangled arm through his and drew him away. He looked down into her eyes as he went, and Drusilla, herself unseen, saw the look.

She stood still. The color ebbed out of her face, the smile left her lips; the lights and the people went swimming dizzily around her. She walked slowly back to her mother. She was very pale. There was a wide, strained look in her eyes.

"Got left, did yuh?" said Mrs. Fleming, cheerfully.

"Yes'm," said Drusilla.

"Well, why don't choo *hyak*, as the Siwashes say, an' choose somebody else?"

"There ain't anybody else I'd choose," said the girl, simply.

"I w'u'dn't be such a heifer!" whispered her mother, fiercely. "I'd go an' get somebody else."

"I don't want anybody else."

"Well, what if yuh don't? Ac' as if yuh do, anyhow. Don't ever let a man see yuh don't want anybody but him, gump."

"Why not? I believe in lettin' people see the truth."

"Oh—*gump!*"

"You don't want me to act a lie, do you?"

"Talk low. That Mis' Flemin' 'll hear yuh next. I don't care whuther you ac' a lie, or not. If yuh want to keep a man in love with yuh, yuh have to ac' as if you didn't care too much about him. He'll git tired of yuh soon as he sees he's got choo."

"I don't believe it." The girl's voice was fierce with pain. "Not if he's the right kind of man,—an' if he ain't, the sooner I find it out, the better."

"Mule!"

"Well, you needn't to tell me that if a man loves a woman he'll think any less of her because she don't act flirty, but lets him see she loves him an' never *thinks* of anybody else."

"Who told yuh that?"

"Nobody told me. I *feel* it. I've told him now that I love him, so I'm not goin' to pretend to anybody I don't."

"Yuh ain't got a bit o' spunk! If yuh've gone an' told him that, before he's reg'lar asked yuh to marry him, yuh'll never git him,—never,—an' that's all there is about it." Mrs. Peacock's tone was full of bitterness.

"Well, I'd rather never get him than to have to be dishonest an' act a lie," said the girl, proudly. There was a ring in her voice and a flash in her glance as it rested upon her mother.

"— had spring chicken for dinner, *fried*," said a woman's voice behind them, exultingly. "It was tender as tender. An' pickle-beets, an' roastin'-ears, an' peaches-an'-cream. I tell you."

"Oh, hush!—*klk, klk, klk!*" cried another woman, clapping her large hands together in a very ecstasy of envy. It makes my mouth water to think o' sech a dinner in a hop-field! What on earth did you fry it on?"

When the next waltz was called, Elmer came and stood before Drusilla. He expected that she would rise with her usual joyousness. She lifted her eyes and gave him a gentle, steady look. His eyelids fluttered.

When a man's eyelids flutter, he has been doing something wrong.

"This is our waltz," he said, reddening a little.

"Yes," said the girl, simply; "but I didn't know's you'd come for me, so I promised to dance it with Curley Winston."

Mrs. Peacock's heart swelled with triumph. Had Drusilla got her spunk up?

The young man's face was scarlet now. "Well, yuh promised it to me first."

"Yes," she said, distinctly, "but I didn't know's you'd come for me."

He stood a moment, silent; then he said, sullenly: "Well, come an' have some lemonade, an' we'll see about this."

She arose at once and went with him.

"Yuh can tell him yuh promised me first," he said, holding his chin up and lifting his feet high as he walked.

"I wouldn't like to do that; he never served me that way."

"Well, I ast choo for this waltz at five o'clock this mornin'."

"You ast me for *all* the waltzes, Elmer."

"I—that so?"

"Yes, that's so. I went to get you for the ladies' choice, an' you walked right off with Hannah Grandy."

"Well—I didn't reckon a—a ladies' choice counted."

He handed her a glass of lemonade. She held it and looked at him with kind, but stern, eyes. "Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know jest why not," he said, helplessly.

"She come along an' ast me, an' I—went."

"Oh! Then if she come along an' ast you for this'n, I s'pose you'd go, too."

He was silent.

"Are you goin' to dance any more waltzes with her, Elmer?"

"Well, I—did ask her for one or two more," he faltered, miserably. "She jest as good as ast me to ask her,—so I hatto. Here comes that galoot of a Winston. Now yuh tell him yuh promised this dance to me."

But, still with that look of gentle patience on her face, the girl walked away with the other man. Elmer stood by the door and watched them. There was a black frown on his brow.

A quadrille followed the waltz. He had engaged a young woman for the dance; and when he had reluctantly led her out on the floor and turned an uneasy glance around the room, he found, to his consternation, that Drusilla and her mother were quietly taking their departure from the barn.

Drusilla walked along silently beside her mother in the sweet darkness. "Yuh keep your spunk up," said that lady in a stern whisper, "an' yuh're all right."

Drusilla was silent.

"Don't keep it up too high, though," added Mrs. Peacock, after a moment's reflection. "Yuh bear?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, why don't choo answer?"

"I didn't have anything to say 's the reason."

"He's dead in love with yuh; a body can see that with ha'f o' eye. But that don't hender a man's a-flirtin', if some other girl flings herself right at him."

"I guess it henders the right kind of a man."

"Oh, yuh talk so! There ain't any right kind o' men." Drusilla drew a long breath that was not quite a sigh.

"Well," she said, in a tone that her mother knew and dreaded, "I'll never get married. I've made up my mind."

"Loon!" cried her mother, furiously. "Yuh ain't got a speck o' sense! Where'd yuh git your idiotic at, I'd like to know! Not from *me*. Yuh'd go an' let a man like Elmer McGoon off the hook jest because he danced with some other girl? I reckon yuh expect to keep him tied to your apron-string the rest o' his natural life."

"It wasn't the dancin'," said Drusilla, clearly. "It was the—principle. He knew it wasn't right to dance with her when he'd ast me; but he jest felt like doin' it, so he did, right or wrong, an' thought I'd overlook it."

"Any girl w'u'd if she had any sense."

"I guess I ain't got any, then," said Drusilla, quietly, pausing for her mother to enter the tent. "If a man won't take the trouble to keep his word an' not hurt the feelin's of the girl he pretends to love, before he marries, he won't afterwards."

"Yuh fool, you!" cried her mother, groping into the dark tent.

The girl stood for a moment listening to the low wind rippling the hop-leaves. Then the barn doors were opened and the wail of the violins rose and fell. Tears came, stinging, to her eyes. She went into the tent at once, bending through the opening, over which she closed and buttoned the canvas with shaking fingers.

The following day being Sunday, few in the hop-field breakfasted before noon. Drusilla remained in the tent all day. Her mother went around visiting among the other tents and shacks in the afternoon. In the evening she went to the services in the little white school-house down by the river.

Just as the sun was setting Drusilla heard a step outside the tent. It shambled about in front of the door for a minute or more; then Mr. McGoon's voice said, "Drusilla!"

She arose at once and opened the canvas door. She was very pale, but the look she gave him was clear and steady. She wore a pale-green linen dress. A plume of rose-colored fireweed was tucked into her girdle. She had never looked prettier.

"Well, Elmer," she said, kindly. "You come in?"

He twisted awkwardly. His eyes fastened hungrily, from under their fluttering lids, upon her beauty.

"Don't choo want to take a walk down through the pasture to the river?"

She hesitated. "I'd just as soon," she said, then.

His face brightened.

She came out and walked lightly along beside him, bareheaded. The sunset falling upon her put color into her cheeks and turned her gold hair to a deep, beautiful red. The soft wind blew short locks across her brow and temples.

Cattle and sheep were lying and standing under the trees. The fireweed lifted its rosy plumes everywhere. There were great billows of the everlasting's greenish snow; the golden rod put up its lovely spikes among the ferns, and there was many a gay company of lavender asters. The banks of the creeks were blue with a brook-lime,—that daintiest of forget-me-nots.

The girl saw all the beauty of earth and sky, but for once it gave her no pleasure. It seemed to her, as they walked along together silently, that every flower bending toward her whispered: "It is the last, last time!"

They came finally to the river and sat down on the bank under a maple-tree. They had sat there before,—was it only three days ago? thought the girl. It seemed like months.

The river moved slowly before them, bearing the sunset's deep crimson upon its breast. There was a low marsh near by, wherein grew tall velvet tulés, from whose cool depths came the dreamy murmur of the frogs.

"Drusilla," said the young man. He looked at her with miserable eyes. He stretched out a big warm hand and laid it on hers.

She trembled strongly; then she lifted her level look to his eyes.

"Yes, Elmer?"

"Ain't choo a-goin' to forgive me for—oh, for last night, you know?"

"Oh, yes; I've already forgive you."

"That's a brick!" He moved closer to her. "D'yuh know, I felt all broke up when yuh left the barn last night?"

"Did you?" said the girl. Her voice shook. This was her life-tragedy; and his tone betrayed unconsciously that to him it was only a comedy with a serious vein running through it.

"Yes, I did. Drusilla"—his chin went up—"I'm ready to marry yuh any day yuh set."

"Oh," she cried, with a quick sob, a dry sob; "I can't marry you, Elmer,—never. Don't think about it. It's—it's all over."

"Can't—marry—me!" He stared at her.

"Can't—marry—*me*! Why, what on earth's got into yuh, now? What's all over?"

"Our—our goin' together. You can go an' marry—Hannah Grandy."

"Oh, Lord!" said Mr. McGoon. "Yuh're jealous!" She shrank, as if from a rude blow. "Now see here, Drusilla; I don't want to marry Hannah Grandy. I give yuh my word, I wouldn't marry her if she was the only girl on Puget Sound."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know jest why. She—well, she ain't the kind of girl a fellow wants to marry, yuh know. She—oh, she's jest the kind of a girl to dance with—er."

"Oh," said Drusilla, putting back a lock of hair with a steady hand; "you want to marry *me* an' waltz with *her*! Is that it?"

"Oh—huckleberries!" said Mr. McGoon, elegantly. "I never see your beat to pin a fellow down! It ought to be enough for yuh to know I want to marry yuh an' not her."

The sunset had drawn all its beautiful colors away from the valley and mountains, and borne them to some other where across the sea. Pearl and lavender clouds were piled in the west. Venus had lit her splendid lamp, and the gold rim of the harvest moon was trembling like a thin sickle on the brow of the hill.

"It's not enough," said Drusilla. "I love you, Elmer, but I can't marry you. I love you so I never could have a thought or a pleasure that didn't have you in the centre. When a girl loves like that, she oughtn't to marry anybody that doesn't love her just the same."

"Well, if I didn't love yuh I wouldn't ask yuh to marry me."

She turned a full, slow look upon him. The exaltation of her thought shone from her eyes and lifted even him a little out of his animalism.

"Love! You don't know what love is!" She breathed, rather than uttered, the words. "You want to marry me. You would make what the world calls a good husband; you would give me a good home an' a hired girl—perhaps, even, a set of hair-cloth furniture." A miserable smile moved her lips. "You would set me down in such a home an' expect me to never have a wish outside of it. If I told you I wanted less comfort an' more *love*, you'd pat me on the back an' say you never saw my beat,—there was no such thing as pleasin' me. But oh!" she cried out passionately, "*I love you!* I'd go mad tryin' to make your love match mine. My love is one great prayer to God, day an' night." Her voice quivered and broke. She threw her head down on her knees and burst into wild sobbing.

When her passion had spent itself she lifted her head and looked at him with sweet, but very sorrowful, eyes. "Oh, my dearest," she said, "we should be so wretched together. Go an' marry some girl that'll be satisfied with a home an' the kind of love that most men have to give; an' be glad always that I had strength to prove my great love for you by not marryin' you. You will be happy, an' I"—she hesitated. "You mustn't pity me. My love is a fire that'll keep me warm. An' then I have God," she uttered, very softly. "I'm not religious an' I'm not churchy, you know; but I have God more than most people. I see

Him in every sunset an' in every tree an' every flower. It is the God 'n my love that makes it so beautiful."

Mr. McGoon arose slowly, as if in a state of stupefaction. He pulled his long figure up and lifted his chin high.

"Well, all is," he said, distinctly, "I think yuh're 'n idjit,—or else yuh've been a-readin' yellow-back novels. If yuh think I'll keep on a-coaxin' yuh to marry me yuh'll git fooled,—that's all."

He turned his broad back on her and strode away, without another word, along the path to the hop-field.

Drusilla looked after him with sorrowful eyes. She did not know that it was the ideal, not the man, that she loved with such exalted passion. There was no one to tell her; and she had no books. Her wisdom was as the fragrance of a flower.

"He'll marry somebody else," she said, her eyes still dwelling upon him, "an' have a fine farm an' horses an' cattle. He may be a Senator an' take his wife to Olympia in the winter. He'll give her at least three dresses a year, an' a top-buggy,—that always needs oilin',—an' a set of hair-cloth furniture; he may even get her an org'n with a high back an' brackets,—but he'll never, never, never let her stay out till midnight to hear the wind in the trees or the tide comin' up the beach. . . . And I—"

Her eyes turned upward to the red lamps of heaven.

THE END.

MCKINLEY'S INAUGURATION.—TOLD BY THE CAMERA.

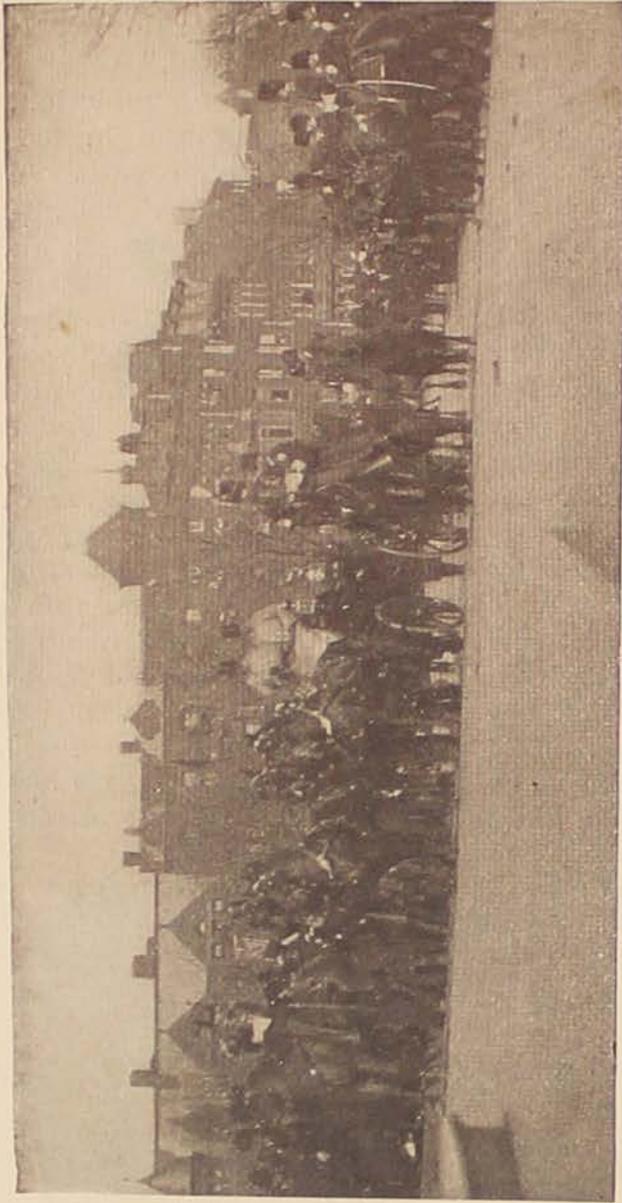


PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

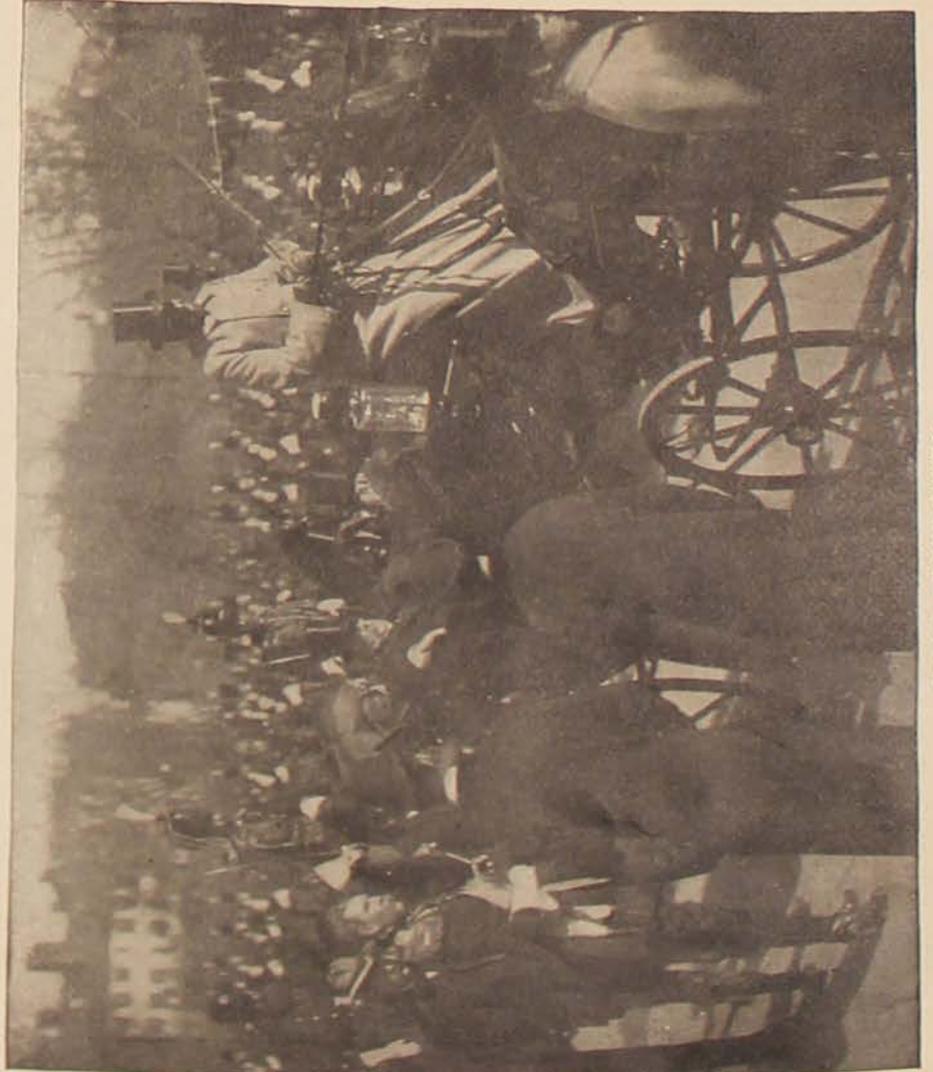
Photographs copyrighted by J. C. Hemment.



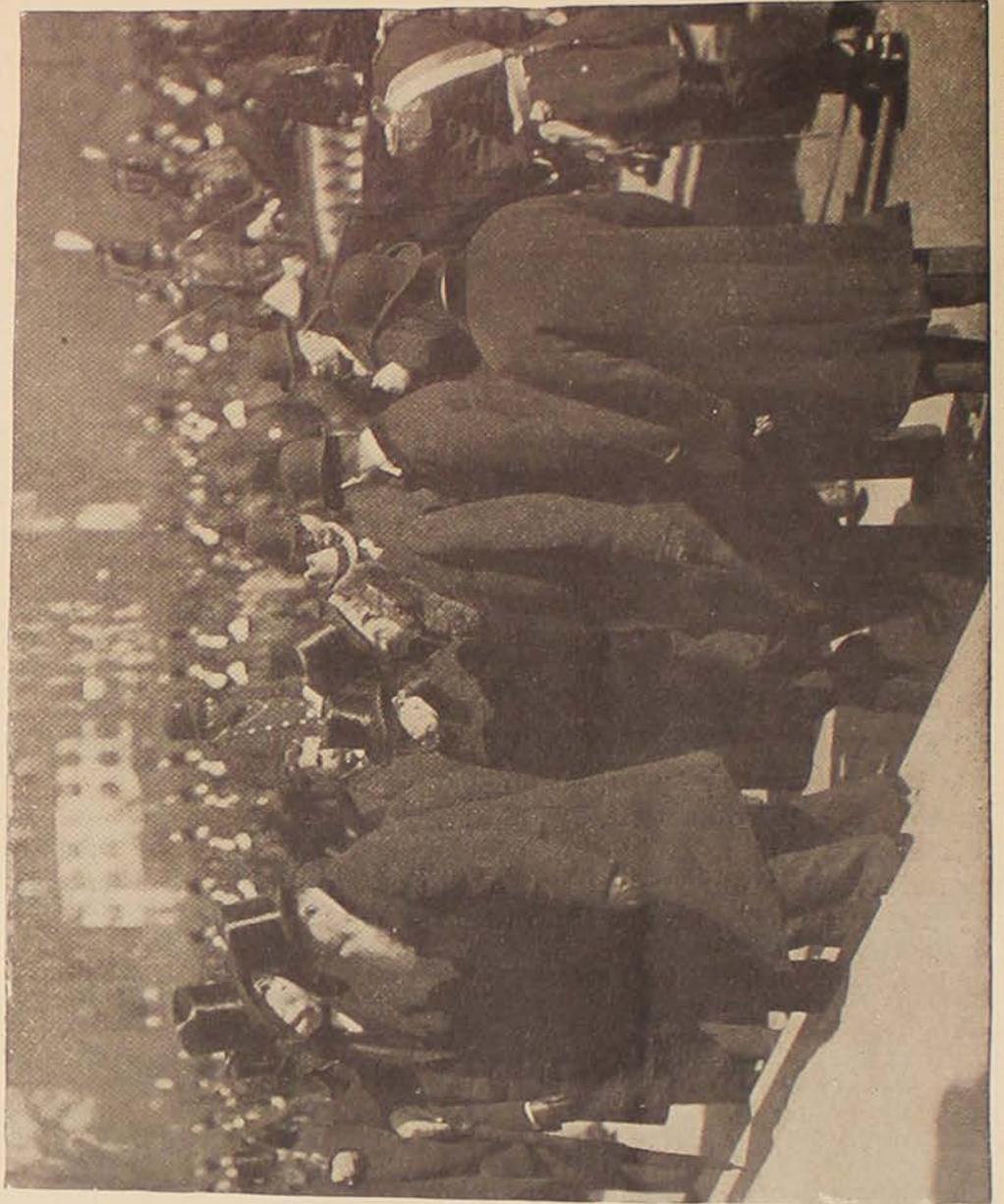
PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND PRESIDENT-ELECT MCKINLEY, WITH SENATE COMMITTEE, LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE FOR THE CAPITOL, DETECTIVES BESIDE THE CARRIAGE.



APPROACHING THE CAPITOL.

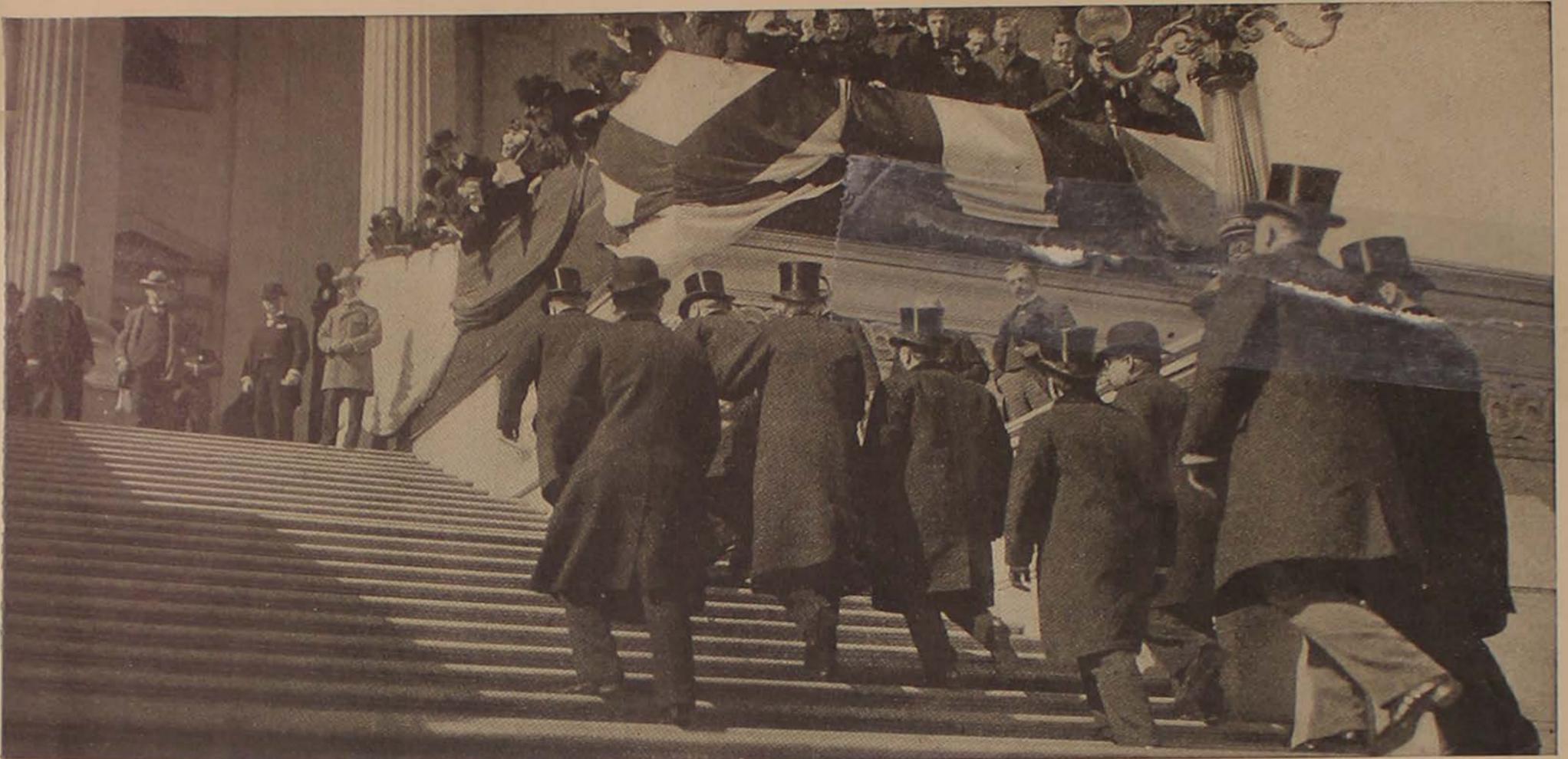


ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITOL.



MOUNTING THE STEPS AT THE CAPITOL. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND SENATOR MITCHELL LEADING, PRESIDENT-ELECT MCKINLEY AND SENATOR SHERMAN FOLLOWING.

Photographs copyrighted by J. C. Hemment.



THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRESIDENT-ELECT MOUNTING THE STEPS TO THE SENATE CHAMBER.



THE MCKINLEY PARTY WALKING TO SEATS ON THE PORTICO STAND.



JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT GOING TO THE PORTICO STAND.



THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRESIDENT-ELECT GOING TO THE PORTICO ROSTRUM, WHERE THE OATH OF OFFICE WAS ADMINISTERED AND THE ADDRESS MADE.

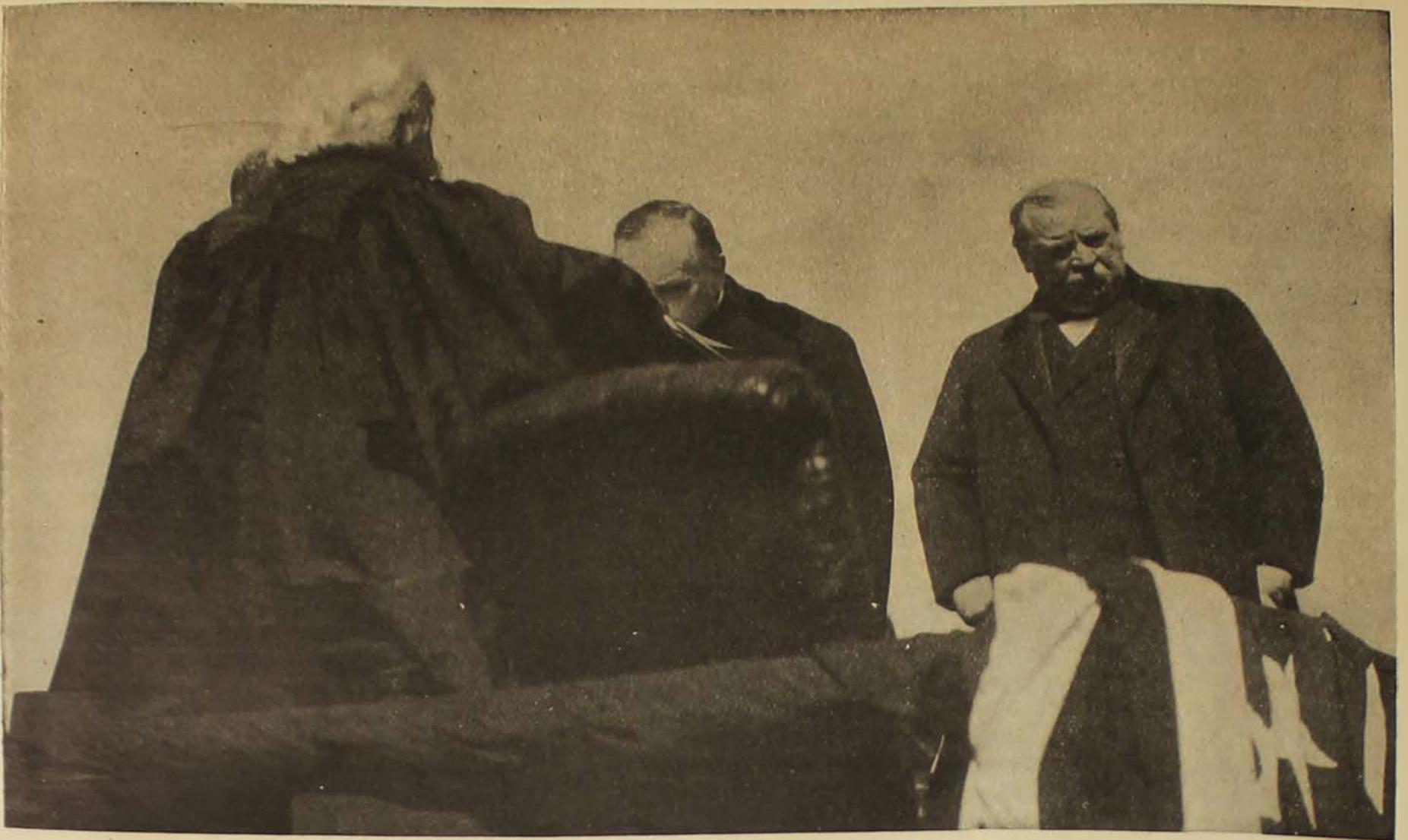
Photographs copyrighted by J. C. Hemment.



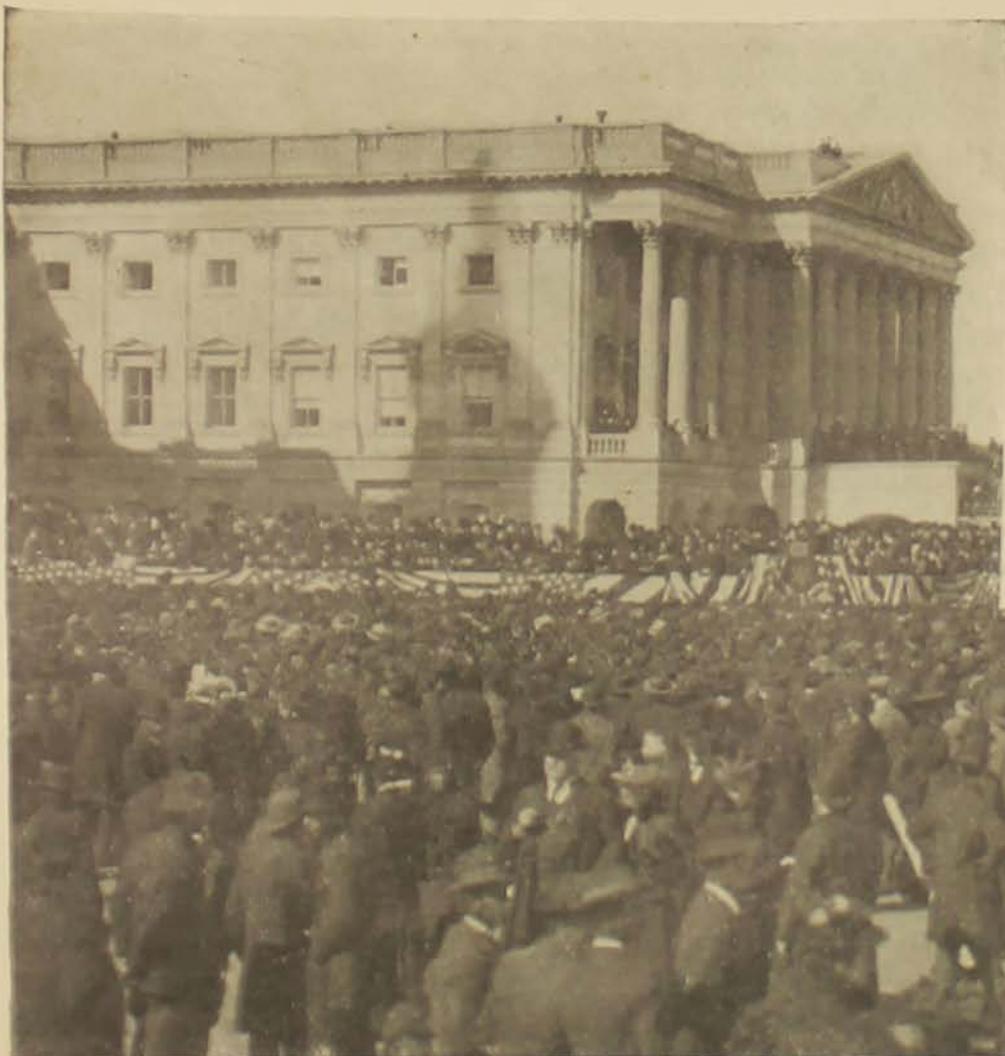
Chairman Bell. Secretary Porter. Mrs. McKinley. Mrs. McKinley, Sr.  
MAJOR MCKINLEY'S WIFE AND MOTHER IN PLACE TO HEAR THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.



CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER ADMINISTERING THE OATH OF OFFICE.  
Photographs copyrighted by J. C. Hemment.



THE NEW PRESIDENT KISSING THE BIBLE AFTER TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE.



GENERAL VIEW OF CROWD LISTENING TO PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S SPEECH.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND RETURNING TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

## WOMEN OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

A WELL-KNOWN woman of high social position, long resident in Washington, explains her neutral attitude toward woman suffrage by saying: "I have always exercised all the influence upon legislation that I wished to." This was not said in vain boasting; it was a simple statement of a fact, made by a wholly unassuming woman, but one of culture and bright intellect, who takes a lively interest in most public questions, and has won respect for her judgment, with the result that she not only is able to influence action upon measures which especially interest her, but also finds herself impressed as special counselor upon important matters.

This being the power of a woman in unofficial life, what must be that exercised by the women of the Administration, who come in closest touch with the men who for the time being hold the reins of government?

The great unthinking multitude demands only of these women that from the first moment of their *début* into official society they shall show themselves past mistresses of all those little *convenances* which make up the code of etiquette governing their intercourse with the big people and the little people of this important official world. The American woman is constantly giving object lessons in cleverness to other nations, but it is doubtful if she ever gives more brilliant examples of her adaptiveness to any and all positions than when she comes, with little or no social experience, to take a high position in Washington's official circle, and with quiet dignity and marvelous tact steps into the place to which her husband's position entitles her, takes up the intricate routine of this official life,

and threads her way unerringly to the goal of triumphant success. To accomplish this requires an entire sacrifice of self and leisure, often of tastes and interests, during the "season;" for society is a very Moloch, and demands all or nothing.

Much of the man's success in his position depends upon his wife's success in her social relations; and in no sphere of life is it more important



MRS. GARRET A. HOBART.

that the *entente cordiale* between these two be close and harmonious than when they find themselves included in that small circle forming the President's official family, and consequently, by an unwritten law, leaders of official society. Naturally, the liveliest interest is felt in the *personnel* of the ladies who form Mrs. Mc-

Kinley's *associées d'honneur*; and from all quarters come most delightful assurances, remarkable in their unanimity, of the peculiar fitness of these women, one and all, for the greatness thrust upon them.

General Washington's first care after he was inaugurated President of the United States was so to regulate his life as should best conserve the dignity of the office, please the general public, and secure to himself such command of his time as the arduous nature of his duties rendered imperative. He asked the advice of his friends in this

important matter, and the customs then adopted for regulating the intercourse of the Executive with society have, with slight changes, continued in force for over a hundred years. The President, as the head of the nation, is entitled to first place whenever he mingles in social life; he returns no visits, and it is optional with himself and his wife whether they will accept any invitations. Formerly they accepted hospitalities quite generally; but for the last twelve years acceptances have been limited to dinners in the Cabinet circle.

The vexed question of precedence has been in a measure settled by the Presidential Succession Bill passed January 19, 1886. Thus, by virtue of his right to succeed the Vice-President, the Secretary

of State ranks first in the Cabinet, and the others follow in this order: the Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney-General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior, and Secretary of Agriculture.

Mrs. McKinley, as of course the reading world knows, was a Miss Saxton; and rumor, which has credited her with all imaginable tastes and possessions, chronicles one

item which is of special interest to women: that she is fond of laces, and as a girl, on her first trip abroad, began the collection which is now her pride, including, as it does, many exquisite pieces which are rare and valuable. There should be none to criticize if Mrs. McKinley would revive Lady Washington's custom of receiving her guests seated and without shaking hands. That

stately woman of olden time, who received on Friday evenings from eight to ten, never hesitated to say, when it was necessary to remind guests of the lateness of the hour, "The President retires at ten, and I usually precede him."

It is more than probable that, in consequence of Mrs. McKinley's extremely delicate health, Mrs. Hobart, as the



MRS. WM. MCKINLEY, JR.



MRS. JOHN SHERMAN.



MRS. LYMAN J. GAGE.

wife of the Vice-President, will relieve her in a measure of the exacting social duties incumbent upon "the first lady in the land." Mrs. Hobart is a woman of strongly marked character, at once winning and dignified, and as the daughter of Socrates Tuttle, a prominent lawyer in Paterson, N. J., became a social favorite through her wit, beauty, and keen intellect. When Mr. Hobart was nominated last

fine-looking woman of medium height, frank and cordial in manner, and has for years been a leader among Chicago's clever women, dispensing a generous hospitality in her elegant home on the North Side. She has an enviable reputation as a successful dinner-giver, but has never aspired to lead the "smart" set. Mrs. Gage was Miss Cornelia Lansing, belonging to an old family of Albany where she was born; but she has resided in Chicago since her childhood. Though Mr. Gage has been identified with too many public enterprises in Chicago to even enumerate them, this is the first time he has ever accepted public office, and consequently this is their first experience of official life.



MRS. JOHN D. LONG.

June, his wife telegraphed her congratulations in the brief message, "Ruth I, 16."

Mrs. Sherman, as the wife of the Secretary of State, is the ranking lady of the Cabinet group. She has been a looker-on in this Venice during more than forty years of official life, having witnessed the incoming and outgoing of every Administration since that of President Buchanan; and during President Hayes's term of office, when her husband was Secretary of the Treasury, she had four years' experience of duties similar to those devolving upon her now. Though not a society woman in the ordinary acceptance of the term, none possesses a more intimate knowledge of the social requirements of the position than does Mrs. Sherman. In appearance she is tall and imposing, with quiet, dignified manners; and accepting her social duties with serious earnestness, she has made her home noted for its elegant and generous hospitality. Their magnificent new residence on K Street is well adapted for the important entertainments which will be expected of the Secretary of State; and no doubt Mrs. Sherman will be assisted in these by her beautiful and much admired nieces, Mrs. Miles,



MRS. RUSSELL A. ALGER.

Mrs. Russell Alger, wife of the Secretary of War, is also a newcomer in this official society, though through frequent visits to Washington she is well known there. Both Mrs. Alger and her husband are very fond of society, and their beautiful home in Detroit is famous for the delightful hospitality there enjoyed. General Alger's picture-gallery contains one of the finest private collections in Michigan, and this alone is an indication of the culture and elegance of their home. Of their five children, two only are unmarried: a son, now at Harvard, and a daughter, Miss Frances Alger, who will be a valuable aid to her mother in entertaining. She is a tall, brilliantly handsome brunette, cultivated to the extreme point of the typical *fin de siècle* girl, a clever linguist, which will add greatly to her popularity in Washington, and shares her parents' interest in art and music.



MRS. JOSEPH E. MCKENNA.

It is prophesied that Mrs. Gage, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, will prove a decided acquisition to Washington society; yet she, like Mrs. Sherman, cares more for a quiet, domestic life, and makes a great sacrifice of personal taste in giving herself up to the ceaseless round of society's exactions in a Washington season. She is a

Mrs. McKenna, wife of the Attorney-General, comes from far-away San Francisco; but through her former residence in Washington, when her husband represented his State in Congress,—from 1885 to 1892,—has many friends and admirers in official society. Since her eldest daughter, Miss Isabella McKenna, has been in



MRS. JAMES A. GARY

society, Mrs. McKenna has entertained a good deal, and she anticipates much pleasure in renewing her acquaintance with the gay society of Washington. She is a brilliant talker, and possesses a magnetic charm which attaches people to her with a strong and often enthusiastic allegiance.

The Garys are an old Baltimore family, and the society of that aristocratic city is deeply interested in the appointment of one of their number to the position of Postmaster-General. Those who know and love her describe Mrs. Gary as one of the old-time women, who though fond of society and always entertaining in the most bountiful Southern fashion, both in her city and country homes, is yet far from a worldly woman. She is surrounded by a large family of charming daughters, being the mother of eight children, only one of whom is a son. Four of the daughters are unmarried, but Miss Ida Gary is to be married this spring. They are a delightful family, with many and varied interests and pronounced musical talent; and with large wealth at their command will do their part to maintain the social prestige of the Cabinet circle.



MISS FLORA WILSON.

The wife of Governor Long, Secretary of the Navy, should have pleasant memories of Washington, as she came to it a bride in the early eighties. During her husband's six years of service in Congress she made many friends. She is said to be a typical New England woman, of strong individuality, with an attractive, intellectual countenance, and a happy faculty of winning friends by her delicate tact and clever adaptability. She will be assisted in her exacting duties by her charming young step-daughters, the Misses Margaret and Helen Long.

Mrs. Bliss, the wife of the Secretary of the Interior, is

one of New York's prominent society women. Though she has never aspired to be a leader the position of the family is unquestioned, and their handsome Madison Avenue home in New York has been hospitably opened to a very large circle of friends. Mr. Bliss is a stockholder in the Metropolitan Opera House, and is prominent in the club life of the metropolis; all of which is of general interest merely as showing the social side of the family, and gives promise that they will take a very active part in the social duties now devolving upon them.

It is generally understood that Miss Flora Wilson will preside over the home of her father, the Secretary of Agriculture, as she has done since the death of her mother in 1892. She was graduated from the Iowa Agricultural College in that year, and very soon thereafter all the responsibility and care of the household fell upon her young shoulders. In addition to this, since 1893 she has been librarian and instructor of library methods in the same college, in which also her father has been a professor.

In all the history of our Presidents the privilege has been enjoyed by only three mothers of being present at

the inauguration of a son; and a curious fact in this connection is that these proud mothers have all been from Ohio. The first of them was Mrs. Hannah Simpson Grant; next came Mrs. Eliza Ballou Garfield; and now the sympathies of the whole people have gone out most heartily to Mrs. Nancy Allison McKinley, who was, perhaps, the proudest and happiest woman whom the bright skies of Washington looked down upon on that memorable fourth of March which distinguished itself by furnishing royal weather for a great and joyful function.

E. A. FLETCHER.

## A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

THERE is a disconsolate air about her as she sits near the window, looking out upon the broad expanse of prairie covered with deep snow.

She is dressed in a tightly fitting traveling-suit of gray broadcloth, with a high collar of dark, rough cloth. Her hat is a dainty little make-up of black velvet and graceful feathers. A small cluster of white lace, peeping out from beneath the crown, lends a soft light to her calm countenance and deepens the shade of her dark auburn hair. Her wistful eyes are of such a deep, intense blue that in certain lights they seem almost black.

She has thrown her sealskin cloak on the seat in front of her, where also rests her satchel and a large box of "Huyler's." By her side lies a novel open-wise; and on the window-sill, a bunch of violets.

She is thoughtful, and the dismal landscape she gazes upon serves neither to dampen nor reanimate her spirits, for she sees it not; and it is all one to her whether the train be snow-bound or speeding swiftly on toward its destination. Her mind is filled with other images and impressions. The gay season which Lent had just ended so cruelly,—its balls and its theatres, its teas and receptions,

these hold her thoughts. Her conquests, her social triumphs—the homage she has won from the men and the envy she has evoked from the women—are the subject of the many pictures that flit before her mind. And now she is leaving all these, homeward bound, where there await her,—sackcloth and ashes, and fasting and prayer. What a change! She picks up the novel, mechanically reads a page, and then begins staring blankly at the last line, for the sound of the "two-step" rings in her ears and the whirl of the dance is before her again.

He boards the train at Helena. As he passes up the aisle he casts a careless glance at the form of the young lady, who, with a dainty handkerchief across her face, had long since fallen asleep. He shrugs his shoulders and passes on to the seat directly in front of the fair slumberer. Here, after the porter has deposited his luggage, he begins to make himself comfortable. He removes his great-coat, hangs his hat on the rack, draws a paper from his pocket, sits down, and begins thinking.

"Well, here I am at last. It will be a deuced long time before I'll see any of the girls of Helena again. I wonder what this one behind me looks like! Not much for

beauty, I'll wager ; otherwise she wouldn't have covered up her face. Girls are queer creatures, anyway."

He stretches himself out in the seat, opens his paper, and begins reading just as the young lady awakens with a start. She snatches the handkerchief from her eyes and looks about her in a half-dazed fashion. Seeing the top of the new-comer's head, she wonders where he came from. Then, consulting her watch :

"Half-past two ! Ah, I understand ; we must have passed through Helena while I was asleep. How stupid of me ! He boarded the train there, I suppose. I wonder what he looks like. Horrid of him to show nothing but the top of his head above the back of that seat. I do know something about palmistry, but phrenology, pshaw ! He's keeping mighty still : I wonder if he's gone to sleep. No ; there's the corner of a paper. He's reading about the brutal prize-fight, I'm sure ; men are such horrid creatures !"

She picks up the novel and turns the leaves languidly.

He rests the paper on his knee and listens.

"Humph ! awake at last, and reading that yellow-covered literature I saw on the seat by her side. The Duchess, or Sarah Grand ! 'Sweet stories, so full of feeling and pathos,' they say ! A great deal better if they'd read cook-books and learn how to cook a piece of meat so a man can eat it. Humph ! I asked Miss Millicent the other night how she'd broil a piece of beefsteak, and she shrugged her white shoulders, looking knowing, and retorted : 'Why, I'd put it in a frying-pan, add a lump of lard the size of my *bonbonnière*, and wait until it got done.' Great Scott ! think of a beefsteak boiled in lard ! And yet this Miss Millicent could tell in a twinkling who was the author of 'Dora Thorne,' mimic 'The Heavenly Twins,' and reel off by the yard quotations from 'Trilby.' I should like to see what this girl looks like, though."

He clasps his hands behind his head.

She lowers the novel and—

"Well, there's an addition. They are right large,—nails well kept,—gentlemanly instinct. Finger-ends square,—determination. Large knuckles,—manual labor. Pshaw ! how am I to tell anything about him from his nails and his knuckles ? How stupid of me to sleep so long !"

She removes her hat and smooths back her hair.

"I look like a fright, I'm sure. There, he's stirring !"

She seizes the novel and immediately becomes absorbed.

He sits up. "Tantalizing ! I've just got to see what she looks like ; that's all there is about it. I'll rise and take that newspaper from my overcoat pocket."

He rises and, as he reaches for the paper, carelessly looks down the aisle.

She lowers the book and quite unconcernedly looks up.

Their eyes meet for a second ; then he sits down.

"Gad ! she's as fine as silk !"

"My, isn't he lovely !"

"What a form !"

"How tall, and dark, and manly !"

"Fine color. Wonder if it's natural."

"I would love to know who he is. Those checkered trousers are a little loud."

"She's as cold as an iceberg, though, I'll bet."

"He'll be speaking to me next. I'll have to be very circumspect."

"I wonder if she's well supplied with magazines and periodicals ? I have several in my satchel."

"He *does* seem to be so nice, but we can't always tell ; men are so deceitful."

"Well, well, I believe I'm going to have a right pleasant trip in spite of the weather. I'm getting devilish hungry, though. I'll just stroll into the dining-car."

"There, he's getting up again. I do believe he's

coming back here to offer me that paper. Such impudence !"

He passes down the aisle. "Gad ! she looks as haughty as a queen. Do believe she thought I was going to speak to her. Queer creatures, women." And he goes into the dining-car.

She collapses. "Dear me, he didn't speak to me after all. He would have, only I looked so indifferent,—that I know. I must be very circumspect. Men will take advantage of the least thing."

The next morning the snow has ceased falling and the sun is shining with great warmth. There is a certain languor on her cheek as she sits across the car waiting for the porter to make up her berth.

He is there, too, looking thoughtfully out of the window.

Breakfast is announced, but he waits until all the other passengers have filed out. When he reaches the dining-car he finds only one vacant place. It is at the table at which she is sitting. The waiter conducts him to it and he sits down.

"Devilish embarrassing ! Sit here like two dumb idiots and look at anything but at each other. I would speak to her, but she seems so confoundedly cold. She could freeze mercury. Propriety ! What is propriety, anyway, I'd like to know ? Some fool comes along,—he may be a blackguard,—but he knows both of us, and he says, 'Miss So and So, let me present Mr. So and So ?' Then we can talk each other blind with perfect propriety !"

She thinks : "Isn't it terrible ! So near me ! I'm sure my cheeks are as red as beets ! I know I can't eat a thing, and I was so hungry !"

She folds her hands and rests them on the end of the table.

"A lovely hand, by Jove ! As slender and white and soft, I warrant, as a fairy's."

She sighs audibly : "If that breakfast would only come ? I feel so silly sitting here."

He grows restless : "By gad, I will speak to her,—iceberg or no iceberg !"

But at this juncture breakfast is served and his opportunity for the time being is gone.

She sighs and takes up her fork.

He sweetens his coffee and the train plunges on.

He purposely finishes when she does, and together they arise. He holds open the door for her.

She acknowledges the courtesy with a graceful bow and flushed cheek. Her heart is beating strongly when she again reaches the sleeper. Somehow some subtle something has passed between them, and her cheeks are pale, and the forms and faces of the men she has lately met have no place in her memory, and the music of the "two-step" no longer rings in her ears. Their eyes had met across the table and lingered a little longer, perhaps, than was necessary, or—well, and their hands, in reaching for the salt-cellar, had touched. What a thrill !

He doesn't try to analyze his feelings, but goes into the smoker and lights a cigar. When he again enters the sleeper his eyes fall upon her great mass of auburn hair as she reclines with her hat off ; and then as he comes up the aisle he notices the softness of her cheeks, the slender hand upon the white temple, the graceful form, and it seems to him for one instant that he has a right to go to her and speak. But he passes on and takes his seat.

And she, sitting there waiting for him to come, feels her senses reel when she hears the sound of his footsteps : and as he passes, the fragrance of the cigar smoke that lingers about a man's person comes to her and she closes her eyes, overcome with a variety of delightful emotions.



"SHE LOWERS THE BOOK AND QUITE UNCONCERNEDLY LOOKS UP."

He sits with his face half turned toward her, looking out of the window.

"She's a fine creature,—fine creature! I don't believe she's so cold, after all. I wonder what she thinks of me, anyway? I need a shave like anything (rubbing his chin); look like a wild man. I guess I'll just look over that magazine in my grip, and then it will be the most natural thing in the world for me to hand it to her."

She thinks (sighing): "He certainly is interesting. I wonder if he talks well? Such an air of the world about him! I like that. He's no innocent. A man with a history, I'm sure. He's about as indifferent as I am, though. Ah, reading a magazine! Let's see (leaning slightly forward); why, this month's *Century*. I have it in my satchel. I'll just get it out. He might think I'm behind the times."

He thinks: "Well, I've looked through it, but I don't know anything I've read. (Clearing his throat.) Well, I'll offer it to her; here goes. Gad! she's reading the same number! That's no go; I'm done up on that round." (Throws the magazine down on the seat in front of him and softly whistles to himself a selection from "Faust.")

She thinks: "He turned all the way around and was smiling. I do believe he was going to say something! Wonder what made him change his mind? These magazines are so stupid!" (Throws it down.)

\* \* \* \* \*

That night they change at Chicago. He had been in hopes that he might be of assistance to her in making the change, but the omnipresent porter was there, who sees to all her luggage. The sleeper is crowded and they are separated by the length of the car.

The next day they have only occasional glimpses of one another. Once their eyes meet, and again the rich color spreads over her face as she diverts her glance.

He laughs softly to himself as he strokes his black mustache.

"Ah, well, some fate seems to keep us apart."

He has found out from the porter that she is going to Washington, and she has caught sight of his ticket, marked New York.

They are in the dining-car,—he at one end, she midway, facing each other. They are stealing furtive glances at one another.

"She's a fine creature, fine creature, and in a few hours she'll be gone. That's the world! (Sighing.)

"How many meet who never yet have met,  
To part too soon, but never to forget."

She thinks: "Harrisburg. We reach there at 4:30. He goes to New York and I'll never know who he is."

He thinks: "Just to think! All this time together and never a word. Her iceberg coldness, though, is to blame."

She sighs: "My appetite's gone."

He gets up. "Well, that's all I can do for the internal man."

They go into the sleeper

She sits down and looks gloomily out of the window.

He, at the other end of the car, looks at her.

"It's just a shame that I can't know him and talk to him.

'If love were all,—I wonder if he has read that sweet story, 'The Prisoner of Zenda'?' She half closes her eyes and muses: "'If love were all! If love were all! Oh, if it only were!" She suddenly sits erect and clasps her hands.

He thinks: "I'll never see her again,—and yet perhaps I will. This world is very small."

She thinks: "I wonder what he's thinking about? I'm sure he's looking at me."

He thinks: "Pity she hasn't some fresh violets; those are dead."

She thinks: "I'll just throw these dead things out of the window. There! And Alex Vaughn gave them to me. How nice I thought him, and yet I've scarcely given him a thought for two days! And here's this Huyler box. Candy all gone. McKenzie *did* look sad when he gave it to me, as he bade me good-bye at the depot. Well, I'll throw that out of the window. There! Now I'll steal a glance at him. Ah, writing a telegram, and the porter waiting for it. I wonder what it is? There, he's signing his name. I wish I could see it. I might ask the porter to let me see his name. But, no; that wouldn't do. Positively, I am getting as weak as water!"

He hands telegram to the porter.

"Ha! Now we'll have a little surprise-party, my lady. I guess she thinks I'm a milksop. This will give her a little better opinion of me, however."

Lays back his head and closes his eyes.

She steals a glance at him.

"Going to take a nap, or posing for my benefit. Certainly has a fine face. Such a lovely high forehead and well-shaped nose and mouth and chin! Oh, he's sweet!"

"She's looking at me now, I'll wager my life. Look ahead! You won't see me much longer. Wonder if she is really looking at me? I'll just wake up suddenly."

She blushes and turns her head. "Goodness! he caught me that time. I know I am blushing fearfully. I really must be more circumspect."

He closes his eyes again and laughs softly to himself. "Ha, my lady, I caught you that time! Gad! I believe it's more pleasant to feign sleep and have a beautiful woman admire your physiognomy than to sleep and dream about beautiful women. I still feel her eyes upon me. I'll wake up suddenly again." He opens his eyes. She is, however, looking out of the window.

"Bah! that was my Waterloo."

He gets up and goes into the smoker.

The train pulls into Harrisburg. He is the first to leave the train. As he passes out he glances back at her. But she resolutely keeps her head bent as she gets her traps together.

He lingers a moment, then moves on and boards the New York express.

She soon quits the car and is installed in the Washington train.

The bell sounds and her train begins to move. Just at that instant a depot porter comes rushing through the car. In his hands he holds a magnificent bunch of La France roses. He catches sight of the young lady in gray, dashes up to her, thrusts the flowers in her hand, and, pointing through the window, rushes out.

Mystified, she holds the flowers at arm's-length; then, following the gesture of the porter, she looks out of the window.

Just opposite her is another train, moving slowly out from the depot. On the back platform stands her fellow-traveler.

Their eyes meet. He smiles slightly and, raising his gloved hand, doffs his silk cap.

She smiles a quick, nervous smile, blushes, and bows to him. Then she buries her crimson face in the flowers.

"Oh, wasn't it awful! I must be more circumspect." And as the trains diverge wider and wider apart he stands there, his eyes fixed upon the window until all semblance of the fair one is lost.

Then, going into the smoker, he lights a cigar. "Well, my iceberg did melt, after all. Girls *are* queer creatures."

JOSEPH SEBASTIAN ROGERS.

# THE PROPER USE OF WEALTH.

REPRESENTATIVE OPINIONS FROM PEOPLE WHO HAVE THOUGHT ON THE SUBJECT, AND DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES  
IN PHILANTHROPIC REFORMS.

## DUTY OF WEALTH TO THE COMMUNITY.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW SAYS THE RICH MAN IS A SEMI-PUBLIC TRUSTEE.

WEALTH owes a very large and constant duty to the community in which it has been accumulated. That man who possesses it is a semi-public trustee of the property.

Of course, he has—and it is the genius of our institutions that he should have—absolute control of his property within the law, to do with it as he pleases; he can spend it, squander it, hoard it, or be liberal with it.

Every rich man who is not liberal with his money is a menace to all rich men. Every rich man who helps educational institutions, helps charitable and religious efforts, and founds hospitals, creates an insurance policy on wealth and promotes social order and good feeling. At the same time he keeps alive that spirit which is the only protection of wealth in a free

country,—that the young men shall believe that the opportunity is open to them to get rich or to accumulate independence, and therefore they must do their best to prevent anything which would destroy their prospects for reaching the goal of their ambition.

## THE MODERN SPIRIT OF "CHARITY."

MISS GRACE DODGE, PROMINENT IN PHILANTHROPICAL WORK, SAYS, "GIVE YOURSELF, AND SPEND YOUR MONEY JUDICIOUSLY."

WHAT we call "charity," for want of a better term, is only one phase of duty in our lives. The question of duty is not essentially affected by the possession or control of wealth, though a person reputed rich is placed in a position of exaggerated responsibility in the eyes of the world. I suppose this is one reason why the most generous and helpful philanthropy is unostentatious.

It is not what we give, nor how much, that counts, so much as *how* we give.

Charity, in its broad sense, is the giving of one's self. That is the whole question of life. Life, though made up of infinite parts, is yet a unity, a whole. So is wealth. So is happiness. Our main concern, it seems to me, is for each one to do his or her part toward the proper distribution of wealth, and so increase the sum of happiness for the general good. This idea applies to the manner in which we spend money, even more than to what we give.

It is necessary, then, to study the condition of those whom we would help, and to look to future as well as immediate results. This personal attention to charitable duties is what is meant by "giving oneself." It is the true spirit of modern charity, with which I am happy to know many of our young people are earnestly imbued.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF WEALTH.

MR. ISAAC M. GREGORY, THE EDITOR OF "JUDGE," DISCOURSES CHARACTERISTICALLY UPON THE RICH POOR MAN AND THE POOR RICH MAN.

I SUPPOSE that the less a man knows with regard to making money for himself the more he knows as to the management of money made by others. And the poorer that man is the more he is a prince. If he is a pauper, he is a king. He has the largest liberty of theory and criticism, and nobody says him nay. I never knew of anybody troubling him with suggestions as to the management of his poverty or his pauperism. The mails do not bring him bombs or advice or solicitations of loans from the liars of a little higher penury who are always trying to borrow and who never pay their debts. What happiness has that man in his lack of acquaintance with the farmer who wants to lift a mortgage, and the benevolent society that wants to give flannel shirts to Africa and freedom to man! Here is the magnificent liberty of the tramp, than which nothing is less encumbered with care. Here is the kingdom of the pauper, who toils not, neither doth he spin; but whose attire of irresponsibility is more enjoyable, not to say more glorious, than the begging letters, the painstaking reports in facts and figures, and the arrays of the various toils and sufferings prepared by the professional reformers for the punishment of the rich and gorgeous Solomons. I hope I shall some day acquire the wealth of poverty myself; because then I shall not be disturbed after death by the fact that my relatives and the colleges are quarreling over my bones, and the newspapers are pitching into my memory as that of the kind of fool who didn't know enough to give properly, reserve wisely, or, in brief, to make a will for the benefit of somebody outside of the bench and bar.

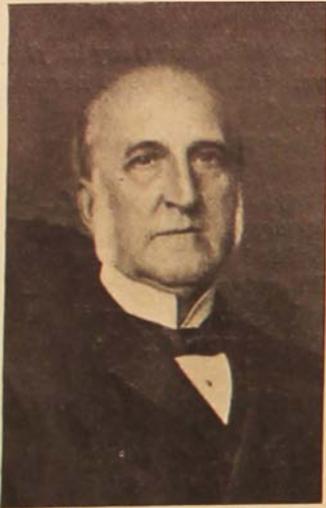
Meanwhile, I know of nothing more just in the premises than the suggestion of Colonel Ingersoll that the millionaire should divide his property somewhat in behalf of the working men and women who helped him get it.

## A LUMINOUS SPIRIT IN THE SLUMS.

JOHN SWINTON, PHILOSOPHER AND PHILANTHROPIST, PAYS AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO ONE RICH IN POVERTY AND CHARITABLE WITH WEALTH OF SOUL.

PERHAPS it is well that anyone, man or woman, should be his or her own almoner.

Once upon a time I heard of a sight worth seeing in a very doleful part of the city of New York. A kindly souled woman, possessing a very meagre income, was to be found in a garret there any day of the week, mingling with a group of twenty or thirty tots of both sexes, the



Photograph by Hollinger & Rocky.

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.



MR. ISAAC M. GREGORY.

helpless progeny of the slums, of whom she was a caretaker during the daytime, while their mothers were engaged in the struggle for existence. Such means as she had were used in the work; her services were free; her labors were incessant; she had been engaged in them for years. Her life was one of obscurity; she desired no name in the world; she was but little known to those who left their offspring in her keeping; she was beloved by the youngsters. As they were mostly below the school age, and nearly all in rags, she taught them their letters, taught them to sing, taught them good manners, taught them how to play, and often gave them their daily bread; and the scene was worth seeing. She asked a few of them to sing; they sang. Did ever the voices of the weeping angels trill with more pathos? They rose from their rough benches and stools. They danced a little;

they repeated the alphabet, or spelled short words, or recited a ditty. It seemed to me as though all feminine beauty paled in the presence of the woman of the lofty soul and luminous face,—the foster-mother of the forlorn ones. She gave them her all and her life, imbued only by love for the lost.

Now were you, in a case like that spoken of, to supply the needed bread for a year, and add to it a few jars of jam, this would give you a foretaste of the Divine life. Thus you would be your own almoner.

Again: there is in New York a hunchback with bowed legs, weary eyes, hands hardened with toil, poor as a rat, and almost friendless. Were you, man or woman, to make yourself the brother or the sister of the sad spirit, were you to offer help, cheer, and service, this would put you in alliance with the best good of all time. You would thus be your own almoner.

I should like to tell of many another analogous case in which you could use your means as Christ would like you to use them, and as an almoner for God.

I believe that the State ought to render services of the kind here spoken of, and of many other kinds; but until it does, the individual, whether man or woman, has the opportunity of performing those holy duties which make life worth living.

#### BE KIND TO THE RICH.

Mlle. Eugénie de Chevrin, of the Société Française de Bienfaisance, believes that wealth is not the only means of charity.

Nothing is easier, or more futile, than to say what we would do with the fortunes of others were they at our disposal. Such Utopian dreams could be realized only upon the condition of changing the universal laws of human nature. I am not one of those who believe that the possessors of wealth are responsible to theorists who have it not. The rich themselves need and deserve charity, in the form

of human sympathy, confidence, and indulgence in the common weaknesses that are developed or made unduly conspicuous by affluence.

Pity the sorrows of the rich! I say. Above all, set them a good example. The little courtesies of life, for instance, cost nothing, yet are grateful and comforting. A cheerful, contented spirit in one who works is a most effective rebuke to the pessimistic millionaire, and will open his pocket-book sooner than preaching.

The reformers who have written what they would do with millions, if they had them, would probably do nothing of the kind if they were suddenly to gain control of such fabulous sums; but the contingency is so unlikely that their speculations are safe and harmless. I cannot tell how I should dispose of vast wealth, were I intrusted with its stewardship; though I have some definite ideas as to what I would *not* do. It would be a pity, for example, to disturb the *amour-propre* and self-reliance of certain poor French families I know of, who live respectably upon a hard-earned income of ten dollars a week, by giving them money or food outright. Yet they need and deserve help. One way to genuinely aid them is to encourage their institutions, such as the École Maternelle, and their hospitals. Another is to set one's personal example against the arrogance of wealth or office and the ostentation of charity.



Mlle. de Chevrin.

#### THE SYMPATHIES AS A GUIDE.

Mrs. John Swinton believes the main thing is to be imbued with the spirit of helpfulness.

In New York City the calls upon one for help are so numerous, so frequent, so pressing, and so diversified in character, that the question constantly comes up, "What is to be done, and how?" It is not often that one is able to do, off-hand, anything really serviceable. Every woman—and it is for women that these lines are written—who possesses the means of helping the needy, or who has the opportunity of rendering useful service to them, ought surely to give that help or that service. Each one must make up her own mind upon the subject, using her reason and her judgment, while also allowing a full share of influence to her sympathies.

The main thing, it seems to me, is that a woman shall be imbued with the spirit of helpfulness, and, if she be so, her dealing with the various cases that may be brought under her notice will very surely be wise and right, promoting at once the welfare of the beneficiary and her own. She will have "done what she could."



Mrs. John Swinton.



Mr. John Swinton.

# A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS.

MRS. HETTY GREEN.

“DO I look like that?” asked Mrs. Hetty Green, in a tone “more of sorrow than of anger,” as she sat at a desk in one of the directors’ rooms at the Chemical Bank, with a number of newspaper clippings and alleged portraits before her. “The papers are generally kind to me, and on my side. I suppose they do the best they can. Anyway, a woman at my time of life ought to be more concerned with graveyards than with photograph galleries.”

In simple justice to the lady, it must be said that she does *not* look like “that,” nor like any of even the best-intentioned pictures of her that have heretofore been published. The artistic photograph-study presented herewith has been made expressly for the purpose, and, we are confident, will justify what is said complimentary to Mrs. Green’s personal appearance. A woman past fifty who has had her share of youthful good looks may, if she keeps her health, retain that essential part of her attractiveness which consists in character and expression. Such is the case with Hetty Green. Time has touched her gently, withal. Her hair is not yet quite gray, nor her face wrinkled. She has keen blue-gray eyes, a clear complexion, and strongly marked features that indicate truly the force and determination behind them. In repose her expression is softened, and she looks like the home-loving and domestic woman that she is at heart. Mrs. Green has the reputation, not altogether undeserved, of being a bad dresser. This appears to be almost an affectation, perhaps with a purpose, on her part, rather than a deficiency of feminine taste. Her ordinary street-attire of rich but plain black, with a violet-trimmed bonnet, has nothing *outré* about it. Her manner, in talking about her battles with courts and financiers, is full of aggressive animation, and gives the impression that fighting suits her temperament. A peculiar picturesqueness is imparted to her speech by the traces of New England Quakerism that cling to it. In moments of self-forgetfulness she says “Yaas” almost as broadly as the characters in a Yankee dialect story.

Mrs. Hetty Robinson Green is undoubtedly the wealthiest woman in America, her railroad possessions having been variously appraised, in the aggregate, all the way from twenty-five million to seventy-five million dollars. Her father was Edward Mott Robinson, a wealthy New England ship-owner who gradually enlarged his operations until he became a multi-millionaire. When he died, more than thirty years ago, two of his chief clerks were appointed executors and trustees of the estate. One of these executors died; the other is the Henry A. Barling of the now famous litigation. Mrs. Green refused to accept his accounting for her father’s estate, charging him with wastefulness and irregularity; whereupon Mr. Barling, who is now an old man, brought suit in the Supreme Court for vindication of executorship and discharge from its duties. He retained Joseph H. Choate as his counsel, and Henry A. Anderson was appointed referee to take testimony upon the issue, which involved a detailed examination into the accounts extending over a whole generation. The legal contest ensuing has furnished the public with a kind of continuous performance of farcical comedy, the end of which is not yet in sight. Mrs. Green is the star, and Mr. Choate plays the opposite leading *rôle*.

At first the lady evinced a disposition to monopolize the speeches, to the great discomfiture of her adversaries.

The plaintiff’s counsel then tried the tactics of making her talk too much for her own good, but found her too wary. They forgot the precept of Mr. Choate’s distinguished uncle, never to cross-examine a woman. Mrs. Green has not ceased to “get back” at the lawyer, but latterly she has made her comments out of court, through newspaper interviews. Her legal counselors have been numerous, it being her policy, apparently, to change them often and keep the other side guessing.

Mrs. Green says she is fighting this battle mainly in the interest of her daughter Sylvia, who does not inherit the mother’s robust temperament. Her son, E. H. R. Green, who personally looks after her railroad interests in the South, is under thirty years old, and has given evidence of possessing the business talent which might be expected to run in the family. He is president of the Texas Midland Railroad, and, if his mother’s and his own projects be realized, will shortly take rank among the great railway magnates of the Southwest. It is understood that Mrs. Green is now engaged in arranging the “deal” which will augment her son’s power. The Midland road, of which Mr. Green is president, runs from Ennis to Paris, and if the plans which Mrs. Green has under way succeed, a consolidation of interests will be effected by which a new trunk line between St. Louis and Galveston will be formed that will be seventy-five miles shorter than the Gulf, Colorado, and Santa Fé route.

The somewhat nomadic existence led by Mrs. Green and her daughter, who flit about among several places of residence in New York and Brooklyn, but seldom or never live in their New England home, is supposed to be due to the annoyances from “cranks,” whom no conspicuously wealthy person can hope to entirely escape.

“I don’t mind cranks and anarchists so much,” remarks Mrs. Green, “but I can’t stand reformers.”

Doubtless she had a special rather than a general meaning in saying this; but she proved beyond question that she is not a woman to be personally terrorized. Last summer, it may be remembered, President George H. Wyckoff, of the New Amsterdam Bank, was shot and killed by a young man named Semple, who had approached him with a demand for money. This Semple, it appears, was married to a granddaughter of Henry A. Barling, executor of the estate inherited by Hetty Green. One day last spring, only a few weeks before the attack upon Wyckoff, Semple followed Mrs. Green from New York to her hotel in Brooklyn. There he confronted her with desperate threats, saying that unless she would “help him out” personally, and promise to drop the Barling lawsuit, he would kill her and her daughter.

“I just turned around,” she says, “and gave that young man such a talking to as he never had in his life before, and he went away cowed and ashamed.”

The opinions of Mrs. Green on the subject of getting rich are naturally in demand. The truth is that her undoubted abilities have been exercised mainly in *keeping* rich after being placed in that enviable condition by adventitious circumstances. Nevertheless, her ideas have a broad application and sound practical value. She can talk columns on the subject, with all the plausibility of a lecturer before the Young Men’s Christian Association.

“All the capital a young man wants to start successfully in business,” declares Mrs. Hetty Green, “is industry, determination, principle. He must be willing to get



Copyright, 1891, by Hollinger & Rockey.

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. HETTY GREEN.

up early, and have a good excuse for going to bed late. He must not waste time in thinking how much work he is doing, but must keep his mind fixed on the end he has in view. I should not advise him to lie awake nights thinking how he may shirk or how he may cheat somebody. He cannot get along without honesty. He should keep his strength by sleeping well and eating regularly, and at the same time a little social recreation will not unfit him for his work. Society and business do not necessarily clash. A man may be all the better member of society for his business training, and *vice versa*.

"There are two kinds of young men. One intends to take care of his money, the other intends to let his money take care of him. It isn't worth while to give any advice

to the second ; but to the other, who is a young man of sense and perseverance, I should say, keep out of Wall Street. Indeed, it is rash to go in for speculation in any form. If a young man has any money to start with, let him invest it safely, and then go to work and make some more. There are plenty of ways in which he can do it. If he wants large returns with little outlay, by all means let him try matchmaking. I don't mean a matrimonial agency, nor a newspaper publishing 'Personal' advertisements, but simply the match business. Everybody doesn't know this, but it is true. Of the two ventures, a good working gold-mine and a flourishing match business, the match business will yield the larger and surer profit.

"About the stock-broker's business there are a good many mistaken ideas. If a young man has any money the business is dangerous, for those already in will get it all away from him. If he is without capital, I suppose he stands as good a chance as anyone else.

"A college education is useless for a man who is going directly into business. If he thinks of making money by being a doctor or lawyer, college will do very well ; but outside of the professions a boy ought to begin work as early in life as possible."

Business, lawsuits, and Mr. Choate do not by any

means constitute all of Hetty Green's conversational repertory. Her talk about things in general is full of quaintly original sayings, New England shrewdness, and "gumption." She is "down upon" trusts, lawyers, professional reformers, and "new woman" fads. She believes in the bicycle, but draws the line at bloomers. Her political leanings are Democratic, but she wouldn't vote if she could. Good food, she declares, is the basis of good conduct, and, consequently, of happiness ; more divorces are caused by hash than by infidelity. Finally, she says :

"The real new woman, nowadays, is the one who stays at home and makes home happy."

HENRY TYRRELL.

## THE "BLACKSMITHS" OF GRETNA GREEN.

A SHORT time ago London papers announced the death, at the age of ninety-eight, of William Lang, of Springfield, Scotland.

Perhaps neither the name nor the locality excites any responsive thrill in your memory. But when you are reminded that Springfield is virtually Gretna Green, and that William Lang was the son of Simon, who was the son of David, the grandson by marriage of Joseph Paisley, all famous "blacksmiths" of Gretna Green, you will realize that Scotland has lost the last connecting link with that romantic era in her matrimonial history (between 1754 and 1856) when the very name of Gretna Green conjured up images of fond lovers and of stern fathers, of hurried flight and of hot pursuit, of marriages celebrated in the very teeth of furious parental arrivals.

The era began in 1754, because it was then that the English law put its foot down on all unions not celebrated by ministers of the Church of England. Prior to that time there was no need for an eloping couple to resort to Scotland. The so-called chaplains of the Fleet in London were doing a roaring business in non-canonical marriages. But the English marriage-act of 1754 abolished these semi-clerical frauds. Nevertheless, England still recognized as legal a marriage celebrated in Scotland according to the Scotch law. And the Scotch law only required that a couple should stand up in the presence of two witnesses and declare themselves man and wife. So there was a whirling of coaches and a clattering of horses across the border, and eloping couples who could not afford the delay of banns and registration were hastily joined together at the little village of Springfield, which stands on the great highway, just across the River Sark, the boundary line between England and Scotland. In 1856 business at Gretna was dealt a great blow by the passage of Lord Brougham's act, which provided that one, at least, of the contracting parties in any marriage celebrated in Scotland must have been a resident thereof for twenty-one days previous.

So William Lang's trade during the last third of his life was limited to mere pedestrians,—Scotch lads and lassies of humble degree and slender purses, attracted hither by the romantic associations of the place. He no longer gathered in the lordly carriage runaways, prodigal of cash and liquor, whom alone his ancestors would have condescended to join together. He sank so low, indeed, that he had to eke out a livelihood by carrying the English mails. J. M. Barrie gives this description of him as he appeared in 1854: "A postman's empty letter-bag on his back and a glittering drop trembling from his nose, he picked his way through the puddles, his lips pursed into a portentous frown, and his gray head bowed professionally in contemplation of a pair of knock-kneed but serviceable shanks."

"For nigh a century," says the same authority, "Springfield has marked time by the Langs, and still finds 'in David Lang's days' as forcible a phrase as 'when Plancus was consul.'"

David Lang, as we have seen, was the grandfather of William. But it was William's great-great-grandfather, the grandfather of David's wife,—it was Joseph Paisley who originally recognized the geographical advantages of Gretna Green, and conceived the lucky idea of starting there a marrying-bureau for eloping English youth.

From the celerity with which he riveted the matrimonial bonds, he was familiarly and facetiously known as the "blacksmith." This title was handed down to his descendants, none of whom ever really practiced that trade.

Paisley himself was originally a tobacconist, who employed his leisure in smuggling. He died in 1818. David Lang as a lad was his assistant (the other witness at the clandestine marriages), later started in as his rival, and eventually, by his marriage with Paisley's granddaughter, he became the legitimate successor of the great original.

As the law exacted no qualifications for the celebrant, other rivals sprang up. Hostelrys were likewise built for the bridal accommodation of fugitive couples, the landlords of which felt themselves called to the priesthood. By the middle of the century there were four famous marrying-shops: the two rival inns at Springfield, that washed their hands of each other across the street, the old mansion house of Gretna Hall, which had been bought and turned into an inn by Linton, an ex-valet of Netherby, and the toll-bar just on the right bank of the Sark, whose advantages of position led the landlord to dabble in matrimony, at first in a small, amateurish way, but afterward in whole-souled business fashion.

Nevertheless the fame of the Langs kept them at the head of the profession so long as the profession remained a remunerative one. Exactly how remunerative it was in the good old days may be judged from the sworn testimony of old David Lang, given in a trial that grew out of one of these Gretna Green marriages.

When asked how much he had been paid for discharging the duties of a priest, David replied pleasantly: "Twenty or thirty pounds, or perhaps forty pounds; I cannot say to a few pounds." This was pretty well, but there are authenticated cases in which one hundred pounds was paid. If business was slack and the bridegroom not pressing, they lowered their charges; but where the bribed post-boys told them of high rank, hot pursuit, and heavy purses, they squeezed their dupes remorselessly. It is told of Joseph Paisley that when, on his death-bed, he heard the familiar rumble of coaches into the village he shook death from him, ordered the runaways to approach his presence, married three couples from his bed, and gave up the ghost with three hundred pounds in his palsied hands. Beattie, at the toll-bar, on the other hand, did not scorn silver fees; and as occasion warranted, the priests have doubtless ranged in their charges from half a crown and a glass of whisky to a hundred pounds.

Though no ceremony was needed, the Gretna priests generally found that the consciences of their clients were soothed by a short service. The Langs used to read a ritual resembling that of the Church of England. Their less-experienced rivals were often content with a more primitive service. This is how one Thomas Blythe, for example, described the ceremony as he performed it: "I first asked if they were single persons. They said they were. I then asked the man, 'Do you take this woman for your lawful wife?' He said, 'Yes.' I then said to the woman, 'Do you take this man for your lawful husband?' She said, 'Yes.' I then said, 'Put on the ring.' The ring was put on. I then said, 'The thing is done; the marriage is complete.'"

Marriage lines were usually given to the bride, and most of the Gretna priests kept registers. Many illustrious names appear in the registers, which are still carefully preserved by the heirs of the Lintons and the Langs. Royalty in the person of a Bourbon prince of Naples, English aristocracy in the shape of earls and viscounts, celebrities like Richard Brinsley Sheridan, all made what was known as an "o'er-the-march" wedding.

But the greatest exploit ever performed by any of the Gretna parsons fell to the lot of David Lang when he "joined" Lord Erskine to Miss Sarah Buck. On that occasion the Lord Chancellor of England made his way to Gretna disguised as an old woman, and was married in that garb.

Strange romances are related of less-known folk. An elderly North-of-England widower once took advantage of the unexplained absence of his son to dash over to Gretna Green with a plump village maiden, forty years his junior. Just as the bridal couple had started on the homeward journey they met another post-chaise driving at a furious pace. As the two vehicles passed each other the newly made bridegroom caught sight of his own son, seated beside an unknown damsel. No need to ask on

what errand the young couple were bent. The irate and illogical father grew purple at the sight. He ordered his postilions to turn round and give chase. Pursuer was fleetier than the pursued. It seemed all up with the latter, when the son, leaning out of the window, discharged his pistol at the head of one of his father's leaders. Ere the dead horse could be extricated from the harness, the run-aways had become man and wife.

On one occasion Lang's services were required simultaneously by two couples who were both in a desperate hurry, and after the ceremony was over it was discovered that by a trifling mistake the wrong brides and bridegrooms had been united. But Lang was in no wise disconcerted.

"Aweel," he said, contentedly, "jest sort yersel's."

## SOCIETY FADS.

IS this to be a year of widespread and deep-reaching economies? The stationer tells me there is a wonderful change in the fashions in women's cards. All the new sets ordered for those about to take wing for country-house settlements and Newport are but an inch and a half long by one inch wide. They are very thin, too, scarcely more than slips of milk-white linen paper; and in sternly simple, very small pearl type the owner's name and residence are set forth. These, however, have nothing in common with the fair, ample, white Bristol-board parallelograms utilized in the city and in winter. They are intended strictly for country use, and really seem invented to fit into a pocket of the small purses women prefer to carry instead of a large portemonnaie or cardcase.

Another eccentricity of the season is the smart woman's traveling-card. When she is abroad, or yachting, coaching, or stopping in some friend's country-house, it is a convenience to have a card that tells really who one is, where one's winter and summer residences are situated, where letters and telegrams will reach one, etc. All such information the traveling-card sets forth in a space and on a surface exactly like that of the country-house card. A modish woman who intends to stop several months or weeks on the other side has had these cards struck off, giving across the top her full name, lower down her city and country address in America, in one corner the name of her banker in London or Paris who receives her foreign correspondence and keeps track of her whereabouts, and in the other corner her cable address. You can see the advantage of these. She leaves them with her dressmaker, and when she calls on her French, English, or German friends, or with nice acquaintances she meets in her travels.

THE newest and costliest and most acceptable gifts current among men and women of that society which lives chiefly for pleasure and to spend money are books. This may sound strange, since our social leaders and their friends are not the true bookworms; but wait a bit. They value gifts that are unique and amusing, even if they don't care for presentation copies from the author and *double-luxe* editions. Their delight is to buy and give each other very splendidly bound copies of popular novels, poems, etc., with marginal illustrations done by some

famous artist. For instance, at weddings this spring, and for Easter gifts, vellum-bound copies of Mr. Richard H. Davis' stories fell to the share of wealthy young ladies, the fly-leaves and page margins embellished with pen or pencil suggestions for illustrations, by C. D. Gibson. The givers of the books had bought their copies from the publisher and interviewed the well-known artist, who for a pretty large monetary consideration truly "illuminated" the interior. Copies of "Margaret Ogilvie," "The Seven Seas," Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," Browning's "In a Balcony," and numbers of other popular novels, books of essays, and poems, were similarly decorated, at the hands of Blum, Abbey, and other notable men, who worked out their little sketches in pen and ink, pencil, wash, and even used color here and there, enhancing immensely the value of every book.

WHOEVER intends to give an Easter dance should not fail to delight the hearts of the girlish merry-makers with some of the novel programmes used by smart hostesses at their balls given before the season of repentance and on *mi-carême*. These took the form of pretty gilt key-rings to be hung at the belt by a pin and fine gilt chain. To the men were given fanciful keys of cardboard in various shapes and colors. Along the bar of every key a tiny white space was left, on which a name could be written, so the man who wanted a waltz took a little key from his pocket, jotted his name on it, and asked the girl of his choice to wear it on her ring. For lancers there was another shape and size of key; for polka, yet another; so that at the end of the dance a popular girl carried home a large bunch of keys at her side, as souvenirs of her evening.

Another pretty programme, meant for post-Easter parties, is a folding fan, gayly painted and spangled, but of paper, with a space for writing a name and the number of the dance on every one of the eight or twelve folds. A third, and yet prettier, is a tissue-paper reticule, to hang from the arm by satin ribbons. In its depths are paper rose-petals, on some of which the dances are written. A young man is permitted to put in his hand and take what he can get; sometimes, if he is unfortunate, he draws a blank. An empty reticule testifies to the generous amount of attention a young lady has received.

MADAME LA MODE.

## YVETTE GUILBERT.

“*Oh, j'ai si peur!*” The speaker was a tall, lanky Frenchwoman with a very prominent nose and a great shock of red hair. The place was the sumptuous suite of rooms at the Savoy Hotel occupied by the Princess Eulalia, of Spain, when she was here in the summer of '93, and the Frenchwoman was the famous ballad-singer, Yvette Guilbert. She said she was afraid because that very evening she was to make her reappearance before the American public,—that peculiar public not exactly representatively American which one finds in our music halls,—and she expressed her timidity in accents half serious, half playful.

“You see,” she said, in her amiable, vivacious way, “singing here is quite different from singing in Paris. There, the words and precise meaning of my songs are understood, and I feel my auditors are in perfect sympathy with the poet if not with me. Here it is *autre chose*. I cannot count on an English or American audience—with its Anglo-Saxon element predominating—being in sympathy with the songs. Take, for instance, Jean Richepin's song ‘*La Glu*,’ which is a parable. It tells of the difference between the love of the mother and the love of the courtesan. Need I add that its publication in Paris was one of the stepping-stones to Jean Richepin's fame as a poet? Yet it is severely criticised here, because the bald translation of the words conveys nothing of the beauty and art beneath them.”

“Did you ever foresee your present success when you were a little girl?”

“No; of course I could have no idea of it, although I always felt that I could accomplish something. I did not know what I could do, but I felt that I was not intended for a life of oblivion.”

“Later you became a model, I believe?”

“I was never an artist's model. That story is false. But when my father died our circumstances were very much reduced, and I had to go out to earn money. I found a position as lay figure at Worth's, the celebrated dressmaker. I was very thin,



SNAP-SHOT AT GUILBERT.



GUILBERT DINING WITH HER FAMILY.

but I was tall and had a good figure, and so I was useful to try on new gowns for the customers' inspection. But having to stand so long was very fatiguing, and the wages were very low,—about ten of your dollars a month,—and I left Worth's to try my luck on the stage. About that you know.

"Since 1889 I have been able to save enough money to insure me for life an income of forty thousand francs, and at this moment I have signed and have still to fulfill contracts representing one million francs."

"It is surprising that you have never desired to try the legitimate stage."

"That is my ambition, but I must fill my present contracts first; after I have fulfilled them I expect to make my *début* on the legitimate stage."

In pursuance of the ambition indicated in the above interview, Mademoiselle Guilbert has decided to leave the music-hall stage and become an interpreter of what is known as "the legitimate." As a singer of ballads and songs of the day she has met with greater success than any other artist

Guilbert from going on the legitimate stage. "I am a success on the music-hall stage," she said; "why tempt fortune in a field in which, possibly, I may not be so fortunate?" But now that she is a rich woman and has gath-



GUILBERT IMITATING BERNHARDT.



REHEARSING A NEW SONG.

in the same field. In seven years her name has become known all over the world, and this phenomenal success has made her one of the wealthiest women of the stage. To-day she is a millionaire, and the owner of one of the most beautiful residences in Paris.

It is only timidity, natural enough, which has kept

ered all the laurels the music-hall can offer her, she is ambitious to conquer other worlds. At the best, the *café chantant* audience is not the most refined and intellectual that could be desired, and Mademoiselle Guilbert has often felt—particularly in America—that the fine art she puts into her songs frequently miscarried.

She came to this discouraging realization more particularly through her tour in the Western States. She regards New York audiences as the most cultured in the world,—barring, of course, those of Boston and of her *cher Paris*. So she has made up her mind to serious study and preparation for more ambitious work. She has still some contracts to fill, but six months of the year are her own, and she has signed a contract with Dr. Schiller, who has managed Duse and Bernhardt in this country, to appear under his direction next year.

Her *répertoire* is not quite decided upon, but it will include *Camille*, *Fedora*, and *Nora*.

In an interview just before she sailed

for Europe, Mademoiselle Guilbert said:

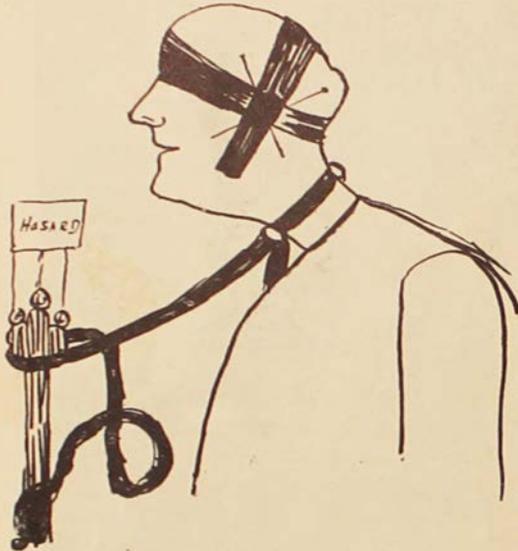
"The next time the American public sees me it will probably be as *Marguerite Gauthier* (*Camille*). I do not yet know if I shall play the part in English or French. If I am persuaded that my English can pass muster I will play here in English and have English-speaking actors to

support me. If not, I shall play in French. I cannot talk now about my treatment of the parts I shall play, except to say that I shall endeavor to do with them what I have done with my songs,—that is to say, make them absolutely faithful to life, absolutely natural."

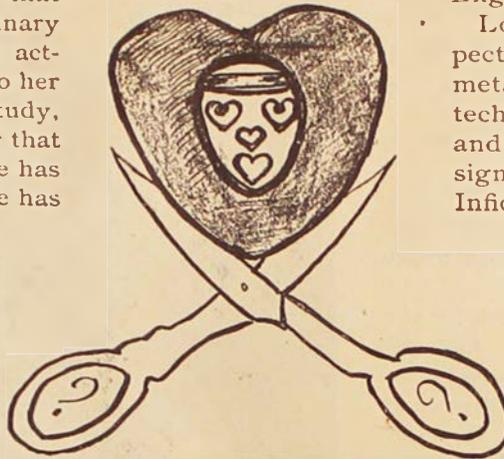
With regard to the gift by which Yvette Guilbert has made herself famous, it may be said that she is not a ballad-singer in the ordinary sense of the term. She is, rather, an acting and pantomimic singer, bringing to her work all the intelligence, intellectual study, fine tact, and intense emotional power that are requisite in the tragic actress. She has no voice to speak of, yet what little she has

tion at her hotel home in New York. Their symbolic force is greater than their artistic merit, though the latter quality is by no means absent. Most symbols require elucidation in plain language to be effective, and Guilbert's are no exception. She appended a written key to each figure, which we have endeavored to present in equivalent English.

Love (whose unloveliness of outward aspect is not a part of Mademoiselle Guilbert's metaphor, but merely due to her lack of technical skill) is represented as blinded and deafened, and self-attached to a post signifying hazard, or mere chance. Fidelity, Infidelity, and Doubt—in affairs of the



LOVE, BLIND AND DEAF, SELF-ATTACHED TO HAZARD.



INFIDELITY.



DOUBT.



FIDELITY.

is delightfully sweet and sympathetic in tone. Her art, indeed, does not require the voice of a Melba. She chants, rather than sings, her songs, and the accompanying music—such wonderful music, tumultuous or peaceful, sad or joyful, according to the mood of the poet—was not written for any greater vocal gifts than those she possesses.

Like some other artists possessed of a superfluity of genius, Mademoiselle Guilbert occasionally goes outside of her specialty to express an abundant and ingenious fancy. The grotesque pictures which are here reproduced are fac-similes of drawings improvised by her, with common writing materials, in moments of leisure and relaxa-

tion, *bien entendu!*—are very cleverly characterized. Fidelity, like Love in the tradition, has wings, and rests upon nothing; while the danger of betrayal is a sharp dagger suspended, as the sword of Damocles, above the unsuspecting head. Infidelity is typified by one heart with other little hearts—transient, passing guests—inside it. The scissors, with queries in the handles and menace in the open blades mean the dangers attendant upon faithlessness, and the trouble the infidel heart feels as well as causes. Doubt, severe and sombre, is in everlasting suspense, with the cruel scissors overshadowing, and is choking with the suspicions which her sealed lips cannot utter.

#### A LAGGARD SPRING.

Is there not some hint to-day  
Of the poignant joy of May?  
Some soft swelling of the bud,  
Some pulsation of the flood  
That the topmost boughs will know  
When no arrow of the snow  
Darts adown the azure way?

Rings there not removed, remote,  
An elusive wild-wood note?  
Just the prescience of the wren  
That will glorify the glen—  
Premonition of the thrush  
That will pierce the evening hush!  
Lyric lilt of one clear throat?

Is it fancy that has wrought  
These Aladdin-spells of thought?  
Brightened bitter days and brief,  
Miracled the bough to leaf,  
Loosed the soaring wing of song  
Winter-fettered all too long?—  
Love the laggard spring has brought.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

# THE TALE OF THE HAT.



THE evolution of the silk hat is also the story of religion, manners, and morals. As the emblem of our Western civilization, the French, who have borne so conspicuous a part in its story, consider it worthy a centennial anniversary. But its introduction in 1797, the date finally decided upon, is after all only a milestone in its progress.

Its origin lies in the roots of things. The relation of the hat to affairs—civil, military, and religious—is accounted for by the relation of the head to the rest of the body. Keeping on the hat as an assumption of superiority springs, as the metaphysicians would say, from our innate ideas, since it is practiced by all peoples.

The Christian takes off his hat in homage. A Roman slave received a cap when set free. On Roman coins Liberty holds a cap in her hand. After Nero's death the people wore caps as the emblem of their emancipation. Gessler's cap gave freedom to Switzerland.

"Where all heads are unbonneted,  
De Courcy walks with hat and plume."

This was the distinction granted to the earls of Kinsale, for some feat of prowess, by King John. At the convocation of the king, nobles, and commoners, during the reign of Louis XVI., the nobles were permitted to remain covered, whereupon the third estate took off its hat. Seeing this the king took off his hat, that the commoners should have the air of equality with the nobles. When William Penn wished to conclude a treaty with the Indians he put on his broad-brimmed hat, and the simple natives hesitated no longer, but with awe inscribed their marks.

The beginnings of hats are in the mists of ages. The first mention in literature is in Daniel III., wherein is related how young Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego wore their hats into the fiery furnace. According to *bas-reliefs* antedating the Scripture narrative, the first form of the hat was a skull crown without a brim. As someone says, "When Paris ogled the goddesses on Mount Ida, who would believe that he wore a night-cap?"

The shape seems to have been suggested by the thatch that nature impartially bestows. All the evidence goes to show that it was for protection from the heat, rather than from the cold, that the hat was first worn. For the hat, as we conceive it, we must look to the Southrons. The Jewish hat,

the tall cylindrical hat, which is the direct progenitor of the silk hat, was built with that intent. The Parthians, the Scythians, the Armenians, wore similar hats of varnished cloth that threw off the sun's rays. For the same reason Mohammed wore a tall, white hat. The Parsees and the Buddhists wore hats of like construction.

"When will come some William Tell to defy the silk hat and free us from its martyrdom?" exclaims a writer in *Chambers's Journal*. In one of his latest discourses Charles

Blanc said: "Our tubular hats on which our artists cast their withering scorn, those hats without front, without back, and whose cylindrical shape is altogether at variance with the spherical form of the head, are assuredly the last relic of barbarism; and yet we must not be astonished if their use spreads over the whole world, for nothing has more chance of lasting success than ugliness and absurdity." The last sentence is significant. The Japanese have almost formally adopted the chimney-pot.



WILLIAM II.

Under the sweltering sun of India that compound of shellac, linen, and silk, has found a home. Missionaries report that a tall hat first satisfied the mind of the heathen awakening to the propriety of being clothed. The merchant service testifies that in the remoter isles of the South Seas it penetrates with the ease of whisky and tobacco; and no one who has journeyed over our Western plains fails to observe that the stove-pipe is now the pipe of peace that the friendly and aspiring Indian carries to the station when the train rolls by.

Those ethical qualities that Carlisle discovered in clothes are found in the materials of hats. Felt and beaver, or its latest substitutes, are identified with the two ranks into which the human family falls when once entered into a certain state of civilization,—ranks always in opposition, but occasionally changing places,—ruler and ruled. Felt stands for democracy, silk for aristocracy.

The first hat was of felt, its form a skull-cap, conical, with the apex falling over. This was the shape of the Phrygian cap, the *bonnet Grec*, the Roman cap, which in a more memorable manner became the *bonnet rouge* of the *sans-culotte*. We have a revolutionary right in it ourselves, as the lady who ornaments our silver coinage testifies. It is now the head-covering of a large part of the peasantry of Europe. What it loses in dignity it gains in picturesque-

ness. Art ranges itself on the side of the people. The Normandy bonnet is probably painted several thousands of times a year. An artist would laugh to be asked to paint a silk hat.

The latest active form that the antagonism between hats and caps has assumed was in the recent Bulgarian and Armenian difficulty, *kalpak versus fez*. The *kalpak* is the modification of the ugly Russian hat, and was roused to self-assertion by the fondness for the natty, becoming *fez*. The continued antagonism between Russia and Turkey has been described as the persistent contest between the *fez* of felt and the Russian chimney-pot.

The devotion of the English



COCKED HAT.  
(AMERICAN CONTINENTAL.)



FLEMISH (MIDDLE AGES).



ELIZABETHAN.



ENGLISH BEAVER.  
(RESTORATION.)

to beaver was early, and has been constant. The English soldiers used to wear their beaver hats lined with iron into battle. In Shakespeare's "King Henry IV." does not Sir Richard Vernon exclaim, "I saw young Harry, with his beaver on"? Henry VIII. had a famous hat of scarlet beaver, which it is painful to think upon when worn with his sandy hair and complexion.

The advent of Vandyke to the court of Charles I. introduced the low-brimmed hat of the Low Countries. The



VANDYKE.

Vandyke hat is, in fact, the Spanish hat of Charles VII. and Philip II. It is more remotely the hat of the Spanish priest, which, according to Berthelier, "leaves the ears of the priest free that he may hear everything, but which throws his face into the shadow that he may appear not to see." The Spanish hat did indeed have a flap that could be lowered

to serve as a mask. No more graceful head-covering was ever evolved than that which prevailed during the reign of the two Charleses. Aside from its first duty as a head-covering, and in addition to its picturesqueness, it acted as a frame for the face, setting forth the living, speaking image. The art of the day perpetuates its graceful manifestations. The portrait of Rubens by himself gives its perfect form. The men were so pleased with their hats that they wore them in the house. Pepys writes, "Got a severe cold because I took my hat off at dinner."

Louis XIV. changed the shape by putting feathers around the brim. To feathers succeeded lace. But a new era was dawning. The flowing and gracious character of the dress of the Stuarts was changing to something more convenient, lighter, and more compact. The military spirit was abroad. That campaign in Flanders marked an epoch. The fierce little hat of Marlborough set the fashion on the field of Ramillies. The "Ramillies cock" became as famous as the Bernhardt glove and the Langtry bustle. Young bucks vied with one another in giving original cocks to their hats. Cocked hats were the sign of gentility. They were the occasion of the liveliest extrav-



SPANISH CURÉ.

agance. The jewels that buttoned up the side cost thousands of pounds. The cocked hat touched its most hideous and illogical period during the reign of the Georges, when the flaps were so turned down that they made waterspouts, of which one poured directly down the back. On the other hand, the "*chapeau à trois cornes*" of the French was a model of lightness and elegance.



FRANCIS I.

But its place was soon to be taken by the most famous hat the world has ever known, the cocked hat of Napoleon I., the "*chapeau bras*," which in art and history shares the trials and triumphs of the great captain, and was borne on his coffin to his tomb. The French Revolution, however, finally disposed of the cocked hats of all periods. They are no longer worn except by foreign footmen. The "*chapeau rond*" was the successor of the cocked hat. From that it is as clearly distinguished as peace from war, commons from nobles. It is the descendant of the sugar-loaf worn early in the reign of Charles I., and which was a modification of the Tudor hat, long under fashionable eclipse. As a low round hat it was worn by the common people. At length Sir Joshua Reynolds discovered picturesqueness in its slouch. But it was Benjamin Franklin who bore it to distinction at the court of France. Vainly monarchs leveled at it the royal ukase. Among the nations it is still the American hat,—that is to say, the hat of the people. It is not received into good society elsewhere, although, in the form of the luxurious sombrero, as worn by the Wild West Show, it is petted and tolerated as other of the spoiled children of the plains.

But the "*chapeau rond*" did not provide sufficient distinction for the dandies of the Revolution. The tall, cylindrical hat became the badge of the Incroyable. Since that time, whether as the broad, flat hat of coaching days, or the bell-crowned hat of later times, it is the hat of the man who thinks well of himself and who wishes others to think well of him, though to very few is it becoming. Formerly it was worn on the back of the head, as it is still said to be by geniuses.



FRENCH DIRECTOIRE.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS. †

### "DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

The mysterious thread of life  
Which lies in a tangled skein  
Of duties and joys and voiceless hopes,  
All knotted at times with pain,  
Will untwist its vexed string  
As you "doe ye nexte thyng."

Do duties of every day  
Coil closely from head to feet,  
Till, throbbing with pain, the heart and brain  
Against the dread meshes beat?  
Would your heart soar and sing?  
Only "doe ye nexte thyng."

Ambition with mighty greed  
For riches, or fame, or place,  
Entwines round the soul its web of lust  
And strangles each heavenly grace.  
Would you live by the word?  
Give "ye firste thynges" to God.

With peace in the heart and mind,  
Life's skein in its tangled maze  
Unravels its mysteries one by one,  
E'en down to the end of days.  
Then "ye laste thyng" will be  
To pass over Death's sea.

ALICE ARMSTRONG



# OUR GIRLS

## MISS ELIZABETH'S WEDDING-PRESENTS.

“**I** DECLARE, it seems to me I've done nothing but make wedding presents for the last five years. I've about decided to name a day soon and let people send presents to me ; it will be the nearest I'll ever come to having a wedding.”

The speaker was Miss Elizabeth Henderson, spinster ; the person spoken to, Helen Ramsay, a young neighbor who had come in to see and admire the dainty table-centre worked by Miss Elizabeth's own hands, before it should be sent to a young girl soon to be married in the village.

“Why don't you? Suppose we say the fifteenth of next month?” was Helen's laughing response as she rose to go.

“That will be as good a time as any, I guess,” Miss Elizabeth replied, with a smile, and she straightway forgot all about it.

But Helen Ramsay did not ; and that very afternoon she started out to propose to some of Miss Elizabeth's friends that they should carry out the little joke and give her a surprise party on the fifteenth of the following month, taking with them some gift. “She's always doing everything for everybody,” said Helen, “and it will be a nice time for us all to show her how much we appreciate her ; there couldn't a thing succeed in this town, from a church fair to a new baby, without Miss Elizabeth's help.”

The project was enthusiastically received, and it soon became known throughout the village that Miss Elizabeth Henderson was to have a wedding-present surprise party on the fifteenth ; but not a word of it reached Miss Elizabeth's unsuspecting ears. She went on her way as calmly as ever, presided over the meeting of the missionary society without the remotest suspicion that while she was pleading for money to put up a new school building in South Africa, her hearers were mentally wondering whether she would rather have silver or table-linen ; and addressed herself to the task of inducing her Bible-class to club together and purchase a new set of maps for the Sunday-school, without ever dreaming that the members of it were just about to club together and purchase Stanley's “History of the Jewish Church” for her.

About a week before the eventful day Mrs. Ramsay wrote to an old friend who had moved away from Southfield: “What ridiculous plan do you suppose Helen has concocted now? She has gotten the town all stirred up about a scheme of giving a surprise party to Elizabeth Henderson. It all came from a joking remark dropped by Elizabeth one day to the effect that she'd given wedding presents all her life, and now thought she'd name a day and receive some. Helen has planned the affair for the fifteenth, and people are actually going to her house with all kinds of presents. Of course everyone is glad enough to have an opportunity of doing something for her, but isn't the whole affair absurd?”

Now it so happened that this part of the letter was read aloud by its recipient, Mrs. Greene, to her husband and

to her brother, a certain Alfred Carver. Years before there had been a close friendship between him and Miss Elizabeth. “The only love affair Elizabeth Henderson ever had,” the townspeople said; but it had ended, no one knew how or why. Mr. Greene laughed heartily after hearing the letter and said, “Isn't that just like Helen Ramsay?” But Alfred Carver made no comment, only saying, as he left the room, “Was that affair of Helen's to come off on the fifteenth?”

On the afternoon of that date, as Miss Elizabeth was returning from a meeting of the Wednesday Club she heard her name spoken, and looking up saw the familiar face of her old-time friend. A faint flush came to her cheek as she put out her hand to receive the one extended to her, and an odd little fluttering about the heart made her catch her breath for a minute; but she soon regained her usual quiet dignity and asked, as they walked along, the conventional questions concerning health and relatives. As they stopped at her gate Alfred said:

“I'm in Southfield only for to-night. I rather hoped you'd ask me to take one of the old-fashioned cups of tea with you, Elizabeth.” “You will be most welcome,” she replied, and together they entered the house; and as there was still an hour before tea they sat on the little piazza overlooking the garden and talked of other days.

Now reminiscing is rather a dangerous pastime for a man and a woman who have once cared for each other. The frequent use of the personal pronouns “you” and “I,” with the closer “we,” the recalling of scenes and circumstances associated with tender memories, the finding that one remembers some little thing the other said or did, all this serves to rekindle an emotion that formerly held sway, be it more or less acknowledged ; and so, all unconsciously, perhaps, these two were being brought nearer together as they sat side by side in the sweet June air, and as they talked at the little tea-table, where Miss Elizabeth presided with such grace, making the fragrant tea and passing it to him in one of the dainty old-fashioned cups he remembered so well from years gone by, when the Henderson tea-table had been larger and many had gathered to partake of its bounty who would return no more.

Hers must be a lonely life, he thought, as his had been for many a day. What wonder, then, that, before the clock struck eight, words were spoken and promises made, and the love of other days, which had not been quenched through years of absence and misunderstanding, was renewed, so that as they stood, hand in hand, looking out upon the golden sunset, there was a new light in Miss Elizabeth's eyes, and a sunrise in her heart.

A ring at the door-bell called them back to their surroundings, and laughing voices in the hall made Miss Elizabeth go out to investigate. She found herself in the midst of a merry crowd, and Helen Ramsay said:

"Don't you know, Miss Elizabeth, that this is the day you set apart for receiving wedding presents?"

Before the astonished lady could reply she was led to an easy-chair, and packages of all kinds and descriptions were laid in her lap, at her feet, and all about her.

"Isn't it a good time to tell our friends, Elizabeth?" whispered Alfred Carver, as he bent over her chair.

So Helen was called, and after a short conference with that astonished young lady it soon became known that the one thing needed to legitimize Miss Elizabeth's wedding presents—a prospective bridegroom—was near at hand; and such a genuine surprise party as it proved to be to all has never been known, before nor since, in South-field.

ADA SHERWOOD.

## EXPRESSING ONE'S SELF.

THERE is a great deal said in these days concerning the value of the art of expression. The kindergarten and the primary schools are cultivating the faculty, and story-telling, history-making and autobiography are required of the very smallest children.

This is all very well. English is a noble language, and the whole of a lifetime is none too long to acquire a mastery of it. It is charming to hear it well managed in infancy and youth, but teachers must not lose sight of the fact that before we can make much progress in the art of expressing ourselves we must have some sort of a self to express,—a self with not only information, but with convictions and hard-thought-out conclusions.

A supposably well-bred and well-educated woman once said to a story-writer: "How much you know of geology and chemistry! I did not suppose that you ever took any interest in such things."

The writer would have been excusable if she had practiced upon the speaker the "stony stare" of tradition. Her first impulse, she confessed, was one of wrath, but the simplicity of her admirer disarmed this.

"Yes," she responded. "I had a good training in science at the academy where I studied. I was also thoroughly educated, as such schools go, in mathematics, history, and philosophy. I could never have had any success in writing if I had not known something."

A large proportion of readers evidently think that writing is a knack which implies nothing behind it. The learning, acquired in some way, if not at school, and the strenuous and intelligent thought which are essential to even moderate literary success, are really extensive. Very many of our good writers are, or have been, instructors in schools and colleges.

A distinguished woman once said that if she had a child who showed evidences of genius she should hardly dare to

send him to college, or attempt to give him any systematic education. She was rather provoked at a sarcastic friend who averred that the genius which can be smothered by education must be a very feeble flame, and had perhaps better be snuffed out as soon as possible. It was the prevailing opinion among several who overheard the remark that knowledge, and a good deal of it, was needed by all writers who aimed at high results. It was agreed, also, that our institutions of learning offered the most favorable opportunities for securing the most, and the most accurate, knowledge in the shortest time, and that therefore the aspirant for literary honors would better drink as deeply as possible at those Pierian springs.

The first speaker adduced, in support of her position, the vast number of eminent writers who never received a regular education, and, conversely, the great body of graduate students who have never produced classic books or pictures or operas; though she admitted it was possible that more might have been done by our best writers if they had been granted the privileges of orderly study. She was also constrained to allow that the imagination which can be killed or crippled by a conventional education must be worth little.

The advice which may well be given to every ambitious young person, whatever the bent of his desire, is: "Make yourself as intelligent and as learned as you can, without becoming a bookworm or a mere repository of facts. All that you can pick up in the few years usually devoted to study will be needed if you attempt to do any considerable work in the world. Make yourself as strong and as wise and as noble as you can. Then if you are called upon to express yourself you will find that you have a self to express,—something which the world may be willing to stop for a moment to hear."

G. B.

## THE ORIGIN OF EASTER LILIES.

ALONG the hills of Palestine  
The setting-sun beams lie,  
Spilled like a goblet of red wine  
From that low, burning sky.  
Deep in the vales of Bethlehem  
The shepherds' flocks are stilled,  
And all the sentient Holy Land  
With waiting transport thrilled.  
'Tis Easter eve; to-morrow's sun  
Will light the "risen day"  
Indeed, for fallen, falling man,  
Through all life's ransomed way,  
The people pray; the cattle kneel;  
The very winds are still;  
And all is silent save one bird  
Upon a sun-tipped hill,  
Which spends his understanding heart  
In rapt'rous roundelay,  
Anticipative of the joys  
Of the forthcoming day.

When lo! along the rocky road,  
Where weeds and thistles grow,  
There weaves a living fragrant line,  
Like curves of drifted snow.  
'Tis lilies! lilies! rich and rare,  
Sprung up by magic growth,  
As though sweet Nature to await  
God's given time were loath.  
Along the road they curve and smile,  
Marking the very way  
The blessed Saviour's feet had trod  
From court to Calvary.  
And everywhere His garments touched,  
A stately lily grew;  
And everywhere He drooped and fell,  
The spot is marked with two;  
But all about the cruel cross,  
Where His dear blood was shed,  
The testifying earth holds up  
A crimson lily-bed.

BELLE HUNT.

# HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

## THE CALIFORNIA POPPY IN EMBROIDERY.

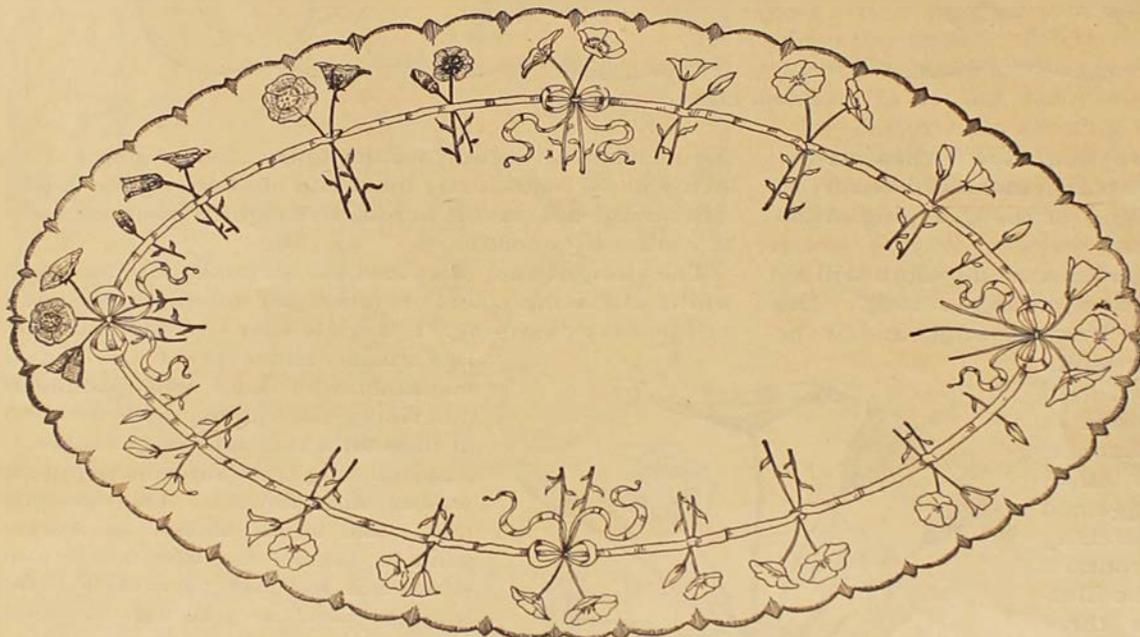
ONE of the loveliest wild flowers that are found in the land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers, is the California poppy. Its grace and delicacy of outline have made it a favorite subject for the painter's brush, as well as with the embroiderer. It varies in size from two to four inches in diameter, and its formation resembles that of a perfect wild rose. Its whole habit of growth,

colors the landscape; they appear as though myriads of oranges had been scattered broadcast all over the fields and uplands; and to the visitor it is a unique and novel sight.

This glowing, sunshiny flower appeals to every artistic eye, and naturally the embroiderer has found it charming for her work; and as it is an easy flower to copy it may be

successfully adapted to any piece of fancy or useful linen that it is desirable to decorate with the needle. Some graceful designs are here given, which can be easily copied, or may serve as suggestions for other beautiful arrangements. The accompanying description will enable those who admire the patterns to carry them out in the most satisfactory and pleasing manner as well as to obtain the best results.

The round centrepiece is eighteen inches in diameter, but it can be made either smaller or larger as convenience requires. Arranged in small groups the poppies and stems are caught down by a circular band of ribbon about twelve inches in diameter, and where it overlaps the



TRAY CLOTH.

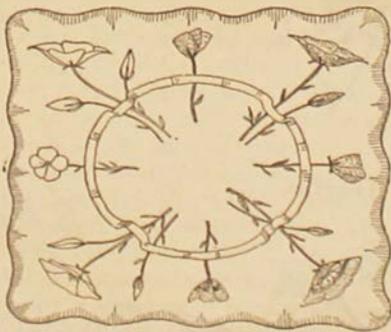
stem and leaf, as well as flower, is much more delicate than the cultivated poppy, being very like its wild sister of European wheat-fields, though it differs from it in color.

The petals are a bright orange yellow in color, growing darker toward the outer edge, and inside this belt the lighter, until at the middle of the flower they are a yellowish white. The leafy part of the poppy plant grows close to the ground, and is of a feathery nature; from the centre of the plant several long, slender stems extend upward from six to fifteen inches, and at the top a single flower is supported on each stem. The leaves and stems are alike in color, and are between the light sage and olive shades.

It is a beautiful sight to see the poppy fields in bloom. The season is the early California spring, during the months of March and April, and a wild riot of blossoms

stems a rippled effect is obtained by wavering the lines a trifle to suggest the raised appearance; this effect is indicated in the drawing. The grouping of two or three flowers at even distances apart, and placing an alternate single flower in between, result in a pleasing arrangement that does not overcrowd the outer field of the centrepiece, and allows a sufficient number of stems inside the ribbon circle to fill the middle ground nicely. The edge of the piece has a design that can be treated in a very attractive manner with several different color schemes.

The doiley to match this centrepiece should be about seven and a half inches in diameter, but this also can be varied. The design can also be adapted to butter-plate doi-



BOTTLE DOILEY.

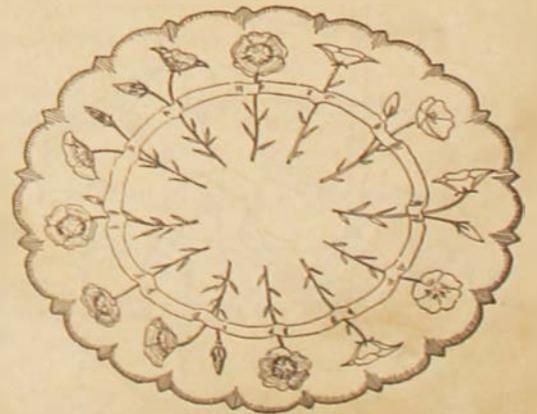
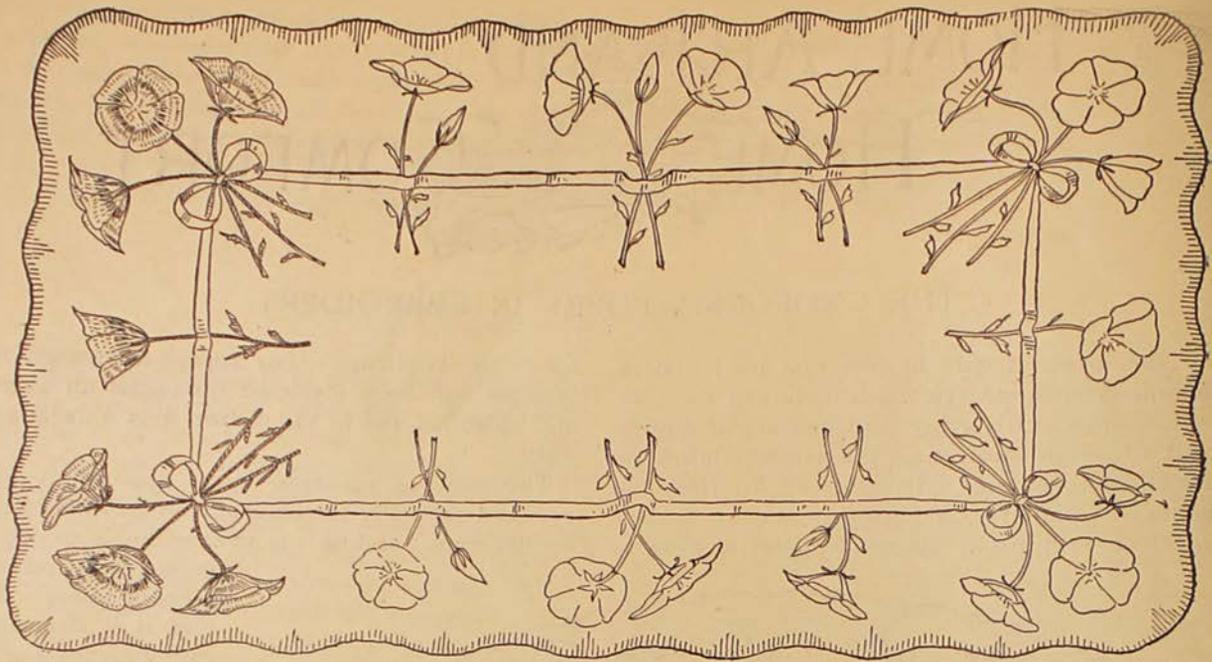


PLATE DOILEY.



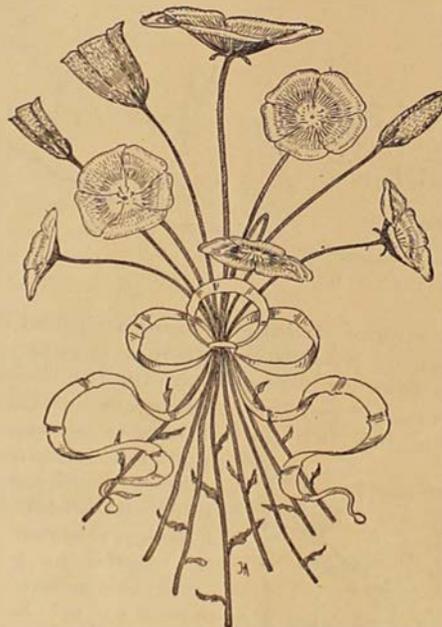
CARVING CLOTH.

leys, which should not be more than five inches across. Simplicity and gracefulness in arrangement add beauty to the design, so avoid overcrowding or the grouping of too many full-blown flowers together.

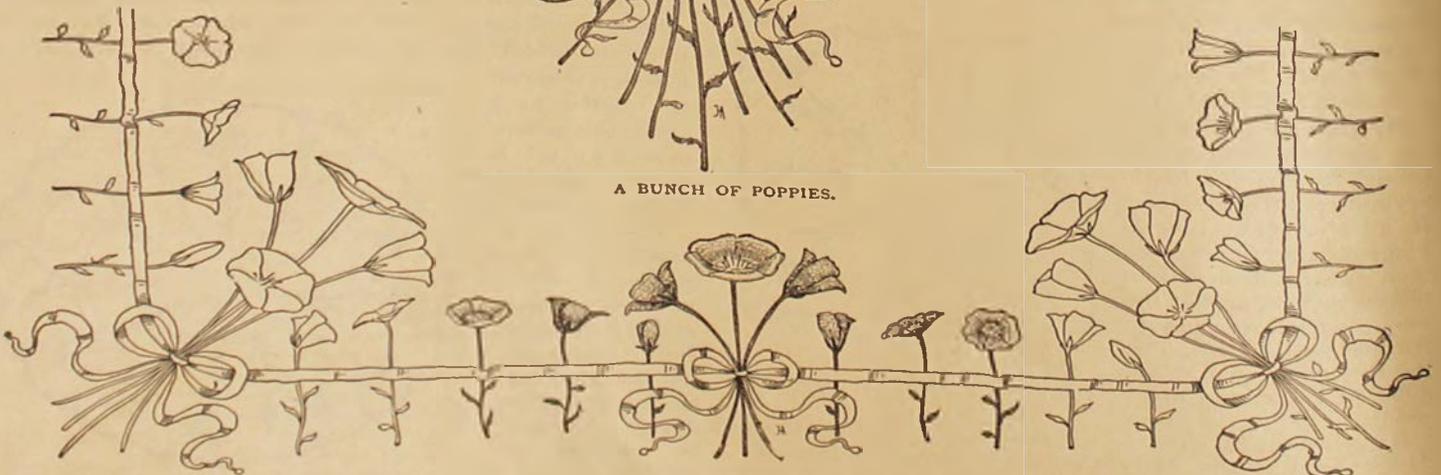
A good proportion and size for the carving-cloth will be eighteen inches wide and twenty-eight inches long. The ribbon should be three inches in from the edge, and at the ends and middle of the sides small bunches of the poppies are tied with bow-knots, from which the ends of the ribbon fall in a graceful manner. The same rippled or raised effect should be carried out as suggested for the centrepiece, and occasionally the ribbon may be wrapped around a bunch of flowers as shown in the illustration. The edges on these three table-pieces are alike, and the lobes should be made in length to conform to the size of the piece. For the carving-cloth they may be an inch and three-eighths between points, while for the centrepiece eighteen inches in diameter they should not be more than

one inch and an eighth; for the doiley, seven-eighths of an inch will be sufficiently long, and on butter-plate doilies measuring five inches across, five eighths of an inch will be quite long enough.

The designs can, of course, be embroidered entirely in white, but if the colors of nature are followed the result will be very charming. It is quite easy now to obtain correct shades, and some of the leading manufacturers issue little pamphlets describing the quality and numbers of their silks that are best adapted to embroidering the California poppy, as well as other flowers. The blossoms, buds, and stems should be worked solid to obtain the best result; and where it is desirable, parts of the petals may be filled to give a rounded-out appearance and also to obtain a depth, or recessed effect. Filo floss or filo silk is the most satisfactory with which to carry out fine designs, when a delicacy of shading is necessary to bring out the character and formation of a flower. It is made in several hundred

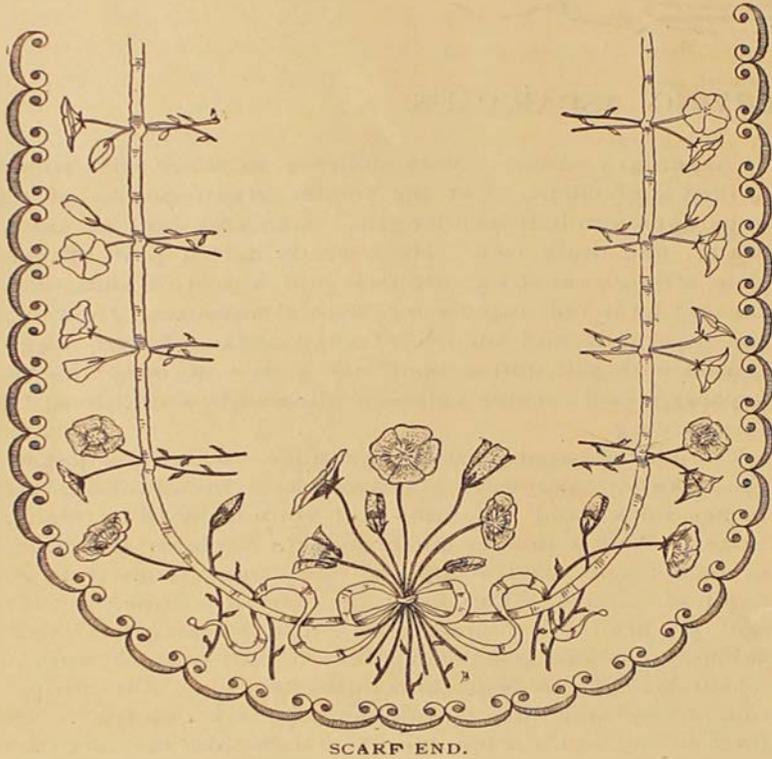


A BUNCH OF POPPIES.



RUNNING BORDER.

different shades and is treated with the Asiatic dyes which render the colors fast and brilliant. The ribbons should be worked solid with cream-white silk, and a light shade of pink may be employed to indicate the shadow. For the edge use pure white Roman floss, a silk twice or three times heavier than filo, and with which more space can be covered in much less time. To relieve the clear white a few threads of pale green or yellow can be judiciously used to lend contrast; but if this has a tendency to darken the edge too much it is best not to use it.



SCARF END.

The attractive design for a scarf shows a bunch of poppies caught with the bow-knot and ribbons, which makes a rich-looking end; and along both sides the poppies are arranged at regular intervals and held down by the ribbon that extends all around the edge. At the middle of this scarf on both sides the bunch of poppies can be enlarged and tied with a bow-knot having ribbon ends similar to the end design, but not quite so large. The edge is one of the attractive features of this design, and it is quite a simple one to work, as may be seen at a glance. The scallops are embellished at the point of junction with scrolls encircling pearl or polka dots; these pearls are to be worked solid, and the scallops buttonholed solid. This edge may be worked in any light shade, but will appear to best advantage if carried out in pure white Roman floss. The other coloring is to be followed in the manner previously described; but if so much color is not desirable the flowers can be worked in cream-white with yellow centres. If carefully shaded with a slightly yellowish tone the poppies have a beautiful effect, and for table or bed linen this mode of treating them will prove very satisfactory. A delicate pink may then be employed for the ribbon, and the edge can be buttonholed with the pure white, or perhaps a very light shade of apple-green would be found an acceptable contrast to the generous use of white and cream color.

The design for a tray-cloth can be used for a comb or pin tray on a dresser, or for a cake tray. A good length for this would be fourteen inches with a width of eight inches. The ribbon can be placed two inches in from the edge, and at the four corners bow-knots may be arranged

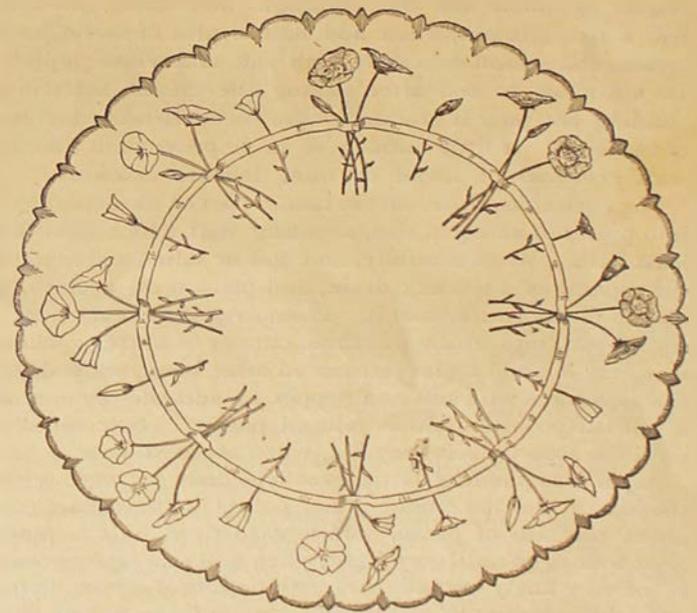
without the ribbon ends, as they would overcrowd the design on so small a piece.

The design for a bottle doily to match the tray-cloth, can of course be adapted to other uses. It should measure about six inches square, with the ribbon band three inches and a half in diameter. This design could be enlarged and used on a sofa pillow, but the flowers should not be drawn larger than their natural size; more in number can be added without destroying the symmetry of the design, and bow-knots and ribbon ends may be used to fill in the spaces. If used for this purpose it would be well to keep the flowers to the edge as much as possible, so as to leave the middle part plain.

Round-thread linen of various grades, from sheer linen cambric to heavy butchers' linen, is the standard fabric for all work of this kind.

The bunch of poppies for pillow-shams or the corners of a large table-cover is intended to be drawn about thirteen inches in height and eight inches across at the widest part. It is caught with a three-looped bow-knot, from which the ends of ribbon flow out in a graceful manner. It could be used also on a sofa pillow, thrown across one corner, as is the fancy now, instead of in the centre.

The design for a running border with corners completes this beautiful set. It measures twenty-eight inches in length, and is intended for a small table-cover, having the other three sides carried out in a similar manner. The shorter poppies measure three inches and a half in height, while the middle bunch has a height of five inches and a half. The corner flowers and stems are nine inches long,



ROUND CENTREPIECE.

and the principal bunches are tied with a bow-knot. This design can be extended to border a table-cover of any size, or it may be decreased proportionately and adapted to a square centrepiece.

HELEN MAR ADAMS.\*

A charming frieze for a summer room can be arranged with the prepared palms, every variety of which can be bought now so perfectly dyed that they look as if just picked in a Southern garden.

\*Perforated patterns of any of these designs, in working size, and stamped linen can be obtained from the author by addressing her in care of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.



## NEW METHODS OF SERVING ASPARAGUS.

THE housewife who is content to serve this fine esculent occasionally *en branche*, does not begin to realize its possibilities in adding variety to the daily menu.

Asparagus soup is both delightful and delicate. For this select about two dozen good asparagus stalks; boil them till tender in one quart of water, with a small onion, a few sprigs of parsley, and a stalk of celery. When tender lift the asparagus out of the water with a skimmer, take the onion, parsley and celery out; then rub the asparagus through a sieve, gradually using the water it was boiled in to wash all the tender part through the sieve. In a clean saucepan put a dessert-spoonful of flour with a generous tablespoonful of butter, mix well, and then place on the stove until it melts, stirring all the time; when it begins to bubble add the asparagus and water, allow to boil a few minutes, when add half a pint of sweet, rich cream, and season delicately with salt and white pepper. Do not allow to boil after adding the cream, but when scalding hot pour it gradually over the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. A little nutmeg is an improvement; serve with *croutons* of bread or thin, delicate crackers.

For asparagus *sauté*, cut the tender part of the asparagus into pieces of an equal size, avoiding that which is in the least hard. Wash carefully, and boil in salted water until the asparagus is tender; drain, and place it on a cloth to absorb the moisture from it. Place over the fire a smooth frying-pan, into which put three ounces of butter; when it is very hot add a pint (measured after being cooked) of the asparagus with salt and pepper to suit the taste, and a half teaspoonful of finely minced parsley. Stir rapidly until the asparagus is very hot, when serve at once.

Asparagus pudding is an excellent dish to serve with the roast. Cut the tender green points of the asparagus about the size of pease, sufficient to form half a pint. Beat four eggs until very light, when add one tablespoonful of very finely minced ham, one cupful of sifted flour, two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one ounce of butter, the asparagus, and salt and pepper to taste. The batter must be of the consistency of thick cream. Put it into a well-buttered mold, tie over the top a floured cloth, place the mold in boiling water, and let it boil rapidly for two hours; turn it out of the mold, and serve.

Asparagus *soufflé* is a rare delicacy not often met with. Boil half a pint of the tender tops of asparagus, as for asparagus *sauté*; drain well. Beat the yolks of four eggs to a thick froth, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, the asparagus, salt and pepper to taste. Now beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff snow; have ready a buttered *soufflé* pan; then stir the whisked whites lightly but thoroughly into the other ingredients; pour into the pan, place in a brisk oven, and bake for twenty minutes. Serve immediately, else its beauty and lightness will be lost.

Asparagus sauce is very delicate to serve with nicely grilled lamb chops. Cut the tender green points of the asparagus into half-inch lengths, wash and boil in salted water, and drain well. Have ready half a pint of very pale, strong veal-stock, add to it half a pint of rich sweet cream; let it boil rapidly for several minutes, then add the asparagus and the well-beaten yolks of two eggs; season with salt and pepper, and serve at once, as the asparagus will become yellow if allowed to stand long before serving.

*Canapés* of asparagus form a dainty *entrée*. To prepare the *canapés* take some slices of stale bread about two inches thick, and cut into neat rounds with a biscuit cutter. With a smaller cutter mark a circle in the centre of each round, and scoop out the crumb from it to the depth of an inch. This must be carefully done, so there will be a firm bottom and sides. Lay these around in a shallow dish and pour over them a half-pint of milk in which one egg has been thoroughly beaten. This proportion of egg and milk is sufficient for six *canapés*. Let them lie in this for a few minutes, then take up very carefully and slip into very hot lard. Do not crowd them; they will brown quickly, and must be carefully watched; when of a pale golden brown remove with a skimmer and drain on blotting paper. Boil the tops of a pint of asparagus until tender and drain well. Put into a saucepan with two ounces of butter, dredge in a dessert-spoonful of flour, and add a quarter of a pint of boiling water; let it come to a boil, then add the juice of one lemon and a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley. Fill the *canapés* with this, arrange on a platter, and garnish with parsley or cress and slices of cut lemon.

*Canapés* of asparagus *à la Béchamel* are prepared in the same manner, excepting the sauce, which is a famous French one, delicious on many things; and as it can be kept ready for use it is very convenient. Put into a saucepan half a tablespoonful of butter, half a medium-sized onion, minced fine, a small carrot, minced, and a half-pound of minced raw veal; set over a hot fire, and toss for two minutes to fry without browning; then stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, and pour on three pints of hot water or of soup stock; stir thoroughly, and add a pint of boiling cream. Season to taste with salt and white pepper. Let simmer for an hour, then strain. Add a tablespoonful of cream to every pint of sauce; simmer till the thickness of a good *mayonnaise*; strain into an earthen bowl or crock, and stir until cold. When wanted for use, boil a pint of it with an ounce of butter, stirring it thoroughly as it heats.

*Croutards* of asparagus with Hollandaise sauce is another savory *entrée*. Cut some stale bread into pieces about the size of a silver dollar. Fry them to a pale golden brown in boiling lard, and drain on blotting-paper. Heap

these high with boiled asparagus points, and mask each with a thick Hollandaise sauce made as follows: Place in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and reduce by rapid boiling one-half; put two ounces of butter with a sliced onion over the fire, and allow to simmer but not brown; add one pint of water and the vinegar; simmer gently for half an hour; add salt and pepper to taste, and a dash of grated nutmeg, then strain. Beat the yolks of three eggs until thick, and still beating pour over them slowly the other ingredients; if necessary, strain again, and last of all add a few drops of lemon juice. What sauce is left is to be served with the *croutards*.

*Omelette aux pointes d'asperges* is a dainty breakfast-dish for a spring morning. Break four eggs into a bowl, and whisk well with a Dover egg-beater until they are light and foamy; add one tablespoonful of cream, half a saltspoonful of salt, and rather less of pepper. Place a frying pan over a brisk fire and melt a tablespoonful of butter in it; when the butter is very hot, pour the egg mixture into it. Break with a fork in several places as it cooks, to allow the uncooked portion to run down. When done, spread over the top several spoonfuls of cooked asparagus points, mixed with butter, a little chopped parsley, and a few drops of lemon juice; double the omelette dexterously and shake it out of the pan on a hot dish.

Asparagus with sweetbread *braisé* is a very appetizing dish. Prepare two pounds of sweetbreads in the usual

manner. Simmer for ten minutes in sufficient boiling water to cover them; drain, then lay them in a saucepan with half a pint of veal stock, one blade of mace, one small onion, and salt and white pepper to season. Cover the pan closely and simmer slowly for half an hour. Remove the sweetbreads and place where they will remain warm; strain the gravy. Beat the yolks of two eggs to a foam, add a quarter of a pint of cream, one teaspoonful of minced parsley, and a tiny pinch of grated nutmeg. Add this to the gravy; stir it until it begins to thicken, but do not allow to boil. Have ready some boiled asparagus points,—about one pint,—add these to the hot sauce, and pour over the sweetbreads; serve hot, and garnish with parsley. Another way is to roll the sweetbreads in bread-crumbs and fry to a pale brown. These are arranged in a circle on a platter, and the center is filled with asparagus points, boiled. This should be served with a béarnaise sauce, made as follows: Place a gill of vinegar over the fire, with two tablespoonfuls of shallots and one teaspoonful of parsley, minced fine; simmer until reduced one-half, allow to cool a little; add, stirring slowly, the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, then two tablespoonfuls of very strong, rich meat gravy, and, lastly, three ounces of butter. Stir constantly, but do not allow to boil, or it will curdle. When thick pour it over the asparagus, and serve. This sauce should be rather thick, and it must be served at once.

(Continued on Page 421.)

# SANITARIAN

## THE RECUPERATIVE FORCES OF SPRING.

AT this season of the year, when all nature throbs with the awakening pulse of a new life, it should be remembered that this activity in the visible world about us has its perfect correspondence in the physical, and also spiritual, condition of man. The same laws which govern trees, plants, birds, and animals, also govern human nature. In the spring of the year there comes a force from the sun which acts on all organized forms of life on this planet. It is this unseen element that gives us the delicious, exhilaratingly buoyant sensation which dominates us, body, mind, and soul, on a brilliant spring day.

Could we but look beneath the surface of the earth and into the interior of vegetable life, we should see every nerve, every vein and artery, pulsating with a grand new growth, which finds expression in budding leaf, babbling brook, and revitalized atmosphere. The birds appear with new suits of plumage, and our four-footed friends come forth arrayed in new fur garments; for the entire animal kingdom has spent the late winter and early spring months in casting off effete matter preparatory to the reception of new elements, which will make fresh fur, hair, or feathers suitable for summer wear. Poor human nature—the self-made victim of perverted tastes and indulgent habits—comes forth from its winter lethargy, not in a garb of quickened splendor, with beaming eye and radiant visage, but with sluggish liver, vitiated blood, and disordered digestion. Having spent our “moulting” season in utter

disregard of immutable laws, how can we expect to emerge as vigorous as the budding leaf, as chirpy as the little bird, and sparkling as the silvery stream, none of which is endowed with what man is pleased to call intelligence, but which, none the less, has instinct enough to follow nature's promptings?

Since we are likely to continue on our heedless course, disdaining those truths which are apparent to bird, beast, and plant, a wiser if indulgent power has prepared for us, in proper season, those things which will enable us to avert the natural penalty for our folly. For these seasonable gifts, which will renew our systems, purify our blood, and aid us in storing vitality for the enervating days soon to come, we must repair to nature's laboratory. Besides the healing and renewing qualities of the very atmosphere itself, we now have in abundance those succulent vegetables and fruits whose chemical constituents are powerful in renewing and restoring the system.

From time immemorial, in the springtime our thoughts have turned to “sulphur and molasses” as a cleansing agent. Did we but know it, the remedial effects of this nauseous mixture are to be had, in a much more palatable form, in the sulphurous vegetables, such as turnips, onions, cabbage, and cauliflower.

To secure the medicinal properties of these and all other vegetables, care should be taken in the cooking so that their natural salts and vegetable acids be not destroyed. The Germans seem to realize the importance

of this, for they cook sulphurous vegetables in an earthenware dish, four hours, in a moderate oven, using very little water, thus virtually steaming the vegetable in its own juice. All vegetables should be cooked quickly, in as little water as possible, since if they are allowed to simmer, in an abundance of water, their natural salts escape and the starch envelopes are ruptured, thus allowing the valuable ingredients to pass into the water. Especially is this true of the potato, which ranks high as a nutritious and fattening vegetable. The potato is rich in salts of potash, an element beneficial to the system, which are dissolved and lost by peeling and boiling. Hence a potato should be baked unpeeled to retain its full value, and may then be served to invalid or convalescent with good results. It is an unfortunate fact that as frequently cooked in America, the potato is a sodden mass, and in this state only those who are blessed with perfect digestion and who take a great deal of exercise can eat it with impunity.

Cabbage and cauliflower are anti-scorbutic and tonic in property, owing to the sulphur and oxalic acid which they contain. If one cannot digest cooked cabbage, since it often produces flatulency and heartburn, its medicinal virtues may be had in an appetizing dish of cold slaw, which is among the most easily digested forms of food.

Perhaps the most valuable of all the vegetables from a therapeutic standpoint is the much despised onion, which is a nervine, alterative, and purifier. It ranks highly as a beautifier of the complexion, owing to the large amount of sulphur it contains. As a cure for insomnia it is excellent, and taken either raw or cooked, green or dry, it is a sedative which will not leave the injurious after-effects of drugs. It gives tone to the stomach, soothes the nerves, and is valuable in coughs, colds, croup, and influenza. Used in the form of a syrup or poultice the onion has an almost magical effect in cases of diphtheria, instances being recorded where lives have been saved by its application after all other remedies had failed.

A syrup is made by cutting the onion into thin slices, sprinkling plentifully with brown sugar, and allowing it to stand between hot plates under a heavy weight until all the juice is extracted. This syrup is excellent for membranous croup or whooping-cough, and is acceptable to children because of its sweetness. A poultice may be made by roasting a large onion, whole, in the skin. In this form it is recommended in those severe scalp affections which sometimes afflict young children. In diphtheria it is advisable to take raw onions, place them in a cloth and beat them to a pulp. Bandage this cloth around the throat well up to the ears, removing as often as the mass becomes dry.

The beautiful complexions of the peasants in certain sections of Europe are attributed to the abundant use of the onion, garlic, or leek, the last being the national plant of the Welsh. That the onion clears, tones, and preserves the vocal organs is attested by the constant practice of a popular operatic tenor, who invariably indulges in a large "Bermuda" after every performance. Italian, French, Spanish, and even German vocalists are partial to onions and garlic in their diet, appreciating their tonic principle.

Nature gives a good indication of her needs, in the craving for acids, pickles, etc., on the first warm days; and this urgent cry should be heeded by giving a prominent place in our diet to salads and "greens," all of which are held in high esteem for purging the blood of all humors which are created by winter's fatty diet. Spinach, mustard greens, dandelion leaves, young beet-tops, and even stalks of the milk-weed are all good, cooked in their own

juices, with as little water as possible. Dandelion leaves are especially good for their alkaline salts, this plant entering largely into all the sarsaparilla preparations to which resort is had in the spring-time. The custom of boiling "greens" with salted fat pork, or bacon, should be discouraged, since it robs them of their natural salts and acids, and often produces intestinal disorders. The succulent spinach possesses such virtue as a laxative and system regulator that the Italians give it a name which is equivalent to our word scavenger.

For salads we have lettuce, chicory, dandelion, escarole, tomatoes, celery, and water-cress, all of which contain vegetable acids which thin the blood and regulate the system. The effect of these acids is enhanced by the addition of a simple dressing. If persons of delicate digestive powers would learn the hygienic value of simple salads taken with the proper proportions of sweet oil and vinegar, as in a plain French dressing, there would be fewer dyspeptics. The foolish fear of oil and condiments is groundless, for vegetable oils are more easily digested than animal fats, and, besides, are rich in nutriment and soothing power. It is a fact that the mustard and other condiments served with salads, besides appeasing the craving for acids, possess aromatic oils which stimulate digestion and peristaltic motion, and are also antiseptic.

Lettuce and celery being opiate and sedative in their elements will be found effective in all forms of nervous troubles, and especially in insomnia. Both are extremely good for tired nerves and that peculiar lassitude sometimes called spring fever. Celery has value in cases of chronic rheumatism, and is also an excellent diuretic. If it be tough and stringy, it is indigestible and should not be eaten raw; stewed in cream and served on toast it is appetizing as well as wholesome; but if tender and well-bleached, the heart is preferable uncooked.

Water-cress is a vegetable treasure but little appreciated in our day. That the Greeks realized its merit as a mental stimulant and system invigorator, is attested by their adage: "Eat cress and learn more wit." Pliny believed that "water-cress with vinegar" had the power to restore sanity. *The British Medical Journal* gives water-cress high rank among substances possessing the double quality of food and medicine. Analyzed, it contains a sulpho-nitrogenous essential oil, a bitter extract, iodine, iron, phosphate, water, and other salts,—properties which enable it to remedy phthisis, to promote digestion, to prevent scurvy, and to induce perspiration.

The epicure prefers cress as the Frenchman does his radish,—for breakfast, with a dash of salt and thin slices of bread and butter. Try this as a sandwich for luncheon, or on a picnic, and you have a dainty which will delight the palate, brighten the eye, and beautify the complexion. Moreover, it is a stimulant to sluggish temperament and mental faculties. Water-cress, like asparagus, is especially good for the kidneys, and both should be used abundantly during spring and summer.

Aside from its value as a garnisher and for seasoning, parsley is an excellent tonic and also clears the complexion. It may not be generally known that a sprig of parsley with a dash of salt, taken after one has eaten onions, will entirely remove the disagreeable odor from the breath. A drink of milk will do likewise.

Tomatoes, spinach, cress, lettuce, turnips, cucumbers, and celery tend to thin the blood and reduce flesh; while the starchy vegetables,—such as potatoes, pease, beans, corn, pumpkins, rice,—and macaroni, all rich in gluten and sugar, form carbo-hydrates, which are heat-producing and therefore to be avoided at this season.

GENEVIEVE T. KEMBLE.

## IN THE WORLD OF ART AND LETTERS.

JENNY LIND'S daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, has written a memoir of her mother.

CHARLES READE once gave a recipe for writing novels to a young novelist now well known. It ran thus: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait."

IT IS SAID that Mrs. James T. Fields, of Boston, at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Stowe's family, will undertake the work of writing Harriet Beecher Stowe's biography.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER is soon to bring out a new volume of poems, to be called "For the Country," which will be especially patriotic in its contents, embracing poems on Washington, Lincoln, Sheridan, Sherman, and other heroic themes.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, in announcing the fact that he is bringing out five books (including two new ones, "The Ballad of Mary the Mother" and "The New Rome"), makes this curious statement: "I am the only surviving Religious Poet, and am possibly the last of the race."

KING MENELEK of Abyssinia will soon have a reputation as a patron of art. Some time ago he was reported to have ordered from a Russian painter a battle picture representing the defeat of the Italians. Now he has commissioned the artist Schleising, of Meiningen, to paint a great panorama, to be put up in a building to be erected for the purpose.

ALBERT BRUCE-JOY'S admirable bust of Chauncey M. Depew is one of the best ever done by the English sculptor. Three years ago when Mr. Depew was in England Mr. Joy wrote and asked him to sit for a bust. Mr. Depew complied, and gave three sittings. This bust, together with those of Gladstone and Salisbury, both famous works by Mr. Joy, was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, and was favorably commented upon.

THE PROMOTION of John S. Sargent, the American artist, to be a Royal Academician is the greater distinction because it follows so soon after his election as an associate in 1894. There was an interval of but three years between the conferring of the two honors in the case of Alma-Tadema, and in Sir Frederick Leighton's case it was five years. Every other academician, however, served an apprenticeship of at least ten years.

THE STORY of the letter which Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. Francis Wilson as a test of our post-office system addressed in the following fashion, "Mark Twain, God knows where," and which found Mr. Clemens in London after traveling from San Francisco to Australia, has brought out an interesting anecdote concerning Abraham Lincoln. His ruggedly characteristic features became so well known from the pictures of him published in the newspapers during the campaign preceding his election, that his son Robert took it into his head to cut one of them out and paste it on an envelope containing a letter to his father, which he posted without other address. The letter reached Mr. Lincoln without the slightest delay.

THE MOST expensive book ever published in the world is the official history of the War of the Rebellion, which is now being issued by the Government of the United

States at a cost up to date of \$2,334,328. Of this amount \$1,184,291 has been paid for printing and binding. The remainder was expended for contingent and miscellaneous expenses, and for the purchase of records from private individuals. It will require at least three years longer and an appropriation of perhaps \$600,000 to complete the work, so that the total cost will undoubtedly reach nearly \$3,000,000. It will consist of 112 volumes, including an index, and an atlas which contains 178 plates and maps. The material used in the preparation of this history is taken from both the Federal and Confederate archives, and is purely official; and as the writers represent both sides of the struggle it may be regarded as impartial.

MRS. ROSE HARTWICK THORPE, whose beautiful poem "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night" will live for all time, makes her home now in California, at Pacific Beach, near San Diego. In talking about her famous poem, recently some curious facts were made known. It was written when she was but a school-girl, and she derived the inspiration from study of that historic period of England, which moved her so deeply that on returning from school she hastened to her room, and proceeded to paint in rhymed words the vivid picture in her mind. It was not published till two or three years later, when it was accepted by a Detroit paper to which Miss Hartwick had for some time been contributing, gratuitously, short poems.

AMONG the daily papers published in Athens, Greece, are the *Ora* (Hour), the *Plinghensia* (Regeneration), *Neai Ideai* (New Ideas), *Aion* (Era), *Toia* (Morning), and *Telegrafui* (The Telegram). There are also two weekly papers published in the French language, the *Journal d'Athènes* and *Le Messager d'Athènes*. These two newspapers are designed especially for the enlightenment, instruction, and perusal of tourists and resident diplomats. The two papers published in the ancient town of Sparta are the *Peloponniakiakos Aster* and the *Peloponniakiakos Eos*. It is the custom of some Greek newspapers to publish uncorroborated news only as advertisements, the persons in interest paying for the insertion at regular advertising rates.

DR. NANSEN is said to have a strong poetic element in his make-up, and to be particularly fond of nature. Much of this feeling appears in his writings, especially in his letters. He does not profess to be an artist, but he can draw and knows how to use his colors. The most remarkable pictures in his forthcoming book are said to be those in colors made by him in the North. Some of these drawings are of ice-floes, and are full of the wonderful effects of the Northern Lights. A crimson, gamboge, and cobalt one is said to be as fiery as a sketch by Turner. These things are done in chalk and water-colors, and sometimes in water-colors alone. The work has required the services of six translators in London, and the ponderous manuscript was there set up, revised, and read within a fortnight. The special notes and corrections in the author's own hand were mostly in English, for Dr. Nansen speaks and writes the language fluently.

### OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WE want new subscribers to DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE in every city, town, and village in the United States, and are offering special inducements to persons obtaining them. Naturally, we wish our present subscribers to reap the benefit of our offer; and every one

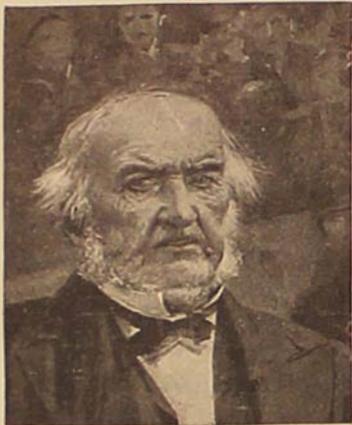
on our subscription list should be able, with very little effort, to secure at least one new subscriber. For even one, a liberal premium is given; while for clubs, the inducements are exceptional. For information, address Demorest Publishing Co., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

# THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

## Gladstone Champions Greece.

Gladstone, at nearly ninety years of age, is the same "Grand Old Man" as ever, in his championship of Christianity and his inveterate hatred of the "unspeakable Turk." He has lately written from Cannes, to the Duke of Westminster, a letter whose ringing words have been heard around the world.

"My ambition is for rest and peace alone," he writes, "but every grain of sand is part of the seashore, and connected as I have been for nearly half a century with the Eastern question, I feel that inclination does not suffice to justify silence.



MR. GLADSTONE.

"Events in crowds have been occurring in the East, at short intervals for the past two years, of such a nature as to stir our common humanity to its innermost recesses and to lodge an appeal from official to personal conscience. Until the most recent dates these transactions have seemed to awaken no echo save in England, but now light has flashed upon Western Europe, and an uneasy consciousness that nations as

well as cabinets are concerned has taken a strong hold upon the public mind. Later massacres in Armenia have occurred upon a scale of intensity and in a diversity of their wickedness beyond all modern if not all historical experience. All this has been done under the eyes of the six great powers, who are represented at the Porte by ambassadors, and who thought their feeble verbiage a sufficient counterpoise to instruments of death, shame, and torture, provided that in framing it they all chimed in with one another."

Mr. Gladstone refers to his attempt in 1880 to establish the concert of Europe, and continues:

"We soon discovered that, for several of the powers, concert bore a significance totally at variance with that which we attached to it, and included toy demonstrations which might be made under the condition that they should not pass into reality. At present the powers have no common purposes to bring them together. But, what is worse than ail, this pretended and ineffectual co-operation of the Governments shuts out the peoples. It is from this mischief that we are now suffering. On the heels of this concert we have plodded for two years, and, with all its pretension of power, it has worsened and has not bettered the situation. Surely it is time we should have done with this gross and palpable delusion. It is time to shake off the incubus.

"Why should not Crete be autonomously united with Greece and yet not detached in theory from Turkey, just as Bosnia and Herzegovina are? Greece, by her bold action, has conferred a great service on Europe, and made it impossible to palter with the question as we have paltered with the blood-stained question of Armenia."

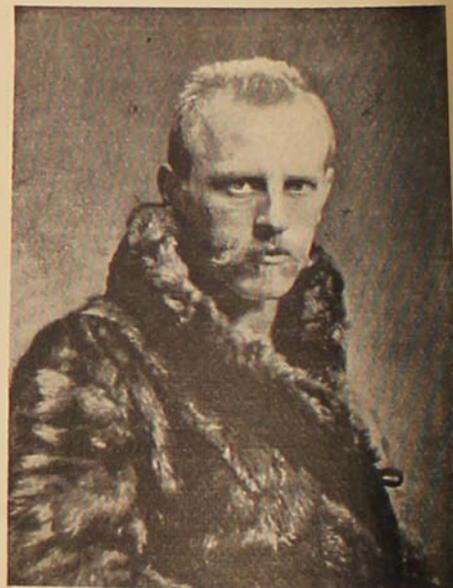


PAPAMALEKO, ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

## Furthest North!

Dr. Nansen, whose Arctic narrative is the literary sensation of the day, while the explorer himself has been the lion of the season in London, is thirty-six years old. He was born at Storr Frøen, in Scandinavia, in 1861.

On completing his university education in 1882, Nansen proceeded in the sailing vessel *Viking* to Denmark Straits, and it was the sight of the Greenland mountains, on a coast hitherto deemed inaccessible, that made him wish to run the ice-blockade and cross Greenland from east to west. On returning from that cruise he was appointed Curator of the Museum at Bergen, but his determination to be the first to cross Greenland in its entirety never forsook him, and after, in 1888, obtaining the necessary funds for the attainment of his purpose, he started for that country with a small expedition. His plan succeeded, and though it can hardly be said to have materially increased the knowledge of the ice-cap which had already been gained by Nordenskiöld and others, and has been subsequently eclipsed by Peary's wonderful explorations and discoveries in North Greenland, it brought Nansen into some prominence, and gave him a thirst for the greater fame of leading an expedition into the unknown regions of the Arctic Ocean.



DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

In 1890 Nansen matured his plans for the Polar Expedition, which were based on a theory of the Norwegian Professor of Meteorology Mohn, of an ocean current flowing from Behring Straits across the Pole to the East Greenland seas, a current which it has been left to Nansen himself to prove did not exist, but, on the other hand, to confirm the views expressed by others, that the ice drifted with the prevailing winds independent of the flow of the ocean. The cost of the expedition was to have been comparatively little, \$83,500, seeing that it was to be a small one, not more than twelve men all told, but it finally proved to be a costly affair, the cash expenses amounting to about \$125,000, which in no way represents the actual sum placed at the disposal of the expedition, much of the stores, clothing, and outfit having been supplied to it gratis, or at a merely nominal figure. The expedition was to consist of twelve men, but Nansen subsequently made it thirteen. It was likewise at first intended to be conducted on temperance principles. Both liquor and tobacco were to be eschewed as injurious to the constitution and powers of the men, but eventually both were permitted. When Nansen left the *Fram* to undertake with one companion the hazardous journey of investigation further north, he gave full instructions to his trusted lieutenant, Sverdrup, whom he left in charge. The first aim of the crew was to be to push through the unknown Polar Sea. No one could tell how long it would be before the *Fram* would drift into the open water. They had provisions for several years, but, said Nansen, if the crew should begin to suffer in health the ship was to be abandoned. Sverdrup was absolutely faithful to his charge, and after many hardships succeeded in bringing the *Fram* home to the little haven of Skjærvø, in Finmark. Nansen set a bold, but risky and unheard of, example in leaving the *Fram*, which probably no other commanders would ever like to imitate.

Dr. Nansen is a man close on six feet in height, but the peculiarity of his figure gives him a taller appearance. His face, indeed, his whole appearance and bearing, is affected by the mood he is in. His features can convey an expression of fierceness or defiance, anxiety and gloom one moment, and be lit with geniality and friendliness the next, a transformation so great that it is difficult to believe him to be one and the same man.

## The Potential Energy of Coal.

Whether Mr. Case has pointed the way to the solution of one of the grandest problems of the time, or, on the other hand, has simply performed a scientific experiment, very interesting but of no commercial importance, are questions that cannot as yet be answered. His demonstration, however, of the fact that by chemical action upon coal it is possible to transfer its latent energy into active force with comparatively little waste, has already attracted wide attention and suggested anew the tremendous consequences to civilization if this problem be ever solved for commercial use.

Though Case is the first to show that the energy that is in coal can be converted into potential force without the intervention of heat, Jacques not long ago exhibited a process somewhat similar, to scientists and capitalists in Boston. While opinions differ as to the permanent value of Jacques' system, yet he, too, as did Case recently at Columbia College in New York,

demonstrated that chemical action upon coal would cause it to deliver its stored energy so that it might be utilized as power, but he employed heat.

Case, however, does not claim that his discovery is as yet of any commercial advantage. The expense of the product would prohibit its use. For, while his process utilizes more than seventy per cent. of the energy that is in coal, yet the chemicals employed and the process are so expensive as to make it of no greater value for commercial use than is the universal utilization of the energy that is in coal by its transformation into steam-power.

The commercial importance attached to these recent tests lies in the fact that they are a step in the right direction of a cheap, instantaneous, and complete transformation of this latent energy into positive and usable force. For if expensive chemicals and processes can effect this transfer of power from coal to machinery, it is reasonable to infer that by and by cheaper agents and processes may be discovered.

If they are,—and some of the world's ablest scientists believe that the discovery will be made,—then a revolution in commercial civilization vaster than that caused by the utilization of steam, or the existing employment of electric force, is sure to come.

## Experiments with X Rays.

Professor John Trowbridge, director of the Jefferson Physical Laboratory at Harvard, has lately been making some interesting and important experiments with the X rays. In carrying on his work he has recently completed an immense storage battery, said to be the largest in the world.

Up to this time photographs with the cathode rays have been obtained by means of Holt's machine or by an induction coil. With his apparatus, however, Professor Trowbridge has taken a photograph of a hand, the first photograph ever taken by a battery. This photograph was merely a trial of the new apparatus, and the exposure was only about two minutes in length, yet the bones are much more clearly defined than in the ordinary "shadowgraph." The finger-nails are shown, and the complicated system of bones in the wrist is clearly defined.

In these experiments Professor Trowbridge's attention has been directed to solving the problem of how great a voltage is required to create the flash or ray in the Crookes tube by means of which the photograph is taken. This problem has caused the wildest guesses. Most of them have placed the voltage required at about 20,000. With the aid of this new storage battery the question has been solved, and Professor Trowbridge has the credit of being the first scientist to determine the approximate voltage necessary. It was found that 100,000 volts were required to send the flash of greenish light through the Crookes tube and make a photograph. Then with each additional volt the clearness and success of the photograph increase.

Another important discovery made by Professor Trowbridge was that the current through the Crookes tube goes in only one direction, not in both, as has been supposed. This fact has never before been determined. The length of time of one of the flashes of light—one ten-millionth of a second—was calculated by an intricate system with the aid of a revolving mirror, a camera, and some electrical apparatus.

## New Japan.

The ratification of the Japanese treaty in the Senate on February 2d gives impulse to the growing interest in Japan and in the relations of that empire to the republic. The general treaty becomes operative in July, 1899, but the following, one of its principal provisions, goes into effect immediately:

"The citizens or subjects of either high contracting party shall find in the territories of the other the same protection as native citizens or subjects in regard to patents, trade-marks, and designs, upon fulfillment of the formalities prescribed by law."

Japan has become a land of stupendous enterprise. Awakened by war, the country is undergoing a marvelous development, and its people are reaching out in every direction and competing with the older civilizations in the arts of manufacture, commerce, and navigation. In January, 1896, applications for railroad charters were filed aggregating \$66,000,000. There were at the time but 2,100 miles of completed lines in the empire, while to-day there are plans for more than 7,000 additional miles. One province alone has 36 railroad companies, and the whole country more than 300, with an aggregate capital of \$400,000,000. Not all will be built, but it is estimated that enough will be constructed to require 500 engines, 2,000 coaches, and 10,000 freight-cars. Japan has learned to build her own roads so well that the staff of foreign experts is nearly extinct, and native genius is filling its place. Equal expansion is exhibited in textile industries, which have increased from 500,000 spindles at the close of the war to nearly 1,000,000 at the end of 1896. India has been the Japanese source



THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

of supply for cotton yarns, but the importation has steadily fallen from a value of \$1,814,393 in 1892, to \$392,631 in 1895. Silk and woolen industries show a similar advance, factories increasing rapidly even in the provinces. Japan, so recently innocent of the knowledge of the use of coal, has now an annual output of 3,000,000 tons, more than half of which is exported to the United States and China. When the vessels now contracted for are built, the tonnage of the Japanese mercantile marine will amount to 472,000 tons, an increase of 200,000 tons since the war. The coasting trade is wholly in native hands. One of the new steamship companies covers the eastern coast of Asia and the southern coast westward to Bombay, while another has established lines across the Pacific and to England and Australia. The Japanese have purchased machinery in the United States with which to exploit their own oil-fields, with a resulting output of petroleum of three times the amount they formerly imported. The oil trade of both Russia and the United States in the Mikado's realm is threatened with extinction. Enterprises in process of development include banks, foundries, hemp, paper and cotton mills, brewing, bicycle, electric lighting, watch-making, and insurance companies, oil refineries, and dock-yards.

## Fraud Proved by X Rays.

Officials of a railway company in Baltimore have found the cathode X rays an efficient detective to checkmate a scheme to defraud the company. A man asserted that he had one of his arms broken by a car of the company, and through an attorney he demanded \$3,500 damages. His arm was tied up from the wrist to the elbow, and he pretended to be in great pain. Rather than go to the expense of a lawsuit, the company offered to compromise by the payment of \$100, which was refused. The company then thought of the X rays, and, believing the claim to be a fraud, they arranged to have a picture taken of the bones of his arm. The photograph showed that the bones had never been fractured. When the bandages were removed from the arm the skin was found to be burned and discolored, and the physicians who examined it said that it had been burned with acid. The result of the examination was made known to the claimant, and he offered to settle for \$25; but the company was no longer in a compromising mood.

## ABOUT WOMEN.

OF the twelve bridesmaids who attended Queen Victoria on the day of her marriage only three now survive.

THE QUEEN OF GREECE is an accomplished yachtswoman, holds a master's certificate, and is honorary admiral in the Russian navy.

MRS. ST. JOHN, wife of the ex-Governor of Kansas, has been appointed one of the Board of Regents of the State Agricultural College.

FRAU MATERNA, the great Wagner singer, has determined to devote herself hereafter to training pupils for the operatic stage, especially for Wagnerian rôles.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET has sent a woman physician and two nurses to attend to the medical wants of the women among the Armenian refugees in Bulgaria.

THE young Czarina of Russia has just granted a sum of 100,000 rubles toward the erection of residential quarters for the students of the St. Petersburg Medical Institute for Women.

THE FIRST CLUB for women in Germany was opened in Berlin in January. Its membership will embrace all women doing literary, artistic, scientific, and social work, without distinction of rank, business, or party. The club is formed on American lines.

A PITTSBURG woman has invented the new profession of breaking in shoes. She first performed the service for a wealthy friend who wears the same size of shoe, and now the increase in her business has necessitated her employing young women to break in shoes of different sizes.

MRS. KINLOCK STUART was the founder of the most successful sugar refinery in this country in the first half of this century. Upon the failure of her husband Mrs. Stuart began in a small way the making of candies and preserves. By the purity and excellence of her manufactures she built up so large a business that it was expanded into a sugar refinery, and in 1831 her sons assumed charge of it, and under the firm name of R. L. & A. Stuart achieved a world-wide reputation.

MRS. ALICE S. BARNES, of Castle, Mont., the new president of the W. C. T. U. of that State, is an ordained minister, and has been for several years the pastor of the only church in the town of Castle. A Quakeress by birth, going to Montana in its early days, and finding Castle without a preacher, she began to instruct the children. Then the mothers dropped in, and lastly the miners and merchants, until for years she has preached to them regularly. She is a school-teacher, a postmistress, her husband's assistant in business, manager of the Suffrage Club, President of the local W. C. T. U., and now State President.

A MEANS of livelihood now being employed by a number of women is that of sending out invitations, overlooking lists, and generally superintending the distribution of invitations for busy society women. Women also find employment in another peculiar line,—that of addressing advertising circulars. All whose names figure in a social directory are so inundated with circulars from tradespeople of all kinds that they are very wary of opening a letter that has any of the ear-marks of an advertisement about it. The envelopes addressed by these young women, being written in a swell, angular hand, receive at least the attention of being opened.

THE Mayor of Bridgeport, Conn., has appointed Miss Susan Watson to the new and novel office of "hat matron." Her duties take her to all the theatres, where she secures a commanding position and "views the landscape o'er." Any women wearing tall hats are immediately pounced upon and requested to remove them. If they refuse, Miss Watson takes down their names and reports them to all the theatrical managers in town, who promptly refuse to sell front seats to them ever after. Of course, if they repent and wear low-crowned hats or none at all, they can get front seats; but until they do, the only reserved seats they can get are in the rear.

## DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

## CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1897.

|  |                                 |
|--|---------------------------------|
| <b>On the Coast of Malue.</b> Full-Page Oil Picture. From a Painting by Fred. B. Schell.                                     |                                 |
| <b>Decoration Day. A Tribute from the Fair to the Brave.</b> Full-Page Black-and-White.                                      |                                 |
| <b>Spring House-Hunting in New York City.</b> Full-Page Black-and-White.   |                                 |
| <b>Two Pages of Portraits.</b>   |                                 |
| <b>The Home Guard.</b> Full-Page Black-and-White.  |                                 |
| <b>Typical Bohemians.</b> Full-Page Black-and-White.   |                                 |
| <b>Some Constantinople Types.</b> (Twelve Illustrations.)  |                                 |
| <i>Emma Paddock Telford.</i>   | 365                             |
| <b>A Lowly Passion Flower.</b> (Concluded.)  |                                 |
| <i>Ella Higginson.</i>   | 370                             |
| <b>McKinley's Inauguration. Told by the Camera.</b> (Fourteen Illustrations.)  | 373                             |
| <b>Women of the Administration.</b> (Nine Illustrations.)  |                                 |
| <i>E. A. Fletcher.</i>   | 378                             |
| <b>A Song Without Words.</b> (Full-Page Illustration.)   |                                 |
| <i>Joseph Sebastian Rogers.</i>  | 380                             |
| <b>The Proper Use of Wealth.</b> (Illustrated with five Portraits.)  |                                 |
| <i>Chauncey M. Depew, Miss Grace Dodge, Isaac M. Gregory, John Swinton, Mlle. Eugénie de Chevrin, and Mrs. John Swinton.</i> | 384                             |
| <b>A Woman of Affairs.</b> Mrs. Hetty Green. (Illustrated with Portrait.)  |                                 |
| <i>Henry Tyrrell.</i>  | 386                             |
| <b>The Blacksmiths of Gretna Green.</b>  | 388                             |
| <b>Society Fads.</b>   |                                 |
| <i>Madame La Mode.</i>   | 389                             |
| <b>Yvette Guilbert.</b> (Eight Illustrations.)   | 390                             |
| <b>A Laggard Spring.</b> Poem.   |                                 |
| <i>Clinton Scollard.</i>   | 392                             |
| <b>The Tale of a Hat.</b> (Nine Illustrations.)  |                                 |
| <i>Mary Gay Humphreys.</i>   | 393                             |
| <b>"Doe Ye Nexte Thyng."</b> Poem.   |                                 |
| <i>Alice Armstrong.</i>  | 394                             |
| <b>Our Girls.</b>  |                                 |
| Miss Elizabeth's Wedding Presents.   | <i>Ada Sherwood.</i> 395        |
| Expressing One's Self.   | <i>G. B.</i> 396                |
| <b>The Origin of Easter Lilies.</b> Poem.  |                                 |
| <i>Belle Hunt.</i>   | 396                             |
| <b>Home Art and Home Comfort.</b> (Eight Illustrations.)   |                                 |
| The California Poppy in Embroidery.  | <i>Helen Mar Adams.</i> 397     |
| <b>Household.</b>  |                                 |
| New Methods of Serving Asparagus.  | <i>Eleanor M. Lucas.</i> 400    |
| <b>Sanitarian.</b>   |                                 |
| The Recuperative Forces of Spring.   | <i>Genevieve T. Kemble.</i> 401 |
| <b>In the World of Art and Letters.</b>  | 403                             |
| <b>Of Special Interest to Subscribers.</b>   | 403                             |
| <b>The World's Progress.</b> (Five Illustrations.)   |                                 |
| Gladstone Champions Greece. Farthest North.  | 404                             |
| The Potential Energy of Coal. Experiments with X Rays.   |                                 |
| New Japan. Fraud Proved by X Rays.   | 405                             |
| <b>About Women.</b>  | 406                             |
| <b>Mirror of Fashions.</b> (Seventy-five Illustrations.)   |                                 |
| Review of Fashions.  |                                 |
| A Ribbon-Trimmed Dress.  | 407                             |
| Bride's Second-Day Gown.   | 408                             |
| Lady's Shirt-Waist. A Novel Spring Corsage.  | 409                             |
| A Becoming Waist. A Grenadine Gown. Fancy Taffeta Dress.   | 410                             |
| A Smart Street-Suit. Tailor-Made Cloth Costume.  | 411                             |
| An Eton Jacket Suit. A Handsome Visiting-Gown. A Smart Reception-Toilette. Of Fancy Wool or Challie.                         | 412                             |
| Of Batiste or Silk. A Jaunty Jacket. A Simple Cotton Frock.  | 413                             |
| Untrimmed Hats. Some Becoming Hats.  | 414                             |
| For the Neck and Corsage.  | 415                             |
| Supplement of Fashions.  | 416                             |
| For Two Materials. Girl's Corset-Cover. Baby's First Short Frock.  | 417                             |
| A Sailor Frock. A New Reefer. Girl's Shirt-Waist.  | 418                             |
| Description of the Supplement.   | 419                             |
| Standard Patterns.   | 420                             |
| <b>Correspondence Club.</b>  | 423                             |
| <b>Gleanings.</b>  | 426                             |
| <b>Biographical Sketches.</b>  | 431                             |
| <b>Spice-Box.</b> (Illustrated.)   | 432                             |
| <b>Pattern Order.</b>  | 433                             |

# MIRROR OF FASHIONS



## REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—MAY.

A PATTERN ORDER will be found at the bottom of page 433. Any number of patterns can be obtained on the order by sending **four cents** for each pattern. Write name and address distinctly.

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

**O**RGANDIE, batiste, grenadine, and barege gowns are the most conspicuous features in the early spring openings, and there is a fascinating variety in the fabrics as well as the manner of making and trimming. Some of the daintiest and most effective of the organdies are in plain, delicate colors, and of these a pale green is delightfully cool in suggestion. It is trimmed with organdie of a darker, rich forest green; five frills of dark and light muslin alternate around the bottom of the skirt, and the frills are finished on the edge with "baby" ribbon matching the darker shade. The full surplice waist has bertha ruffles of the darker organdie, which surround the shoulders, lapping to the left on the front, and running down to the waist, where they fasten under a fluffy bow which finishes the dark green ribbon girdle. All of these gowns are gored, generally by a seven-gored pattern measuring between five and six yards at the foot, and have drop skirts hung over others of like cut, and as often of the same muslin as of silk. A pale violet organdie has four rows of insertion around the skirt above a lace-edged flounce six inches deep. The corsage is a full blouse with slightly drooping front, and it is banded with rows of insertion, two inches and a half apart, running around it. Most of these gowns have the very long, close sleeves, wrinkled around the arm, and falling upon the hand; but this gown is an exception, having demi-sleeves, close fitting, encircled with insertion, with a frill of lace on the bottom and overlapping puffs at the top.

The intricacy and elaboration of

the corsage continues, often it is absolutely indescribable; and there is such latitude that, provided the first and most important consideration, its becomingness, is assured, anything and everything goes, and the odder the style and more original the combination, the smarter the result.

The irrepressible bolero shares favor with the drooping blouse and surplice front, with which it is also combined, and there are many charming yokes, revers, and shoulder-collars. Plaited frills of *chiffon* and silk, and exquisitely embroidered *motifs* of *chiffon*, lace, and *passementerie*, in which metal threads and beads and many jewels are wrought, are special features of corsage trimmings. There is much velvet ribbon used, both in bands and bows as well as bindings of ruffles and loops which make a fringe-like edge to stand up around stock-collars, or for a border finish anywhere. Half-inch satin ribbon is also used in this way, and "baby" ribbon is manipulated in a hundred ways never before thought of. Heavy mohair braids and fancy *soutache* are also used on cloth gowns, and a few are shown which are braided quite elaborately; the best taste, however, uses this style of trimming with a very sparing hand.

A curious fact in connection with the variety of invention and ingenuity which marks present-day styles is the daring with which the designer appropriates any and every material. Broadcloth, velvet, and even fur are gathered and made into puffs and frills as freely as lace or *chiffon*, and often combined with them. A gown of dark red broadcloth is trimmed around the foot of the skirt with an insertion of lace-like embroidery in gray and white silk between bands of narrow black velvet ribbon. The corsage is a full blouse, drooping in front and slightly in the back over a wide girdle of black satin folds; it is trimmed all around with vertical rows of the insertion and velvet ribbon, and fastens on the left side under rosettes of black satin ribbon. Blouse-fronts of *mousseline de soie* have horizontal bands of embroidery between tucks, and the tucks are edged with frills of narrow Chantilly lace and headed by very narrow bands of sable or mink. These are to wear



A RIBBON-TRIMMED DRESS.  
CORNELIA BLOUSE. DALGRETTO SKIRT.  
(See Page 408.)

with very dressy little boleros of velvet or lace, and are appropriately completed with sleeves of *mousseline de soie*, which are wrinkled the whole length of the arm and finished at the top with overlapping puffs and knife-plaited ruffles.

There is almost no limit to the use of accordion-plaiting, and in its newest form, sun-plaiting, skirts of *étamine* and other canvas-like wools, and even of broadcloths and velveteen, are claimants for woman's favor. These skirts, as described in a recent review, are cut in an immense circle, and the plaits are less than an inch wide at the top, thus avoiding cumbersome fullness as well as weight. The "Sunburst" parasol is also made in this way, and is shown in Dresden taffeta trimmed with rows of insertion, and in satin-striped gauzes, batiste, and Liberty satin.

The coats of tailor-gowns are both tight and half-fitting, and double-breasted or single, buttoning under a fly, or they fasten with only one button on the bust, flaring slightly below, to show a waistcoat beneath, and have rounded corners. Still others on rather dressier gowns do not meet at all, being more like blazers in cut; but fit perfectly in the back and on the sides, turning away from the front with straight revers which slope narrower from the shoulder to the lower edge, and show very dressy blouse-fronts of plaited silk or *chiffon* with lace yokes and wide girdles of folded satin or ribbon. A smart gown of cheviot-finished serge, in an attractive and uncommon tone that is something between tan-color and dark terra-cotta, has a seven-gored skirt and measures a little over four yards at the foot, most of the fullness being in the back. The corsage is plain and round in the back, and has a blouse-front, drooping slightly, with two-inch wide box-plaits an inch and a half apart, in the centre. The back and sides of the front are trimmed with mohair braid to simulate a bolero, and a black belt-ribbon is sewed to the bottom of the waist, fastening in front with a jewel-set steel buckle. The space between the box-plaits is trimmed with braid and steel buttons, and the effect is exactly that of a blouse and jacket.

It is emphatically a color season, and the new silks, grenadines, gauzes, and bareges eclipse the rainbow in fervor and intensity. The bareges are a revival of those our grandmothers wore, with the advantage, of course, of the designer's up-to-date touch which makes them prettier than ever. One of these in shades of richest browns, yellows, and greens, has so intricate a design of flowers and scrolls that it is impossible to tell what the ground is. It is made with a slip skirt of green-and-gold taffeta, finished on the edge with two pinked ruffles. The barege skirt is trimmed around the foot with three rows of black velvet ribbon, graduated from a half-inch to an inch and a half in width. A feature of the full waist is the irregular revers which turn back from a full blouse of green silk veiled with spangled *chiffon*. The revers are faced with green and trimmed with Venetian

guipure, and the left one has a full jabot of lace; the puffs at the top of the close-wrinkled sleeves are mingled with plaitings of black *mousseline de soie*, which also trim the wrists below insertions of guipure through which green ribbon is run.

The question of slip skirts is still a debatable one, and many of the grenadine and barege gowns are lined with silk just as a cloth gown is. Except in the case of lawns, batistes, and organdies, unless the slip can be of silk, it is a thing to be shunned. Very many India silks are made with slips, and sometimes they are merely of cambric, with a two or three inch facing of the silk on the outside, but this plan can only be condemned, for every motion of the wearer is liable to expose the sham, and certainly even a nice muslin petticoat would look neater. It is a much better plan to line the gown with ribbon cloth or percaline, or else have a lawn petticoat matching the silk in color and finished with ruffles.



BRIDE'S SECOND-DAY GOWN.  
MEDINA CORSAGE. HUGUENOT SKIRT.

#### A RIBBON-TRIMMED DRESS.

(See Page 407.)

GOLDEN-BROWN *drap d'été* is the fabric of this smart and becoming gown, and the trimming is black satin-faced velvet ribbon. Heliotrope and plum color, French blue, hunter's red, silver gray, and mastic are other popular colors for similar gowns, and they are trimmed with black or shades of self-color; occasionally, also, with a contrasting color, as, grass green with mastic and gray, dark green and red upon blue, heliotrope upon mastic and black.

The skirt is the "Dalgretto," having seven breadths, and measuring about five yards at the foot.

The corsage is a blouse of moderate fullness, drooping very slightly in front, and, of course, having a fitted lining. This fastens in the middle of the front and the outside, on the left, beneath the bows. The square shoulder-collar fastens on the left shoulder, and it can be made to slip over the head so as to avoid any opening in the ribbon trimming of the edge. The ribbon is sewed only on the upper edge, and the ruffled effect thus gained, especially in the rows surrounding the bodice, is just what is desired. The sleeves and foot of the skirt are trimmed with half-inch ribbon, and that on the corsage is an inch and a half wide. From two to three inch ribbon is used for the bows. The bands on the upper part of the skirt have the effect of a skirt-piece to the blouse; and the disposition to thus trim the skirt in various forms of shirring, bands, and tucks, is a forerunner of an attempt to revive basques. The pattern of the corsage is the "Cornelia."

BRIDE'S SECOND-DAY GOWN.

SILVER-GRAY satin is combined with a rich green-and-blue brocaded *peau de soie* in this elegant gown, and the trimmings are dark-blue gauze ribbon with a black satin edge, and cream-colored beaded insertion. The skirt is the "Huguenot," a new pattern having nine narrow gores and measuring less than five yards at the foot. Panels of the brocade are laid over the seams of the front breadth, and the insertion borders it as seen in the illustration; on the back edges a box-plaiting of the ribbon sets over upon the panel, and the insertion is put on in scallops, the ends being finished with a rosette.



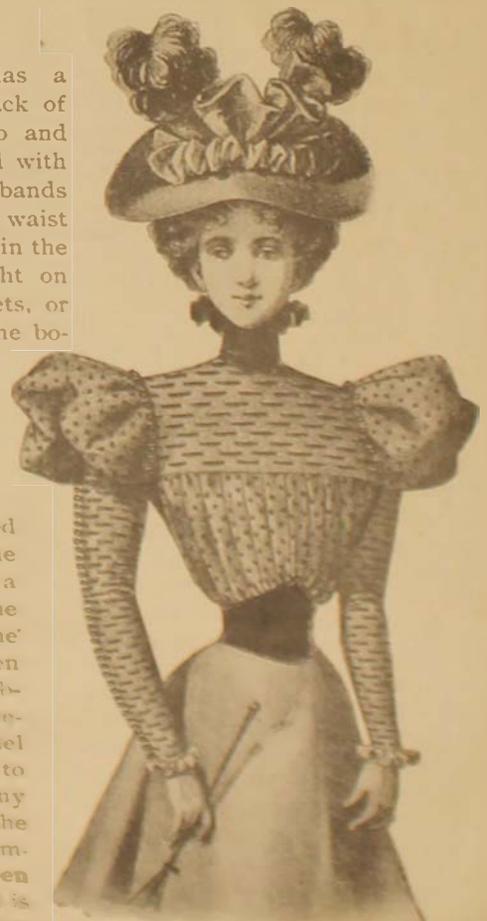
LADY'S SHIRT-WAIST.  
THE "DUNHAM."  
(See Page 410.)

A CHARMINGLY simple commencement gown is made of white Swiss muslin, with plain skirt, gored all around and finished with a six-inch hem. The full waist is tucked the depth of a yoke, in very fine vertical tucks, and three bands of lace insertion are set in below the tucks, running around the figure; the sleeves are small *gigots*, with two rows of insertion set in the full tops in the form of vandykes. There are lace ruffles around the wrist, and a very full frill of lace above the ribbon stock. White or pale-tinted lawn skirts and corset-covers are worn under such gowns, and the girdle and stock are the same color. Lace-edged flounces and rows of insertion trim many skirts.



A NOVEL SPRING CORSAGE.  
THE "VALESTIA."  
(See Page 410.)

The corsage — the "Medina"—has a slightly full front and plain back of the brocade, and the short bolero and sleeves are of the satin, trimmed with the ribbon and insertion. Several bands of the ribbon are folded around the waist to form the pointed girdle, which in the back points up, but is straight on the lower edge. The epaulets, or sleeve-caps, are sewed into the bolero, and the sleeves into the silk waist. On the bolero the ribbon is plaited so that a box-plait fits into the points between the scallops; it is carried around the scallops with easy fullness, and is plaited very full around the neck. The stock-collar is of brocade, and a ruffle of cream lace surrounds the back and sides of the throat. The hat worn with the gown is of green chip trimmed with the gauze ribbon and reddish-purple chrysanthemums. This is a handsome model for all rich silks, and according to materials selected would suit any age. It lends itself admirably to the rich jet, passementerie, lace, and embroidery with which elderly women like to brighten black silks; and it is also suitable for all the expensive woolen novelties which some women still prefer to silks for visiting-gowns.



A RECOMING WAIST.  
THE "NATHALIE."  
(See Page 411.)

## A NOVEL SPRING CORSAGE.

(See Page 409.)

HERETOFORE when we have worn red we have relegated it to winter use, or for picturesque effect at summer resorts. But this spring Dame Fashion has ordered her minions "to paint the town red," and though her orders have some of them been disregarded, because her followers are so fast developing opinions of their own, yet the effect of the mandate is seen in every shop, and at every turn, and so fetching are some of the red gowns that, when chosen by the right women and girls, we cannot refuse them our admiration. The gown illustrated is of hunter's red canvas cheviot, lined with red-and-black changeable taffeta. The skirt is the "Dalgretto," having seven breadths, and measuring about five yards at the foot. The corsage is the "Valentia." In the back the canvas is drawn plainly over the fitted lining; the slightly full fronts open over a vest of the changeable silk, which is appliquéd with Honiton braid. There are two ways of trimming the full fronts, both of which are novel: the fabric is tucked in quarter-inch tucks close together, so the tucks lie up almost like cords, or it is covered closely with rows of narrow black *soutache*. Of course the tucking must be done before the fronts are cut. A piece of goods the required length is taken and tacked solidly till you have sufficient. The girdle and stock-collar are of black velvet ribbon, and the girdle is fastened just at the edge of the full front with looped ends clasped by jeweled buckles. The circle collar which frames the back of the neck is of the silk finished on the edge with lace braid. The red straw hat is trimmed with black velvet and plumes, plaitings of red silk around the crown, and clusters of violets on one side.



A GRENADINE GOWN.

MERLIN JACKET-WAIST. VIVIEN SKIRT.

## LADY'S SHIRT-WAIST.

(See Page 409.)

A BECOMING model for blouses of washable fabrics is shown in this illustration. Lawns, cambrics, galateas, and dimities are used for these as heretofore; but there are also very many more silk waists made in this style than in previous seasons. These are both of taffeta, changeable, figured, and plaided,—which of course do not launder,—and of the striped Habutais, which are really more serviceable and satisfactory than cottons, because they do not soil so readily, are cooler and pleasanter to the touch, and do not look so negligee when it chances to be convenient or necessary to go on the street without a jacket. Our new pattern—the "Dunham"—has a tucked yoke in the back as well as in front; the fullness of the back is mounted to the yoke in three box-plaits,—like a Norfolk jacket,—and that of the fronts is gathered. The box-plait in the centre is cut separately and runs up over the yoke to the neck, and the present fancy is to fasten it with handsome silver or gold studs. The cuffs are like the waist, and the collar may be of the same or of linen. Waists made to order are usually provided with both. The fullness at the waist can be stitched to a belt or held by a shirring tape; the latter is the more convenient method when the waist is to be laundered.



FANCY TAFFETA DRESS.

BERISSA CORSAGE.

A BECOMING WAIST.

(See Page 409.)

POLKA-DOTTED and embroidered batiste are used for this charmingly simple and effective waist. The all-over embroidered stuff, of which the yoke and sleeves are made, is strewn with eyelets, and through these narrow black velvet ribbon is run, the ends being fastened in loops which form a line down the outside of the sleeve, and around the upper part of the armhole. The sleeve-puffs and full part of the waist are of dotted batiste. It can be fastened in the back, or, if preferred, in front, cutting the yoke whole and hooking it on the shoulder and against the armhole. The stock collar is of velvet folds surmounted by a plaiting of ribbon or velvet, and the pointed girdle matches. It is a pretty model for all thin fabrics and for fancy silks, and would be suitable for a commencement gown of organdie or dotted Swiss muslin. With either of these the yoke could be of lace or embroidery run with "baby" ribbon, or of the plain muslin trimmed with rows of ribbon-run beading and frills of lace at the neck. The pattern is the "Nathalie," in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years, and also in two sizes for ladies.



A SMART STREET SUIT.  
HAMILTON COAT. DALGRETTO SKIRT.  
(See Page 412.)

A GRENADINE GOWN.

A SEMI-TRANSPARENT grenadine, whose black overthreads lie upon a changeable silk ground of rose and green, is the fabric of this smart costume. This beautiful stuff comes in many combinations, has a moiré appearance, and hence is often called moiré grenadine. One advantage is, that owing to the iridescent ground a silk lining can be dispensed with, and ribbon-cloth or satine is frequently used instead. The skirt is the "Vivien," having seven gored breadths, and measuring five yards and a quarter at the foot. There is no stiff interlining, and the black vel-

veteen binding shows only as a very fine cord at the edge. The jacket-waist is the "Merlin." The plain back of the blouse, as it does not show below the jacket, is made of the lining stuff, and the full front is of sheerest batiste over white satin. The jacket is fitted without under-arm forms or darts. The revers are faced with brocaded *peau de soie* in rose and green, and then narrowly with white satin, the edge of which is finished by a rich passementerie, the effect of which is very novel and elegant. The cuffs match the revers, and the edge of the jacket is trimmed with narrow passementerie. Velvet ribbon bands the blouse as a girdle, and the stock-collar is of velvet folds with a full frill of lace falling over it. A red crinoline hat trimmed with heliotrope is worn with the gown, and the sunshade is covered with the grenadine.



TAILOR-MADE CLOTH COSTUME.  
FENWICK JACKET. CARROLL SKIRT.  
(See Page 412.)

FANCY  
TAFFETA  
DRESS.

THE smart reception-gown here illustrated will serve as a model for combining different materials, and can be as effectively copied in organdie, batiste, or any of the transparent fabrics, as in silk. Plain and brocaded taffeta—black and white upon green—are combined in this gown, and trimmed with knife-plaitings of plain black taffeta. A y gored skirt pattern measuring from four and a half to five yards at the

foot and fitting around the hips can be used for the skirt. The corsage is plain across the shoulders in the back, and has a little fullness below; the back, full fronts, and sleeves are of the plain silk; and the full vest of the brocade. The knife-plaiting is carried around the back of the neck very full, and a frill of it stands up from the black velvet stock-collar. The girille is also of velvet drawn in soft folds around the waist. Plain and figured organdies can be charmingly combined by making the skirt and corsage of the figured muslin, and the sleeves, vest, and plaitings of the plain; green with a fern-sprayed white organdie, and heliotrope with a pansy-flowered one would be lovely. The pattern of the corsage is the "Berissa."

## A SMART STREET-SUIT

(See Page 411.)

OLIVE-GREEN cheviot is the fabric of this handsome tailor-gown, and its trimming of mohair braid shows one of this season's efforts to introduce ornament on these usually plain costumes. When confined to simple bands and trefoils, as illustrated, the effect is very satisfactory; but, as always in using trimming of any sort, the line which divides good form from bad is very easily passed, and anything approaching elaboration should be avoided.



AN ETON JACKET-SUIT.

DOUBLE-BREADED ETON JACKET. SUTHERLAND SKIRT

The skirt is the "Dalgretto," described in another column. It is lined with changeable taffeta in green and golden brown, and bound with velveteen matching the cheviot; there is no interlining. The tight-fitting double-breasted coat has the usual side-forms, but no seam in the middle of the back, and flares easily over the hips without extra fullness; the lower edge is cut in broad, shallow scallops. The seams of the side-forms are covered with mohair braid which terminates in trefoils at the bottom, matching the rest of the trimming as seen in the illustration. The coat is lined with satin-striped taffeta of the same colors as the skirt lining; the flaring parts of the collar and the cuffs are faced with olive velvet. The olive straw hat is trimmed with heliotrope ribbon and feathers, and red roses. The pattern of the coat is the "Hamilton."

## TAILOR-MADE CLOTH COSTUME.

(See Page 411.)

TAILOR-GOWNS have been worn to such an extent this season that they have nearly driven the separate jacket from the field; and the wearer of even the newest and smartest street-jacket fails to have the extremely *chic* air of her tailor-made sister. There is such a happy agreement of disagreement in these smart costumes from the great variety of cloths used for them that there is none of the uniformity in them which previous seasons have shown. The gown chosen for illustration is of plum-colored melton cloth lined with changeable taffeta in heliotrope and rose. The skirt is the "Carroll," having five breadths and measuring four and a half yards at the foot. The Eton jacket has a seamless back, one under-arm form, and single darts in the fronts; and it is worn over a plain waistcoat of silver-gray cloth, though of course a full blouse can be substituted. The edges of the jacket and revers are finished with gray braid headed by fancy *sou-tache* put on in a simple pattern of curls; the collar is faced with black velvet. The patterns of jacket and waistcoat are given together as the "Fenwick." It is commended for heavy washable fabrics, especially piqué, linen, and duck.



A HANDSOME VISITING-GOWN.

NEVONIA WAIST. SUTHERLAND SKIRT.

AN ETON-JACKET SUIT.

DARK BLUE whipcord-serge is a favorite fabric for these extremely simple and *chic* costumes, which are now contesting favor successfully with the regulation coat and skirt costumes, and which with warmer weather will doubtless meet with even greater favor. There are so many colors worn this season, that those who are partial to the regulation navy blue can select it safely with the comforting assurance that it will not be so common as to seem a uniform, as in the memorable summer of '93.

The skirt is the "Sutherland," which has seven breadths and measures a little over four yards at the foot. It fits smoothly around the hips, and the slight fullness in the back can be laid in plaits or gathered. The double-breasted Eton jacket is fitted perfectly with the regulation seams of an ordinary bodice. The revers are faced with ivory satin. A linen chemisette and collar with a violet satin necktie complete the jacket. The tie is the harmonizing key with the hat, which is of blue chip trimmed with fluffy rosettes and erect loops of heliotrope ribbon and bunches of violets with their leaves. The model is commended for all spring woollens, and for heavy cottons and linen.

A HANDSOME VISITING-GOWN.

A CHARMINGLY effective combination of heliotrope shades is carried out in this becoming gown. The fabric is a honeycomb-meshed canvas of softest wool in dark plum-color, through which the glint of the taffeta lining in lavender-and-rose shows sufficiently to give a chameleon hue to the whole gown. The skirt is the "Sutherland," described in another column. The corsage—the "Nevonia"—is slightly fullled both back and front over a fitted lining, and is trimmed in the back as in front with a beautiful heliotrope brocaded ribbon, the design of which is enriched with silver and gold threads. Bands of any appropriate material may be substituted for the ribbon; the pattern includes pieces by which they may be cut. The corsage can be fastened in the middle or at one side under the band of trimming. Four loops of the same ribbon form epaulets on the shoulders. The belt, stock-collar, and tie are of plum-colored satin; knife-plaited frills of *chiffon* and loops of ribbon fill in the back of the collar, where the trimming is made as full and high as is becoming, a point which should never be lost sight of when arranging it, and extremes should be avoided. This is a youthful model, and commended for all transparent stuffs, handsome woollens, and the new taffetas; lace insertions and *passementerie* can be used for trimming.

A SMART RECEPTION-TOILETTE.

A CHARMING model for any of the new silks or for the legion of beautiful semi-transparent fabrics which will have greater vogue than ever this summer. It is especially attractive when made of one of the open-meshed canvases, lined with changeable or plain taffeta of a contrasting color. Under brown and gray canvas, heliotrope and red are liked; under mastic, green is very effective; and shades of heliotrope combine beautifully. Our model is a gray canvas lined with green-and-brown changeable taffeta. The skirt is the "Rolf," which has a circle front and two back breadths, and measures between five and six yards at the foot; if a narrower skirt be preferred, the "Dalgretto," "Sutherland," or "Vivien" can be substituted. The bolero and sleeves and the girdle are of brown velvet, and the corsage beneath the jacket is of canvas over a lining of the taffeta. The full front is either smocked or gauged in a point below the throat, and the front of the stock-collar may be made to correspond, with the effect of being all in one piece, which gives becoming length to short figures. The jacket and sleeve-tops are overlaid with rich lace or embroidery, or appliqué of braid or *passementerie*, and a frill of lace stands up from the collar. A hat of green chip trimmed with black plumes and purple asters is worn with this gown. The pattern of the waist is the "Alfreda."



A SMART RECEPTION-TOILETTE.  
ALFREDA BOLERO-WAIST. ROLF SKIRT.

OF FANCY WOOL OR CHALLIE.

(See Page 412.)

THIS charming little frock is of silk-and-wool novelty goods, in soft tans and browns, packed out with blue and green. The skirt has a circle front breadth and is straight in the back, where the fullness can be laid in plaits or gathered, as preferred. It is sewed to the bottom of the waist, which is a full "baby" in cut, with a straight yoke both back and front, and the fullness held by a loosely fitted lining. The sleeves are the new modified *gigot*, fitting the lower part of the arm, the fullness drooping at the top almost like a puff. There should be no stiff interlining in the sleeves. The deep collar, which fastens in the back, is more convenient if finished separately. On the model gown it is of light green *morose* velvet, trimmed with rich *passementerie* in the colors of the gown. The cuffs match the collar, and the girdle is of green ribbon. Lawn and paper collars are also worn with similar frocks, and a variety of them is a convenience. The pattern is commended also for the heavier cottons, and for challie and cashmere. It is the "Lattice," in sizes for ten and twelve years.

## OF BATISTE OR SILK.

(See Page 418.)

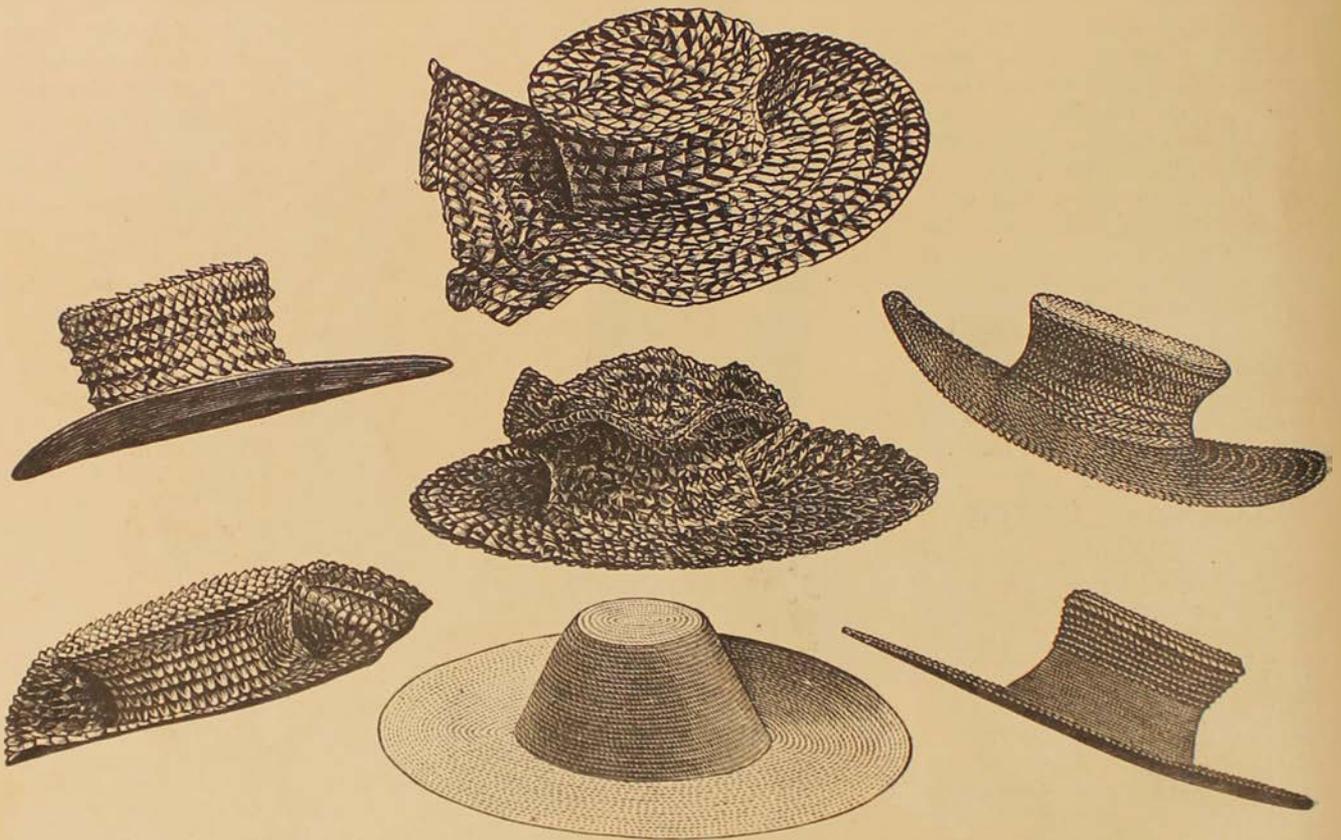
This is a very pretty model for all dressy summer fabrics, whether of cotton, wool, or silk. Of gray cashmere trimmed with heliotrope or black velvet ribbon it is suitable for church or any afternoon wear; while of fancy silk, the new bareges, batiste, and organdie, it can be dressy enough for any occasion. Ribbon is used to trim all these fabrics, and velvet as well for silk and barege. The skirt is the "Barbara," which has seven breadths and measures about four and a half yards at the foot. For short girls the trimming would better be confined to the foot of the skirt, as the upper bands are trying to all but tall girls. The bodice is the "Roselle." It is plain across the shoulders in the back and has a little fullness at the waist. The gray cashmere has the front filled in with white

and there is a box-plait in the centre. The edges are stitched. Tweeds, chevots, and twilled cloths, in black and dark blue, are the popular choice for these useful garments, as they can be worn with everything; dark green and red are also liked and not so common, and there are, of course, many tan-colored jackets in smooth cloths. The pattern is the "Alerta," in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years.

## A SIMPLE COTTON FROCK.

(See Page 419.)

FOR piqués, cambrics, and lawns, as also for soft woolen fabrics like challie or cashmere, this is an attractive model. The straight skirt makes it especially appropriate for thin and softly hanging fabrics. While there are still a great



UNTRIMMED HATS.

*chiffon*, and the revers, which form a round collar in the back, are of heliotrope silk under heavy guipure embroidery. The hat has a crown of gray chip and brim of heliotrope, and the trimming of plumes and ribbon is in shades of heliotrope. Both patterns are in sizes for twelve and fourteen years, and that of the skirt also for sixteen.

## A JAUNTY JACKET.

(See Page 416.)

The newest walking-jackets are delightfully trim and simple in style, devoid of all superfluous fullness in the skirts or sleeves. The modifications in the latter have stopped just where convenience and good taste are both satisfied, being large enough for ease and comfort, but not intrusive in size, or weight. The fronts are half-fitted with the new long seams extending to the shoulders; the side-forms lap upon the back in the skirt part.

many plain skirts, there are also many ways of trimming them; on the thinnest lawns and organdies lace-edged ruffles are used, and ruffles of lace-like embroidery trim Victoria lawns and cambrics; the heavier cottons and linens have rows of braid or insertion; and ribbon and velvet in several rows, close together, and sometimes graduated in width, are liked for plain woolens. The full waist has a fitted lining, and the skirt is sewed to it in gathers or groups of fine plaits. In laundering the thinnest plaits all around the skirt. The deep collar fastens in the back, and is like the front omitting the long point in the centre. It is finished separately from the frock, with its own neckband, and thus can be worn with any frock. Such collars made of white lawn, piqué, or batiste are very convenient additions with which to give a fresh touch to a child's toilette. The pattern is the "Paula," in sizes for eight and ten years.



SOME BECOMING HATS

UNTRIMMED HATS.

- No. 1.—Red straw hat; brim lined with white chip.
- No. 2.—Brown rush-straw hat; brim plaited in the back, to be turned up when trimmed and massed with flowers.
- No. 3.—Fancy straw hat, which can be had in all colors.
- No. 4.—Fancy chip hat, which comes in red, purple violet, brown, green, and deep yellow; a favorite model to trim with ruches of tulle, with an erect ornament at one side, of flowers or ribbon.
- No. 5.—Heliotrope fancy straw, to be trimmed with taffeta or ribbon in several shades and spring flowers.
- Nos. 6 and 7.—Hats of two kinds of straw in two shades.

SOME BECOMING HATS.

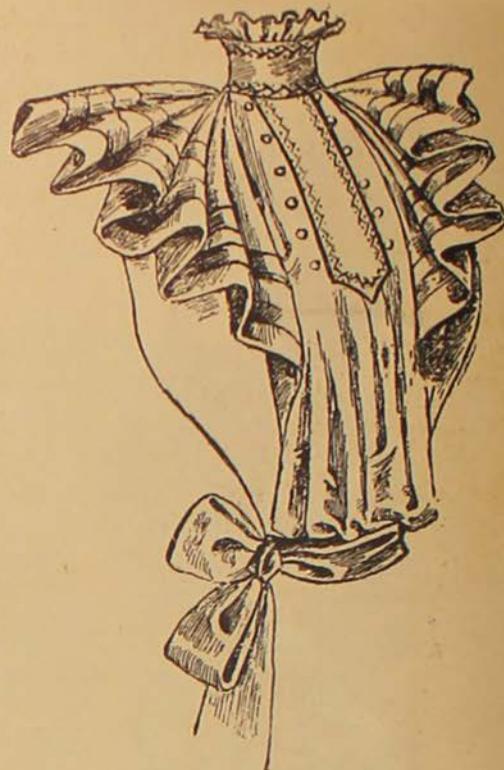
- No. 1.—Capote of steel and jet-embroidered net, trimmed with ruches of violet molines and bows of moiré ribbon.
- No. 2.—Capote of red rice-straw, trimmed with red molines and spring flowers.
- No. 3.—Green rush-straw hat, trimmed with green and brown taffeta ribbon.
- No. 4.—Burrat-straw hat, trimmed with black velvet, red moiré ribbon in two shades, and black feathers.
- No. 5.—Purple chip hat, trimmed with black lace, purple flowers, Rhinestone ornaments, and a wind-mill bow of violet moiré ribbon.



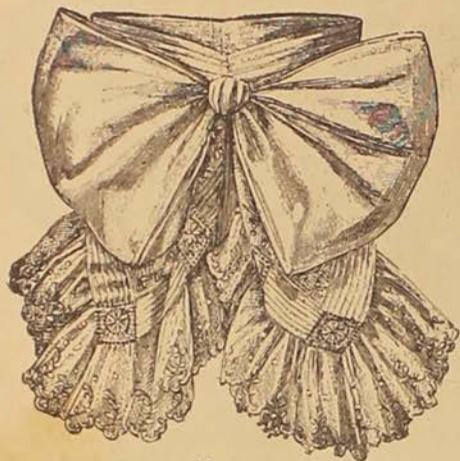
No. 1.



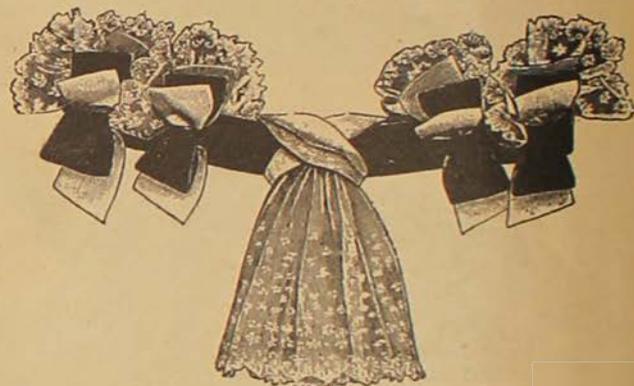
No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.



No. 5.]



No. 6.



No. 7.



No. 8.

No. 9.

## FOR THE NECK AND CORSAGE.

Nos. 1 and 2.—Two arrangements of ribbon trimming are here given, which can be adjusted to any plain corsage; they are specially suitable for muslin and organdie gowns.

No. 3.—Blouse front of white satin to wear with a jacket or to trim a plain corsage. Narrow Venetian guipure and tiny gilt buttons trim the front, the plaited revers are trimmed with two rows of cerise velvet ribbon, and a girdle of the same finishes the waist.

No. 4.—Stock-collar of ivory *mousseline de soie*, with cravat bow and embroidered ends trimmed with lace.

No. 5.—Stock-collar of heliotrope velvet and satin rib-

bon of a lighter shade, with full ruffles and ends of *beurre* lace.

No. 6.—Stock-collar of black satin ribbon, with plaitings of black *chiffon* trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace edging.

No. 7.—Stock-collar of green velvet and *Lièrre* lace.

No. 8.—High flaring collar of black satin and heliotrope moiré ribbon; folds of the ribbon pass round the neck, and all the edges and ruffles on the ends are finished with narrow frills of yellow Valenciennes.

No. 9.—Stock-collar and bow of American Beauty ribbon and ivory lace.



Fashion Gleamings from Abroad.

(See Descriptions on Page 400.)

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

FOR TWO MATERIALS.

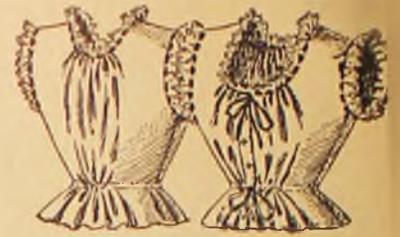
SAGE-GREEN cashmere is combined with a light rose-and-green taffeta for this dainty and becoming afternoon gown. Any gored skirt pattern can be used, cutting the front breadth a little wider at the top than usual, to give the Marie Antoinette fullness which is liked for the simulated petticoat. It is perfectly plain at the foot, but the front edges of the cashmere are finished with a narrow black passementerie, which is



A JAUNTY JACKET.  
THE "ALERTA."  
(See Page 414.)

GIRL'S CORSET COVER.

THIS is a delightfully simple pattern, having neither side-forms nor darts, so the seams are reduced to the minimum; a draw-string gathers it in around the waist, and it can be let out plain for laundering. The neck and armholes are finished with lace beading, which is whipped on the edges, and to which a frill of Valenciennes is sewed. A "baby" ribbon run through the beading draws in the neck as close as desired. Fine cambric and India long-cloth are the best fabrics for this use, as they have the required daintiness of texture, yet are stronger than nainsook or lawn. The pattern is in sizes for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years.



GIRL'S CORSET COVER.

BABY'S FIRST SHORT FROCK.

NAINSOOK, marseillia, and finest cambrics in pure white are used



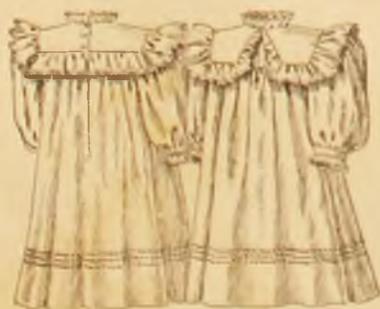
FOR TWO MATERIALS.  
MACBELLE WAIST.

used also for all the edges of the waist. The back of the bodice fits smoothly across the shoulders, but has a little fullness at the waist; the cashmere is cut down from the neck in a line with the front, and the lining is faced down with the silk, which gives a *guimpe* effect, just now very *chic*. The belt and collar are of cashmere, edged with passementerie, and loops of satin-edged taffeta ribbon trim the back of the collar. This is a convenient design by which to remodel an old frock, or two old ones might be put together to make a new one. If exigencies of material required it, the close part of the sleeves could be like the front. Other pretty combinations are red, with

fancy silk in which violet, blue, or green predominates; blue with green or violet, and gray with green. Plain and figured challoes could also be effectively combined. Frills of lace or "baby" ribbon are pretty trimmings. The pattern of the waist is the "Macbelle," in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years.



OF BATISTE OR SILK.  
ROSELLE WAIST. BARBARA SKIRT.  
(See Page 414.)



BABY'S FIRST SHORT FROCK.  
THE "AYME."

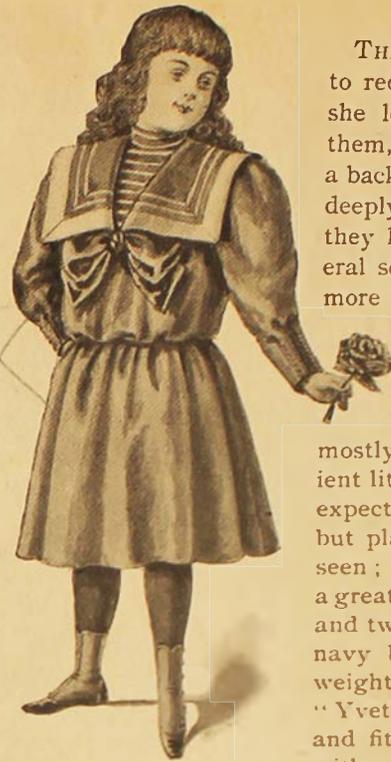
for these little frocks, and good taste avoids all elaborate trimming. The deep hems are often headed with French beading, sometimes have a few narrow tucks, and again are hemstitched. Our pattern is a simple "Mother Hubbard," the full skirt being gathered to a straight yoke; in front the yoke is trimmed with vertical bands of fine insertion matching the embroidered ruffle which trims the shoulder collar, and the little bishop sleeve is gathered into a wristband of the muslin which is finished with beading and a ruffle of embroidery. These little frocks are made shorter than formerly, coming only to the ankles so as not to be in danger of tripping the child. The pattern is the "Ayme," in sizes for six months to one year, and two years.

A SAILOR FROCK.

Of all the frocks in the small girl's wardrobe it is doubtful if anything comes before the sailor frock in her estimation, for with it are associated her "best times." In it she can play to her heart's content, unhampered by cautions not to soil her frock; she can dig in the sand, build forts on the edge of the lapping waves, and never have a care for her clothes. Consequently it is much more important that the small people be well provided with these useful gowns than with dainty ones, in which they must be kept every moment in conscious carefulness. For traveling, for the seashore, or mountains, and for damp summer days anywhere, nothing gives better satisfaction for these frocks than dark blue serge, of which our model is made. The straight full skirt is finished with a deep hem, which can be headed by rows of fancy *soutache* or left plain; and it is sewed to the fitted lining of cambric or satine, on



A SIMPLE COTTON FROCK.  
THE "PAULA."  
(See Page 414.)



A SAILOR FROCK.  
THE "LURLINE."

A NEW REEFER.

The small girl is very partial to red reefers this spring, and she looks very picturesque in them, especially when she has a background of forest trees or deeply blue ocean. Although they have been worn for several seasons, they are so much more generally seen this year that they have the effect of being a novelty. Wide-waled serges and cheviots are mostly used for these convenient little garments, which are expected to receive hard usage, but plain broadcloths are also seen; and, of course, there are a great many in mixed cheviots and tweeds, and the regulation navy blue fabrics of various weight. Our new pattern—the "Yvette"—is double-breasted, and fitted trimly on the sides with one under-arm form. The three back seams are open for a short distance from the edge, and the finish, whether braid or stitching, is carried around the slashes. Spread and stitched seams and two rows of stitching on the edge are the regulation finish, but some are trimmed with mohair braid. The pattern is in sizes for six, eight, and ten years.

GIRL'S SHIRT-WAIST.

(See Page 406.)

INSTEAD of the shirt-waist "going out,"—fears of which have been expressed on all sides,—its convenience is being extended this season to the small girls from six to ten, who heretofore have envied their grown-up sisters its monopoly. It is no doubt the vogue of the Eton and bolero jackets which has brought this about, as it was immediately recognized that the shirt-waist was the only simple and appropriate complement with which to adapt them to children's wear. Our pattern is suitable for all cottons and for India silks. The back is plain across the shoulders, where it is faced down with a pointed yoke. The fronts are gathered to the neck-band, and the fullness at the waist can be stitched to a belt or held by a shirr. The sleeves are a modified bishop in cut, and have deep cuffs fastened by two buttons; the turn-down collar is finished separately, and buttons to the hand. The pattern is in sizes for six, eight, and ten years.



A NEW REEFER.  
THE "YVETTE."



OF FANCY WOOL OR CHALLIS.  
LLETTE FROCK.  
(See Page 413.)

which, also, the V plastron of white serge is stitched. The blouse has an elastic band in the lower edge, which holds it in place around the waist, the fullness drooping down over it. The sailor collar is trimmed with white mohair braid, and the V is strapped with many rows of dark blue braid. In cottons, the model is copied in repped piqués, galatea, heavy linens, and duck. It is especially pretty in dark blue linen trimmed with white, light-blue, or red; and the natural-colored linens are very smart when combined with red. The pattern is the "Lurline," in sizes for six and eight years.

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

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

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

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

- 1.—Tan-colored *drap d'été* gown trimmed with brown velvet.
- 2.—House-gown of sage-green canvas, lined with red taffeta, and trimmed with dark red velvet ribbon.
- 3.—Batiste gown trimmed with embroidered insertions of the same.
- 4.—Reception-gown of black-and-white striped taffeta trimmed with jetted lace over white satin. Red hat trimmed with billowy puffs of red malines and black plumes.
- 5.—Reception-gown of moiré grenadine, with plain satin blouse under a jacket of the grenadine.
- 6.—Cadet-blue cloth suit trimmed with black velvet ribbon.



GIRL'S SHIRT-WAIST. (See Page 419.)

7.—Red canvas cheviot, trimmed with bands of black velvet; the low-necked jacket is finished around the top with Oriental embroidery.

8.—House-gown of olive-green cashmere combined with plaided silk, in which shades of olive and rose bar off a ground of black and white.

9.—Fancy blouse-waist of pearl-colored satin, trimmed with beaded guipure lace and plaited frills of white *chiffon*; skirt of black-and-white moiré velours; belt of heliotrope velvet.

10.—Tan-colored cloth gown with tucked corsage, trimmed with orange velvet; girdle of orange satin brocaded with brown velvet. Brown straw hat trimmed with daffadown-dillies and black wings.

11.—Reception-gown of gray zibeline, trimmed with black-and-gold *soutache*; black velvet girdle, and neck ruche of gray *chiffon*. Red clip hat, trimmed with black bird-of-paradise feathers.

12.—Calling costume of pansy-colored cloth and velvet, with blouse of plaited white *chiffon*.

13.—Reception-gown of black grenadine over geranium pink silk; jacket revers of the same silk, trimmed with silver *soutache*; blouse of white satin with neck-ruff and *jabots* of *Lierre* lace.

14.—Dressy gown for dinners or receptions, of light gauze in silver gray, white, and orange, trimmed with lace-edged black velvet ribbon; long puffed sleeves of white *chiffon*.

15.—India silk gown combined with velvet and trimmed with guipure lace and insertion.

16.—Reception-gown of green *étamine*, trimmed with velvet ribbon of a darker shade. Purple chip toque, trimmed with pansies and crocus leaves and blossoms.

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

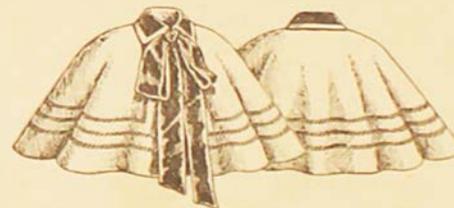
number with the "Pattern Order," but the choice may be made from any number of the magazine issued during the twelve months previous to the date of the one containing the "Pattern Order." Always remember that a "Pattern Order" cannot be used after the date printed on it.



WINDOLA HOUSE-GOWN.



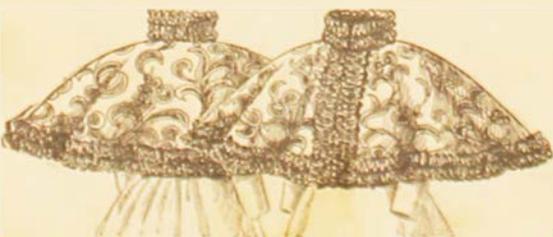
MINETTE FROCK.



LENOA CAPE.



FIDELIO GOWN.



LUCINE CAPE.



DIVIDED SKIRT.



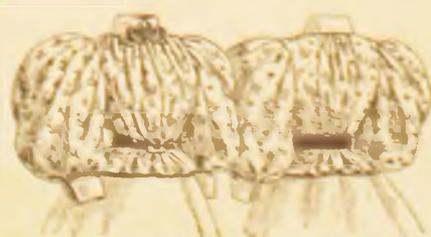
DELEVAN SKIRT.



VINCO JACKET.



KADIJAH HOUSE-JACKET.



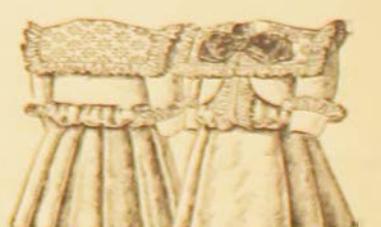
DUSBAR BLOUSE-WAIST.



ISA FROCK.



RICARDO SUIT.



ARNALDO SUIT.

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

# 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.

## HOUSEHOLD.

### NEW METHODS OF SERVING AS- PARAGUS.

(Continued from Page 401.)

Tempting salads that will command the approval of a finished *gourmet* may be made with boiled tops of asparagus. Have the asparagus well cooked, but not overdone, and it must be thoroughly well drained. It is as important to be careful on this point with regard to this vegetable as when using lettuce, and every one is aware that it is scarcely possible to have that too dry.

Asparagus *vinaigrette* is very simple in make-up. Place the asparagus in the centre of a dish; chop the white of an egg very finely with one shallot and a half-teaspoonful of parsley, make a garnish of this around the mound of asparagus, and pour over the whole the following mixture well blended: two tablespoonfuls of oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, a scant half-teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of cayenne. This is sufficient for one pint of asparagus points. Cucumbers sliced thinly and mixed with asparagus are delicious dressed in this manner; or mince a little pimpernel finely and add. The French *chef* holds this herb in gentle regard. It imparts a remarkably fine savor to a salad, being identical in point of flavor and odor to cucumbers. It is also extensively used as a garnish, having a beautiful green fern-like leaf.

Frequently the asparagus is served in tomatoes or cucumbers. To make a salad of stuffed cucumbers select some of medium size. Three will be sufficient for six persons. Peel them and cut a small piece from each end; cut the cucumber into halves lengthwise, remove the seeds, and allow them to remain in ice-water for one or two

(Continued on Page 422.)



## The spectre

of housecleaning needn't trouble you a moment. The person that dreads housecleaning knows nothing of **Pearline**—of its easy work, its quickness and comfort, its saving of paint and of rubbing. Go over everything with **Pearline**—floors, doors, windows, woodwork, paint, marble, stone, glass, carpets, bric-a-brac—and you'll get through any cleaning job in the shortest time, and with the least labor and fuss. You don't need any other help. **Pearline** is meant to wash everything that water won't hurt,

## Beware

you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled; if your grocer sends JAMES PYLE, New York.

# Millions NOW USE Pearline

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



## Pride in the Pantry

An array of bright tins is the ambition of many housekeepers. To such we offer this hint: **After the tins are washed clean rub them with**

SILVER

# ELECTRO-SILICON

POLISH

It's the finishing touch that gives the gloss and saves much of the hard rubbing to make them bright. It's the quick and labor-saving way.

Grocers sell Electro-Silicon.

Box, postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.

THE ELECTRO SILICON COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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



Les meilleurs, les plus chers, les plus élégants.

## SUPERIOR FRENCH CORSETS.

LATEST MODELS!  
PERFECT FITTING!

EVERY PAIR MADE IN FRANCE I.C. LA PERSEPHONE I.C. MARQUE DÉPOSÉE

THESE CELEBRATED CORSETS STAND UNRIVALED. THEY ARE WITHOUT EQUAL!  
Prices, \$2.00 to \$10.00. Special styles to \$20.00. At Leading Retailers.

FELLEMEYER & LINDAVER, Importers, 29-35 WORTH ST., NEW YORK. Catalogue sent on application.

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



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

Pages 9 x 12, 100 attractive plans costing \$4.00 to \$10.00. Photo and perspective views. Complete description. Postpaid \$1.00. Artistic pamphlet specimen designs for two 5c. stamps. State price of house you wish to build.

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

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



# Reliable Resisting Remarkable Rigidity



The 5% nickel steel tubing in the Columbia bicycle for '97 gives a strengthful rigidity, with graceful lightness, that can't be in any other bicycle, because we use all of this tubing that can be made this year.

Beautiful book of Columbia, free from Columbia dealers, by mail for one 2-cent stamp.

Pope Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.

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



Look for the  
Arrow and  
Crescent  
Name Plate.  
IT MEANS  
**ECLIPSE**



"The Wheel that Stands the Test."

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

**ECLIPSE BICYCLE CO., BOX M, ELMIRA, N. Y.**

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

### LOOK AT YOUR FACE!

**DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS and FOULD'S ARSENIC SOAP** are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, Moth, Sallowiness, Tan, Redness, Chubbiness, and all other facial and bodily blemishes. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedy on earth can. Wafers per box, \$1; 6 larger boxes, \$5; Soap, 35c. Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, Room 25, 214 2nd Ave., New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

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

(Continued from Page 421.)

hours. Have ready one pint of very cold, boiled asparagus points, mix them with a half-teaspoonful of finely mixed onion, half as much minced parsley, and four table-spoonfuls of well-made *mayonnaise*. Wipe the cucumbers dry, fill with the mixture, and cover with more *mayonnaise*. Serve on a small platter garnished with blanched celery leaves or parsley.

Another delicious filling is made of the asparagus points and white hearts of lettuce shredded, and mixed with *mayonnaise*. This is also excellent served in green-pepper cases. Cut a round piece from the pepper, using the large bell ones; scoop out the ends, and soak the peppers in ice-water several hours. Fill with the mixture and serve.

*Asperges à la ravigote* is a dainty and famous salad. Beat three tablespoonfuls of thick Béchamel sauce with one teaspoonful of minced parsley, and three tablespoonfuls of rich sweet cream. Add drop by drop beating continuously, one teaspoonful of Chili vinegar, one teaspoonful of mushroom ketchup, and the juice of one lemon. Pour it over some boiled asparagus points already chilled and arranged in a salad bowl. This sauce may also be served with hot asparagus. Asparagus molded in aspic is an artistic salad. Half-melt a pint of firm aspic over hot water; beat it until light and frothy; add one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, and one pint of the tender tops of boiled asparagus. Whip in the asparagus lightly. This may be poured into small individual molds, set on ice, and when firm served in a nest of lettuce or shredded endive, with *mayonnaise*. Or use a large mold and garnish about the base with cress. For a simple asparagus *mayonnaise* mix the tender boiled tops with *mayonnaise*. This is prettily served on individual plates by arranging a nest of three or four of the inner white leaves of a lettuce, and placing a spoonful of the asparagus and *mayonnaise* within.

ELEANOR M. LUCAS.

### Ill-Tempered Babies

are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

Among the new and rare things described in the valuable catalogue just issued by the Storrs & Harrison Company, Painesville, Ohio, are the giant orchid flowered Cannas, Austria and Italia. They reveal the wonderful capacity for development inherent in some of our ordinary species of flowers in the hands of skillful manipulators. This firm carry a full line of everything for the orchard, lawn, garden and greenhouse, and publish one of the most comprehensive catalogues issued, which will be sent free if you send them your address on a postal.

Every one knows about Pearline, almost every one uses Pearline, but we wonder if all the house-keepers who use it know half that can be done with it. We wonder if they all know what some of the bright ones have discovered, that those mountains of dish washing—the greasy pan and kettle—may be reduced to mole hills of the smallest size by the judicious use of Pearline. Fill the roasting pan, as soon as the gravy is poured from it with cold water, shake in a little Pearline and set on the stove. By the time the rest of the dishes are washed, all the grease is dissolved and the pan can be washed as easily as a plate. Treat the kettle in which anything greasy has been boiled in the same way, and beside clean utensils you will have a clean sink, the use of the Pearline rendering it safe to pour such dishwater into it.